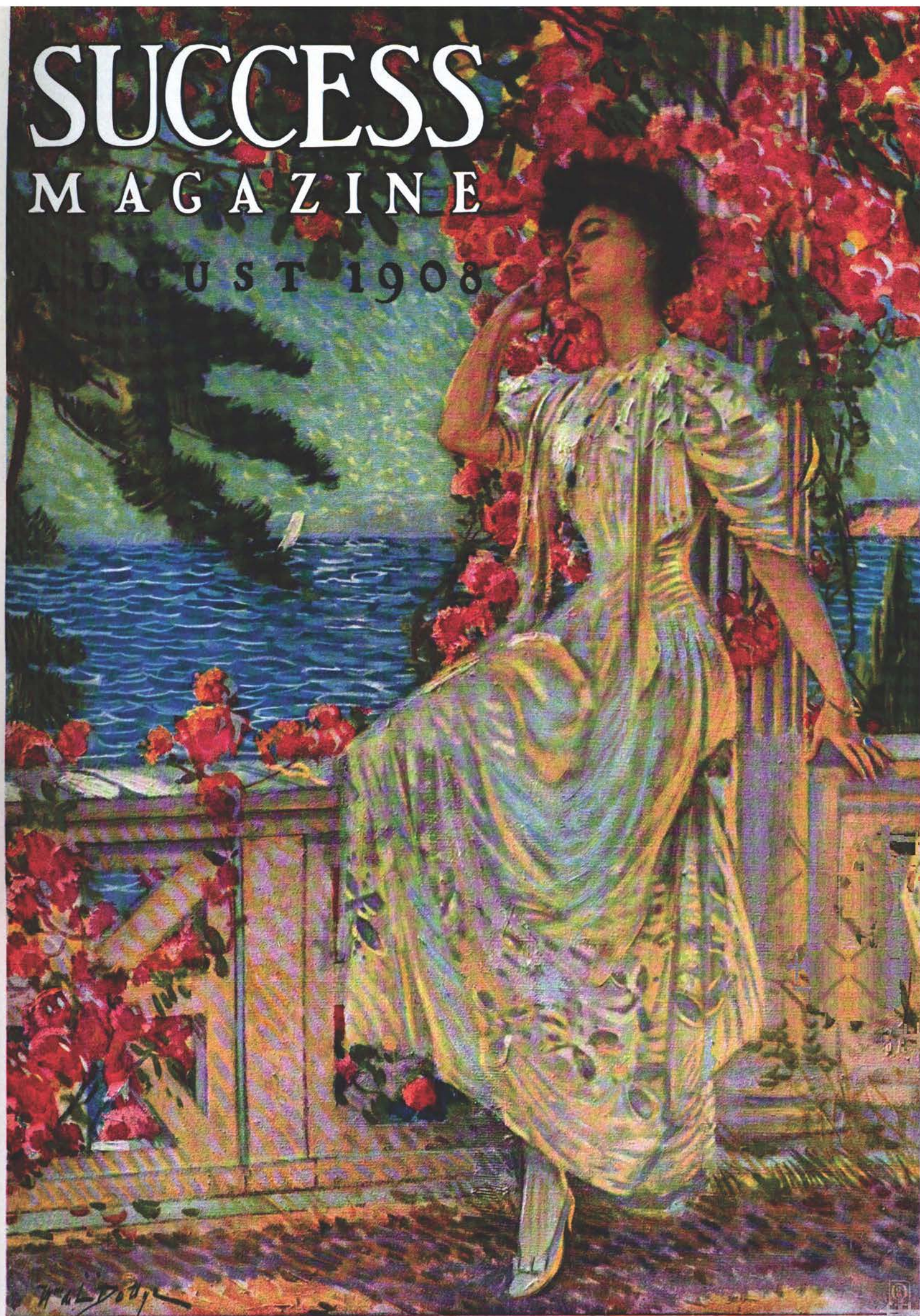


# SUCCESS

MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1908



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# SUCCESS-MAGAZINE

VOL. XI.

AUGUST 1908.

NO. 171



## Wake Up, America!

BY EMERSON HOUGH ILLUSTRATED BY C.W. LIGHT

"WHY, my dear Mrs. Henderson—so glad to meet you! But what are you doing here in Cleveland? The Bailey-Durhams told me you had just left for St. Louis."

"Quite so. There goes my carriage now, back home. But it left me here instead of at the railway station."

Smiling and shaking hands with feminine effusiveness, the two ladies crossed the cement walk and met near the head of the broad stairs which led down to the canal level. The first speaker went on, after certain smoothings of her friend's apparel:

"How delightful! We'll be companions, at least as far as Pittsburgh, then. I rarely take the trains now, myself."

The elder lady shrugged a shoulder. "I find the motor boats much cleaner, cooler, and safer, not to mention being cheaper. One can sleep, you know. Of course you heard of the terrible accident on the South Shore yesterday. My husband says these new barges can't sink. And the motion is so smooth compared with that of a railway train. I much prefer to travel this way. How's your husband?"

"Well, he's just getting breathing spell enough to meet me at Pittsburgh. He's coming down the Kanawha Canal with his coal fleet from West Virginia."

"I suppose you know Bella is going on her honeymoon? They go up the Tennessee Canal, and cross over to the Gulf Canal through Okefenokee Lake. It saves them twelve hundred miles around the point of Florida."

"And which way are you going to St. Louis? I envy you your trip down the Ohio."

"Well, that depends on

WHILE peanut politicians have bickered and cackled, while hundreds of millions have been frittered away in happy-go-lucky improvements of waterways, the greatest nation in the world has been choked by its railroads. These railroads have ruled us and plundered us, only to fail us in time of need. Wheat has actually rotted under the snow for want of cars. Yet all the time water has been running down hill, straight from producing areas to consuming centers. We must have a comprehensive plan that will make all our cities seaports. Such a plan will call for bold men with startling ideas, and for billions of money; but it means a new America. We shall then be able to feed the world without paying six times too much for the carriage of the food that we send to the world. "Squeeze the water from between the rails," says Mr. Hough, "and let it run between the banks." We can do all this just as soon as we can learn to think nationally.

what my husband says. He's coming down from Chicago with one of his ships, and of course we're going to have a visit with our son, who is at the St. Louis Tech. You know the chief of the Reclamation Bureau has offered him a splendid position out in Montana, installing the trolley lines to connect with the Missouri Canal above Sioux City. It's a fine outlook for the boy."

The two linked arms

as they started down the steps, warned by the gentle whistle of an approaching barge, the turbines of which set the waters awash along the cement walls of the Cleveland-Pittsburg Canal. The flowered, parterred banks followed in part the pathway of the former river.

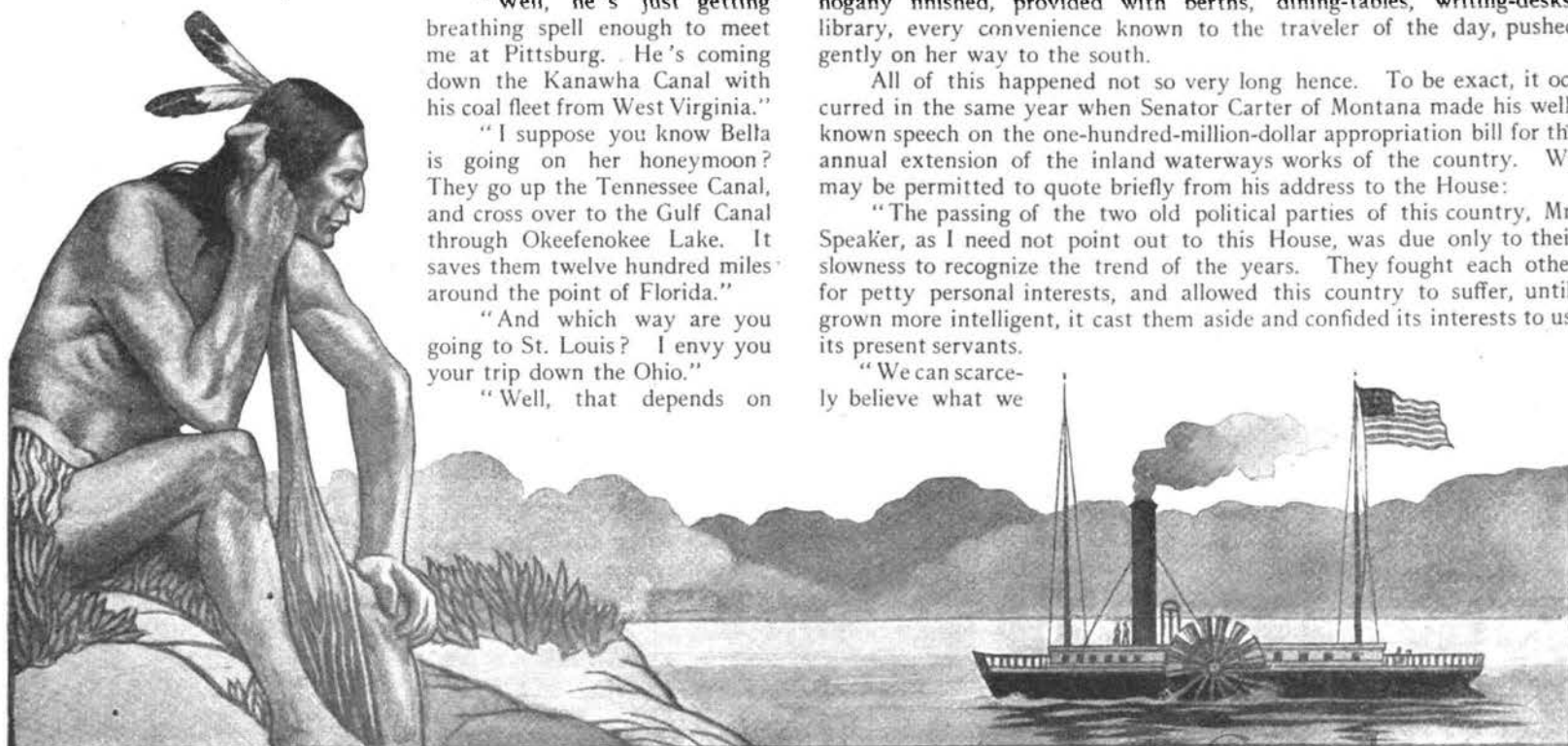
The handsome barge rocked gently as she came to rest along the smooth wall at the foot of the stair. "Oh, it's the *La Salle*!" said Mrs. Henderson. "She is my favorite. Isn't she a little beauty? I see the boy has the table spread for luncheon. How do you do, captain? No, mind you, not a bit faster than thirty miles an hour!"

The captain smiled as he touched his cap. A gentle chime sounded somewhere as a signal, and the *La Salle*, low, becanopied, silk and mahogany finished, provided with berths, dining-tables, writing-desks, library, every convenience known to the traveler of the day, pushed gently on her way to the south.

All of this happened not so very long hence. To be exact, it occurred in the same year when Senator Carter of Montana made his well-known speech on the one-hundred-million-dollar appropriation bill for the annual extension of the inland waterways works of the country. We may be permitted to quote briefly from his address to the House:

"The passing of the two old political parties of this country, Mr. Speaker, as I need not point out to this House, was due only to their slowness to recognize the trend of the years. They fought each other for petty personal interests, and allowed this country to suffer, until, grown more intelligent, it cast them aside and confided its interests to us, its present servants.

"We can scarcely believe what we

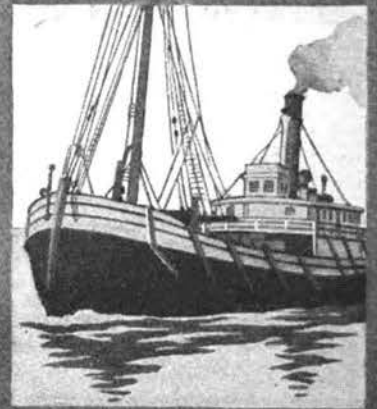






"AMPLE provision should be made for a permanent waterways commission, with whatever power is required to make it effective. The reasonable expectation of the people will not be met unless the Congress provides at this session for the beginning and prosecution of the actual work of waterway improvement and control."—Theodore Roosevelt.

To this appeal Congress has so far given only perfunctory attention.



read, although the pages of that history are so recently written. We read of those times when public utilities were used by railroad corporations as private rights; when the welfare of the people depended on the whims or the personal interests of a few men. At that time, we are told, there were six or seven men in this country who, by reason of their control of the railroads of the United States, had it in their power to make or unmake a community; to make or unmake a nation. They had more to do with the happiness or unhappiness of this people than had the Government itself. The life or death of this country was in their hands; and it was death, not life, which they proposed to mete out to this people. The railroad rates were a tax upon a community, the power to make them controlled the destiny of that community—because without transportation there could be no commerce. At that time we paid to support this government seven dollars per capita; and at the same time we paid in transportation, for each man, woman, and child in this country, the sum of twenty-six dollars per annum. We read with shame of the corruption which then existed in our national politics, in our national commerce, in our national character, which inevitably ensued upon this unspeakable condition. Thank God, sir, that day is past! Though it threatened revolution, this people mastered that problem, and to-day this is once more a republic!

"Mr. Speaker, the policies inaugurated by the American Party gave us that broader domain which is ours to-day. Had we not established our twenty-one-foot canal to the sea, as an offset to the Ottawa Canal of Canada; and had we not build that splendid system of our tributary canals in the Northwest, Canada would have taken our Northwestern States as surely as fate. Instead, we have practically absorbed Canada, and there exists for this continent a real Monroe Doctrine which requires no defense.

"At the recent completion of the Panama Canal it was shown us that we must advance on the southward also. The trend of those great natural highways, our inland rivers—the streams of Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Texas, Oklahoma—of all the rich States of the Middle West—carried but one lesson, indicated but one purpose, for us as a race. We read that there was a time when for one short, dark day of our history our young men faced paucity of opportunity here in America. Our canals, our motor lines, our reclamation service, our experimental farm work—all these things for which this party stood—have brought a newer and a better day. Five hundred million persons now live where eighty million were once thought to crowd our acreage. Tens of millions of farms show to the world what it can not elsewhere see. There is opportunity in this country; and, best of all, there is content.

We have passed the day of turmoil; we have settled down to the calm and peace of a national flowering in all good things.

"When I turn back to the black blindness of that time; when the development of our inland transportation was opposed tooth and nail by the very ones most interested—I pause and ask myself if this could then indeed have been America. So, when I come to address this body on the question of our annual appropriation for the extension

of our Western and Northwestern canals, I feel myself engaged in but an unnecessary task. We know the sentiment of that people for whom we are but the mouthpiece. We are here to do their will. We owe this people the continuation of the policy of the American Party which has gone forward with such splendid results for the past twenty years.

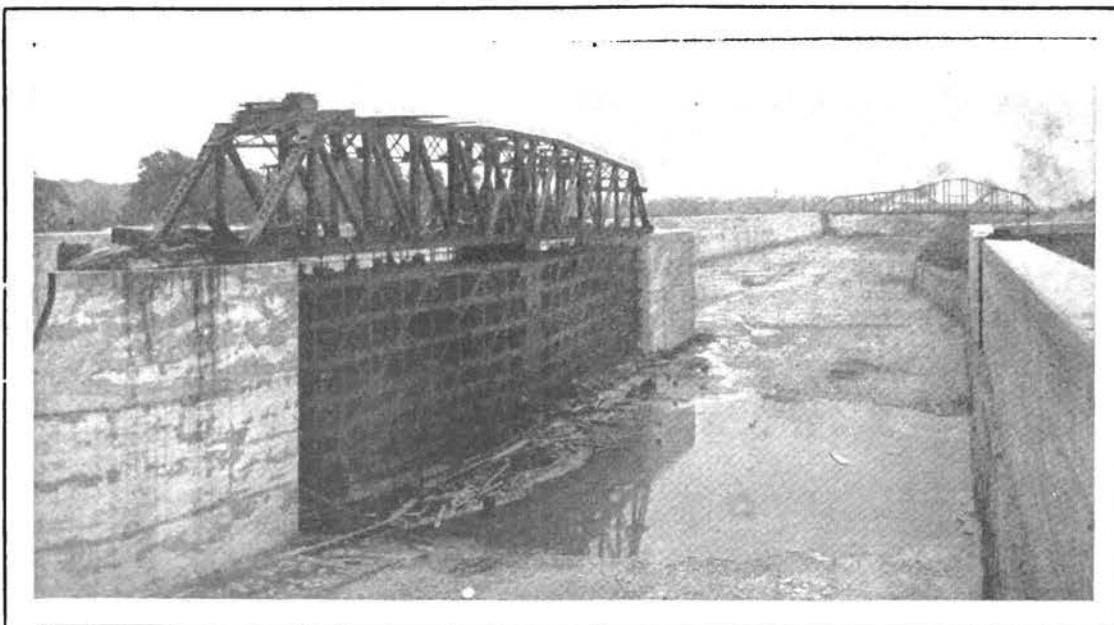
"Not fifty years ago gentlemen of both branches of Congress were engaged in asking anxiously of each other what should be done in regard to the future; what could be done in the way of preserving the national resources. I hold here a curious document embodied in the archives of one of those conferences of so-called great men which at that time were usual in this city of Washington. It seems that there was one gentleman—Mr. Carnegie, I think the print says, a man reported to have been largely engaged in saving the country, after he had largely saved himself, and who, it seems, was engaged in the manufacture of iron or steel—who is credited with these remarkable words: 'No single step open to us to-day would do more to check the drain on iron and coal than the substitution of water carriage for rail carriage wherever possible.'

"Extraordinary wisdom! Why, sir, at that time they had so far advanced that they knew that, whereas it required the employment of one thousand tons of steel in rails and rolling stock to move one thousand tons of freight ten miles, it required but one hundred to two hundred and fifty tons of metal to move that same freight by water, with a lessening of coal consumption of nearly fifty to seventy-five per cent.' Extraordinary wisdom! Extraordinary wisdom—which a half century ago was just beginning to discover that water carriage costs *one-sixth* of rail carriage. Our children know that now.

"Our children know what our successful great men were then just beginning to learn—that no nation in the world is so blessed as ours in navigable rivers. Our children know what the so-called 'master minds' were then just beginning to discover—the truth that water and rail are not enemies, but friends: that the boat and the train naturally divide between themselves the slow and the fast traffic; as Europe learned a hundred years ago. Our children know that the saving of coal and steel in the means of transportation—in the building of engines, in the laying of tracks, in the burning of coal to run a rolling stock—of itself solved many of the questions of drain on our natural resources in mineral wealth.

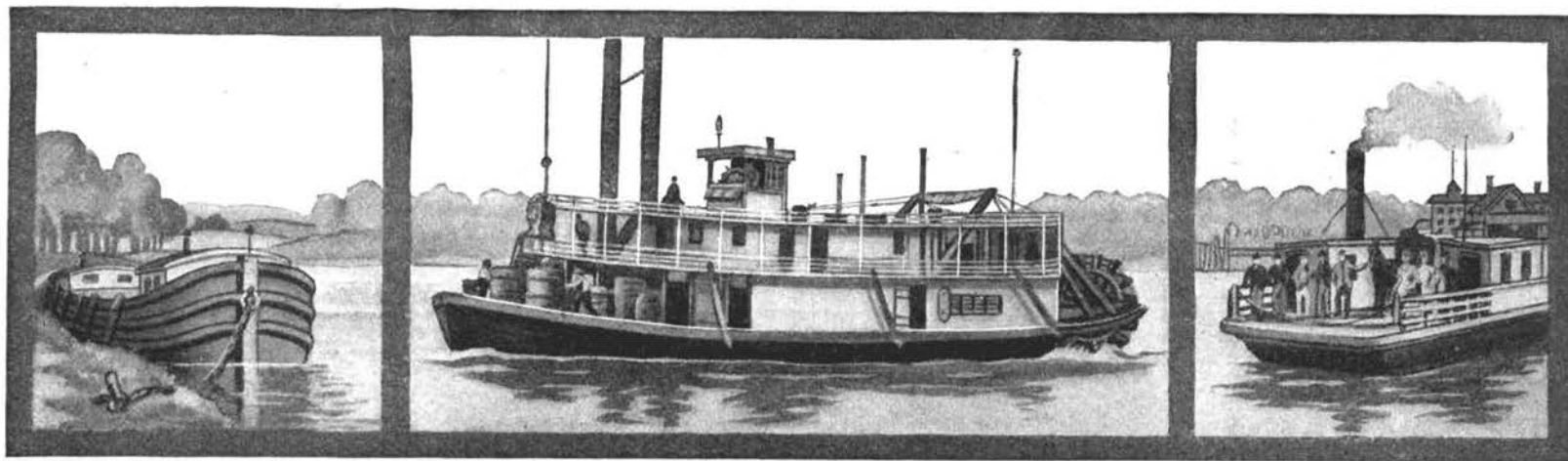
"I read further regarding the doings of that Congress, and recall those dark days when the farmers of the West depended on the rails to get their products to the market. I do not need to repeat to you the dismal story of those days of waste and famine. I do not like to recall

to this House the recollection of a national folly such as ours has been. I do not like to recall the fact that on this very floor, less than fifty years ago, gentlemen arose and opposed the passage of an appropriation bill of one-tenth the figures which now are accepted as a matter of course, and that they did this from selfish reasons, from local reasons, from political reasons,—willing to put themselves and their party above the interests of this people whom they had



Making a nation's highway. Work on the Chicago drainage canal





sworn to serve. Thank God, sir, that those days are not these days! Mr. Speaker, I move you the original question on this bill!"

\* \* \* \* \*

This also might have happened. To-day we essay the air. We plan faster means of covering the land. How about that three-fourths of the earth composed of water?

In the scheme of nature the hills and plains and forests and streams were interdependent. They are so in the scheme of nature's occupation by man. The streams are the first paths of any country, and along them are the first fields. The great centers of population are in river valleys. There is where civilization finds its greatest development. There is where America is going to happen.

In a study of transportation one arranges the settling of the West into three epochs: With the Waters, Against the Waters, and Across the Waters. Our explorers followed the streams; our keel-boatmen ascended them; our railroad men built across them from one to the other.

Steam transportation has absorbed us, it has brought us the great blessing of Standard Oil, Morgan, Harriman, Wall Street, the United States Senate. It has brought us a leaning toward socialism. It has brought us to a feeling that this republic has perhaps been a failure, and that if it is to continue it must be in a modified form.

Our ignorance has been capitalized to the extent of our enormous swollen fortunes. We have deliberately arranged our political troubles and "social unrest" by just two means: thoughtless immigration and thoughtless transportation. Correct those and you correct America.

The battles of the world are, after all, only the battles of market places. Phenicia, Venice, Amsterdam, and, finally, England dominated the world not with cannon but with ships. Napoleon fought for the dominance of land transportation, and lost. England beat France because three-fourths of the world is water and only one-fourth land. If we wrest the palm from England, it will be only by multiplying our sea-ports, by vastly increasing the "battle-ships" of trade.

We plan to feed the world. Yet we plan to pay six times as much as we need for the carriage of every hundredweight of food that we send to the world! Even as it is, all the Spanish American trade is drifting toward us, and will be ours when the Panama Canal is done. Part of Asia's will be ours. All Mexico's market will belong to us sometime. All of Canada's might be ours to-day had not a selfish portion of this country been allowed to stand in the way of the country's progress. To-day the trade of the Orient foots up three billion dollars annually. We have one hundred million dollars of it—a fraction of our share. We will do better after the big canal is done, when it is fourteen days from New York to 'Frisco instead of sixty days, when we shall be in touch with five hundred million people in Asia who annually import one billion, five hundred million dollars' worth of things to eat and wear. What a vast Oriental trade we shall get when our reclamation work in the West shall have been completed, the

most imaginative dares not estimate. And the same interests that oppose the Panama Canal are opposing these new and greater waterways.

Why is Europe robbing us of our South American trade? Because we are thoughtless as to our transportation. Because on a great deal of our products we pay six times as much for freight as we need to pay. Because we laud traction, with all its friction, with all its waste against water transportation, which has a free right of way, which has no rails to be renewed, and no large salary list to pay. Because we use only steam where we might employ electricity and gasoline and the winds of heaven and those mighty rivers flowing steadily to the sea. We fail because we pit politics against statesmanship; because we pit sectionalism against nationalism; because we pit state rights against the Monroe Doctrine; because we do many other wholly foolish and absurd things which make parts of our wholly foolish and absurd reasons for not developing the natural and foreordained transportation of this lavishly provided country. In short, we do this because we have never learned that water runs down-hill, and because we have never noticed on the map, or anywhere else, that our streams run down from our producing regions—from the places where we raise wheat, coal, iron, live-stock, and the like—all manner of heavy freight.

Some bewail the fact that we spend four hundred million dollars annually on "war and its rewards"—the army, the navy, pensions, etc. We ought to spend twice as much, and ought to save it on railroads and senators and Wall Street. Some time we shall need a navy to protect our commerce, and shall have a commerce to protect. We are rich enough to afford a real navy. And we are going to be much richer. We easily out-distance the world—so easily that presently the world may object to it. What is going to be our answer to the world when that day comes? That answer ought to be written in imperishable water—in canals, in barges, in fleets, in a navy.

Let us see what we have wasted in railway carriage, for much of which we have paid six times what we should have paid by water. Our railroads are capitalized at fourteen billion dollars. No one knows what that means. We get a little closer to it when we say that the people pay an interest and dividend debt on this each year of five hundred and fifty millions. We have two hundred and twenty-five thousand miles of railroads, and the best railroad men to-day, say we need from seventy-five thousand to one hundred and twenty-five thousand more miles before we can catch up with the delinquency *which now exists*. We increase our production all the time, but we do not proportionately increase our transportation. The average man thinks that the railways

carry the freight of the country, but as a matter of fact they carry only one-third of it even now, badly as we have used our waterways. We spend 1600 million dollars on railroads to carry this one-third—and with that money we give away our political integrity and our commercial safety. And all the time our rivers are there, running down-hill, steadily and evenly, costing nothing to run. A few men own the railroads. All of us own the rivers. It



The modern way of harnessing the water. A dam at Lockport, Illinois



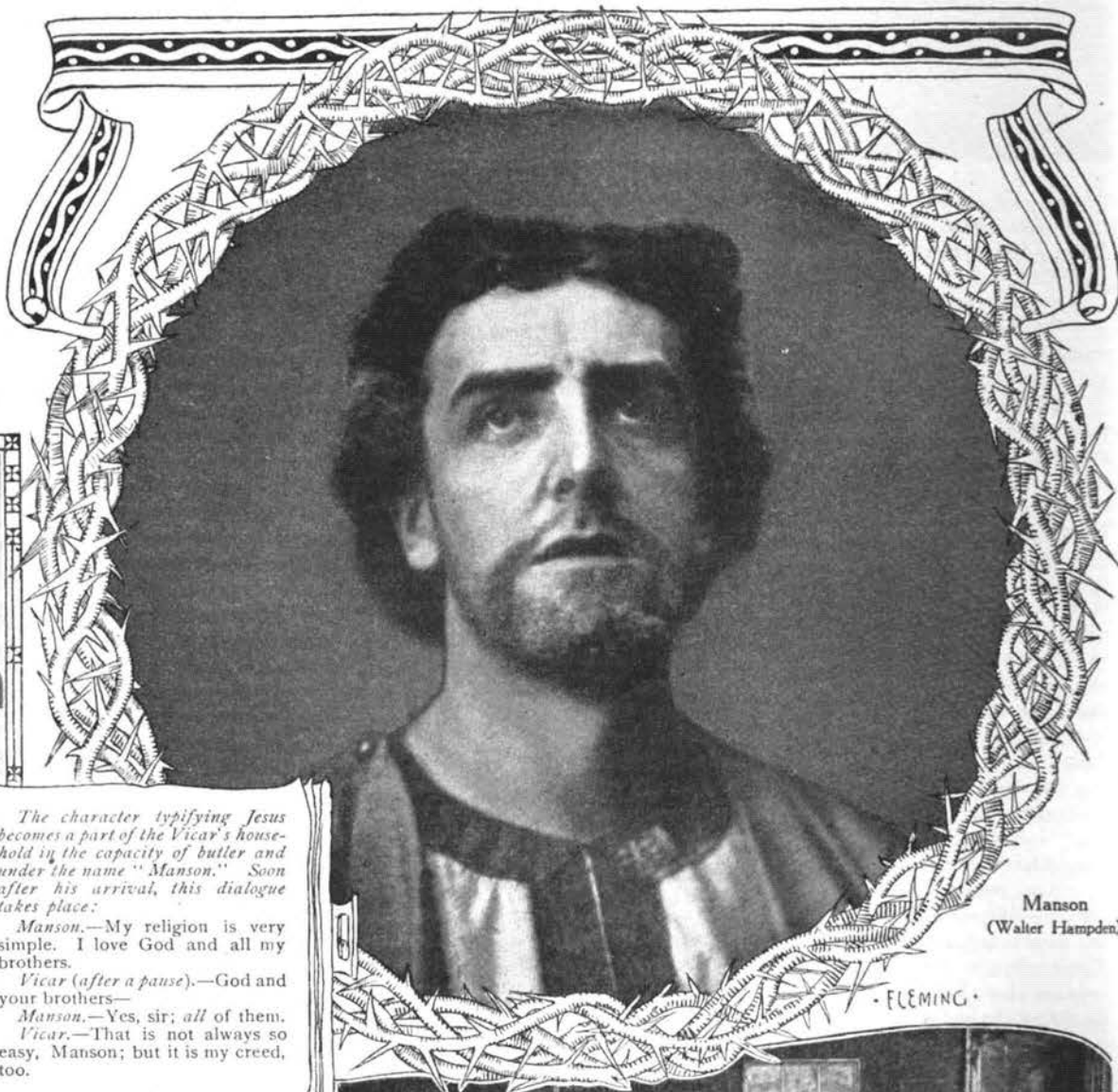
# A WONDERFUL STAGE



The Vicar  
(Charles Dalton)

UNDER the title, "The Servant in the House," C. Rann Kennedy has written a play which deals in an extraordinarily bold and moving way with the Church. There has long been a deep feeling among English-speaking peoples against the portraying of Christ on the stage; but by his sincerity, reverence, and dramatic power Mr. Kennedy has overcome this prejudice. To-day thousands of thoughtful men and

women, clergymen and teachers among them, are flocking to see this remarkable performance. While Manson, the butler, is described as a recent arrival from India, it is made plain by his biblical aspect and his unusual speech that he represents the Christ returned to earth. The name, Manson, is readily seen to be a paraphrase of the words, "Son of Man." Walter Hampden enacts the character with reverence and authority.



Manson  
(Walter Hampden)

*The character typifying Jesus becomes a part of the Vicar's household in the capacity of butler and under the name "Manson." Soon after his arrival, this dialogue takes place:*

Manson.—My religion is very simple. I love God and all my brothers.

Vicar (after a pause).—God and your brothers—

Manson.—Yes, sir; all of them.

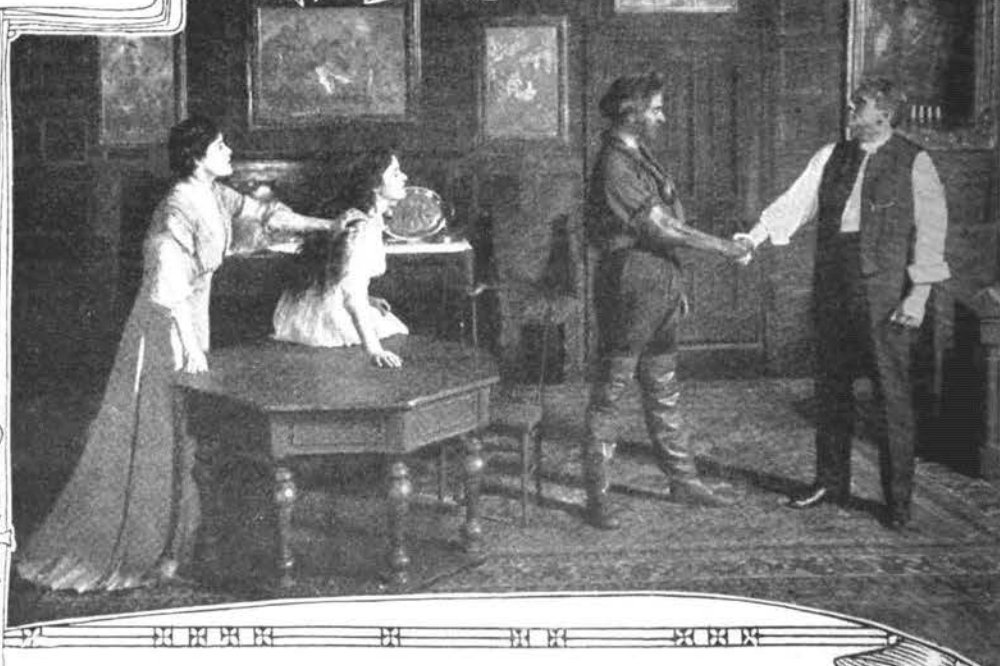
Vicar.—That is not always so easy, Manson; but it is my creed, too.

—FLEMING—



Mary discovers that Robert, a cleaner of drains, is her father.

Mary (simply).—Yes; you are my father.  
Robert.—Ow the everlastin' did you know that?  
Mary (going up to him).—Because you are my wish come true. Because you are brave, because you are very beautiful, because you are good!



Awakened to the realization that his work in the Church has been an unfruitful and hollow mockery, and inspired by the eloquent though roughly expressed speech of his brother, the drain man, to a deeper understanding of his obligations to mankind and to his God, the Vicar proposes to aid Robert in cleaning the cesspool beneath the church, that is fouling the air and endangering the lives of his parishioners.

Vicar.—Then, by all the powers of grace, you shall not go alone. Off with these lies and make-believes! Off with these prisoner's shackles! They cramp, they stifle me! Freedom! Freedom! This is no priest's work—it calls for a man! (He tears off his parson's coat and collar, casting them furiously aside. He rolls up his sleeves.) Now, if you're ready, Comrade; you and I together!



# PORTRAYAL OF JESUS

THE Church is represented, in the play, by a rich, time-serving bishop, one James Ponsonby Makeshyfte, D.D., who is depicted symbolically as deaf and nearly blind; and also by a young vicar, who is seen struggling toward the eternal truth that the real religion of Jesus Christ knows no social distinctions and no earthly authority. In the character of Robert, "the man who looks after the drains," and who

proves to be the Vicar's brother and Mary's father, the unfortunate outcasts of earth find expression. Two striking quotations appear on the playbill. The first is from John: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" And the second is an utterance of George Frederick Watts: "The hunger for brotherhood is at the bottom of the unrest of the modern civilized world."



The Bishop  
(Arthur Lewis)



Robert  
(Tyrone Power)

Mary, the Vicar's niece  
(Gwladys Wynne)



Auntie, the Vicar's wife  
(Edith Wynne Mathison)



Manson assumes charge of the Vicar's house and begins to set it in order. He first expels the Most Reverend the Lord Bishop of Lancashire, who has been much perturbed because of his mistake in assuming that the butler was a great churchman from India.

Bishop.—And I have one word for you, sir! You are a scoundrel, sir—a cheat, an imposter!

And if I could have my way with you, I would have you publicly whipped; I would visit you with the utmost rigor of the law; I would nail you up sir, for an example!

Manson.—I have encountered similar hostility before, my lord—from gentlemen very like your lordship. Allow me—

Believing that Manson is the Bishop of Benares, the Bishop of Lancashire asks Manson to tell him about his church.

Manson (very simply).—I am afraid you may not consider it an altogether substantial concern. It has to be seen in a certain way, under certain conditions. Some people never see it at all. It is no dead pile of stones. It is a living thing.





# THREE WOMEN

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman



Illustrated By

R. Emmett Owen



IF ALINE MORROW

looked at you, half-face, over a fan, you saw wide eyes, clear and honest; a broad forehead, evenly high at the corners, shadowed by soft-waved hair; a proud, courageous nose, and you wondered why such a woman should so handle a fan.

If, however, you saw her under the short, black visor of the masquerader, there would appear only a mouth of alluring sweetness, richly curved and red, a round chin, pleasantly cleft, and such dance of dimples and pearlshine of small teeth when she smiled you would wonder no longer. Without mask or fan, it was a strong, sweet, friendly face, dominated by the quiet eyes and thoughtful brow.

She sat in restful silence in the book-lined, lamplit room; and Gordon Hale, friend and visitor of frequent welcome, gazed on her with continuing satisfaction. He delighted in the long-limbed grace, the easy strength of her; in the comradeship, both restful and stimulating, that she gave him, and in the unfathomed womanliness he felt behind that comradeship.

So desirable he found her that certain well-formed reasons for waiting became all at once thin, futile, evanescent, and he broke the lengthening silence by the sudden demand:

"Aline—will you marry me?"

She looked up, startled but not angry.

"Marry you! Why, I did not"—she laughed softly—"I can't lie, to save me," she said. "I did know you wanted to—at least I—hoped so."

"Hoped? Oh, Aline!" he cried eagerly, seating himself beside her.

He held her close, close, for a long time, saying nothing but "Aline—my Aline," with kisses on the down-bent head.

She struggled free from him, rosy, laughing, with glad, tear-wet eyes, and held him at arm's length. "Wait—wait," she said; "I haven't said I would—I only said—"

"You have n't said you would n't, anyhow," said he. "And you have said—Aline! Surely you are not the woman to play with a man! You do love me?"

She sobered instantly. "I do love you, Gordon. I've loved you—ever so long. But—no, no! We've got to talk a little first."

"What is there to talk about?" he demanded. "If you love me that's all there is to it. Unless you want me to talk about how beautiful you are, and how wise and tender and good and altogether bewitching! And about how I love you! I can talk about that for all the rest of our lives."

He had one hand at least, and kissed it over and over. But she took it away from him with a little breathless sob.

"Don't do that—yet I can't think! And I've got to think now—think hard and clear—for the happiness of both our lives."

"What do you mean, dear?" he asked with a tender amusement. "Is there a 'past' between us?"

"No," she replied, "but there is a future."

"The future will be ours in common, won't it?" he asked anxiously.

"Some of it will, and some of it won't," she answered slowly. "We together may have a beautiful future, but we want, each of us, to have a beautiful future separately, don't we?"

"Separately? How do you mean?"

"Did n't you have a big, bright future ahead of you before you knew me? Haven't you your splendid profession—hope of advancement—ambition to make great discoveries—the duty of serving humanity?"

"Why, of course; but I have it yet. That is not separate, dear—my life is yours. All my love and service, all my hope and ambition—it is for us together."

She turned her clear eyes upon him. "Yes, that is true, I hope. I hope to share in your professional joys and ambitions and successes; but will you share in mine?"

"In yours?" He looked puzzled.

Her face saddened. "Have n't you even *thought* that my work was dear to me? As dear as yours? I have a noble profession too, ambitions, and a human duty."

"Do you mean you would wish to go on with your kindergarten after we were married?"

"Yes," she said.

"For a while, you mean?"

"For always."

He pushed back his chair, rose, and walked slowly up and down the room. She watched him with intensity, her eyes bright with love and brimmed with tears.

Gordon Hale was strong and proud—proud of his fair-mindedness, among other things. As a young physician in a big city he had worked hard and long, but he was a man of unusual power, and at thirty-two already commanded a fair measure of success. He was ambitious, she knew; he honored his profession, and would be as true to it as he would be to the woman he made his wife. Her eyes dwelt tenderly on his fine head, bowed in intense consideration of the problem she set before him; on the sinewy hands, white and well kept, but iron-strong, now gripped behind him as he walked.

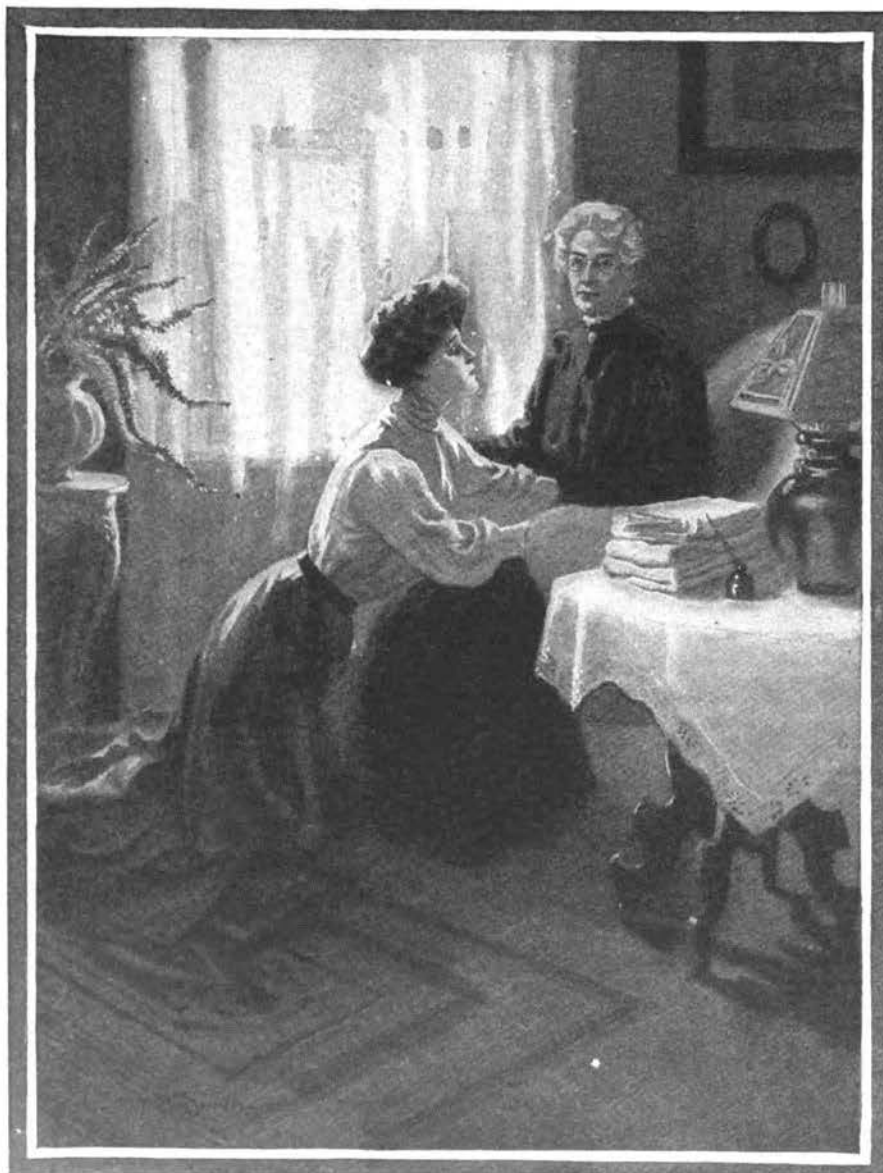
He turned and came to her, suddenly, eagerly. "You love me?" he demanded. "Say it again!"

"I love you," she answered solemnly, her eyes bravely meeting his.

"Do you not love me well enough to give up teaching school?"

"Do you love me well enough to give up practising medicine?" she answered.

He colored hotly. "Aline! I never knew you to be"—he could not say "unfair" to her steady eyes. "It is not the same thing. A man does not have to give up his work in the world."



"Mother dear, you have me. Isn't that something?"



"Neither does a woman," she said quietly but with deep earnestness.

Again he flushed; but the sight of her, the lovely womanliness of every long, sweet line of the tall figure, the sweeping, soft-colored gown, so gave the lie to her words that he drew his hand across his forehead in confusion.

"Aline, dear," he said, "let us understand one another. I love you too well to refuse anything in reason. But marriage—and motherhood—surely come first in a woman's life. You believe that, don't you?"

"I believe that the duties of the mother and of marriage come first; but all the rest of life comes afterwards. I am willing to be your wife. I should hope to be" (her voice dropped reverently) "a mother; but I am also by profession a teacher—and I can not give up the chosen work of a lifetime."

"Not for love's sake?" he asked.

"It is not necessary to put me to the choice," she protested. "I could be your wife—I could be a mother—and a teacher too."

His mouth set in a straight, firm line. "That is impossible, dear," he said. "You are young—"

"I am twenty-eight," she reminded him.

"You feel so now, while the enthusiasm of youth is in your work. But if you marry me I will engage"—he lifted his head proudly and the light in his eyes made her drop hers for a moment—"that you forget all about your school-teaching! Trust me, Aline! You love me; that is enough."

She drew away from him, rose, walked to the window and looked out, seeming to seek refuge from his compelling eyes. Then she came back, strong and calm, her hands behind her.

"You like our home, don't you?" she asked suddenly.

"Why, yes," he said. "It's one of the pleasantest homes I know."

"You have eaten with us," she went on. "You know our dining-room, our table. Courtesy aside, did you like the food?"

"Courtesy aside, it was so very good that even a man in love noticed it."

"It would come within your notions of a home to live as we do here, then?"

"To live with you anywhere would be home," said her lover.

"Yes, but definitely—if our house were kept as well as this, the meals as pleasant and good—would you be satisfied?"

"Of course," he said, "with you."

"Good!" cried she, triumphantly. "Now look, dear; see! There need n't be any trouble between us, after all!" and her eyes filled with happy tears as she smiled at him. "We live here, mother and I and Aunt Cará, and none of us keeps house, except that mother has a sort of general supervision—or I have when she's away. Our service is hired by the hour. Our meals are all sent up from the Dunham, and the dumb-waiter comes upstairs—no trouble at all, reasonable prices, and *always* good. And you say it suits you. Why could n't we live so? Then my teaching would n't interfere with the housekeeping at all."

"You forget," he said constrainedly—"a girl does, of course—that there are other duties besides housekeeping. Oh, Aline! can't you foresee that with little ones it will be different? Can't you see the value of all your study, your knowledge and experience in teaching them? That is one of the best uses of a kindergarten training, surely, to fit the mother for her great work! I would not speak to you of these things, dear, but—you seem to demand it."

She was facing him squarely now, her mouth set firmly, her face a little pale. "Can I not foresee? You, a man, ask me, a woman grown, if I can not foresee—motherhood! I have foreseen it since I was a child. I have tried, since I was old enough to understand, to be good, to be strong, to be wise—for the sake of my children. Through all the study, the years of work, the love of all these other little ones, has been always the hope that some day—I tell you I am not a girl—I am a woman!"

She looked so radiant, so sublime, in her passionate prevision of mother-love, that he was awed, and his heart longed for her overwhelmingly.

"Oh, you—glorious woman!" he said. "Indeed there is nothing between us. Come to me, dear; oh, come to me!" She was almost in his arms when he said, still reverently, "I knew the mother was stronger than the teacher," and she stiffened instantly.

"I'm not giving up," she said sharply. "I should be teaching others as well as mine. It is not good for two or three little children to have a whole hyper-concentrated school-teacher focused upon them all the time. And when mine are grown past the kindergarten age there will remain always the others."

The very depth of his affection, the warmth of his passion, the repeated check, made him angry. "Do you propose that I shall give up the idea of home and board at the Dunham—just live as the husband of a school-teacher?"

"I propose nothing, Dr. Hale. You proposed marriage, as I understood you. Do you withdraw the proposal?"

They stood, tall and fierce, looking at each other, the man's pride and the woman's pride in arms. But love was stronger than either. Both took a step forward, arms held out.

"Don't—don't!" he said. "I love you better than anything in life, Aline! Do not send me away."

"Suppose we take a little time to consider," she answered, her voice unsteady. "You—move me

so—I find it hard to be wise. I love you; I love my work. Suppose we wait a week—until next Saturday."

"Do," said he. "Think well of it, Aline. Talk with your mother, dear; let her advise you. It is for you to say. My life is yours; I offer you all I have and am and hope to be. You must choose. Good-by—until Saturday."

## II.

"MOTHER," said Aline, "can you mark towels and give advice at the same time?"

"Just a moment," said her mother, making laborious M. R. M's in the corners. "What do you want advice about? I thought you never took any."

"I may not take this," said her daughter, cheerfully. "Asking advice and taking it are quite different things. It is about marrying—or not marrying. Or, rather, it is about giving up my profession—or not giving it up."

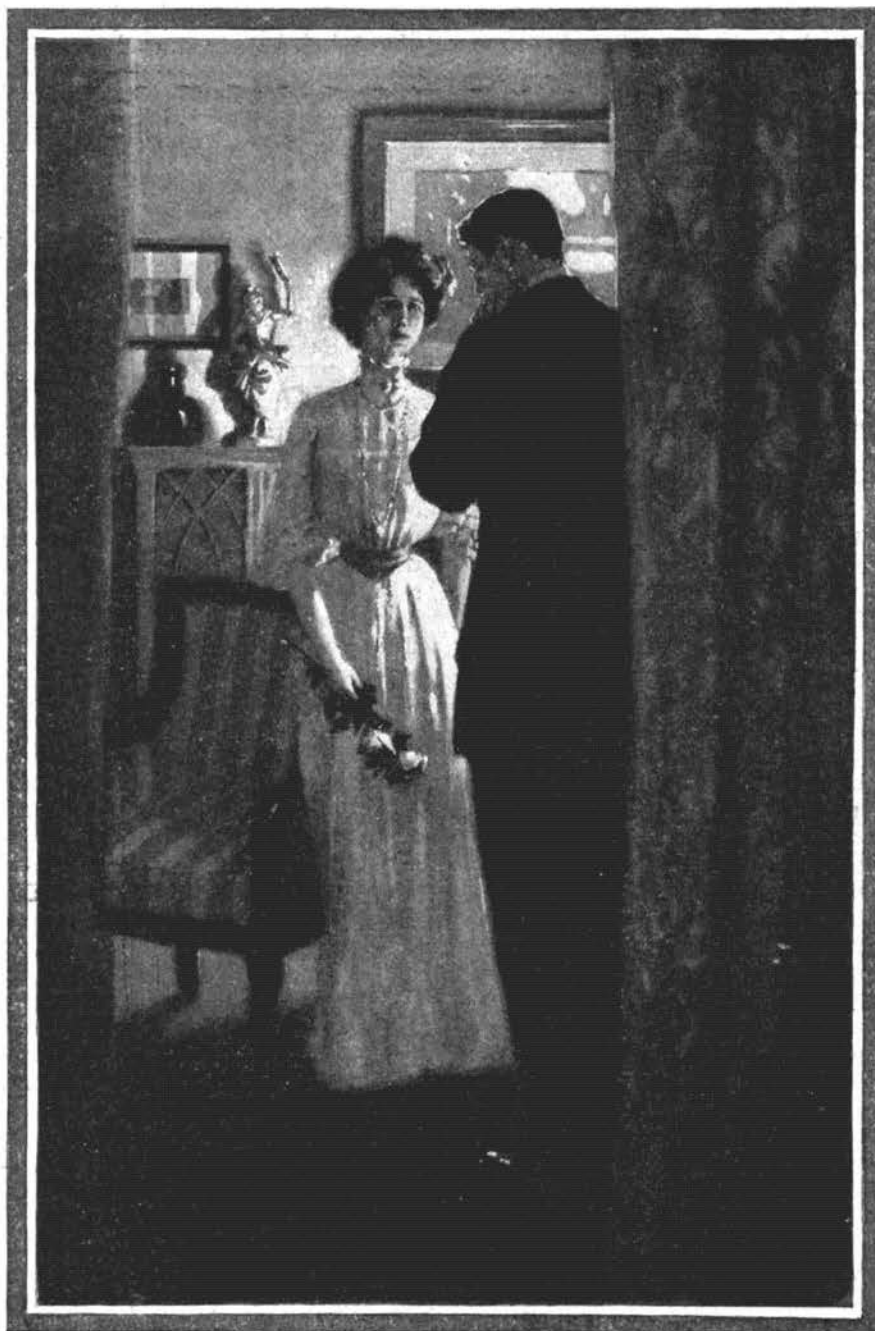
"Dr. Hale?" said her mother.

Aline nodded.

"And he wants you to give up your work? Insists on it?"

"Yes," said Aline. "It amounts to that. I thought he knew how I felt about it. It's rather difficult, you see," she went on thoughtfully, to put before a man your views on post-matrimonial industry, lest it appear you are taking it for granted that he needs to know them."

[Concluded on pages 522 to 526]



"He had never seen her so wholly beautiful"





# A Minister's

ARE the churches of to-day meeting the problems of to-day or only those of the century before last? Are they helping permanently to better the conditions of the poor, are they reaching out for the man who works with his hands? Are they a force everywhere for industrial justice and civic righteousness? If they are not,

whose is the fault? The author of this article found a dominating group of wealthy pewholders in control of his church, standing stolidly against all progress, and hindering him in his work for the common good. He tells here the story of his attempt to be a man and a citizen as well as a minister.



HE village of my pastorate is a suburb of a New England city. The main street of the community runs along beside the river like the track of a worm on a wet sidewalk. There are about three hundred families in the place. The people have so intermarried that fully two-thirds of them are related by ties of blood. Half a century ago the community was the center of a thriving industry. The center has moved along since, but scores of small shops may still be seen along the edge of the river. The money made half a century ago is now invested in municipal stocks and bonds by the sons and daughters of the men and women who earned it with their own hands.

Down by the bridge which spans the river there is a group of small stores. Two of them are saloons. There is a drug-store, a feed-store, two groceries, a stove-store, a pool-room, and a barber's shop. This is "the village."

Very few foreigners live here; so far as the people go, it is a typical New England village. The houses are of the regulation New England style. Most of the people own their own homes. The Second Congregational Church includes the wealth and whatever prominence there is. The Episcopal Church has a small membership, and a smaller percentage of the wealth. The Congregational Church was organized in 1852. It came into being as the result of a split in the First Congregational Church.

The history of its pastorates has been told to me by men and women who lived through them all. The peculiar circumstances, the lights and shadows of the story, have been corroborated over and over again.

Pastor "Number One" stayed four years and then left to accept a pastorate elsewhere. He left of his own accord, but he was the only pastor in half a century of whom that could be said. The other six who preceded me were all forced out—some more gently than others. I know this to be true because the men who forced them out have described to me how it was done.

It was a year after the departure of "Number Seven" before I appeared on the scene. In this interval over fifty ministers applied for the place. The brethren of the church enjoyed the candidating. They told me so. "It was funny to see the dominies doing their nicest to make a hit." It was both amusing and pathetic to hear these men tell what impressed them in a minister. If the man had a good clapper to his bell, it counted for him seventy-five per cent. of the total points required; if a man passed muster with all but one, that one was sure to be "Number Seven's" friend, the deacon. They finally decided that what they wanted was a man as unlike him as possible.

I was "Number Eight." My predecessor's friend had been objecting to all candidates in general, but he objected to me in particular, and left shortly after I came. But I shall not soon forget how he looked as Sunday after Sunday he sat there trying his best neither to look nor feel interested. In October, 1898, I preached my first sermon there. After two calls I became the regular pastor.

In the spring of 1899, I took a survey of conditions

in the city which was to be my home and my workshop; a city of churches and a center of culture; a "conservative community"—whatever that may mean—with a wide gulf, of course, between the classes, and the richer the churches the poorer their efforts to bridge the chasm.

The thing that surprised me most was that in the center of this city there should be the ghastliest stretch of street probably in Christendom. The electric light and telephone companies disfigured the streets by supplying, not lamps and poles, but ghastly black crossbars and untrimmed posts which looked like gibbets, and cultured people moved in and out among these things without a protest. At this time my city was without a public bath, without a social settlement. The political situation was in the hands of the saloon-keepers. European cities for half a century have been attempting improvements for the working people, but the factories of this city were like big jails, and the slums equalled in wretchedness anything in the great cities. I asked a teacher if he knew what George Frederic Watts and others had done in Whitechapel. He did not. He was not interested in such things. Nobody seemed to be.

It was evident too that the men at the heads of the corporations were also heads of the churches, and that the faculty and corporation of the local college took quite an active part in the business and financial interests of the city, when scarcely one of them could be found interesting himself in the welfare of the masses of the people.

## A Municipal Gospel

I interested the young people of the church in the establishment of a flower mission—we called it a Floralia. We cleaned up an old hotel and solicited flowers from country people. We filled the back yard with sand and hired barrel organs to amuse the little ones.

This pleased the church people immensely. It was unique and cost little. Later we developed Floralia into a social settlement. The church backed the movement until they began to realize that it was a bigger thing than they cared to be responsible for; by the time they began to withdraw we had interested another group in the movement. It is now an established settlement, and the president has recently presented the association with a fine plant in which to work.

The social settlement well organized, we started a crusade for a public bath-house. The only thing of the kind in town at the time was a big tub in the basement of a public school. I photographed this and projected it on a screen in the opera-house and asked if it was not time that a city of its size had a public bath-house where working people could wash the grime off, between summers. The students, working-men, societies, and clubs became interested in the matter. I spent an afternoon with the mayor of the city on the subject. I was struck with the number of things he had escaped knowing. It was amazing! I gave him a book on the subject.

The Congregational Club, a club of big suppers and big talk, took the matter up. The bath-house ordinance passed both branches of the city government and was signed by





# Confession



the mayor. In order to steer it clear of politics, the power to build was given to the Board of Health. The Board is a conservative body, and its members, having bath-rooms in their houses, were not impressed with the scheme, and the thing was as though it had not been!

Another mayor and another city government came into power, and clubs and classes and groups of citizens were stirred up all over again, and finally, while the Board of Health still slumbered and slept, the idea became a brick structure.

With a social settlement and a public bath-house in running order, I then turned my attention with greater zeal to the little community beyond the river.

What differentiated this from all other parishes? What kind of people were these citizens of the village suburb? What were their occupations, habits of thought, modes of life?

I found a score of women who read books, some who knew good literature, but a *man* who had read a book by a standard author I found not.

As I stood there, Sunday after Sunday, before the leading people of the community, I learned to know them as well as I knew my own family. Some of the sweetest lives I have ever known were there; there were hidden disciples and those who were the salt of the earth; but the community as a whole was steeped in a moral stagnation. What dynamic could raise the tone of a dead community?

The few religious people in the church took no part in church affairs. They never interfered with church business. Ministers came and went—but these people just attended, took what was given and made no comment. Let me gather a group of the men who formed whatever public opinion there was in the place during my pastorate. They were all kind husbands and fathers. They were, that is, as far as is known; but I am concerned here with the men as they molded public opinion or ruled the house of God. They paid the bills. It was another group entirely that attended to matters purely religious. It was the men of means, however, that ruled the church and the community.

## The Village Sanhedrim

Mr. A. was chairman of the "society's" committee when I became pastor. His estate is probably worth three-quarters of a million. From the night in which he butchered his first cow—his wife holding a tallow candle to light up the operation—his progress, so he says, was unimpeded. He was an elderly, ignorant, good-natured man, generous—comparatively speaking—an excellent neighbor, and liberal giver to the church.

Mr. B. was about Mr. A.'s age, lived next door, and, it is said, could draw a check for half a million. Mr. A. and Mr. B. were lifelong friends. It was their custom of late years to decide the policy of the church and to convey their collective opinion through the medium of a son or son-in-law. The seat of church government changed after the mental collapse of Mr. A. At the annual auction of seats, these men bid highest and got the best.

Mr. B. was ultraconservative, serious, and penurious. He was an ardent Republican, but, just as a matter of habit, was devoted to a Democratic paper. He preferred candles to electricity, but on account of his family he compromised on oil lamps. All sermons were alike to him. He said to me, "The hum of the same voice for a long spell is bound to get irksome—a change is good." He was considerably annoyed at the wife of my predecessor, who had

ice brought to the parsonage "right up" to Christmas. He had never found any one who could tell him what use she made of it. That worried him considerably and incidentally helped the lady's husband to a 'larger field.'

Mr. C. was rich too, and he had the name of being the meanest man in the community. At home he was kind—very kind—a good husband and indulgent father. He was one of those poor rich men who are engaged in a lifelong struggle to keep the wolf from the door. He attended the furnace, ran errands, and made all purchases for the house. He owned an old horse which the community respected and pitied. It was said to be an heirloom, and that man of tender heart kept him until he dropped dead. He could drive a close bargain, and all the tradesmen sharpened their wits when he entered, and sighed with relief when he left. He was pleasant to meet, but folks somehow did not like to meet him.

When Mr. C. was under oath he swore that his belongings, real and personal, amounted to \$6,480. The probate record said in the same year that he left property to the value of \$341,000.

In the tide of newly interested people which swept around the church at the height of my word came Mr. D. He was born in the community and baptized in the church, but he came to it then, in his fifty-third year, a stranger. He was an encyclopedia of lodge statistics, but densely ignorant on general topics. He never read a good book in his life. His questionable stories were windows through which one might peep into the chamber of his imagery.

When he joined the church the older men, and among them his father, looked skeptical. Before "taking stock" they wanted to see some outward and visible sign of his inward and spiritual grace. I had no doubt of his sincerity.

He gave up attendance at the village pool-room, but he kept on going to the little stove-store. I advised him that if he must cling to one of these places, it would profit him to let the stove-store go. He explained that the community knew the character of the one he left. It was ignorant of the other. He was mistaken. The community did know.

Mr. D. was a great news-gatherer, and if there was anything which they grew enthusiastic over, it was a budget just such as Mr. D. was able to gather and deliver. In business matters Mr. D. was the very soul of honor. In politics he believed the end justified the means. That meant all ends and all means. I have heard him laugh loudly over the purchase of voters to beat an opponent. He joined the church, and I awaited with interest the development of his religious sense. He stood in the house of God and told the people of his change of heart.

Of quite a different type was Mr. E. He was a man of very small stature—small, beady, sparkling eyes that twinkled nervously every minute of his waking hours.

Mr. E. and Mr. D. were baptized together and lived as neighbors, but there was a social gulf between them. Mr. E. was willing that Mr. D. should do the shady work in politics—or religion either, for that matter—but a social guest at his table—never!

Mr. E. was well off in his wife's name, and had social aspirations which could hardly be realized in such a small community. In sermons that pleased Mr. E., ideas did not count. They must be delivered well; they must sound well. He had no ethics; no religion. "I have to laugh," he said

[Concluded on pages 532 and 533]





# THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

BY EUGENE WOOD

Author of "Back Home," "Folks Back Home," etc.

Illustrated by W. C. COOKE

ONE time there was a little boy that lived in town. It might have been you; it might have been me. I am not saying. And, one time, when this little boy had just graduated out of the First Reader, he got an invitation to go out to his Uncle Doc's; it might have been your Uncle Doc, or it might have been mine. No matter. Uncle Doc's was a bully place to go on a visit. He had a little boy just the age of this one we're telling about; he had two girls a little older; he had a big son who was learning how to shave without making the place look like a slaughter-house (the little boy thought his cousin was just about all right), and he had another daughter who was a big, big lady and had a beau. So you can see it was n't a bit lonesome out at Uncle Doc's.

Uncle Doc had a whole lot of cows, and whole, whole lots of chickens. There were eggs till you could n't rest (all of them "strictlies"), and there was milk enough to swim a rowboat in. They had a spring-house, which is a kind of a little house that a spring runs through, and there are stone troughs in it, and they set the big, wide pans of milk there on the stone floor with cool water running around them, and after the milk had stood there awhile a kind of thick yellow scum rises on it such as there is n't on city milk, the cream there being made of tallow beaten up and poured on the milk (at least it smells and tastes like tallow). And, not far away was a lake on which, in the winter time, the ice formed in spite of everything you could do, so that it had to be cut out and put in a big house with sawdust. And when you have such a lot of ice, and cream, and eggs, in self-defense you have to do what Uncle Doc did, buy an ice-cream freezer. And that was another attraction.

But wait. Uncle Doc had a wife. Let's see, now; what'll we call her? How will Sarah do? That's a kind of a nice, old-fashioned name. Aunt Sarah. You remember her, don't you? She could cook pretty well. Yes, I recollect your saying to me one time that if your Aunt

I do believe you're hollow clear to your toes."

It did look that way; it certainly did. But you take a little town boy and let him romp riotously over a whole farm the whole enduring day and it is impossible to fill him up.

Uncle Doc had three saddle horses, John, and Tib, and Flora; he had a carriage and a sulky; he had also farm-horses and farm-wagons. And he had pigs and sheep. More than that, he had a ram, but not the kind you're thinking of, that got caught in the thicket hard by Abraham's altar, when he was just about to stick the butcher knife into poor Isaac, like it tells about in the big Pictorial Bible. This was a kind of iron thing with water in it, and when it went "Ck-ug! Ck-ug! Ck-ug!" all day and all night, there was a constant stream of water flowing from a bent pipe into a cistern between the big house and the washhouse. But the ram was like his race, an obstinate old thing. Hold on, now. It was a hy—hy—hydraulic. That's the word, hydraulic. It was a hydraulic ram, and it was always getting out of kilter. And that was another attraction, for a boy likes to see the inside of things and what makes them go. And it was interesting to see Uncle Doc standing a-straddle of the little rill, now asking for the monkey-wrench, and now for the screw-driver, while he fussed and fiddled with that—er—er—with that confounded valve, his tongue stuck out the while at one corner of his mouth, or else his lips puckered into a windy whistle of: "A-a charge to-o keep I-I have," to the tune of "Kentucky," a nice old tune, most admirably



"It was a big, big boil"

and bite his back for joy at getting such an invitation. The ride out there, he and his cousin sitting on the little half-seat fastened to the dashboard, was a pleasure in itself. I don't suppose you've thought of it in many's the long day, but the road, after it passed between the Twin Lakes, and turned the corner by McCracken's, went up the biggest, highest, steepest hill that almost ever was. It was so steep the little boys simply could not stick on the narrow seat, but slid down into the bottom of the carriage. The way Uncle Doc wiggled his feet when the little boys slid on them was just about the funniest thing that ever happened. The two little girls and the two boys sung treble (the "air," you know) and Aunt Sarah could sing alto,

and the young hero learning to shave could make a stagger at a tenor, and Uncle Doc sung bass just like a sawmill, and when all got to going together on the still country road, with the jarring of the carriage imparting a *vibrato* to the tones, it must have sounded fine. "Hail to the Queen of the Silent Night," and "Sweeping Through the Gates," and "Little Brown Jug," and "Weary Pilgrim," and "Seeing Nellie Ho-O-ome," and—oh, all the popular songs of the day. They always hushed when they saw anybody coming along the road, but while the little boy was sorry that the music stopped, he was in some degree comforted by the thought of how a little of the glory of Uncle Doc must certainly shine upon him. I always think it is so sort of



"Evidently Uncle Doc was a mighty man"

Sarah had no better claim to heaven than her chicken potpie, she'd have a robe and a crown with any of them. Well, if it was n't you, it was somebody else that had sat down to her table and rendered thanks for that expression of her bounty and goodness. And that was another attraction, appreciated now, and apparently then, inasmuch that she was moved to say to the little boy that visited at her house: "My souls alive!

adapted to work of a tinkering nature. The little boy took notice, though, that whenever one of the little girls came after him, or Aunt Sarah squalled down the hill: "Paw! You're wanted!" Uncle Doc was glad to drop the job. Every man to his trade. Uncle Doc was amazingly fond of seeing machinery work right, but, first and foremost, he was a doctor.

I have n't even begun to number all the attractions at Uncle Doc's, but you can understand how the little boy was ready to jump up

human to speak to every one you meet, as country people do, but their greetings to Uncle Doc were more than the kindly "How-de-do?" to most persons. They stopped and visited with him, with now and again a gruff: "Whoa, Nellie! Whoa, there! Aw, stand still, you fool you!" to the impatient beast. When they finally drove past, they "hollered" back some pleasantry. The men in the fields waved their hands, the women came out to the front fence, and the little children walking along the road grinned shyly at the doctor, and stepped backward for a long time to watch his carriage out of sight. Evidently Uncle Doc was a mighty man in those parts.

He was certainly a prime favorite with the children, in spite of the fact that he gave them nasty medicine and sometimes hurt them so the blood came. He could tell bear stories that would make your eyes goggle clear out upon your cheeks, and even when he hurt you he did



it in such a funny way you did n't know whether to laugh or cry, and compromised the matter by doing both at once. I recall a boy that had a boil. It was a big, big boil, the next size smaller than a wash-pan. (No, I don't mean a "wash-basinnnnn." I mean a wash-pan. Where do you think you are? Western Reserve?) And how that boil did ache and burn! Gee-mun-nee! So Uncle Doc examined it and clucked: "Ts! Ts!" and then he happened to look out of the window and began to laugh: "Oh, looky, looky! Old man Lybrand's hat's blown off," and when the boy turned to see the funny sight, Uncle Doc jabbed in his lancet. *Murder-r-r-r!* But it was all over in a second, whereas if Uncle Doc had coaxed and pleaded to cut that boil just a little, weenty, teenty bit, he might have been coaxing yet, so far as the boy's giving his consent is concerned.

And sometimes little folks that did n't feel just right would be cross and grumpy, and when he'd say: "Well, mister, let me see that tongue of yours," they would n't. They knew how bitter stuff followed peeps at tongues, and they refused to be a party to any such transaction. No use for him to scold; no use to threaten to cut their ears off if they did n't behave themselves. (Uncle Doc was a great one to threaten mutilation. I suppose that was because he was

a doctor and had his mind on cutting people up to see what was inside them. He would pretend to pinch off a young one's nose, and show the tip between his fingers. It was funny to see the child feel of his face to learn if it was all there. And sometimes when one would set up a loud and square-mouthed "beller," he would fumble in his tool-bag looking for a knife, he said, to cut their "cry-bag" out.) Threats were not employed in the case of tongues that would not venture out of the mouth. Uncle Doc had a device that really deserved a patent, and if he could have collected royalties it would have made him a rich man. But doctors are not allowed to patent things for their own personal profit; they must give their schemes freely for the general good. Doctors are the original, charter member, early settler, primitive socialists. When a young one shut its stubborn mouth and would not show its tongue, Uncle Doc dabbed a little honey or molasses on the under lip, and the first thing you know, *out* popped the tongue to lick it off, and there you were.

It was a long drive out to Uncle Doc's, not shortened any by the frequent stops, but finally the carriage rolled along the flat road between the two pieces of woodland that smelled so spicy of walnut trees, and hickory nuts, and

pennyroyal, and whose vaulting arches echoed to the lonesome call of birds. Right beyond the woods a sort of curving Y joined to the big road, and at the shank's end of the Y a gate hung between two tall oak trees. Uncle Doc debated a good while with every one in the carriage whether or not the little visitor was equal to the responsibility of opening the big gate. Had he the muscle? That was a question. Was he big enough? That was another question. But the third, and last, and most important of all, was: Did he *know* enough to unlatch a gate? Aw, tell the time o' day—that did n't amount to shucks compared with knowing how to unlatch a gate. And being able to read: "Do turn him over, Rob-ert,"—why, that was only book-learning. No sign of a duck's nest whatever. Why, not at all. Not at all. Still, if—

Well, now, you can just about guess who it was that hopped out of the carriage; that stood on tiptoe to push up the latch (noticing for the first time since leaving town that his legs had fallen asleep); that swung the big and creaking gate wide open, while the carriage rolled through upon the crunching gravel.

On the left-hand tree, high up, was nailed a piece of black plank that had gilt reading on it. The gilt reading said Uncle Doc's name and two

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# IN THE MID-WATCH

HARGRAVE mounted the gang-way hastily, buttoning his blouse as he reached the top, and paused to take breath. He disliked the mid-watch more than any other detail of his naval life, excepting the separation it entailed from Frances and the children. The messenger, too, had barely awakened him on time.

"I am ready to relieve you, sir," he said, saluting almost mechanically as he reached Whitton, who had the deck.

Whitton passed along the orders and turned as though about to go below.

"That special boat has n't returned as yet," he said thoughtfully, looking out over the waters toward Cavite, looming dark and indistinct in the distance.

"Has n't, hey? Humph! Nasty sea, too. Who's aboard?"

"Only Reeves. The skipper sent him ashore for something or other. She's twenty minutes overdue now. Can't understand it, but I guess it's all right. Here's where I turn in. So long!"

Hargrave stood a moment stock-still, listening to the receding footsteps and looking out toward Cavite. He frowned.

"Only Reeves!" He smiled a little grimly as the words came back to him. He tried to remember how long it had been "only Reeves" for him, until Frances had come into his life. Had n't he and Pokey Reeves "Frenched" together at the Academy, and roomed together and cheered and helped each other bone for "Skinny," with heads tied up in towels soaked in cold water, "to keep the ideas from burning the books up!" Why, who was it that really made that run in the great game way back there in those grinding, beautiful Academy years? Pokey, of course. The navy side had risen *en masse*, and even the secretary had stood up too, breathless, intense, to see him, Hargrave, make the goal. The hot breath of the runner was on his neck, things were swimming before his strained eyes, his power of locomotion gone, when he had caught sight of Pokey's face in the crowd of excited, eager cadets; the something in it, the pride of it, had urged him to new effort. He had

BY ANNA E. FINN

Illustrated by WILLIAM C. RICE

reached the line and won the day for Annapolis.

It had been an odd combination, these two: Hargrave, six feet in his stockings, broad, muscular, fond of athletics, on the scrub team his first year, the best swimmer in his class, the crack swordsman of the Academy all his four years there; Reeves—perhaps the brains of the combination—a regular "grind," very tall, very thin, with a squint in his eyes and a slow, droll way of talking. An upper-classman had nicknamed him Pokey, because when a party of

them had placed him on a chair and commanded him to recite an impromptu poem—subject, "The Hold-up of John Smith by the Princess Pocahontas"—Reeves had,

with a solemn face, recited six verses on the text with so much hidden good-nature and real cleverness that it had somehow found its way into the *Lucky Bag* the next year, signed just "Pokey."

"Just Pokey. Only Reeves!" Hargrave paced the deck, for the first time in months anxious and alert on his mid-watch. He tried to think of other things than the delayed boat and the heavy sea and lowering tropical night sky, and he pictured Frances and the children up in Yokohama waiting for him. The thought

of her always calmed him strangely, and the letters he had gotten that day burned warm in his breast pocket. It was Frances first of all now, and then the children, and then—Reeves. Reeves had "helped him get married," too, and he had sometimes wondered if Reeves had ever felt the change. It was as if, when Reeves had passed him the ring he was to give to Frances, he was renouncing his old first place forever in Hargrave's life. They had both been fond of her when her father was on duty at the Academy; but somehow Pokey went back to his studies after a while, and Hargrave had made his calls alone, and only narrowly escaped "bilging" because Pokey had labored with him for a month before the finals and pulled him out of the hole. It had always been Frances for him and he for Frances. He did n't believe Pokey had ever had a real affair in his life. Pokey was always too busy with guns and gun-mounts and new sights and all the other things that Hargrave forgot when he and Frances were together. He sometimes wondered how they bore the separation. The same round of days for her, with the two children—the mending of Tom's triangular rents; the comforting of Nancy's bruises; the making of the little clothes; the soothing of the little woes; the gentle judging of the sins; the whispered confidences; the halting confessions (all of which she declared she loved) for her. The same old deadly monotony; the same old routine of drills and watch-

## There Is No Failure

By THOMAS SPEED MOSBY

THERE is no failure. Life itself's a song  
Of victory o'er death, and ages long  
Have told the story old of triumphs wrought  
Unending, from the things once held for naught.  
The battle's over; though defeated now,  
In coming time the waiting world shall bow  
Before the throne of Truth that's builded high  
Above the dust of those whose ashes lie  
All heedless of the glorious fight they won  
When death obscured the light of vict'ry's sun.

There is no failure. If we could but see  
Beyond the battle line; if we could be  
Where battle-smoke does ne'er becloud the eye,  
Then we should know that where these prostrate lie  
Accoutered in habiliments of death,  
Sweet Freedom's radiant form has drawn new  
breath—

The breath of life which they so nobly gave  
Shall swell anew above the lowly grave  
And give new life and hope to hearts that beat  
Like battle-drums that never sound retreat.

There is no failure. God's immortal plan  
Accounts no loss a lesson learned for man.  
Defeat is oft the discipline we need  
To save us from the wrong, or teaching heed  
To errors which would else more dearly cost—  
A lesson learned is ne'er a battle lost.  
Whene'er the cause is right, be not afraid;  
Defeat is then but victory delayed—  
And e'en the greatest victories of the world  
Are often won when battle-flags are furled.



standing; the same faces at the long mess-table day after day; the long period of lying at anchor in the bay—varied only by infrequent maneuvers—for him, when they were apart. Yet Frances had said he was her life and he knew that she was right. He felt so rich in her that he barely missed the outside riches of the world, except what he was denied from buying her, and because there was so very little to keep her from privation if his life should end before hers should.

It was on his watches, somehow, that his thoughts went out most to her; and, in a certain shamefaced way, as though he feared they might tell the other men, he used to whisper to the stars of her. It had been so from the beginning—it was to be so until the end, he said.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two bells rang out, distinct and clear.

Roused from his thoughts, he peered anxiously over the water. There it was at last—the boat—plowing through the sea. The canopy was down, but as the boat came alongside he could see Coxswain O'Malley's face through the round opening in the front.

Hargrave went to the gangway, something filling up his throat. They had gotten back, but he wanted to be sure of a good landing, a difficult thing in this sea, in spite of O'Malley's sure hand. Three times she came up to the gangway, and it seemed as though the wind and sea were bent on dashing her to pieces against the ship's side. Three times she rose; three times Reeves, waiting for a chance to leap, was forced to wait; three times she was swept away; and when she approached again Reeves leaped, and, leaping, slipped and fell short.

Hargrave, watching, saw it all; and in the breathless moment before Reeves' face showed above the water he lived what to him seemed long years. When it appeared he found he had given the alarm; that half a dozen hands were outstretched to save; that he was at the foot of the gangway, and that his shoes and blouse were off.

The crew saw him coming; knew the danger of the heavy sea; knew him for a powerful swimmer—for Reeves' best friend—and hesitated. Somewhere in those depths beneath them was a human soul struggling for breath; fighting against the elements that were forcing him beneath the great ship's bulk, that he might not rise again; and, almost on a level with the sea, was standing Hargrave, ready to go down and search the depths for him.

The men would talk and talk about it afterwards: the tossing launch; the suppressed excitement on the ship; the gangway light on the space of water where Reeves had gone down the second time; Hargrave, half crouched forward, alert, wild eyes straining toward the space where Reeves had sunk, every muscle tense like a runner ready for a race; and then Reeves' hand flashing for a moment above the sea—his class ring standing out, distinct and clear; a hardly articulate cry from Hargrave as he pointed to it and then staggered back against the gangway, shaking as with palsy.

## II.

HE STAGGERED blindly up the gangway and stood to one side, still without his shoes and blouse, as the men bore their heavy, drip-

ping burden past him, followed by O'Malley dripping too. He hardly noticed anything else but that heavy burden and O'Malley, and the one scornful glance O'Malley had given him as he passed.

It had been O'Malley who had gone down into the depths.

Mechanically he put on his shoes and blouse, his hands fumbling at their task. He could hear the voices below—the voice of the captain and of Smith, the executive, and it seemed to him as though he heard all the voices of all the men aboard—excepting Reeves'. And all the voices were as O'Malley's eyes—full of scornful wonder.

He turned to the midshipman of the watch, who was standing near and trying not to regard him curiously.

"Mr. Rand, I will turn over the deck to you; I am going below," he said, and his voice sounded strange to his own ears.

He never knew what Rand answered, nor how he got below. He crept noiselessly, almost like a thief, to the turn in the passage that led to the sick-bay.

The passage was deserted now, but he could hear the surgeon's voice talking to his steward and apprentice, and to the paymaster, who were all with him, working over Reeves.

"O'Malley got his body, all right" (it was the doctor's voice), "but it looks as though the life was left down under the water. Still, we'll keep her going. Steady now there, Robbins! One, two, three—one, two, three."

It seemed to Hargrave as though he must cry out if they kept up that measured time longer. He dragged himself to the door and stood looking in, partly concealed by it. Twice he tried to speak, his eyes fixed on that still form on the bed, with its ashen face.

"Can I be of any help?"

The four workers turned and stared at him, not recognizing the voice. There was a long silence. Then the doctor spoke curtly:

"Nothing, I believe. I've sent all the crowd out. They are to take turns at this—if there's any use." And he went back to his task.

Hargrave steadied himself against the jamb of the door. The doctor's eyes resembled O'Malley's, somehow. How warm the room was, in spite of the open ports and the electric ventilators! Why didn't some one take off Pokey's class ring? It looked as if it must hurt when they grabbed his hands so and raised his arms up and down—down and up!

"Sorry there, Hargrave," said the doctor in a business-like voice, "but we need all the air we can get. There're plenty here now."

Hargrave moistened his dry lips. He was conscious of a bottle of liquor standing on a table near the surgeon's hand. If they would only let him get to it now. It recalled somehow the little cupboard over the washstand in Pokey's room, and other familiar sights and sounds of Academy days.

He got back to his room and sat down on the edge of the bunk and poured himself out a drink. He sat there while the color and the

strength slowly came back to him, the empty glass between his shaking fingers, and then he raised his eyes mechanically and they rested on Frances' picture—the one decoration of his room, excepting only a few books and a snapshot of Reeves. It was a wonderful picture of a wonderful face, and behind her, looking over her shoulders, were the babies. He rose suddenly and closed the door quietly. Then he went back and flung himself face down on his bunk.

He was aroused by the hurrying of footsteps in the passage. He listened and recognized the voice of Tyler, the fleet surgeon. So they had signaled to the flag-ship for more aid. He waited until the voices and the footsteps had ceased in the direction of the sick-bay. It was three by his watch. His brain told him it was a thousand years since he had thrown himself down. He went forward and made inquiries for O'Malley. The messenger told him briefly that O'Malley was resting all right, and his eyes looked at him like the eyes of O'Malley and the surgeon. He could not return on deck—just yet—to face the officer he had left there; nor to the ward-room, where the rest were waiting their turn; nor stay here in his own room to see the smile on Frances' pictured eyes.

He went down the passage to the sick-bay again, and again paused at the door; and, unnoticed this time as at the last, he watched the new relay of officers working over the still form on the bunk. There was no change in the ashen hue of the face, but he noticed the hair seemed a little dryer. This time the surgeon's voice was lower and graver than before.

"It's been hours now. There isn't the slightest change—nor hope."

Then it was that the scene changed for Hargrave and he felt the breath of the runner on his neck again, and a dimness of vision, lighted only by Reeves' face, before his eyes. For Reeves he had won then—for Reeves, for himself, for Frances, he must win now.

He strode into the room, all the indecision, all the fear gone.

"I learned a trick in Samoa once," he said; "like this—see—." He pushed them all aside. "It's a last resort, but Holliday here can help me, and you too, doctor, if you will."

He had them all with him now, as he had had that vast throng watching on the football field years back. They moved aside and obeyed him mechanically. The long minutes passed. They worked, possessed with a new vigor and a new faith. The chime of the bells on deck rang out. Still the ashen face gave no sign of change.

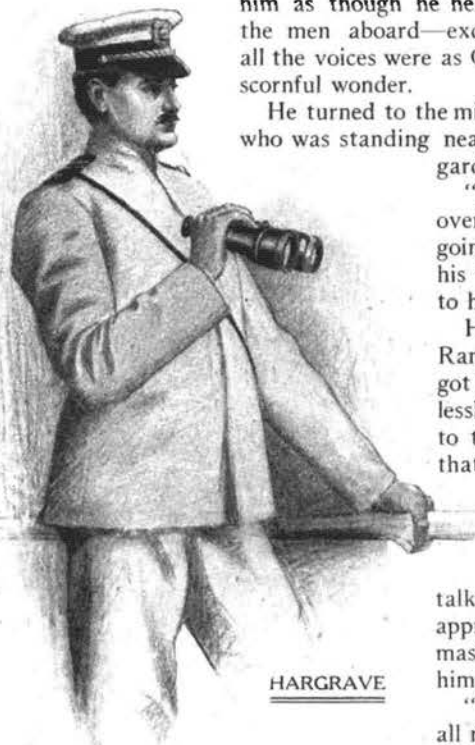
Holliday's exhausted arms fell to his sides.

"Can't do any more," he said briefly, and staggered to a camp-stool. One by one they fell off. One by one Hargrave sent them for

fresh men from the ward-room. Silently the surgeon sat by, physically too exhausted to do more, yet unable to leave.

"It's no good, Hargrave," he said once. "Tyler was over here for an hour. He says he died before O'Malley got him."

"It's a lie," said Hargrave, slowly, with a terrible distinctness in his voice, and the men looked at each other and shook their heads.



HARGRAVE



REEVES



"The whole thing has made Hargrave a bit nutty," they said afterwards in the ward-room.

He wore them out, one by one, with that terrible strength of his that had been the Academy's pride, and he worked on alone—and they waited.

Once the captain came and looked in on him, but Hargrave neither heard him come nor go.

The officers rose as the captain crossed the ward-room, their faces haggard with the strain of the long night behind.

"Let him alone, gentleman," said the captain, "stranger things have happened."

### III.

IT WAS a slow creeping back for Reeves—a faint-drawn breath at first, that even Hargrave, alone in that quiet room with him, did not hear, and then a faint sigh, as though life had sent a whisper through the depth and breath of space.

Hargrave left him to the surgeon before full consciousness returned, and, when one of the mess would have followed him, Hargrave quietly shook his head and went into his own room and locked the door. He did not answer, although he was awake when the doctor, a little shamefaced, knocked gently to see if he needed any care. Hargrave heard him pause and try the lock and then move away, telling Smith to pass the word that Hargrave was asleep.

He was on deck for quarters, very silent, very white, and he reported his division; and then requested to be excused from duty for twelve hours, which he spent in his room.

When he came out among them again a strange reticence fell on him and them. There was something—for him the remembrance of that scene on the gangway that he could not forget—for them, the remembrance of the scorn in which they held him for it, tempered by the long night of superhuman effort that had followed. Reeves might have bridged things over, but Reeves was ill in his bunk for over a fortnight. Hargrave inquired at his door each day, but when Reeves would urge him to remain, there was always some excuse of duty. Reeves had time to think things out in between the long intervals when the fellows came and went. Little by little he pieced the broken bits of the story together—both sides of which the mess had told him—but if he discovered anything about it, he never told the others; although they waited for him to do so. It was the chief topic among them in the ward-room when Hargrave was not there, which he seldom was, except for hastily eaten meals. Once or twice he had entered unexpectedly and there had been an awkward pause, as though he had interrupted them in something they did not wish him to hear.

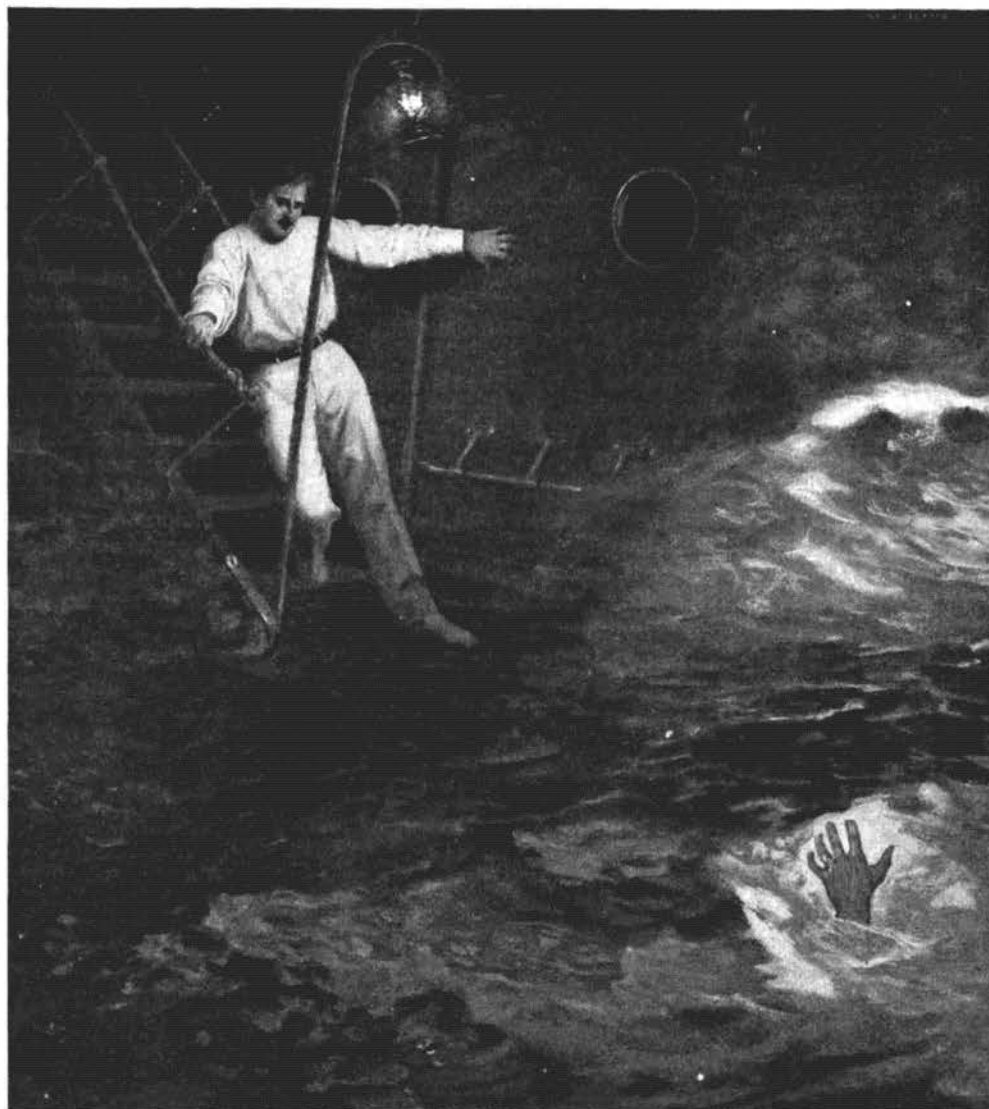
Even the crew discussed it, in those long, hot Cavite days, far from excitement of any kind, with little "liberty" and infrequent mails.

"If he had n't made all that fuss in taking off

his togs and then got cold feet," said O'Malley, with infinite scorn, to the paymaster's yeoman.

"If he only had n't started and then backed down," said Holliday, frowning a little as he talked it over by Reeves' bunk. "Somehow that's the one thing none of us can forget."

On Reeves' first day up he paused at Hargrave's door, waiting for an invitation to enter. Hargrave looked up from the letter he was writing home, and Reeves noticed with a shock how thin his face looked, how lean his big hands; but Hargrave did not ask him to come in. Reeves pushed past him unceremoniously and sat down on the bunk, his long legs hanging over the edge, his body bent forward, his hands clasped in front of him thoughtfully. Then he lighted a cigarette.



"Reeves' hand flashing for a moment above the sea"

"Go right on," he said, "don't let me disturb you;" and he looked indifferently around the room for some distraction.

"Thanks, I won't," said Hargrave with a short laugh, and continued writing.

Reeves watched him in silence and wondered how it would feel to be writing to the woman one loved. He did not mean to watch Hargrave's face as he did—indeed, he was hardly conscious of doing so—but it impressed itself on his mind strangely. All the weariness fell away from it, all the lines of the years, all the tension of the strain of the fortnight past, and the color came back to the wan face again, brought there by the warm blood that crept over his face as he wrote and wrote. Reeves watched him fascinated. After all, Hargrave was different. He lived in a world apart from the rest of them, and had a refuge to which he could retire when the crush of life was too hard. Once, unconscious of Reeves' presence, he glanced up at the picture overhead and paused for a moment, pen in hand, and a slow smile crept up into his eyes

—the slow smile Reeves had seen first when they had met the girl, who afterwards became his wife, at that hop, 'way back there in the Academy days.

He began to piece all the years together and to fit in the events of the last two weeks so as to make a perfect mosaic of Hargrave's life. The other men were doubting, but somehow he, Pokey, wanted to prove it without a flaw—something worthy of that woman's face looking down on them.

Time passed, and Reeves continued to watch Hargrave's face. The freshly lighted cigarette went out between his fingers, but he did not notice it. By and by Hargrave began to pick up the closely written sheets, and to put them carefully together and fold them in the

big, official envelope. Reeves watched him as he stamped the bulky letter and sealed it with extreme care. The color had left his face now, but something remained there "like the glow from a red sunset on a rugged boulder," Reeves told himself, lapsing into the poetic, a way he had sometimes.

There were steps in the passage and loud laughter, and then half a dozen of the mess, returning from shore, came by on their way to their rooms. They were arrested at seeing the door open and the curtain flung hospitably wide at Hargrave's door. It was an unusual sight of late. They hesitated, and then, on seeing Reeves up and out for the first time, pressed nearer.

"Why, hello, there! When did you get off the list? Glad to see you up! In with Hargrave, of course!"

Hargrave rose. His great form towered above them; his gaunt face was in strong contrast to their healthy, sunburned ones, but something that had come to it—that

strange softness while he was writing—had not quite faded. His voice was even.

"It's great, isn't it! Won't you all come in, and we'll celebrate?"

The men, moved by a common impulse and some compelling force in Reeves' eyes, crowded into the small space.

Hargrave unlocked his cupboard, produced a tin shaker, and rang for ice. The men were dimly conscious that he avoided them no longer, and no longer asked for their approval or disapproval of his actions. The strength of that long outpouring (until to-day suppressed even from Frances) was upon him. Henceforth he would stand no longer at the bar of their judgment.

He listened to a new story of Holliday's as they waited for the ice, but spoke little. The men watched him curiously. Reeves counted heads—the surgeon's, Holliday's, yes, all the mess that had been most cruel in its judgment. Could he count on Hargrave? Would Hargrave rise to the test? Could he, Reeves, make him clear himself before the mess—something

[Concluded on page 501]







suspected from his usual leisurely movements, and rushed down the street after some small boys, disappearing with pilfered apples. It was not for nothing that Mr. Steuer was a member of the Turnverein. It was a fine race; people turned to watch the grocer eating up the distance between him and the hindmost boy, whom he caught by the coat-collar, and whom, with a practised hand, he twisted around, taking his head and shoulders between his legs, thus leaving the most vulnerable part of the culprit in easy reach. Systematically, Mr. Steuer applied a spanking. He applied it with calmness, with good will. The child squirmed and screamed. Mr. Steuer spanked on. A large policeman on the corner watched him, grinning. Then Mr. Steuer held the child out at arm's length.

"You sdeal mine abbles again," he said—"yes? You knock ofer mine crates—huh? Negst time, ven I catch you, I sbank you—not mit mine handt, but mit a shingle—see? Next time I catch any of you," he said to the world at large, deeming it probable that some of the foe were lurking in the area-ways, "next time I catch any of you, I lick you till der skin flies. I lick you till you don't sit down to eat for tree days!"

Conscious of having performed a good deed in the interests of order and justice, he walked back toward his store, not noticing an angry woman who was puffing up behind him. She stopped before the officer standing on the corner.

"You saw that, officer—you saw that?" she sputtered.

"Yes, ma'am, I seen it," the officer admitted.

"You saw it, and did n't do anything?" she demanded.

The officer, a large Irishman, grinned. He had taken in the situation.

"The other side of that street ain't my beat," he explained. "My beat ends right here where I stand."

"And you mean to say," the fiery little lady asked, "that you can't stop an outrage across the street—that if you saw a man murdering a child on the opposite corner you could n't cross the street to stop it?"

"No, ma'am, I can't go off my beat," he assured her politely.

"Well, I can do something," she proclaimed confidently, "and I will! I did n't believe the things one reads in the papers about the police force were true. I would n't have believed," she flamed, "that an officer of the law could stand by and watch a great, grown man beat a helpless little child mercilessly."

The officer was one for whom feminine vituperation had never lost its poignancy; he saw Duty beckoning him along his beat.

The self-appointed protector of the down-trodden heard sobs. Turning, she beheld a little boy, with one hand rubbing his breeches.



"Systematically, Mr. Steuer applied a spanking"

"Did he hurt you badly, you poor little boy?" she inquired.

"I'll kill 'im!" he sputtered. "I was n't doin' nothin'—he run out an' grabbed me, an' I'll kill 'im!"

"Tell me how it happened, dear," Mrs. Mayberry urged.

For answer, she got only more sobs and threats against Mr. Steuer's life and property.

"Well, don't tell me anything about it if you don't want to," she soothed him. "But if ever such a thing happens again to you, or to any of your little friends, you come straight to me, my dear."

She opened her purse and drew from it a card, and also saw that she had nothing smaller than a quarter, which she gave to the crying little boy. Others of the gang had approached, and Mrs. Mayberry found herself the center of a circle.

"Does Mr. Steuer often do things like that?" she asked.

The boys "were on." They knew their Lady Bountiful.

"Yes 'm," they replied, "Steuer, he licks de fellers every chanst he gots. He don't like no boys playin' near him, Steuer don't."

"Well," Mrs. Mayberry said, "there's an end of all that. I shall make Mr. Steuer promise that he'll never lift a hand against a boy again. You can play in the streets all you want—it's not Mr. Steuer's business. You come right to me now, boys, if he interferes with you again."

"You can't stop him," said a doubting Thomas.

"Oh, yes, I can," responded Mrs. Mayberry. "I have ways to stop Mr. Steuer."

She went away, leaving a large sense behind her of having some mysterious grasp upon Steuer.

Sympathy had not cooled Mrs. Mayberry's anger. She stalked onward to Mr. Steuer's grocery store. He greeted her cheerfully.

"Goot morning, Mis' Mayberry. Goot morning; und vat can I do for you dis morning? Ve haf some sbecial fine Malaccas—"

He stopped, for the stern person he saw before him, the aigrettes on her bonnet a-quiver with indignation, was not the pleasant customer whom he knew.

"I saw what happened just now, Mr. Steuer," she replied coldly.

Mr. Steuer sighed. "Oh, dem kids is fierce around here, Mis' Mayberry! But," he went on, a confident smile growing slowly on his broad face, "I sbank him goot, und next time I catch him I spank him better!"

He was as confiding as a child, sure of sympathy for his virtuous act.

Mrs. Mayberry froze still further.

"So that was it!" she said. "You beat that poor little boy because he took a miserable apple! Well, Mr. Steuer, let me tell you this: that is the way custom is lost!"

Mrs. Mayberry was no one's fool; she knew how to strike at a vulnerable spot.

Blank astonishment had taken the place of the smile on Mr. Steuer's countenance.

[Concluded on pages 519 to 521]



"If it vas n't for me, you vould haf been arrested!"



# THE SOCIALIST BUGABOO

By WILLIAM MAILLY

Illustrated by H. E. DEY

WHEN Morris Hillquit, New York's best-known socialist, took part in a discussion on his favorite topic before a club of wealthy capitalists, a leading official of the city police department listened intently behind a curtain, evidently expecting the socialist to say something that would warrant his arrest for sedition or incendiaryism. A week later, when Mr. Hillquit addressed the unemployed workers and "down-and-outers" at the Bowery Mission, a stenographer from the police department took down a verbatim report of his speech.

When another New Yorker, who has been editor of a socialist weekly for years, was chosen for jury duty on a case involving two corporations, he was objected to by the counsel for defense because he was a socialist, and he was accordingly dismissed.

A correspondent of national reputation for a Chicago paper reports from New York that "the socialists of this city, and the anarchists, who are trying to practise what the socialists preach, are causing a great deal of anxiety"; and he suggests legal measures to restrain agitation, for the benefit of the public at large.

A prominent rabbi in Chicago declared in a public address that Rose Pastor Stokes, the girl cigarmaker who married J. G. Phelps Stokes, of the wealthy Stokes family, should have been put behind prison-bars because she asserted in a socialist meeting that while she loved the Stars and Stripes she loved the red flag more.

In a discussion at a woman's club in New York, an anti-suffragist argued against woman-suffrage because it tended to socialism, "which is a grave danger to the republic."

An indoor meeting arranged by socialists in Philadelphia was prevented by the police, the men who were ex-

pected to address the assemblage were arrested, and the audience dispersed with the aid of clubs, all without provocation of any kind.

A prominent visiting Catholic divine said in an interview that "socialism is one of the chief evils threatening the United States, and a socialist government would go to pieces in six months and bring about universal chaos."

The mayor of the American metropolis, in an address at Cornell University, arraigned socialism as "destructive of the marriage tie, the family, personal initiative, and private property," and called it "the greatest menace of the age."

President Roosevelt proposed legislation intended to ward off socialism, and in a public message denounced those who preach "class consciousness"—and is himself denounced, by those who oppose certain legislation suggested by him, as a socialist and as one who stirs up class hatred.

A bomb exploded at a meeting of unemployed, called under the auspices of socialists, and instantly the suspect was labeled a socialist, while a leading newspaper declared that "there is no place for socialists and their teachings in this republic," and "not one of them has a word to say which any human being is the better for hearing; not one of them has any message to deliver that is not charged with evil and with menace."

Socialism is foreign and un-American; socialism is responsible for the increase in divorces; socialism causes "race suicide"; socialism inspires strikes and bloodshed and murder conspiracies; socialism is seducing working men away

from religion and causing decreased church attendance; socialism makes men desert their wives and children; an increase in the army is needed to meet socialism—and so on, *ad libitum*.

All of which indicates that the Socialist Bugaboo is abroad in the land and seeking whom it may devour. The surest and quickest way to achieve press notoriety is to attack socialism, whether he who attacks be politician, clergyman, labor leader, or what not.

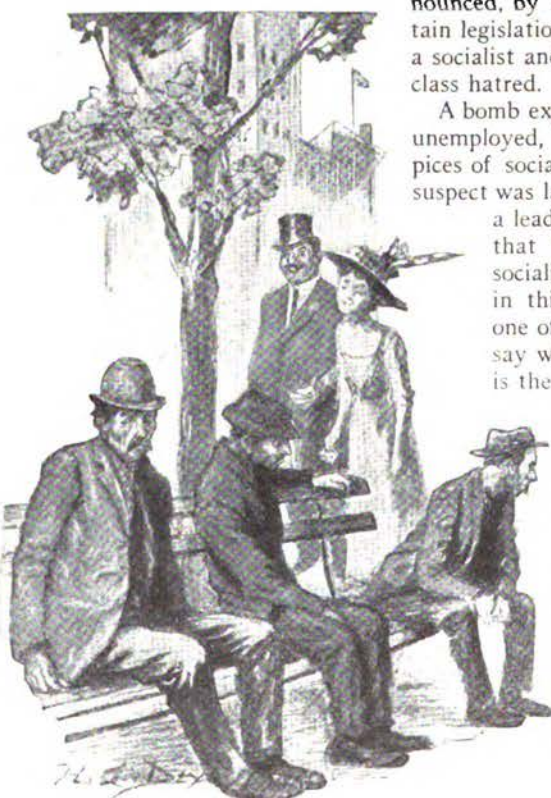
Bugaboos have always played an important rôle in history, although their own history has never been written. Since the time when the aboriginal created an image of dread and horror which embodied his own fears of the unknown, mankind has been haunted by bugaboos. The human mind has always fashioned from its surroundings a bugaboo, hewn out of its own conception of future dangers. Progress has always had to battle with the dread of the unseen. The bugaboo has been the ally of reaction of all ages.

Socrates drank the hemlock, Christ was crucified, Bruno was burned at the stake, Columbus was ridiculed and persecuted, James Hargreaves had his revolutionary spinning-jenny smashed by his neighbors in 1767, Lovejoy was mobbed and killed at Alton. All of these were sacrificial offerings to the bugaboo of their respective times.

The Socialist Bugaboo is a thing of many shapes. Its creators have endowed it with every attribute of every spook that ever frightened mankind into blind antagonism to the truth. And no spook ever terrorized a shivering small boy into burying his head under the blankets more effectively than the socialist spook terrorizes the ordinary citizen into retiring under the blanket of age-long conservatism, there to invite race suffocation and retrogression. No advance was ever made by mankind without the fear of destruction being evoked.

For instance, when the socialists are charged with pursuing an agitation that would destroy

"No spook ever terrorized a shivering small boy into burying his head under the blankets more effectively than the socialist spook has terrorized the citizen into retiring under the blanket of conservatism."



"Where tramps are so common they are a jest"



every institution, human and divine, that man holds sacred, how many people know that the proposal to establish free public schools in this country first met with the same sort of reception? And yet that is a fact. The public-school system came into existence through the agitation of a group of weavers, tailors, and mechanics in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. These working men organized a party in 1829 with "free public schools, where the children of rich and poor alike can attend on an equal footing," as its chief demand. A public meeting called to discuss this proposition in Philadelphia at the old city hall was broken up by the police and the speaker arrested and taken to jail. And the New York *Evening Post* of that day called on "the bankers, the preachers, the merchants, and other respectable members of society," to organize to put down "this pernicious agitation which threatens to undermine the very foundations of society." That must sound very familiar to readers of certain metropolitan newspapers which habitually thrust forward the Socialist Bugaboo.

Also, when the authorities are called upon to suppress socialist agitation and either imprison or deport the agitators, it should be remembered that William Penn, apostle of non-resistance and good will toward all men, was once tried for "preaching and speaking." The jury three times refused to find the Quaker guilty, thus disobeying the instructions of the court, and upon returning a verdict of "not guilty" the fourth time, the jurors were adjudged in contempt. It is not inconceivable that a jury might be found in this day, that would act similarly in a trial against a socialist agitator, nor that a judge would be as narrow-minded and arbitrary as the Pennsylvania judge whose name is long forgotten, while Penn's is glorified.

History has an uncomfortable habit of producing coincidences. When editorial writers on the daily press emit fulminations, and public speakers throw verbal bricks, at the socialist agitators, they differ little in their methods of attack from the antirevolutionists and the anti-abolitionists that preceded them. Samuel Adams in his day was the "Great Incendiary," John Adams a "reckless political adventurer," Thomas Paine a "child of the devil," the American Congress a gathering of "obscure, pettifogging attorneys, bankrupt shopkeepers, outlawed smugglers, etc.; and its supporters the 'refuse and dregs of mankind; their generals men of rank and honor nearly on a par with those of the Congress.'" And those who now predict that socialism would mean slavery and the abolition of religion had their prototypes in

those who predicted that the war for independence would result in a "despotism that will know no limit and no pity." The people were told that the alliance of France with the "rebels" meant that "an absolute dominion over you will be set up by your late protectors; an American bastille will be erected; the Romish religion will be established; the English language will be forbidden; the French language will be made the language of the country," and other dire things of the same sort. The literature of invective has not altered much in a hundred years.

The abolitionists were "crazy fanatics," "self-seeking agitators," "designing demagogues," and "foul-mouthed anarchists." The term "nigger-lover" was applied just as readily to them as "free-lover" is to socialists now. "Do you want your son or your daughter to marry a nigger?" was considered the most powerful antiabolition argument; just as the question, "Do you want to see free love rampant in the land?" is considered the last word in the antisocialist argument. The New York paper that in 1860 denounced the antislavery sentiment as "Northern fanaticism," and declared that "the Southern States had an undeniable right to secede from the North," is the same paper that a short time ago suggested that socialist agitators be summarily deported from the United States. And in the same Philadelphia where, in 1860, George William Curtis was threatened with a riot if he dared deliver an antislavery lecture, a socialist meeting was broken up by police in 1908! There is a strik-

ing similarity between the abolition bugaboo of the fifty's and the Socialist Bugaboo of to-day.

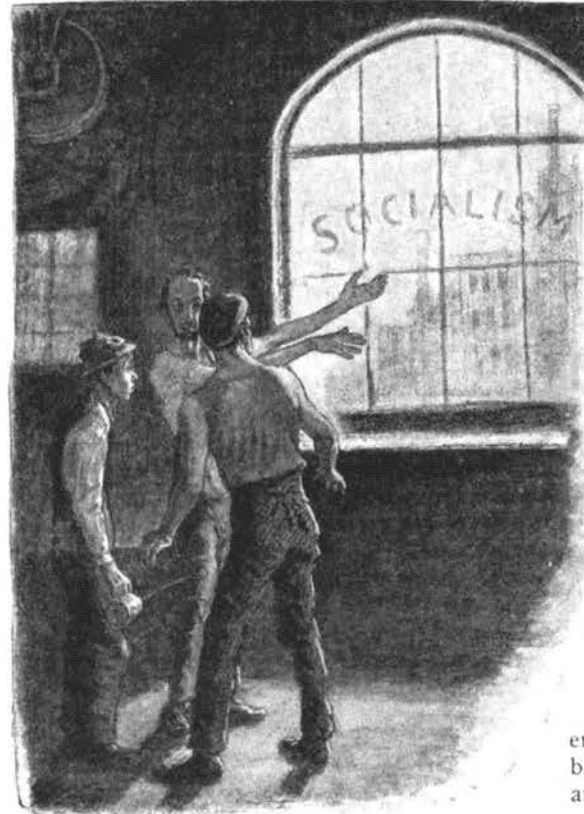
Stripped of its modern trimmings, the Socialist Bugaboo is the same old scarecrow. Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner, and others were pictured in the identical language used upon the socialist agitators, who do their work under much the same conditions that the abolitionists did theirs.

There is, however, an essential difference between abolition agitation and that of the socialist. The day of the socialist "free-lance" pioneer missionary is almost past. The socialists have now what the abolitionists never achieved. The socialists have developed a party organization which has members in every State; which is supported financially by monthly dues from all its members; which nominates full local and state tickets, in each election, and which is officially recognized in several States on the same basis as the Republican and Democratic Parties.

This Socialist Party organization conducts its agitation systematically and thoroughly. From its national headquarters in

Chicago, interstate organizers and lecturers are routed throughout the country. In many States—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, California, and Washington, for example—organizers are kept constantly in the field, and state secretaries give their entire time to the work. All these lecturers, organizers, and secretaries are under salary all the year around, three dollars a day and traveling expenses is the current rate. They no longer have to depend upon voluntary

[Concluded on pages 517 and 518]



"Socialism is native to every land where the modern factory system has been introduced"

## HOME—By Jeannette Marks

MIGHT I but see, my journey done,  
You stand beside the door  
To take my hand and lead me in,  
Ah, could I ask for more!

To sit together then, my dear,  
No word, perhaps, to say,  
To sit together then, my dear,  
Just as we sit to-day.

The journey's long to make, my dear,  
Chartless the hills to roam;  
And oh, the wandering will be far,  
The end—will it be home?

Might I but see, my journey done,  
You stand beside the door  
To take my hand and lead me in,  
Ah, could I ask for more!



# NEW THOUGHT NEW LIFE

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

A CHAMPION prize-fighter says that he does not train for his contests. "The weight question," he declares, "is the least of my troubles. I can make one hundred and thirty-three pounds with ease, and while it is not generally known to the public, I will get down to this weight by thinking about making it. I get rid of flesh by always keeping in mind that I *must* make the weight. I just keep telling myself that I've got to get down to the notch. The articles leave nothing for me to do but to be at weight, and I will continue to keep this in mind."

As will be seen later in this article, the famous experiments of Professor Anderson of Yale University prove that the strength of muscles can be increased immensely by mental action alone, without any physical exercise whatever.

## A Great Awakening

We hear a great deal about the power of the mind over the body. Why, the whole secret of life is wrapped up in it. We do not know the A, B, C of this great, mysterious power, though the civilized world is rapidly awakening to its transforming force. The prophet, the poet, the sage, from earliest times have felt and recognized it.

"Be ye transformed by the *renewing power of your mind*," Paul admonished the Romans. "'T is the mind that makes the body rich," says Shakespeare. "What we commonly call man," writes Emerson, "the eating, drinking, planting, counting man, does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect; but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend."

To-day even the prize-fighter, the uneducated, as well as the educated, the man who lives on the animal plane even as the man who lives on the spiritual plane, in fact, all sorts of people, are beginning to see that there is *some tremendous force back of the flesh* which they do not understand. The rapid growth of the metaphysical movement shows how actively this idea of man's hidden power is working in the minds of all classes.

As early as 1858, many years before anybody else thought of doing so, Professor Moses G. Farmer, inventor and scientist, lighted his residence in Salem, Massachusetts, by electricity. Others in different countries used the same mysterious force, without knowing just what it was. The magnet was used in a great variety of ways, and probably those who first utilized it thought they had each discovered a different principle. Yet all these little systems were only the manifestations of one mighty electrical force, which is destined to emancipate man from most of the drudgery of life, and to cater to his comfort and convenience in innumerable ways.

So the various manifestations of what, for the want of a more expressive term, we may call the New Thought, appearing in one place under the name of Christian Science, in another as Metaphysical Healing, in another as Mind Science, Mental Medicine, etc., are all indications of, and point toward, one mighty, divine principle, which is destined to revolutionize our civilization.

## "The Old Order Changeth"

The old is always an enemy of the new. Conservatism, prejudice, long intrenched habits and ideas, can not tolerate change. Yet, notwithstanding that this whole metaphysical movement has been fought desperately by the established order of things, it has steadily, persistently gained ground until scores of churches, some of which had opposed the newcomer most desperately, have now adopted one of its leading principles—the healing of the body.

There are already more than a half thousand Christian Science churches, and scores of New Thought churches and New Thought Schools. What is called the Emanuel Movement has been taken up by a great many orthodox churches in Boston, Chicago, New York, and many other places. Metaphysical schools are springing up under different titles in all parts of the civilized world. People are beginning to get hold of little bits of one great divine truth, one vast and beautiful whole, which is destined to bring harmony to many heretofore conflicting methods of reaching a common good by furnishing a universal principle upon which people of all sorts of faith and creed can unite.

Some of our best physicians, who only a few years ago ridiculed mental healing, are beginning to adopt the principle—so far as they know how—in their practise; especially the power of suggestion. They are finding that their patients are often more affected by *mental* medicine, by their calls, their encouragement and good cheer, than by their pills. They are finding, too, that the mental attitude of the patient has everything to do with the effect of the disease, that it often proves the turning-point in a crisis. The result of all this mental influence is a very marked falling off in the use of drugs. Many of our leading physicians give but very little medicine, because they have very little faith in it. It is now well known that scores of eminent physicians employ metaphysical healing in their own families and often for themselves. Even the regular medical schools are

## Mind and Body Building

taking up the subject of mental medicine in their lecture courses. Hampered as this great movement still is by the errors and extravagances of over-zealous followers, and also by the fraud of charlatans, who take advantage of the opportunities it offers to impose on the credulous and ignorant, there is no doubt that the basic principle of this metaphysical movement, has opened up many possibilities of mind building, character building, body building, and even business building, which are destined to bring untold blessings to the world.

We are beginning to see that we can renew our bodies by renewing our thoughts; change our bodies by changing our thoughts; that by holding the thought of what we wish to become, we can become what we desire. *Instead of being the victims of fate, we can order our fate; we can largely determine what it shall be. Our destiny changes with our thought.* We shall become what we wish to become when our habitual thought corresponds with the desire.

"For each bad emotion," says Professor Elmer Gates, "there is a corresponding chemical change in the tissues of the body. Every good emotion makes a life-promoting change. Every thought which enters the mind is registered in the brain by a change in the structure of its cells. The change is a physical change more or less permanent."

"Any one may go into the business of building his own mind for an hour each day, calling up pleasant memories and ideas. Let him summon feelings of benevolence and unselfishness, making this a regular exercise like swinging dumb-bells. Let him gradually increase the time devoted to these physical gymnastics, until it reaches sixty or ninety minutes per diem. At the end of a month he will find the change in himself surprising. The alteration will be apparent in his actions and thoughts. It will have registered in the cell structure of his brain."

## Changed His Disposition

There is nothing truer than that "we can make ourselves over by using and developing the right kind of thought-forces."

Not long ago a young man whom I had not seen for several years called on me, and I was amazed at the tremendous change in him. When I had last seen him he was pessimistic, discouraged, almost despairing; he had soured on life, lost confidence in human nature and in himself. During the interval he had completely changed. The sullen, bitter expression that used to characterize his face was replaced by one of joy and gladness! He was radiant, cheerful, hopeful, happy.

The young man had married a cheerful, optimistic wife, who had the happy faculty of laughing him out of his "blues," or melancholy, changing the tenor of his thoughts, cheering him up, and making him put a higher estimate on himself. His removal from an unhappy environment, together with his wife's helpful "new thought" influence and his own determination to make good, had all worked together to bring about a revolution in his mental make-up. The love-principle and the use of the right thought-force had verily made a new man of him.

He is a fortunate man who early learns the secret of scientific brain-building, and who acquires the inestimable art of holding the right suggestion in his mind, so that he can triumph over the dominant note in his environment when it is unfriendly to his highest good.

That man is truly great who at will can master his moods; who knows enough of mental chemistry to neutralize a fit of the "blues" with the opposite thought, just as a chemist neutralizes an acid which is eating into his flesh by applying an alkali antidote. A man ignorant of chemistry might apply another acid which would eat still deeper into his flesh; but the chemist knows the antidote of the particular acid that is doing the mischief. He can kill its corrosive, eating quality in an instant, for he knows the secret.

## Mental Chemistry

So the mental chemist knows how to counteract the corrosive, wearing, tearing, power of the despondent, depressing thought by its cheerful antidote. He knows that the optimistic thought is sure death to the pessimistic. He knows that harmony will quickly neutralize any form of discord; that the health thought will antidote the ailing, sick thought; that the love thought will kill the hatred thought, the jealous thought.

Many of us keep our minds more or less poisoned much of the time because of our ignorance of mental chemistry. We suffer from mental self-poison and do not know it. Neither do we know how to antidote the poison passions which are working havoc in our bodies.

Nothing else will so exhaust the vitality and whittle away life as violent fits of hatred, bitter jealousy, or a determination for revenge. We see the victims of these passions worn out, haggard, old, even before they have reached middle life. There are cases on record where fierce jealousy and hatred raging through the system aged the victims by years in a few days or weeks.

Yet these mental poisons are just as easily antidoted, conquered, as physical poisons which have well-known antidotes. If we are sick with a fever we go to a physician for an antidote; but when jealousy or hatred



# The SKYSCRAPER and the MOUNTAIN

BY ERNEST POOLE

Illustrated by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



FROM an eighteenth story office room in a sparkling, humming skyscraper near Wall Street, a copper wire stretched down into a long bewildering maze of wires that led away through dark tubes under clattering city streets, out along quiet, frosty roads, over ice-bound rivers, across snowy, starlit valleys, through silent, shadowy forests, and at last along a twisting, hummocky road far up in New Hampshire's White Mountains, and so to a homely little farmhouse of rough, gray stone, long and crooked, nestling into the slope of a mountain side. And here all was drowsy and still.

"Hello, son." The voice from the mountain was drawling and low. "Glad to hear you. It was gettin' so late I hed 'bout given you up an' decided to go to bed."

"Bed?" A short laugh from the skyscraper four hundred miles away.

"You durned young fool, air you still at the office?"

"Yes. We've been kind of busy lately."

"Um." A short silence. "Mebbe you're gettin' a trifle too busy."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean I've been figgerin' now fer some time whether I'd tell you what's been happenin' to your mother."

"Mother?" The city voice dropped low. "Why, dad, where is she? Why is n't she there at the phone?"

"Because she's in bed."

"In bed? Sick?" For reply there came a low chuckle:

"Well—no. You see, your mother an' me is a queer unnatural breed. We ken get sleepy an' go to bed at nine p. m., an' still go right on supposin' we're healthy. She's in bed now an' we'll let her sleep, though she's goin' to scold me fer it like fury in the mornin'."

"Well, then, what's wrong?"

"Get your ear closer. I ain't takin' no chances."

"Well? I'm listening, dad."

"She's goin' mad."

"Dad!"

"By too much perusin' of typewritten letters from her son, who ain't got time fer sech things as handwritin'. Bendin' over, readin', an' savin' nothin'; but gettin' slowly madder an' madder, not agin *you*—that's the durned queer part of a female—but agin the young woman who runs the machine! The other day, jest to quiet her, I said, kind of comfortin', 'Never mind, mother. This here young woman is doubtless a purty young thing, fresh an' sweet an'—an' sympathetic as an angel.' An' then—well, then I went out to the mornin' chores." Billy Senior's deep, shaking chuckles slowly subsided. "Out doin' the chores," he said, "I concluded it might be healthier fer your mother if you stopped sendin' type-

written letters and went back to old-fashioned handwritin'." (A brief silence.)

"I will. I'm ashamed of myself. My only excuse has been the infernal rush of this office. When I come down in the morning, I waste the first hour shoving onto to-morrow every job that can possibly wait. If I don't have to do that, my chief gets worried—wonders what's the matter with business." From the far-away, silent mountains there came a long, low whistle.

"See here, boy, I've been thinkin' a good deal lately about this fool rushin' of yours—"

The operator broke in: "Your three minutes are up. Do you want to go on?"

Billy Senior growled. "Durn this 'phone! Good-night."

"Easy, dad, easy. Central, go away. I'll take another three minutes."

"Central, he'll do no sech thing! It's a fool expense as it is! Good-night."

"But, dad, I'm *piling up* money these days."

"Mebbe! But you're doin' somethin' else! I'll think it out an' write you! Good-night."

"Good-night, dad." Somewhere in the maze a switch clicked; the weekly bridge was broken.

Billy Senior turned slowly away. In the tiny, cozy room he seemed doubly tall and lean and big boned, most of all when he stooped to look out of the low, curtained window. He looked down the valley, on fir-clad slopes and sugar-maple groves and billowy fields all white and serene in the starlight; and, miles across the valley, looming majestic and silent, the sweeping slopes and crest of old Lafayette. He looked a long time, and when he turned his eyes showed the light of slow, hard thinking.

"Um. It'll take some hard thinkin'," he muttered.

"But it's a-goin' to be done." And with this enigmatical remark, he began closing the crazy old house for the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Billy Junior sat at his desk staring out the window beside him. From his airy perch he looked down through the up-pouring glare from the streets to the harbor beyond, with its gleams and flashes, its swiftly moving lights of tugs and barges, ferries and ships, its toots and strident blasts and bellows. He gazed out on it all and smiled. His face was long and lean like his father's, but already filled with lines so deep and tense, they showed even under his smiling.

Billy Junior was earning money fast. By giving body and soul day and night to the Law, in eight years he had worked his way up into this big law office, where his salary had risen already to over four thousand a year. Hence, feeling his own tremendous importance and the vast value of his time, when the new branch telephone line was extended to the New Hampshire village, he had ordered a telephone put in at home; and, despite their protests against the sinful extravagance of it, Billy Junior had called them up regularly once a week, and enjoyed it the more from the sum that it cost. It was doing the handsome thing by his parents. Besides, he loved their voices.

So the bridge had been made. And round this exciting moment the uneventful lives of the two old people



had centered. The hunger that lies buried deep in so many millions of hearts, in this age of the rush of young people to cities, was here kept ever sharp. It was a moment to look forward to with tightening nerves; for in the long week they thought up so many things to say, and a slow, deliberate drawl is no speech for a long-distance wire. When the bell rang; when Billy Senior stooped and Sarah stood on tiptoe; when he held the receiver an inch from his ear so that both could hear Billy Junior; when all in a flutter, Sarah by instinct would set her cap ribbons to rights for the "visit," and both stood motionless waiting, it was as though the great, straining city had stretched out its long, nervous arms and had laid its clutch on their souls.

"I declare sometimes I feel like one of them opium fiends," said Sarah.

And this was not all. In these days, while the new improved rural deliveries are suddenly flooding the country districts with letters and magazines and big metropolitan dailies, at the same time the gap between country and city is widening faster than ever before. And, instead of uniting the two, the mails are only rousing the wise country millions to a keener sense of the abyss that is deepening inside the nation. In the case of Billy Senior and Sarah, the weekly "phonin' spells" brought home this realization as no letters or papers could ever have done. They could feel it in his voice.

"I know what's the matter," said Sarah one night. The weekly talk had ended and she had been silently knitting.

"Well?" said Billy Senior, deep behind his paper.

"The reason he talks so easy an' has so little to say"—her voice quavered slightly—"is that he has somethin' else on his mind—all the time—even in phonin'."

Billy Senior looked up grimly.

"Do you know what it is?" he demanded. Sarah sighed as she took up her knitting.

"Oh he's young, an' we're gettin' old. I s'pose it's the will of the Lord."

Billy Senior snorted:

"Is *this* the will of the Lord?" He struck the long column of the day's market quotations. Sarah leaned over with a hopelessly puzzled stare. Billy Senior

grinned. "I don't blame you," he said. "Wall Street is mixin'—even to me. But mark my words! This is what's on his mind—this—right here! I've been thinkin' hard an' pryin' way into that boy. I don't want to lose him no more 'n you do. An' the way to keep hold is to larn to discuss what he's thinkin'!" He paused for a moment. "Somebody's got to be give an all-fired good lesson!" he suddenly added. Sarah pursed her lips in a dangerous way.

"You mean Billy?"

"No. An' I don't know yet who I do mean, nor what kind of a game they're playin'." Big Billy Senior

## The House of the Heart—By Emery Pottle

'T IS never a castle I build me,  
For my soul to spend its gain;  
Nor battlements high that assail the sky  
On the wonderful coast of Spain.  
I fashion no towers of granite  
To sweep a blossoming plain,  
When my heart doth dream of the glamour  
and gleam  
Of the magical coast of Spain.

For what were I in a castle?  
And what were its splendors vain  
To a quiet heart which has small part  
In the glorious coast of Spain?  
I should fear the marbled silence  
With never a blemish or stain—  
The tapestried halls, the encompassing walls  
That flaunt on the coast of Spain.

'T is a home for my heart I build me,  
When my fancy skims the main  
And touches the shore that dreamers adore—  
The marvelous coast of Spain;  
Sweet and small and low-lying,  
Glad for the sun and the rain,  
For the stars of night and the dawn's faint  
light  
On the sapphire coast of Spain.

Oh, my House of the Heart I call it—  
And it knoweth naught of pain,  
For there's rest of strife in the beautiful life  
They live on the coast of Spain.  
'T is a dwelling for love I fashion,  
Where my soul shall spend its gain  
And find release in the perfect peace  
Of the blissful coast of Spain.



looked at his wife with a curious frown. Then again he spread the paper out over his knees. "There's goin' to be a heap more of pryin'," he said. And he plunged back into his reading.

This "pryin' into that boy" went on slowly, steadily, relentlessly in the winter months that followed. In the mountains in winter a man has time, silent ages of time. And Billy Senior was thinking; laboring through the financial papers and books and reports that he made his son send him, slowly "figgerin' out the game." He wrote Billy Junior long letters, stopping to look up some point, scowling over it, then again writing. Some days he would remain absorbed for hours, even forgetting his meals, until Sarah would lose all patience and cry, "I declare, you're as bad as Billy Junior!" And then Billy Senior would look up slowly, with the mark of the city printed deep in his eyes.

"It's a big game," he would say. "There ain't a man livin' who knows how big it really is. It's draggin' the hull blamed country in. It's puzzlin'."

"Now, son," he began one night, "not to waste time. I'm goin' right on with what I was writin' you Tuesday."

"What was it, dad? I forget."

"Huh! Us Rubes in the country don't! We ain't quite smart enough to jump from a thing till we've thought it all out. What I want to know is this. Supposin' some smart young lawyer hed put every last sou in stocks oozin' with water; an' supposin' us country fellers, growin' kind of distrustful, at the fust sign of a bust should yank our money out of the banks about the same way as a four-year-old boy who has just put his hand on the stove. Fust, would that young feller's stocks live up to their name, an' act the way water gen'rally acts when a dam is broke loose on a mounting? Second, how would the young feller feel?"

Billy Junior laughed:

"He'd feel mighty bad. But that isn't going to happen. This country is booming these days. And you country Rubes, instead of distrustin', are sendin' your money by carloads. Never mind me, dad. Watch yourself. I believe you have the fever already."

"Huh! Hev I?"

"If you have n't, why have you changed your mind about buying that sugar grove down the valley?"

"Who said I hed changed? I'm still figgerin'."

"You've been figgerin' for the last two years, haven't you? If you don't grab it quick, somebody will."

"Now will they? There's jest one thing you forget, Mister Smart Elick. Down there in the city you fellers half bust your nerves tryin' to hustle, forgettin' all the time that if all of you slowed down, nobody would lose. Even us snails are racin'."



"I can't quite make out what it means."

Two weeks later, as Billy Senior held the receiver, his long visage wore an eager, mysterious smile, in sharp contrast to his voice, which sounded gruff and guilty.

"Son," he said, "I want to know if you can loan me—five-hundred-dollars." Billy Junior started back.

"Why?" he asked.

"I ain't got time for details. In this here pryin' I've been doin' into stocks an' sich, I don't mind sayin' that I've hit on somethin' which appears less like a funeral than any that I've seen. I need more money than I've got, an' as long as you're sinkin' yours into things not half so good, I don't mind askin' you to send it! Thar! I've said it! Now laugh, you disrespectful skallywag! Laugh, go on laughin'!"

Billy Junior did, in cruel, mocking glee.

"But, dad," he asked at last, "what is it? And why not let me handle it for you?"

"I think," said Billy Senior, stiffly, "that my son kin trust his dad. An' jest to test your filial feelin', I ain't a-goin' to add a word. Send me the money—or don't!"

The money came on the following day. And on that very afternoon Billy Senior went to the bank in the village.

"I need five hundred dollars," he said. "I need it this week. If I don't get it, I'm busted." The banker stared at him astonished.

"What for?" he asked. "A mortgage come due?" Billy Senior nodded, keeping his eyes on the floor.

"I'd always thought," said the banker, slowly, "that you'd kept clear of mortgages. You used to call 'em pison."

"I did. But my son in New York, he needed the money bad."

The banker swore softly: "These sons in New York."

Billy Senior looked up. "Ken you or kent you? You know me. I'm good fer it, ain't I?"

The banker watched him a moment. "Yes," he said simply. "Good as they make 'em. Anyhow, I'll risk it."

Then over Billy Senior's long, narrow face there spread a grin of relief.

"Say," he drawled, "I don't want to take out money."

The banker wheeled round. "Then what in shiverin' thunder do you want?"

Billy Senior drew out his son's check. "I was just figgerin' whether I'd make a deposit," he said. "Ye see I've been studyin' things of late, an' it's made me a trifle suspicious. But I guess this bank's as safe as any. It appears to hev some money."

Junior refused; and, beside he was busy. The time came when Billy Senior forbade his wife to speak of their son. Down at the village store he discontinued his paper. His face became leaner than ever, and most of the time it was set in a steady frown. He said nothing. The gap was now complete.

Two long months dragged by.

One fall evening a letter came from Billy Junior to his mother. It was short.

"Of course," he wrote, "you both know what has happened. I went to my bank last night and stood in line till ten o'clock this morning. Then a notice was pasted over the door—the bank has suspended payment, my money there is gone, and what I had in stocks seems on the way to follow. This is another way of saying that dad was a prophet and I was a fool."

Sarah sat staring at the letter, completely puzzled. She rose and went slowly over to Billy Senior, who sat looking off into the darkening valley. He turned.

"Read it," she said, holding it out. "I can't quite make out what it means."

Billy Senior hesitated, then reached out and took it. By the dim light from the window he read it through. He rose, lit the lamp, sat down and again read the letter slowly, holding it close to the light. Little by little his shaggy brows contracted, until at last you could barely see his eyes.

Sarah's anxiety deepened. She leaned over and touched his arm.

"William!" Her voice was hardly more than a whisper. "What is it?" He looked up. And just for an instant the light from the lamp showed a joyous flash in his eyes. But he hid it with a frown, leaped up and started for the door. Sarah sprang after him.

"What is it, William? What is it?" He turned, gave a short, shaking laugh:

"When I come back—I'll—I'll tell you!"

He slammed the door behind him. She jerked it open, and saw him going in long strides down the steep road. Down in the village store, for the first time in two months, Billy Senior read the papers. Sitting on a soap box by the counter, he read them all, with a curious fixed expression, now intent and searching, now relaxing into a stare. At times he looked quickly up at the crowd of men who were gathered around the stove. At last he threw down the paper, and sat there watching the looks on the faces—in a calculating way. These slow, shrewd Yankees were speaking of previous panics and their after-maths—hard times. A deep but rising anger showed plainly in their eyes.

"Look here!" he began. And in his gruff, low voice there was something so strained that the group turned at once. "Now," he began slowly, "suppose we talk about good times." And this he proceeded to do, describing the boundless prosperity from which the country had all at once plunged; describing it briefly, but in a way so clear and convincing, pausing to remember and then giving figures to back his assertions, all the way from "Californy" to Maine, that when he concluded, they stared in utter amazement.

"Where in thunder," asked a suspicious old farmer, "did you ever get them figgers?" Billy Senior turned slowly.

"I've been takin' a hand," he said, "in the pryin' that's bein' begun by about ten million benighted farmers. An' what I want to know is this!"—his voice rose loud and impatient—"Is the country to blame for this panic? If not—who is? An' if any one is—which seems reasonable—what air we goin' to do?"

He led the discussion which followed.

When next the "phonin' spell" came round, over the vast maze of wires that had all the last month, by day and by night, borne so many excited talks, this quiet message came from the mountain:

"You wa'n't to blame, son; it's simply that you're livin' in New York. But I hev got one piece of news that may prove interestin'. That thar five hundred thet you loaned me I spekulatid with as follows. Fust, I put it in a bank, which was safe as far as I could see. Then I had a month or two of lookin' at a sugar grove that I've been about two years calculatin' to buy. Lastly—I decided. The grove was bought—in your name. An' that is all the gamblin' thet your dad has ever done. You'd better come up an' look it over. The sight may do ye good."

"Wait! please don't interrupt till I git through." The voice grew slower. "If you should happen to meet that Wall Street family walkin' home from business, I wish you'd tell 'em from me thet there's quite a few millions of us slow-thinkin' men who know jest about what a prosperous year this has been, an' who ain't going to be scared clean out of our boots by any of this here stampedin'. No. We're goin' right on with the chores, jest the same as if nothin' hed happened. But don't let 'em figger from this thet we don't know somethin' has happened—in recent years—somethin' so all fired queer—thet though we don't say these gentlemen ain't of great use in the buildin' up of



this country—we're beginnin' to feel they air chargin' a trifle too high. Not that we mind a few millions—but billions is gettin' expensive."

Here the eyes of Billy Senior gleamed from under his brows, and as he towered there by the phone, he seemed for a moment symbolic. But his voice was only a slow, quiet drawl; and all that he added was this: "Tell 'em thet in the year of our Lord Seventeen Hundurd an' Seventy-six, England got chargin' too high—chargin' without even askin'—kind of unfort'nate fer England." He heaved a gentle sigh.

"Well, son, keep up your letters. We want to keep close—these days. Your mother reads 'em a good many times, an' I look 'em over myself. The readin' ain't always easy. In my day, if a ten-year-old school-boy wrote like you, he'd—um. Still—even takin' 'em as they air—they beat typewritin' all to pieces. So keep 'em up. We want to keep close to you—boy—just as close as we can!"

## BASEBALOGY

By Edmund Vance Cooke

### REGENERATE

IT USED to be boys asked their pas  
How large great Alexander was,  
But if the boys should ask to-day,  
They'd add, "And where did Alec play?"

Boys once, at least I've heard they did,  
Were wont to envy Pirate Kidd,  
But now they say, "That yarn's a dream;  
There ain't no Kidd on Pittsburg's team!"

And once, as all boys know by heart,  
Napoleon's name was Bonaparte,  
But every urchin knows to-day  
His name's Lajoie (or Lojoway).

So perish all the pests of war—  
Those heroes of earth's abattoir!  
Throw down the sword; take up the bat;  
There is no bloody stain on that.

### THE MARKET

FERGUSON watches the ticker  
And eagerly scans the slip,  
The creature of bargain and dicker  
Whose gods are "Cotton" and "Ship."  
And it troubles him so  
When "Lead" sinks low;  
And it grieves his eye  
When "Gas" goes high;  
For the ticker to him is a juggernaut wheel  
To crush him or carry, for woe or weal.

You and I look at the ticker  
As the innings come one by one,  
But with hardly an eyelid's flicker  
Though the club be doing or done.  
We may feel our thanks  
For the visitor's blanks;  
We may smile the more  
If the home club score,  
But the ticker to us is a loom which spins,  
And we're glad of its yarn, no matter who wins.

### TOLERANCE

NOW that the pæan of praise is sung,  
Now that the symphony is sounded,  
Now that the carillon is rung,  
Now that the eulogy is rounded,  
Pray you, be temperate in the fashion  
In which you boast your baseball passion.

When Strephon Tompkins sings the eyes  
Of Maggie Jones and calls her "Phyllis,"  
And fain would waft himself with sighs  
Where waits his goddess, Amaryliss,  
You may not find his subject yielding  
To your discourse on Keeler's fielding.

When Torrey bubbles to the brim  
With plain and pious exhortation  
And, in the hushing of the hymn,  
Demands of you your soul's salvation,  
'T is scarce a time for your revision  
Of Mister Connelly's "rank decision."

When Coltman has his landscapes hung,  
And, full of art and erudition,  
He rattles with an easy tongue  
On "atmosphere" and "composition,"  
Though your remarks may be commanding,  
He does not care for Cleveland's standing.

For many men have many views;  
Some minds are Christian, some Socratic,  
And many men still read their news  
Republican or Democratic.  
Some taste is urban, some bucolic,  
And not all culture is baseball-ic.

# LENTALA: By W. C. Morrow

Illustrated by CHARLES SARKA

## [Conclusion]

As we reached the mob Christopher's voice rose for all to hear:

"We'll sacrifice the queen! The queen!" With that he flung her to the ground and began savagely to tear her outer skirt into strips, with the obvious purpose of binding her.

The scene was clear to the mob through the open ranks of my men. I was none the less appalled than were the savages at the audacity of the move and Christopher's ferocious method of procedure. And I made no attempt to keep the soldiers from turning their heads to see. My task was instantly to find my cue in the drama that Christopher was playing. It came before I was ready. As Christopher, after the binding, which required but a moment, was carrying Lentala up to the pyre, she began to struggle, and called:

"My soldiers, save me!"

I bounded through the ranks as I gave the command to about face and forward double-quick. But I outran the soldiers, struck Christopher down with my sword, and caught Lentala as she was falling. The shortest instant was needed to cut her bonds, but that was sufficient for me to lose control of the situation. Christopher's splendid ruse had succeeded in saving the queen from the mob, and I knew that nothing concerning himself mattered beyond that. Indeed, I have always thought that he deliberately chose the time to give his life for her sake.

I could not bear that, nor could Lentala, who comprehended. Without hesitation she left me and bent over him, to receive the blow that was about to fall, and was careful that he should not know her purpose. I did what I could, shouting, commanding the soldiers to form, waving my sword menacingly. It had a staying effect, and I can not now say with certainty that it would have failed.

Suddenly, with a sickening sensation, I felt the earth tremble beneath my feet. A strange sense of dizziness, of reeling, made my movements waver. The soldiers also were staggering, and their purpose to rend Christopher appeared to be relaxing; but nothing could withstand the pressure of the mob behind them. I had barely time to snatch up Lentala and cut a way back to the altar before Christopher, whose glance found Lentala and me safe, began to rise as the lurching horde hurled itself upon him. In a staggering run, nearly tripped at every step, I bore her to the edge of the clearing, on the side toward the colony, and hid us both in the shadows. When I had picked her up she buried her face in my shoulder and clung to me with both arms round my neck.

"What is it?" she asked.

"A volcanic eruption."

"Where's Christopher?"

A deep-red flame rose with a rushing noise from the seat of the eruption as renewed rumblings and roarings came from the quivering ground. The rising flame plunged into a rapidly spreading canopy of smoke and ashes from the initial explosion. The hither edge of the vast cloud was wan in the moonlight, but the under surface reflected the crimson of the flame. All things adopted that dreadful hue. The green foliage took it on as the muddy purple of decay; the brown faces of the natives looked as if beaten to a pulp. The purple flame issued from below the Face with a great augmentation. In rising and spreading it cast a thin veil over the visage, making it ghastly.

The falling of heavy stones ceased, but the more

numerous small ones began to pelt us. I drew my coat round Lentala's head, and broke tree branches within reach to shield her body, for the stones had a vicious sting.

"Be brave," I said. "Remember, we came safely through the passage."

"I will, Joseph," but I felt a sob against my breast.

The increasing heat began to make wild mischief in the air. Little whirlwinds had been rising, twirling leaves upward. All at once they ceased, leaving an ominous calm. Then came a rushing, swirling roar, with the crashing of trees,—the noises of a tornado. I looked round. Nearly in a line with the moon rose a spinning column bearing upward dismembered trees. I did not know what to do, and did not wish Lentala to see what was coming, but I must unconsciously have given an alarming sign, for she silently caught her breath and tightened her hold.

As I was looking about in helplessness, an extraordinary vision of tatters and despair staggered toward us out of the forest, peering about. Her staring eyes found me, and she stopped in fear.

"Annabel!" I cried.

Lentala sprang to her feet, her terror gone, and stared for a moment; then, springing forward, she took Annabel in her arms before I had reached her.

"Where is my father?" begged Annabel, recognizing us both.

"He is safe with Captain Mason at the colony, dear," Lentala sweetly answered.

When I turned again from comforting Annabel I found to my alarm that Lentala had disappeared.

In looking about for her without leaving Annabel I discovered that the tornado had torn away the trees on the opposite side of the clearing, and was breaking to pieces after tumbling into the valley; but I could not guess what havoc, if any, it had wrought in the clearing, and a profound uneasiness on Lentala's account made my duty to care for Annabel irksome. I was uncertain as to Christopher's fate.

Worse than all that had gone before came next. The canopy suddenly effaced the moon, and looked like an enormous mushroom on a blood-red stem. Violent gusts of wind fell here and there with a rending force, working havoc in the forest and among the natives. Now and then rose a sharp solitary cry from one struck by a falling stone or spattered by blistering mud. At times a swarm of cries rang from the dip of scorching gases. Clouds were gathering. Lightning flashed between them and the canopy; the crash of near thunder swelled the tumult. I tried not to think of the colony.

"Where is Lentala?" cried Annabel in my ear, rousing out of a half-stupor.

"She has gone to the clearing," I ventured.

"Go and find her," urged Annabel in fright, forcibly withdrawing from me.

"How can I leave you?"

"I am safe here, and will wait for you. Go!"

I obeyed, staggering into the clearing and falling over the kneeling or prostrate savages. My heart presently gave a bound of joy; for, working side by side, fearless and devoted, were Lentala and Christopher, apparently unhurt, and doing all they could to pacify the frantic natives, encouraging them, binding their wounds, and sending them to the service of others, thus rapidly starting centers of control and help that enlarged with magical rapidity. I came near, but the two who were dear to me did not observe, so intent were they on their duty. I had never seen so lovely a look on Lentala's face, and I determined to let no foolish barrier

stand between us thenceforth. Christopher saw me first, but gave no sign whatever; then Lentala, and there was a divine light in her startled, happy face. I was leading her back to Annabel when Christopher sprang past us toward Annabel, shouting:

"Down—on your faces!"

I seized Lentala and lurched ahead, but before we had quite reached Annabel and Christopher we went down in a blazing crash.

"Shake yourself up, sir," came in a thin voice from a great distance.



"The rising flame plunged into a rapidly spreading canopy of smoke and ashes."



I could open my eyes but a moment under the vigorous shaking that Christopher gave me, for slimy, warm drops were falling on my face; but I had met the darkness that the blind know. A painful throbbing made my head roll as Christopher dragged me to shelter and propped me against a tree.

"Where are we?" I asked. My groping hands found a prone body at my left. I opened my eyes, and the world was blotted out.

"Choseph!" came feebly from the body under my hand.

My arms went round her and drew her up.

"Where's Annabel, Christopher?" I asked.

"On your right, sir."

Lentala lay collapsed in my arms. The rain of mud from the canopy pattered and splashed about us. The ground was still, and there was hardly a sound except the slimy drip.

"The volcano has stopped, hasn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

I asked the next question in the conviction that I had been stricken blind: "Is there any light at all?"

"No, sir."

Lentala clutched me. "I'm glad, Choseph! I thought I was blind."

"What happened, Christopher?" I asked.

"The world blew up, sir."

"What then?"

"Darkness."

The rain had extinguished the forest fires, and the sirupy drip was mingled with the hissing of hot stones. There was nothing to do but wait. Wails began to creep out of the silent clearing. Lentala drew away.

"Poor children!" she said. "I can teach them better now. There's a good life ahead for me here."

I sat a moment in a desolate silence, and found her hand. She returned my clasp, but it was different from any she had ever given me before. It grew firmer, imparting a silent message of finality.

## Chapter XXIV.

THERE was something portentously solemn in Christopher's manner when he came one brilliant morning with a summons from the queen to lunch with her and Annabel. I was aware of Captain Mason's notice to her Majesty that in two hours the colony, which had been royally entertained in the palace and its adjunct buildings since the great catastrophe, would file past to bid her farewell. My absorbing duties in directing the stowing of the *Hope's* cargo had kept me away from the queen and Annabel, who had become devoted friends; but a more potent barrier had been her Majesty's cold reserve under her assumption of her queenly duties, which had been exceedingly severe. The destruction of the Black Face by the eruption had been joyously accepted as Heaven's endorsement of her accession to the throne, and the natives idolized her.

Nothing seemed clearer than her wish that I do my part to make as smooth as possible her determination to forget what had passed between us.

Confident, therefore, that she would carry off the parting pleasantly, and appreciating her kindness in inviting me, and her tact in providing for Annabel's presence, I went with as stout a heart as I could command. Christopher and I had long ago laid aside our disguise. He led me in silence to the private room where Lentala had dreamed of a bright life far away. A table was set daintily for three; and as there were no native attendants, I knew that Christopher was to serve. Rangan was near the end of his days, and Rawley gave constant attendance on the deeply stricken Mr. Vancouver.

As I entered, I heard the queen and Annabel chatting with astonishing gaiety in an adjoining room, the doorway into which was closed with a curtain. Whatever they were discussing was interrupted by my entrance.

"Choseph!" came challengingly from beyond the curtain. It was Beela's voice, though every trace of her had disappeared since the eruption.

"Your Majesty," I responded.

"Nonsense! Are n't you going to behave?" It was Beela's scold and the impatient stamp of her foot.

"I'm not quite ready. Annabel will entertain you."

Annabel came out. The sparkle in her eyes and the flush in her cheeks showed that she was excited, despite her effort to appear at ease. Christopher's strong manner had already made me watchful, and I caught the knowing look that Annabel gave him. My heart bounded. Could it be that the queen had decided to renounce her kingdom and go with us? It so deluged me that for a moment I did not heed the chatter proceeding from the other room.

"Choseph!" came thence; "have you neither ears nor a tongue?" The voice rang with a cheer that even Beela's had never known. "Here I've been trying to make you guess why I'm so happy, and you don't show the slightest interest."

"I'd be glad to know," I returned.

"Annabel and her father and Mr. Rawley have decided not to go away, and Annabel and Mr. Rawley are going to be married!" She hurled it breathlessly, as a child in a hurry to tell important news.

So that was the great secret. But why had they kept it from me? An acute silence within accompanied my own. I was smiling at Annabel, who blushed deliciously.

"Christopher!"

"Your Majesty."

"Don't say that. I hate it. Do you love me?"

"Yes ma'am."

"But you are going to leave me." She said it dolorously.

"No, I ain't, ma'am."

Something was dropped clattering to the floor within, and then came a sudden hush.

There was the queerest, brightest twinkle in Annabel's eyes as she studied me. In astonishment I glanced at Christopher. The look with which he met mine was one of benevolent kindness.

"Dear old Christopher!" came softly from the other room; then, after a pause, "How can Mr. Tudor manage without you?"

"He can't, ma'am." He made the audacious answer while calmly regarding me.

Can it be believed that I dared not see Lentala's challenge, and that something which I could not master held me a silent fool in the chair! Surely, there must be men besides me whom love makes humble and timid. I have seen men love with a different measure; I have seen love make them bold and reckless.

Christopher had adroitly seated me with my back to the curtain. Hence I did not see a signal that Annabel, who was facing it, must have received, for with some excuse she withdrew, taking Christopher.

The queen's voice was close to the curtain as she called in a breathless, frightened way, "Choseph!"

"Your Majesty."

Before I could rise she was on me like a whirlwind, clapping her hands over my eyes from behind and pressing me down into the seat. Her cheek rested on my head. I thought the beating of my heart would suffocate me.

During the silence I sat in a trance. One soft hand held my eyes closed; the other slipped down and was pressed on my lips. I knew that Beela had come back, and I would submit to any outrage from her.

"Choseph," she said, in her sweet, coaxing voice, "sit still and don't try to speak. You are much more interesting when you don't talk. And then, I don't want to be interrupted, for I'm going to tell you a story. It is about two girls and a man. Nod if you want to hear it."

I nodded.

"The girls are named Beela and Lentala. The man imagines he is or was in love with one of those girls." The voice above my head became very impressive. "Now, sir, you are the Man."

Nod.

"We'll easily agree that Lentala is much more dignified and reserved than Beela."

Nod.

"And never so erratic and unconventional."

Nod.

"And that Beela is rude and bold, wears outlandish clothes, and adopts scandalous disguises."

My head was still for a time, so happy was I in her delicious fooling; then I nodded enthusiastically.

I knew she was trying to suppress a laugh; she ostentatiously sighed, and said: "You agree to that. It is n't all. She tells fibs, and is heartless and cruel."

I was motionless for a breathless space, and then nodded viciously. There came a long, still pause. I could bear it no longer.

"Choseph! Stop! You hurt my wrist," and again she held me prisoned. "There. Be quiet. Well," with a resigned sigh, "I suppose the foolish man will keep on loving Beela and hating Lentala, and end by breaking poor Lentala's heart."

I am not positive that I entirely succeeded in suppressing my laugh.

"It has to be Beela, then," the sweet voice went on. "But, Choseph, suppose the madcap should really be very different from what she ever appeared to you, and you should discover that she had deceived you about an important matter,—you can't be certain that you know all her disguises,—would n't you think her unworthy of your trust and love?"

A very decided shake, and above me a soft laugh and a little squeeze of my head.

"Choseph, you know you had suspicions about her skill in staining you and Christopher."

I had nearly forgotten it; but as her father had been a white man and her mother a native, her skin would require some staining to look exactly like a native's. I made no response to her speech.

"Choseph, suppose a very little girl born in some other country had been wrecked with her father on this island. She might have been yellow, or—of almost anything. As she grew, it might have become necessary that she be given the color of the natives." There was a pause, and then came the hurried question, "She'd still be the same girl, would n't she?"

I nodded, simply to please her, for her chatter meant no more to me than that Beela was playing and teasing.

"Think, Joseph." She was really serious. "Once, when Lentala dressed like Annabel, you were shocked, and said some strange things that made her very unhappy and uneasy, and she was afraid to tell you the whole truth. And for other reasons she thought it best to keep up the deception. Could anything new that you might learn about her change your regard?"

I shook my head, but was puzzled and uneasy.

"Then," she gently said, pressing her sweet cheek to my temple, "it could make no difference at all what her real color is?"

Of course I shook my head. It was impossible for me to accept the absurd suggestion, and my simple lie could do no harm in her pretty play.

She straightened, drawing a deep breath. "That is a promise," she said. "There's something else. Now, no matter if, in showing her love and pity for the poor grown children who need her, she permits these islanders the harmless play of calling her their queen when they mean their leader, their teacher, their mother,—would n't she still be only Beela, and none the worse for accepting that love and trust and duty?"

My nod was reverential.

"But, Joseph, she would know her utter inability to discharge that task. She would stumble; she would fall many a time. There would come dark hours when she yearned in bitter loneliness for the help of a wise head and sure hand; for there is a people to civilize as well as govern. Joseph, the heart of a woman is a woman-heart under either a toy crown or a real one."

I gave no sign. There came a long pause, a deep breath, and a sudden change of tone.

"Joseph, suppose that some day a big, fine cavalier, with a tender heart and a strong hand, should drift to the poor little kingdom and find its queen torturing her soul over problems that would look so large to her and so small to him. It seems to me that he would be moved to offer her his services. She might make him her prime minister."

I tore myself loose, rose, and confronted her. Gazing at me was a beautiful young white woman, frightened and blushing, a thousand startled imps dancing in her eyes as she backed away. I was profoundly shocked.

"Forgive me, Joseph." It came tenderly, wistfully, from the perfect lips of Beela and in her dear voice. And those were her eyes; that was her delicate, high-bred nose, and that her light hair. And she was as daintily dressed as ever Annabel had been.

"Choseph!" she cried, stamping in a passion as I gazed in silence.

So overcoming a weakness assailed me that I had to catch the top of a chair.

"Of course I understand," I said unevenly, and floundered on, with pauses: "I might have guessed, but a cherished ideal is very real to me. When I lost Beela and found Lentala, I lost what I had come to love. No, not lost,—I am very foolish and blundering."

"No, Joseph." Her smile was dazzling.

"It never could be lost while I lived, and would live had she died. It was Lentala, not Beela, who put Beela away, and then me."

"You know what I thought, Joseph. I meant to be kind. And I never had the least idea until to-day that Annabel cared for Mr. Rawley. I thought she loved you, and that you had been very fond of her till Beela came. I reasoned that it would be best for you to go to your own country, marry Annabel, and forget Beela."

That sweet speech explained everything, but it was not possible for me to feel the ease in the presence of her radiant loveliness that I had felt toward Beela, the child-woman, the sprite, who could flutter into a man's heart and abide forever. I managed to say bluntly:

"I understand. And now that all is clear, may I stay and do whatever lies in my power and devotion to help you?"

She was regarding me curiously, and with a touch of uneasiness. "Simply because I've asked you?" she demanded.

"It is my dearest wish."

Still the strange look was in her eyes. I dared not interpret it as my heart commanded; I had never loved a woman before, and needed time to gather my courage. Of a sudden an impulse moved me to step forward, take her hands, and look deep into her eyes.

"Let me stay," I begged.

"I'd be glad and proud if you would, Joseph. You know Captain Mason is to return with the *Hope* as soon as he can, and will bring teachers and a clergyman from America, and Annabel and Mr. Rawley will be married then."

I do not know what it was that she saw—or that her sensitive pride made her see—in my face that made her quickly withdraw her hands and step back as her eyes flashed and her cheeks crimsoned.

"Joseph! I never dreamed that you could think I meant—that!"

"It was my love, my joy, dear heart. When the clergyman comes—"

Annabel and Christopher entered. The queen flew at her, embraced her and kissed her, and then, standing off in front of Christopher, cried in a teasing voice:

"Christopher, you do love me, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," he placidly answered as he set the chairs for luncheon.

[THE END]

You can't keep success away from the man who works and is on the level.

A man feels awfully rich when he's got a few dollars his wife doesn't know about.

It is not enough to hold the key to the situation. You must be able to turn it to open the door.

To seek happiness as a final aim is like loving love as a business—the end is desolation, death.

Herbert.



# THE EDITOR'S CHAT



## Going to Be Generous

IT would be impossible to persuade most people that they deceive themselves; but it is a fact that we are all, in greater or less degree, the victims of self-deception. We are constantly deceiving ourselves as to what we are going to do in the future. We draw wonderful pictures of the great things we shall do when we are able to. We feel sure that we will erect and endow a library for our native town; that we will send poor boys and girls to school and college; that we will be wonderfully public-spirited in every way. We pity the close-fisted, narrow, indifferent men in our community who are perfectly able to do the things now that we are going to do later. We can not understand why they are so stingy and so blind to their opportunity for embalming themselves in the hearts of their fellow men. We do not understand why they should be so shortsighted.

Do not deceive yourself by thinking that you are going to do great things in any direction when you get a lot of money, if you are not doing the little things with a little money. I never knew a man to do great things with a lot of money who did not try to do little things with a little money.

Nothing is more deceptive than the belief that we are going to be very generous when we accumulate a fortune, for selfishness fattens upon money, until it becomes a voracious, greedy animal.

Somehow, when our income begins to increase, our wants, which we felt sure would always remain so simple, grow faster than the income, and, strange to say, we can look upon those in want about us without being much disturbed. Pitiable cases of suffering, such as used to make our hearts bleed when we were poor ourselves, no longer arouse our sympathies. We become more and more hardened, until finally we are not only not disturbed because we do not assist struggling merit, but we can even enjoy our luxuries while those within a few minutes' walk of us are hungry and in rags.

We are like the cholera victim. When he first hears that cholera is epidemic in his neighborhood he is terrified with fear; but when the dread disease has once fastened itself upon him he looks without emotion at the weeping relatives at his bedside, because one of the characteristics of the disease is the utter indifference of the victim. He can not understand the anxiety of those about him, and even when the chill of death is upon him, and his flesh is as cold as marble, he will tell you that he feels perfectly warm.

The possession of wealth seems to dull our finer sensibilities so that we are indifferent to the needs and the sufferings of others. It takes a very strong character to remain unselfish as his wealth increases.

If you are really anxious to do good, begin now. You can do a great deal with a little money, and if you have no money, you can give kindly, helpful thoughts. You can give encouragement. The desire and the inclination are the main things.

\* \* \*

## A Smile from a Stranger

MOST of us owe debts of gratitude to strangers whose kindly smile has sent sunshine into our aching hearts, and has given us courage when we were disheartened.

It is a great thing to go through life with a smiling face. It costs little, but who can ever estimate its value!

Think how the pleasure of life would be increased if we met smiling faces everywhere—faces which radiate hope, sunshine, and cheer! What a joy it would be to travel in a gallery of living pictures radiating cheer, hope and courage!

Who can estimate what beautiful, smiling faces mean to the wretched and the downcast—those whose life burdens are crushing them!

Many of us carry precious memories of smiling faces which we glimpsed but once, but whose sweet, uplifting expression will remain with us forever.

\* \* \*

## Who Gives Himself for Principle

LOWELL says: "The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle."

The fact that a man sends his check to help along a

charitable enterprise may mean a great deal, or it may mean very little; he may have some ax to grind, some ulterior purpose back of it all; but when a man gives himself for his principle, we may know that he is honest.

When a man is willing to make a sacrifice of his personal comfort, of his time, his energy for a cause, it is pretty good evidence that he is sincere.

\* \* \*

## Rich without Money

IF ONE is too large to be measured by the dollar-mark, or to be enclosed in his estate; if the wealth of his personality has overflowed until all his neighbors feel richer for his life and example; if every foot of land in his community is worth more because he lives there; then the loss of his property can not materially shrink his inventory.

If you have learned to be rich without money; if you have, by the cultivation of your mental powers, gathered to yourself a treasure of indestructible wealth; if, like the bee, you have learned the secret of extracting honey from the thistle as well as from the rose, you will look upon your losses as mere incidents, not so very important to the larger and fuller life.

It gives a sense of immense satisfaction to think that there is something within us greater than the wealth we acquire or our material pursuits; that there is something about us better than our career, better than living-getting, money-getting, fame-getting; that there is something which will survive the fire, the flood, or the tornado which sweeps away our property, which will survive detraction, persecution, calumny; something that will outlast even the dissolution of the body itself. That is, nobility of character, the sweetness and light which have helped people, which have made the world a little better place to live in.

There is something within us which protests against having our most precious possessions at the mercy of accident or uncertainty. We have an innate assurance that, no matter what happens, nothing can possibly injure our real selves or destroy our greatest riches, our grandest possessions. There is a still voice within us which tells us, that the true life is beyond the reach of anything that can harm it or rob it of one iota of its substance.

This feeling of serenity, this assurance of stability and of possessing that which no power can shake, gives a satisfaction beyond all words to express, imparting to life its true dignity and grandeur.

Does it not seem strange that men will put all their ability, their energy for a lifetime, into piling up the wealth which may be destroyed in an hour, while they make almost no effort to accumulate the wealth of character, the riches of a large, complete manhood, of unselfish service, of culture, riches which survive all disaster, which no fire can touch, no earthquake destroy?

\* \* \*

## Why He Lost His Friends

HE WAS always wounding their feelings, making sarcastic or funny remarks at their expense.

He was cold and reserved in his manner, cranky, gloomy, pessimistic.

He was suspicious of everybody.

He never threw the doors of his heart wide open to people, or took them into his confidence.

He was always ready to receive assistance from them, but always too busy or too stingy to assist them in their time of need.

He regarded friendship as a luxury to be enjoyed, instead of an opportunity for service.

He never learned that implicit, generous trust is the very foundation stone of friendship.

He never thought it worth while to spend time in keeping up his friendships.

He did not realize that friendship will not thrive on sentiment alone; that there must be service to nourish it.

He did not know the value of thoughtfulness in little things.

He borrowed money from them.

He was not loyal to them.

He never hesitated to sacrifice their reputation for his advantage.

He was always saying mean things about them in their absence.

He measured them by their ability to advance him.

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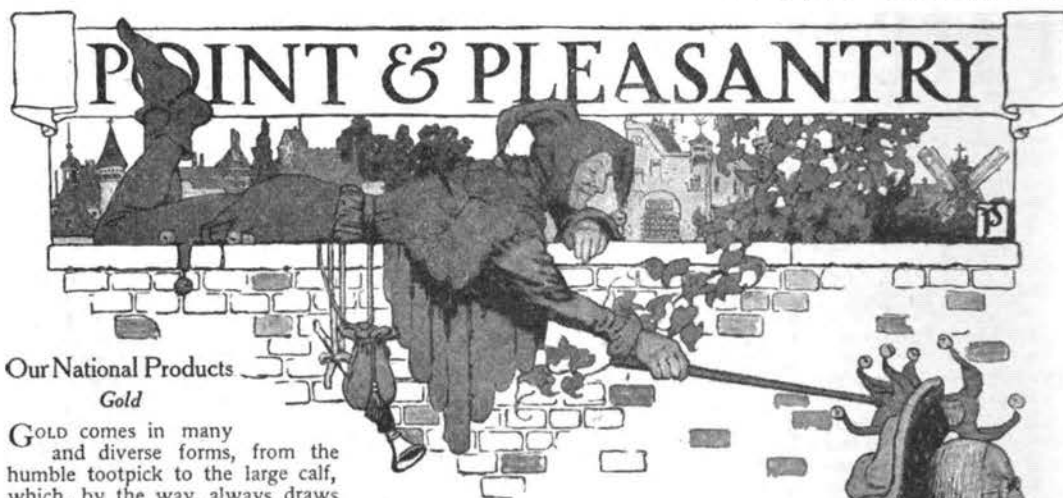
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## Our National Products

### Gold

GOLD comes in many and diverse forms, from the humble tootpick to the large calf, which, by the way, always draws a crowd.

Gold exists, in some form, in everything we use, except in gold mines. It is used to crown teeth and heads with.

Gold is very necessary in emergencies. We use it in panics, and when leaving our self-respect behind us in parlor-cars.

It is generally thought that gold is always passive, not active. But this is not so. It moves the crops, elects the President every four years, performs international marriages, and even enters the ministry.

Gold is obtained in many ways—through battle, murder, sudden death, pneumonia, and bronchitis. It makes the best substitute for character known, most people preferring it to the original article.

Gold, like every other substance, has a standard. It is, however, the only standard by which everything else is measured. By everything we mean such substances as faith, hope, and charity.

Gold is used for babies' rattles, for children's lockets, for graduation-pins, for wedding-rings, for crosses, for anniversary gifts, and for coffin-handles.

### Flats

FLATS are now cultivated extensively throughout the country. Some varieties are short and scrubby; others grow to an immense height. Almost every flat has a spinal column running up and down its center. This is the elevator-shaft, and consists of hot air.

When a flat is more costly than people can afford to live in, it is called an apartment. A flat in its primitive state consists of a small bath-room, almost completely surrounded by total darkness.

A flat is a substitute for home, at one time a popular winter and summer resort, where traditions were allowed to grow up carelessly. Now in every well-conducted flat the traditions are drawn out every morning through a tube by the pneumatic-cleaning process.

Babies happen occasionally, even in the best-regulated flats. Thus we see that Nature, even under modern surveillance, sometimes nods.

Flats are constantly growing in size and importance. It is estimated that very soon they will hold all the people in the world, who will then come to depend entirely upon our fertile roof-gardens for their means of sustenance.

Flats have an awful mean temperature of two degrees below zero in winter and ninety-two degrees above zero in summer.

When all the trees have been made into flats, it is thought the millennium will have arrived. Every flat has the word "Welcome" over the kitchen door. Also many of them this motto:

"All ye who enter here leave soap behind."

T. L. MASSON.

### The Academic Route

A MAIDEN at college named Breeze,  
Weighed down by B. A.'s and M. D.'s,  
Collapsed from the strain.  
Said her doctor, "'T is plain  
You are killing yourself by degrees!"

### A Crowded Universe

IN NEW HAVEN the committee of a graduating class once went to a local jeweler with a commission for a class badge. They had in view a design representing a youthful graduate surveying the universe.

"About how large would you like the figure?" the jeweler asked.

"Well," said the spokesman, "we thought the graduate ought to cover about three-quarters of the badge, and the universe the rest."

### Scriptural Research

THE Rev. Paul L. Hickok was walking home from prayer-meeting, one Wednesday night, when he met a hopelessly intoxicated man trying to

walk home. Thinking to play the good Samaritan, he asked the man's address and helped him along. When they had reached the front steps the man turned and asked him who he was. Not wishing to give his real name, the clergyman smiled and answered, "Paul." As he was going out of the gate the man hailed him.

"Shay," he called, "did you ever get an ansher (hic) to that letter (hic) you sent to the Ephesians?"

BERTRAM O. MOODY.

### A Promise Unfulfilled

O. HENRY, the well-known story-writer, once promised the editor of a magazine that he would deliver a short story to him on the following Monday. Several Mondays passed, but the Muse was refractory and the story was not forthcoming. At last the wrathful editor wrote this note:

"MY DEAR O. HENRY:—If I do not receive that story from you by twelve o'clock to-day, I am going to put on my heaviest-soled shoes, come down to your house, and kick you down stairs. I always keep my promises."

Whereupon O. Henry sat down and wrote this characteristic reply:

"DEAR SIR:—I, too, would keep my promises if I could fulfill them with my feet."

WILLIAM JOHNSTON.

### From a Philosopher's Note-Book

"GO IN for all you are worth" is bad advice to give to a young man who is playing with the stock market.

Millions are the green trading-stamps which attract bankrupt noblemen into investments in the American matrimonial market.

Foresight is a very valuable trait to possess, but when winter comes it is not to be compared with anthracite.

Virtue may be its own reward, but it is not regarded as good collateral under the prevailing banking system.

The man who meets trouble half way has a pretty poor companion for the rest of the journey.

It is a singular fact that the chap who is all the time blowing his own horn very seldom hears an echo from it.

### Recipe for a Political Campaign

TAKE the roots of several ripe questions and cover them well with equal parts of fudge and dead beats. Add one modicum of sense and a number of great scoops of nonsense. Some of the more fastidious often add a pinch of 'progress, but this is not absolutely necessary. Stir in some carefully selected verbiage strained through a rhetorical colander. Beat vigorously until the enthusiasm rises to the top, and then drop in a handful of candy-dates.

It is then ready for the griddle, which is best made in the shape of a platform constructed from well-worn planks.

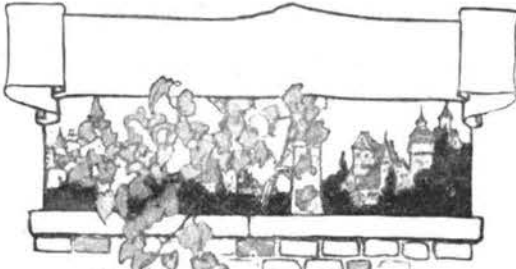
Now let the whole thing boil and bubble for several months. If it should not rise well, add newspapers. When it is at white heat, garnish liberally with long green. Now let the steam off and set aside to cool. Preserve in alcohol for future use.

A political campaign should be served in gum shoes, and should also be taken with a grain of salt.

ELIUS O. JONES.







### Not Always What They Seem

PROFESSOR and Mrs. Hadley were on a train bound for New York, where Yale's president was to speak before a national convention. He made use of the hour and twenty minutes he spend in the train by rehearsing his speech in a low voice,

using his hands to emphasize certain passages.

A kindly matron who was sitting directly behind Mr. and Mrs. Hadley, and who had been watching and listening, leaned forward, and, tapping Mrs. Hadley on the shoulder, said feelingly, "You have my sincere sympathy, my poor woman; I have one just like him at home.—M. C. G."

### A Thrilling Moment in Popular Fiction

THE bomb went off with a dull and deafening roar, and Second-Story Bill, the Pious Burglar, gazed into the black recesses of the vault.

"At last!" he muttered hoarsely, "my prayers are answered. Fortune is mine."

He went in, but in a moment he emerged, his face white with the rage of disappointment.

"Curse them!" he cried in his wrath. "The receivers have been here before me." But he was wrong. The vault had contained the firm's collateral for speculators' loans, and the recent fall in the market had completely wiped out the margins.



### Ready to Go

AN OLD Scotchman who was threatened with blindness consulted an oculist.

"Will you have a little stimulant?" inquired the doctor.

The old Scotchman smacked his lips in eager anticipation.

"Oo, aye, I'll tak' a drink o' anythin' you have handy," was the quick rejoinder.

"Ah, that's the trouble!" exclaimed the oculist. "You'll have to stop drinking or you'll lose your eyesight."

The old chap pondered a moment.

"A' weel, doctor, it doesna much matter; I hae seen everythin' that's worth seein', anyway.—MOLLY DOUGLAS."

They who lie down with lambs shall arise with fleece.

### The Adventurous Feline

"HELLO, is this the electric-light company? Do you take cats down?—yes, cats!—She is on a pole, and crying just terribly. She must have been up there a week, for she's just as *thin*!—What?—Oh, this is Fifty-ninth Avenue. A big dog is barking at her, too, and she—what *street*? Why, I don't know; I don't live on this street, do I?—Oh, yes, of course!—Bristol Street, the druggist says.—Oh, will you?—You are so good! And a man just said she is playing with the transformer and might short-circuit herself, or something. Well, thank you very much. I am so glad.—Good-by!"

### The Tactful Doctor

A PHYSICIAN in a small town in Northern Michigan got himself into a serious predicament by his inability to remember names and people. One day, while making out a patient's receipt, his visitor's name escaped him. Not wishing to appear so forgetful, and thinking to get a clue, he asked her whether she spelled her name with an e or i. The lady smilingly replied, "Why, doctor, my name is Hill."—C. W. BROWN.

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A natural spring water bottled at the springs. It has been before the public for thirty-five years and is offered upon its record of results accomplished. To those who have tested it there is no need to speak; to those who have not we would like to send medical testimony as to its merits in the treatment of Gout, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria of Pregnancy, Inflammation of the Bladder and all Uric Acid Troubles. There is no "Tablet" or other concentrated form of this water—it is sold as it flows from the earth only. Like every article of merit, this water is counterfeited. Buy only of dealers who are above suspicion.

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# THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

By ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

J. H. D.—Knitted ties, though no longer uncommon, are still good form for lounging. They are adjusted snugly and worn with a fold collar. Brown boots look out of place in town, but if intended to convey a "just ran up from the country, you know," air they serve the purpose. Patent-leather shoes are ostracized for business, morning, and lounge wear. Even on "occasion" many men prefer dull calfskin as in simpler, and therefore better, taste.

G. R. S.—Sultry nights need not make the wearing of evening dress quite such a martyrdom as many men find it. If one choose a light, soft worsted for the suit, have it cut loose, wear a soft white linen waistcoat, white piqué suspenders, sheer black lisle or silk socks, and the thinnest of undersuits, one may be tolerably comfortable, even in "starchy" clothes. The only insurmountable difficulty is presented by the white gloves worn when dancing. The hands are sure to perspire and that means the imprint of moist gloves upon one's partner's frock. Although it looks undeniably provincial, the only thing to do is to swathe the hand in a handkerchief and trust to luck and the strains of a Strauss waltz to mitigate one's offense.

CHESTERFIELD.—Though fobs are seen on some men, they are not indorsed by the best usage. The fundamental principle of evening dress is simplicity, and the fob, twirling and fluttering with the wearer's every movement, has an appearance of fussiness that does not accord with the fitness of things. Ordinarily, no watch-chain is needed, for the watch may be tucked into the change-pocket of the trousers. If, however, a watch-chain be worn, either for greater security or from habit, it may be slipped in and out of the sus-

Ask any question that puzzles you about dress. If desired, your name will not be used, but please attach it to your inquiry. It is preferred that questions be of general, rather than of purely personal interest

tends diagonally down to the lower waistcoat pocket.

PALM BEACH.—Cotton, rather than linen, shirts are favored for morning, lounge, and country wear, being softer and laundering better. Gray, brown, green, blue, lavender, and helio grounds with ornate figures and stripes woven in darker shades of the same color are countenanced. Plaids have become so "popular" that they are approved only in designs quite off the highway. Knitted four-in-hands, though yet good form, are undoubtedly on the wane. They have been sadly cheapened, but the fine English knitted scarf still fetches a high price at the best shops.

INQUIRER.—Gloves should never be put on unless they are wholly dry. A pinch of powder sprinkled into the glove makes it much easier to adjust. Dampness is injurious to the softness of leather, and, therefore, gloves should be kept wrapped in tissue paper when not in use. Glove-trees, which serve a similar purpose as boot-trees, are very useful. The only proper way to put on a glove is to thrust the fingers in first, gently stroking the leather into place and inserting the thumb last. This guards against ripping from sudden pressure. The right way to take off a glove is to turn the wrist back and peel off the fingers one by one. Then shake out the glove, flatten it with your hand and lay it away in a drawer. Warming a glove before a fire and at the same time smoothing it removes stiffness and softens the leather.

## MRS. CURTIS'S CORNER

I HAD a peculiar experience lately. I advertised for a stenographer. There was a score of applicants. The first one put in an appearance before I got downstairs for breakfast.

The situation staggered me for a moment. She was a negro, and in the advertisement I had not thought of drawing the color line. She was very dark, but had a bright, intelligent face, and was neatly dressed. She began to beg eagerly for work. "I'll tell you how I am fixed," she explained. "I left high school, having taken high honors, and father insisted on putting me through a business college. I was eager enough to do such work—then in a way I was n't. I knew better than father did just what work white people will accept of our race and what they won't. Still, he gave me the full course, working extra hard to earn the money for it. I took my diploma three months ago and went to look for work. I have earned just ten dollars in that time by doing odd jobs. Nobody wants a colored stenographer. I have tramped around weeks at a time, answering advertisements. I write a good hand, and when I answer an advertisement I always have a request to call. I get much the same reception everywhere. I don't think it is wholly the fault of the employer. Sometimes I am told bluntly that no colored help is employed; or a man says apologetically he fears the rest of the girls in the office will make it disagreeable for me. I have simply never had a ghost of a chance."

"But living out here in the suburbs as we do," I explained, "I have a stenographer lunch with us."

"I'll bring my lunch," she answered eagerly; "or I would be glad to eat in the kitchen."

I took her, and till the job was finished she did most efficient work, leaving me to set my own price on it. In very justice one could not have paid her less than full market rates. She left reluctantly. It meant another discouraging search for work.

"Why don't you find a position among your own people?" I asked.

"There are not enough of our own people in business," she said, "to employ the colored girls who are looking for work. I have just one chance—I want to get into a department at Washington."

THE colored question is one we have with us wherever we live; more so if we are Southerners, less prominently if our home is in the North. We never realize what a large proportion of our population is black until a Presidential campaign is on, when a struggle begins for the colored vote. That reveals not only the fact that the United States contains four million colored voters, but also that the race is growing in power. If you would see a colored community filling

The editor of our Home Departments gives her views on some subjects that are not altogether homely

a different strata from either North or South, view it in Washington, which declares by its census the distinction of having a larger proportion of colored citizens than any other

Southern city. In the capital city there are 97,483 negroes to 241,920 whites. There are not only more negroes in the city, but they also fill a different place from what they do five miles further south. They have the same privileges accorded them as in the North. They ride in the same cars, sit together at the same entertainments, and live in houses scattered about a white locality when they choose and have the price. The majority of the residents are Southerners and they wince under conditions they can not prevent. You see it every day on the street cars, when a Southern woman draws sensitively away from some big, fat negress who plants herself and a great market basket beside her, squeezing for space right and left. In many a case of the sort I have seen the Southern woman get up haughtily and content herself with a strap. She would fain relegate the descendant of her slaves to a Jim Crow car, but she can't; she has simply to endure conditions if she will live in Washington. The seat of government, of all cities, can not draw the color line.

THE Washington woman has to pay less for certain grades of labor than her sister in the North—feminine labor, I mean. If you want a nurse, a manicure, a shampooer, a dressmaker, a packer, a caterer, a masseuse, a chiropodist, a milliner, or a laundress, she will come to your home and do the work as well as a white woman for almost half the price. Thrown in, you have small attentions which make you feel as if you were the lucky possessor of a lady's maid. Yet a Northerner never gets the same all-round service from a colored servant that a Southern woman does. The Southerner demands service as her mother did from a slave. She does not hesitate to talk of the race as "niggers," or to meet every failing with a sharp rebuke. Northern mistresses treat their servants "white"; a colored girl will tell you that. The Northern mistress takes pains to speak of the race as "colored people"; she never classes them as "darkies" or "niggers." Just the same, the Northern housewife receives such slipshod service as no Southern mistress would endure. She is cheated and lied to and imposed upon, simply because she is "an easy mark." I have heard colored maids discuss mistresses. They are no fools; they can size-up a woman in a twinkling. They would rather work in the household of a "Northern Republican" than of a "Southern Democrat." Yet when they want sympathy, help, or a family snarl untangled, it is not to the Northern mistress who has treated them "white" that they turn; it is to some Southern woman whom



they have known all their lives, and she always stands ready to aid them in any sort of trouble. The servants' verdict of us is, we are good enough to work for, as well as eager to educate and encourage them, only—we do not understand them.

ONE can not help seeing a side to Southern character of which an alien knows nothing. It crops out even in the *Congressional Record* when some Southern representative puts in a plea—not for the education of the colored race; he never does that—but for something that is for their well-being. He always strikes a note of sympathy when he speaks of the old colored mammies who nursed us through babyhood, or the faithful old negroes who cared for our mothers and ourselves during the war. In a Southern city I have often seen old servants cared for in a family with as much kindly attention as would have been given to a failing relative. Their working days were long past; still there was no thought of handing them over to poorhouse care. Bitter as the Southerners are on the subject of a race problem, when we see such gracious kindness and charity it makes us feel that we are simply outsiders—we do not understand.

THERE is no betwixt and between with Southerners on the social equality question between the races. That was shown in the red-hot antagonism which broke out against President Roosevelt when Booker T. Washington was a guest at his table. It is still shown by the stand they take toward the president of Tuskegee. When Mr. Washington goes to Newport on a lecturing tour, or to raise funds for his college, he is met at the train by some millionaire's carriage. He is an honored guest in that home, and sits down to dinner with a host of fashionable people. When he goes South, he exchanges the luxury of Northern parlor cars and sleepers for a Jim Crow car. He falls in line with the waiting throng in an office when he wants to see a prominent man. When he reaches his presence, he waits to be invited to take a seat and tell his errand. Northerners criticize the South for such a feeling, yet I doubt if anywhere in the South could such shrinking from social equality be found as I have seen North when by some accident the two races were thrown together.

### Queer, but with a Heart of Gold

OLD Mrs. Marcy's home is so queer that everyone who passes it stops to stare. Its exterior boasts of no body color. There is a splash here of red, a dab of yellow there, then brown, green, blue, strawberry pink, or gray, just as the whim seized the amateur decorator, or as the contents of the paint can held out. How any birds frequent her flamboyant bird houses I never understood, but they do. Every feathered thing in the neighborhood flocks to that hospitable yard. Here and there stand boards on which are painted texts, imploring mercy and loving kindness for man and beast.

One day, at an afternoon party, I heard a group of women discuss Mrs. Marcy. "She must be awfully queer," observed a newcomer, referring to our neighbor. "Queer!" said another. "She's as queer as Dick's hatband." Then she added, resentfully, "She's a disgrace to the neighborhood. Her place is known as the Freak House. People actually come from out of town to see it."

"None of you know Mrs. Marcy," said a quiet little woman. "I did not know her till last winter. I thought of her as you did—as queer. One night, my little boy was almost choking to death with croup, and I could not get our doctor. He was out on a case. I sat there at the phone, trying to get another physician, when a woman's voice broke in. 'I beg your pardon, Mrs. Kent,' she said, 'for speaking, but I happened to hear what you said. This is your neighbor, Mrs. Marcy. I was a trained nurse ten years. I'll come right over, if you wish, and do what I can for Jimmy.' I never gave any one such a welcome in my life. How that woman did work! She almost scalded her hands wringing fomentation cloths, and Jimmy had not breathed the steam from her tincture of benzoin for ten minutes, before the choking ceased. In half an hour, he was breathing comfortably. When the doctor came, he said our neighbor had saved the baby's life. I never thought Mrs. Marcy queer again, because I had seen her heart of gold."

Alexander the Great and Diogenes once met. Alexander was proud-hearted because he had been able to gratify his desire; Diogenes, that he had been able to extinguish his.

A lady on one of the ocean liners who seemed very much afraid of icebergs asked the captain what would happen in case of a collision. The captain replied: "The iceberg would move right along, madam, just as if nothing had happened," and the old lady seemed greatly relieved.



## Wick Fancy Hat Bands

(The band with hooks—all rights reserved)

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We pay an average of 73c per pound for our yarns. We buy only the best that the market affords—Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton.

We could pay 35c as others who make sox do. But such yarn is weak. Then it is harsh, and you want your sox soft. "Holeproof" are soft, thin and cool. They fit like silk gloves. "Holeproof" are the original guaranteed sox. No others are so well made.

Learn what a comfort they are.

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Please learn that the only difference between the best unguaranteed sox and "Holeproof" is that "Holeproof" wear longer. Examine them. Notice how soft and light they are. Compare any brand of sox with "Holeproof." Then let "Holeproof" show how they wear.

If your dealer does not have genuine "Holeproof" Sox, bearing the "Holeproof" Trade-mark, order direct from us. Remit in any convenient way. Mail coupon to us and we will ship you the sox promptly and prepay transportation charges. And remember—the "Holeproof" guarantee protects you. If the sox come to holes and darning within six months, you get new sox FREE.

**Holeproof Sox** 6 pairs, \$2. Medium, light, and extra light weight for midsummer wear. Black, light and dark tan, navy blue and pearl gray. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. One color or assorted to order.

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**Holeproof Lustré-Stockings** Finished like silk. 6 pairs, \$3. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11.

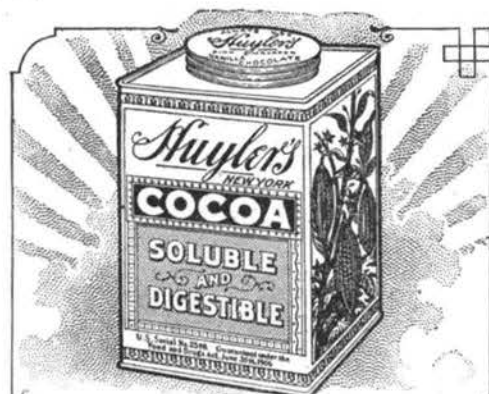
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# PIN MONEY PAPERS



A **CLEAN BRICK** as a flat-iron stand will be found more economical than one of the ordinary iron stands. The brick is nearly a non-conductor and causes the iron to retain the heat instead of conducting it from the iron, as the metal stands do.—B. C. P.

KEEP LARD in a tin vessel; keep yeast in glass; keep salt in a dry place; keep vinegar in wood or glass.—MRS. J. L. STEINER.

TO DRY KNITTED OR CROCHETED articles, after squeezing from warm suds, and rinsing, throw them into a pillow-case and shake it about. Allow them to dry in the case, then there will be no stretching or pulling of the garments.—A. B.

THE WAY MY MOTHER CURED ME of biting my fingernails was so effectual it may help others. She sent me out to walk with my hands thrust ignominiously into the feet of a pair of stockings tied closely at the wrists. Not only was I unable to put my fingers in my mouth, but I felt so keenly the shame and discomfort of the situation that I was careful to prevent its recurrence.—ONLY CHILD.

I SUFFERED GREATLY FROM MOSQUITO BITES, until last summer I accidentally discovered a remedy which takes the sting—and therefore the "itch"—out immediately. Rub common starch—the lumpy kind sold in bulk—all over and around the bite.—L. B.

I GOT RID OF PIMPLES by drinking lots of water. While at my morning duties around the house I drank one or two glassfuls about every hour.—D.

GETTING RID OF SPIDER-WEBS was a problem till I used a bunch of turkey tail-feathers tied to the end of a long, slender stick. The feathers are stiffer, therefore much better for digging out the corners, than a feather duster.—C. H.

THE EASIEST WAY TO CLEAN WINDOWS is with some good silver polish. With a damp cloth I smear the polish all over the window, giving special attention to spots. By the time I have gone over the window, the place where I commenced is dry enough to polish. A brisk rubbing leaves it clear as crystal.—C. H.

WHEN I PUT UP SASH CURTAINS of fish net, or similar material, I slip an old glove finger over the end of the rod. It saves the material from getting torn.—MRS. TUPPER.

USE CHEESECLOTH FOR DISH-CLOTHS: cut a yard in half, fold over, and sew the edges together, also across from corner to corner. Use it for dust-cloths also. A yard makes the right size. Dampen it if you like; its thinness prevents it from being too wet and the dust is thus kept from flying about. Take two yards and wind it about your broom when you clean ceilings and side walls. You will like it better than a broom bag, because, to take the cloth from the broom, then shake and replace it, with a fresh surface out, is so quickly accomplished. Use it for hardwood floors—drop it on the floor and push it around with your broom. It is easily laundered. Don't fail to hem it every time; that makes the one difference between a cloth and a rag.—H. C. G.

GOOD CLEAN SAWDUST is the best thing I know for cleaning floors after carpets have been lifted. Dampen it, but do not wet it. Sprinkle plentifully over the floor, then sweep thoroughly. It is rarely necessary to mop the floor afterwards.—CLARA C. A.

WHEN I POLISH THE PIANO and furniture with a cloth and white soap it looks as well as if newly varnished. Rub the soap on a damp cloth and do a little piece at a time, being sure not to let it dry in before polishing with a soft dry cloth.—A. M.

GALVANIZED IRON STOVEPIPES intended for storage should receive great care. First of all, they must never be handled with bare hands. They should be rolled tightly in paper of several thicknesses, then stuffed with crumpled paper or old rags, to exclude air. Stovepipes treated in this way will last for many years and have the appearance of new ones. They should, of course, be stored in a perfectly dry place.—MRS. L. A. D.

A **HANDY WAY** to fumigate, is to place a brick in a large wash basin, and on this set a baking tin containing sulphur. If the sulphur is burned directly in the basin, you are liable to crack or break it.—A. E. PERKINS.

AN OLD TABLE, bookcase, or sideboard, which has been banished to some out-of-the-way place to make room for something modern, may, if brought to light, prove to be a "blessing in disguise." To send it to a cabinet-maker is expensive. Suppose you polish it yourself. Take a piece of ordinary window glass having a sharp, but not scratchy edge, and with it scrape the old grease and varnish from the surface of the wood. Sandpaper it, till the grain of the wood shows. Then remove all the dust with a soft cloth, and rub well with a good furniture polish made from one part turpentine, one part linseed oil, and one part melted beeswax, thoroughly blended.—E. L.

WHEN PUTTING AWAY GARMENTS, in summer or winter, label the boxes. This saves much rehandling.—CARRIE M.

WHEN THE HOUSE is closed for a season, take one ounce of cayenne pepper, one ounce of gum camphor, powdered, one pound of tar camphor, powdered, and sprinkle over the rugs, carpets, and any velvet or plush furniture. This will keep away moths and carpet bugs.—M. R. B.

MAKE STAIR-CARPET PADS of coarse cotton cloth, nearly as wide as the carpet and the full length of the stairs. Fill with two or three layers of cotton-batting, sew across to stay it, about nine inches between seams. This is much better than paper, because it is not easily displaced.—L. B.

YOU CAN KEEP CLOTHES FROM DUST by fastening a sheet from one side of the closet wall to the other. Make a buttonhole (large enough to slip over one of the hooks) on each end of the sheet. After this has been adjusted, take another sheet similarly buttonholed and place it on top of the clothes, thus covering them completely.—MARIE KOHN.

AT A RECENT LUNCHEON, tomato jelly was served as salad, in a way which was pretty and more delicious than the usual method. The jelly, made by the usual recipe, was molded in a sheet a half inch thick on a large platter. When ready for serving, it was cut in cubes and heaped lightly on crisp, white lettuce leaves mixed with a liberal serving of mayonnaise. This treatment insured the dressing being well mixed with the jelly, a result seldom reached when larger individual molds are served unbroken.—J. M. S.

## CANNING FRUIT

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

*Practical and Economical Methods by which Fresh Fruit May Be Preserved at Home for the Market*

*(Concluded from July)*

THERE are two methods for preserving fruit; in one, the fruit is cooked in the cans, in the other, it is boiled in the sirup. The first method means slower work, but you thus retain the flavor of the fruit—also the fresh, delicious odor which vanishes when fruit is boiled.

Before proceeding with either method see to the fruit cans. A careful housewife washes them during the year as they are emptied, covers them and puts them away on a shelf to be in readiness for the preserving season. Even then they require sterilizing before being used, for the bacteria floating everywhere in the atmosphere require only the slightest chance for lodgment to begin fermentation.

STILL with ordinary care it is quite easy to have fruit keep, even if you live in a hot southern climate. You have simply to be sure that the can is perfectly clean and that it is air-tight. To make it so, put each can in a wash-boiler of cold water, dissolving in it a little borax if you notice dirt or a crust on the cans



or their lids. To keep the cans from cracking, cover the bottom of the boiler with a framework or anything which keeps the glass from the intense heat of the fire. Let the water come slowly to a boil, then continue at the boiling point for ten minutes. Set the boiler back on the stove, cover it, and allow the cans to stand in the hot water until they are needed. Rinse them with fresh boiling water, and they are then ready to fill. An excellent method is to test all cans before sterilizing them. Put a little water into each one, fit on a new rubber and a lid, screwing it as tight as if the can were full of fruit; then turn each can upside down on a newspaper. If there is a leak, ever so small, you will discover it before the cans have stood on their heads for half an hour.

It is far better to put up a small quantity of fruit than to try to do a big day's work. Not only is it easier for the cook, but the preserve is sure to be of a finer quality. One woman I know puts up on an average from two to three cans a day from the time strawberries come in till quinces appear in the market. Her method is to buy a little more fruit than she intends using for the three meals (she is one of those wise housewives who believe fruit is not only the best breakfast "beginning" but also the best dessert). When her kitchen work is done, she sets a can or two in the preserve kettle to sterilize it and betakes herself to some cool corner to hull berries or peel peaches. Without realizing the effort of it, her preserve closet is well filled when October comes.

\* \* \*

Now for the canning process, which every cook will follow a second season. The wash-boiler, with its bottom again protected from the heat, is called into requisition. Into it are set as many cans as will stand upright, each one filled with fruit. Do not mash berries or peaches by trying to get a can chock-full; gentle shaking will level it perfectly. Some fruits, red raspberries, for instance, shrink a good deal on being heated. Then the cans may be filled up from another one. Fit on lids and rubbers tightly, around the cans pour warm water which may be allowed half an hour to come to the boil. Then prepare a sirup to pour over the fruit. Every cook is the criterion of how sweet she desires her fruit. By this process she can use as little sugar as will make the preserve palatable, or it may be put up in a rich sirup. When it is ready for use, lift a can from the boiler, wrapping a towel about it, and with a ladle pour in sirup till the can overflows. Seal it immediately. It is better not to set the can in a draught while filling it, the glass might crack.

Try putting up strawberries and red raspberries in their own juice. It gives a preserve so unlike the usual canned berry that there is no comparison between the two. Pick over the berries, reserving the largest and finest for the cans. The small ones are to be mashed up, added to a very little water, and boiled. Then put carefully through a strainer. Add to this juice as much sugar as is required and pour boiling hot over the fruit. Berries put up in this way will look like rubies, and taste—like nectar.

\* \* \*

A SOUTHERN housekeeper, whose canned fruit is the most delicious thing you can imagine, gets the same results more easily than with the sirup process. She fills her cans as full as they will hold with fruit, then pours into each one a cupful of sugar, shaking it down till the lid goes on. The can is set in the warm water and boiled till the sugar becomes a sirup, then the fruit is perfectly cooked. Frequently the fruit shrinks so that the jar is not full. In that case, add enough boiling sirup to fill to overflowing. Then seal quickly.

The other canning process, which thousands of good cooks still follow, is to boil the fruit in sirup just long enough to become soft. Then it is poured in the hot can and sealed. Of course, there is a great difference in the time required for boiling. Ripe berries need only a few minutes, hard pears may take an hour. Certain fruits—thick-skinned plums, pears, and quinces—cannot be cooked in the cans. While it is a toss up which process is best for pineapple, I have tasted it preserved deliciously in both ways. The fruits which are at their best cooked in the can are strawberries, cherries, red and black raspberries, blueberries, fine ripe peaches, soft pears, and thin-skinned plums.

Allow fruit to stand over night to become perfectly cold before consigning it to the preserve closet. Unless you have a very dry cellar, with a well-planned and ventilated cupboard, which is as far as possible from the furnace, store fruit in a dark upstairs pantry. If a pantry can not be darkened, have a hundred or two bags, of thick dark-blue paper, made at a bag factory. They should be just large enough to come to the top of the can. Paste on each one a gummed, well-printed label; they cost fifteen cents for a book full. The bags may be used season after season. Remember, what canned fruit requires for perfect keeping is darkness, a moderate temperature, and a dry atmosphere.

\* \* \*

At the last commencement exercises in a Des Moines school, the graduates recited quotations of their own selection. The quotation which was the brightest and most cheerful, and the most buoyant with hope, was given by a poor crippled girl who stood up on her crutches while reciting.

## The Socialist Bugaboo

[Concluded from page 501]

and uncertain contributions from sympathizers to maintain them in the field. The pioneers who have gone before were not satisfied with merely agitating; they organized, and the fruit of their work was shown at the national convention at Chicago in May last, when two hundred and nineteen delegates (eighteen of them women) represented forty-one thousand dues-paying members in every State and Territory of the Union. In 1903 the membership was only nine thousand.

"Like conditions produce like results" is an ancient axiom. The similarity in the treatment accorded the American revolutionists, the abolitionists, and the socialists at periods so widely separated arises from the fact that at the bottom the same issue has inspired all three movements. In the first it was "taxation without representation," the paying of tribute to a monarch who ruled afar off and gave nothing but ill-treatment and injustice in return. In the second it was the question of "property in man," the direct ownership of one or many human beings by others for the profit of the owners. And in the third it is the question of "property in the things by which man must live and enjoy the fruits of his labor."

The same old issue—the issue of property—gives life to the same old bugaboo. The Socialist Bugaboo differs little from the bugaboos of the past because the interests of property give it form and substance. And just as every incident that smacks of evil was charged up to the revolutionists and abolitionists in their times, so is every such incident charged up to the socialists to-day.

It matters not that Presidents Lincoln and Garfield were assassinated by non-socialist fanatics; that President McKinley met the same fate at a non-socialist assemblage, from the hands of a man who had voted the Republican ticket; that none of those executed and imprisoned for the Haymarket tragedy, in 1886, were ever proven to be socialists; that not a single socialist in the country's history has ever been convicted after trial for any crime against life or property—these matter not to the daily press, the politicians, and beneficiaries of the existing order. When a bomb explodes at a public meeting, then it must be a socialist that carried it, and the Socialist Bugaboo, garbed like a pirate, with bristling hair and whiskers, a bowie knife between his teeth, a bomb in one hand and a revolver in the other, is exhibited to do business again.

When a police official or politician or unscrupulous editorial writer or sensational preacher inveighs against the red flag and goes into spasms against the crimson color, he does not know that the crimson flag in all ages has been the emblem of liberty. This red flag has an international significance for the socialist. It does not stand for bloodshed; for socialism, as the New York *Evening Post* recently declared editorially, is "eminently a peace movement." The red flag is the symbol of universal brotherhood, for the oneness in blood, in destiny, and in need of humanity everywhere. It represents the intellectual aspirations and spiritual strivings of millions of people all over the world. It is in this sense that Mrs. Stokes, like other socialists, reveres the red flag as the emblem of the "brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God"; a conception which lifts the race above a petty nationalism which the United States flag, itself the offspring of a fight for liberty, was never intended to be sponsor for.

But the Socialist Bugaboo is given another lightning change. "Socialism is a foreign product; it is un-American; it is destructive of our institutions." I once heard a socialist speaker, a Russian, treat this allegation in a story of her experiences on her way to the United States.

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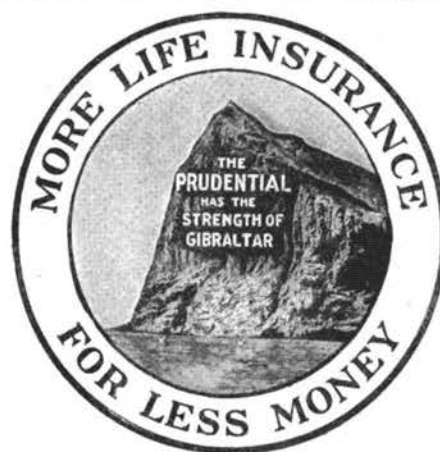
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"In Russia," she said, "we were warned against socialism because it came from Germany. When I got into Germany I learned that socialism was a French product. In France they told me it was a German importation. In England they said it was French, and now in the United States they say it is un-American and a result of foreign immigration." The next socialist speaker added to this by telling how when he visited Nova Scotia he was told that "socialism was a Yankee invention!"

The fact is, socialism is native to every land where the modern factory system has been introduced and where modern methods of production and distribution obtain. These are the essential harbingers of socialism, the establishment of which presupposes the industrial development characteristic of the age of machinery and rapid communication and transportation. Socialism without these is nebulous and visionary, the socialism of Sir Thomas More, Robert Owen, and Fourier. Modern socialism, the socialism of Marx and Engels and Bebel and Hyndman and Debs, is at home wherever there is a wage-working class and a capitalist class. That is why Japan has now a socialist movement for the first time, because the new system of capitalism has superseded feudalism. And even though Minister Wu Ting Fang also says socialism will never find sustenance in his country, the rapid change taking place in China has already produced the native socialist agitator. Socialism is un-American or un-English or un-French or un-German, as the case may be, only in that it runs counter to the interests of the great capitalists who by their vast control of productive property dictate the social conditions of the people, dominate the press and channels of education and publicity, and dictate the affairs of government. In all else socialism is true to the best interests of the millions of American, English, French, German, and other people who work hard and honestly for themselves and those dependent upon them.

The spectacle of an office-holder who is the offspring of the most corrupt political machine in America denouncing socialism as the greatest menace of the age is not more incongruous than that of the daily newspapers which publish columns after columns of detailed reports of divorce scandals, murder trials, and salacious breach-of-promise suits, and at the same time editorially warn their readers against socialism as destructive of the family, religion, and the home. A sense of humor or a moiety of imagination might save these wisecracks from thus betraying themselves. They might then see that if America leads the world in the number of its divorces, in the picturesqueness of its high-life episodes, it is due to the social conditions that exist here, and that these social conditions are destroying the ideals of the family, religion, and the home so fast that all the institutions devoted to their preservation can not save them. An understanding might then develop that a change in the social conditions for the better, such as socialism proposes, could only result in inspiring ideals which would make for keeping intact family life, strengthening and humanizing religion, and beautifying the home.

In the country where the industrial casualties are estimated to number more than half a million yearly, and greater than armed conflict; where six million women are forced into the industrial struggle in order to earn a livelihood; where nearly one million, three hundred thousand children are being consumed in daily, exacting, exhausting toil in mines and factories and workshops; where the cost of crime annually reaches the enormous total of \$1,076,327,605.99—five hundred million dollars a year more than is spent on all the spiritual, ecclesiastical, physical, humanitarian, educational, and healing agencies in the whole country put together—in the country where the devastative industrial warfare is greater than that of armed conflict; where hundreds of thousands of workers can find no employment and are compelled to wander, nomad-like, in search of work; where tramps are so common they are a jest; where tenement congestion has reached its highest pitch; where marriage is held in such light regard as to form the inspiration of nine-tenths of the jokes in the daily papers that assume to defend marriage as a sacred institution—in such a country there is need of something that will place the family and the home upon a firmer basis and establish a respect for the security of human life above any consideration of dollars and cents.

In the same way the cry that socialism would destroy individualism becomes incongruous. There is an individualism to which socialism is opposed. It is the individualism which gives seven men control of seventy-five per cent. of America's railroad system; which gives one man greater power over industry than was ever possessed by any single individual before in the world's history; which concentrates the ownership of wealth to the extent that ten per cent. of the people possess ninety per cent. of the entire aggregate wealth of the nation—this is the sort of individualism that socialism would destroy. The individualism that endows the factory worker with a tag for identification instead of a name; that permits only one in every thousand average working men to receive more than a "living wage"; while one in every five hundred thousand has a chance to become a great man—this also is the sort of individualism to which socialism is opposed. The kind of individualism which socialism proposes is that which can only be guaranteed in a society where the means of life are not monopolized by a few, and where the "race is run with an equal chance." Inequality of

opportunity must result in an inequality of individual advancement.

Though one at first glance might not believe it, there is a strange contradiction in the twin charges that socialists seek to divide up, and that they are trying to change human nature. Mankind, we are told, is inherently selfish, and socialism is impossible because it proposes an ideal state. Then in the next breath it is vociferously declared that socialists intend to confiscate the earnings of the industrious and frugal and successful and parcel them out among the idle and envious and undeserving. Now, if it is true that mankind is inherently selfish, the "divide-up" theory ought to appeal with irresistible force. But somehow it does not. The injustice of it repels and prejudices the average man, who usually has nothing that can be divided up. He does not believe in dividing up. Because he is selfish? No; because he believes that "what's his'n's his'n" and "what's your'n's your'n." If he could only be made to see that it is the owners of industry that divide up the wealth, reserving the largest portion to themselves and ultimately leaving only a sustenance for the mass who produce the wealth, then the average man would not be so particular about the rights of those who benefit by his honesty and simplicity.

I have never really seen it explained how the socialists were going to divide up. We can see quite plainly every man carrying off his individual railroad-tie, or shouldering a street-car, or toting off a factory machine, or stuffing a steamship into his vest pocket, but this is not socialism. When we hear that capital will be scared out of the country we are consoled by the thought that the mightiest capitalists leave the country regularly every summer, and yet the industrial machinery which they own remains here and keeps on running—because labor of hand and brain is applied to it.

Nobody really believes that if the railroads or mines were owned by the Government every citizen would claim his particular mining-shaft or railroad engine, any more than any citizen now claims that his mail shall be carried in a particular mail-bag in a special car over a specific route.

In the same way the preacher who decrys socialism for attempting to fly in the face of "immutable human nature," because "human nature is inherently selfish," lays himself open to the charge of insincerity when he tries to make conversions and change human nature by appealing to its "inherent goodness."

It is not surprising that socialism should be misunderstood, misrepresented, and maligned. Every truth was until it became a fact. The proposition that the people shall own and operate the industrial machinery—of which the trusts are the highest development—in their own interest sounds radical, but so also did American independence and the abolition of chattel slavery sound radical in their days.

It is the one virtue of bugaboos that the closer one gets to them and the more familiar they become, the quicker they lose their terrors. So it is that the Socialist Bugaboo, embodying all the worst conceptions of the human mind, is fast losing its power to terrify, because the developing social consciousness is attracted to socialism for what it is, rather than repelled by what its detractors picture it to be.

There is nothing terrifying, for instance, in the demand for government relief for the unemployed by the building of public schools, by the reforesting of cut-over and waste land, the building of canals, and other works. People are not so apt as formerly to be frightened by the cry of "paternalism" when the national ownership of the railways and all other means of social transportation and communication is proposed, for private ownership has shown its fruits in too great and evil abundance. For the same reason a demand for the extension of the public domain to include mines, quarries, oil wells, and other industries of public necessity, does not cause the tremor that it once did. The ruthless devastation of the great forest lands has emphasized the need of a scientific reforestation of timber lands, and that land so reclaimed or reforested shall be permanently retained as a part of the public domain.

People no longer argue about whether child labor shall be abolished; the question now is how most effectively and quickly it can be done. Shortening the work-day, so as to provide more time for education and recreation; inspection of workshops; graduated income and inheritance taxes; the initiative and referendum; the enactment of further measures for general education and the conservation of health; universal and equal suffrage for men and women—all of these proposals are now accepted almost generally as practicable and desirable. And yet these measures are only some of those comprising the immediate program of the Socialist Party.

The socialists propose these measures as means by which the waste of life and physical resources which the prevailing industrial system imposes can be checked and a saner, healthier environment developed. For this makes toward the revolution in the ownership and control of industry which is the ultimate aim of the socialist movement. The social ownership and control of the means by which the things upon which society subsists and perpetuates itself are produced—this is the aim of socialism, in a few words. And the development of industry into its present highly organized condition is making the question of private or social ownership the one around which the political battles of the immediate future are to be waged.



## The MysteriOus Anger of Mrs. Mayberry

[Concluded from page 499]

"Dem kids is fierce, ma'am," he began. "Dey would hook potatoes to t'row at each other. T'rowin' und stealin' is all dere is in dere hearts."

Mrs. Mayberry checked him with a gesture.

"I saw what happened, Mr. Steuer," she said with dignity. "There is no need of telling me anything—anything. I have been a customer of yours for three years; I have thrown in your way the custom of such of my friends as I could. I have one thing to say before I withdraw my patronage from you—and," she added tartly, "that of my friends. I wish you to promise me that you will never let your temper get the better of you again. I know, when you have had time to think this over, you will be sorry. Here," she said, handing him a slip, "is my order. You see, I am going to give you another chance. Will you promise, Mr. Steuer?"

"Yes, ma'am," Mr. Steuer replied with prompt meekness. Custom such as Mrs. Mayberry's was the backbone of his trade. He had an instant realization of what it would mean should he get a bad name in the neighborhood; he saw the dago grocer down the street gathering in the trade that he had tended like a growing plant.

"I knew you would promise," Mrs. Mayberry said kindly. "But I shall have means of knowing if you keep your word, and if—" She did not need to finish her sentence, and she let the crestfallen Steuer bow her from the store.

He turned to his grinning clerks.

"Vell, aind't vimmin fierce!" he said aggrievedly. "Aind't vimmin de tefill! Und dat Mrs. Mayberry, vich is such a sensiple voman, too!"

There was silence for a while. Mr. Steuer studied a row of canned tomatoes attentively.

"Vat you s'pose, now, Anton," he finally broke out, "vat you s'pose was in her mind? Vat struck her?"

Anton shook his head. For him the ways of women like Mrs. Mayberry were past finding out.

"Maybe she belongs to der Jerry Society," he suggested.

Mr. Steuer studied over the mysterious anger of Mrs. Mayberry all morning.

"I nefer t'ought Mrs. Mayberry vas a grank," he said later. "But you can't tell mit vimmin. Vimmin iss all kveer."

Cautiously, stealthily, the boys tested the power of Mrs. Mayberry's promise. They hid behind garbage barrels, they lurked in areaways, waiting for a moment when it would be safe to rush the out-door green-grocer stand.

Mr. Steuer, the kids knew, was a power in the land. Now it appeared that there were powers which could coerce him. Red O'Hara had his explanation.

"She ain't batty," he said. "She ain't got no bugs in her head! She's got it in for old Steuer, all right, all right! She's set us on—see? And Steuer, he knows it. Let's swipe somethin' big on Steuer, an' she'll give us a dollar, maybe," spoke the helpless and innocent youth.

Little by little they pressed in on poor Steuer, almost to the limit of his large patience. Before this, he had been subject to occasional raids, like other grocers of the quarter; like the fruit man across the way; but Mrs. Mayberry's emphatic action had centered attention upon him. From an occasional swiping, they now systematically looted Steuer. He was the enemy entrenched, and they the valiant, conquering army.

Mrs. Mayberry, meantime, had become a heroine. Little boys bobbed up before her with "Good morning, Mis' Mayberry." She stopped them to inquire if Mr. Steuer had dared interfere in their play. "No, ma'am," they answered her, "he dass n't. He don't do nothing, and Anton don't do nothing, but swear—he swears fierce, Anton does."

In spite of the swearing, Mrs. Mayberry felt very pleased with herself, at her success, and pleased too with Steuer.

Still, while Mr. Steuer basked in the favor of his well-meaning customer, the depredations of the boys were getting serious. The gang became daily bolder. The crisis came in a concerted attack of all the forces one Thursday noon. It happened that Mrs. Mayberry was within the store.

"Why, Mr. Steuer," she exclaimed, "see those boys!"

"Yes, ma'am," Steuer responded. "I see dem efery day, Mis' Mayberry. Now dey haf no more fears on me, dey act someding awful."

"Why, this is vandalism!" cried the scandalized lady. "Why, they've got a box of those Bermuda tomatoes—see, they're throwing tomatoes at each other, Mr. Steuer!"

"Yes, ma'am, Mis' Mayberry," Mr. Steuer replied calmly. "Dey svipes on me all dat dey can, und dey spoils vat dey can't svipe."

Here a tomato, riper than the others, flattened itself juicily against the plate-glass window.

"I can't permit this!" Mrs. Mayberry cried. "This is too much! I had no idea, Mr. Steuer, that they were so lawless."



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"Dey ain't nefer noding else, Mis' Mayberry." Mr. Steuer explained. "The lawlessness has to be truv oudit of poys mit a shingle. But you say not to trive, so I don't trive."

They were out on the street by this time, and a little boy with a tomato in his hand ducked past Mrs. Mayberry. She arrested him with a firm hand. He was a well-dressed little boy, which enraged her still further. "Has this been going on much, Mr. Steuer?" she demanded.

"Yes, ma'am" he replied, with philosophical calm, "efery day; und ven I chase dem off, dey say, 'Ve vill go to Mis' Mayberry.'"

"Why!" gasped Mrs. Mayberry, "Why"—surprised, as all reformers are when they have set machinery which they do not understand in motion, and have seen it manufacture differently from what they supposed it would. She held the little boy with a firm grasp.

"Are n't you ashamed," she said to him, "to steal Mr. Steuer's things?—a boy that should know better!" The child wriggled uncomfortably.

"Lemme go!"

"What's your name, little boy?"

"George Mosenberg's my name."

"Well," announced Mrs. Mayberry, distinctly, "I'm going to make an example of you, Mr. George Mosenberg. I'm going to have you arrested. Is this your beat?" she inquired of an officer passing by.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I want you to arrest this little boy. I've caught him stealing tomatoes—see this?"

"He's got the goods," the officer admitted.

Amazement wide and far-spread had covered Mr. Steuer's countenance.

"Oh, ma'am," he protested, "you can't do that! You can't go und arrest a poor leetle poy! Vy, it's fierce, arrestin' poys! Und vat you dink—der whole breshingt would haf laffs on me if I arrest a leetle poy who sdole von poor leetle tomato off'n me."

Mr. Steuer's concern was real; nor was it concern for his pocket that came first—it was a concern for his good name.

"Vy, I can't arrest dese poys like dey vas pad poys," he argued. "Dese poys aind't tough aroundt here—dey aind't efen old."

Mrs. Mayberry looked at him with amazement.

"But," she argued, "you were just complaining to me of how they act!"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," answered Mr. Steuer, "I gomplain of how they act—but I don't want to go arrestin' any of dem!"

"What do you want to do?" inquired Mrs. Mayberry.

"Vy, I want to do, if you ask me, vat I done before. I want to gif a poy von good lickin', ven I catch him svipin' dings on me."

George Mosenberg sobbed noisily, still in the grasp of the officer, who stood waiting for the cat to jump.

"Well," Mrs. Mayberry replied, "your methods and mine differ. The wise course is plain to me. This boy ought to be arrested. He won't be shut up, of course; he'll just be fined. It'll be a lesson to his parents to keep him off the streets; it'll be a lesson to him not to play with bad boys."

"Here comes mine fater!" cried little George Mosenberg. "Oh, Mr. Steuer, you make me to hide in your store!" he implored.

Coming down the street, Mr. Steuer beheld his friend and ally, Mr. Mosenberg. The scene appeared to him from a new point of view. He saw the just anger of Mr. Mosenberg that his son should have been subjected to arrest in front of the grocery store with whose prosperity he had had so much to do. The officer also saw Mosenberg, and knew his power in the community. He loosened his hand.

"Cut quick into the store, Cheorgie," advised Mr. Steuer. "You don't say nodings to your papa, und I don't dell on you."

Mr. Steuer, still shaken with the violence of the vision of what an arrest would mean, greeted his friend, as he passed, with urbanity.

Mrs. Mayberry looked at the officer. She looked at Mr. Steuer. Once started on her path, she wished to have her own way.

"Are you going to arrest that child, officer?"

"Are you making any complaint on him, Steuer?"

"No," Mr. Steuer replied tranquilly. "I gif him der tomato."

"Why, you saw him, officer—you saw those children steal!"

"I did n't see nothin', ma'am," the pillar of the law asserted gently.

Mrs. Mayberry stood between Mr. Steuer and the policeman, an impotent but angry little person, opposing forces larger than she knew; opposing the unwritten law of etiquette of the world to which Mr. Steuer belonged, which forbids the arresting of neighbors' children; opposing the friendship of Mr. Mosenberg and Mr. Steuer, which was one of the props of the politics of the district in which she lived; opposing, too, Mr. Steuer's sense of the decency of things.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Steuer," she gasped. "You complain of the actions of these children, and now you refuse to take any stand against them."

Mr. Steuer looked apologetic.

"I would be glad to do anything to please you, Mis' Mayberry," he said earnestly. "I would arrest von of de kids, efen, to please you, if it was a bossible ding for me to do, but I'm a fater, too—though only of



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girls"—he thumped his heart—"I'm a barent, und I know how diziblin should be abbled und how it should not be abbled. Dere's only von blace to abbyl diziplin to der yung—und it iss not dere abbled in der bolice court."

"I'm sure I've tried to do my best for you, Mr. Steuer," said Mrs. Mayberry, and fluttered home.

Then a little trembling figure emerged from the grocery store.

"Is de cop gone?" he wanted to know.

"Yes, Cheorgie," said Mr. Steuer, kindly. "You see der sgrapes vot bad poys gets you in. If it vas n't for me, you would haf been arrested! You go und tell der fellers dat Mrs. Maybery vas going to haf dem pulled in only for me. But I make no charge."

He reached out a large orange.

"You dake der oranche und run along, Cheorgie, und you tell der fellers if I catch dem makin' disturbances on me, I'll hammer der life out of dem; tell dem I'll sbank dem goot, und dat Mrs. Mayberry, maybe, gets dem arrested, too."

## In the Mid-Watch

[Concluded from page 497]

that Hargrave, unforced, would die before he did? Was Hargrave worthy of that face?

"Look here, Punk," he said suddenly, as though the thought was new to him, "what made you stop going in after me, the night I fell overboard?"

It was said. The thought of the whole crew, of the whole mess, of the whole fleet, who knew the story, had been voiced, and the words fell on the stillness, heavy, leaden with the weight of their own import.

Hargrave had turned, shaker in hand, at the first sound of the old Academy name that only Reeves used now. He met Reeves' eyes, searching, commanding, appealing, from the bunk. A curious smile crept into his face. He addressed only Reeves, as though he would justify himself to him alone. He looked from Reeves to the pictured face.

"It came, to me then in a flash," he said quietly, "something she told me long ago—something she repeated in the letter I got from her that day. I could n't risk her happiness—even for you, Pokey—nor her struggle afterwards alone—if I went down too. It was just that I was afraid. Sail that bottle down this way, will you?"

Reeves passed the bottle obediently; and in the silence, broken only by the vigorous shaking of the mixture, he turned hastily and peeped out of the port at the still Manila harbor beyond.

It was as he had always thought. Hargrave was worthy of that face.

### Those Wonderful Southern Railroads

HARVEY L. BEATTIE, an attorney of Charleston, South Carolina, was talking of Southern railroads and the inadvisability of trusting to their printed schedules for information.

"There was a case, not long ago," said he, "of a commercial traveler who, to get from one small town in Georgia to another, had to make a close connection at an intermediate hamlet, and the only train from the original point by which the connection could be accomplished left there at 5:26 in the afternoon. In order that he should make no mistake he arrived at the depot ten minutes before train time. Judge of his astonishment when, upon inquiry, he learned that his train had passed through at about 5:12 o'clock.

"At first he was so astounded by the fact of a train in those parts not only being on time, but ahead of it, that he said nothing. But, later, when he had calculated that this freak of service had probably cost him much in the way of business, he determined to give the railroad a lesson it would not soon forget.

"He hunted up a disgruntled attorney, who took the case on shares and instituted suit against the company for damages. In court the lawyer made a brilliant argument and the judge was so impressed by the unusual nature of the railroad's offense that he was just about to give judgment for the complainant when the company's legal representative arose, and, in a few words made it clear that his client was not in the least liable. He explained that the train which the 'drummer' missed was the flyer due in that town at 5:26 the day before, and that the train the traveler had planned to take did not arrive until after 8 o'clock the next morning.

"The case was thrown out of court and the commercial traveler was conveyed to a sanitarium."

Fortunately for us all, the gold in human nature remains gold, whatever its alloys from base contacts; and it is worth mining for, though there be but a grain of it in a ton of dross.—David Graham Phillips.

A soldier who had been shot, looked at the bullet-hole in his leg and said, "Just what my wife wanted. That will get me a furlough. My, won't she be pleased!"



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## Three Women

[Continued from page 491]

"Of course it is difficult," said her mother; "but it ought to be done."

"Well," said Aline, gently, "I have spoken more than once of what I thought about a woman's working after marriage; and I've often dilated on the convenience of living as we do—but he seemed as surprised as if he had never met the idea. It was very hard."

"Did you put it to him at once?"

"Yes—that is"—Aline colored.

"I should think in your case there would be nothing for him to object to," her mother continued. "Here's this blessed Dunham next door that answers all the housekeeping difficulty. He knows how we live. He has eaten here, and seemed to like it."

"Oh, yes, of course, he has always praised the food. But I think he wants a home of his own."

"That is, a cook of his own," said Mrs. Morrow. "He does n't realize that the food we get is far better and cheaper than in most private houses. Why, see here, child!—if you were married he could come right here and take the lower floor. Cara would be glad to get a studio down-town. She only stays here to give me the rent. I'd go to the top-floor. Or, bless you, I'd go into the Dunham—I'd like to let you alone for awhile. I think it's ideal."

"I wish he thought so," said Aline.

"Why, what does the man want? He can't afford to marry and keep house in New York yet, even in an apartment. He has his mother and sister on his hands. He could bring them here if he liked. There's room enough! Then when you get richer you could rent the whole house. And no trouble with servants—think of it! If I were a young man, I'd think I was mighty lucky to have things made so easy."

"He does n't like the idea," said Aline.

"And when the children come," went on the older lady, with growing enthusiasm, "you could substitute for a little while and then keep right on teaching. I could supervise, with a trained nurse, till their kindergarten age—and then you would have it all in your own hands."

"I'd have to be out mornings," said Aline.

"Well, he'd have to be in mornings, would n't he? Office hours? If they were in mortal peril I guess a grandmother and a doctor-father could attend to things until you were telephoned for. I tell you it's ideal!"

"But, mother, he won't see it! He's a man—he feels differently. I believe he'd rather wait, hard as it is, than to have my earning money make it easier for him. It's not reason—it's feeling. You can't reason against feeling."

Her eyes grew dreamy, her mouth softened, the sweet lips parted in a tender smile.

Her mother watched her anxiously. "I know—I know, Aline. It is delicious—at first. It is hard—hard to decide." There was a pause between them. Then, "You ask my advice, Aline. I know you won't take it; girls never do. But here it is: Don't give up your profession for the best man in the world!"

"Why, mother!" said Aline. And again, "Why, mother!" For the little woman had risen to her feet as she spoke, poured out these words with a passionate intensity that astonished her daughter beyond measure, and then dropped limply into her chair again, buried her face in the pile of towels, and sobbed despairingly.

"Mother! mother dear! Don't cry so! Oh, mother, I'd no idea you felt that way!" She was on her knees beside her mother, her arms about the shaking figure, caressing, soothing, trying to quiet her. "Mother dear, you have me. Is n't that something?"

"Something!" Her mother turned and caught her in her arms with an embrace that hurt. "Something! You are everything! You are all—all that there is!"

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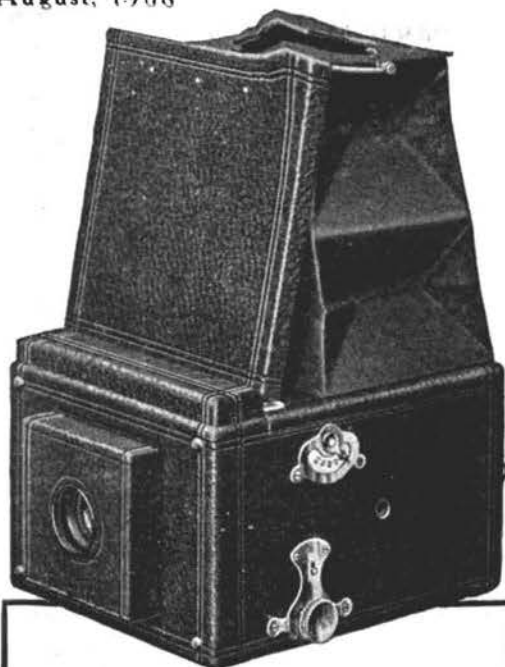
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"Dearest mother," said Aline, holding her close, "I would n't leave you in any case. Whoever takes me will have to take you too."

Her mother drew away from her sharply, with an astonished, almost angry look.

"It is not that," she said. "I never even thought of that. Did I object to your going to college?—to your year in Germany? I'm not a common pig-mother. It's your work I'm thinking of, dear. My own life has gone—gone forever—except as it is in you. I can't lose yours too."

Aline began to regard her mother with new eyes—not as a parent but as a woman, and more—not only a woman but a person. Here was a human soul speaking, showing a side of life which had never been mentioned between them before. No matter how broad the sweep of a girl's experience, it is difficult for her to consider her mother as a personality apart from that relationship.

"Were n't you happy with father?" she asked with an awed voice.

"Yes," said her mother, trying to speak composedly. "Yes, I was. I loved him dearly. I loved him enough to give up my work for him. We were very happy, at first. But, my dear child, do not believe Eros himself if he tells you that love is enough. It is n't. We have other faculties, other powers and desires; other hopes and ambitions. I cared for music more than anything else in the world. I had a voice—once."

Aline looked at her with big eyes slowly filling with sympathetic tears; she had never heard her mother sing.

"And you gave it up for him?"

"Yes, for love. And I had love—until he died. He did n't intend to die," she said with a twitching smile. "But the voice went first. You see he did not care for music at all; especially vocal music; and he hated to have me go out without him. There was no time to practise; nothing to practise for. It went."

"Could n't you have—could n't you teach music even yet?" suggested the girl.

"No, dear; I could n't bear it. It is simply gone. I made my choice and stood by it. But even while I had him—even when heart and hands were full—there was always this great empty place."

"I was n't a good housekeeper," she went on. "It was very difficult, and not very successful. I tried to be a good mother; but two of you died. My principal work for you was done long ago—it is ten years since your father went. I am forty-eight now and may live ten, twenty, thirty years more. And, except for you, my life is empty."

There was silence between them for a while. Aline tried to consider her own life stretching ahead, some fifty years more, perhaps, with all its special interests gone.

"If you care for my advice, if my life can be of any use to save yours," said Mrs. Morrow, "you will stick to your work as your aunt did. She was wiser than I; she refused to give it up. Now she is successful—known, honored, well-paid, and has the glory of fulfillment! Yours is mother-work too. You can love and help more children than you could ever have of your own. Oh, you'll be hungry, of course! You'll long for love—you'll long for your own babies. But I tell you if you have them—and don't have your work—you'll be hungrier!"

Aline sat late that night. It was not the advice she had looked for from the quiet, patient, loving woman she had always known, and never known. It grieved her to think that her father could ever have required, ever have allowed, such a sacrifice. Then she concluded that he probably never dreamed of its full cost; that her mother was not one to complain of a bargain made.

"I thought they got over it," she said to herself. "I never dreamed that a woman of fifty—I guess I never thought much about women of fifty, to say the truth. I wonder if she can't branch out some way even now. She was happy with father. I can remember that myself. And she had children. Yet all the time—a whole lifetime, near fifty years already—without the work one is made for! Poor mother," she whispered, "poor, poor mother!" And plans for her mother's life mingled with hopes and fears for her own as she finally dropped asleep.

### III.

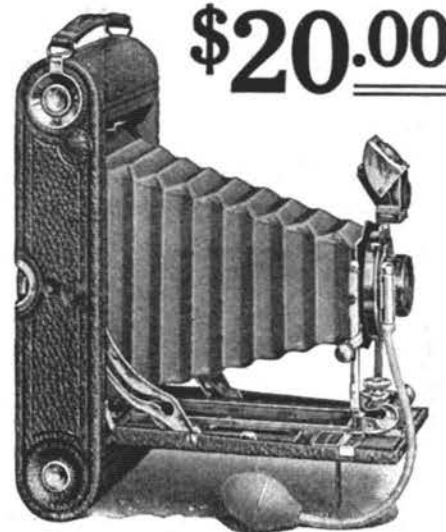
THE next day she consulted her aunt.

They were great friends. Miss Upton was younger than her sister and had always been a good deal with her. She was a painter, and a good one, doing excellent portrait work and having quite a reputation for a certain kind of pictures—charming pictures of babies and children.

"Aunt Cara," Aline settled herself in the quaint, high-backed armchair in her aunt's well-decorated room; "will you give me some advice on a very solemn question?"

Miss Cara Upton turned a brave, handsome face upon her. "Of course I will. Giving advice is a pleasure to all of us—more especially to women—most especially to unmarried women. Is it whom you shall marry? Marry Dr. Hale by all means. I'd like to marry him myself."

"Neither you nor mother seems to have been in any doubt as to Dr. Hale's intentions," said Aline, with amusement.



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held in Philadelphia, April 18, 1908, the Miner Medal, emblematic of the world's championship for writers of ten years' experience or less, formerly held by S. H. Godfrey, of London, England, was won by C. H. Marshall, a graduate of the correspondence course of

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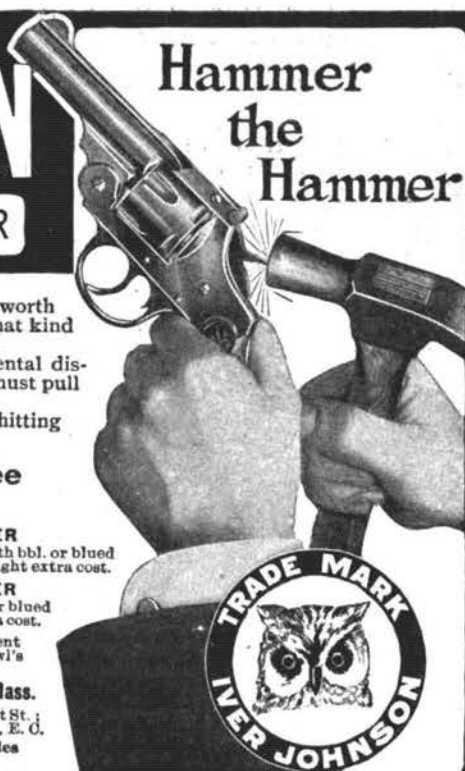
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“Why, no; were you? He's a fine man—good family, good character, good looks, and a noble profession. If that's the question, I wonder you want advice.”

“No,” said Aline, “that's not the question. The question is, shall I drop my work? Give up school-teaching to be his wife?”

Miss Upton stopped smiling and sat up straight.

“Does he make it a condition?” she asked.

“I'm afraid he does,” said Aline.

“Then do it,” said her aunt. “Do it in a minute! Drop it once and for all! Forswear it—forget it—and thank the Lord for giving you a good man's love!”

Aline was startled. This fierce intensity, this set, white face, this torrent of eager words—she did not know her merry, easy-going aunt.

“Why, Aunt Cara—I—you—I thought you were—” She was at a loss for words, but her aunt was not.

“You thought I was happy in my chosen work, no doubt. Everybody thinks so. I mean they shall. I had my chance of happiness, and lost it; but I made my choice and I stand by it. I'm a good loser—we Uptons are. I never let even your mother know. She had her happiness; she thought I had mine!”

Aline's heart was stirred with pride. These Uptons were good losers, both of them.

“But you are young,” her aunt went on. “You have your best years yet to live. You have the crown and glory and blessing of life in your hands. Take it, Aline, take it—and thank God!”

Aline stared at her. She was walking up and down the pretty room with swift, nervous steps, her hands clenched, her breath coming quickly.

“I've never spoken about this to a living soul,” she said. “But I love you, Aline. You are a splendid girl, and I don't want you to spoil your life as I spoiled mine.”

“Don't, Aunt Cara. Don't speak of it if it hurts you; I understand—” But her aunt broke in upon her.

“Understand? You don't understand! No woman could possibly understand unless she had lived twenty years without love and knew that she had thrown it away.”

She was silent for a moment, and Aline asked gently, “Isn't the work a joy, Aunt Cara? Your success—your wide, free life—”

“Of course it is!” her aunt answered fiercely; “and my clothes are a joy to me, and my dinner, and plenty of things; but they do not, unfortunately, meet the same want. You needn't say a word, Aline; I know. I stood in your shoes; I had the same ideas; and I chose the work. Well, I've got it—here it is! I can paint fairly well—I don't want to belittle the work. I love it. I've made a reputation. I earn a good living. I can help my sister here and do pretty much as I please. But”—she stretched out empty hands and caught them empty to her heart—“I've never held my baby in my arms!”

“It's not only the babies,” she went on, “though that's ache enough! Just the physical ache for them—the little, blundering, crumpling fingers on your face; their foolish, delicious, curly feet; the down on their heads; the sweetness of the back of their necks; the huggableness of them! It's not only the babies—it's the husband! Women are not supposed to care. They do!”

“You have so many friends,” began Aline.

“Oh, you make me angry!” cried her aunt. “You girl! You child! How can I make you see? Ten thousand friends are n't the same thing as the man you love! Have n't you a heart, child, in your body?”

Aline laughed a little shamefacedly. “Yes; but I have a head too, and I thought—”

“Stop thinking—feel! Just make sure that you love, plain love him, and let it go at that!”

“I do love him,” protested Aline. “But after loving him—after marrying him—after the babies come and grow up—there remain the years of a lifetime!”

“There do, indeed! I was twenty-five when I refused my lover for my art. Twenty years have gone by, and I suppose there may be thirty more; I'm a strong woman. Fifty years without a kiss even—not even a kiss!”

Her face quivered; its hard lines broke; she too dropped her head and sobbed, strained, agonizing sobs, wearing out to a breathless silence.

“Go away,” she said. “I'll be quieter when I'm alone. It's only a bit of hysteria. But—take my advice!”

#### IV.

HE HAD counted the days, the hours, the minutes, and now he came, early, eager, starving to see her. The pretty room wore an unusually attractive air; roses, the flowers he liked best, were unobtrusively present; the magazines he liked best were on the table; the chair he liked best was ready by the table, under the lamplight. The woman he liked best sent word she would be down in a moment—and he sat waiting. In this week of absence he had realized fully how much he loved this gracious, comforting, attractive creature; and now, as the “moment” stretched to a length unusual to her trained accuracy, he grew fiercely impatient.

“She never kept me waiting before,” he thought. “I wonder if it means—”

She came at last, in a gown that was new to him—white, misty, with a soft elusive sparkle under it that made her look far younger and accented her beauty



dangerously. The soft-piled hair was strangely attractive, and brought out every feminine curve and line of her fine head and stately neck. Roses, red and white, nestled behind her ear, and she carried one of each color in her hand, "to play with," she said—a new excuse for her. He had never seen her so wholly beautiful, nor so wholly woman. Then he remembered the little *villanelle* by Bevington, "There are roses white—there are roses red," and his heart lifted high with hope.

He came to meet her—held out his arms to her.

"My darling!" he said.

But she shook her head, smiling, retreating, looking up at him from under the level brows with an archness that seemed out of character with her habit of clear-eyed regard, yet none the less attractive.

"I don't know yet whether I am your darling or not," she replied. "We have to decide that. This is a very serious matter, Dr. Hale."

The words were distant, the mouth alluring.

"I don't know you to-night, Aline," he said. "You are another woman, somehow."

"Well, do you like the other woman?"

He liked her so much that it was difficult for him to sit quietly there and talk, when he wanted to take her in his arms at once and claim his own.

"Whatever you do please me; you know that. I knew you were lovely, but—I never saw you so enchanting."

"Thank you," she said, with more of her usual serenity. "I'm glad to please you, Gordon. Now let us be patient a little yet. If I accept you, we have a lifetime before us to be happy in. If I don't, it is better to have it clearly settled soon."

He sat very straight in his chair, and she, for all her intense feeling, inwardly regretted the long ivory paper-cutter he was holding, fearing its days were ended. But he laid it down unbroken.

"You have not decided—yet?"

"I? Oh, yes; I have decided. But you have n't."

"I am too desperately in earnest to guess riddles, Aline. Please answer me. Will you be my wife?"

"Yes," she said, looking him squarely in the eyes.

"But I shall be a teacher, too."

He had started forward, but checked, colored.

"You mean? Aline!"—it was almost a cry—"you will not let that keep us apart!"

"Indeed I will not," she answered him fervently. "It shall never come between us nor interfere with my love and duty to you."

She faced him steadily and went on. "Listen now, before we do anything we might regret. Let me say all I have to say and then you may decide, if you please, whether to abide by your choice or not. You asked me to marry you; you made conditions. Now I will answer definitely. You I know, honor, trust, love. I make no conditions for you. I do not say 'You must give up smoking,' or 'You must be a prohibitionist,' or 'You must have no clubs,' or 'You must choose between me and your family.'"

"I have known you two years, and loved you one." She flashed a smile at him. "No—not yet!"—as he started toward her. "I—approve of you unreservedly. Now, here I am, only four years younger than yourself, a trained, established, professional woman. You say you love me. You must take me as I am. You would marry the woman—she would be your wife. You would not marry the teacher—she would go on teaching." She went on hurriedly. "I have planned carefully, fully, for household arrangements; for the good of the children. That is plainly a woman's duty. I am no child, you know."

"You look about eighteen to-night," he answered. "You are deliciously beautiful, and you puzzle me completely. I feel that you love me—you do, don't you, dear?—and yet you sit there talking like a judge. If I shut my eyes I seem to hear the New Woman laying down the law. If I open them—Lilith could n't be lovelier!"

For a moment she looked at him with such a sudden mischief in her eyes, such ebb and flow of crimson in her face, such sweet tremor and soft withdrawal, that he rose to his feet and came to her. She let him sit on the sofa by her side, but grew so calm and faced him with such intrepid clarity of vision that he felt more remote than before.

"Tell me," he urged, "now you have decided—will you be my wife?"

"Yes," she said; but her voice carried no conviction, her eyes no welcome.

"You will not give up your work?"

"No," she said, but with such lingering gentleness, such an appealing look, that he thought he had misunderstood her.

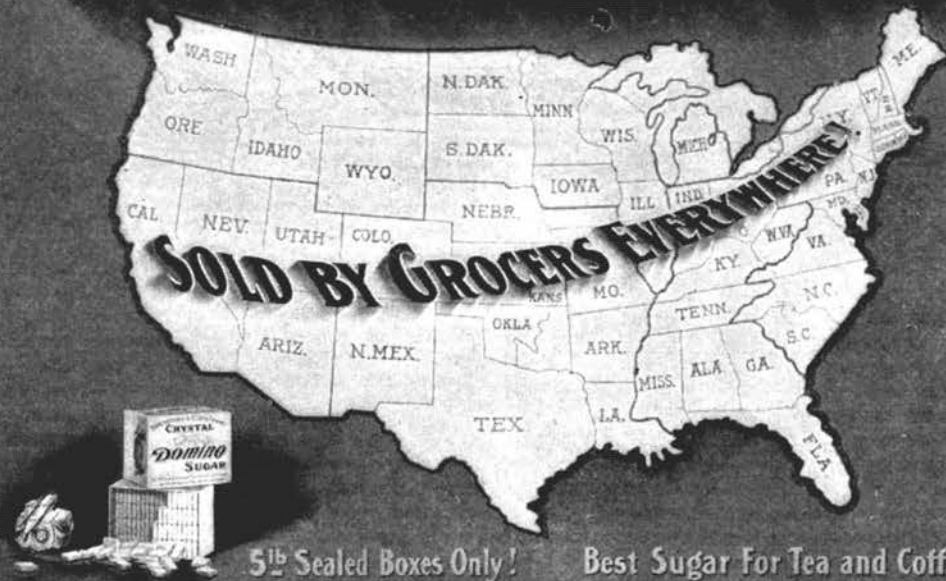
"Have you fully considered?" he asked. "Have you consulted your mother?"

"Yes—and my aunt. Mother advised me to keep to my profession, even if I lost you! Oh, she likes you, and she wants to see me married; but—she gave up her work to please my father, Gordon, and has suffered for it all these years! She used to sing. She loved it—her voice is gone—it was pitiful to hear her—"

A hopeless look clouded his face. "Your aunt said the same, no doubt?"

"She advised me to choose love—even if I had to give up the work," said Aline, softly. She rose to her feet and stood tall and beautiful before him. Her cheeks were glowing; her eyes shone on him. He

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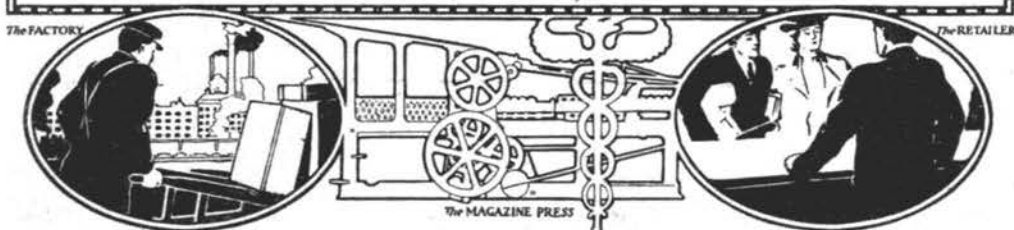
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## An International Story—And Its Moral



**T**HERE are two great manufacturing houses, one in the United States and the other in England.

The American house has been in business three-quarters of a century, and the English house more than a hundred and twenty-five years.

Both of these concerns make a very wide range of the same kind of goods—toilet conveniences. But each is famous all over the world chiefly for one of its products.

The American house has, for more than a generation, held a large share of the trade in England with its most famous product. John Bull is very patriotic, even in his purchases. But when an Englishman at home or abroad wants a toilet essential for the purpose for which this Yankee article is designed, he buys the Yankee product on its name and quality. The English concern, on its part, occupies in America a position very similar to that of the American house in England. Thousands upon thousands of cases of its most famous specialty are sold every year in the United States.

This international trade in each case has been the result, first of careful testing of the article at home and then of its introduction and promotion abroad. And this is true of practically every article that has a general sale that has been made by general advertising. Only an article of intrinsic quality tested in the crucible of use can hope to withstand the melting heat of general publicity; for that heat quickly reveals any dross.

"Here's something new advertised in the magazines—I wonder if it's as good as represented," says the reader.

Perhaps the retail merchant also says, "Here's something new advertised," and wonders whether it is a staple commodity reliable enough to put on to his shelves.

Even the merchant, who knows how articles of merchandise rise into popular favor, may not realize that this commodity just brought to his attention, and which he assumes is new, has really been

sold for years in the community where it originated. First it gave satisfaction to a small circle of purchasers. Then the circle widened. Then its sales extended over a whole state. Finally its quality and stability were so marked that it became an article of national consumption.

Many of the commodities advertised in magazines are of precisely this kind—things so successful at home that it is certain everybody will like them. They have to be that sort.

Moreover, the single article a manufacturer advertises in magazines may be only one of a dozen that he actually makes. His other products are as honest and good value. But this one has a universal quality. It establishes itself on merit in any city, any state, any civilized country. Manufacturers who have developed their one famous commodity are unable to make anything that will compete with it. Very often the man who makes it could produce nothing to compare with it himself. This article, somehow, has a vast, human appeal.

There is survival of the fittest in commodities. When a manufacturer has developed something square enough and stable enough to offer the public everywhere, he usually advertises it nationally, in the magazines. Even business men, who ought to know better, will look upon the advertising as a sign that he is "trying to force demand." But really it is apt to be a sign that he is coming into his own.

The advertising may be new. But that commodity is often staple. It has been developed and perfected by experiments, both in manufacture and marketing, that would make any local experiments along the same line preposterous. Behind it already there is a broad, deep, basic, human demand that will sell it wherever it goes, and sell more of it than of any similar commodity, and sell it longer. The merchant who puts such a commodity on his shelves may regard it as virtually sold before he puts it there.

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and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. **ROYAL MFG. CO., Box 944, Detroit, Mich.**

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and you keep the money.

came to her, eager, hopeful. "I have chosen," she said calmly, "both, if you please!"

Then as he stood checked, astonished, angry in spite of his deep love for her, she sank down again in her cushioned corner, hid her face in her hands, and—was she laughing or sobbing? He saw a tear drop from between her fingers and was beside her, his arms around her, in an instant.

Then she smiled at him entrancingly, leaning her head back on the rounded velvet, lifting the two roses to her chin. "If I were a man," she said slowly, "and a lover—and really loved a woman enough to want her for my wife—I don't think I'd let a thing of this sort stand between us."

He drew her to him; his voice shook. "I thought I was right about this, Aline. I think so still—somewhere—but I can't bring it to mind. You—are so con-foundedly beautiful! It isn't fair!"

"I am not fair?" she asked, like a big-eyed child; and she was so fair that he gave a little cry and caught her to his heart.

"I won't stand this any longer!" said he. "You have owned you love me—and I'm going to marry you! Do you hear?"

"And I may do—what I think right? You'll let me?" She put up a hand against him, but her eyes, her mouth, her whole sweet presence, gave no denial.

"I'll let you do anything you think right, Aline," he said solemnly. "Only love me!"

And the roses were crushed and forgotten.

### The Ever-Genial Taft

**I**T WAS in Iloilo, Island of Panay, P. I., where I first saw the great and only original genial hand-shaker and dispenser of good-humor—William H. Taft. If there was any one that had a certain vocation down to a science, it was Taft. He was the one that introduced the "glad hand" system from one end of the Philippine Archipelago to the other. Wherever he went, it was with the hearty hand-shake and the hand-to-heart talk that went straight to the affections of the simple native.

I well remember when Taft arrived in Iloilo. About a thousand natives in holiday attire welcomed him, also the president of the town, who was a small, dried-up little man, weighing probably eighty pounds. It was with great ceremony that big Taft was handed from the steam launch to an open carriage. As he sat down he seemed to expand and spread all over the seat until almost nothing could be seen of the mummified little Filipino who sat next to him.

After a drive through the town—of course Taft had been grasping the hand of every one he could reach—they arrived at the president's home. Taft started to alight first, and as he backed out of the carriage on one side it sank down, lower and lower, the little president following close up. Finally Taft was on the step. The nervous little Filipino was trying to give assistance. Suddenly Taft removed his great weight from the step and the open carriage snapped back to its original position with a sudden jerk. The little president, just as if he had jumped off from a spring-board, shot over the other side of the open rig into the street.

There was no doubt that the big secretary wanted to laugh, but that was out of the question. As they walked into the house together, Taft, genial as usual, said: "I know you were getting impatient waiting for me. It's my misfortune to be big, clumsy, and slow. If I could only get down to your manly size, my dear Mr. President, if I were nimble and spry as you, I would always make my exit like that." And Taft rippled all over with joy as he started to distribute glad hand-shakes to every one within reach.—ALEX PUJOLS.

### Our Uproarious Supreme Court

**D**URING the consideration recently by the Supreme Court of the United States of a certain case of copyright, counsel introduced a number of the perforated rolls used in mechanical pianos and organs, and passed them up to the court as exhibits.

Chief Justice Fuller handled one of the rolls curiously, and then said, in solemn and profound tones: "I observe that this roll in my hand bears the inscription, 'Am I Yo'h Kentucky Babe?' I should like to inquire whether this personal appeal will render it improper for my distinguished associate, Mr. Justice Harlan, to sit in this case?"

Before the Kentucky justice could make himself heard above the decorous smiles of the attorneys, the court had waived the tentative objection, and the case went on.

### Ready with the Answer

**MISS BAXTER**, feeling the effects of a torrid afternoon in June, was attempting to arouse the interest of her languid class by giving, as she supposed, an interesting talk on the obelisk. After speaking for half an hour she found that her efforts were wasted. Feeling utterly provoked, she cried: "Every word that I have said you have let in at one ear and out of the other. You"—pointing to a girl whom she noticed had been particularly inattentive throughout the entire lesson—"tell me, what is an obelisk?"

The pupil, grasping the teacher's last words, rose and promptly answered:

"An obelisk is something that goes in one ear and out the other."



# New Thought New Life

[Concluded from  
page 502]

is raging within us we suffer tortures until the fever gradually wears itself out, not knowing that by an application of love which would quickly antidote it, we could easily have avoided not only the suffering but also the wear and tear on the entire system.

As there is no filth, no impurity, in any water which can not be removed by the science of chemistry, so there is no human mind so filthy, so poisoned with vicious thinking and vicious habits, so saturated with vice, that it can not be cleared up by right thinking; by the counter suggestion of the thing that has polluted it.

An acid is instantly killed by the presence of an alkali. Fire can not exist in the presence of its opposite, carbonic acid gas or water. We can not drive hatred, jealousy, or revenge out of the mind by will power, by trying to force them out. Love is the alkali which will antidote them. The way to get rid of discord is to flood the mind with harmony; then the discord vanishes. The way to get despondency and discouragement out of the mind is to fill it with encouraging, hopeful, cheerful pictures. The discouragement, the despondency, flee before their natural antidotes. Fear, worry, anxiety, envy, moroseness, melancholy, can all be neutralized by their opposites. We need not be passive victims of the harmful suggestions around us.

## Love as an Antidote

We little realize what forces lie dormant within us, until they are aroused and stimulated. If we could take a muscle out of the arm and see how much weight it would support without breaking, we should find that it would be extremely small in comparison with the tremendous strength which is actually exerted in a great emergency. In Professor Anderson's experiments with Yale students, he registered the strength of the right and left arms of eleven young men. The average strength of the right arm was one hundred and eleven pounds; of the left, ninety-six pounds. The men were put upon special exercises with the right hand only, with instructions to center their thought wholly on the left. At the end of a week tests of both arms were again made. The average strength of the right arm had increased six pounds, while that of the unexercised left had increased eleven pounds, thus proving that the concentrated brain exercise exerted even a greater force in developing the muscles than the physical exercise without the accompaniment of the mental influence. The power which mind imparts to muscle in an emergency is beyond all belief.

Many a delicate woman, who could scarcely wait upon herself, has, when some great catastrophe removed her husband and swept her property away, risen to the occasion and not only taken care of herself but also supported and educated her children. Power came from somewhere which made her equal to the emergency, and enabled her to do that which seemed absolutely impossible. *We do what we have to.* We never know what we can do until an emergency great enough to call out our reserves confronts us. Then the dominating power of the mind gives abnormal strength to the body and sweeps all obstacles before it. The mind is king; the body is its servant.

The whole body is really a projected mind, objectified, made tangible. It is an outpicturing of the mind in material form. When we look at a person we actually see the mind, or what his thinking has made him. It is well known that real gray brain matter can be developed to a very remarkable degree in the tips of the fingers, as is illustrated by the blind, who can even detect shades of color, quality, texture, and other things by their marvelous sense of touch. Now, this is a projection of the brain to the tips of the fingers, showing that our thought permeates the whole body.

Why is it that a deaf, dumb, and blind person instinctively feels the presence of a grand or of a vicious personality near him? It is because of the powerful radiation of his character from every part of the body.

All this shows what a dangerous, what a fatal thing it is to hold in the mind a wrong suggestion, for it tends to become a part of us, and, before we realize it, we are that suggestion or thought.

We all know that it is the constant contemplation of good things, of holy things, that incites to the doing of them and makes the saintly person; that the constant dwelling upon and contemplation of the beautiful, the sublime, the noble, the true, and the effort to incorporate them into the life, are what make the beautiful character. *The life follows the thought.* There is no law clearer than that. There is no getting away from it.

Probably the majority of criminals were never told what a dangerous thing it is to harbor criminal thoughts, to contemplate criminal acts. They were probably never told of the power of suggestion, that the life must follow the ideals, that the thoughts are incorporated into habit, and that habit rules the life. They dwelt upon the thought of crime so long that before they were aware of it they actually committed the deed.

A criminal who has served twenty-five years in the different penitentiaries in New York State says that he

did not have the slightest conscious thought of ever becoming a criminal. But he had a natural love of doing things which seemed impossible for others, and when he went by a rich man's residence he could not help thinking out different ways of entering the house at night, until he finally attempted it. He took great pride in going from room to room while everybody was asleep and getting out without waking any one. Every time he did this he felt that sense of triumph which follows difficult achievement. He said he did not rob so much for the value of the things he stole as to gratify his passion for taking risks, and he could hardly believe it when he found himself actually doing the things he had so long contemplated. He had held the thought of stealing so long in his mind that it had become a part of his very nature.

The jealous man who thinks he has been seriously wronged harbors the thought of revenge and thinks of ways and means of getting "square" with his enemy until he finally takes his life. He may not have intended it at first, or even thought it possible; but his mind became abnormal by harboring the jealous thought. His love of revenge grew until finally his mind became unbalanced and he committed the terrible deed.

Think of the awful responsibility of the "yellow press" in throwing out in picture, in cartoon, in print, the daily suggestion of murder, of suicide, of crime in all its forms, of scandal, with all the insidious suggestiveness which lives in detailed description! The time will come when the man who publishes these frightful descriptions of crime will be regarded as an enemy of his race.

On the other hand, think of the tremendous influence of the suggestion which comes from the contemplation of great, heroic characters and noble deeds, from the contemplation of beauty in all its infinite variety of expression, of sublimity, of grandeur in nature and in human life.

The law of suggestion is just as exact in its working as the law of mathematics.

If a child is brought up in a vicious atmosphere, where the suggestion of vice is constantly held in his mind, where the animal portion of his brain is over-developed, and there is no compensating stimulus in his environment to bring out the good qualities or characteristics, then, unless he develops an unusual creative mental attitude to enable him to combat the evil suggestions about him, his mind will become unbalanced, set toward evil.

One-sided development, a lack of brain balance, is the cause of most, or all, of the viciousness and crime in our civilization. We are creatures of suggestion, and especially is childhood extremely sensitive to it. The child is a human seed of infinite possibilities, and its development depends very largely upon its environment. Its brain is like the sensitive-plate of the photographer, which responds to the slightest stimulus. How quickly children reflect the characteristics of their environment, whether vulgar or refined, criminal or uplifting, base or noble!

We are just beginning to realize the immense possibilities of brain-building, of faculty-developing, in the young. A woman living in a poor section of a city recently visited one of the kindergarten schools to thank the teachers for the improved manners of her children. She said in effect that neither she nor her husband had ever had any training or education, that they were rough and coarse, and that the first suggestion of good manners was brought into their home by their children from the kindergarten. The children of those poor people had become courteous and considerate of the other members of the family.

Their little "Manners" plays, "Justice" plays, "Courage" plays, "Sympathy" plays, and the other morality plays which they had acted in the school, and which they delighted to play at home, interested the parents almost as much as they did the juvenile actors. The sweet, kindly, and helpful dispositions which the children brought into the home revolutionized it.

It is well known that brain activity creates brain structure, and in this lies the hope of the race, not only for a larger, grander mental development, but also for the creation and improvement of character in the changing of thought and habit.

## The Hope of the Race

One of the great problems in establishing wireless telegraphy was the neutralizing or getting rid of the influence of conflicting currents going in every direction through the atmosphere. The great problem of character-building is to counteract, to nullify, conflicting thought-currents, discordant thought-currents, which bring all sorts of bad suggestions to the mind. Tens of thousands have already solved this problem. Each one can apply mental chemistry, the right thought-current to neutralize the wrong one. Each one can solve his own problem, can make his character what he will.

If the highest thing in you will not bring success, surely the lowest can not.



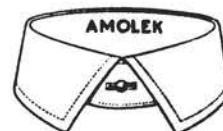
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We purchased these bonds after thorough investigation. We are represented on its board of directors. The plant is modern and its value largely in excess of the bonded debt. Its management is experienced and of proven ability. The surplus earnings for the past year increased over 40%.

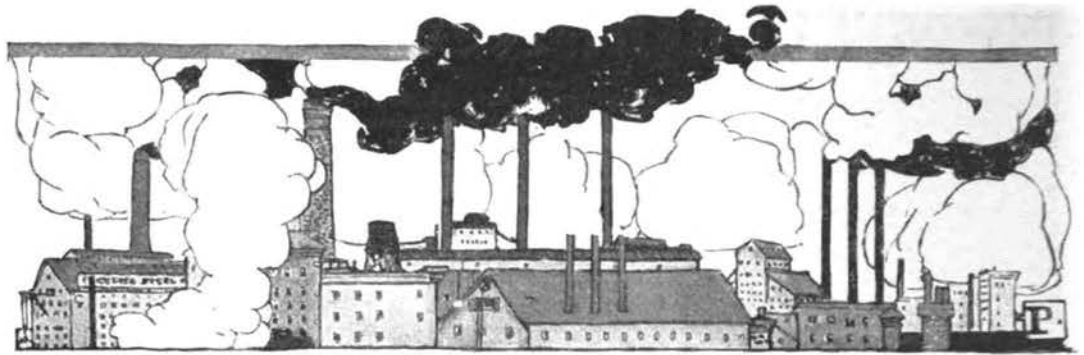
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At the present price they pay **5.40%**

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# INDUSTRIAL BONDS

INDUSTRIAL bonds are the obligations of manufacturing and mercantile companies, as well as companies of a private character, and form a class of securities quite distinct from railroad, municipal, public utility, and irrigation bonds. They are commonly known as a business man's bond, and are generally regarded as a risk for business men only, for the reason that a business man can, as a rule, take some chances, in the hope of larger returns.

They are issued against mill and plant, real estate and equipment; some are successfully floated where nothing tangible is really mortgaged, such as anticipated profits, and some in the shape of a bond, and so termed are nothing more or less than a promise-to-pay note.

I sat down by the desk of a veteran of many financial battles—an old soldier in the wars of finance, who has watched and studied every movement of "frenzied finance," as well as those calculated to build permanent confidence.

### A Veteran's Opinion

He knows the tricks of both sides, yet is human like the rest of us, and can only guess at results. He is a trained analyst, and trained to a point where he can, seated at his desk, correctly diagnose the situation of a troubled corporation. He has few equals in "the Street."

His positive ideas as to the cause and effect of panics, industrial depressions, and money flurries are indeed convincing. The effect of wars, bad crops, tariff regulations, and other legislation upon securities he tells you with a positiveness that would put the professional fortune-teller to shame.

"What is your opinion of industrial bonds?" I inquired.

"There are a few good ones—very few," he replied.

The conversation would either have ended here, or the subject have been changed, had I not impressed him with the importance of my inquiry. His opinion of industrial bonds as a whole was about as follows, summed up in his own characteristic way:

"To the kind of man who is about as nervous temperamentally as the old maid when waiting for her tardy beau, the industrial bond is most desirable. The beau sometimes comes, but the intense excitement, expectancy, wonderment, and anticipation engaged in by her the moment the hands of the clock begin to travel on the other side of eight is something that only she can twist into real blissful moments.

"Industrial bonds more often than not arrive safely at their maturity, but their holders are very often subjected to many of the sensations experienced by the old maid, and they seem to enjoy it."

Certainly this does seem to be rather a fair comparison, if it is not the last word on bonds of this character.

The purchaser of industrial bonds finds himself speculating on the influence of this and that trade condition, the effectiveness of this and that policy of his company, the management, labor competition, legislation wars, and the combination of conditions that does not seem to play an important part in the fitness or the unfitness of many other classes of securities.

The habitual industrial bond buyer can be properly put in the class of investors who demand excitement along with their purchase. Men of this temperament and with such demands will always be with us—so will industrial bonds.

It has generally been regarded undesirable for industrial companies to issue bonds, but this method of

borrowing money is becoming more and more popular, and the old-time prejudice is rapidly vanishing. Industrial combinations of recent years have largely been responsible for this change of thought, and they are to-day making a new kind of history for this class of bond. Sixty per cent. of the industrial bonds dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange are bonds of large corporations, commonly known as trusts. There are few of these that can really be regarded as first-class investments, where principal and interest have more than a

## This Form of Obligation Becoming More Seasoned

By DAVID GRAHAM EVANS

fair chance of reaching the holder on promised dates.

The list given below has been selected from some forty odd issues now listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and it gives one a very

small field to select from if he is really concerned in selecting those holding out the best qualifications for investments of this class.

American Tobacco Company 40-year 6's.  
American Tobacco Company 20-year 5's.  
Central Leather Company 20-year 5's.  
International Paper Company 1st Consolidated 6's.  
International Steam Pump Debenture 10-year 6's.  
Lackawanna Steel Company 5's.  
U. S. Realty and Improvement 5's.  
U. S. Steel Corporation 10-60-year Sinking Fund 5's.  
General Electric Convertible Debenture 5's.

In the annual reports to stockholders for 1908, the directors of several of these companies found it necessary to refer to the general depression and general industrial stagnation during the closing months of last year, increase in price of labor, advance in the cost of raw material, etc., etc., in order to fully account for the reduction in the companies' net earnings.

Yet none of these reports are really of a disturbing nature, especially to bondholders. Stockholders have had some fairly good reasons for concern, but, after all, thinking men fully appreciate just what last fall's panic meant to our industries, and many welcome the demands for readjustment, and are quite willing to forego the delights generally enjoyed on dividend days.

It is obvious to any one making even the slightest study that this class of bonds does not possess much stability of market price, and that it fluctuates in accordance with changes of business conditions, and very often by reason of stock manipulation. Those listed on the exchanges have a fair market, and are generally convertible. They are regarded as bonds yielding rather high rate of interest, but those dealing in them are as a rule prepared to sacrifice stability of market price.

With the old-time prejudice against companies with bond issues against their assets quickly disappearing, investors will soon have many opportunities to invest in industrial bonds. Even to-day the field is large, if the small manufacturers are considered. It is with this kind of bond that the investor must be most careful in his investigation. They are seldom handled by the large investment banking houses, therefore the investor is obliged to form his own opinion and act almost entirely upon his own judgment. Some of the most important things to know when considering industrial bonds of this character are:

Is the company thoroughly standardized in all particulars?

Is it stable in character?  
Has the company a considerable quantity of property of known value, and this apart from its value

as a growing concern?

What are the reasons for uncertainty of values?  
Are these reasons sufficient to give the bond mortgage-rights that will protect the bondholders?

Is the margin of security well in excess of the obligation?

Does the issue look to be moderate?  
Is it a first lien on a real tangible asset?

How is the asset regarded—as slow or quick?  
Is there a real need for money and for what is it to be used?

What is the character of the company's personnel?  
What would be the effect of a sudden change in management or control?

Are the State and Federal laws favorable to the company's existence?

Have they been fully complied with?

If the company is operating in several States, be careful of a blanket mortgage, and acquire the fullest assurance as to the validity of the securities offered.



## DO YOU PAY TAXES?

Municipal Bonds are the obligation of every tax payer. They are issued by counties, cities, villages, and school districts for public improvements and benefits—thus:

Bonds issued for city government represent a debt that every citizen owes for protection to life and property.

Bonds issued for water, sewer and drainage represent a debt for the benefit of health.

Bonds issued for school—for education—not only benefitting the individual but raising the standard of our citizenship.

Bonds issued for hospital and charitable institutions, for the care of the poor and afflicted.

Bonds issued for parks, beautifying cities, giving recreation and happiness to the masses.

Bonds issued for county drainage, increasing the productiveness of rich lands, improving health conditions, etc.

Such securities are good in all times and are not dependable upon business conditions or corporate management.

We offer a wide selection of such high grade bonds, netting from 3 3/4% to 5 1/2%. We are now selling some fifty issues of good issues including:

St. Louis, Missouri, 4%	Joplin, Missouri, 5%
Cincinnati, Ohio, 4%	Mobile, Alabama, 5%
Oklahoma City, Okla., 5%	Bates Co., Mo., 6%
Hot Springs, Ark., 5%	Memphis, Tenn., 4 1/2%

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## Investments

### The Securities

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In analyzing the statement of an industrial company, the item of net earnings is of great importance in estimating the strength of the company. Statements for a number of years should be scrutinized with the greatest care and these facts determined.

### Analyzing Statements

Is the earning power of the company stable?

Are the net earnings decreasing or increasing?  
If gross earnings are falling off, what effect has it had upon net earnings?

Do the average yearly net earnings amount to at least twice the annual bond interest taxes and sinking fund?

The greater the protection in this respect the better. The larger the net earnings are over such fixed charges the better able the company is to withstand times of depression. Many issues of industrial bonds are successfully placed at good prices by small companies that could not possibly stand the test usually given by careful investors. The many unattractive features of their statements are overcome by confidence in management. The purchaser knows the ability and integrity of the men who control the policy of the company and the efficiency of the operating officials. He has explicit confidence in the ability of this particular combination of men to put the company on an earning basis. This kind of confidence, after all, will be found to be the basis of most of our successful corporations.

That this confidence is increasing, and is no longer an idle dream of the enthusiast, is evidenced in the fact that even though the hard times caused many of the industrial companies to reduce dividends or pass them entirely, stocks and bonds of good, growing concerns have been absorbed to a much larger extent by the general public than ever before in the history of the country. Nothing like the present army of stock and bond holders has ever before been approached. The low prices of excellent securities for the past eight months have perhaps been largely responsible for this, but the most important thing has probably been the knowledge on the part of the investing public of real values. July dividend money has had a larger and more varied distribution than ever before, and it does seem as if there are more good opportunities than ever for it to be safely taken care of.

Judging from a general review of the daily and periodical press of the country, Mr. Taft's nomination has had most decided influence for good on nearly all branches of our industries, and the feeling that he will be elected seems to be pretty generally distributed; but whatever the result of the November election, only the rankest of the pessimists would dare to give voice to any other kind of sentiment than that of "Good Times Ahead!"

Many things have combined during the past eight months to halt our financial and industrial worlds, and to make them think. What has happened has been understandable to the thinking, and to a very large extent the demand for readjustment has been recognized and is being enforced. One of the most valuable lessons taught by the recent shake-up to business fraternities of all classes is that there are laws other than those laid down by our law-makers that must be obeyed. The Golden Rule has again victoriously established its right to be a guiding star in our business world. Faith in man's trustworthiness, therefore, must increase, all of which means confidence, and confidence is the very soul of our existence. Firmly place this as the keystone of our financial and commercial structures, and about all of our national problems will be solved.

There seems to be no good and substantial reasons for hesitation on the part of investors to place their money at this time. Securities of the best class, and selling at prices that show a very attractive yield are in the market. They are of interest to the small investor as well as the large, and this sign in itself has a profound significance. Securities are being handled to-day by the best class of investment bankers in denominations that make it possible for men of small means to participate, as well as those of larger means. The security is, in good bonds and those of the larger issues, the same—the yield the same.

Investors should be at all times extremely careful as to their selection. This as a matter of course. Should industrial bonds be desirable, be quite sure that you are in a position to sacrifice some of the safeguards that usually surround investments of the highest kinds. This class of bonds should not be considered by women, or for trust funds and business surplus.

There are many instances where this kind of a suggestion or rule has been reversed. Large profits have been made, and company obligations have been met without difficulty. Proof has been shown that the borrowed capital has not only saved the company from serious embarrassment, but has also put it on a substantial basis; but such cases will be found to be the exception rather than the rule. Especially has this been true in the past year.

When a wind-storm sweeps the forest, it is the weakened trees, those with rotten hearts, that fall.

"If your servants knew as much as you expect them to know, they would not be your servants."

## The Corner Stone Of Sound Investment

Many individuals are not familiar with bonds. They are not acquainted with the features which mark sound bonds to be among the best investments in the world. Either from lack of time or opportunity, they have not informed themselves upon this important subject.

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BANKERS

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Bond Department

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For absolute safety—

### Here's a 6% Gold Bond

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Only \$100,000 worth are offered and bonds are selling rapidly.

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Note: It is significant that no investor ever lost a dollar through ownership of a private corporation Water Bond. This is history.

## Wake Up, America!

[Concluded from page 487]

is a case of well-watered stocks against a well-watered country. On sober reflection, which seems the better proposition?

On our Western plains we freeze in the winter for lack of coal—that is to say for lack of transportation. We pile up our corn and wheat in the winter and wait for trains to take it, but the trains do not come. The industrial waste in grain thus wrought annually would pay interest charges on many a mile of railway—on yet more miles of canal. The railroads deplore this as much as any one. They admit the existence of an impossible industrial situation when they can not estimate within sixty days the time it will take to get a carload of wheat from Dakota to New York. Yet the railroads invariably oppose every effort to build canals or to deepen rivers which might more slowly but would steadily carry these products eastward.

In Europe, water freight supports a civilization which would otherwise be wholly impossible. The same situation is coming up to us. We can not long meet that by adherence to the old idea of river and harbor work—the spending of public money as political pap for the district of some favorite son. We can not meet that by any selfish doctrine of state's rights, any special doctrine of local use of national utilities. We can not solve this question by local appropriations instead of national appropriations. That it will cost immense sums to solve it, in the development of our waterways, goes without any saying. Are not the markets of the world worth immense sums? Still more gravely we may ask, Are not general opportunity for our country, national calm and political unitedness, and commercial stability worth immense sums?

Heretofore we have been mostly puerile. Our United States engineers have spent some money in riprap and revetments on the Mississippi. We have been fooling for a quarter of a century with slack-water on the Ohio. We have dabbled and dribbled and done nothing. Perhaps sometime this country may sit up and rub its dissipated eyes and reflect that it didn't buy much for its money the night before except remorse.

Canada is wiser than we are. With a long arm she is reaching out for water transportation. Her paralleling of the great lakes is a tremendously significant thing; her Hudson's Bay outlet another tremendous thing. England and the English know the worth of water. We ought to counter Canada at once by canalizing all the Mississippi tributaries.

France can laugh at us when water transportation is mentioned. She has only forty-six per cent. of our population, less than half our wealth: but she has a third more of canals, and many times the mileage in improved streams which carry commerce. In all our history we have spent in dribbles about four hundred and seventy millions on all our rivers and harbors and waterworks. France has spent more than twice that much. Although the mileage of her natural waterways is not one-tenth that of ours! In thirty-five years France has become the richest nation in Europe. How did she do it? For one thing, she did not pay six times for a thing what it ought to cost in the open market. The gentleman from Turkey Trot might ponder this when he makes a ringing speech denouncing our national extravagance in rivers and harbors and in our navy. We ought to spend four times what we do, twenty times what we do; and we ought to save it out of our railways. When we squeeze the water from between the rails and let it run between the banks, we will begin to do business in this country, and not much before.

Our friends of the National Rivers and Harbors' Congress—a body of Americans who, for a wonder, don't want anything for themselves—have in their five years of unselfish labor developed a number of interesting basic facts. They figure that a territory as close to the sea as Germany can handle a population of two hundred and fifty persons to the square mile—about the ratio in France and Germany—with one mile of interior waterway and three miles of railway to each twenty-five miles of territory. Apply that scale to our enormous open spaces, and you will see what there is yet to be done.

This country is not yet beginning to grow; we are only in the infancy of our productive powers. Between this and other countries there is no comparison. The central valley of our country, in round numbers, has a million and three-quarter square miles as against less than a million for Canada, and they are immensely better miles. Thus Mr. James J. Hill, himself a Canadian born, and student of the entire Northwest, declares that all of Canada fit for settlement covers no larger area than two and one-half states the size of Iowa. And we have several Iowas! We have not yet begun to farm, and have not yet begun to carry the products of the farms. When we do we shall own the world; and we shall be able to defend this world against any other planet which may covet it.

That is to say, we shall do this if we ever reach a sensible plane in American politics. Of course politics is against appropriations so large as those for waterways improvement must be—it takes statesmanship to see that. Yet we have seen by the speech of Senator Carter of Montana—who, it may be remarked in passing, is not

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the same Senator Carter of Montana who was wont to talk river and harbor appropriations to death—that there may presently come days of swift wisdom for us. Some day we may elect some folk besides politicians, and treat them as something other than our masters. Some time in the near future we may realize the folly of "trying to force a three-inch stream through a one-inch nozzle"; that is, the folly of trying to carry the Western products on the Western rails.

At one time, a year ago, fifty million bushels of grain hung back in North Dakota; only thirty-eight per cent. of the crop finding shipment. Thousands of bushels of wheat were covered with snow along the railroad tracks. The farmer could not sell because the country dealer could not buy; the latter could not buy because his elevators were full, and the railroads could not empty them. Yet this was true while the terminal elevators on the Great Lakes were almost empty! There may come a time when we shall no longer tolerate the industrial and commercial hardships wrought by so foolish a situation as this. It is one which would not be permitted to exist in any other country in the world.

Suppose we speculate yet a little, the future may see all this continent connected by waterways, with freight boats running where canoes once traveled. There may be a canal between the Red River and the Minnesota, one between Lake Superior and James Bay. It goes without saying that we shall carry Duluth ore straight to Pittsburg by water, and take out coal from Pennsylvania and West Virginia by water. We shall revive all the old water paths from the Lakes to the Ohio, from the Lakes to the Mississippi, from the head of Lake Superior to the Upper Mississippi. We shall erect a statue of La Salle at Chicago, another at Cleveland; and on the place where Wall Street used to be we shall have some Rodin put up the statue of the ogre which once figured as the guiding genius of America.

In those days the farmers will get much better prices for their corn and cotton, and the consumer will pay much less for theirs. It is indisputable economic law that producer and consumer always divide the cost of transportation. We shall no longer circumnavigate Florida. The Tennessee River will bring down heavy freight, and chimneys will go up along many a Southern stream.

In the arid West, where the upper waters are needed for irrigation, the trolley will bring its tribute to the carrying stream. We shall have more than nine feet depth down the Ohio, more than six feet from Sioux City and St. Paul down, more than "fourteen feet through the valley," more than twenty-one feet at the "Soo." We shall take twenty thousand ton loads at a tow down the Mississippi, as we now do down the Lakes. We shall solve the problem of the ten-thousand-ton inland barge, "the master of any box-car that ever ran on wheels." There will be factories then where we do not dream of them now. New cities will have been made in those days. To supply these cities with what they need there will be no fitful and inefficient artificial transportation. Toward them and toward the world there will flow a steady, equal, dependable stream of the products of a land grown unspeakably rich and fruitful.

So much for the material side of it. It would be easy to pile up figures. But best of all the future can bring us will be the thought that commerce was not all. Too much we forget now Spencer's bolder and broader view of life: "I detest that conception of social progress which presents as its aim increase of population, growth of wealth, spread of commerce, and not quality. A prosperity which is exhibited in board of trade tables, year by year increasing their totals, is to a large extent not a prosperity but an adversity."

It is not too much to say that it is adversity that we now suffer, not prosperity that we enjoy. We have gone fast, but in the wrong direction, and so perhaps have outrun and forgotten our real errand. The mission of this country is not to make a few men rich and arrogant. It is not to harass humanity, not to flout it, nor to discourage its dreams, nor to scorn its ambitions. Bad as are the deeds of our so-called captains of industry, their worst is not that they rob us of opportunity, of shelter, of bread and butter. It is that they take away hope and ambition; that they take away philanthropy and philosophy; take away wisdom and content and calm; take away art and literature; take away sweetness and evenness and maturity of development in human life.

But, you say, this is only the old rant. Take counsel of your reason. Does not transportation as you know it now enter into every strike, every problem of labor, of commerce, of manufacture, of politics? Do not the successes of a few men, grown rich through the uses or abuses of transportation, set us as a people mad to imitate them? Can you not see transportation—unregulated, thoughtless transportation—entering into the American character? Do you not find it back of local selfishness and special interest, questioning each proposed reservation of our national resources? Look where you will; do you not find transportation entering into your own daily life? And as you gaze into the future on the basis of this present and these ways of ours, do you find hope in that future for more opportunity and less anxiety? Do you find hope for art and literature and all of a nation's flowering—that flowering which comes after the accepted conquest of the material problems of food and shelter and fireside?

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## A Minister's Confession

[Continued from  
page 493]

to me once, "every time you bring in that golden rule business; you really seem to think it could be worked."

Mr. F. was a man with a bald, bullet-shaped head, an expressionless face, and a look which would keep a stranger guessing whether the man were wise or very much otherwise. He was the proprietor of the little stove-store—the uncanny place of the village. Stoves, kettles, and kitchen utensils were arranged in the window, but the display was the same year after year. It was a stove-store, but no stoves were sold there. It was a clearing-house for all the gossip—good, bad, and very bad—of the community. Mr. F. was a borough officer, and an officer of the church. This little "exchange" was the seat of government of the church. These men were the men who paid its bills and dictated its policy. They were the major prophets of the village.

### The Teachers of Morality Challenged

December 13, 1901, was the annual meeting night of the church. A rich corporation had applied for a renewal of its charter and the people were in revolt. A hearing was held on the 13th. The trades council of the city had challenged the ministers to deliver themselves on the ethics charging an Italian vender of bananas for his push-cart and allowing a six-million-dollar corporation to go free. The clergy were silent. I missed some of our prominent church members at the church meeting. When it adjourned, I made my way to the city hall and spoke for justice. My church officers were there on behalf of the corporation. We looked at each other as men might when they meet on forbidden ground. Here we were on the battle-ground of the community and lined up on opposite sides. I was not ignorant of the fact that my personal interests and the interests of the community as a whole were now struggling for supremacy. I spoke for the people.

The next day the stove-store was hot. The church officers were "shocked" to see me in the company of such a "rabble." A lawyer called and told me how one of my predecessors had lost his "job" for just such an interference. Mr. D. came puffing up the hill to the parsonage. He was red and perspiring. He wanted as my friend to pour oil on the troubled waters in the stove-store. He asked me to promise not to go near the "labor gang" again.

I tried to get it into his head that I was more anxious to be a *man* than a *minister*. He looked blankly at me for a few moments; then returned to the stove-store and told the men that I had given him a solemn promise *not to repeat the offense!*

It seemed strange that this small group of men should rage so violently over the affairs of a corporation. It was made clear to me later, when the conscience-stricken bookkeeper of the company walked into my house one day with the record of the company's wrong-doing, and I found that the men of our church owned nearly two hundred thousand dollars' worth of its stock. The canceled checks with which the company had bought its special privileges were laid before lawyers, judges, ministers, and business men, and the only result was that the president of the company was sent by the political boss of the city to the State senate as a vindication. He was a leader in the church, of course.

### The Importance of Creeds

The jubilee of the church seemed a fitting opportunity to revise the year-book and to take note of changed conditions. I called the deacons together and asked them to examine critically with me the printed creed of the church. In a kindly way I examined the deacons and found that none of them knew a single article of the seventeen. Eternal punishment was the point on which the discussion waxed most warm.

There were eight deacons and four other

officers, but not one of them believed the uncomfortable doctrine. They never had. I too had given it up. But not one of them favored either elimination or modification. They did not believe it; they did not want their children to believe it; but there it is to-day; and every man, woman, and child, as they join, solemnly avow that they believe "that the wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment."

### Getting the People to Church

In these years, as in no other years (save one), the church was a church of the people. I asked the church members to stay at home Sunday evenings and permit me to fill the edifice with the clam-diggers, the laborers, the poor and the nondescript from slum and river bank—from all parts of the city.

I deliberately made the service "attractive." I personally searched Europe for the material which would illustrate religion in art. These views I projected on a screen with a powerful lantern. I had special music, and I found that the common people, when the lights were low, loved to sing the old familiar songs. We sang antiphonally and together. It was inspiring, and the place filled to overflowing. Brethren who were addressing in thunder tones a corporate guard spoke rather despairingly of this unseemly display of interest, and one good pastor said that he was going to get a "legitimate sensation." He was going to "enrich the service" with a surpliced boys' choir.

The figures of a year-book are often misleading and seldom tell the story of real social or religious improvement or progress; but, as it is the standard they love to be judged by, I record that during my last year one hundred and seventeen men, women, and children were added to the church roll.

### My Offenses Multiply

William Jennings Bryan called on me one day at the parsonage. I happened to be out at the time, but the news was carried to the village. It was very funny and very pathetic to see and hear the results of this social call.

I met Mr. D. on the street next morning. He was furious. "Say," he began, "did Bryan call on ye yesterday?"

"Mr. Bryan called on me."

"Bryan's good enough for me! An' I want to give ye a tip. The community won't stand fer him callin' on the minister. He's the enemy of all stable government an' ye'll hev to consider folks that go down into their pockets for your salary!"

My offenses followed each other now in quick succession. The next item was charged up to the "Labor Gang."

Fifteen hundred men were on strike. They were mostly Italians, and the average wage was a little over a dollar a day. They had been out three weeks, their savings were gone, and their families were starving. Some leading Italians—an editor, a doctor, a banker, and a lawyer—called on me and asked me to interview the firm. The strikers put their case absolutely in my hands. Armed with the viewpoint of the men, I held audience with the manufacturer. For four hours we went over the case. I gave him nine points, wiped out nine demands, and held to one, and this was a slight increase for one-dollar-a-day men. He admitted frankly that the point was well taken. "But I can starve them into submission," he said, "and the lesson is what they need." As I passed out of the big factory, he pointed to some colored strike breakers.

"See those niggers?"

"Yes."

"Well, they can use a knife as well as the Italians!"

The men were at the gates awaiting my



return. Sullenly and silently they went back, beaten.

For this act of mine, it was determined at the stove-store that I should be punished. Mr. D. was selected to carry out the order. The scheme was subtle. My salary was to be arranged in such a way that the amount would depend upon my compliance with the standard of conduct arranged for me.

"The Ecclesiastical Society," said Mr. W., "says it kin only raise \$1,600 this year and has asked me to raise the other \$400. Now I told them you did n't care where it came from—do ye?"

"Certainly not, arrange it as you please!" I said. My answer, the lawyer told them, was a virtual surrender of the contract by which they had bound themselves to pay me \$2,000 per year.

### The Minor Prophets under Fire

The work enlarged. In addition to the duties of the pastorate, I conducted meetings in theaters for men. I had also special work for the young people and children. I arranged a series of sermons on the minor prophets, and had delivered two of them, when a delegation of twelve men, two of them deacons, called on me at the parsonage. I was in bed that day, suffering from chills and fever, but I dressed and met the men—not at all knowing what their mission was.

"Brother," said one deacon, "we came to talk about your sermons. They're not acceptable."

Eleven of them were of one opinion. The twelfth said they were the greatest sermons he had ever heard.

"Now justice," one said, "hes a place, no doubt; but these men were screamin' on nothin' else!"

"We want more sermons on love," another said soothingly. "Now that sermon, 'They shall walk with me in white,' just suited me, and others said the same thing."

One suggested that no church could exist on such preaching. "They wudn't hev enough money to pay the janitor!"

After a long pause, one said, "Well, brother, let us hear you."

I had no reply. I was ill and tired, and just remarked as they filed out that none of them had spoken of God, or thought of prayer. When thus reminded, they got down on their knees and prayed for me!

The great coal strike seemed an opportune time for a lesson in cooperation. I threw myself into the movement among the working people for a cooperative coal company. We organized. The coal dealers fought back and we could purchase no coal. We chartered a shipload of coal in Glasgow, brought it triumphantly to the city, and broke the siege.

Again the church felt its dignity had been hurt, and I was "called upon." Indeed, this stroke of diplomacy was the proverbial straw that broke my ecclesiastical back!

I resigned!

The church membership, being in hearty sympathy with me, called a council to compel its own "society"—which had by a legal quibble repudiated its salary agreement with me—to live up to its own contract and do justly. The council met, quibbled for an hour over nothing and then adjourned; but finally, at the request of the president of the telephone company, it disbanded altogether.

The church is now at rest, and some of its friends say it is dead.

But of the minister? Shall I fold my tent and begin all over again? It is a grave question for a man with a family.

I was pondering over the matter seriously when a minister of one of the larger churches in the city told me that for four hours he had talked to fourteen men, officers of his church, on the coal strike, and that of that number not a single man had a word of sympathy or pity for the miners.

I had spent many years climbing up out of the underworld—where I was a mere seller of muscular power—into the world of culture, where I marketed mind; and I found, as others have found, that the place from which I came was less crass, less vulgar, less materialistic; and I returned unto my own.

"A Minister's Confession" is the first of a series of articles by various writers upon the Church and its problems and the minister's position in the community.]

### Too Good for This World

ALBERT was a solemn-eyed, spiritual-looking child. "Nurse," he said one day, leaving his blocks and laying his hand gently on her knee, "nurse, is this God's day?"

"No, dear," said his nurse, "this is not Sunday. It is Thursday."

"I'm so sorry," he said sadly, and went back to his blocks.

The next day and the next, in his serious manner he asked the same question, and the nurse tearfully said to the cook, "That child is too good for this world."

On Sunday the question was repeated, and the nurse with a sob in her voice said, "Yes, Lambie. This is God's day."

"Then where is the funny paper?" he demanded.

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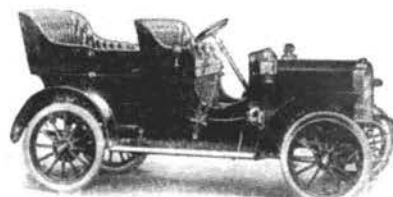
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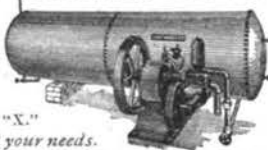
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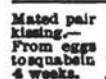
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# The Country Doctor

[Continued from page 495]

letters more, each with a gilt period after it, for which you must stop long enough to count six silently, as M (123456) D (123456).

While the little boy was pulling the gate to, he heard Uncle Doc ask secretly: "Little girls, how would it be if we drove on and left him to walk up to the house alone?" And the little girls snickered, "T-th-th-th," and said that it would be all right. And the little boy, knowing that it was a far way to walk, lamented: "No-o-o! Wait, now-uh! Wait for mee-yah!" But all the time his mind was working at the mystery or M (123456) D (123456). Those letters could not spell anything because there were—now—con—consonants, without a vowel in between. They must "stand for" something. P. M. stood for postmaster (which is easy) and also afternoon (which is hard, because you can't spell "after" with a P or "noon" with an M). But what did M. D. stand for? All the way up the drive, past the place where he and his cousin found little bits of toads and played with them, and did not get warts, either; past the tree that had sweet apples; past the big wooden swing that cried and seemed to suffer so when it was swung in; and even up to the horseblock the little boy thought and thought. And just as the hero that was learning how to shave drove off the carriage to the barn to unhitch, it came upon the boy just like a flash. It was this way: About a mile and a half down the Sidney pike there's a road that crosses. You turn up that road and go a little piece till you come to a white house that sets back a ways, with bushes in front of it and a whole lot of flowers beside the walk, bachelor's-buttons, and touch-me-nots, and pinks, and sweet-williams, and phlox, and larkspur, and all such posies. Doc. Defenbaugh lives there. Only he's a horse-doctor, while Uncle Doc was a man-doctor. Now d'ye see it? M. D. stands for man-doctor. Aw, it's too easy.

And I'll tell you something else the little boy learned. He was out in the orchard with his cousin and he saw a weed there with a cyme of orange-colored flowers.

"Does Uncle Doc make the medicine he gives sick people to make them well—does he make it out of that?"

"Naw," sneered Uncle Doc's little boy, "he don't make medicine out of roots an' herbs, an' all that kind o' trash. He buys his medicines to the drug-store in town. The doctors that makes their medicines at home—why, they're homey-paths. My Paw ain't no homey-path; he's a reg-ler physician, an' he gives folks reg-ler medicine, that you have to buy in drug-stores."

Thus an inquisitive child perpetually gathers knowledge. All the same, though, Uncle Doc did make some of his medicine at home, for the little boy saw him make it, rolling something like dough into long slim strings, which he cut off in little pieces and rolled each piece round like a marble, or rather like one of these candies that has a caraway seed inside. But if you think the pills tasted anything like caraway candies, you're mighty much mistaken. P-too! B-ugh! And I'm not going to tell how I found out, either. You'll have to guess that.

Also, the little boy got an insight into the real essential nature of the medical profession, which enabled him to formulate an intelligent answer to those who pestered him with questions as to what he was going to be—preacher, or lawyer, or doctor, or what. The little boy had leanings toward the circus profession, though he dimly saw that that was not to be; perhaps he should have to be a preacher or a lawyer, but he would not be a doctor if he could help himself. What? Miss your meals, and be wakened up at all hours of the night to go and tend on sick folks? Sometimes Uncle Doc had to go when it was twenty degrees below Xenia, which must be very cold, indeed, for Xenia is away the other side of Springfield. Be a doctor? Nixy.

It was a foolish question to ask a child, all the more foolish because the fates already had decided it in the counting of buttons:

Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief,  
Rich man, poor man—

Poor man it was to be, and poor man it has been. Now, you may talk as you will; you may pooh-pooh all kinds of fortune-telling and divination of the future; you may say there's nothing in it, but what I want to know is: How do you account for its coming true? Ah, coincidence, nothing! You make me tired. You may even say the reason why the little boy remained poor was that he drew only his own wages all his life, and had to ask somebody to let him earn them, whereas the proper way to get rich is to pay wages and pocket the difference between the value of the goods the workers make and what it costs the workers to live. But you'll never shake my conviction that it is the number of buttons on a boy's coat that predetermines his fate for him. I earnestly adjure parents and guardians to sew on just one button fewer than the number that condemns a child to be a poor man all his life.

It didn't seem to trouble Uncle Doc much, 'this missing meals and being called out of bed all hours of the night. On the contrary, he seemed to like to have his loafing spells broken into. Whatever he was working at, he'd drop it like a shot and run like a boy let out of school when somebody rode up with his horse in a lather, ter-bucket, ter-bucket, ter-bucket! and bawled out: "Fer the Lord's sakes, Doc, come quick!"

But Aunt Sarah, you remember, did n't like it for a cent. It was no way for a white man to live. It did seem to her as if folks were possessed to go and get sick just at meal-times, or when a body had just dropped off to sleep. I think she grieved the most about the meals the poor man missed. As I have hinted, she was a wonderful cook, and as sure as ever she laid herself out to fix up something nice, just that sure would somebody call out Uncle Doc. And after he had grabbed his saddle-bags and had gone tearing down the road on old John, you could see her press her lips, and pretty soon she could n't hold in any longer about what a shame it was, and how Doc would never get a cent for it. And she was generally right about that, too. If you remember, Aunt Sarah was so constituted as to worry. Perhaps it was all for the best, for nothing could ever happen to her as bad as the troubles she feared. But the habit of worrying has told on her greatly; she is only a little over seventy now, and yet she has a patch of gray hair just above her ears. Oh, it must be as wide as your two fingers, anyhow.

Uncle Doc's office hours were from 9 A. M. till 9 P. M. He might wear out John, and Tib, and Flora, but he had to keep going somehow. What did he get for it all? What any other honest man is entitled to who is of service to his fellow men—a living. What can any man get out of life but a living? What should any man attempt to get out of life but a living for himself and family? Night and day he was subject to a summons to any part of his "ride," a territory ten or fifteen miles on any radius from his home. Three times one bitter night I have known him to be called out of his bed to gallop long, long miles against an icy blast, and he responded without a thought of delay or hesitancy. When the time came when an epidemic raged in the neighborhood he worked day and night, practically without food or sleep. The infection seized upon him, and his hardy frame, weakened by exhaustion, succumbed. Within twenty hours after he said, "Mother, I don't feel just right," he was dead.

You will have people tell you that we must needs have personal profit for an incentive to our effort. Was it for money he wore out his life, your Uncle Doc and mine?

Some few there were that braved the dangers of infection (each with a little bag of asafoetida tied about his neck) and came within the saddened parlor for the funeral. But outside the yard-gate, in the free air, his people gathered in throngs and mourned for him as for no other man they could have mourned. Who else could come so near to them in the most intimate affairs of life? Who else knew them so thoroughly inside and out? None could have been more trusted, for none had to be trusted more. If you will stop and think what secrets were confided to a country practitioner, you will see what perfect faith he had to keep, or else tear the whole settlement up by the roots. There were those standing there whom he had brought back into the world, as you might say; there were those standing there, by the death-bed of whose dear ones he had stood and watched, with them, the labored breathing, gradually ceasing to be, and the thread-like pulse throbbing more feebly and intermittently until it stopped forever. He it was that spoke the only words approaching words of comfort that can be spoken at such a time: It is the common lot of man. It was he that sympathized with them as only he can sympathize who has looked often into Sorrow's eyes.

[The second part of Mr. Wood's reminiscent sketch, "The Country Doctor," will appear in the September number.]

## Making Uncle Sam's Word Good

GENERAL TOM EDGAR, the first white child born on Galveston Island (his birthday was in June, 1837), was returning to Galveston from Houston, where he had been an honored guest at the dedication of a tablet placed on the site of the first capitol of Texas, at Houston. We were seatmates in the smoking-car. He told many amusing stories of the early days. Among others, he narrated his experience as a juror in the case of a negro on trial for stealing a mule. It was in 1865, while United States soldiers were still in charge at Galveston. The negro pleaded not guilty, but the testimony was pretty clear against him. His lawyer, ignoring the testimony, based his defense upon the assertion that the negro could not possibly be guilty.

"Is it not a fact," he said, "that the Federal Government promised to every freedman two mules and sixty acres of land? No man can deny it, because it is a fact. My client has not received his promised sixty acres of land. He has not received his promised span of mules. He has, indeed, got but one mule, as these witnesses have testified, and the United States still owes him another mule and sixty acres of land. I leave it to you, gentlemen," he said, turning to the jury, "if the facts do not prove conclusively that my client is not guilty of stealing this mule and can not, under the circumstances, have been guilty."

"That argument," said General Edgar, "tickled us so that we actually returned a verdict of 'not guilty.' I don't believe the dinky ever did get the other mule and the sixty acres, but we did all we could to make Uncle Sam's word good."



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