

BRYAN AND WHAT HE STANDS FOR

# SUCCESS

## MAGAZINE



NOVEMBER  
1908

GOODE & CRISP

THE SUCCESS COMPANY NEW YORK TEN CENTS A COPY



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Go to any dealer—you will probably see a copy of this ad in his window—and get a Parker on *Ten Days' Free Trial*.

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I want you to learn from *experience* that the Parker is indeed the *one fountain pen without limitations—because of the Lucky Curve*.

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*G. S. Parker*



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¶ You never will be able to buy a fountain pen under a better arrangement, and you never will be able to buy a better pen than the Parker. Take advantage of this offer. Get a Parker pen on Free trial. Get a pen that suits *you*. You can get it either standard or self-filling, in many attractive designs, including "the cap with the colored crown" (design patent applied for) in one or more colors and in college colors—and with it a CAP FAST CLIP to protect it from loss—all on *Free Trial*. Prices range from \$1.50 up. If your dealer doesn't handle Parker pens, write, as I said before to me personally, write anyway for catalog showing wide variety of designs with prices.

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# SUCCESS MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN EDITOR & FOUNDER  
VOLUME XI NUMBER 174 PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
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## Success Magazine

A Periodical of American Life

Published Monthly by

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

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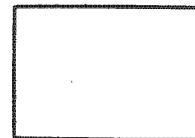
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### Expirations and Renewals

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



Subscriptions to commence with this issue should be received by November 15. Subscriptions to commence with the December issue should be received by December 15th.

### Our Advertisements

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

## NOTICE

**Announcement and complete Catalogue of the Success Magazine Clubbing Offers and the Success Book Offers will be ready for mailing on November first. Our Subscribers, both Regular and Life, will find it to their advantage to deal directly with us in placing their family magazine orders. Prompt, efficient, and satisfactory service is guaranteed, together with lowest prices authorized by publishers. For full information and Price Catalogue, send to**

**Success Magazine**

SUCCESS MAGAZINE BUILDING

New York

See also page 745 of this issue.

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# The Editor's

## Authors



Charles E. Russell



Lincoln Steffens



Walter Weyl



Jeannette Marks



William Hard



Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

IN PLANNING the Christmas number we called in Alden Peirson and asked him to undertake a consistent scheme of headings, tail-pieces, and page decorations, in order that the magazine, every page of it, should radiate the hearty good cheer of Christmas-tide. The result has been most happy.

### A BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Mr. Peirson has revived in his decorations the good old Yuletide spirit in which the present Christmas found its origin, such as the institutions of the boar's head, the plum-pudding, the Yule log, and the performance of the Christmas mummers. More, he has managed to catch in his drawings the very manner of Cruikshank and the other artists of his period, so that the December number will reproduce, from cover to cover, the merry feeling of the old-fashioned Christmas. The opening page will be given up to a Christmas poem by Edwin Markham, entitled, "The Manger Song of Mary," with special decorations.

We thought we were building a good magazine in October and November, but the Christmas number will be even better. Suppose we take this space to talk over our plans a bit with you. We never had more or better plans. During the coming year *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* is going to mean more to every man, woman, and child who reads it than it has ever meant before. There will be more and more inspiration in it, more practical help, more hearty laughs, more plain good reading.

\* \* \* \* \*

DID you ever stop to think about the country minister—the man who consecrates his life to the service of God on earth, and then finds that he is expected to live and work and raise a family on eight hundred dollars, or six

hundred dollars, or even four hundred dollars a year? If his troubles extend no farther, he might be serene enough, but a considerable part of his time has to be spent in humiliating attempts to collect even the pay he is supposed to receive. Many an "ice-cream social" or "strawberry festival" or "rummage sale" has a heartache back of it somewhere.

Perhaps the minister ought not to expect too much comfort; he has taken the vow of poverty and service. But is n't it his right to have nourishing food for his family? Does n't he owe his children something in the way of an education? Robert Haven Schauffer thinks he does; and his article, "The Country Preacher's Wherewithal," to appear in our December number, is the most sympathetic and moving pen-portrait of a familiar type that we remember having seen.

\* \* \* \* \*

WHEN the airship comes it is going to work surprising changes in our business and social structure. Albert White Vorse, who wrote "At the Threshold of Flight," in the September number, has prepared an article on this subject—a progress article—for early publication. It will be called, "What Will the Airship Mean?"

Another progress article, which will appear in one of the winter numbers, is equally stirring to the imagination. Has it occurred to the average reader, we wonder, that the population of the United States is growing, despite Mr. Roosevelt's race-suicide warning, with amazing rapidity? Fifty or seventy-five years from now we shall have a population of two or three hundred million. How are all these people going to be fed? Walter Weyl will answer this question in "New Food for New Millions."

\* \* \* \* \*

THE immigrant has been considered as an economic unit; as a factor in the problems of education, crime, health, and politics. It has been left to Leroy Scott to consider him as a human being. The first of ASSIMILATING THE IMMIGRANTS Mr. Scott's articles, "The Lure of America," to appear in December, tells the story of a typical family of Russian peasants, and of their life in the home village. The simple narrative of hardship and oppression moves with the speed and clarity

### Our Splendid Fiction List

Jimmy Pepperton of Oshkazo, by Robert Barr  
Seven great business stories.

Having Fun with Father, by Jessie Lynch Williams  
A quiet chuckle at your husband's expense.

The Twice-Told Tale of a Stolen Theater, by Lincoln Steffens  
The human side of politics.

Entertaining Aunt Melissa, by Mary Heaton Vorse  
Even elderly aunts may want a little fun.

Beyond the Spectrum, by Morgan Robertson  
A story of warfare in the future.

King Cophetua of Klondike, by Roy Norton  
The old miner finds out about women.



# Outlook

of a fiction story to its climax. To read it is to understand why the Russians come to America.

In a later article, "The Little Mother"—which, by the way, is a masterpiece of sympathetic interpretation of a difficult and generally misunderstood subject—Mr. Scott will show the forces of assimilation at work absorbing a typical Jewish immigrant family into the great life of the new land. The second article, like the first, presents significant facts with all the charm and interest of fiction. Still others will follow.

\* \* \* \* \*

WE ARE going to have a good many articles during the coming year of direct interest to the farmer and his family. Ernest Poole, who is now in Europe, plans to send back an interesting and progressive account of the latest discoveries of the

COUNTRY LIFE French in intensive farming. R. H. AND Schaeffler, who did "The Country THE FARM Preacher's Wherewithal," has written

a painstaking and sympathetic study of life on a New England farm, where they "turn the dollar over and over until it's all wore out."

Other writers are at work for us on various problems and discoveries of particular interest to dwellers in the country. One of these, whom we shall hear from before the new year is far advanced, is that shrewd observer of the practical problems of life, Will Payne. Another thoughtful writer, Harris Dickson, of Vicksburg, will have something of interest to say about changing conditions in the South.

\* \* \* \* \*

A YOUNG woman, delicately reared, devoted to her husband and her babies, and looking forward to a life of happiness with them, suddenly found herself

A WOMAN WHO GAVE HER LIFE TO OTHERS

left alone in the world, with only a bitter hurt where had been her pleasant little world. But, possessed of unusual character and buoyancy of temperament, she consecrated her life to the care of other people's

little ones. The result of the interesting experiment is given in Charlotte Perkins Gilman's helpful story-article, "A Garden of Babies." There will also be many home articles of the same stimulating sort as "The Vegetable Age," "The Woman of Fifty," and "The Betty-Bob House-keeping Company." Isabel Gordon Curtis, among others, is doing some work which promises to be particularly interesting.

FOR his size, the rat is capable of doing about as much damage as any other living creature. Just how much is his cost to civilized society it would be difficult to say, but the figures as far as they go are amazing. On the farm, in the city house, in the warehouse, on the ship, no profit-and-loss account is complete that does not include the cost of supporting this voracious animal in such comfort as may suit him.

HEALTH AND OUR WELL-BEING

Michael Williams tells the story of the world-wide war on rodents in "The Rat and His Board Bill." Another important article by Mr. Williams is, "The Poisons in Tobacco."

Walter Weyl has been going into the vital questions of the water that we drink and the air that we breathe, and how they help and harm us. His articles will appear during the winter and spring.

\* \* \* \* \*

IN ALL the elaborate making of editorial plans we have not overlooked the political side of things. During the summer and fall we have presented authoritative statements from the Republican, Democratic, and Socialist parties, concluding the series with the two Bryan articles in the present number.

We hope during the coming year to interpret in the most progressive spirit the new political ideas which are finding expression in America.

A BIG SERIES BY CHARLES E. RUSSELL Among many strong articles, approaching the subject from various

angles, there will be a powerful series from the pen of Charles Edward Russell. There is no more thoughtful and vigorous writer on good-citizenship problems in the country. The subject will be announced in a later number. The series will probably begin in January.

## Artists



Arthur Wm. Brown



B. Cory Kilvert



Alexander Popini



Alden Peirson



J. C. Leyendecker



Forres Gordon Dingwall

## Our Splendid Fiction List

The School Picnic, by Joseph C. Lincoln  
Pleasant memories of great boy-days.

The Painless Revolution, by Richard LeGallienne  
The awakening from a Socialist dream.

Amalgamated Mary Ann, by John Kendrick Bangs  
How a suburban family capitalized its cook.

The Halt from the Hedges, by William Gilmore Beymer  
The humorous trials of a young couple.

Desire and the Blind Man, by Jane D. Wood  
The elusive charm of pretty womanhood.

His Big Picture, by G. B. Lancaster  
A big, dramatic Australian story.



Mr. Rose is for the third time acting as private secretary to Hon. William J. Bryan in a presidential campaign

## A New Profession

As a profession, shorthand is in its infancy.

As a science, however, and as a useful art, it dates back into early history, when its practice was considered as great a mystery as the alleged performances of the witches. Like the science of medicine, the art passed through many years of skepticism and doubtful recognition before it was finally accepted as a substantial profession. Today, however, it has a well established place among the professions and it offers financial rewards which compare favorably with other professional remunerations. But there are still those who do not know the difference between the incompetent, poorly paid stenographer and the expert, the speed wheel in the modern machine of progress, who prepares accurate reports of debates in Congress, proceedings of great conventions, testimony taken in court, conferences of business men, public speeches, etc., even completing the records almost before the echo of the spoken words has died away; who, as private secretary, is the mainstay of the banker, the railroad magnate, the man of affairs, the statesman and the capitalist.

There are many systems of shorthand and many good systems, but there are numerous compilations, designated by the name "shorthand," which really insult the term. Authors of such systems usually claim that all or most of the standard principles which practical court reporters use are uncertain, impracticable, awkward and impossible, but they themselves are not able to demonstrate that their own inventions can be used in performing expert work. Hence they borrow the argument, which is frequently listened to, that their systems "discard old theories," are "the wonder of the century," etc., and thus they induce thousands of shorthand aspirants to undertake the practicable application of an impossible theory.

The person, however, who really succeeds in the profession of shorthand must use the same common sense in choosing his system, his school and his teacher as he would use in learning to

be a carpenter, a blacksmith, a bricklayer, a doctor, a lawyer, a dressmaker, a milliner, etc. He first satisfies himself that the highest class of work can be accomplished with the system or method that he selects to learn; then he assures himself that the school in which he enrolls is first-class, and that the instructor knows what he undertakes to teach and is himself able to demonstrate the value of his principles in practical work.

The financial returns from expert reporting are so much greater than the earnings of shorthand teachers that as a rule the practical reporter has no inducement to teach shorthand. There are reporters, however, who teach shorthand. The demand for experts is growing. The failure of so large a percentage of systems to produce experts, together with the poor results of imperfect teaching of good systems, has created a demand for a reliable institution of shorthand, and this demand has made it profitable for expert shorthand reporters to establish The Success Shorthand School in New York and in Chicago which teaches shorthand by mail as well as in personal schools.

This school is able to refer to nearly a thousand experts who are graduates of its correspondence course, and it has more than a thousand graduates of its personal schools. The school and its teachers are endorsed by men of national reputation. Those in charge of instruction are of unquestioned ability in expert reporting and, as practical reporters, are members of the National Shorthand Reporters' Association.

Send for the 160 page catalogue entitled "A Book of Inspiration," which will be sent free, and learn how YOU can obtain a knowledge of EXPERT SHORTHAND from shorthand reporters, either at home or in a personal school.

Please fill out and send coupon to the school nearer you, or inquire by postal. SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL, Suite 311, 79 Clark St., Chicago. Suite 113, 1416 Broadway, New York City.

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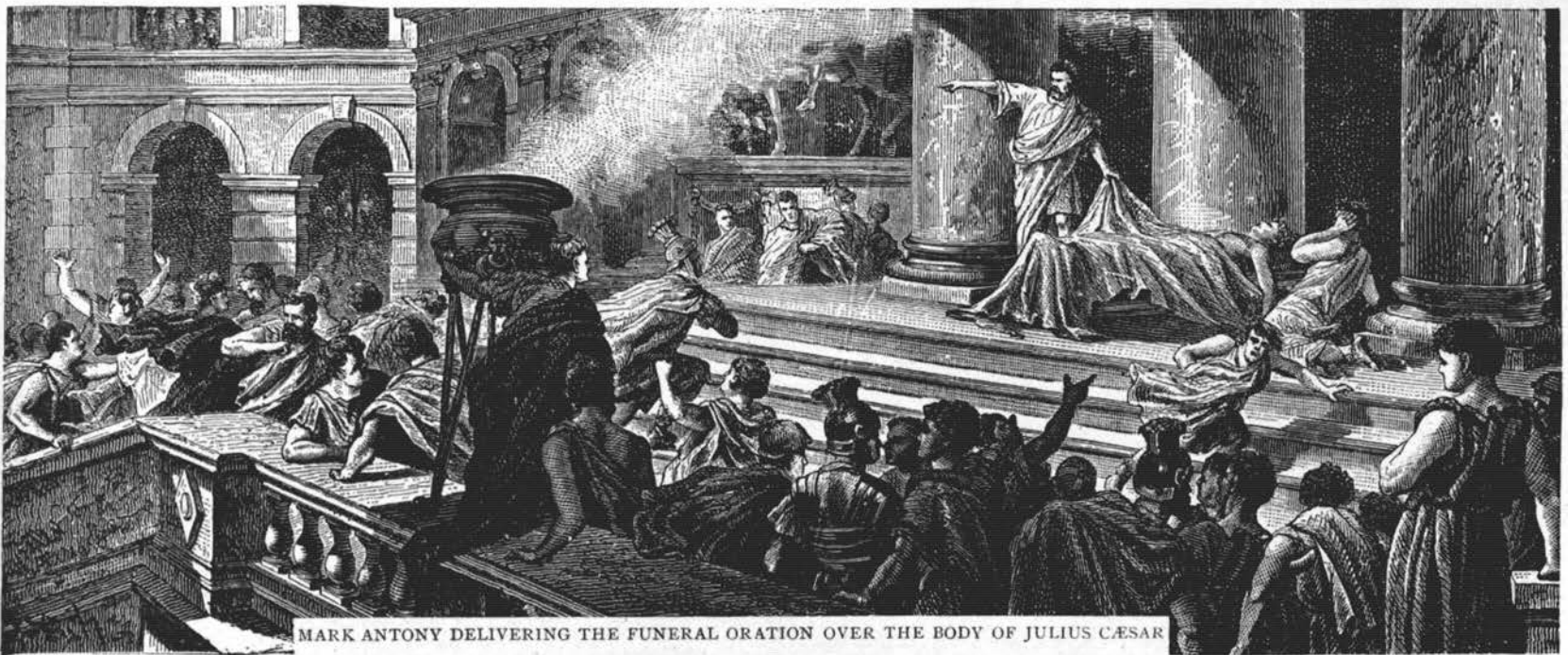
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Success 11-48





MARK ANTONY DELIVERING THE FUNERAL ORATION OVER THE BODY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

**C**ÆSAR'S name has stood through all the ages as the embodiment of imperial power. His untimely end, after reaching the pinnacle of earthly glory, is one of the great tragedies of history. The picture shown herewith, from Ridpath's History, is but ONE of TWO THOUSAND in the complete work, and serves to illustrate but ONE event out of all the THOUSANDS which make up the history of every empire, kingdom, principality, and Nation, all accurately and entertainingly told in the world famed publication.

# Ridpath's History of the World

THE PUBLISHER'S FAILURE placed in our hands the entire unsold edition of this monumental work. BRAND NEW, down to date, beautifully bound in Half-Morocco, which we must sell immediately. We are offering the remaining sets AT LESS THAN EVEN DAMAGED SETS WERE EVER SOLD

We will name our price only in direct letters to those sending the coupon below. Tear off the coupon, write name and address plainly and mail now before you forget it. Dr. Ridpath is dead, his work is done, but his family derive their income from his History, and to print our price broadcast for the sake of quickly selling these few sets would cause great injury to future sales. Send Coupon Today.

Success Magazine, in reviewing this great publication, says: "Ridpath's History of the World may be regarded as a complete library in itself. No other work of its kind has ever supplied a History so well suited to the needs of all classes and conditions of men. We mark the marvelous influence of Christianity upon the world's progress. We cheerfully commend this most popular and complete of all world histories to our readers. These nine handsomely bound volumes will make the very best nucleus for a family library, and will be a potent educator of the young and a mine of valuable information for readers of all ages."

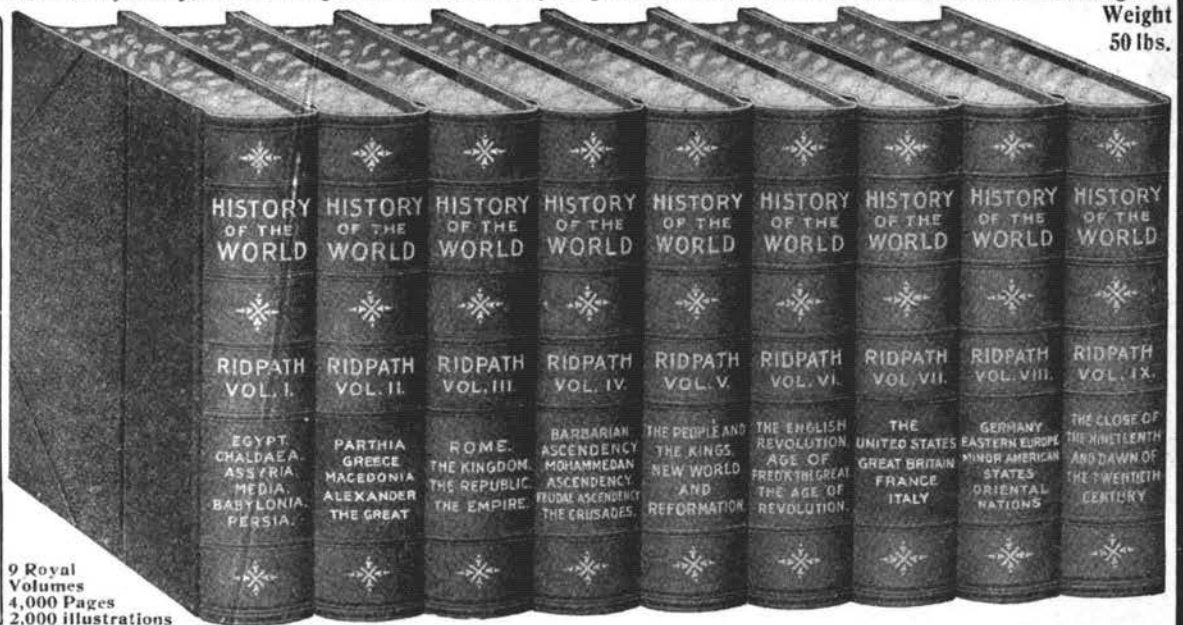
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**Bishop Vincent, Chancellor of Chautauqua, said:** "Ridpath's History is in clear and agreeable style, comprehensive in treatment, readable type and admirable illustrations. This set of books is a permanent college chair of general history in one's own house."

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## Monte Carlo

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Illustrated by ALEXANDER POPINI

THE world's great temple of chance! A huge, wide room with vast, high ceiling, and beyond this a vista of other huge rooms opening like chapels, one after another. Chapels of chance! The light falls softly through stained-glass windows high in the walls and overhead. There are mural paintings and carvings and pleasant decorative effects of dull gold and brown. The floors are of polished, hard wood, deadened under foot. And the whole place is silent except for a faint clinking sound, a slightly musical sound that never ceases from an hour before noon until an hour after midnight; never ceases through all the days of the year—the sound of gold coins and silver coins slipping and leaping and tumbling together on the green cloth of the tables.

All this in a smiling white palace, with columned porticoes and statues of gleaming bronze, that rises on a promontory kissed by the blue Mediterranean, perfumed by tropical gardens, and sheltered by rude gray mountains. Whatever else it is, Monte Carlo is one of the most delicious and languorous and beautiful spots in the world. And its wickedness has prospered amazingly. A pack of cards and a spinning marble have made fairy-land out of a rocky wilderness of pine and cactus. In the early sixties, when the Prince of Monaco, poor trumpery potentate, farmed out the present gambling concession (he gets about half a million dollars a year for it) to that Napoleon of hazard, M. Francois Blanc, there were two hotels in the principality; now there are fifty. And a plot of Monte Carlo land worth a hundred dollars then would bring twenty thousand to-day!

A pack of cards and a spinning marble! Wonderful the changes they have wrought! A desolate, inaccessible region now swarms like a metropolis. Buildings rise everywhere. Luxuries abound. Unceasing trains bring visitors by tens of thousands from the four corners of the earth. Automobiles dart under stately palms. Shopkeepers spread their wares in tempting windows. Restaurants resound with laughter. Lights blaze. Music soothes. Women move about in unbelievable gowns and hats, while an army of servants cringe and wait. Meantime the marble spins and the cards fall silently.

Heaven knows there is not much good to be said of Monte Carlo. A black cloud hangs over it, sorrow and shame darken the lives of those who have fattened on it and been lured by it, a grim responsibility rests on those who tolerate it; still one may, in a spirit of fairness, point out two things about which there is frequent misapprehension, for even this gambling devil may have his due.

In the first place the tables are run honestly; there is no manipulating of the cards, nor any crooked work with the roulette wheel; the bank has simply its slight percentage of advantage in the two games played—the zero at roulette and the "split thirty-one" at *trente-et-quarante*—and neither asks nor needs any other advantage. No one who knows questions this. Individual players have often tried to rob the Monte Carlo bank, and by various tricks and conspiracies have sometimes succeeded, but the bank has never tried to rob the players.

A second point is that the entire amount of money taken from the world every year by these formidably pictured tables is not so very enormous. The latest report shows gross winnings by the Casino of about seven and a half million dollars for the year, with a net profit for the controlling company of a little over three and a half millions. This is nothing to what Wall Street gambling takes every year from America alone! Nothing to what race-track gambling and pool-room gambling takes from a

WE are pretty well agreed now that a man has no right to coin his neighbor's welfare into dollars. There are those who would go farther, who would say that a man has no right to waste the dollars he has acquired. They would say that wealth is not a plaything for the idle but a sacred trust; that it is our privilege to demand that the rich use their wealth for the profit of society. Cleveland Moffett is the foremost exponent of the sinfulness of unbridled extravagance, and his articles on "The Shameful Misuse of Wealth," in *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* did much to awaken the public conscience. He now proposes to follow the American millionaire to Europe—that great playground where the idle rich of the New World meet the useless aristocracy of the Old in an orgy of luxurious extravagance. Mr. Moffett promises to discuss with us from time to time the great European centers of luxury; to give us an idea of the enormous sums spent by Americans in finery and jewels, in fake wines and fake art and fake furniture, in all the things for which our countryman wastes his substance—or our substance, if you please—in riotous living. First of all, he takes us to that wonderful, gilded temple of chance—Monte Carlo.



single State! And a mere trifle when we consider the number of persons who pay for it! Less than eight millions collected from over a million individuals who visit the Monte Carlo gambling rooms every year—say ten dollars apiece, allowing for a small minority of winners and non-players.

## II

LET us now stroll into the Casino, along with the after-luncheon crowd, and have a look at the famous gambling rooms. We must provide ourselves first with a daily or monthly admission card, which in theory may be withheld or withdrawn, but in practise is willingly accorded after some easy formalities, and as willingly renewed. The longer you stay in Monte Carlo and the oftener you visit the Casino, provided your money lasts, the better the administration is pleased.

There!—the temple doors swing open! A nod from one of the keen-eyed attendants and we pass within where the tables are.

The tables! Ten of them lie before us in this great main roulette space and as many more in the rooms beyond. About each table perhaps eighty persons are gathered in three or four compact rows around some twenty who have seats. Each table is marked by such a group, a circle of backs, a circle of women's hats and men's bare heads, a silent, tense circle with all eyes looking inward and downward. It might be some devout company at their meditations or devotions!

Going nearer we hear the low voices of *croupier* and money-changer, the swift roll of the marble on its whirling wheel, and the endless clink, clink, of gold and silver; but we hear no talk from the players, no laughter. Their faces are neither happy nor unhappy, simply cold and emotionless, mutually distrustful, and you realize at once that very serious business is going on here.

There are men and women of all nations and conditions and ages (no children), and there are certainly more women than men. All the women carry gold bags or silver bags or leather bags. Prim school-teachers jostle perfumed adventuresses. Old men are as eager and as foolish in their play as the young. Sick men press forward with the well, and I saw one player on crutches and one who had but a single leg. They tell me invalids are sometimes brought in on rolling chairs. And, with very few exceptions, all who come here gamble!

Here is a serious New York business man absorbed in playing the middle dozen. He risks eight or ten *louis* at a *coup* (forty or fifty dollars) and is evidently winning, for now and then he darts away and, with the eagerness of a boy, pours a handful of gold into the lap of his wife who is waiting placidly on one of the comfortable leather seats along the wall. Then he hurries back to his middle dozen.

Near him stands a big woman in a black velvet dress and a black feathered hat. She has a hard, down-curving mouth and watches the cloth through an eye-glass with a long tortoise-shell handle. She holds a bundle of hundred-franc notes, neatly folded, in a small white hand bared of its wrist-tucked glove, and at each *coup* plays one or two of these on the colors. She loses steadily, yet the eye-glass remains impassive.

Yonder is a girl with big black eyes under a canopy of yellow plumes. She is seated at the table behind a gold bag, a gold purse, a gold box for her looking-glass and powder-puff, a gold cigarette-case, and

a heap of gold coins. These last she proceeds to scatter with a bejeweled hand whose wrist is held by a golden serpent. She will have four *louis*, please, on the first four, two *louis* on 11-13, two on 29-25, two on 4-8, four on 35, and so on, until the board is checkered with her treasure. She is risking money at the rate of a hundred dollars a minute.

"*Rien ne va plus*," calls the *croupier*, his marble poised.

"Wait!" she commands, and, with a charming Italian lisp, decides that she will have four more *louis* on 7-9.

As fast as her pile of gold is depleted she replenishes it from the pockets of an adoring youth in a violet waistcoat

"Let us stroll into the Casino."

who stands behind her. He is amazingly patient and never opposes her prodigal play until his stock of money is down to the last thousand-franc note. Then the worm turns, the violet waistcoat protests, and the dark-eyed maiden is dragged away by main force. Off they go, arguing softly, the girl insisting that it is all his fault, anyway.

## III

JUST a word here about systems of gambling followed by various players: their name is legion, some plausible, some ridiculous, some based on elaborate calculation, some giving wonderful results on paper, and all failing woefully at the tables.

"After fifteen years of experience at Monte Carlo," writes a newspaper correspondent, "costing a sum I should be ashamed to name; after a thorough investigation of more than four hundred different systems and progressions; after having employed a mathematician, I can say with certainty that it is absolutely impossible for any system to win at Monte Carlo. Sir Hiram Maxim is wrong when he says the chances are ten to one against the player. I say they are a hundred to one against the player."

This is rather an overstatement, for a few players do win, by luck not by system, or by a system based on luck, as when a man backs the





"From all parts of the principality"

number of his hotel room, or a woman backs her age. Perhaps two or three per cent. of the players win occasionally, and the rest lose; not only because of the bank's percentage and the restraining maximum, but because this is a struggle between a man and a machine—a man with nerves and emotions, a machine with no nerves and no emotions. Let the system be ever so perfect, the gambler with strength of will to follow it has not yet been born. If he had such strength of will, he would not be a gambler!

Before loss or gain, however, most of the players remain cold and impassive; although there are exceptions where the mask is torn off and one gets glimpses of the madness within. I spent an hour one morning watching a woman who was so reckless, after weeks of heavy loss, that her one idea was evidently to throw away some odd thousands of francs that still remained to her just as quickly and crazily as possible.

I judged from her speech that she was a Russian. She wore a trim, tailor-made gown, a becoming red hat, and over her shoulders a wide sable stole. In private life she was doubtless a lady, but on this occasion she was a frantic, tortured creature ready for any desperate purpose. What she did was to play these last stakes of hers *on four tables at once*, bustling from one to the other, stopping at each barely long enough to throw out a fresh handful of gold or learn the fate of a previous handful. While she watched one wheel at one table, three other wheels at three other tables were swiftly spinning the fate of her fortune, and hither and thither she must flutter among the groups to see if there were still any hope. I am sure there was none—her face showed it and her thinning gold bag. Indeed, in all the time I watched her evolutions from table to table I did not once see her win, and I do not think she expected to win. The black cloud of despair was settling fast about this wretched woman.

This recalls the experience of a lady's maid at Monte Carlo, an incident that I was able to verify at first hand. This maid was devotedly attached to a lady who was passionately fond of gambling and who had tried vainly to conquer the habit. She had lost everything, pawned everything, and finally, after a pathetic appeal to her family, had received a sum of money sufficient to pay her hotel bill and take her back to Paris. Realizing her weakness of will, the lady resolved to stay in her room until the last moment, and, the night before, gave her maid positive orders to take away her clothes and under no circumstances to return them until it was actually time to dress for the train.

Temptation pursued her, however, and in the morning there was a violent scene between mistress and maid. The latter tried bravely to obey her orders; the former pleaded and stormed and threatened. The maid held firm and would not produce the clothes. The mistress wept, cursed, screamed, and finally prevailed. After all, she was a free agent, and it ended in the maid helping her to dress and seeing her start for the

Casino. Then the maid, from whom I have the story, went out for a walk and for several hours wandered sadly through the gardens of Monte Carlo and gazed out over the blue Mediterranean. At length she returned to the hotel and found her mistress stretched on the bed, cold and still. The lady had made her last play at the tables and had lost; then she had returned to the hotel and shot herself.

#### IV

IF WE walk on through these spacious rooms where roulette rules supreme and where the great mass of visitors linger, we shall come to more solemn, more silent rooms where experienced gamblers fight their battles with fortune. Here are the tables of *trente-et-quarante*, the game of heavy play, for your veteran gamester or spectacular plunger looks with contempt at the spinning wheel and the rattling marble. Give him this other struggle whose issues are decided in the hush of falling cards and the mystery of added numbers. Besides, the maximum is higher at *trente-et-quarante* than at roulette, twelve thousand francs instead of six thousand, and the tables are less crowded, for roulette has favor with the general public, perhaps because its minimum is smaller, that is, at *trente-et-quarante* you may not bet less than twenty francs, while at roulette you may bet five francs.

Let it not be imagined that there is anything complicated or difficult about *trente-et-quarante*. On the contrary, it is a game of childish



"Off they go, arguing"

simplicity, pure gambling, like roulette, with no chance whatever for skill. Two rows of cards are dealt, one for black, one for red; then the points are added together and the row whose total is the nearest over thirty wins. You may bet on either row or on either color, and whenever both rows total thirty-one the bank gets half of all the bets. This, like the roulette zero, is the bank's advantage.

The players, of course, have plausible theories of probabilities, and gravely mark the issue of each *coup* by sticking long pins into specially ruled cards. Then, by studying this pinhole record, they draw conclusions as to what is likely to happen and make their bets accordingly.

As we approach, all eyes are fixed on the pinholes, all thoughts on their interpretation. If you are playing, this seems a reasonable proceeding; if you are not playing, you may

reflect that it is a singular idea to pay a hundred dollars an hour (or a thousand or ten thousand) for the privilege of pushing anxious holes in little cards with long pins! Which is the average result!

It is worthy of note that while individual gamblers at *trente-et-quarante* follow varying progressions, martingales, etc., the great majority follow the same system, one based on the theory that a thing that has happened once will probably happen again. Thus, if red wins, most of the players immediately back red to win again and continue to back red until it loses. Then when black wins they all swing over and back black to win a second time and continue to back black until it loses. And so on. In other words, they play for a series of the red or a series of the black, and when such a series comes they make heavy winnings.

Now it is a fact that these sought-for runs of red or black are by no means infrequent; we have only to watch a game of *trente-et-quarante* for half an hour to see one or the other color win four or five times in succession, and during an evening's play there may easily be half-a-dozen runs of six or eight more. Obviously then, with several plungers playing the maximum and a whole company backing one of these runs, the result may be serious for the bank, say a loss of three or four thousand francs at a single table in a single day, as has happened.

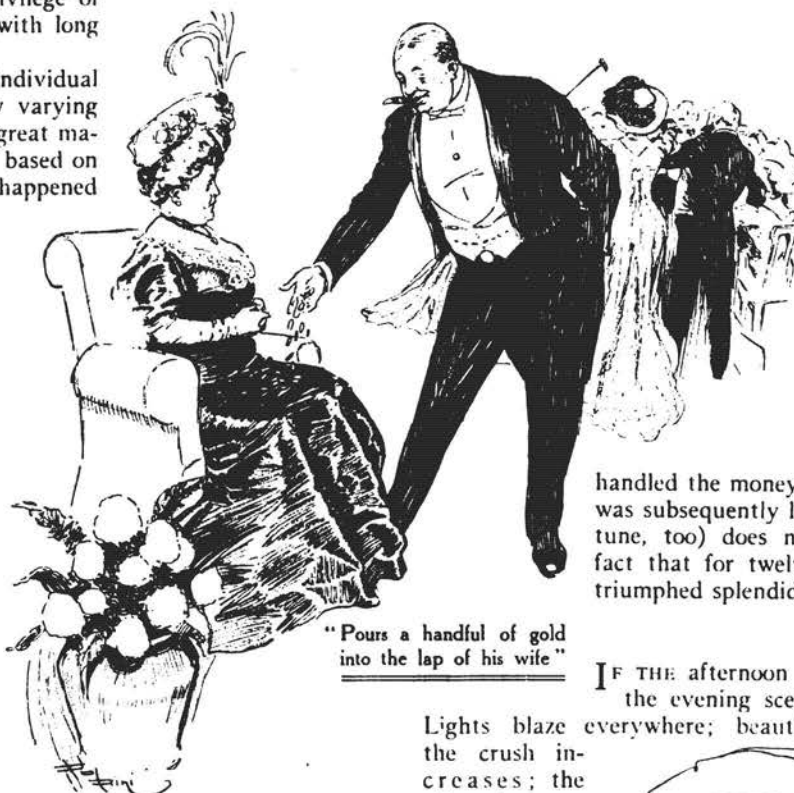
It is certain, of course, that the pendulum of chance will ultimately swing back and put the table ahead, for in the long run the bank has its ruthless percentage of advantage, and gamblers who gamble long enough always lose. There are surprising exceptions, however, to this rule, and days and weeks pass when the whole Monte Carlo establishment loses steadily, even heavily.



"A round-shouldered old party"

(no paltry five-franc pieces here!) and where we may watch the maximum players, the ones who calmly risk twelve thousand francs every time the cards fall.

Here is a battered, round-shouldered old party, with a rough, whitish beard, stained yellow under the mouth, and a roll of red fat over the neck of his coat. He looks as if he could be bought out, clothes and all, for about twelve dollars; but he fishes from an inner pocket a thick bundle of thousand-franc notes and throws down two of them. He loses. Then he throws down four—and loses. Then he waddles over to another table and throws down four more—then six—then eight. And he loses them all. Within fifteen minutes he lost twenty-four thousand francs!



"Pours a handful of gold into the lap of his wife"

On the outside of the circle stands a bald-headed German in a gray business suit. He is following a system of play that seems as ridiculous and hopeless a one as could be devised; yet, somehow, it succeeds. To begin with, he never sits down at a table, and he never stays very long at the same table, but wanders from one to the other, which is, perhaps, a good idea, since by doing this he avoids the stupor of heat and bad air that oppresses a player seated at a table within one of the crowded groups.

Furthermore, he keeps no record of the *coups*; he pays no attention to probabilities; and he never insures his bets against the "split thirty-one." He simply walks up to a table, throws down a bundle of twelve thousand-franc notes on the red, and waits for the result. If he loses, he walks calmly away to another table and does the same thing again, always playing red. If he wins, he continues to play twelve thousand francs on red until red loses. That is all the system he has, and he follows it patiently hour after hour, day after day.

I may add that whenever I watched this man (a fascinating thing to do) he won steadily. I do not think I exaggerate in saying that he won two bets out of three. He was certainly winning money at the rate of twenty or thirty thousand dollars a day.

It may be objected that, although this man won on particular occasions, it is likely that he ultimately lost his winnings and much more with them. I can not say as to that, but I happen to know the details of a similar and most extraordinary case that was the talk of Monte Carlo about two years ago. A Polish merchant began to play heavily at *trente-et-quarante*, and, oddly enough, he followed the very system or lack of system that this bald-headed German followed, except that he always bet his maximums on the black. And for a full year his luck held steadily, so that at the end of the year he had won over two million francs. I was able to verify this through the manager of the Monte Carlo branch of a large Paris banking-house that actually saw and handled the money won. The fact that this great sum was subsequently lost by the merchant (and his own fortune, too) does not alter the much more remarkable fact that for twelve months a perfectly absurd system triumphed splendidly over the tables.

## VI

IF THE afternoon scene at the Casino is interesting, the evening scene is one of bewildering brilliancy. Lights blaze everywhere; beautiful women move about languidly;

Lights blaze everywhere; the crush increases; the play becomes more reckless; the show of folly and fashion is at its height.

One glance at these lavishly gowned ladies—the flashing jewels on proud, white shoulders and the priceless lace skirts



"From Italy, Germany, Russia, and France such gamblers came"

trailing the floors—makes one realize that a city of gamblers is a city of extravagance. Why should men be careful of money that came without effort yesterday and may vanish to-morrow, as it came? Here is a pile of bank-notes, a heap of gold, that an hour ago was not ours, but somehow, suddenly, is now ours. Let us hasten to spend it on gowns, on trinkets, on anything, before it slips away. That is our thought when winning, and when losing we are reckless in the shops with what seems fated to go anyway.

So money loses its value and prices rise to fantastic heights and Monte Carlo becomes the greatest region of costliness and foolish extravagance in the world. Where else would one pay ninety francs for some strawberry tarts with one's afternoon tea? To be sure the tarts were delicious and the ladies enjoyed them, but—ninety francs!

The smartest dressmakers, milliners, and jewelers from Paris and London have places in Monte Carlo and reap a harvest in the fashionable season. I loved to quiz the jewelers about their preposterous offerings. Here was a brooch, a single pearl between two diamonds, for one hundred and fifty thousand francs. And here a necklace of emeralds set in diamonds, "Any lady would delight to have it, sir," for one hundred and sixty thousand francs. And



"He is following a system"





# A TALE OF THE VANISHING PEOPLE

by Rex Beach

Illustrated by George Gibbs



FROM the valley below came the throb of war drums, the faint rattle of shots, and the distant cries of painted horsemen charging. From my hard-won vantage on the ridge I had an unobstructed view of the encampment, a great circle of teepees and tents three miles in circumference, cradled in a sag of the timberless hills. The sounds came softly through the still Dakota air, and my eye took in every sharp-drawn detail of the scene—the grazing ponies along the creek bottom, the dogs and children playing beneath the blue smoke of camp-fires, the dense crowd ringed about the medicine pole in the center, where a war-dance was in progress.

Five thousand Sioux were here in all their martial splendor, painted and decked and trapped for war, living again their days of plenty, telling anew their tales of might, and repeating in mimicry their greatest battles. Five days the feasting had continued. Five mornings had I been awakened at dawn to see a thousand ochered, feathered horsemen pour out of the gullies upon the camp, their horses rearing and plunging, their rifles snapping and spitting, while the valley rocked to their battle cries and to the answering clamor of the army which met them. Five sultry days had I spent wandering unnoticed, ungreeted, and disdained, an alien in a hostile camp, tolerated but unwelcome. Five evenings had I witnessed the tents begin to glow and the camp-fires kindle till the valley became hooped about as if by a million giant fireflies. And five nights had I strayed, like a lost soul, through an unreal wilderness, hearkening to the drone of stories told in an unfamiliar tongue, to the minor-keyed dirges of an unknown race, to the thumping of countless moccasined feet in the measures of queer dances. The odors of a savage people had begun to pall on me, the sound of a strange language had begun to annoy me, and I longed for another white man or a word in my own tongue.

It was the annual "Give-away" celebration, when all the tribe assembles to make presents, to race, tell stories, and renew the legends of their prowess. They had come from all quarters of the reservation, bringing their trunks, their children, and their dogs. Of the last named, more had come, by far, than would go back, for this was a week of feasting, and every day the air was heavy with the smell of singeing dogs'-hair, while the curs that had been spared gnawed at an ever-increasing pile of bones and lamented the loss of their companions.

I had seen old hags strangle nice, friendly doggies by pulling on opposite ends of a rope with a slip noose in the middle, or choke them by laying a tent-pole on their throats and standing on each end until the animals ceased struggling; had seen others knock them down with axes or billets of wood, drag them, kicking, to the fires, and then knock them down again when they revived and crawled out of the flames. All in all I had acquired much information regarding the intimate side of the noble red man and his gentler half, but I pined for some one who would talk to me.

It was drawing on toward sunset, so I slipped into my camera trap and descended the slope. I paused, however, while still some distance away from my tent, for there, next to it, was another one which had been erected during my absence. It was a little, no-walled, shelter affair, with a rug in front of it, upon which stood a steamer chair—one of the striped, folding variety which bespeaks a white man.

"Hello, in there!" I shouted, and ran forward, straddling papooses and shouldering squaws out of my way.

"Yes!" came an answer, and out through the flap was thrust the head of my friend, the Government doctor.

"Gee, I'm glad to see you!" I said, as I shook his hand. "I'm as lonesome as a deaf-mute at a song recital."

"I figured you'd be," said the doctor, "so I came out to see the

finish of the feast and to visit with you. I brought some bread from the agency."

"Hoorah!" I exclaimed; "white bread and white conversation! I'm hungry for both."

"What's the matter? Won't the Indians talk to you?"

"I guess they would if they could, but they can't. Out of these five thousand Sioux I have n't found one who can understand a word I say, and I've tried some four thousand, nine hundred and eighty of them."

The old gentleman laughed.

"Your Government schools have gone back in the betting with me, Doc. You must keep your graduates under lock and key."

"They can all speak English if they want to—that is, the younger ones can. Some few of the old people are too proud to try, but the others can talk as well as we can, until they forget."

"Do you mean to say these aborigines have been fooling me? I don't believe it," said I. "There is one that can't talk English, and I'll make a bet on it." I indicated a passing brave with an eagle feather head-dress reaching far down his naked legs. He was a magnificent animal, young, lithe, and as tall and straight as a sapling, and was decked from head to feet in his gorgeous panoply. "I've tried him twice, and he simply doesn't understand."

My friend called to the warrior—

"Hey, Tom! Come here a minute." The Indian came and the doctor continued:

"When do you hold the horse-races, Thomas?"

"To-morrow. Four o'clock, unless it rains," said the fellow.

"Are you going to ride?"

"No; my race-horse is sick."

As the ochre-daubed figure vanished into the dusk the old man turned to me, saying—

"Yale."

"What?"

"Yale. B. A. He's a graduate."

"Impossible!" I declared. "Why, I could hardly understand him. He talks like a foreigner, or as if he were just learning the language."

"Exactly. That halting unfamiliarity with English marks the death and decay of his learning. In three years more he'll be an Indian again, through and through. Oh, the reservation is full of fellows like that." The doctor continued with a sigh: "It's a melancholy acknowledgment to make, but our work seems to count for nearly nothing. It's their blood."

"Perhaps that's true of the higher education, but how about the agency schools, where you teach them to farm and sew and cook, as well as to read and write; surely they don't forget that?"

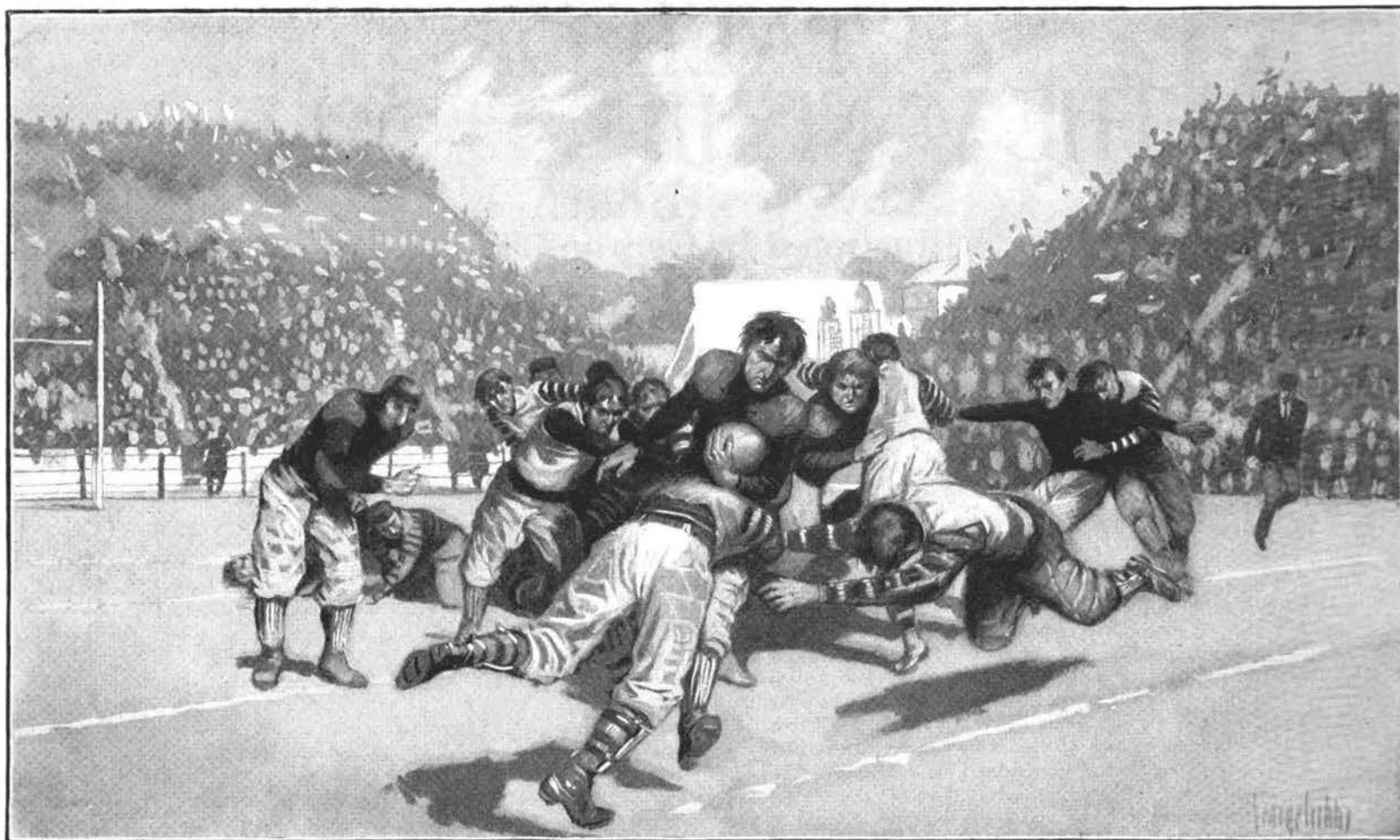
"I've heard a graduating class read theses from a platform, sing cantatas in chorus, and deliver orations; then have seen those same young fellows, three months later, squatting in teepees, grunting in their native tongue, and eating with their fingers. It's a common thing for our 'sweet girl graduates' to lay off their white commencement day dresses, their high-heeled shoes and pretty hats, for the shawl and the moccasin. We teach them to make sponge-cake and to eat with a fork, but they prefer dog-soup and a horn spoon. Of course there are exceptions, but most of them hark back, and it seems a hopeless task to lift them up."

"I guess our Eastern ideas of Mr. Lo are somewhat out of alignment with the facts," I acknowledged. "He's sort of a hero with us. I remember several successful plays with romantic Indians in the lead."

"I know!" my friend laughed shortly; "I saw some of them. If you like, however, I'll tell you how it really happens. I know a story."



"Old Henry sat like a lump of granite"



"His assailant launched himself with savage violence"

Accordingly, when we had finished supper the doctor sat in his folding-chair, his face lighted intermittently by the coal in his pipe, while I listened, spellbound by the strangeness of his tale. The night was heavy with unusual odors and burdened by weird music. The whisper of a lively multitude came to us, punctuated at times by shouts or shots or laughter, yet dimmed and softened by the distance and the darkness. On either hand the camp-fires stretched away like twinkling stars, converging steadily till the horns joined each other away out yonder. It was a suitable setting for an epic tale of the Sioux.

"I've grown gray in this service," began the doctor, "and the longer I live the more time I waste in trying to trace the difference between the Indian race and ours. There's some subtle chemical difference in the blood, for one is lively and progressive, the other sluggish and atavistic. The white race is ever developing, advancing, expanding; the red race is marking time and vanishing. The negro enlarges to a certain limit, then stops, some people claiming, I believe, that his skull is sutured in such a manner as to check his brain development when his bones harden and set—of course there are exceptions. From a purely physiological reason, however, it would seem that there will never be a serious conflict between the blacks and whites, the one being created a nation of slaves and servants to the other. But the red man differs from both. Physically he is as perfect as either, and Nature has endowed him with as keen an intellect, together with an open articulation of the skull which permits the growth of his brain; but somewhere she has cunningly concealed a flaw, which I have labored thirty years to find.

"I have a theory, you know all old men have theories, that it is a physical thing, as tangible as that osseous constriction of the cranium which holds the negro in subjection, and that if I could lay my finger on it I could raise the Indian to his ancient mastery and a place among the nations; I could change him from a vanishing people into a race of rulers, lawgivers and creators. At least that is my dream.

"Some years ago, I felt I was well on my way to success, for I found a youth who offered every promise of great manhood. I studied him until I knew his every trait and his every strength—he did not seem to have any weakness. I raised him under my own supervision into a tall, straight fellow, as handsome as figured bronze, and with a mind far in advance of his people and his years. He had the best blood of the nation in him, being the son of a war chief, and they called him Thomas Running Elk. He was educated at the agency school under my own direction, and on every occasion I studied him, spending

hours in shaping his mental processes and bending him away from the manners and habits of his tribe. He answered like a growing vine, becoming the wonder of the reservation, a reserved yet eager youth, with an intelligence and wit beyond that of most white boys of his age. I devoted the same care to his body as to his mind, and it grew into a marvelous thing of strength, endurance, and beauty. Search him as rigorously as I might, I could find no flaw, and I believed I was about to prove my theory. Perhaps I became unduly proud.

"Running Elk romped through our school unable to assimilate his knowledge fast enough, and when he had finished I sent him east to college, and, in order that he might be more effectively weaned away from the past, instead of sending him to an Indian school I arranged for him to enter Yale, where no possible weight of the past could hinder him, where a constant association with the flower of our dominant race would, by its own force, raise him to a higher level. And it did. He went through his college course like a stag at the head of a great herd, a silent, dignified, shadowy figure, unapproachable and mysterious to his fellow students. In all things he excelled, but he was best perhaps in athletics, the credit for which I also took, feeling a godlike satisfaction in my work.

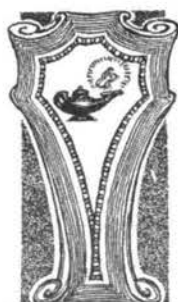
"News came to me of his victories on track and field and gridiron, for his professors kept me posted, being likewise interested in my experiment, but as for him, he never wrote, it was not his nature, nor did he communicate with his people. At intervals his father came to inquire of him, for I did not allow Running Elk to return, even during vacations. At my stories of his son's victories the father made no comment, but listened quietly, then folded his blanket about him and slipped away. The old fellow was a good deal of a philosopher, and showed neither resentment nor pleasure at my interference in the young man's life; but once or twice I caught him smiling oddly at my enthusiasm as if I were as great a fool as all other white men. I know now what was in his mind.

"It was in my protégé's senior year that the great thing entered his life, the thing I had craftily built upon from the start, and had well-nigh despaired of. The girl entered. But this girl did not enter as I had counted on, and when an inkling of the truth reached me, I was somewhat shaken. She was a girl I had dandled on my knee as a child, the only daughter of an old friend, but instead of Running Elk being drawn to the woman, as I had planned, the woman went to him.

"You see, the gods had taken a hand, and by one hair's-breadth shift had altered the aspect of my whole structure. They are

Nothing is easier than fault-finding; no talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business.

Robert West.





a jealous lot, but I did not understand at that time how great was the amusement which I offered them.

"You've heard of Old Henry Harman? Yes, the railroad king. It was his daughter Alicia.

"In order to understand the story you'll have to know something about Old Henry, and believe in heredity as I do. He is a self-made man. He came into the Middle West as a poor boy and by force of his indomitable pluck, ability, and doggedness, became a captain of industry. We were born on neighboring farms and while I, after a lifetime of work, have won nothing beyond an underpaid Government job, he had that indefinable, unacquirable faculty for making money, and became a commanding figure in the world. He is dominant, self-centered, and one-purposed; a rough-hewn block of a man whom unbounded wealth, power, and contact with the world has never smoothed nor rounded. He is the same now as when he was a section boss on his own railroad, and his daughter Alicia is another Henry Harman feminized. Her mother was a pampered child of Fifth Avenue, born to money, and a slave to her own whims. No desire of hers, however bizarre, had perished ungratified, and until her death Old Henry continued to abet her, partly out of a spirit of wonder and amusement, and partly because this was the only extravagance he had ever yielded to in all his life. Having sowed the wind he reaped the whirlwind in Alicia. She grew up more effectively spoiled than her mother, combining the traits of both parents.

"Well, when I got a panicky letter from one of Running Elk's professors, coupling her name vaguely with that of my Indian, I wavered in my determination to see this experiment out, but the mind of the analyst is unsentimental, and one who sets out to untangle the skein of the gods must pay the price, so I waited.

"That fall I was called to Washington on Department business, we were fighting for a new appropriation, and while there I went one night to the theater. I had been extremely harassed, and my mind was filled with the matter in hand, so I went out alone to seek an evening's relief, not caring whither my feet took me.

"The play was one of those you spoke of, telling the story of a young Indian college man in love with a white girl. Whether or not it was well written, I don't know, but it seemed as if the finger of Destiny had pointed me to it, for the hero's plight was so similar to the situation of Running Elk as to seem almost uncanny, and I wondered if it might not afford me some solution of his difficulty.

"You will remember that the Indian in the play is a great football hero, and a sort of demigod to his fellows. He begins to consider himself one of them, and an equal of theirs, and falls in love with the sister of his chum, but when this fact transpires his friends turn upon him and show him the barrier of blood. At the finish a messenger comes bearing word that his father is dead and that he has been made chief in the old man's place. He is told that his people need him, and although the girl offers to go with him and make her life his, he renounces her for his duty to the tribe.

"Well, it was all right up to that point, but the end did n't help me in shaping the future of Running Elk, for his father was hale, hearty, and contented, and promised to continue so as long as we gave him his allowance of beef on Issue Day; and the destinies of the Indian people are looked out for a blamed sight better by the agents than they could be by a newly graduated college boy, even if the Government allowed him to take a hand.

"As if Fate had really taken a hand in the affair, I found a long-distance call from Old Henry Harman when I returned to my hotel. He had wired me here at the agency, and finding I was in Washington had called me from New York. He did n't tell me much over the phone except that he must see me at once, and, as my work was finished, I took the train in the morning, going straight to his office.

"For the first time in his life, the old fellow was rattled: he showed it in his opening words. You know there is a certain kind of worry which comes from handling affairs of importance and which men like

Henry Harman thrive upon, but there's another kind which searches out the joints in their coats of mail and makes them women in their weakness.

"Doc, I'm in an awful hole," he declared, "and you're the only man who can pull me out. It's about Alicia and that savage of yours."

"I know something about it," said I, "and I feel rather to blame, for it was I who sent him to college."

"It's worse than I thought," sighed the railroad king, "if you've heard about it clear out there." He sank heavily into his chair, then suddenly commenced to pound his mahogany desk with his fist, declaring through his grim set teeth:

"I won't be defied by my own flesh and blood. I won't! I won't! I'm the master of my own family. Why, the thing's so absurd it's almost unbelievable, and yet it's terrible, terrible! Heavens! What would her mother say if she were alive?"

"Have you talked with Alicia?"

"Not with her, to her. She's like a mule. Yes, sir! Just like a mule. I never saw such a will in a woman. I—I've fought her until I'm as weak as a cat. I don't know where she got her temper!" He collapsed feebly and I had to smile, for there's only one thing strong and stubborn enough to overcome a Harman's resistance, and that is a Harman's desire.

"Then it is n't a girlish whim," I ventured.

"Whim! Look at me!" He held out his trembling hands. "She's licked her dad."

"What does she say?" My interest in the affair was increasing.

"Nothing—except to agree that I'm right, in the abstract, and then to inform me that the abstract problems go to pieces once in a while. She says this—this—Galloping Moose, this yelping ghost-dancer of yours is the only real man she ever met."

"What does he have to say?"

"Humph!" grunted Harman. "All he does is to listen."

"The girl is spoiled," said I. "She's never been denied any single thing in all her life, and she has your tenacity and courage. It's a difficult situation."

"Difficult! It's scandalous—hideous!"

"How old is Alicia?"

"Nineteen. Oh, I've hurled that at her, too; but she says she'll wait. You know she has her own money, from her mother."

"Does Running Elk come to your house?"

"At this my old friend roared so fiercely that I hastened to say, 'I'll see him at once. I have more influence than anybody else with him.'"

"I hope you can show him how impossible, how criminal it is to ruin my girl's life. Yes, and mine, too. Suppose the yellow papers got hold of this thing!" Harman shuddered. "Doc, I love that girl so well I'd kill her with my own hands rather than face her disgrace and see her ridiculed."

"Tut, tut!" said I; "That's pride—just plain, selfish pride."

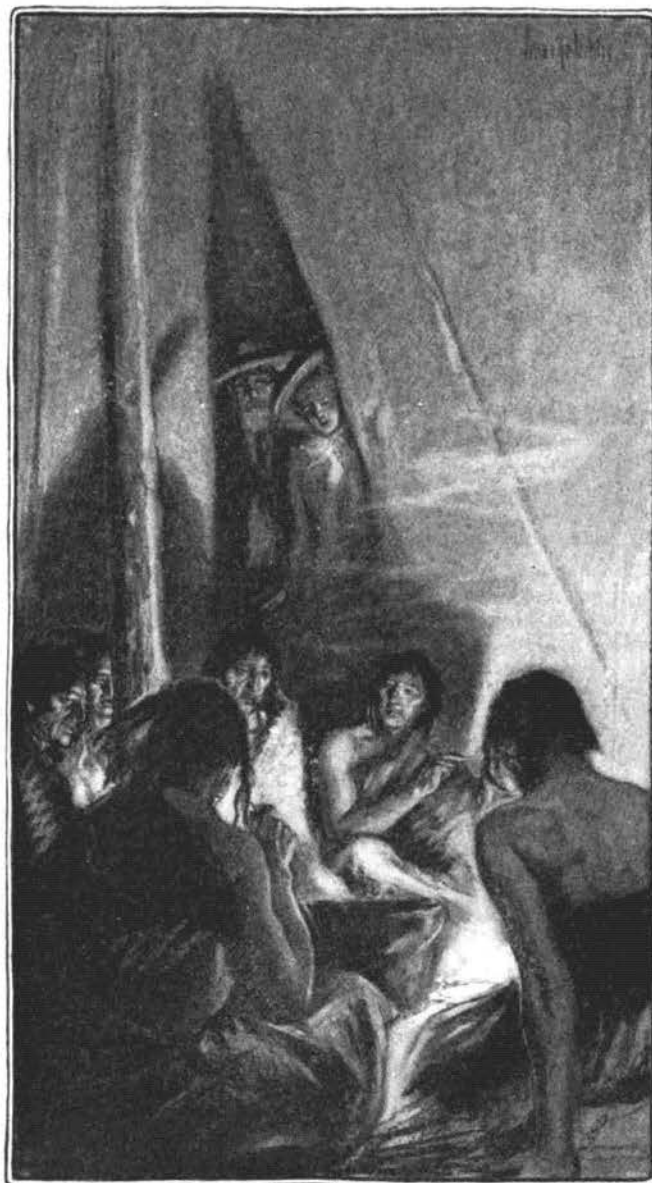
"I don't care what it is, I'd do it. I earned my way in the world, but she's got blue blood in her and was born into her position. Why, she's one of the 'Four Hundred'; she goes everywhere, and when she 'comes out,' as they say down here, she'll be able to marry into the best circles in America. She could marry a duke, if one happened to come along, and I'd buy her one, too, if she wanted him; but I won't stand for this dirty, low-browed Injun."

"He's not dirty," I declared, "and he's not as low-browed as some degenerate foreigner you'd be glad to pick out for her."

"Well, he's an Injun," retorted Harman, "an' it'll come out on him. We've both seen 'em tried; they all drop back where they started from, you know that as well as I do."

"I don't know it," said I, thinking of my experiment which had gone so badly askew, "but we've got to put a stop to this affair in one way or another. I'll see the young man right away."

"To-morrow is Thanksgiving," said Henry; "wait over and go up with us and see the Yale-Princeton football game."



"We beheld a circle of half-naked braves"

# THE WASTED

BY JOHN L. MATHEWS

*THE Mississippi River, to-day a symbol of wasted opportunity, could be made our greatest public servant. The vast sums of money which would be needed to preserve the forests, drain the swamps, regulate the flow at the sources, and control the channel from sources to sea, could be repaid to the nation out of the profits of work which the great river would do for us. But private capital is already at work grabbing power; railroads and politicians are obstructing a comprehensive and efficient plan. Mr. Mathews shows in this article what has been done, what should be done, and how the public rights should be safeguarded.*



The beginning of the Mississippi. The little river with the big name which emerges from Lake Itasca to begin the long journey to the sea



A river beacon

ONE day in November, eight years ago, my wife and I were drifting in our houseboat, with a three-mile current, along the placid Mississippi about one hundred miles below Cairo. For a week or more we had been storm-bound at a landing a long way from

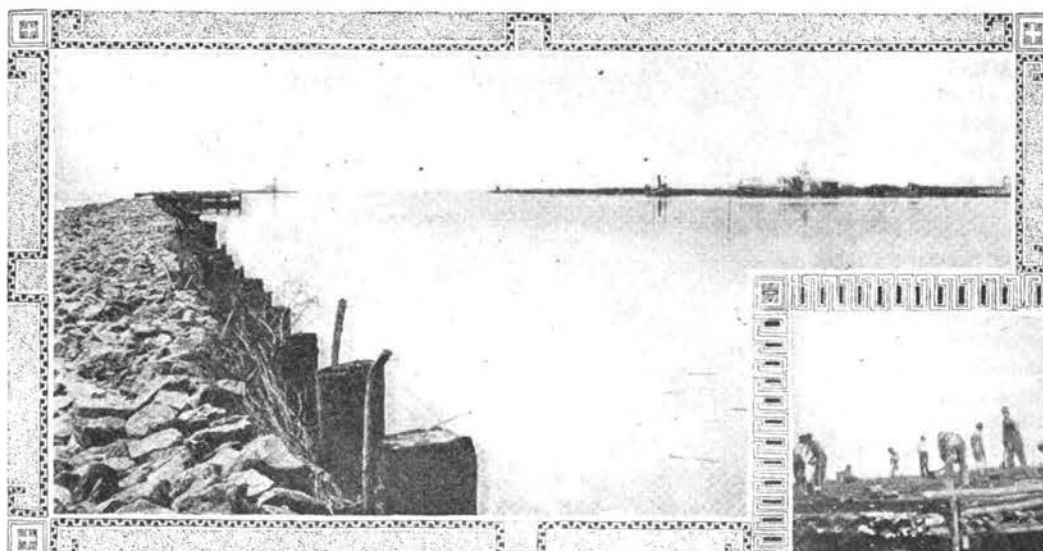
a village and we were reduced to, and tired of, canned goods. A couple of hours before dinner, however, as we swept through a big bend, I noticed a fine squash floating on the edge of an eddy. With an oar I swung the boat in and caught it. It was as hard and fresh and cold as though just out of a refrigerator. It made an excellent variant in our menu.

But as I looked around I saw other floating squashes and pumpkins and ears of corn. The river was literally covered with provisions. Where were they coming from, I wondered. The answer was quickly furnished. Almost abreast of us a section of bank thirty feet high above water, comprising perhaps a hundred square feet of surface, began to slump, slide, and tumble into the stream. As it was engulfed, more vegetables and more corn floated from the top of it. All along the bend, up-stream and down, the same thing was happening—here a hatful, there a wagonload, going in. On the bank, hesitating to come too near, was the owner, a discouraged-looking farmer, watching the last of his farm vanish into the stream; about to be left homeless and poverty-stricken by the insatiate demands of the river.

We watched the bank closely after that, and saw it continually sliding in, sometimes throwing great trees prostrate into the stream. Sometimes we moored to standing trees which had slumped away to the bottom with the land they stood on, and now menaced the hulls of steamboats along the edge of the channel. Sometimes we saw an acre go in at a time. We met the past owners of farms which had once been half a mile to two miles from the river, but had eventually been swallowed by it. The terrible thing, as we came to know, was not the occasional

acres that were undermined, but the tumbling from minute to minute of a hatful at a time—a foot here, a handful there—in every bend of the river for a thousand miles.

We began to study the question. We learned that the amount of our country's soil—and our best soil—thus swept through the passes of the Mississippi every year could produce enough to freight five times over the immense argosy which goes up and down in a season through the Sault Sainte Marie, with its millions of tons of coal and iron ore, grain, flour, lumber, and general merchandise.



The Eads jetties. They consist of brush mattresses, one above another, sunk by stone, pinned into place with piling, and then heaped high with rock and concrete, forming artificial river-banks for nearly three miles across the bar, compelling the river to scour a deep channel between them

It was only a squash we found, worth nothing at all to the discouraged farmer on the bank; worth fishing for, to us; but worth millions of dollars every year to America if it could arouse the rest of the country as it did us to a knowledge of our failure upon the Mississippi. For it is not only in soil wash we are losing; it is in every element even remotely connected with the development of a river under modern prac-

tise. Excepting only the jetties, there is not one complete step taken in the Mississippi toward the proper conservation of the stream. Yet by the methods of modern science this control and development—we call it conservation now—may be so easily achieved and will prove so profitable that possibly nothing else we can undertake as a people will so enrich us and so relieve us from the burden of local, State, and national taxation.

## Our Inland Cities Should Be Seaports

We are spending hundreds of millions of dollars upon Panama, partly as a military measure, partly to enable our few ships to save two transfers and a few miles of rail-haul in carrying between the east and west coasts, partly in a spirit of idealism—desiring to give a great free roadway to the world. If we spent an equal sum or even less upon our internal waters, under a systematic plan of conservation, we would make virtual seaports of Sioux City, Omaha, Pittsburg, Minneapolis, St. Louis, and Chicago; would save all the transfers and overland rail-haul which now burden the grain of the Northwest and the iron of Pittsburg; would make it possible for gunboats of considerable size to hasten to points nearly everywhere in the interior of the country, and to defend with equal force the shores of the Great Lakes and those of the Gulf; and in the end we would have, not from tolls but from the by-products of our industry, a net return of more than the

original capital every year to nation, State, and individual. All this, from the proper consideration of a floating squash.

The Mississippi is not merely a lot of water flowing by the grace of Provi-



Building foundation mats for the new Southwest Pass jetties. Layers of willow brush are bound with scantling pinned together with hickory, no metal being used. They are built on sloping ways, launched, and towed into position, where they are sunk with stone into the mud of the bottom



# MISSISSIPPI

dence in a shifting bed. It is a quantity of water precipitated by natural conditions upon one million, two hundred and forty-four thousand square miles of land, of which a certain fairly fixed percentage must find its way to the Gulf of Mexico by the river channel. We know from long and careful observations at what times that water will fall—a vast amount in spring and very little in autumn and winter. Our task is so to conduct it to and through the Mississippi that there shall be at all times a fairly standard amount in the river; that it shall do, in passing to the sea, all the good it is capable of to agriculture, forestry, commerce, and in the development of power; and that it shall be prevented from doing any damage by soil-wash, by flood, or by any other means.

When we came to the Mississippi it was in an excellent state to be thus improved. At the close of the Civil War, when our released army engineers turned to the river and began an attack upon the several obstructions to navigation in its tangled bed, the whole stream was in a state which would have made its complete conservation—had that then been possible—an easy task. There were about its sources immense forests of white and Norway pine, the greatest in the world. These forest tracts conservatively cut would have yielded us as much lumber as we have had from them, would still belong to the Government, and would still maintain their proper function as modifying the flow of water into the stream. Instead, we have alienated almost the entire tract, and it has been cut bare by the woodsman in reckless waste and then swept by fire; leaving not even the soil, but only sandy barrens from which the water rushes pell-mell into the streams, with heavy erosion of the ground. In 1865 scarcely a single waterfall along the river had been alienated by the Government, but to-day there is hardly one of them which has not passed into private hands. There were not lacking even then those who foresaw to what a state

the alienation of the falls, and the cutting of the forests would bring us. Charles Ellet, Jr., an eminent engineer, published some years before the Civil War an elaborate treatise showing the number and amount of reservoirs which would be needed to entirely prevent the river from overflowing its banks below Cairo; and demonstrated the immense value in power these reserved floods would have and their sufficiency for navigation. But his plan went unheeded.

Instead, while the forests were being swept away, we have labored to contract the channel; we have built all along the banks below Cairo enormous earthen levees to restrain the increasing overflow which should be restrained at headwaters, and we have left the stream to tear its banks as it will; for the erosion which brought the squash to our house-boat deck was caused in greatest degree by the sudden fall of the river from a high flood level—a thing proper conservation would prevent.

We have spent one hundred and sixty million dollars upon the Mississippi proper. Of this, one million, five hundred thousand dollars

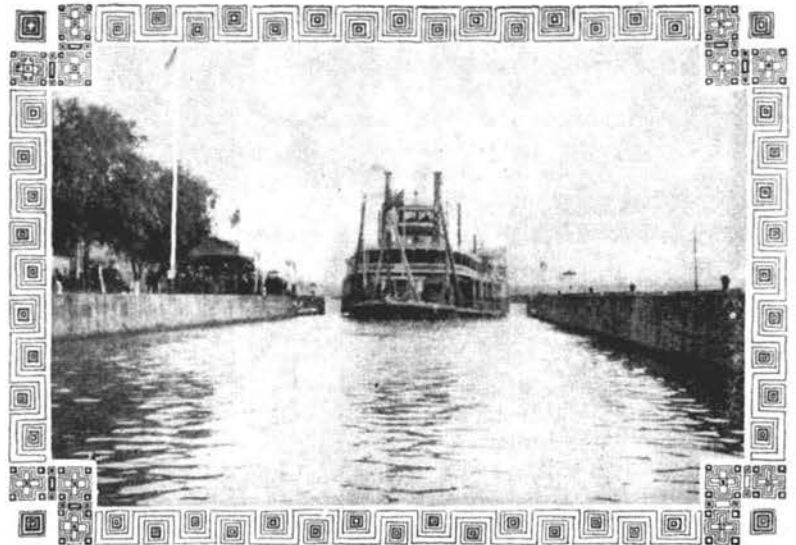
has been spent for a beginning of a reservoir system, and well spent; sixty million dollars has been spent for the levees along the lower river, and though it could have been saved by reservoiring, it has been paid for many times over by the crops grown on the protected land.

## Millions of Dollars Wasted

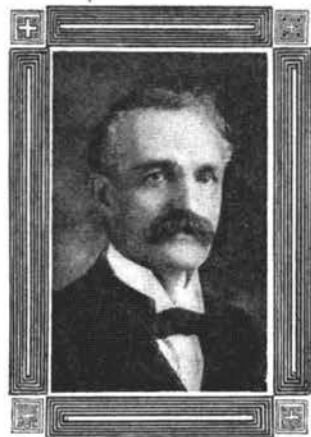
We have spent eleven million dollars on revetting, and have had most of it swept away by the river because Congress failed to appropriate funds to complete and guard it. We have spent other millions on such makeshifts as dredging, and on the South Pass jetties, which, while they worked well, were built by Eads under protest when he knew that only the larger Southwest Pass, now costing us six million dollars to improve, would ever be sufficient for our commerce. The great balance of our money has been spent in channel contraction, or has been frittered away in experiments, in piecemeal failures, or in constant renewal of an enormous plant, to serve the complicated system of the engineers.

The new plan begins with the gathering of the water as it falls upon the watershed, in order that we may control the flowage of it into the stream, holding it back in spring and releasing it in summer and autumn. The Mississippi has its rise in the central part of Minnesota, in a plateau region rimmed with rock and full of little lakes and rivers especially suited for this work. Here a survey determined some twenty years ago that we could easily find storage for one hundred and fifty billion cubic feet of water. If need be, this amount could be doubled by taking in more of

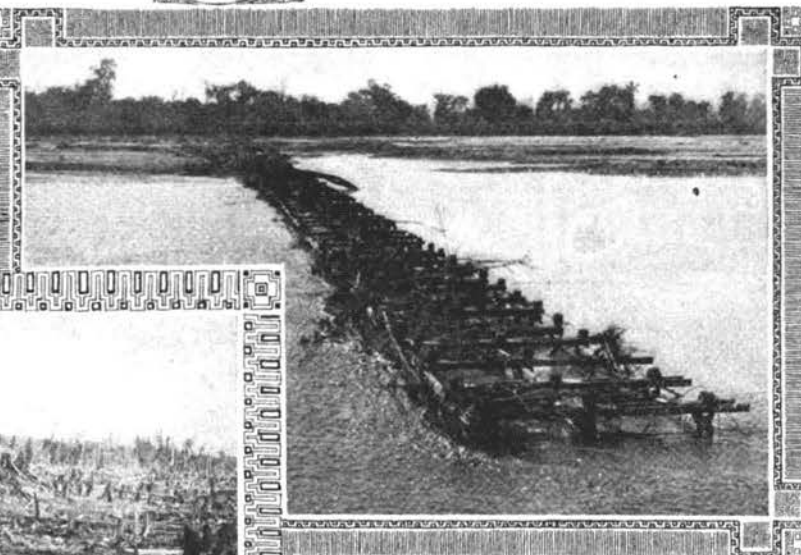
the lakes and rivers. At the mouths of some of these lakes the Government has built dams which raise the height of water in the lakes from four to fourteen feet, flooding it back over a large area. We store in this way now ninety billion cubic feet of water to enlarge the flow of the Mississippi at low water; and this released through the summer has raised the minimum discharge at St. Paul from the one thousand five hundred cubic feet per second which it had in a state of nature, to six thousand feet, which is the least now permitted. But this ninety billion feet is only a beginning. We must have twice



One of the locks of the Mississippi. Engineer's steamboat entering Keokuk lock to pass the lower end of Des Moines rapids. A fine example of solid Government work, destined to be drowned out by a more modern development, when a dam 35 feet high is erected below it



Gifford Pinchot, national forester, back of President Roosevelt the real mover in all the work for conservation



A contraction dike—the opposite to a revetment. One side (the concave) being revetted, this dike is built out from the convex bank and partly filled with brush. By collecting drift it checks the river and causes sand and silt to bank up around it, thus creating new land and reducing the width of the river bed. This deepens the channel



A cut-over tract in Minnesota on the head of the Mississippi, showing how the forest has been swept away by woodmen and by fire, leaving the soil exposed to gradually wash away

as much upon the upper Mississippi, a great amount upon the Minnesota and the St. Croix, the Chippewa and the Wisconsin must be similarly treated—as must, in fact, the Missouri, the Ohio, the Tennessee, and all the other great branches—before the work is done. On the Wisconsin a beginning has already been made which indicates how valuable the reservoirs are; for the Government having given the stream up as impossible of navigation, the mill-owners, under a special State law, are creating reservoirs and storing the floods for the low season for their own purposes, thereby returning the river to a navigable class.

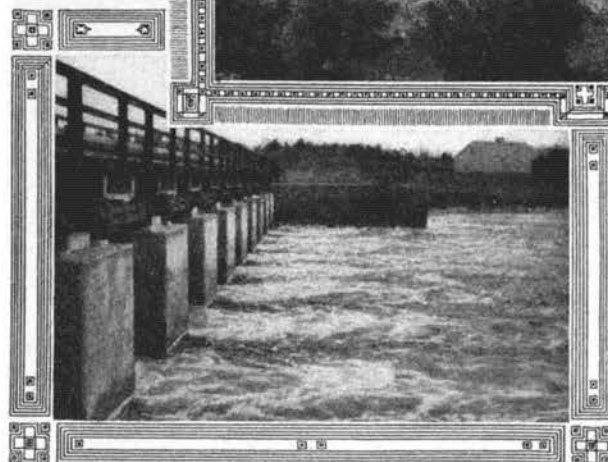
The reservoirs of the Mississippi are operated now solely for the benefit of navigation. In the spring the dams are held high and the water accumulating back of them steadily deepens until it fills them full. Meanwhile the unreserved water is filling the channel with a flood reduced by the amount held in check. Later in the season, when this flood has passed, the rains have ceased, and the river is gradually dropping as the land dries out, the height of water on the gage at the head of navigation at St. Paul is watched. As the water gets down to about three feet above low water, the gates of the lower reservoirs are opened, and thenceforth, as circumstances direct, the gates are lowered or raised, to keep a constant volume of water in the channel. In the winter the flow is still continued, until the reservoirs are drawn off to a certain level which experience indicates as wise, since it leaves room for the spring accumulations and at the same time keeps a considerable amount for next season if the spring rains fail.

But reservoiring is but one of the means of storing water at the head of the stream. Agricultural development to some extent checks rapid run-off, but forestry is much more efficient. A great amount of the land at the head of the Mississippi is useless for anything but forest growth. The storage effect of a forest is almost incredible. The experience of the dwellers by Southern rivers whose floods have enormously increased since the Appalachian forests were largely destroyed, set the Agricultural Department to making experimental measurements. On two tracts of land, one bare and the other forested, in the San Bernardino country, it was shown by actual observation that from the bare tract, after thirteen inches of rainfall, nearly fifty per cent. ran off at once; whereas from the wooded tract, with nineteen inches of rainfall, only six per cent. found its way immediately into the brooks, the rest soaking into the ground. Continued observation showed that in the first month after the rain ceased the unforested area went almost dry, while a steady flow came from the forested land into the brooks; and when two months had gone by the unforested area was entirely dry, the brook-beds empty, the surface dusty and blowing about, while from under the trees a lessened but still steady and ample supply of water seeped out into the brooks.

We once had enormous forests about the head of the Mississippi, but we cut them off. Now we must replace them. We have already a nucleus. The Federal Government has given to the State of Minnesota a tract of primeval pines entirely enclosing lakes Itasca, Elk, and Hernando de Sota, the ultimate sources.



Erosion, one of the worst results of the destruction of forests. The unchecked rainfall washes the earth away, leaving gullies. The earth fills the reservoirs and the river-beds, destroying navigation.



Another view of Pokegama dam, outlet to Pokegama reservoir

There are fifteen thousand acres in this park, which is now a school of forestry for the young men of Minnesota. The State has passed other laws to encourage forest planting and has a department of its own. While it encourages the farmer to plant for himself, it provides that never more than two thousand eight hundred and eighty acres of each township shall be set in public

forests. It will require three million acres of such forests eventually to shade the head of the main Mississippi. They will be expensive to plant, but they will cut each year, after the first have achieved maturity, forty thousand acres of pine lumber, yielding about eighteen thousand feet of all sorts of cut stuff an acre, or in all about seven hundred million feet, one-tenth of the maximum cut of pine of the whole country in our most wasteful years.

A third step in the control of the water supply on the shed about the source is the drainage of swamp-land so that water which falls upon it can find its way

readily into reservoirs or river. For water which stands stagnant until it evaporates in swamps is not only useless to the river, but destroys the forest or agricultural value of land. There are three million acres of swamp-land in Minnesota upon the watersheds of the Mississippi; and nearly all of it when drained is excellent agricultural land. Worth perhaps a dollar an acre in its swamp condition, it rises rapidly to ten dollars an acre or more when drained; and already the State drainage engines are pushing their way out through the swamps, and long, straight ditches are being constructed which, in the ultimate time, and controlled by sufficient gates and locks, will enable the farmers to handle their hay and straw and grain on push-boats from field to market.

Having thus properly reserved the water at the point where it reaches the ground, the next step is to prepare a channel for it. From the time it leaves the gates of Pokegama Reservoir until it passes the last swiftwater between Minneapolis and St. Paul, the Mississippi descends four hundred and eighty-two feet.

It does this in a few rapids and in a large number of falls, so that of the whole, at least three hundred and eighty feet is capable of utilization for generating water-power. But in developing a stream we are first concerned not with power but with navigation. The stream in this section is not developed, except for an occasional shoal steamboat below Grand Rapids and a reach near Brainerd. But this part of the Mississippi has demands which can not thus be satisfied. All the surrounding territory is underlain with iron ore of a very low grade. It will not pay to carry this to Lake Superior and then by water to the coal fields; but it will probably pay very well if it can be barged down stream, with the current, to the coal and limestone of Illinois and Missouri. Besides this, there will soon be even larger wheat crops than there are to-day from Minnesota, and an increasing output from Canada to be sent down. And as manufactures develop at the water-powers there will be products from them to be boated out. So the river all the way up to Pokegama must in the end be improved for navigation. This must be done by the method known as canalization, by which a dam must be placed at the foot of every waterfall, or swiftwater, to back the water up to navigable depth over the obstruction and to prevent too

## The Friendly Night

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

NIGHT falls, and darkness comes apace;  
The earth in mystic shadow lies;  
A veil hath covered Nature's face,  
And seems to hide her eyes.

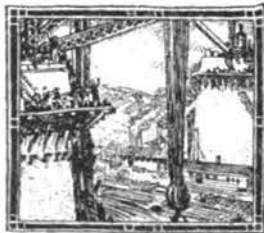
The fading light tiptoes away;  
The laggard hours softly creep,  
As with the passing of the day  
The world is hushed in sleep.

A vast, sweet stillness covers all;  
A quietude untroubled and blest  
Now sounds a scarcely whispered call  
That summons us to rest.

Gateway to dreams! Gone care and pain;  
Gone sorrow, sighs; gone tears and blight;  
Pathway from Light to Light again,  
God's blessings on thee, Night!

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# HIS GREAT WORK

by W. A. Fraser

Illustrated by Frank B. Masters



MAN stood up in the barroom and said, "The engineers is come to put in the new iron bridge."

The latch of the barroom door had clattered half-way in the man's sentence, and following the push of the door a thin, round-shouldered, gray-haired man slipped through the opening and came forward to the square box-stove, rubbing his hands cheerfully, a childish smile of delight on his lips. Some one vacated a chair and pushed it a trifle forward to the newcomer. He sat down and held the palms of his hands to the side of the hot stove.

"D' you hear that, Jake?" the man who had given him the chair asked.

"Abe was sayin' something about the iron bridge," Jake answered, a little affectation of disinterestedness in his voice.

"'T ain't new, though, boys—we've discussed Old Safety for twenty years, and I reckon will for another twenty. 'T ain't a new subject—like the weather." He gave a little laugh, entirely mirthless.

The speaker's face was like his laugh, neutral—carrying a suggestion of impossibility of eruptive force.

"I guess you won't talk about the old iron bridge for another twenty years, Jake," the other declared.

"Most like," Jake confirmed, nodding his head; "guess I won't be knockin' about for another twenty."

"'T ain't that; 'did n't you hear what Abe said about the bridge goin' to be thrown in a scrap-heap, and a safe new one built in its place?"

Then something terrible happened. The quiescent, round-shouldered old man rose to his feet with a cry of rage, his face livid with passion, his eyes blared with demonic fury.

"It's a lie!" he screamed; "a damnable lie, Sam Black! Twenty years I've sat here night after night and no inhuman scoundrel has ever before insulted me by saying that the bridge I built with my own hands, and that's carried thousands in safety, is unsafe and goin' to be thrown into a scrap-heap."

He shook his lean, scrawny hand in Black's face, and again the rage welled forth in a torrent. "As true as God made little apples, Sam Black, if I was a younger man I'd drive the lie down your throat!"

Black stared in startled astonishment; nobody spoke. The old man, the fierce flare-up of his passion burning down as quickly, threw himself back into his chair, and grasping its wooden arms, craned his head toward Black and panted, "You call that humor—barroom fun; to raise a coarse laugh you would insult the strongest, truest, most beautiful structure built in this land by an honest man."

The room held a void of expression; the bar-keeper rearranged some clinking glasses beneath the bar and winked over its oak plank at Black.

"The bridge gang is goin' to stop in a caboose on a siding over at the station," a man in a dim corner of the barroom thrust out from an opening in his shaggy beard.

Again there was a silence and another man hazarded, with a tentative chuckle, "Kinder hard on the Exchange Hotel—we paternize the railroad, and when they've got a job to do here they send outsiders and won't even pay for their board."

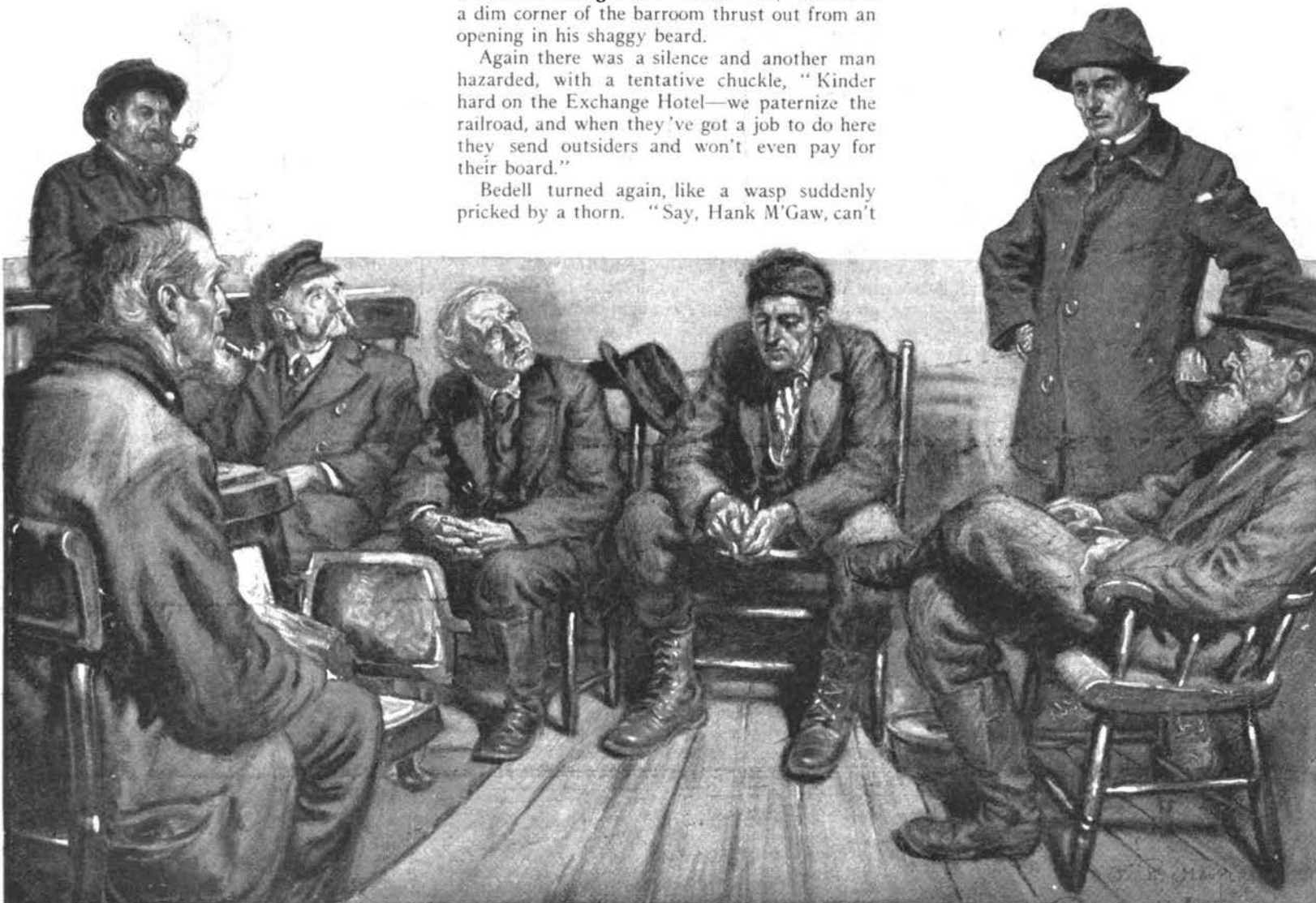
Bedell turned again, like a wasp suddenly pricked by a thorn. "Say, Hank M'Gaw, can't

you get it through your thick head that a joke that's dead is dead? You can't draw me none."

Again Abe Clemens tried to disabuse the old man's mind of the idea that they were teasing him. "Jake," he began, his gruff, big voice softened in gentleness, "none of the boys here ever played any of their rough-house games on you—none of us would stand for that. Can't you understand, Jake, that it's the truth that a gang of fellers has come to put in a stronger bridge?"

The quietude of Clemens's slow speech seemed to slacken the fierce tension of Bedell's nerves.

"No, I can't believe it's the truth, Abe," he answered in a suppressed voice, "'cause it ain't—'cause it don't stand to reason. The Grand Trunk don't throw away money on fool games—they're too hard up. The bridge is built of stone that grows harder and harder as the air weathers it, and the iron in it is the iron they made twenty years ago—not the shoddy iron they make to-day; it's good for a hundred years, I tell you, Abe. Don't I know? There ain't been a day for twenty years past that I ain't gone and watched it, just the same as a farmer goes to his fields to see how his grain is growin'. It's been a child to me, that's what it's been, Abe Clemens—it's been in my heart just the same 's a son would've been if I'd had one, and I was a-watchin' him go through school and start out in business. What else did I have to do in this—I was going to say 'hole,' boys,





"Bedell paced the floor like an animal made restless by the warring elements"

but it's my home, same's it's yours. And Mary, the little wife, sleeps up yonder on the hill under the pines, and it would n't 've been a hole to me, boys, if nobody had lived here. I've put in my time just that way, Abe—a little trip every day up where the pines grow on the hill, and to the bridge—and I've been happier than I'd have been any place; you could n't have drove me out."

"We would n't 've wanted to, Jake," some one said. "We've always looked for your comin' here every evenin' for a little talk; it kept the boys quieter."

Bedell sat silent for the space of five seconds. He seemed struggling with some emotion.

"It's just that, boys," he said presently; "that's what made me flare up sort of foolish, I guess. I did n't seem to think that you'd want to run any rig on me, bein' all past that sort of thing, and I want to take back tellin' Sam Black it was a lie. It's just some sort of mistake—some wrong report that's got about, I guess. They're goin' to put in a siding, most likely, for loadin' cattle."

"Might be that, after all," Abe Clemens offered prevaricatingly, in the way of peace.

"Could n't be the bridge," Jake declared, harking back to the burning question; "it's the strongest ever was. They won't need a new bridge as long as the railroad lasts."

The door had opened while Bedell was speaking, and a tall, keen-faced man entered and stood with an amused look of interest on his face.

"You're right, sir," the stranger said quietly, in the little silence that followed Bedell's statement; "that's one of the best-constructed bridges I've ever seen—and I've seen quite a few. There's no slop-work about it; hardly a loose rivet after twenty years of pounding. If the man that built it could have foreseen these mogul engines with their hundred-ton kick, and the rolling stock we tote around now, I'll bet he'd have put a bridge there that his great-grandchildren would have ridden over."

There was the suspicion of a drawling twang in the speaker's voice that forced the conviction that he was an American. Unobtrusively he had edged to the stove as he spoke, and somehow his entry into the circle of its warmth seemed to elect him a member of the group.

"I see you over at the caboose, mister," Abe Clemens hazarded; "I was teamin' coal there. We was discussin' just as you come in what the railroad gang had come for. The section boss told me it was for to build a new bridge."

"Yes, that's right," the stranger affirmed; "my name's Young—Charles B. Young—and I expect to see the trains running over the new steel bridge, all complete, in sixty days."

Bedell's face that had fronted the stranger's boots jerked upward spasmodically at this star-

ling declaration, and his small, watery, gray eyes blinked their disbelief.

"What'll us folks of Iona do for two months," Clemens queried; "sit to home or drive round? Or will they make connection way round north by Hopetown?"

"There won't be any interruption to the traffic," Young answered, "except, perhaps, the freight. Passenger trains will run on schedule time."

Bedell rose heavily to his feet. The hinges of his dry, lean body seemed to creak as though the dust of half a century had cemented their works. "I guess I'll go home and see how Danny's gettin' on," he said wearily, addressing Clemens.

He turned with a sort of neutral dignity to the American engineer, and added, "Good-night, sir; I want to thank you for your kind words about the iron bridge—it was an honest job. Good-night, sir."

Bedell seemed not to hear the round of "good-nights" from the half-dozen men as he slipped solemnly from the barroom.

"Who is the old gentleman?" the American asked.

"Jake Bedell," Clemens offered. "He built the iron bridge more'n twenty years ago, and he ain't never done nothin' since; nothin' except tend the place where his wife is buried up in the cemetery, and look after a youngster as was left an orphan when his father was killed by a shuntin' engine on the bridge about eight or nine years ago."

"How does the old gentleman live?" Young asked hesitatingly.

"He's got a little money; it don't take much to keep him. He built a small house on a hill up above the bridge, and folks say he sits there on the veranda for hours at a time watchin' 'Old Safety,' as he calls the bridge."

"I like that old gentleman," Young said in a frank, manly way; "he loved his work, and that comes pretty nigh to being a religion."

Bedell did not come back to the hotel the next evening. For a month his place by the box stove was vacant. He drew away from everybody. Little Danny was always with him. Together they would come down from the iron-red cottage on the hill and sit apart from the villagers, and from the workmen who were always sawing the new ties to an even length, or riveting up the sections of the ninety-ton steel deck-girders that rested on wooden abutments beside the track.

At last the great day came. Tongues gossiped that the first section was to be put in place; the steel girder that would rest like a hypnotized body, rigid from stone pier to stone pier, over a hundred feet of space. And the old iron section was to be taken out, and its younger, mightier brother of steel put in between the passing of the two-o'clock train and the five-o'clock. The steel girder rested on a scaffolding beside the old one of iron.

Jake Bedell, with Danny at his side, had taken up his place on the top of a cut bank just clear of the stone abutments. It was against the rules—other men from Iona had been driven away from that point, but Young told his men not to disturb Bedell.

"Leave the old gentleman alone," he said curtly, when they spoke of his presence in the danger zone; "leave him alone; he knows what he's about. A fool would n't be safe there a minute, but he's a bridge worker—he knows."

The two-o'clock train had crept at a snail's pace over the much-tampered-with bridge, and now the working engine was rushing back and forth, ending up its erratic dashes by pushing out in front

[Continued on page 730]

A RICH man once expressed surprise at the statement of a poor man that he never locked his doors. "I am not afraid," rejoined the poor man, "no one ever brought anything in yet."



# WORRY

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

ONE who could rid the world of worry would render greater service to the race than all of the inventors and discoverers that ever lived.

We Americans pity ignorant savages who live in terror of their cruel gods, their demons which keep them in abject slavery, but we ourselves are the slaves of a demon which blasts our hopes, blights our happiness, casts its hideous shadow across all our pleasures, destroys our sleep, mars our health, and keeps us in misery most of our lives.

This monster dogs us from the cradle to the grave. There is no occasion so sacred but it is there. Unbidden it comes to the wedding and the funeral alike. It is at every reception, every banquet; it occupies a seat at every table.

No human intellect can estimate the unutterable havoc and ruin wrought by worry. It has forced genius to do the work of mediocrity; it has caused more failures, more broken hearts, more blasted hopes, than any other one cause since the dawn of the world.

What have not men done under the pressure of worry! They have plunged into all sorts of vice; have become drunkards, drug fiends; have sold their very souls in their efforts to escape this monster.

Think of the homes which it has broken up; the ambitions it has ruined; the hopes and prospects it has blighted! Think of the suicide victims of this demon! If there is any devil in existence, is it not worry, with all its attendant progeny of evils?

Yet, in spite of all the tragic evils that follow in its wake, a visitor from another world would get the impression that worry is one of our dearest, most helpful friends so closely do we hug it to ourselves and so loath are we to part from it.

Is it not unaccountable that people who know perfectly well that success and happiness both depend on keeping themselves in condition to get the most possible out of their energies should harbor in their minds the enemy of this very success and happiness? Is it not strange that they should form this habit of anticipating evils that will probably never come, when they know that anxiety and fretting will not only rob them of peace of mind and strength and ability to do their work, but also of precious years of life?

Many a strong man is tied down, like Gulliver, by Lilliputians—bound hand and foot by the little worries and vexations he has never learned to conquer.

What would be thought of a business man who would keep in his service employees known to have been robbing him for years, stealing a little here and a little there every day? Yet one may be keeping in his mental business house, at the very source of his power, a thief infinitely worse than one who merely steals money or material things; a thief who robs him of energy, saps his vitality, and bankrupts him of all that makes life worth while.

We borrow trouble; endure all our lives the woe of crossing and recrossing bridges weeks and years before we come to them; do disagreeable tasks mentally over and over again before we reach them; anticipate our drudgery and constantly suffer from the apprehension of terrible things that never happen.

I know women who never open a telegram without trembling, for they feel sure it will announce the death of a friend or some terrible disaster. If their children have gone for a sail or a picnic, they are never easy a moment during their absence; they work themselves into a fever of anxiety for fear that something will happen to them.

Many a mother fritters away more energy in useless frets and fears for her children, in nervous strain over this or that, than she uses for her daily routine of domestic work. She wonders why she is so exhausted at the close of the day, and never dreams that she has thrown away the greater part of her force.

Is it not strange that people will persist in allowing little worries, petty vexations, and unnecessary frictions to grind life away at such a fearful rate that old age stares them in the face in middle life? Look at the women who are shriveled and shrunken and aged at thirty, not because of the hard work they have done, or the real troubles they have had, but because of habitual fretting, which has helped nobody, but has brought discord and unhappiness to their homes.

Somewhere I read of a worrying woman who made a list of the unfortunate events and happenings which she felt sure would come to pass and be disastrous to her happiness and welfare. The list was lost, and to her amazement, when she recovered it, a long time afterwards, she found that not a single unfortunate experience in the whole catalogue of disastrous predictions had taken place.

Is not this a good suggestion for worriers? Write down everything which you think is going to turn out badly, and then put the list aside. You will be surprised to see what a small percentage of the doleful things ever come to pass.

It is a pitiable thing to see vigorous men and women, who have inherited godlike qualities and bear the impress of divinity, wearing anxious faces and filled with all sorts of fear and uncertainty, worrying about yesterday, to-day, to-morrow—everything imaginable.

In entering New York by train every morning, I notice business men with hard, tense expressions on their faces, leaning forward when the train approaches the station, as if they could hasten its progress and save time, many of them getting up from their seats and rushing toward the door several minutes before the train stops. Anxiety is in every move-

ment; a hurried nervousness in their manner; and their hard, drawn countenances—all these are indications of an abnormal life.

Work kills no one, but worry has killed multitudes. It is not the doing of things which injures us so much as the dreading of them—not only performing them mentally over and over again, but anticipating something disagreeable in that performance.

Many of us approach an unpleasant task in much the same condition as a runner who begins his start such a long distance away that by the time he reaches his objective point—the ditch or the stream which is to test his agility—he is too exhausted to jump across.

Worry not only saps vitality and wastes energy, but it also seriously affects the quality of one's work. It cuts down ability. A man can not get the same quality of efficiency into his work when his mind is troubled. The mental faculties must have perfect freedom before they will give out their best. A troubled brain can not think clearly, vigorously, and logically. The attention can not be concentrated with anything like the same force when the brain cells are poisoned with anxiety as when they are fed by pure blood and are clean and uncloudy. The blood of chronic worriers is vitiated with poisonous chemical substances and broken-down tissues, according to Professor Elmer Gates and other noted scientists, who have shown that the passions and the harmful emotions cause actual chemical changes in the secretions and generate poisonous substances in the body which are fatal to healthy growth and action.

The brain-cells are constantly bathed in the blood, from which they draw their nourishment, and when the blood is loaded with the poison of fear, worry, anger, hatred, or jealousy, the protoplasm of those delicate cells becomes hardened and very materially impaired.

The most pathetic effect of worry is its impairment of the thinking powers. It so clogs the brain and paralyzes thought that the results of the worrier's work merely mock his ambition, and often lead to the drink or drug habit. Its continued friction robs the brain-cells of an opportunity to re-

*(Continued on page 739)*



# THE VEGETABLE AGE

by Woods Hutchinson



**W**HAT is a baby for if not to be played with? Everybody loves a baby, but he certainly needs to be protected from his friends.

We have been studying the child most industriously and enthusiastically for a decade or two, and have discovered that assiduous and sleepless as is the care that he requires at times, at certain stages and at frequent intervals what he most needs is wholesome neglect. Give him a little chance to live his own life; to fulfil his destiny.

Our earliest attitude toward babies is and always has been a singularly mixed one, alternating between the states of delighted astonishment and absolute panic. At one moment we treat them as if they were the most amusing playthings, the most ingenious dolls, in the world. We joggle them, tickle them, "booh" at them, and interpret their signs of astonishment as marks of enjoyment. We show off all their little tricks to every admiring visitor. We do everything short of taking them to pieces to "see how the wheels go round." At other times we are firmly convinced that unless we are strictly "on the job," day and night, they will stop growing; unless we keep them properly dressed, bandaged, and packed, they will grow crooked or lopsided.

I have sometimes thought, as I have watched the unrolling from its clothes-cocoon of a very new baby, and marveled at the after-layer of flannel which had to be peeled off before you could get down to the baby at all, that the beliefs of the old-fashioned mother about the ability of a baby to hold its limbs together and grow them straight without assistance, must be much the same as the view of the small boy as to the function of a cat's tail. "Cats have long curly tails which they wrap around their feet when they sit down. I know a cat that had no tail and it was afraid to sit down in public for fear its feet would skatter." I really do not know how else the swaddling-bands and ridiculous trailing skirts of the past generation of babies could be accounted for.

These things, however, have now largely passed into history along with the head-board of the papoose, to flatten his forehead, and the back-board of his basket to keep his spine straight. But we are still almost as worried and as interferingly officious about the baby's mind and faculties as we were formerly about his body and limbs. We insist upon startling him or waving objects before his eyes to see if he will "take notice." We apply a variety of approved tests to see if he has right sense. We anxiously endeavor to get him to "recognize" us; and are greatly distressed if we can not get him to grin in response to our gurgles, clicks, and pokings in the ribs. All these are not only of no benefit to the unfortunate scrap of humanity, but a distinct distraction from the important and absorbing business which occupies him completely—that of growing up. He would much prefer to devote himself exclusively to this if we would only let him; but we generally won't, unless he is goaded to manifest his disapproval by unmistakable squalls.

A masterly inactivity is the hardest of all policies to pursue. It is far easier to do something, right away quick, and to repeat the performance every ten minutes. It is really hard to believe that that tiny bundle of human possibilities, which we call a baby, will ever succeed in growing into a man unless we exert ourselves to the utmost during the entire process.

Active and strenuous assistance from us is the only thing that can save him. Yet few impressions can be farther from the fact. Nature requires us to provide the raw materials of the process in the shape of food, warmth, and as little clothing as possible; but she and the baby can do all the working of it up into the finished product with very little assistance from us. Indeed, what she would be most grateful for is a free hand and no "butting in" at the wrong time.

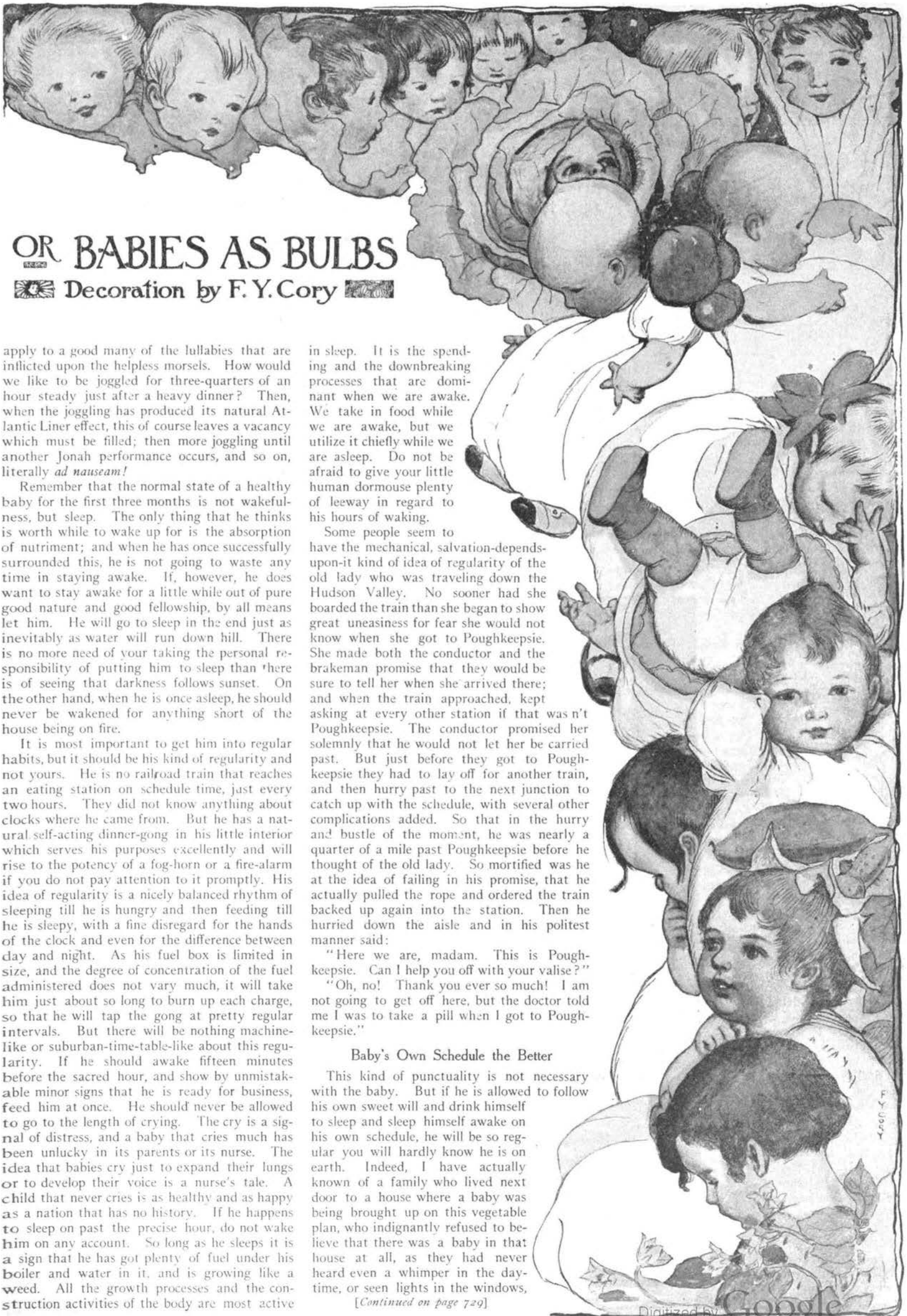
## Don't Rock and Jiggle the Baby

The first lesson in regard to his food supply is significant and should be taken to heart. As is now well known, he comes into the world "loaded," and needs no supply from external sources for the first three days. Indeed, he is much better off without it. He has all he can do to sleep and learn to breathe, and get accustomed to that new and troublesome thing—light. If we have the self-control to refrain from forcing anything into his unwilling mouth, excepting an occasional teaspoonful of water, we have lost our best chance of starting him off as "a colicky baby." For the next two or three weeks we ought not to expect any more signs of intelligence or active interest in anything than from a healthy onion. And he won't make much more noise than the latter if he is properly handled.

The idea that babies squall by nature, as a matter of habit or out of pure cussedness, is both a delusion and a base slander on the baby. Not even a pig will squeal when he gets enough to eat and at sufficiently frequent intervals. And a farmer who would hear his cherished hogs squealing in their fattening pens would promptly "call down" the hired man whose duty it was to feed them. Whenever a baby squalls, it is some grown-up's fault. He does not want very much at a time but he does like it regular. And when you have once, by a little careful observation, "struck his gait" as to amount and frequency—about two ounces every two hours is a fair average to begin with—then his little life will be one peaceful sequence of eating and sleeping, sleeping and eating, but all the time growing, with as little fuss or disturbance as a tulip makes when it is pushing up its green pencil through the brown earth.

Joggling and rocking and jiggling up and down as provocatives of slumber are not only unnecessary, but absurd. No healthy child needs to be quieted or put to sleep. If he is neither quiet nor asleep, there is something wrong with him. Most procedures that we inflict upon unfortunate infants to put them to sleep would have anything but a soothing effect if they were applied to us. One can not help suspecting that when a baby does go to sleep under them it is as a measure of self-defense, in order to get them to stop—if we can credit him with so much intelligence. Certainly this would





## OR BABIES AS BULBS

Decorafion by F. Y. Cory

apply to a good many of the lullabies that are inflicted upon the helpless morsels. How would we like to be joggled for three-quarters of an hour steady just after a heavy dinner? Then, when the joggling has produced its natural Atlantic Liner effect, this of course leaves a vacancy which must be filled; then more joggling until another Jonah performance occurs, and so on, literally *ad nauseam*!

Remember that the normal state of a healthy baby for the first three months is not wakefulness, but sleep. The only thing that he thinks is worth while to wake up for is the absorption of nutriment; and when he has once successfully surrounded this, he is not going to waste any time in staying awake. If, however, he does want to stay awake for a little while out of pure good nature and good fellowship, by all means let him. He will go to sleep in the end just as inevitably as water will run down hill. There is no more need of your taking the personal responsibility of putting him to sleep than there is of seeing that darkness follows sunset. On the other hand, when he is once asleep, he should never be wakened for anything short of the house being on fire.

It is most important to get him into regular habits, but it should be his kind of regularity and not yours. He is no railroad train that reaches an eating station on schedule time, just every two hours. They did not know anything about clocks where he came from. But he has a natural self-acting dinner-gong in his little interior which serves his purposes excellently and will rise to the potency of a fog-horn or a fire-alarm if you do not pay attention to it promptly. His idea of regularity is a nicely balanced rhythm of sleeping till he is hungry and then feeding till he is sleepy, with a fine disregard for the hands of the clock and even for the difference between day and night. As his fuel box is limited in size, and the degree of concentration of the fuel administered does not vary much, it will take him just about so long to burn up each charge, so that he will tap the gong at pretty regular intervals. But there will be nothing machine-like or suburban-time-table-like about this regularity. If he should awake fifteen minutes before the sacred hour, and show by unmistakable minor signs that he is ready for business, feed him at once. He should never be allowed to go to the length of crying. The cry is a signal of distress, and a baby that cries much has been unlucky in its parents or its nurse. The idea that babies cry just to expand their lungs or to develop their voice is a nurse's tale. A child that never cries is as healthy and as happy as a nation that has no history. If he happens to sleep on past the precise hour, do not wake him on any account. So long as he sleeps it is a sign that he has got plenty of fuel under his boiler and water in it, and is growing like a weed. All the growth processes and the construction activities of the body are most active

in sleep. It is the spending and the downbreaking processes that are dominant when we are awake. We take in food while we are awake, but we utilize it chiefly while we are asleep. Do not be afraid to give your little human dormouse plenty of leeway in regard to his hours of waking.

Some people seem to have the mechanical, salvation-depends-upon-it kind of idea of regularity of the old lady who was traveling down the Hudson Valley. No sooner had she boarded the train than she began to show great uneasiness for fear she would not know when she got to Poughkeepsie. She made both the conductor and the brakeman promise that they would be sure to tell her when she arrived there; and when the train approached, kept asking at every other station if that was n't Poughkeepsie. The conductor promised her solemnly that he would not let her be carried past. But just before they got to Poughkeepsie they had to lay off for another train, and then hurry past to the next junction to catch up with the schedule, with several other complications added. So that in the hurry and bustle of the moment, he was nearly a quarter of a mile past Poughkeepsie before he thought of the old lady. So mortified was he at the idea of failing in his promise, that he actually pulled the rope and ordered the train backed up again into the station. Then he hurried down the aisle and in his politest manner said:

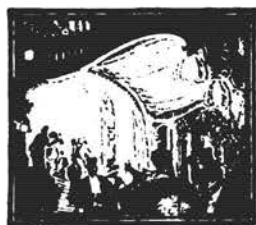
"Here we are, madam. This is Poughkeepsie. Can I help you off with your valise?"

"Oh, no! Thank you ever so much! I am not going to get off here, but the doctor told me I was to take a pill when I got to Poughkeepsie."

### Baby's Own Schedule the Better

This kind of punctuality is not necessary with the baby. But if he is allowed to follow his own sweet will and drink himself to sleep and sleep himself awake on his own schedule, he will be so regular you will hardly know he is on earth. Indeed, I have actually known of a family who lived next door to a house where a baby was being brought up on this vegetable plan, who indignantly refused to believe that there was a baby in that house at all, as they had never heard even a whimper in the daytime, or seen lights in the windows,

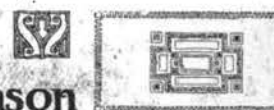
[Continued on page 729]



# KEARNEY'S TEST



by Emery Pottle



Illustrated by H.G. Williamson



SCANT remnant of the late afternoon sunshine flickered pleasantly into Kearney's studio, skimming placidly along the dusty floor in a thin yellow stream. The attenuated shaft, alive and feebly dancing, was in a measure not untypical of Kearney's ray of hope. He laid his brush and contemplated this bland expression of May with a reluctant grin. Presently he waved his hand reprovingly. "Go away, sun! What have I to do with thee?" he murmured, "Your assurance is not—not gentlemanly."

Despite the rebuff, the uncertain glamour, the visible token of all the wide, beautiful wonder which was singing through the world lingered to feel with curious golden fingers over the crowded little room, the faded draperies, the broken and breaking furniture—half of it handsome once, half common—the odds and ends of a dozen varieties of costumes, the remains of a beer and bread luncheon, and even adventured the region behind a great green screen. Kearney watched the investigation moodily. "Take it all in," he advised. "That is my bed there behind the screen. Don't miss anything. It is a charming place. You can go back and tell your little friends in the beamlet family just how attractive it is here. And don't forget to come again. Come in July—you'll find me here—and help to make it nice and hot. That's right—you've had enough—go away and play outdoors; it's much funnier out there."

The sunshine delicately withdrew from Kearney's studio, leaving the place half gloomed with kindly shadows which hid the dust and lent an elusive elegance to the discarded furnishings. Kearney himself pushed aside the sheet of paper on which he had been drawing and leaned his elbows on the table, his head in his hands. "Lord, Lord—I'm tired," he sighed; "tired in body, but tired in soul of doing the thing I ought!" For a long time he sat thus relaxed and spiritless, the fresh vitality of him—a kind of physical hope which made men and women call him good-looking, kept him young, gave the lie to the appearance ill-fortune—a dead and done-for thing. From outside, the confusion of the city, the tumult of trolley-cars, the press of the home-turning workers, penetrated to Kearney's weary nerves, gnawing at them insidiously without his conscious perception, so dulled was he in his habit of living.

"Compare with me," he

pursued, "the big fat truck-horse is the winner in this respect—he draws things that sell and I don't. That joke must have originated with Artemus Ward—not with me. Another thing that differentiates us is that I want to marry and the truck-horse does n't—at least I suppose he is n't very keen on it. Poor Kate—poor girl! It's an awful thing that makes two people fall in love with each other; it's all very well for story-writers and poets to make everything turn out into purple and fine linen so near to Nature's heart. They live to do it—to hold their job, maybe, and fool us along from year to year. Poor Kate! She's waited four years now, and she's tired out with working and waiting. We're all tired—we're stale. If we could marry and get away, out of the country, for a good vacation, I'll bet I would n't be sitting here doing fashion-plates for department stores. If—"

"Gee whiz!  
I'm glad I'm free.  
No wedding-bells for me!"

a voice came singing up the stairs. The owner, a fat, dark, moon-faced man, peered in at Kearney's open door. "By Jove! you are n't sick, are you?" he demanded irritably.

"If you are, I'm going. I can't stand sick people. They annoy me."

"No—that and rich are the only things I'm not. Come in, Blaine. What's your trouble?" laughed Kearney, putting out his hand to his friend. "You're too fat to climb these stairs of mine for nothing."

"My son, you speak vulgarly but truly," puffed Blaine. "Nothing but my sense of decency brought me here. I have come to say 'Good-by'—no, don't break down!—I'm going abroad."

"The deuce you say!" said Kearney.

"It is the deuce and all getting off," continued Blaine. "I've just decided to go. Everybody is going and they've bothered me so coming up and saying good-by and talking about their silly old plans and foolish steamers that I've decided to get out and go too. I must have a little peace. And, besides, if I begin the good-by business it'll annoy the few who are left."

"It annoys me," responded Kearney, his voice clouded with envy of the smiling little man perched robin-wise on a bench. "Frankly it does."

"Now that grieves me, Larry. You are one of the few decent persons left among us since America got rich. In fact I hate to go alone abroad—wherever that may be. And it occurred to me that you might feel like packing up your stuff and coming with me. I have thought it over carefully and I believe, without being too effusive, that I could stand you with me, and—"

"Thanks, Blaine."

"Oh, no! I just think I could stand you. Can you come?"

Kearney answered promptly, "Go away—don't upset me. Can't you see I'm busy making the Toilet fashions? Go immediately."

Blaine's kind eyes in their creases of dark, shining flesh blinked rapidly. "Jove! Larry, has it come to that?"

"Um—hmn," assented Kearney.

"But—"

"Money, my boy. I was sick over two months last winter."

"But you ought to get away. You are tired—stale. Cut it and run with me."

"Blaine, I can't cut it. I can't run. I may be stale, I may be tired, I may be about ten thousand other uninteresting things, but—oh, go away before I cut your fat throat with the palette-knife."

"You could n't possibly do it—I mean get away?" continued Blaine, pleadingly.

"No! Now don't bother me and make me feel



"Her cheeks flushed scarlet against the pallor of her skin"



peevish about it. You kiss me tenderly good-by and get out of here."

Blaine hopped down from the bench. "If I had the money to"—he hesitated as he took Kearney's hand.

"I know you would, you great big lump of goodness! Now run along and have a fine trip and come back in the autumn and don't tell me about it. Now don't send me any picture post-cards. Good-by."

"It's a great pity," sighed Blaine as he departed. "I believe I could have stood you perfectly well on the trip. And there's no other man I know that I can stand. Cut it out and come next week Wednesday, won't you?"

Kearney's reply

was the excited casting of several empty paint-tubes after his friend. Left alone again he lapsed into glum thought. The show of gaiety and carelessness that he had made for Blaine, once the cause for it was removed, reacted to plunge him into a newer depression. "It's the reverse of the 'Last Rose of Summer,'" he muttered. "I've faded and gone and all my lovely companions are blooming without me." As he stood, in his shirt and trousers, staring about, his distaste of the place suddenly overcame him like physical nausea. "God help us," he groaned, "but I'd like to get away—but not alone, not with good old George Blaine, but—with *her*!"

"Well," Kearney finished aloud, "this won't do. Can't lose my nerve like this." He picked up his coat and waistcoat, found his hat, and then went to the telephone.

In a moment he was talking in a semblance of his old light-hearted way to the girl at the other end of the telephone. "Is this you, Kate?—Well, I understand the city is still running those expensive trolley-cars to Central Park. Don't you want to be a regular spendthrift with me and come out for a peerless ride to the park?—You will?—All right!—and we'll walk afterward and maybe look at the animals—that's fine cheap fun!—What's that?—news? Good!—Then I'll come for you in ten minutes."

A half hour later Kearney and Kate Barr were strolling through the green; and what Kate called the "coolth," of Central Park. There was a fictitious peace about them. The beautiful lawns, burnished by the late sun, stretched out gratefully; the deep-shadowing trees suggested an inner calmness; the stunning stream of carriages rolled by with at least a decorous aloofness. Kearney took off his hat and sighed in relief.

"By Jove, Kate, this almost deludes me," he smiled.

The tall, grave, handsome girl, fair of hair and skin, with a golden warmth in the coloring of both, who walked shoulder to shoulder beside him, shook her head. "I



"'You look pale,' he said, an anxious note in his voice"

am not to be taken in so easily, Larry. I dislike being a park person anyway. I want something real."

Kearney scrutinized her face abruptly. "You look pale," he said, an anxious note in his voice.

"I look pale because I am pale. It is perfectly logical," she responded lightly.

"I don't go in for logic," said Kearney, "as a rule. But probably you are right. You look pale because you are pale; and you are pale because you are tired out and overworked."

"Since we are diagnosing our cases, Larry dear, while I can't say you look pale, I must confess that you are a sickening yellow color—which is worse—and that you are half dead and are trying to pretend to me that you are not," she replied.

The lovers looked at each other and laughed ruefully. "Let's sit down here," said Kearney, "and conserve our waning strength while we may."

They did not speak for some moments after they had seated themselves on a park bench.

"I am tired," confessed Kearney at last.

"So am I—ghastly," said Kate Barr.

Kearney let his arm lie against the sleeve of her shirt-waist. She returned the eloquent

pressure. They smiled, and for a moment the cares of the world were lightened.

"It's good to see you," he said.

"Dear Larry," was her answer, "you flatter me so."

"Oh, it makes me crazy," he burst out.

"I—"

"I know, I know. But don't mind. It'll come right some day," Kate soothed.

"But to see you working like this, slaving, year in and year out, no change, no variation, tired, tired, inside and out. And I can't help—that's the part which kills me. Kitty, I can't stand it much longer. And the thought of you tied to me—it's nearly four years now. Why don't you leave me and—marry fat George Blaine? He's always wanted you. Seriously, dear, I'm almost at the end of my hope and rope. I—"

Kate Barr's face was suffused with a tenderness so great that it hid the longing in her eyes. "Now, now, talk it all out, and then you'll feel better. After it's over we'll pick up our nice little burdens and march on just the same as before—hoping and—roping."

In spite of himself Kearney laughed. "You object to kissing in the park, don't you?"

"Larry! But you have n't asked for my news."

"So I have n't. Beg pardon. I get so engrossed in our diseases that I can't tear my mind away from them. Tell—quickly."

"Well then, quickly: Uncle Christopher has sent mama a hundred dollars—which is a sign he has buried the hatchet. And I have made her promise to take it and go away this month to a wee place in New England she knows and spend the summer. Poor mama, she needs the rest."

"It's beautiful for the mother and miraculous for Uncle Christopher; but what do you get out of it?"

"I? Well, I have mama safely provided for, for the summer, and all that expense off my mind. That's what I get."

## DUALITY

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

Ask any why the music of thy bard  
Hath more of plaintive closes than of blithe;  
And wherefore sayeth he, Life is so sad—  
Tell him, It is because Life is so sad—  
And this thy poet knows! For still he hears,  
On the high, tottering bridge that all must cross,  
Ever the dashing of the torrent hoarse  
That takes its way beneath that footing frail.

But if some other ask wherefore thy bard  
Hath merry playferees found, and sings their song;  
And wherefore sayeth he, Life is so glad—  
Tell him, It is because Life is so glad!  
This, too, thy poet knows! For, 'neath the bridge,  
The spray and sunshine clothe that torrent hoarse  
With splendor—such, the traveler cries for joy,  
Though the next moment sees him vanished thence!

"Kate, Kate, you know that's not enough!"  
"I have you."

"Yes. God knows that. But you need a rest. You need a new world. You need—"

"Don't Larry! My needs multiply of themselves too rapidly."

"I will—you need peace and love and care—mine! And I can't make life easy for you. George Blaine came in to-day to say good-by and ask me to go abroad with him. Funny joke, to ask me! And I thought then that if you and I—a proper little parson with a white nightie on first of all for us—could pack up our stuff and go away, abroad, for a while, to some of those quiet places in Italy—I thought if we could do that—Kate, Kate, what's wrong with things that our chance does n't come?"

"Italy—a quiet little place—together," the girl murmured. "I dream that nights when I'm

so tired I can't sleep. Don't tempt me, Larry, dear, beyond what I am able to bear. It's better that we don't talk about such things."

"Yes, you're right," and Kearney pulled himself together with an effort. "The pleasing topics of the miniature and the fashion-plate are best suited to us. How is the miniature business, anyway?"

"Disgustingly small! How are the spring fashions?"

"Gored, I believe."

The feeble rally of pleasantries gave them a gleam of courage. "Now if some one would only sing—"

"It's always fair weather  
When good fellows get together,"

grinned Kearney. "You could n't tell us from a happy pair."

"You'll be holding my hand next," she laughed. "Come, let us walk home now."

Thrusting his hands into his coat-pockets, Kearney's fingers touched a letter. "Oh, I have a letter which I have forgotten to read! I found it in the mail-box as I came out. It is from Aunt Mary. She always writes a noble, high-souled epistle. Let's read it before we go, to cheer us. Maybe the same inscrutable force which induced your Uncle Christopher to give up has affected her."

"No such luck," commented Kate, briefly. "Lightning does n't strike the relative twice."

"Listen to this," besought Kearney. "It's calculated to encourage the poor working man and deprive him of his beer. 'Dear Nephew':" he read aloud, "'I find myself wondering whether in the rush and turmoil of that vast and corrupt

[Continued on page 744]

# BRYAN

By John H. Atwood, of Kansas

PRIMARILY, Mr. Bryan is a well-rounded man. Many who have and do fill the public eye may bear inspection in their public capacity, while their private lives are best left in the shadow. Such men are like statues made to be placed in niches: the front is the front of a statesman or philosopher, while the back is but uncarved ugliness. But the Nebraskan you can view from any side, and you always see a man—a whole man. Every phase of his character will sustain study, and nothing need be slurred over in order to find all commendable.

I have known him well for nearly twenty years. In 1890 he was the young country lawyer leading the forlorn Democratic hope against Congressman Cornell in the First Nebraska district—a forlorn hope that his genius transformed into victory as splendid as it was unexpected.

In the spring or early summer of 1896, Mr. Bryan wired me to meet him *en route* from Lincoln to Kansas City; in the interview thus occasioned he told me he thought strongly of becoming a candidate for the vice-presidency. I urged him to do so, and pointed out to him some things which indicated to me that he could win in the convention and at the polls. But he said: "No. The majority of our party leaders think Bland is stronger; and you know, John, it is the cause before the man."

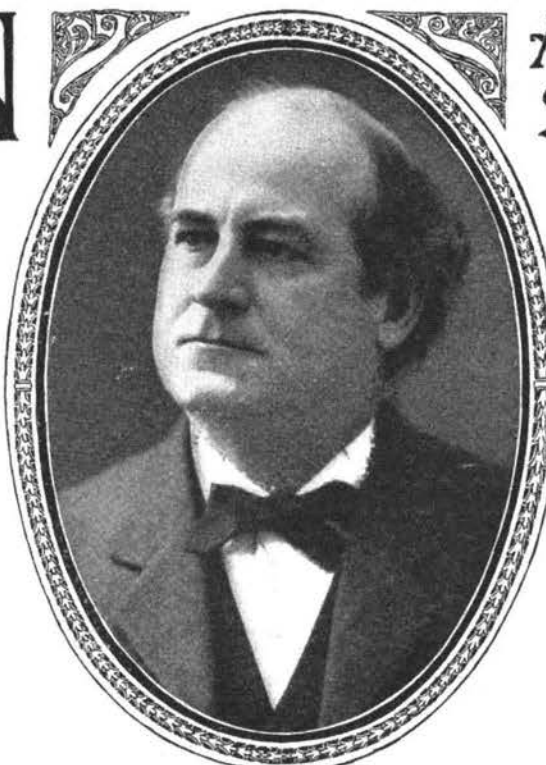
During that conversation he requested that I become a delegate to the National Convention. I told him I would if the Democrats of the State thought best. The Democrats did think best, and I went, and had hardly reached Chicago when I learned that conditions had so changed that Mr. Bryan thought that he could with propriety be a candidate for the place at the head of the ticket.

What took place in Chicago is known of all men. In the supreme hour of that memorable convention he rose to—aye, towered above—the occasion. Speeches may be judged in many ways, but from the standpoint of results, and surely that is a fair method of measurement, that speech ranks with Webster's reply to Hayne.

As we were being driven to the Sherman House on the night of his nomination Mr. Bryan laughingly remarked, "We have done pretty well, considering we came here without an organization."

## Paid for His Speeches

I well remember the talk I had with him shortly after the '96 campaign. It will be re-



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

called that among the many absurd charges made against him was one that he was in the pay of the silver mine owners, a thing I had forgotten when I expressed the opinion that he ought not to accept pay for his speeches. But his answer was complete: "I can not continue to practise law and at the same time do the work that I should in part do, by speaking and writing, to make plain our position and the righteousness of our cause. Everybody knows I am a poor man. And if I go on and do this work that I feel it is my duty to do, even if I could live without income, it would be charged that I was in somebody's pay. But if the sources of my income are apparent, no charge can be made." And the wisdom of this conclusion is made manifest by the fact that his independency has never once been brought into question.

## His Estimate of Himself

Mr. Bryan's judgment of himself is largely at variance with that of the world. He is generally thought of as a kind of verbal necromancer; and at times he is marvelous. But his opinion, as expressed to me in substance several times, is: "I don't consider myself eloquent—as that word is ordinarily used. Such strength as I have as a speaker lies in two things: the people know that I am in earnest, and they can understand all I say." And while at issue with his denial of his eloquence, I quite agree with him in the last part of his statement. Read one of his speeches analytically, and it will at once

# AND WHAT HE STANDS FOR

appear that simplicity and clarity are what distinguish its style. Sesquipedality can never be charged against his speeches. All is so simple that not only he who runs may read, but the slowest-thinking man can understand. Like Goldsmith, his vocabulary is largely Saxon, the tongue of the plain people; and both have demonstrated that little Norman French or Anglicized Latin is needed to make a verbal gamut great enough for even the greatest of the lingual masters.

## The Writer's Bias

I have been charged with being a Bryanophile, an unreasoning Bryan lover, but I do not think that my judgment has been unduly biased. That I am biased to a degree, I concede. I want to be biased. The man who is not biased in favor of his friend is not entitled to the friendship of that friend. But I don't think my bias blinds me. I recognize that while he is a mighty good man, he is still a man. One of his weaknesses, as I view his character, is its strength—to use an Irishman's bull. He is slow to change, even when changed conditions make it at least politic, and possibly wise, to do so. A pretty good fault many will say; and, indeed, who can decide just when strength of purpose becomes obstinacy?

In his private business affairs he is prudent and careful. His Scotch-Irish blood will serve as guaranty against a Bryan administration even indulging in such a saturnalia of extravagance as has been made common by recent Republican régimes.

## Bryan and Public Questions

On public questions, time has demonstrated that his attitude has generally been right. That his judgment was correct on the money question few familiar with fiscal matters now deny. He never looked upon silver as other than a means to the end—that of an enlarged circulation. His suggestion of Federal license is the best and most practical of all the suggestions that aim at trust extinction.

The wisdom, let alone the righteousness, of his anti-imperialistic position is thrown into strong relief by the half-lighted war torches that are now glaring balefully at us out of the Orient. Without the Philippines, war with Japan would be beyond the realm of the possible; but now who can read our future in the Far East?

It is not my purpose, however, to discuss in detail his attitude toward public questions. I have said thus much to point the truth that his judgment on public matters has been shown to



be accurate at all times in a remarkable degree.

But great as is his recognized ability, the very keystone of his strength with the people is quarried from their faith in his honesty. The people have been surfeited with smart scamps and cunning criminals, Government grafters and Senatorial short-change men; now they want *honest* men. They want the head to be right, but, more than all, they want the heart to be right; and that Bryan's heart beats with and for them they well know.

His notions of duty are glimpsed through what happened in 1898.

I was strongly opposed to his being a soldier-participant in the Spanish-American War. I felt sure that the Republican administration would not permit him to do any fighting; would compel him to be a holiday soldier, and then deride him for being what they compelled him to be. All this I urged upon him, but his answer was characteristic: "Don't you think a man will be kept pretty busy if he does his duty, without attempting to control all the consequences?"

#### His Place Among the Great

It is difficult to place a just judgment upon any man; there are so many standards by which to measure. Napoleon was first in the field; Disraeli first in the cabinet; others have conceived ideas of grandeur and beauty and placed them upon a page. Then, too, there is the sorcerer scientist who harnesses the intangible, lets you see through solids, and permits you to hear the voices of the dead. All these are great men. But is it not true to-day, as in the ancient time, that leading all the rest in the book of gold is the name of him who is great because he loves his fellow men? If so, then is Bryan great!

He is the God-fearing man in politics; the Christian without cant; the politician who knows no price; the citizen whose life is an inspiration. Strong is he, with the strength that means steadfastness. The cunning can not



JOHN H. ATWOOD

cajole him; the sophist can not mislead him; the briber can not buy him; nor can he be made afraid.

He is the leader of a great party, whose leadership no man questions; he is the idol of millions of his countrymen; he is concededly one of the great personages of the earth. Without office, as a plain American citizen, he has been the guest of emperors, the conferee of kings, the teacher of senates; and yet, with all this, he is so simple in his living, so kindly in his commerce with his fellows, that the one title that fits him like a garment is "The Great Commoner."

He stands for the guaranty of bank deposits, because it is a protection that the unprotected need and to which they are entitled. A small tax based on a bank's deposits (one-half of one per cent. would be enough) would be a trifling burden to a banker and yet make the savings of the citizen secure; and that, too, while keeping the Government out of the banking business. And, besides, such a law makes panics impossible. Panics are born of fright; the guaranty eliminates fear and so eliminates the cause of the panic.

He stands for a severer punishment for trust malefactors than a fine that the people must pay; saying that if prison is proper for the criminal pygmy it must be so for the criminal cyclops—that the penalty should not diminish as the magnitude of the wrong increases.

He would revise the tariff down because otherwise no relief from tariff evils can take place.

If elected, his platform will fit his purposes, for his party and he are in accord; while his adversary can only vainly strive to match his party's proclamations with his personal professions.

Mr. Bryan would have all men equal before the law; hence his views upon injunctions.

He would have one charged with indirect contempt accorded what is conceded to the

murderer who is seized with his victim's blood yet wet upon his hands—and so he says, give him a jury trial.

He stands in private life for the simple, unostentatious piety of his fathers, and in public life for that righteousness which recognizes that the uplifting of the creature is the most acceptable service to the Creator; that the righting of any man can be the wronging of no man.

#### Can He Be President?

His greatness is like that of Washington and Lincoln, in that, ramifying every part of it, is the moral element; the particles that compose it are pure.

The banyan, mighty in girth, sprawling its thousand roots in the slimy mud of a tropic river-bank; the Oregon pine, anchored in the clean mold of the mountain side and towering to the clouds, its top a mighty instrument, its bark, its fiber, sweet to smell and clean to touch—which is the greater tree? Perhaps the One who made them both can alone determine that, but there can be no doubt which appeals most to us.

Men say that he can not be President, because the great men of the nation are rarely chosen; and as proof point to the disappointed ambitions of Webster, Clay, and Blaine. Answer: What of Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln? And, besides, the disappointed ones, great as they were, yet lacked a roundness on the moral side without which the complete confidence of the people is seldom commanded. Mr. Bryan would give to the high office of President the simple dignity of the elder days, a thing replaced in recent years by a cunning charlatanry.

No Wall Street magnate collects or conserves the campaign fund of his party, the sources of which can be read by all the world.

Candor has controlled his utterances; doubt as to his position can not exist.

His election will be an answer to the question; "Shall the people rule?" It can excite fear in none but the wicked, and will give to all the people that sense of security that is ever theirs when they know that conscience is the chief counselor of the chiefest of their servants.

# WHY I AM FOR BRYAN

By ADLAI E. STEVENSON, *Former Vice-President of the United States*



THE Presidential election of November 3, 1908, will be the thirty-first under our Federal Constitution. Every President thus far chosen—except Washington—has been the candidate of a political party. In view of the fact that political parties are necessities under popular government, it will probably so continue to the end.

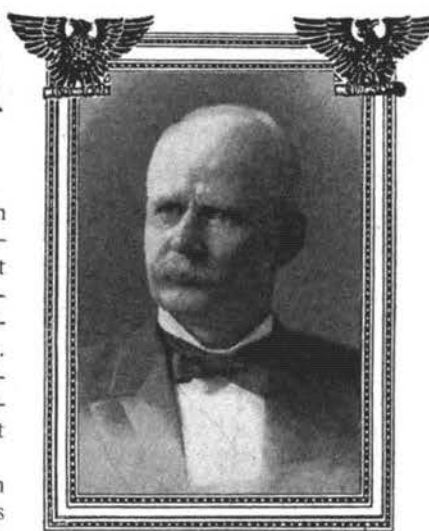
It was truly said by Edmund Burke that: "party divisions, whether on the whole always operating for the best, are things inseparable from free government." If true when applied to the British constitution—near the close of the eighteenth century—the remark is of deeper significance when applied to our Federal Government, with its larger measure of freedom.

It is but the statement of a fact known to all that the President to be inaugurated the fourth of March next will be either the present Republican or the present Democratic candidate for that office. My reasons for preferring Mr. Bryan will be briefly given.

Experience has demonstrated the necessity under our form of government of the existence of two political parties—each acting as a check upon the other. No fact is more patent than

that the long undisturbed continuance of any party in power tends to arrogance, to extravagance, to misrule—often to wilful corruption. To safeguard the people against these evils and enable them to hold their rulers to strict accountability, the builders of our Constitution wisely provided for brief Presidential terms of but four years' duration. Experience has further demonstrated that the public welfare will be best subserved by frequent change of responsibility and power from the one to the other of the great political parties.

For three successive Presidential terms the Republican Party has been in undisputed possession of all departments of the Government—controlling the President and both Houses of the Congress. In all important matters of legislation and of administration the sway of the now dominant party has been absolute—without let or hindrance. That abuses under such conditions have crept into all of the departments is but the statement of a fact that can not be gainsaid. That there is imperative necessity for a redress of grievances is a fact recognized by all thoughtful men. It is true to-day, as never before in our history, that we are under the curse of class legislation; that public moneys have been squandered and hazardous experiments substituted for old-time statesmanship. And it must not be forgotten that no political party ever has been, or is now,



ADLAI E. STEVENSON

capable of correcting the abuses for which it alone is responsible. To do so would be condemnation of itself. Such correction, if it comes, must be by those who have had no lot or part in the creation of the abuses. A significant illustration of what has been suggested is to be found in what is known in our political history as the "Post-office Frauds." A few years ago the country was startled by exposures in the great Post-office Department involving high officials and disclosing a loss of large sums to the public treasury. And yet when an attempt was made by the Democratic minority in Congress

to secure a full investigation, to the end that punishment be meted out to the guilty, whether high or low, the resolution for such investigation was defeated by a strict party vote. This gives emphasis to the statement that Governmental abuses are rarely, if ever, corrected by the party solely responsible for their existence. It emphasizes the necessity, so clearly discerned by the founders of the Government, for frequent changes in administration, to the end that abuses be corrected and needed reforms inaugurated.

The Denver Convention which nominated Mr. Bryan has given forth no uncertain sound upon the question of the redress of Governmental abuses. In large degree Mr. Bryan is himself a platform upon the salient issues of the campaign. He stands—as does the platform upon which he was nominated—for tariff reduction. The Dingley Tariff Law now in operation was placed upon our statute-books eleven years ago by a Republican Congress. It is the incarnation of injustice and greed. Under the “protection” it affords, colossal fortunes have been suddenly achieved. In all our history we have had no illustration more striking of odious class legislation. As an object lesson: articles of necessity to the American farmer—after paying the cost of ocean transportation—are sold to the European buyer for one-fourth less than the amount charged to the home consumer.

In large measure the revenues that support the financial burden of the general Government are derived from import duties. The tariff then is the abiding question of profound concern to the American people. In view of the enormous appropriations by the present Congress, and of a threatened deficit in our national treasury, the necessity for tariff revision—tariff reform—was never more urgent than at this moment. The necessity for such revision is declared in ringing utterances in the platform upon which Mr. Bryan was nominated—and even mildly conceded in the platform upon which his competitor was placed at Chicago.

Tariff revision, then, being a conceded necessity—to the end that the cost of articles of daily use be lessened to the consumer, and the Government provided its needed revenues—the question at once arises: By whom shall such revision be accomplished? Shall it be by the “friends” of the tariff, or by the friends of the people? In view of the fact that the “friends of the tariff” were the authors of, and solely responsible for, the Dingley law, we may exclaim, “Heaven save the people should the tariff again be revised by its ‘friends’!”

The election of Mr. Bryan and of a Democratic Congress would insure, within safe lines, tariff revision having strictly in view the reform conceded by all to be absolutely necessary. He is, moreover, the embodiment of antagonism to the “Trust.” He was among the first to sound the key-note of opposition to “unlawful combina-

tions of capital,” under whatever form or guise such combinations appeared. His oft-expressed views upon that question are crystallized in the platform upon which he is now a candidate for the Presidency. The trust is the crying evil of to-day. By combinations of capital unknown to our earlier days, against public policy, and in many instances in direct violation of state laws, the small dealer has been driven from the field. His occupation is gone. He can not successfully compete with the trust. The field being clear—competition destroyed—the manufacturer and the various trusts fix prices at their own pleasure. The trust virtually destroys competition—the life of trade. In no small degree it usurps the functions of government. By intelligent machination—exclusively to its own gain—it has greatly increased to the consumer the cost of articles of daily consumption. The shadow of the trust has fallen upon every hearthstone in the land. It is the monster evil of our day—a constant menace to popular government. In very truth, two good words of our language—“protection” and “trust”—have been made the synonyms of injustice and greed.

It will be remembered in this connection that the trusts followed close in the wake of the

Dingley tariff. The present tariff law, with its Chinese wall of exclusion, has in large measure made the existence of trusts possible. To curb in some measure the power of the monster evil, Mr. Bryan—in accord with his platform—stands pledged to legislation “placing the articles entering into competition with trust-controlled products upon the free list.”

The political disciple of Thomas Jefferson, Mr. Bryan is the antagonist of imperialism. No act of our Government under any administration is so deeply deplored by the American people as the departure from the clearly defined policy of its founders regarding foreign complications and entanglements. The conquest of the Philippine Islands will stand for ages as one of the saddest chapters in our history. In view of the sacrifice of human life, and the squandering of hundreds of millions of treasure, who is there to-day who does not deplore this experiment in imperialism—this violation of the vital principles upon which our Government was founded? Who is there to-day, Republican or Democrat, who would not gladly have this sad chapter of our history rewritten; if possible the hands turned back upon the dial?

Existing conditions, however, must be recognized, and the declaration of the Denver platform is timely—to the effect that there be an immediate declaration of our Government's intention to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as a suitable government, with proper guaranty upon our part, be established. Happy will it be for our country if this sad experiment remains the sole object lesson for all time of the folly and peril of a gross departure from the fundamental principles upon which our Government was founded.

Mr. Bryan is likewise the antagonist of extravagance in public expenditure. With a deficit in the public treasury, and confronted by the startling fact that appropriations for the fiscal year ending June thirtieth, last, were ninety millions in excess of the year immediately preceding—it is indeed time we give heed to the admonition of Jefferson, that a halt be called upon reckless appropriations of the public money.

In entire accord with the Denver platform Mr. Bryan is the advocate of an amendment to the Federal Constitution providing for the election of Senators of the United States by popular vote. The wisdom of such an amendment will readily be recognized. Whatever will bring Senators in closer touch with and more directly responsible to the people, will tend to the promotion of the public welfare. The complaint so often heard that the Senate has of late years passed under the iron rule of a few of its strong members, and ceased to represent the entire people—should give us pause. The fact is recognized that amendments to our fundamental law should be of rare occurrence, and only when such change would

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# A PARADE OF HER OWN

by Zoe Hartman  
Illustrated by Horace Taylor



OR the second time Petronel counted carefully, shooting out a stubby forefinger at each separate bay-window which flaunted the large, benevolent features of a candidate.

"There's 'leven for us!" she announced to her court with great satisfaction. The Twins, Miriam and Buster, looked mystified.

"'Leven what?" demanded Hazel.

"Pitchers! 'Leven Dem'crat pitchers an' ten 'Publican on this street. An' on Harrison Street our side has th' mostest!"

"Oh, goody, we beat, we beat!" chortled Hazel, while the Twins echoed the refrain in singsong and Sancho, the big red setter, barked his approval. Nobody thought of questioning the returns.

"Naw, you did n't!" It was the voice of their sworn enemy, the Boy next door, whom they turned to see perched on the topmost rail of the partition fence, grinning maliciously at them. "The 's goin' to be a big 'Publican rally t'-night," he went on, inflating his chest with importance. "My big brother's on th' committee. Pop says when it's over, there won't be a Demmycrat vote left in town!"

"Huh!" snorted Petronel. "That's all a 'Publican knows, anyhow!"

"An' mebbe I'm goin' to ride in th' p'rade, my big brother says so!"

That was a home thrust; though she would have scorned to participate in a "Publican" rally, Petronel could not suppress a pang of envy at the favored lot of the Boy next door.

"What you goin' to be?" she inquired with more respect.

"Mebbe I'll be one of th' navy boys on th' C'lumbia float, if they take kids as small as me."

"Huh!" Petronel looked him over critically. "I should think you'd be ever so much too little for that. You could n't begin to stick on those long side seats when the wagon rocked!"

"You're more th' size of th' kids that runs along with th' band, Willum," added Hazel, in candidly patronizing tones.

"Willum" bristled with outraged pride. "Aw-haw!" he jeered. "Mebbe you think they'd take kids your size fer th' Goddess o' Liberty float! You'd

make a dandy lady-in-waitin', would n't you?"

"I bet I'd 'a' been there las' Dem'crat p'rade as flower girl," retorted Petronel, "if mama had n't been 'fraid th' horses on th' Goddess float'd run away an' I'd catch cold in my white dress. So there, Mr. Willum!"

"Well, they would n't have you in ours. We're goin' to have a torchlight p'cession—oh, 'bout two miles long—"

"Aw-w!" came the derisive chorus of unbelief.

"An' th' 'Publican Club's goin' to march and wear plug hats—"

"Copy-bugs! We did that at ours!"

"An' carry white umbrellas!" triumphed "Willum."

"You old Demmycrats never did that! Then there's to be 'bout ten floats—"

"We had fifteen!"

"I bet you did n't! An' two bands, an' a Uncle Sam, an' a Ship o' State, an' all th' speakers ridin' in a hack with th' sides down. Then the's a big s'prise—"

Cuthbert did n't tell me what it was, but it's to be jis' swell. Betcher thousand dollars this'll be better 'n both yer Demmycrat p'rades."

"Betcher two thousand it won't!"

"Well, it will, so you can jis' hand your money over!" And with the air of one about to descend and take it forcibly, "Willum" swaggered down from his perch, chanting uproariously—

"Dogs an' cats an' pickled rats  
Er good enough fer Demmycrats—"

with many choice variations on the first line, such as "Toads an' skunks an' pickled bats!"

Petronel retired precipitately, hurling back her defiance in kind—it was Uncle Rod's latest work of genius—

"'Tater-bugs in ol' tin cans  
Er good enough fer 'Publicans!'"

making up in volume what it lacked in variety, for she had the aggressive support of Hazel and the Twins. Thus backing and screaming, the party suddenly collided with something hard and post-like, which proved to be the long, sturdy legs of Uncle Rod.

"Hello! What are you yelling about, young turkey cocks?" inquired that young man, seizing each apologetic Twin by the collar of its small frock.

"Willum, that Boy nex' door, said the 'Publican p'rade t'-night would be better 'n the Dem'crat ones," explained Petronel, apologetically, "but it won't, will it, Uncle Rod?"

"Certainly not!" Uncle Rod achieved a ferocious frown. "It's only an election libel. Don't you believe a word of it, Pete, old girl!"

Petronel nodded vigorously. It gave one such a fine, thrilling sense of comradeship to be hailed as "Pete, old girl," by one's own particular hero uncle. She sidled close to him, slipping her hand into his, while her court, with Sancho and the Fast Mail in tow, attached themselves with leech-like devotion to the skirts of his coat until standing room was at a premium around him.

"Does any one know," he continued with an air of heart-rending anxiety, "of some poor barefooted little children around here in need of campaign buttons? There's a box full in the hat-rack seat—"

The court gave one rapturous whoop and started on the gallop for the front hall. But Petronel was not to be tempted from her divinity's

side by campaign buttons. She looked up at him wistfully.

"Is n't there goin' to be any more Dem'crat p'rades, Uncle Rod?"

"I'm afraid not, girlie, it's so near election. Why? Did you aspire to a place in the torchlight procession?"

Petronel shook her red-brown curls. "I'd rather ride on th' Goddess o' Liberty float," she said modestly, "or," with sudden inspiration, "I'd jis' as leave ride a pony in th' Ladies' Campaign Ridin' Club. Then I could wear a jockey cap with a rooster on it! But I know mama an' papa'd never let me. Every time I ask 'em mama says she knows I'd come back dead. But mebbe Willum 'll ride in th' p'cession t'-night, an' I should think he'd as likely come back dead as me!"

"Well, never you mind, girlie. Tell you what we'll do. You be all ready to-night and I'll come for you at seven and take you down-town, and we'll see the whole show, together. What d'ye say, colonel?"

Petronel beamed with satisfaction. But before she could reply, around the corner of the house came strutting the younger delegation, Indian file, each little bosom fairly bursting with campaign buttons and arrogance. The sight was too much for her. Dropping Uncle Rod's hand, she placed herself at the head of the line (for Petronel was born to the baton and the gavel) and was soon drilling it to parade like the Jefferson Marching Club—a result well-nigh unattainable with Sancho walking on everybody's feet and waving his amiable red tail in everybody's face.

When Uncle Rod came for her that evening, she was waiting for him on the cat-post in all the splendor of two solid rows of campaign buttons down the front of her cloak and a coronet of the same around the edge of her tam-o'-shanter. All the way to Main Street she was so intent on explaining to Uncle Rod the wherefore of wearing "Publican" buttons upside down, that she was unprepared for the wonders of Main Street as it burst upon her, a veritable riot of colored lights and bunting, swaying lightly in the October breeze. The crowds were beginning to thicken around the peanut and pop-corn stands and the booths where candidates' pictures and badges were dispensed at exclusive campaign prices. From the band stand on the court-house green came the festive note of a cornet.

Now a flag-draped landau thundered past; and presently a wonderful white-and-gold float drawn by four chafing white horses made a brief thrilling charge across the court-house square and disappeared into a side street. Petronel's heart beat fast. She knew by the draped white diaz in the middle, that it was the Goddess float!

It was with the greatest difficulty that she tore herself away from the enchanted scene long enough to accompany Uncle Rod to the stuffy upstairs office room labeled "Democratic Headquarters," where he stopped to rummage for a roll of bunting and other political paraphernalia.

"Are we goin' t' wave 'em when th' p'rade goes by, Uncle Rod?" she asked as he placed a bundle of flags in her arms.

"Not on your life, colonel!" returned that gentleman, emphatically. "This is n't our pow-wow. Some of the Jefferson Club of which your uncle is the honored secretary and treasurer are to start on an all-day canvass of the Carrolltown country, early to-morrow morning, and these traps are to decorate our tally-ho. Now we'll leave these over at my office and then we'll chase back and see the fun. Look out there—this hallway's dark."

Down the narrow stairs into the street which he soon deserted for a side street, Petronel trotted close at his heels, casting many an anxious glance backward at the brilliant square, whence came the muffled roll of a bass drum.

They were almost at the entrance to Uncle Rod's office, when she stopped short, arrested by the sight of a wonderful red-white-and-blue creation issuing from



"She placed herself at the head of the line"



"He disappeared in a whirl of dust and legs"



"Petronel jabbed and sawed at the rope"



the livery-stable just across the way, unofficially attended by several men in their shirt sleeves. But surely this was the strangest float that ever graced a political parade; for it was nothing more or less than a great iron-barred cage mounted securely upon a wagon bed of the same dimensions, with flags flying from all four corners and bunting, everywhere—twined in the spokes of the wheels, floating, blanket-like, around the horses' flanks, draping the rear of the cage in a solid curtain and festooned along the top underneath a border of white from which stared a bold, black-lettered inscription. Above that, there was still another, propped up like a bill-board on the roof of the cage.

"Why, it looks like a circus wagon!" marveled Petronel, pausing to spell out the words. Highest up, one read in mammoth letters, "Great Republican Shows, Consolidated," then below, in slightly reduced print, "This Cage Contains the Democratic Party. Not Dangerous! Fifty Years in Captivity and Destined to Four More Years of Chains!!!"

Petronel was as yet too deeply interested to give way to partisan ire, especially when she spied "Willum's" big brother among the group around the float and heard his big voice in dispute above the others. She pulled Uncle Rod's sleeve excitedly to call his attention.

"Humph! That contemptible cad!" was his only comment as he turned away, fumbling for his keys; by which Petronel understood that "Willum's" big brother was beneath the notice of any self-respecting human being, and rated him accordingly. Meantime, they too, were attracting attention.

"Aha, there, fellows!" suddenly exclaimed the domineering voice, quite audibly. "There's the boy for us!" Then ensued a quick parley in which one caught such fragments as "Mr. Rodney Brent, the cornerstone of the Democratic fabric," and, "But I tell you we can't depend on Brooks now!"

Petronel never had a very coherent idea of how it began. She dimly recalled a rush for the curbstone and the derisive taunts of "Come, chicky, chicky!" and "Put salt on his tail!" with which the three flung themselves upon Uncle Rod. It all happened so quickly that there was no time to run to Main Street for help even if Petronel had kept her presence of mind. Too dazed to cry out, she shrank into the shadow of the building and watched the unequal combat in a fascination of horror, wringing her hands in silent anguish, when he disappeared in a whirl of dust and legs, and dancing with hope when he climbed to the top of the pile, fighting like a Trojan. Dry sobs filled her heaving little breast almost to bursting as they dragged him toward the cage, and once she tried to scream, but the sound stuck in her throat. Then the iron door of the cage was flung open and they hurled him in, two of them holding him while a third manacled his wrists and ankles and fastened them to a great iron ring in the floor.

Never once did it occur to Petronel to desert him. One idea, at least, was stirring in her benumbed little brain—that she must share whatever fate befell him,

even unto death itself! So, clutching mechanically to her breast the bundle that Uncle Rod had dropped in the *melée*, with one desperate, silent spring, she crept into the swaying cage and crouched tremblingly in a rear corner behind a long drape of bunting which had been loosened from the ceiling by the struggle, expecting every moment to be discovered and forcibly ejected. But, to her surprise and relief, the sounds of heavy breathing, cracking muscles, and wriggling bodies suddenly stopped, the cage door slammed with an elaborate grating of key in lock, and the big, insolent voice which had never ceased its running fire of taunts, burst into a great chuckling laugh, "Now I leave it to you chaps if that ain't more realistic! Talk about Prometheus bound! Haw! haw!"

"Drive straight to Main Street, Grogan!" shouted another.

"D— you, Grogan, don't you do anything of the sort! You'll have that Democrat gang raiding you and rescuing him before the parade begins. Drive into some dark street and make for the head of Harrison where the procession starts. And, Grogan, when you get there, press that button right back of you and turn on that bunch of electric lights in the cage, so that our exhibit will show up well. Oh, we'll dazzle the crowd all right. Haw! haw!"

There was a lurch and a plunge that threw Petronel against the draped bars of the cage where she clung stoically as the mad whirl around corners and through silent streets began. Finally upon a slight slackening of the pace, she ventured from her corner to look for the body of her cavalier.

"Why, colonel, how in the dickens did you get here?" panted that woefully battered and soiled young man from his kneeling posture on the floor of the cage, where he was struggling impotently with his bonds.

"I jis' sneaked in an' hid among th' flags while they was tyn' you," quavered the little maid. "Oh, Uncle Rod, your for'd's bleedin'!"

"Is it? Never mind that! Colonel, you're a brick not to desert your old uncle in trouble! We must get out of this as fast as we can. Can you reach down in my pocket and see if my knife's still there? That's a good girl. Still there, eh? All right, see if you can cut this rope in two. That longest blade's the sharpest."

With many a tender commiserating glance for the raw places on his wrists, Petronel jabbed and sawed away at the ropes, raising great blisters on her palms and several times narrowly missing her own freckled nose, to say



"I'm going to show those jokey Republican friends of mine a thing or two"

nothing of certain accessible parts of Uncle Rod's anatomy. At length she had him free from all but the handcuffs, which eventually yielded to a vigorous tampering with the locks, being, apparently, not of the strongest make and old in the bargain.

"Bully!" pronounced Uncle Rod, with great satisfaction. "I suppose these bracelets weren't originally intended for a man that it took three blanked cowards to capture and in a dark street at that! Well, colonel, question is, how are we going to get out? There's not a second to waste—that fellow'll soon get to Harrison Street." He shook the door of the cage. "Nothing the matter with that lock, at any rate. Locks from the outside, too."

Petronel stared up at him from the bottom of the cage where she had squatted to secure, if possible, a firmer anchorage against the pitching and tossing of the wagon which rolled her about like a rubber ball.

"Is n't that a little door?" she whispered eagerly, her eyes traveling past him, and her finger pointing toward the upper forepart of the cage just under the driver's seat.

"So it is. Colonel, you shall be made a brigadier-general for this! I recognize this outfit now—it's one the circus abandoned last summer and they've patched it up. Let's see if that door will come up. If I only had something to poke it with—Hello, what's this?"

Startled and confused, Petronel looked down at the bundles (of the flag bundle she had lost all but two in transit), muttering quite truthfully, "I did n't know I had 'em!" and then watched with bated breath while he thrust at the trap-door with the flagstaves.

"It'll come up all right!" he exclaimed, turning an excited face around to an equally excited little maid. "Now you sit still and, whatever happens, don't you make a sound. I'm going to pay a visit to that gentleman above."

Petronel watched apprehensively as he swung himself up, digging his heels into the sides of the cage for a precarious foothold, swaying dangerously with every lurch, beating the trap-door open with his fist, and finally drawing him-

self through with utmost difficulty, for the opening was almost impossibly small for his broad shoulders. He was scarcely out of the hole when the fray began. It was wafted down to her in the form of a scuffling noise accompanied by muffled sounds that made the very curls beneath her tam-o'-shanter rise with horror, and fairly shriveled her well-brought-up ears, unaccustomed as they were to the accents of blasphemy. All at once the wagon stopped with a jerk that almost stood her on her head; there was a soft thud, a confused murmur of voices, a brief tussle. She peered fearfully through the bars to behold the cheering sight of Uncle Rod, seated upon a recumbent form beside the road, performing some kind of ceremony over it with what appeared to be a hitching-strap. But not till Uncle Rod returned to the driver's high seat and started off at a brisk pace did she venture to draw another full breath.

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"The home-stretch was quite as thrilling as the start"





# Our Election Forecast

By EDWARD E. HIGGINS

Based on information as to local political conditions, received from the fifteen thousand members of Success Magazine's Auxiliary Editorial Board of Life Subscribers, with special reference to the probable results in the doubtful States

WE ANNOUNCED last month that in this issue we should present to our readers a forecast of the result of the coming election based on votes and information received from our Life Subscribers in response to letters and ballots mailed to them on September sixteenth last. This we are now ready to do, but before proceeding to detailed figures it is best to explain the conditions under which this vote is taken, in order, first, that our position may not be misunderstood, and, second, that such weight may be given to our forecast as the conditions set forth may seem to justify.

In the first place, the fact can not be too strongly emphasized that SUCCESS MAGAZINE is absolutely non-partisan in its treatment of public affairs. During a Republican administration we must naturally give much attention to Republican policies, supporting them when they appeal to our judgment and opposing them when they do not. Should a Democratic administration come into power we should be equally unbiased and non-partisan. As we have frequently stated, we believe in *men* rather than *organizations*—in the men who are *doing things*, or who will do them, rather than with "parties, good or bad."

In our October number we gave to our readers the President's opinion of Mr. Taft. We had hoped also to obtain for the same issue an article from Mr. Bryan (who has been a frequent contributor to our columns) upon the issues of the campaign from a Democratic standpoint, but the great pressure of work upon him made this finally impossible. In this issue we present two articles on the situation by Democrats of national reputation, ex-Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson, and John H. Atwood, of Kansas.

Perhaps the best proof, however, that our non-partisan character is a fact and is thoroughly understood by our readers is found in the politics of our Life Subscribers as ascertained in the vote just taken. In the normally Republican States a majority are Republican and in the normally Democratic States a majority are Democratic. Curiously enough, in the close States like Missouri and Kentucky, for example, the number of our Life Subscribers belonging to the respective parties

is nearly equal. In other words, it has been made clearly evident by the ballot just taken that our *Auxiliary Editorial Board of Life Subscribers* is *almost perfectly representative of the prevailing politics and opinions of the different States of the Union.*

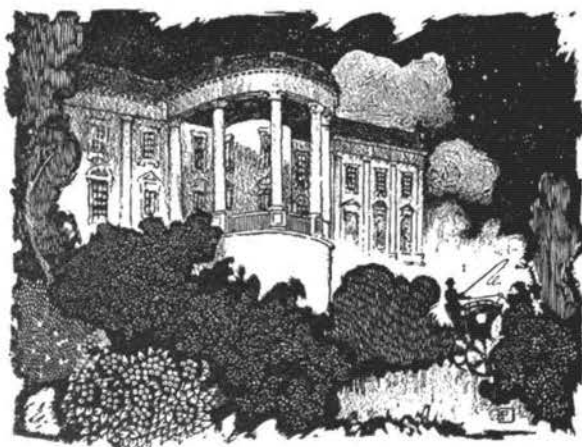
Now the number of Life Subscribers actually members of our Board on September sixteenth last, to whom our request for a vote was addressed, was 15,260, of whom probably eighty-five per cent. were voters (deducting our Lady Members and minors). The total number of votes actually received from voters up to and including October seventh, the date of this writing, when "the polls were closed" was 11,007. It is clear, therefore, that nearly ninety per cent. of the number of voters addressed actually voted. A better "straw vote" than this can not possibly be obtained as showing the prevailing opinion of all voters addressed *at the time taken.*

It must not be forgotten however, that this vote was taken early in the campaign, and, in fact, before the campaign was fairly under way, and it is quite possible that many "bombshells" may be exploded and considerable change of opinion take place during the last month before election. All that we can do in our forecast, therefore, is to tell our readers the probabilities as disclosed by the early vote, and they must draw their own conclusions as to the modifications to be made by later developments of which we know nothing at this writing.

One further explanation is necessary. In arriving at our judgment as to the probable results in each State as expressed below, we have not in any instance been influenced by the mere totals of the votes of our Life Subscribers for the respective candidates, but our endeavor has been to ascertain the *drift* or *change* of sentiment within the parties themselves.

In the ballots prepared for the use of our Life

Subscribers we first asked the politics of the voter; second, the question "For what candidate do you intend to vote?" and third, "How do you think your State will go?" If in counting the ballots of a State we found that a larger percentage of avowed Republicans were intending to vote for Bryan than Democrats for Taft; and if, in addition,



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the majority of the independents were for Bryan as against Taft; it became evident that there was a *drift* toward Bryan. The next step, was, therefore, to determine whether this drift was probably sufficient to overcome in the State the Roosevelt majority over Parker of four years ago, or the McKinley majority over Bryan of eight years ago. The final step was to compare our own judgment, as based on the vote, with the judgment of our subscribers themselves, as expressed in their answers to the third question, "How do you think your State will go?" It is a curious and interesting fact that in practically every State, these third question answers corroborated the indications of the vote in a most striking manner, Republicans and Democrats alike readily conceding their States to the opposition party, despite their own party affiliations and intended votes, when the conditions pointed that way.

As a result of all the information thus obtained, we have found it impossible to doubt that in inspecting and tabulating this vote we have been looking directly into the hearts of the American people, and the conviction has been forced upon us that in the following presentation and discussion we are correctly interpreting the general feeling in each State of the Union as it existed in the last two weeks of September.

The accompanying table of probable election results will appear to some, perhaps, as prejudiced and unfair, and, in truth, the forecast is so one-sided that the temptation has been great to place a larger number of States in the Democratic or doubtful columns "for the sake of appearances." We have resisted this temptation, however, partly from a conscientious desire to give our readers the absolute truth as we found it, and partly to ascertain for ourselves and our readers how accurate a knowledge can really be formed of local conditions and public opinion by such a vote of our Editorial Board. The election results themselves will conclusively prove or disprove the accuracy of our forecast so that "all who run may read," always provided that too many, or too serious "bombshells" are not exploded by either party in the last month of the campaign.

Let us now comment, as briefly as possible, on the salient features of this forecast, confining our attention chiefly to those States commonly regarded as "doubtful."

In a general way it may be said first that there is absolutely no evidence of the "Bryan landslide" predicted by some. The solidly Republican States of the past will remain Republican and the solidly Democratic States Democratic. While there are evidences in many of these States of some drift away from the ruling majorities of four and eight years ago, these evidences are not so pronounced as to warrant any expectation that the normal majorities will be wiped out or cut down to the danger point.

The New England States will be Republican, as hitherto. Connecticut is sometimes spoken of as doubtful, but there are no evidences of this in our canvass. Less than three per cent. of our Republican subscribers in Connecticut will vote for Bryan, while about twenty per cent. of the Democrats will vote for Taft, and ninety-five per cent. of the independent vote is for Taft.

In Pennsylvania and New Jersey the drift appears to be strongly toward Taft, and these States are, of course, normally Republican in Presidential years by very large majorities. In Maryland, which gave a majority of fourteen thousand against Bryan in 1900 and a nominal plurality of fifty-one only for Roosevelt in 1904,

there are no Republican subscribers who will vote for Bryan this year, while twenty-five per cent. of the Democratic vote is for Taft and over sixty per cent. of the independent vote is for Taft. We have placed Maryland in the doubtful column, however, because of its remarkably close vote in 1904, and because twenty per cent. of our Republican subscribers think it will go for Bryan while thirty-three per cent. of our Democratic subscribers think it will go for Taft. The probabilities therefore favor the Republicans.

Contrary to our own expectations, there are no indications that New York is even a doubtful State this year. With a Republican majority of 144,000 in 1900 and of 176,000 in 1904, it is evident that there must be an enormous change of

sentiment to produce a political revolution. Our vote shows, on the contrary, but three per cent. drift of the Republican votes to Bryan, while there is a drift of thirteen per cent. of Democratic votes to Taft; and of the independent (not Independence League) vote sixty per cent. is for Taft and forty per cent. for Bryan. It should be stated, however, that we have practically no Life Subscribers in New York City (Manhattan), so that our vote is only from the "up-State" sections, including, however, Brooklyn and

Long Island. We believe that New York State will be Republican.

The South, including Oklahoma, will be solidly Democratic, the only indication of any drift toward Republicanism being in Georgia, where it is curiously pronounced but apparently inadequate to overcome the normal Democratic majority of 50,000 to 60,000.

West Virginia, which gave McKinley a majority of 21,000 in 1900 and Roosevelt a majority of 32,000 in 1904, will probably be again Republican, though there is a slight drift (six and one half per cent.) toward Bryan of Republican votes, with no corresponding drift toward Taft. The independent vote, however, is quite strongly in favor of Taft, and forty per cent. of our Democratic subscribers concede that Taft will carry this State while practically all our Republican subscribers claim it for Taft.

Delaware will be numerically close as usual, but there are no indications that the twenty per cent. Republican majorities of 1900 and 1904 will be wiped out. Curiously enough, every Republican subscriber in Delaware claims the State and every Democratic subscriber concedes it to Taft.

The normal Democratic majorities of Virginia are too large to be disturbed by the very slight drift toward Taft disclosed by our vote.

The Middle West is believed to be Mr. Bryan's hope, and with some reason. If the Republican majorities of Ohio were not so enormous (69,000 in 1900 and 256,000 in 1904) there might be grave cause for uneasiness among the Republican managers, for the independent and Prohibition vote is largely for Bryan. But the proportion of Republicans who will vote for Bryan is materially less than that of Taft Democrats, while seventy per cent. of our Democratic subscribers concede the State to Taft, and we can not fail to put Ohio firmly in the Republican column.

In Illinois Bryan has a slight advantage in change of sentiment, but by no means enough to overcome the large normal Republican majority. In Wisconsin the Bryan drift is even more marked, but still is apparently inadequate, for the Wisconsin Republican majorities were 106,000 in 1900 and 156,000 in 1904, and over eighty per cent. of our Democratic subscribers concede





the State to Taft. In Michigan the sentiment is quite strongly toward Taft.

We expected to find Indiana a decidedly doubtful State, owing partly to the local strength of Mr. Kern, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, and partly to the liking of the State for Bryan. To our surprise, the vote, in addition to showing an overwhelming preponderance of actual Republican voters, showed a Republican drift to Bryan of only three per cent., while there was a Democratic drift to Taft of seven per cent. The independent vote is, however, sixty per cent. for Bryan and forty per cent. for Taft. Altogether we can not regard Indiana as a doubtful State, as its Republican majority of 1904 was no less than 94,000, while it was 27,000 in 1900. Over thirty per cent. of our Democratic subscribers concede the State to Taft while less than ten per cent. of our Republican subscribers concede it to Bryan.

Kentucky, curiously enough, we are almost forced to regard as doubtful, because of the small Democratic majorities (in 1900, 8,000 and in 1904, 12,000), and of the fact that our vote, in addition to disclosing a nearly equal balancing of parties among our Life Subscribers, discloses also a ten per cent. drift of Democratic votes to Taft as against but two per cent. the other way,

while a substantial majority of independent votes are for Taft. Kentucky will hardly fail to go Democratic, but these figures are certainly interesting.

We place Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, and North and South Dakota in the Republican column. Kansas would, however, be decidedly doubtful were it not for the enormous Republican plurality of 1904 (126,000 out of 324,000 votes cast), for there is a decided preponderance of drift toward Bryan. In Minnesota and Iowa, however, the drift is the other way, though but slightly, and in North and South Dakota the Bryan drift though evident is too slight to overcome the normal Republican majorities. A large majority of our Democratic subscribers in each of these five States concede their respective States to Taft.

Nebraska is doubtful. There is a Republican drift to Bryan of eleven per cent. and a Democratic to Taft of but four per cent., while eighty-five per cent. of the independent vote is for Bryan. The Roosevelt majority in 1904 was 87,000, but the McKinley majority over Bryan in 1900 was only 8,000 and altogether we feel that Mr. Bryan has this year a fair chance of securing the electoral vote of his own State. Nearly twenty-five per cent. of our Republican subscribers concede the State to Bryan, while but eight per cent. of our Democratic subscribers concede it to Taft.

Our vote discloses Missouri also as a doubtful State. It is normally Democratic but gave a Republican majority in 1904 of 25,000. Five per cent. of Republican subscribers will vote for Bryan while seven per cent. of the Democrats will vote for Taft as will a majority of the independents. Inasmuch, however, as a large majority of our Republican subscribers concede the State to Bryan and all the Democrats claim it, we place Missouri in the Democratic column.

In the Far West, California, Utah, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Wyoming appear quite certainly Republican, and a large majority of our Democratic subscribers in each State concede this. In California and Utah the drift is toward Taft, while in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Wyoming there is a more or less pronounced drift to Bryan but not enough in any case to promise the wiping out of Republican majorities. Colorado is doubtful and the vote promises to be very close. Nevada and Montana are doubtful with the chances favoring the Republicans in Montana and the Democrats in Nevada.

Summarizing the whole situation the vote of our Life Subscribers warrants the prediction that Taft will quite surely have 298 electoral votes, or 56 more than the 242 required for election. Bryan will have 161 votes and 24 electoral votes must at present be classed as doubtful.

Unless the efforts of the spellbinders of the respective party organizations, or the "bombshells" exploded in the last weeks of the campaign prove unusually effective in changing sentiment, it is our best information and judgment that the results will be as expressed in the accompanying table.

### Success Magazine's Election Forecast

#### North Atlantic States

	TAFT	BRYAN	DOUBTFUL
Maine.....	8		
New Hampshire.....	4		
Vermont.....	4		
Massachusetts.....	16		
Rhode Island.....	4		
Connecticut.....	7		
New York.....	39		
New Jersey.....	12		
Pennsylvania.....	34		
Delaware.....	3		
Virginia.....		12	
West Virginia.....	7		
Maryland.....			8*
Totals.....	136	12	8

#### Southern States

	TAFT	BRYAN	DOUBTFUL
North Carolina.....		12	
South Carolina.....		9	
Georgia.....		13	
Florida.....		5	
Alabama.....		11	
Mississippi.....		10	
Tennessee.....		12	
Louisiana.....		9	
Texas.....		18	
Arkansas.....		9	
Oklahoma.....		7	
Totals.....		115	

#### Middle States

	TAFT	BRYAN	DOUBTFUL
Ohio.....	23		
Indiana.....	15		
Illinois.....	27		
Kentucky.....		13	
Michigan.....	14		
Wisconsin.....	13		
Minnesota.....	11		
Iowa.....	13		
Missouri.....		18	
Kansas.....	10		
Nebraska.....			8
South Dakota.....	4		
North Dakota.....	4		
Totals.....	134	31	8

#### Western States

	TAFT	BRYAN	DOUBTFUL
Montana.....			3*
Wyoming.....	3		
Colorado.....			5†
Utah.....	3		
Nevada.....		3†	
Idaho.....	3		
Oregon.....	4		
Washington.....	5		
California.....	10		
Totals.....	28	3	8
Entire Country.....	298	161	24

\* Probabilities favor Republican success.  
† Probabilities favor Democratic success.



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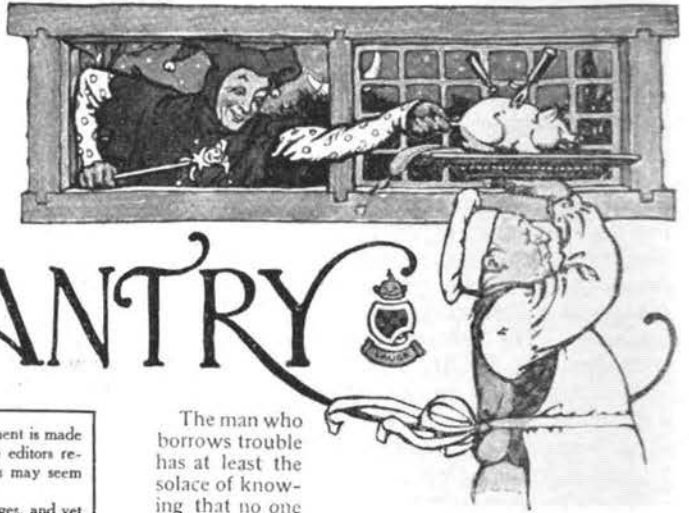
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# POINT & PLEASANTRY



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## Husbands

HUSBANDS are the natural product of most civilized countries. They are plentiful in most of the United States of America, being scarcest in Utah and Massachusetts, where each lady owns but a fraction of a husband, or none at all. Those owning no more than a morbid interest in a husband are called old maids.

Although the best husbands in this country are acknowledged by experts to be indigenous to the soil, those commanding the highest market-prices are the imported varieties, because of their expensive labels. The Crown brand brings the largest figure.

The husband is a wary and elusive animal, fleeing for safety at the first noise like a skirt to his lair in clubs, offices, and other remote caves of his habitat; but he may be cajoled forth by an appearance of indifference on the part of the trapper, as his curiosity can always be aroused by the strange creature who could remain immune to his charms; after which he may be easily caught anywhere in broad daylight (though a white night-light or moon-calcium is preferable), in a trap composed of frou-frou, talcum, golden locks, and flattery.

There is a tradition to the effect that the earliest husband-catcher was a clumsy contrivance made of fine hand-sewing attached to a spinning-wheel, decorated with home-made preserves put up in a sirup of sweet disposition and sealed in common-sense jars.

Once secured with a matrimonial halter tied in a diamond hitch, the husband usually becomes quite tame and will eat from the hand and sign checks at will. There are more than fifty-seven varieties of husbands at large and in captivity, but they are broadly classed as good and bad, by their respective owners or keepers called wives. Since the wife is so constituted that she can believe anything she sets her mind to, she can easily persuade herself that a bad husband is a good one and vice versa—a merciful provision of Providence for marital happiness.

The American husband is called by his transatlantic compeers a beast of burden; to which he may very justly retort that the transatlantic husband is a beast of prey, or otherwise, but always a beast, and that it's a White Man's Burden, anyway. All of which proves that the highest grade husband extant has his permanent habitat in these United States of America.

LILIAN PASCHAL DAY.

## Even Honors

ONE of the Tammany delegates at the Denver convention was approached by an old acquaintance who was badly down in his luck. Sidling up to the Tammanyite he said: "Say, Billy, lend me a twenty, will you? I'm short."



You lose ten and I lose ten. See? P. V. BUNN.

## From a Philosopher's Note-book

A SUCCESSFUL manicure never hits the nail on the head.

Forgetfulness of yesterday and anticipations of tomorrow make troublesome to-days.

The man who borrows trouble has at least the solace of knowing that no one will ever dun him to pay it back.

Possibly the chap who growls about the wash-day dinner would have found it more pleasing to his taste if he had done the washing.—CARLYLE SMITH.

## President Hadley's Bath

ARTHUR, the six-year-old son of President Hadley, was recently discovered in full possession of the bathtub, engaged in sailing boats. Removed only by force, he left the house, and, meeting a lady acquaintance, volunteered this information: "The president of Yale College won't take his bath this morning."

"Why not?" asked the amused lady.  
"Because," answered Arthur, "I've got the plug to the bath-tub in my pocket."

## Wool

Wool is raised extensively in all parts of the United States, including Wall Street. It is used as a garment for wolves and to adjust over people's eyes. In Wall Street, wool takes the form of fleece and is highly prized as a protection for both bulls and bears, who are often too thinly clad for their own comfort. Thus the tender lamb is glad to help out its brothers in distress. The shearing hours are from ten to three.

Wool is obtained from sheep that we remember to have seen in oil paintings dotting the landscape. Dotting the landscape is, however, not an occupation in itself, but is only a means toward an end. Most of it is imported to other countries, but occasionally traces of it are found in our domestic woolen underwear.

The phrase "All wool and a yard wide" was invented before the modern laundryman. Since his advent it has been revised to "All wool and three inches wide."

Sheep are very simple in their habits, and although they never use hair tonics, or wash and dress their hair every night before going to bed, they seldom become bald or are obliged to sit in the front row. Their name is also always the same, so they are not likely to get lost. When we say sheep we simply mean a lot of a sheeps gathered together.

In ordinary cases sheep arrive at maturity in a year or so, but Mary's little lamb never grows old and is as frisky as ever. Mary's little lamb indeed is the only one who has pulled the wool over every one's eyes and concealed his real age ever since he was born.

Wool is used in this country for flannel bandages and chest protectors. In these alternate forms it is worn by husbands who have caught cold, and who have no other means to defend themselves than to look sheepish.

## A Cheap Blowout

A CANNY old Scotchman, MacDougall, Who, like all of his people, was frugal, Whene'er he felt fine, 'Stead of ordering wine Would go blow himself on a bugle!

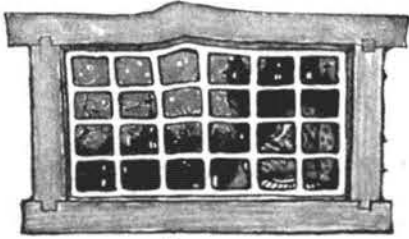


## He Knew Where John Was Going

"I CANNA' leave ye thus, Nancy," a good old Scotchman wailed. "Ye're too auld to work, an' ye couldna' live in the almshouse. Gin I die, ye maun marry anither man, wha'll weep ye in comfort in yer auld age."

"Nay, nay, Andy," answered the good spouse, "I





could na' wed anither man, for what wad I do wi' two husbands in heaven?" Andy pondered long over this; but suddenly his face brightened.

"I hae it, Nancy!" he cried. "Ye ken auld John Clemmens? He's a kind man, but he is na' a member o' the kirk. He likes ye, Nancy, an' gin ye'll marry him, 't will be all the same in heaven—John's na' Christian."—HOWARD DWIGHT SMILEY.

### The Cannon Roared

WHILE campaigning in his home State, Speaker Cannon was once inveigled into visiting the public schools of a town where he was billed to speak.

In one of the lower grades, an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph, Speaker Cannon suddenly gave vent to a violent sneeze.

"But, hush! hark!" declaimed the youngster—"a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye hear it?"

The visitors smiled, and a moment later the second sneeze—which the Speaker was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

"But, hark!" (bawled the boy)—"that heavy sound breaks in once more, And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! arm! it is the cannon's opening roar!"

This was too much, and the laugh that broke from the party swelled to a roar when "Uncle Joe" chuckled: "Put up your weapons, children; I won't shoot any more."—W. B. KERR.

### Varieties of Diction

THERE was a man who could not wed—  
A fact which caused him oft to fret—  
Because bad grammar reigned, he said,  
Among the girls he met.

From Boston town then came a maid  
Whose diction was a dream, he vowed;  
So matrimony he essayed  
With feelings very proud.

But soon his joy contracts a chill,  
For, though her diction's passing strong,  
Her contradiction's stronger still—  
They'll be divorced ere long.

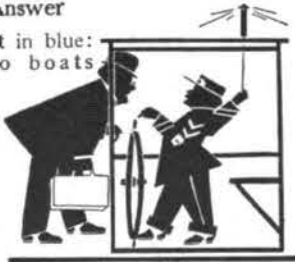
### Tariff Regulation

OF COURSE it is apparent that tariff schedules should be neither too high nor too low. If they are too high, it is unfair to the public. If they are too low, it is unfair to those who are getting the graft. But if rates already in force are found to be too high they should not be changed too soon. If they are changed too soon, it would lay the lawmakers open to the charge of being overhasty. If they are not changed soon enough, the danger is that the lawmakers would be accused of dilatoriness. Similar care should be exercised if rates already in force are found to be too low. Some one has said that the tariff should not be regulated either before or after a Presidential election. That is correct. If regulated before, it might have some effect on the election. If regulated after the election, it might lay the President open to the charge of taking undue advantage of those who did not vote for him on that issue, but voted for him because he believes in race perpetuation and race equality.

The tariff should not be touched at all unless it can be done in just the right way. All lowering should be done by its friends. All raising should be done by its enemies.—ELLIS O. JONES.

### An Automatic Answer

SAID a man to a pilot in blue:  
"What time do boats  
leave for Bay  
View?"  
The pilot inside  
With his whistle  
replied:  
"Two to two; two  
to two; two to  
two!"  
HARVEY PEAKE.



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TO RENOVATE MEN'S APPAREL which has become worn and shiny, dampen it, place a large sheet of blotting paper over the worn parts, and press with a hot iron. The blotting-paper absorbs the dampness and removes the

### Little Hints from Our Readers That Will Lighten the Burdens of Everyday Life

gloss.—LENA RANKIN.

NEW POPCORN, or popcorn that is damp, should not be dried out before popping, as is usually done. If you have recently gathered your corn, or if it has been left in a damp room, and you wish to use it right away, shell a few ears and put it in a bowl of water for ten minutes. It will pop readily, and the flakes will be crisp and nice.—C. A. DOVAULT.

WHEN PICKING A FOWL, particularly if there are many pin-feathers, the work can be simplified by plunging it into hot water for a few seconds, then wrapping it in a piece of burlap and allowing it to stand for three or four minutes. When picking, uncover only a portion at a time, so that the rest will remain warm and damp, and the feathers, great and small, can be stripped off in an amazingly short time.—A. M. A.

PAINT-SPLASHED WINDOW-PANES can be cleaned with steel wool, which can be obtained at the druggist's. It is very cheap, and does effective work.—J. P. R.

A LONG, NARROW KITCHEN TABLE is a great improvement upon a short, broad one. I had my kitchen table made eighteen inches wide and four feet long, like the counters used in stores. It saves the back wonderfully, and prevents that long reach when something is needed from the back of the table. It is also easier to keep clean.—Mrs. J. S. W.

FOR A HOT CLOTH APPLICATION, which I find very effective in pain of every sort, use a common potato ricer. Fold your flannel small, put inside the ricer, and pour boiling water through it. Squeeze and carry the flannel in the ricer to the patient. You can apply flannel much hotter and dryer, and thereby spare your hands and avoid wetting the patient's clothes or bed.—MYRTLE M. STANTON.

THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY of a dear old lady I knew was observed by her friends and relatives sending her picture post-cards. It was both a surprise and a pleasure that caused no strain on her energies.—Mrs. T. E. HANKS.

MAKE A BAG OF COTTON CLOTH three inches square, and fill with five cents' worth of soapbark. When you wish to sponge a stain from any fabric, place the bag in a basin of warm water and use like a sponge, wiping with a dry cloth. If two bags are made, one for dark and one for light materials, they will be found very convenient.—ROGERS PARK.

NEVER PLACE SILVERWARE on a newspaper—not even for a minute—because the sulphur in the ink makes black spots on the silver.—IDA.

I SAVE ALL PARAFFIN PAPER from cracker boxes and cut it up to fit cake tins. After a pan is greased I put a sheet of paper in the bottom, and it keeps the cake from sticking to the pan. It is better to let the paper stay on cake, after it is baked, until it is cold, unless frosting is to be used.—H. H. BANCROFT.

IT SAVES TIME EACH MORNING if shoes are laced over and over with one lace only, putting the end through two holes—one in each side—before pulling the string tight. The other end of the lace may be sewed on the lining of the shoe, as low as is convenient, and in position for the first hole at the bottom. In a low shoe, I run the left-hand lace from the top hole to the bottom direct, then begin the lacing proper. This per-

mits a knot at the top, if desired, but I prefer to tuck in the end of the lace without any knot whatever. It is more quickly done, and if tucked in deep it never comes out. If I want a bow at the top of the low shoe, I sew the knot of ribbon on one side of the shoe, with hook and eye for fastening at the other side, after the shoe is laced. Then it is always fresh and uncreased.—L. R. M.

IF THE COTTON used in comforters is first covered with mosquito-netting or cheese-cloth, and tacked in a few places, it is much easier to remove the outer covering when it becomes soiled. When the outside has been laundered and the inside well aired, replace the covering and knot as before. The comforter will look like new.—Mrs. P. D. M.

TO KEEP BUREAU DRAWERS from sticking, try bay-berry tallow instead of soap. It is sold by druggists under the name of bay wax, and is the best of lubricators.—M. W. H.

WHEN A NEW DRESSER, or any piece of furniture with drawers, is purchased, have the dealer tack a piece of wire screening over the bottom, and you will never be troubled with mice getting into the drawers.—E. C. T.

TO CLEAN VELVET CARPETS I moisten corn-meal—not wet enough to drip—apply to carpet and scrub with brush.—Mrs. B.

WHEN YOU LACK A COIN MAILING-CARD and postage-stamps are unobtainable, it is still easy to send money safely in a letter. Take half a sheet of writing paper, and with needle and thread make the coin fast to the upper half of the sheet by crossing the threads over the coin, making the stitches in the form of a star. The money will not move or cut the envelope. Never put it where the postmark is likely to come.—LUCIA NOBLE.

KNIT SHAWLS AND FASCINATORS should not be hung up to dry after washing, for they will stretch all out of shape. Toss loosely on a sheet of paper, and lay where the article will dry quickly.—M. SMALL.

CUPBOARD DOORS sometimes refuse to catch, the cause being that the doors have sagged. Lift the door and you will find it fastens all right.—Mrs. E. M. PEPPER.

FOR A RECIPE BOOK, buy separate note-book covers with eyelet-holes at the back, and paper with holes punched to match. You can then "bind" your book a few leaves at a time. The leaves may be used in the typewriter, or have printed or written recipes pasted upon them. If desired, you can remove any leaf and pin it on the kitchen wall for use. This is convenient if you are making something greasy, or with sticky ingredients which might soil your book. I find this book convenient, too, when I wish to reject any recipes.—MATTIE S. CAMPBELL.

FOR JAMMED FINGERS, immerse the hand in water as hot as can be borne and rub vigorously. Do up in sweet-oil or vaseline. If the bruise is on the face, apply a cloth wrung from hot water, to prevent the blood from settling, and afterwards apply the oil.—L. M. C.

WHEN CUTTING RIAS BANDS, do not use a ruler but try the tailors' system. Mark the selvage the desired width of bands, then take a thin cord, chalk it well, and stretch it from side to side. Lift the center, and let the cord snap back in place. This will give an absolutely true line to cut on. One can use the cord half-a-dozen times before re-chalking.—M. E. H.

WHEN MIXING MUSTARD, add a few drops of oil or sweet-oil. This





will prevent the unsightly black surface of the interior of your mustard jar. The paste will retain its original bright yellow color as long as a particle remains.—ONE WHO KNOWS.

AS THE LUSTER OF FINE PEARL BUTTONS is destroyed by washing, it is a good plan to make buttonholes on each side of a shirt-waist. Then sew the buttons to a strong tape and insert from the lower side. Remove the buttons before each washing. The same buttons can be used for several waists.—J. B.

CORN-MEAL MUSH will brown very quickly when fried, if a little sugar is put in the water while boiling.—MRS. E. W. T.

A PIANO DEALER told me a new way to keep the polished surface of the piano bright and clean. When it begins to look dull, and there is a bluish haze on the surface, I get clean white squares of cotton flannel and a bottle of table oil and go to work. I use two pieces of cloth at a time; one for rubbing the oil in and the other for polishing until the oil has disappeared. Only a small portion of surface should be polished at a time, and the rubbing should be with the grain of the wood. My piano looks like new after this treatment.—DIXIE.

BE VERY CAREFUL not to spill salt on the floor, matting, or carpet. If it lies there even a short while it leaves a spot which, though really moisture, looks like grease and is very hard to remove.—Mrs. G. A. C.

TO GRIND COFFEE AND SOAK IT some hours before boiling is a decided economy, but it *must not be soaked in the pot*. The acid in the coffee acting on the metal pot turns the coffee dark and gives it an unpleasant flavor. You can easily test this at breakfast time by putting a drop of coffee on the steel carver. Soak the coffee in a closed earthen vessel.—Mrs. G. A. C.

TO SOFTEN AN OLD PAINT-BRUSH which has become as hard as a board because it was not properly cleaned when last used, soak it in hot, soapy water for several hours. Then work it thoroughly with the hand, rubbing in soap occasionally, until the old paint is all out. It makes no difference how dry and hard the brush may be, this treatment makes it as soft and pliable as when new.—B. ALLEN.

To keep goldfish in the best condition cover the aquarium with a piece of glass, and wipe away each morning the moisture that has collected upon it. Do not change the water oftener than twice a year, but add a little at intervals to supply what is lost by evaporation. Place the aquarium where it will receive abundance of light, but do not let the direct rays of the sun fall on it during the summer. Feed the fish with prepared food three times a week, but sparingly, as the water-plant with which the receptacle should be provided will afford further necessary nutriment. While the fish mind a change to very cold water from that of moderate temperature, atmospheric changes produce no ill effects. They will thrive even should the water in their home freeze over. Goldfish require very little attention but can easily be killed by kindness.—M. E. H.

A CONVENIENT RECEPTACLE for the kitchen, to hang under the mirror, is made from a piece of white oilcloth ten inches wide and eighteen inches long, with a piece six inches wide and eighteen inches long sewed over it to form a pocket, which is divided into four pockets, for whiskbroom, comb, razor and curler. This can be stitched on the machine and bound with red or blue cambric lining, the piece forming the pocket being bound before it is stitched to the larger piece. I have made pockets for slippers and letters in the same way. —MRS. J. H. W.

THE WOMAN WHO HAS LEISURE and inclination to be her own decorator can work wonders with a roll of wall-paper, a pair of scissors, and some paste. When for various reasons, economical and otherwise, it was thought inadvisable to paper the walls of a pretty new cottage built for a bride, the glaring white walls were tinted, and while the plain walls were not objectionable in the main part of the house, the bride decided to vary the monotony in her bedroom. The color scheme of the room was blue, and from a roll of wall-paper with a bold design in dull blue chrysanthemums, she cut out the flowers and leaves carefully. These she arranged to form an irregular frieze, dropping a few of them here and there to encircle the mirror of her dressing-table and form a floral background for her bed.

A similar idea was carried out in a guest-room. The side walls were done in pale yellow striped paper with a Dresden pattern of red roses, and a drop ceiling of yellow moiré was used. Sprays of enormous dark red roses were cut out and pasted with studied carelessness above the molding, a few buds and petals straying below, some of them even clambering upon the ceiling an inch or two.—M. M. G.

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# SPORTS AND RECREATION

Conducted by E. T. KEYSER



### Trap-Shooting as an Amusement

**T**HE man who fancies that, in order to obtain amusement from a shot-gun, it is necessary to make a journey to the game field and return with something dead, has a very slight idea of the capabilities of the weapon as a means of enjoyment. If more were understood of the pleasure of trap-shooting at inanimate targets, or clay birds as they are frequently called, more of our citizens would be keener eyed, steadier nerved, and possessed of a better control of their tempers; for these qualities trap-shooting most certainly promotes. Moreover, it is a sport, an amusement, if you will, within the reach of almost any one.

There is a thrill about making a difficult shot, making it cleanly, and in knowing a second after the trigger has been pressed that you have done so. It possesses all the fascination of billiards or tennis, and takes one out into the same pleasant open country as does a game of golf. It can be made so easy as to encourage a beginner and yet will always have something in store in the way of additional skill to be obtained by an expert. There is scarcely a city or town in the country upon whose outskirts, easily reached by trolley-car or train, there may not be found stretches of level land, permission from whose owners may be obtained, either gratuitously or for a small sum, to use for shooting grounds.

The equipment necessary is simple and need not be expensive. A single-barreled gun, safe, accurate, and well made, without fancy finish, may be had for less than the cost of a set of golf clubs or a first-grade tennis racket. A trap to throw the target may be had for from five to six dollars, and the targets themselves in barrel lots may be had for about ten dollars a thousand. With the services of a small boy to load the traps, or of one of the shooters to attend to this duty, the necessary outfit is complete. The targets are saucer-like disks, of a composition that breaks easily when hit by shot, and rapidly disintegrates from exposure to the weather, so that they would not put a field out of business for grazing purposes, as would the old-fashioned glass ball. The trap from which they are thrown may, in its simplest and most inexpensive form, be made to throw the targets in different directions by means of shifting its position. A slightly more expensive form allows the direction of the flight of the target to be varied by the regulation of a lever, which is locked into place by each adjustment. By means of this latter form of trap, it is possible for a man to become expert in shooting at targets thrown to right, left, directly away or directly toward him, and at all intervening directions. After the novice has learned to break his targets with a fair amount of certainty while being thrown in known directions, he may increase his skill and acquire valuable practise for actual field shooting, by having the trap adjusted after each shot, and not knowing, until after the target is actually in the air, in just what direction its flight will be.

By the clubbing together of two or three interested parties, it is possible to bring the cost of trap and targets and a wooden platform on which to mount the trap down to a figure that is scarcely noticeable. Divided among a number, the expense of hiring a boy to have the apparatus in position and to load and serve the trap, and of paying some farmer for the use of the field and storage of traps and targets is equally light. If necessary, but one gun could be made to serve for the entire club, but it is probable that each man would prefer to own his individual weapon. By allowing the use of but one barrel, it will be possible for a single-barreled gun to give as satisfactory service as a

more expensive double barrel. If double guns were allowed, the conditions would more nearly approach those in field shooting.

In regard to equipment, a single-barrel hammer shot-gun, with a pistol grip of twelve gauge and with thirty-inch barrels, can be obtained for as low as seven dollars. A checkered pistol grip, which would be an advantage, would add a dollar or so to the cost. For shooting of this nature, a single-barrel hammerless with an ejector would be of no particular advantage but would cost about ten dollars. For shooting at clay targets alone, a full-choked gun will require the most skill, while the modified choke, giving a fairly open pattern at forty yards will produce the most fun, as it is easier to hit with it any designated object, though it will not hit it as hard as the full-choked barrel, which throws its charge into a more compact circle. While for actual field-work a twenty-eight inch barrel would be preferable, a thirty-inch length and a weight of about six and three-quarter pounds will be about right for the trap. A double-barrel twelve-gauge gun, which should be hammerless and weigh from seven and a half to eight pounds, can be obtained of good quality, of plain finish, for as low as twenty dollars, while a hammer gun of equal grade, as satisfactory in every way with the exception of the necessity of manipulating the hammers individually, would cost five dollars less. If single barrels only are allowed, and economy is to be practised, the old-fashioned black powder cartridges may be used. The smoke from them will not obscure the shooter's aim for his second barrel, for the simple reason that there is no second barrel to be used. They will not possess the velocity or force of the smokeless powder ammunition and consequently will not catch a rapidly moving target or shatter it with as few shot, as well as the smokeless, but a great deal of sport and much good practise can be had with them.

### The Camera for the Sportsman

**T**HE camera is the successor to the diary of former generations. Instead of writing our impressions of scenery and locking them up in a book, we transfer the scenery itself to a post-card, and scatter it broadcast, for the envy or the enjoyment of our friends, as the case may be. To the man who shoots, fishes, motors, paddles a canoe, steers a launch, or sails a yacht, the opportunities to gather together a collection of pleasant reminiscences in concrete form are irresistible. His ability as a collector, however, depends to a large extent upon the nature of his equipment photographic.

It does not necessarily follow that the most expensive camera gives the best results under all conditions. The

more adjustments a camera has the finer photographs may be taken with it, by a man who knows how to use it, and who has the time to manipulate the aforesaid adjustments. There are occasions when, by focusing right down to your foreground and then by stopping down your diaphragm you can get both foreground and background clearly defined, and then, by a careful reading of your exposure meter, give exactly the right amount of exposure for the amount of light admitted to your plate and get something that is almost absolutely perfect, in the way of a landscape or a rustic scene. There are other times when, if you are ever going to get your picture, the said picture being on the jump, you haven't time to do any focusing, much less to manipulate your stops or make calculations for your shutter speed. You have simply time to grab that picture before it is gone forever. This is one of the times that

## A men

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Series on Baseball

**A**LL the world's a ball,

And all the men upon it merely players:  
They have their innings and their field chances;  
And each man in his time plays every base,  
His life being seven stages. At first the infant;  
Bawling and pitching in his nurse's arms:  
And then the catching schoolboy, with his chest-pad,  
And grating-covered face, playing all day,  
Too sick to go to school: Then the reporter;  
Roasting like furnace, with a woful ball ad.  
Made to his master's high-brow: Then an umpire;  
Full of strange sounds, and wordless as the wind,  
Jealous in judgment, sudden and quick in fine,  
Seeking the booby reputation  
Straight from the player's mouth: And then the  
magnate;

In wide-checked waistcoat, and with check-book  
lined

Full of League laws and ancient instances  
Of how he played his part: The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and lippy bleacher-bird;  
With spectacles on nose and score in hand;  
His Wheeling's Pride, well-chewed, a world too wide  
For his loose lips; and his big boosting voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles as he roots: Last scene of all,  
Which ends this balled and batty history,  
In second fanishness, and mere oblivion;  
Fan's taste, fan's talk, fan's dope, fan's everything.



a fixed focus box camera with a lens that will take anything over six feet distant and a T. I. B. shutter whose "1" means a fair average time for snap-shot work is going to do the work better for you than would a double swing-back draw-out bellows, with a finely adjusted set of regulators for speed and aperture.

The whole matter sifts down to the fact that a very moderate-priced, fixed focus camera, almost innocent of adjustment, will give a fair average result in a hot corner where a more expensive and more flexible apparatus could not be manipulated to satisfaction. If you use a reasonable amount of care and have the usual amount of common sense, the fixed focus and the T. I. B. shutter will give you fairly good results under most conditions. You won't get from the fixed focus camera the same exquisitely artistic effects and marvelous detail of the focusing camera of high price and many adjustments, when manipulated properly; neither will it give you the dismal failures of the higher-priced instrument when it, the focusing camera, is not manipulated properly. Both cameras have their uses. When you have time and room to operate it the focusing camera will give you the better results, but the fixed focus will give some results where you would not get any with the other.

It has become the custom to sneer at the amateur who sends his plates and films to the professional for development. He has been told that he loses all the higher joys of photography, that he is a mere button-presser, and one who deliberately cuts himself off from all that is highest and most ennobling in the photographic realm. Now, if there is anything particularly ennobling in stewing over a developing tray in a bath-room in which every possible ventilating aperture has been carefully calked, and listening to the impatient remarks of the rest of the family who want to "ablute" I can't see it. The temperature inside of that bath-room is in the neighborhood of 103 degrees and if anything should happen to jar down the piece of focusing cloth tucked over the window a lot of good work is spoiled.

I am inclined to think, as nearly as I can size the matter up, that the man who goes out and selects a collection of good views, takes them from the most artistic viewpoint, and takes them correctly with regard to time of exposure and perfect focusing, and then lets a professional, with a perfectly appointed dark-room and two electric fans do the rest, is wiser than he who perspires over the latter end of the work in a bath-room that was never intended to be impressed into service as a photographic studio. If the average apartment or house had a room built with a view to photographic development, and set apart for that use, there would be joy in that end of photography; but, until this happy state of affairs has arrived, the professional can do it just as well as we can, and with a great deal more comfort as far as we are concerned.

Don't mistake me, however, as to my views as to the advisability of an amateur knowing how to develop and to print, and of his being familiar with all the other minor details connected with the art. Let him learn this by experience, in the superheated bath-room, if he must, and, when he has learned, let him quit. For he is now in a position to look the professional calmly in the eye and in a few words, which will show the professional that he, the amateur, knows whereof he speaks, refuse to accept the professional's excuses of "under exposure," or "over exposure," when the professional himself has been careless. This is the main thing which the amateur has to gain by knowing how to do it himself. We did once, hear terrible things of the professional and his methods of handling amateur work. Complaints of this nature are not as prevalent as they were, and it is the knowledge of the professional to-day that the average amateur knows how but is too wise unduly to exert himself, that makes him more careful of his methods and less prone to consider that an excuse would serve just as well as results, in obtaining the amateur's money.

### Burgess Could n't Take Offense

"I never saw a purple cow,  
I never hope to see one;  
But I can tell you anyhow,  
I'd rather see than be one."

GELETT BURGESS wrote this famous little poem years ago, but he doesn't like to be reminded of it. In fact, only one of his friends has dared in recent years to bring up the painful subject—in his presence.

One evening not long ago, Burgess, O. Henry, the gifted story-writer, and two or three others were preparing a bachelor dinner. During a lull in the conversation, O. Henry, who was struggling with a Dover egg-beater, looked up with his most innocent expression and quietly recited the following impromptu parody:

"I never ate a rotten egg,  
I never hope to eat one;  
But I can tell you anyhow,  
I'd rather beat than eat one."

You will see in life just what you are looking for. It depends upon the lenses of your mental vision. If they are black and smoky, you will see the shadows, the gloom; if they are clear and crystalline, you will see the rainbow of beauty.



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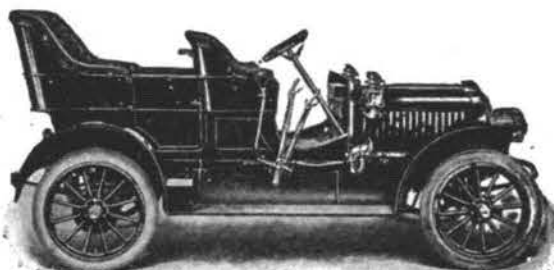
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2-Cylinder 20 H P Touring Car, without equipment .....	1,250
2-Cylinder "Doctor" 20 H P, fully equipped, Magneto Ignition .....	1,350
4-Cylinder 24-30 H P Touring Car, Magneto Ignition, Gas Lamps, Generator, etc. ....	1,750
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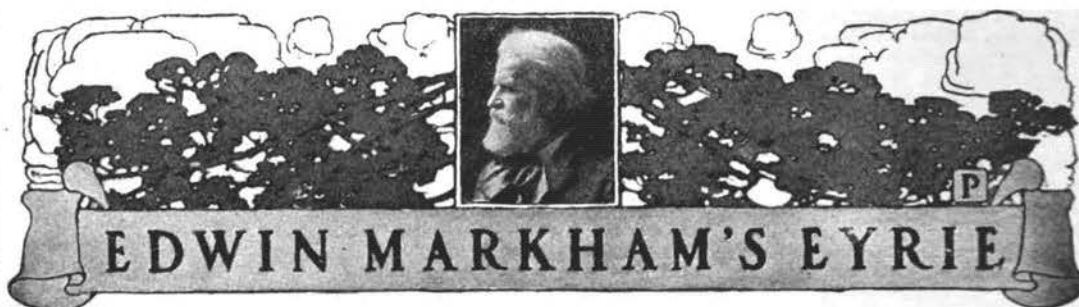
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EVERY ONE who has been listening to this voice from The Eyrie knows my regard for both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan, as being men who breathe an air unknown to petty politicians.

Yet I can not speak with enthusiasm of their parties, judging them by their recent platforms. These documents are colorless: they are as much alike as two sand heaps. There was a time when these two old parties had sharply defined principles, had passion and purpose. But as adobe bricks standing under sun and rain are battered back to piles of shapeless clay, so the old walls of the two parties have crumbled down till nothing seems left of the early structures but the moss-grown mounds on which the old names are staked. And yet we have many wrongs and abuses whose correction is long overdue. Politics should deal with vital questions concerning the welfare of the great body of the people. We easily tire of hollow rhetoric, party shoddy, and manufactured issues.

As we read the two platforms, we miss the old fire that used to warm the blood. There is strong effort in them; but it is the effort not to offend anybody. There is great ability in them; but it is the ability to conceal thought. Do our political leaders expect the earnest voters of the nation will be satisfied with these ribs of death?

#### *A Voice Out of Egypt*

IN THE "Book of the Dead," the great Egyptian scripture, we have a majestic scene where the soul after long wandering stands at last before Osiris and the forty-two assessors. It must answer searching questions that pry into its secret chambers: "Have you ever stopped running water?" "Have you ever caused hunger?" "Have you ever demeaned the humble?"

These are the questions that seemed most vital to men far away in the old ages when they were squaring the stones of the pyramids. We have no questions more vital even in our own epoch—thousands of years afterwards.

#### *Thanksgiving for Misfortune*

OFTEN we are helped even by our misfortunes. We shrink when the summons comes, but afterwards, when we look back on the road, we see we were led by a strange but friendly hand.

The fall of San Francisco was not all horror: it called out heroisms and nobilities; it revealed to people the unsuspected courage of their own souls. So too with the panic of 1907: it also had its gleam. It crashed down the fortunes of the rich; it broke the bread-staff of the poor. Thousands had been wedged comfortably into the fabric of business as mortar into a brick wall, many of them grown hard and cold because they themselves were safe. But when these sheltered ones were suddenly shaken out of their chinks, they found themselves down with the millions in the common struggle; and for the first time, perhaps, the springs of fellow-feeling were opened within them. Perhaps for the first time they felt the tragedy of the man who has lost his "job," and the sorrow of the mother

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

who has no bread for her babes. If the financial crash opened these wells in the heart of Mr. Money-Bag, then his loss of a hundred thousand was no loss at all. In fact it was an unreckonable gain. Therefore, let him lead in the year's thanksgiving.

#### *The Discovery of Fresh Air*

ONCE there was a romantic variety of young women who were ever sinking in picturesque swoons, white as broken lilies. They have vanished unregretted, and with them the pallid young ladies given to "dropping into a decline." We are now making the "decline" unfashionable. For science has shown that tuberculosis (as the decline is now known) is curable, yes, preventable by normal living, by deep breathing, and by outdoor working and sleeping. Man was not made to spend his days and nights shut away from the life-giving air. We do so spend our lives: hence White Plague comes as the law's grim rebuke.

If, however, the plague has struck you, you hardly need fly to the Adirondacks, nor to Arizona. Personally, I know two patients who cured themselves by simply taking to their open porches and living there day and night through storm and shine. They did not do this fitfully, but faithfully; and they made a cheerful adventure of it. One of them at least became so normal that indoor air has now become obnoxious to her. She is so attuned to pure air that the devitalized, breathed-over air of our super-heated winter apartments is to her intolerable.

You might think it would be "dangerous" to sleep outdoors in cold or rainy weather, breathing the "night air." But, indeed, to sleep indoors is the only dangerous thing; and as for air, there is of course nothing but night air to breathe at night, unless you prefer to breathe, inside some barred room, the cooped-up, second-hand, life-robbed air of the day. There is no doubt that quintillions of mankind, since the tents on the Aryan plain, have died in trying to get used to indoor breathing; just as our Indians to-day are dying off in leaving the teepee for the roof and walls we have bequeathed them—together with our "fire-water," and the other gifts of civilization.

#### *"All Outdoors" as a Bedroom*

FOR some years, from April to November, I have slept out on my wide open porch that hangs over a high crag among the tree-tops. My lungs, dilated by the mountain air of California, are like the bellows of Vulcan; yet the joy of out-o'-nights is so great that I am planning to extend the pleasure into the winter season. "Won't it be cold?" you shiver. No; I shall be warm as a bear in his cave; for I shall don my Santa Claus night-cap, slip on my warm "sneaks," and crawl feet foremost into my double-blanket sleeping-bag. I shall have a wool mattress under me, plenty of quilts over me. I shall not know it is cold any more than I do when I walk down Broadway in my Arctic cap and overcoat.

There is no other tonic like outdoor sleeping. At every breath you draw in the rich vitalities of the keen magnetic night. As you look out



into the sky you feel as though you had come back to a long-lost home. If you wake up in the night, you are glad; for there is the beautiful storm, or the still heaven with the march of its squadroned stars, or the far hills touched by the sorceries of the moon. And as the hours go on there are mysterious happenings—revs of fireflies and orgies of crickets; then the shoutings of thrushes in the solemn break of the morning.

### The Arts of Talking and Stopping

I am a young man—how can I improve my powers of conversation?—G.

TO TALK well you must first have something to say, and must forget yourself in saying it. Do not hope to interest unless you know something interesting. The first thing needful is to fill yourself with ideas. Find a subject that is near to your heart, and study into it. Whether it is architecture or ant-hills, try to make yourself an authority on the subject. After you have sucked this orange, go at another. Many a so-called "good talker" can talk well only on one subject. But no live mind should be satisfied with so bare a mental cupboard. Open out into new horizons; touch life at many points. Above all do not take your opinions second-hand; do not let newspapers tell you what to think. Get exact knowledge or else speak with qualification. Know for a certainty that you can not give out without taking in. This is the law of mind as well as of matter.

Now, to increase fluency, you can, for one thing, step in the tracks of Demosthenes. He went down to the seashore and practised his speeches on the waves. So get you to the orchard or the barn, talk to the trees and the birds, or to the rafters and the bats. Do not try to memorize your speeches: be satisfied if a few phrases stick in the mind. The habit of writing out your ideas is also a good crutch for one arm. The habit of thoughtful reading is the other crutch. Fill your mind and forget yourself: this is the first lesson.

But above all things do not be afraid to be silent in company, for there will be plenty of others who will be eager to be heard. And they will love you as a listener when they may only envy you as a talker. Indeed, many a person has remained silent in a social circle only to be spoken of afterwards as a very entertaining person! Better be tongue-tied than to degenerate into a talk-sot. However ready you may become as a talker, do not fail to make long and brilliant pauses in your conversation. Scribble this bit of wisdom on your dinner-party cuffs: "Be still; keep the word within thee. Be bold; it will not burst thee."

### The New Heroism

THE old heroism is dead. We shall never again have a Jason felling the pines of Pelion, building ships with purple poops, and going forth to strive with snaky dragons in wandering search for the Golden Fleece. We shall never again have gallant knights with ringing gauntlets and jingling spurs going forth in quest of romantic adventure, liberating ladies from donjon towers or seeking in far lands for the Holy Grail. These exploits are gone with the world's old dreams. But as they go, a New Heroism rises for the race. It is the greater heroism that goes down to seek and serve in the thick of things where worn men and weary women are caught in folds of the great dragons of social wrong. It is the heroism that strives to free the poor captives caught in the drag-net of greed and graft. Here is the field for the heroic adventures of the future.

Votes should be weighed, not counted.

We respect certain women too much ever to flatter them.



## You'll Want the Whole Family to Wear This Hosiery

You despise darning. Here is a way to avoid it. Buy "Holeproof" Hosiery for the children—ask your husband to wear "Holeproof" Hose—wear "Holeproof" Stockings yourself.

Is there a question of comfort? See "Holeproof" Hose at your dealer's.

Note how they're made, and feel of them.

This is the guarantee in each box of six pairs: "If any or all of these hose come to holes or need darning within six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."

## Are Your Hose Insured?

Do not confuse us with others who make guaranteed hose. "Holeproof" are the original. They are soft, comfortable, well-fitting. They're not at all like the others.

### We Pay More for Yarn

We buy only the best Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the softest and finest we know—costing an average of 73c per pound.

We could buy yarn at 35c—but our yarn is 3-ply

and fine. Others use cheap and coarse 2-ply yarn. We double this 3-ply yarn in knitting the heels and toes.

That makes our hose last, yet these parts are not stiff or thick, because of this extra soft yarn. Our children's stockings have knee, heel and toe reinforced in this way.

The price of these is \$3 for a box of 6 pairs. But they more than save their cost in 6 months. They're really the cheapest by far.

## FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

You need but try this hosiery once. You'll wear it always thereafter. The whole family will wear it. Try it and see what you save. Let what you gain in this trial decide what hosiery you'll buy in the future.

See it at your dealer's. Note that the only difference between the best unguaranteed hose and "Holeproof" is that "Holeproof" wear longer. Compare them with any brand of hose. Notice how soft and light they are. Then let them show how they wear.

If your dealer does not have genuine "Holeproof" Hose, bearing the "Holeproof" Trade-mark, order direct from us. Remit in any convenient way.

Remember, the "Holeproof" guarantee protects you.

### Sizes, Colors, Weights, Etc.

Holeproof Hose for Men—6 pairs, \$2. Medium, light and extra light weight. Black, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, and black with white feet. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted as desired.

Holeproof Lustr-Hose for Men—Finished like silk. 6 pairs, \$3. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, and pearl gray. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$2. Medium weight. Black, tan, and black with white feet. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustr-Hose for Women—Finished like silk. 6 pairs, \$3. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Children's Stockings—Boys' sizes, 5 to 11, and Misses' sizes, 5 to 9½. Colors, black and tan. Six-ply reinforced knee, heel and toe. 6 pairs, \$3.

Ask for our free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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200 Fourth Street,

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## You Can't Be Entirely Well without an Occasional INTERNAL BATH

### Everyone Ought to Read This SUCCESS MAGAZINE

NEW YORK, February 26, 1908.

CHAR. H. TYRRELL, M. D.

My Dear Sir: About two months ago I was induced by a friend in this office to purchase one of your "J. B. L. Cascades." I have been a sufferer almost all my life from constipation in an aggravated form and have never been able to obtain any permanent relief. I was exceedingly skeptical about your proposition, and it was with great indifference that I gave it a trial. The result has been little short of amazing. It has practically made a new man of me and has given me the relief I had been looking for for years.

Money could not purchase the Cascade I own if it could not be duplicated.

I have taken pleasure in recommending the Cascade to a number of my friends and will continue to recommend it.

It gives me great pleasure to write this little note of grateful appreciation.

Yours very truly,  
(Signed) DAVID D. LEE.

THERE is just one and only one effective Internal Bath which has been before the public for years—which operates in such a way as to leave no ill-effect whatever after using—which is so near to Nature's own way that it does not force but assists her—that one is the

## J. B. L. Cascade

Thousands are using it with great results and corresponding enthusiasm. Some of their experiences, and most interesting information on the Internal Bath, its purpose, its reason and its results, are contained in a little book called "The What, The Why, The Way," which will be sent you free on request. We suggest that you write for it now, while it is on your mind.

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### The Love of Excellence

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT'S remarkable career is an illustration of the steady and persistent advancement which comes from doing things with a lofty purpose in view.

Mr. Taft did not have great genius to start with, but he decided to make it an invariable rule to do whatever came to him so especially well that it would become a stepping-stone to something higher.

Many young men look for an open door to advancement outside of their regular work; to some mysterious power or good luck. But young Taft knew that his ability to do something more important would be judged by the quality of his daily work, and that the step to something higher, to the place above him, was in the thing he was doing at the time. He knew that his record must ultimately stand, not on what people thought he could do if he had an opportunity, but upon what he actually did, and that his advancement depended on the trade-mark which he stamped upon everything that went through his hands.

A love of excellence for its own sake characterized Mr. Taft from boyhood, and it is this, above all else, which has enabled him, amid the turmoil and temptations of public life, to keep his record clean and to stamp superiority upon everything he does, and to do everything to a complete finish.

His career is a good example of the advancing force of high aims, and the possibilities that lie in doing everything entrusted to one just as well as it can be done.

Every little while we hear of young men and young women taking sudden, tremendous jumps. Apparently without any intermediary steps they leap from the position of a stenographer or private secretary to a much more responsible situation. If we investigated we should find that the person who seems to advance at a bound has been preparing for the higher position for years; by earning vastly more than he found in his pay envelope, by doing whatever was given him to do to a complete finish, thus building up a reputation for doing things in a superior way, and also establishing confidence in his employer that he is capable of filling a more responsible position.

A New York millionaire told me, some time ago, that when working his way up his salary was raised from seven dollars a week to three thousand dollars a year without any intermediate steps, and he was also made a partner in the concern for which he was working. He had agreed to work for the firm for so many years at seven dollars a week, but he had grit and determination and no idea of just trying to earn seven dollars a week and then stopping. He was resolved to show his employers that he was equal to any man in their employ, and that he was capable and worthy of being made a partner. The quality of his work very quickly commanded attention.

Put your trade-mark upon everything you touch.

Every piece of work that goes out of your hands is more important to you than every piece of the work that goes out from the factories of the well-known New York firm, Tiffany and Company, is to them. They can back everything they do with the weight of a reputation which required a century to build up. Everything that goes out from this establishment is guaranteed to be just as they represent it, the best of its kind. How did it get its world-wide reputation? By doing things to a complete finish, by doing them as well as they could be done, by being absolutely reliable.

You are not in the store-keeping business, but you are in business of some sort. What is your merchandise? Everything that comes out of your hand is a piece of your merchandise. You are giving it to the world in your service. It should bear the hall-mark of your character, should have your trade-mark upon it.

Everything you do should stand for superiority, for excellence; should be proof positive that it is not done in a slipshod, slovenly way, but that it is done to a complete finish, just as well as you know how to do it, just as well as any human being can do it.

Some one says that *efficiency never has to go begging for advancement*; the man that masters his trade goes to the front.

I know a young man who was advanced over the heads of much older men than he is, simply because he filled minor positions with marked superiority and took infinite pains to stamp his efficiency and integrity upon

everything he did. His financier employers watching him, took his measure and placed him in the highest office in their institution, a position which he has filled for years with great efficiency. He has recently been offered the presidency of a great institution in which he has had no experience whatever. He was chosen because of the marked superiority which has characterized his work and everything he has ever undertaken.

I once knew this young man to forego an important banquet to which he had been invited, and keep a force of stenographers in his office until ten o'clock at night, rewriting a large number of letters, because of a mistake which many of those in positions above him would have regarded as too trivial to make such a fuss about. A misspelled word, a carelessly written letter, bad punctuation, a stamp up-side-down or crosswise on an envelope, a blunder or inaccuracy of any kind were not trifles to this man. Everything which went through his hands had to be done to a complete finish. To do it "fairly well," "pretty well," was not enough; it must be done *just right*. No doubt many of those above him laughed at him for being so particular, for keeping his stenographers after hours to remedy a trifling defect, but they did not laugh long at him. The officers who would not recognize him on the street a few years ago, when he was a "nobody" in the concern, now take their hats off to him.

Make it an unvarying principle of your life to touch nothing upon which you can not put the trade-mark of your character, the patent of your manhood. When any piece of work goes out from your hands, let it bear the stamp of a man.

\* \* \*

### The Reign of the Artistic

THIS is an age of decoration. One of the most striking features in the evolution of both the commercial and the social world during the last twenty-five years is the tremendous strides that have been taken in the development of the artistic.

Business houses which a quarter of a century ago were extremely plain and severe are now built and arranged with reference to attractiveness—to the artistic as well as to the useful.

This tendency toward the decorative—toward embellishment—is apparent not only in the buildings themselves but also in the arrangement of the merchandise. Our large department stores now are like great museums or art galleries in comparison with the stores of fifty years ago. Everything now must be displayed and arranged to the best advantage. Effectiveness and taste are studied as never before. The modern policy is to make the best possible appearance.

We see this decorative tendency especially illustrated in the evolution of the show-window. Artistic experts are paid large salaries to-day simply to dress windows so as to secure the most attractive effect from the street point of view.

In nearly all lines of endeavor we see this effort to appeal to the artistic—to the esthetic. What tremendous strides the purely decorative has made in the publishing business! Our magazines are no longer severe pages of printed matter. Our books are often works of art. It is no longer enough for an article or a book to be useful; it must be artistic, decorative; it must appeal to the eye. We are beginning to see that people are influenced more through the eye than through any other organ of the body.

Think what an influence an artistic environment has in the serving of food! No matter how hungry we may be, if we go into a cheap restaurant where everything is coarse and untidy, where there is not a thing to please the eye, but everything is plain and unattractive, we can not enjoy the meal.

But take the same food into the Waldorf-Astoria or the St. Regis Hotel, New York, and serve it from tempting silverware and dainty china, on fine, snowy linen, to the strains of harmonious music, and amid a setting of rich tapestries and works of art, and that which was uninviting in the cheap restaurant will not seem like the same food at all, because now it appeals to the eye, the mind, where before it aroused only a feeling of aversion.

Hotel proprietors to-day know that their patronage depends very largely upon their ability to appeal strongly to the eye—to the sense of the esthetic. They know very well that no matter how solidly a hotel may be built, how substantial may be its bill of fare,



how pure its foods, or how attentive its service, if it is not artistic, if it does not make a pleasing impression upon the esthetic element in human nature they are placed at a very great disadvantage.

This is also true of our banks, trust buildings, stores, and offices, which are not only planned for the greatest possible usefulness, but are also arranged and decorated to attract and please the eye. In fact, everything nowadays must be planned to appeal to the eye in the most effective way, for people are realizing as never before the commercial value of the beautiful.

### Why He Failed as a Leader

His mind was not trained to grasp great subjects, to generalize, to make combinations.

He was not self-reliant, did not depend upon his own judgment; leaned upon others; and was always seeking other people's opinion and advice.

He lacked courage, energy, boldness.

He was not resourceful or inventive.

He could not multiply himself in others.

He did not carry the air of a conqueror. He did not radiate the power of a leader.

There was no power back of his eye to make men obey him.

He could not handle men.

He antagonized people.

He did not believe in himself.

He tried to substitute "gall" for ability.

He did not know men.

He could not use other people's brains.

He could not project himself into his lieutenants; he wanted to do everything himself.

He did not inspire confidence in others because his faith in himself was not strong enough.

He communicated his doubts and his fears to others.

He could not cover up his weak points.

He did not know that to reveal his own weakness was fatal to the confidence of others.

### Too Many Opportunities

IT TAKES a strong purpose and a great deal of determination to resist the thousand-and-one distractions in city life and concentrate one's mind upon self-improvement.

There is such a thing as having too many opportunities, too many facilities. As a rule, boys who are born and brought up in the midst of libraries, books, and schools, become indifferent to the value of these opportunities; while in the country, where books are rare and opportunities for education limited, the ambitious boy is more anxious to make the most of his time, to seize every opportunity for self-culture with avidity, to redeem himself from mediocrity.

One of the greatest dangers of city life is that of becoming superficial. Where there are so many editions of the daily papers every day, we get in the habit of "skimming," which is very dangerous; we just glance at a paper for a few minutes and throw it aside,—just look at the headings and read a few lines of the most important paragraphs, then lay the paper away. This desultory habit is suicidal to all deep and lasting culture. After we acquire this habit, it is almost impossible to get rid of it.

No great and lasting success can be attained until one has formed a habit of continuous, persistent thinking along fundamental lines. A little dipping into this and that, a few minutes reading with very little thinking, or contemplation, or reviewing of what we read, will result in a most shallow life.

Easy access to many books has been a stumbling-block in many a career. It is natural for us to depreciate what is common, and easy to obtain. Perhaps, if Lincoln had been reared in a large city, in the midst of great libraries and schools, he might not have been so well educated as he was. He did not mind walking through the forest many miles to borrow a coveted book, and he considered it the greatest luxury imaginable to have an opportunity of devouring its precious pages, lying on the floor of the log cabin before the old fireplace, for candles and lamps were luxuries in which the Lincolns could not indulge. He would sit up nearly all night poring over the precious contents of a book as if he never expected to see another. Half a dozen books constituted his whole library, but these he knew thoroughly. He did not skim them over, he devoured them; he read them over and over again until he could almost repeat them by heart. Many of the great giants in American history never had access to libraries in their youth, but what few books they could get hold of, they almost learned by heart.

In cities, books, pictures, schools, and works of art are so plentiful, a youth is likely to become so familiar with them that he does not half appreciate their value. A few good books read and digested and re-read would do more toward forming a solid foundation for a successful life than thousands of books skimmed over.

Many young people of to-day can not recite the names even of the books which they read six months ago, any more than they can recite the articles which they merely scanned in the daily papers.

This habit of skimming over books and papers is not only fatal to all genuine culture, but it helps to form superficial habits generally. The mind becomes de-



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UNTIL Ammatite was put on the market a few years ago, practically everybody who used ready roofings had to paint them regularly. Some of the roofings required a coat every year; others every two or three years. In all cases a good deal of expense and trouble was involved. The popularity of Ammatite is largely owing to the fact that its use does away with all such trouble and expense. This is due to its *real mineral surface* which is far more durable than any paint made. It is not affected by weather and will last indefinitely.

All that is necessary after laying an Ammatite roof is to leave it alone. Leaks and dissatisfaction are left behind. Every practical man will doubly appreciate the "no-paint" idea when we add to that statement the fact that Ammatite is lower in price than most of the "paint-me-every-two-years-or-leak" roofings. In addition, Ammatite with its smooth lap edge, is easy to lay, and the necessary nails and liquid cement for laps are supplied free, packed conveniently in each roll. Can any reasonable man ask more!

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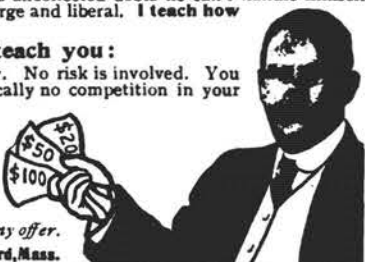
Note these unique features of the business I teach you:

You put up no capital. The merchants, your associates, supply the money. No risk is involved. You can begin in your own territory and work in spare time. You will have practically no competition in your business and **actually no competition at all with the method I teach**, the one practical method which has **nineteen years success** behind it. I show you how to start, how to succeed and send business to help your success. I also include free, a large supply of printed forms, contracts, stationery, etc., sufficient for you to start business at once.

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moralized when you do things in a passive way; for there is nothing which will tend to keep it from grasping and seizing hold of ideas, more than the habit of crowding upon it pictures, half-pictures, in such quick succession that no lasting impression is possible. We read the dailies without the slightest effort to remember or retain what we read. The mind is not active, it is not held accountable for everything which comes to it, but it is allowed just to glance at scores of items within a few minutes, without feeling held persistently to any one thought.

Great readers and great thinkers try to keep out of the city as much as possible. They long for the quiet hours of the country, where they can think and read without distraction or interruption.

Of course there are hundreds and thousands of people with a persistent and determined purpose sufficient to enable them to read and study systematically in the midst of most distracting and demoralizing surroundings of city life; but, on the other hand, we shall find that a large part of the great thinking of the world is done in the country, or at least in the suburbs of cities.

\* \* \*

### The Alchemy of a Cheerful Mind

"ABOVE all else, I love a courageous gaiety—one that can accomplish great deeds with smiles and song: that gaiety of the soldier who makes the best of everything, seasons his thin porridge with a joke, laughs over his primitive bed, the inclemency of the seasons, and hums the tunes of his native country while firing his gun."

What a marvelous gift to have that mental alchemy which makes even poverty seem attractive, which sees the ludicrous sides of misfortune.

I once met a young American in a foreign country who was so poor that he was obliged to resort to all sorts of expedients to pay his way. He would stop at the cheapest kind of places. It did not matter how hard the beds, or how poor the food, he always managed to get a lot of fun out of his discomforts, because he saw the ludicrous side of everything.

I have seen him when he had only twenty-five cents in the world, and he would toss it up into the air and laugh over the situation as a huge joke. I have known him for many years, and I have never seen him dejected or discouraged, although he has had an unusual amount of trouble, and many discouragements.

He is always cheerful, always ready to crack a joke. His optimistic attitude toward life is worth infinitely more than a fortune without it.

While traveling at this time, I also met an American millionaire with his family, who seemed to be having a most uncomfortable time. They said it was almost impossible to get anything fit to eat. The man's wife and daughters complained of the laundry work done for them, found fault with their accommodations, and lamented the lack of comforts and conveniences on the railroads. In fact, they did not seem to be having a good time at all. They were irritable, cross, and disgusted with everything. They said they were longing to get back to God's country.

When I saw them they were in Naples, one of the most charming cities on the globe. The Bay of Naples and Mount Vesuvius, which form one of the most beautiful pictures in the world, were entirely lost sight of by them. The great works of art in Italy did not excite any great admiration; in fact the little inconveniences and disagreeable experiences which they encountered seemed to overshadow, obscure everything else.

\* \* \*

### Dead, but Not Buried

TO PULL the breath in and blow it out again, to eat, to walk about merely, is not to live.

There is a great difference between existing and living.

Many men are dead years before they cease to breathe and are buried—dead in their higher impulses; dead in hope, in love, in charity; dead in aspiration, in ambition—dead, but still breathing.

To be dead but still breathing is a curse indeed.

\* \* \*

Lots of people make a good living who make a very poor life.

A hog ought not to be blamed for being a hog, but a man ought.

When you see your employer cheating some one else, quit him before he gets a chance at you.

\* \* \*

"Dollars are vulgar until filled with character."

"A fortune without a man behind it is a misfortune."

We lose our possessions to find our possibilities.—Purinton.

Words are the only things God never hears in a prayer.—Purinton.

Every day ahead of you is precious. All the days back of you have no existence at all.



## Why I Am For Bryan

[Continued from page 692]

promote the public interest and safety. That such emergency has arisen, and that our welfare as a people will be promoted by the change indicated, are conclusions daily finding deeper lodgment in the popular mind.

Possibly no utterance of the Denver platform has found readier response than that favoring legislation providing for a guaranty of all national bank deposits. The importance of such enactment to the small depositor—thereby securing the safety of his hard earnings—can not be overstated. That Mr. Bryan is the earnest advocate of this measure is a fact well known to the entire country.

Of equal significance is the fact that he is the advocate of publicity of campaign contributions. The startling disclosures of recent years as to the enormous contributions of Life Insurance companies and other great corporations to Republican campaign funds, have challenged public attention to the methods by which Presidential elections have been controlled. By his advocacy of publicity of all campaign contributions, to the end that it be known who are the contributors, what the amounts, and what the motive in making such contributions—he has grown in the confidence of the American people.

The importance and dignity of the great office for which Mr. Bryan has been nominated can not be overestimated. It is in very truth a position without parallel in the world. As is well known, the real influence of the King of England has waned for a century, and the power of the present monarch is but the shadow of that of George the Third. As an illustration, the veto power is simply a tradition of the British constitution, and its attempted exercise by Edward the Seventh would produce revolution—possibly a change of dynasty.

The real power as well as dignity of the President of the United States has kept even pace with the enlargement, development, and marvelous progress of our country. But in a single instance—and that unavailing—has there been strenuous attempt to interpose obstacles to the exercise of his clearly delegated authority. He is the Executive of the greatest government known to men, and the office carries with it tremendous responsibility as well as power. No man worthy the exalted position could assume its functions without being awed by such responsibility. That the candidate mentioned is well equipped for intelligent discharge of the manifold duties imposed by the great office is unquestioned; that he is not unmindful of the solemn responsibility assumed will appear from words which have recently fallen from his own lips: "While the burdens of such an office are heavy, and while the labors of the office are exacting and exhausting, the field of service is large; and measuring greatness by service, a President, by consecrating himself to the public weal, can make himself secure in the affections of his fellow citizens while he lives, and create for himself a permanent place in his nation's history."

### Mr. Bryan's Discretion

AT a little town in Southern Texas, William J. Bryan's eloquent address was received with the wildest enthusiasm. At its close an excited young woman rushed up and asked permission to kiss the orator. The embarrassed politician declined the salute politely but firmly. When they had left the town, one of the gentlemen who accompanied Mr. Bryan took him to task for his lack of gallantry and expressed his fears that the Texans might resent Mr. Bryan's action.

"Well," replied Mr. Bryan, with a sly glance at his wife, who was in the party, "I shall be in Texas only a few days, but I shall be with Mrs. Bryan all my life."

### "Economy"

"This stove," said the clerk to his Irish customer, "is the best stove in the house. It is the stove of economy. It saves half the coal."

"Give me two of them," replied the Irishman with a broad grin. "I'll save it all."

## The Fortune Colony

### Its Symbol and Purpose



THE Puritans were a sturdy, thrifty folk.

They "got on" in the world.

It was a part of their religion to "do well."

They were not fooled into the folly of shiftlessness.

Few of them were rich, but most of them were well-to-do.

They worked with their hands, paid their debts and looked their neighbors in the eye.

Fine types of men and women they were!

So much for the Puritans. Now about yourself.

Are you "doing well?" Are you "getting on?"

Are you planning to be "well-to-do?"

These are personal questions, I know, but I ask them in the spirit of good-will and helpfulness, and you need not answer them anyway—except to yourself.

The Fortune Colony of the City of New York is busy with the worthy task of encouraging thrift and real success among men and women everywhere. It offers to its members a well-defined plan by which they may save some of the money they earn and get more to put with it.

Upon the stationery and printed matter sent out by The Fortune Colony are reproduced the idealized portraits of John Alden and Priscilla, who got married and went to house-keeping in Plymouth in the spring of 1621. These historical faces, typical of the best in American life, form the symbol of our organization and we are proud of it and want to have it known in every home.

I would like to have a letter or post-card from every man, woman and young person in the country who aspires to be financially successful in a worthy way, asking for our booklet entitled "How to Build a Fortune in Ten Years." It will be sent free, and then, well—you will know just how to become a member of The Fortune Colony and how much your membership will mean to you.

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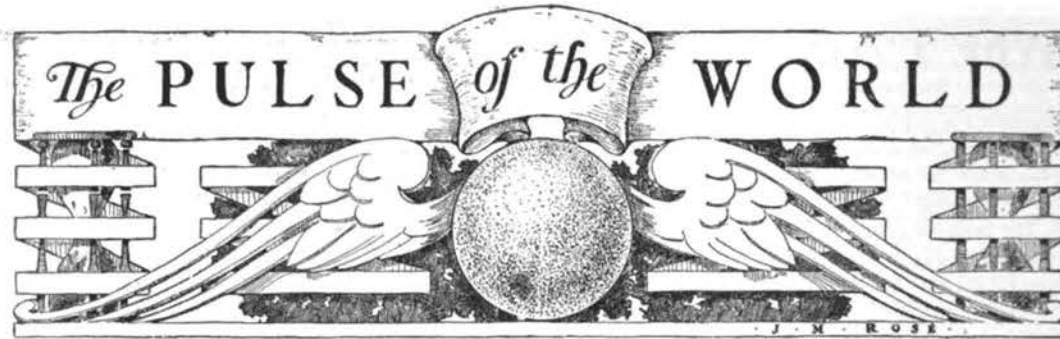
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When you do write to your friend tell him that you never carried a revolver in your life, and that Indians are never seen here outside of captivity. Show him that you can come as near speaking English as he can, and that you have often heard of Shakespeare. You will surprise him a lot. If he replies—and he is pretty sure to do so, since it will only cost him one penny—it is barely possible that you may learn something new, also. When we are through cutting postal rates perhaps John Bull and we will have become very fast friends in spite of the fact that we are blood relations.

The wonder of it is how they can carry a letter across such a large ocean for two cents. Perhaps it is because our postal charges do not go toward buying private yachts for fat directors.

## Our Editorial Opinion of Public Affairs and Things in General

By HOWARD BRUBAKER

Lincoln. Party loyalty he regards as an amusing relic of barbarism; when bosses tell him to do this or stop doing that, you can hear him laughing for a block. He abhors a straight ticket as nature abhors a vacuum.

There seems to be almost nothing that this gentleman is afraid of—he is not even frightened

by the bugaboo of "throwing away your vote." So there are a lot of him who will see in recent disclosures the unworthiness of either of the two leading parties to be entrusted with the people's interests. When reproached, he will say that it is often better to destroy your ammunition than to let it fall into the hands of the enemy, and he will go off and vote for Hisgen or Debs or Chafin according to his convictions. On election night he will sleep loud and long, secure in the comforting thought that, no matter what happens, at least his candidate was not elected.

He is sometimes thinking wisely, and sometimes thinking foolishly, this Mr. Independent Voter, but he is always thinking. Whether he is splitting tickets with a wild and fiendish glee or voting for third or fourth or fifth parties, he is a good citizen, performing a valuable service to society.



### Waking up the Campaign

WE HAD resigned ourselves to a polite and wearisome campaign and were beginning publicly to lament the passing of the aggressive political battle of the olden days, when suddenly the storm broke. All we can do now is to appeal helplessly for aid to the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises.

It was the Independence Party, whose other name is Hearst, that touched off the powder magazine. It seems that Foraker, wheel horse of Republicanism, had so far forgotten himself as to take money from Standard Oil and leave the letters on the piano, while Haskell, keeper of Democracy's popular contributions, had neglected to efface certain footprints that had followed him from 26 Broadway to Oklahoma. These two gentlemen, evidently unable to offer an adequate defense of themselves, resorted to personal invective and took up their residence in the palatial quarters of the Down and Out Club. There were other statesmen who found themselves in difficulty. Du Pont foresook politics for the peace and safety of his gunpowder factory, and Senator McLaurin had trouble finding his voice.

The air is full of charges now and countercharges, and more scandals are promised. Although neither of the candidates has been charged with serious misconduct, there are signs of a general cleaning-up process in both camps. If there should be a renovation, the country will owe a debt of gratitude to William Randolph Hearst, but it will be a long time before they will get the odor of kerosene out of the United States Senate.



### The Independent Voter

JUST a word about the person called Independent Voter, who keeps bobbing up and disturbing affairs of state. You find him constantly voting for Hughes's and Johnsons and La Follettes and Folks, and such people without regard to party labels. With impartial profanity he registers his opinion of Baileys and Cannons and Haskells and Forakers, and never stops to consider whether they are followers of Jefferson or of

### Bryan or Taft

WHAT effect all this hullabaloo is likely to have upon the chances of the two candidates, it is difficult to say. The well-known lack of sympathy between Taft and Foraker is, of course, a fortunate circumstance for the G. O. P. candidate, while Bryan's black sheep Haskell occupied before his "voluntary resignation" a rather high position in the fold. On the other hand, Taft will lose some prestige from the fact that it is his friend in the White House, and not himself, who has been carrying on the long-distance debate with the Democratic candidate, and that Bryan has had a shade the better of the argument.

At the present time, if reports from the Middle West are to be credited, the Nebraskan's stock is in the ascendency. Whether he will be able to wipe out the lead which Taft evidently had at the start is still doubtful, but at any rate the election of Taft is not such a foregone conclusion as it was two months ago. It may be a very close election.



### Fighting the White Plague

A BERLIN delegate to the International Congress on Tuberculosis, which has been meeting at Washington, declared that "Every third death during the period of working life is caused by pulmonary tuberculosis." Another authority stated that if the proper measures were taken this dreaded disease would be wiped out in fifteen years. Whether these statements are literally true or not matters little; the fact remains that consumption has had more victims than war, that there is hardly a family that is not suffering directly or indirectly from it, and that it is absolutely preventable.

Because of this appalling fact, the International Congress on Tuberculosis constitutes one of the most important gatherings that has ever met in this country. That scientists and physicians and philanthropists should come from all over the world to join forces against the Great White Plague, means a tremendous effect upon our future well-being. The problems of clean milk and fresh air, the need of decent housing conditions, reform in certain dangerous trades, and the proper care of consumptives, are some of the questions that are occupying the attention of the congress.

We will not wipe out tuberculosis in fifteen years nor in twenty; society has not yet learned to strike quickly and decisively in its own defense; but every meeting, such as this, of earnest, intelligent men, will hasten the happy day of our emancipation from this unnecessary disease.



## Case of Jan Pouden

unpronounceable name of Jan Janoff ettish peasant, now in the hands of Government awaiting its decision as to be allowed to stay here or be sent to the Czar's government is yearning in fact offers personally to conduct his birth.

in solicitude in this matter by charge-offensive-looking peasant with burden. The evidence presented was States Commissioner Shields deemed rant his being handed over to the

The President is now being petitioned, and set Jan Pouden free. undertaken Pouden's defense have a deed. They show that he was short-lived republic in the Baltic and that he is, therefore, a political ve proof that his eight-year-old red by the Russian government, in his whereabouts. Without doubt ns torture, or exile or death.

n our agreement with Russia which over political fugitives to the Czar's ot only upon the merits of the case, ke of precedent our Government nds with the Czar in punishing the matter what crimes they may have



## ing for More Play

and increased congestion of our es more and more evident that if the next generation done properly, dren of this generation time and act is recognized pretty generally of fighting, that society has no ts children's playtime; the States 1 more, to make laws restricting e are face to face with a new n of the large city—the problem

r cities the vacant lots pass away w denser and higher. Irrepress- ed to make the streets its play- of the city were never intended und. The books of the hospitals juvenile courts show how poorly s function as a place of recreation. ocation of America, which came

September, brought with it a e good men and women of this her to discuss progress, and to urtherance of recreation. It was ne hundred and seventy-seven grounds and one hundred and nining their immediate establish- re publicly conducted, some are om sand-piles in vacant lots to tic fields. There are roof-play- ters in public schools, there are amps and gardens.

lly, but it was for Massachusetts nced step in playground legisla- e will compel every city of over s to vote upon the establishment ds.

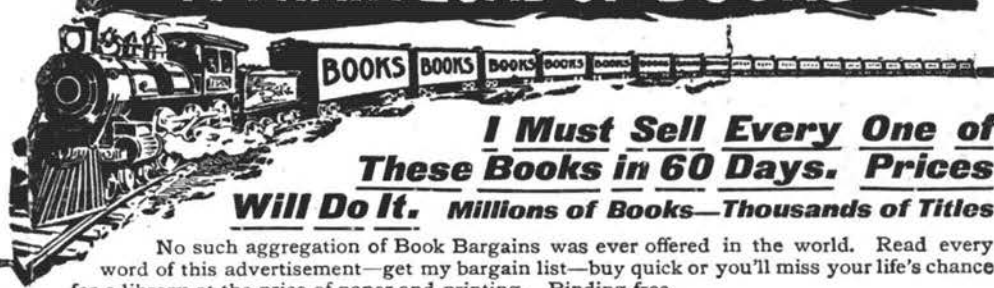
ll be introduced in other States, oing the time may not be far i the country, large and small, hful, directed recreation for its



## rials of Oxygen

is experimenting upon athletes ther the Olympic Games fur- lea that English athletes would le experimenting upon, we do te he claims to have discovered e. He hopes to reinforce the rs by the use of oxygen, and ving lowered the quarter-mile ) from fifty-two to fifty and ans of two minutes of oxygen ld have done with four min- element the doctor does not

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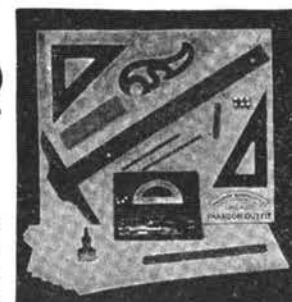
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state; the result of ten minutes of unlicensed indulgence we hesitate to contemplate.

In fact we fear that this well-meaning Britisher has introduced rather a dangerous practise into human affairs. While we have it on good authority that oxygen judiciously mixed with hydrogen, nitrogen, and the odor of corned beef and cabbage can not harm a healthy flat-dweller's constitution, we do not favor excessive indulgence. A little oxygen now and then for the lung's sake may be all right for the man who can breathe it or let it alone, but we must remember the weaker members of society. We should hate to hear that neighbor Jones, whom we know as a good husband and kind father, had indulged in an excess of oxygen and been haled into police court for exceeding the speed limit. When we think of the homes that may be wrecked we are inclined to wish that this man had let oxygen alone.



### Wright Brothers Triumphant

IT WOULD be folly to attempt in a monthly magazine to keep pace with the progress of aeronautics. Events are moving so fast—and so high—these days that the printers can not hope to compete with them. But nothing that can happen soon can possible take away the glory of the achievements of the Wright Brothers of America.

"We set out to solve the problem of flight," Orville Wright is reported to have said after a successful test at Washington; "and so we did." When, in France, his brother Wilbur drove an aeroplane for more than an hour and a half and covered sixty-one miles, the world was about ready to admit that these enterprising Americans had indeed solved the question of aerial navigation. Yet it is not such a long time since these Wright boys were repairing punctured tires in a little town in Ohio.

Simplicity and efficiency are the predominating qualities of the Wrights' machines. The aeroplane thus far has proved the most practical of the heavier-than-air machines, and of the aeroplanes that of the Wrights has proved most capable both for one and for two passengers.

The future is going to be crowded with new achievements. Some day these pioneer machines will seem very crude. Meanwhile, the wonder of it, man has learned to fly, and to the Wright Brothers belong the glory. The regrettable accident at Washington, which resulted in the death of Lieutenant Selfridge, himself a devoted student of aviation, shows how much more than time and money these brave pioneers are risking for the common good.



### To a Departed Season

TO THAT part of the American people who understand and love the game of baseball—and to some of the women folks as well—the close of the major league season brings a time of peace and rest for shattered nerves. While it may be of some interest to the male portion of our inhabitants that a President is about to be chosen, how can such a crisis be considered at all, as long as three teams in each league are battling for the pennant and the victors fighting nerve-wracking battles for the championship of the world? Until one knows who is his country's greatest batter how can one be expected to be interested in who is its greatest statesman?

Now that the bats and the hopes have been laid away for the season, and the protests are disposed of, and the umpires safely entrenched in quieter and less dangerous trades, let us pay a tribute to the departed season. It was a good season while it lasted; it was the hot, close race that fandom loves. Newspaper presses steamed with the heat of it and score boards warped, and tickers hissed and crackled. We're glad we had it, and we're glad it's gone. Some sad day, when coal bills threaten and third base is deep in snow, we will wish it back again.

For it represents our American virtues and vices pretty well this game of professional baseball. It is serious business and at the same time good-natured; it is full of prejudices, but it is fair. It is clean and wholesome and marvelously efficient. In its management it is the most aristocratic of trusts, but in spirit it is gorgeously democratic. It is worth neglecting our business for and eating peanuts for, and it is almost worth getting pounded on the back for by a total stranger.



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# Woman's World

## THIS YEAR FREE

**T**HE WOMAN'S WORLD has the largest circulation of any publication in the world—over two million copies for each issue. In order to maintain this wonderful circulation and to demonstrate to new readers that the Woman's World is of unparalleled value for the low annual subscription price asked, the publishers are making a very liberal offer at this time. Any one who will send us only 25 cents **now**, to pay for a full year's subscription for the entire year of 1909, will be sent free the September, October, November, and December issues of this year. Just to give you an idea of what a live magazine the Woman's World is, the following are a few of the features in the September and October issues, copies of both issues of which will be sent you *at once* upon receipt of your acceptance of this offer.

**"THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE OF TO-DAY,"** By Edwin W. Sims, U. S. District Attorney in Chicago. An account of the prosecution by the United States Government of the White Slave Traders who Mr. Sims states "Have reduced the art of ruining young girls to a national and international system."

**"THE MOST INTERESTING THING IN THE WORLD,"** a fascinating symposium by George Ade, George Barr McCutcheon, Forrest Crissey, Will Payne, and William Hodge, the Actor.

**"THE JOURNAL OF JULIE,"** the confidential and personal experiences of a young Country Girl winning her way in a great city.

**"THE OLD HOMES AND THE NEW,"** By Honorable Adlai E. Stevenson, former Vice-President of the United States. "Is there a common element, a general deficiency, in modern family life which tends to fasten upon children in their future years this particular handicap, this inability to enjoy the wholesome pleasures, this waning of the power to do difficult things. I certainly believe that this is the case, and I give my reason below for that conviction," begins Mr. Stevenson's interesting article.

Other contributors to the September and October WOMAN'S WORLD are Roswell Field, Allen D. Albert, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Elliott Flower, Ella W. Peattie, Margaret Sangster, Frank L. Stanton, Major Arthur Griffiths, General Charles King, Ellen Stan, Carl Johnson, Ople Read, Dr. W. F. Waugh and others.

Following are a few of the special features, etc., which will positively appear in the November and December issues of the WOMAN'S WORLD.

**"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE FAITH,"** by Clara Louise Burnham, author of "Jewel," "Jewel Story Book," "The Open Shutters."

**"THE SINS OF SOCIETY,"** by Joseph Medill Patterson, author of "A Little Brother of the Rich," the greatest book sensation of the year, six editions of which were published, including over one hundred thousand books, within thirty days of its issuance. Mr. Patterson declares that what we have in this country among the rich society people is practically a court; that the society women relegate all functions of usefulness, excepting one—the bearing of children—and that they are not inclined to discharge this function as they ought.

**"WHY GIRLS GO ASTRAY,"** by Edwin W. Sims, U. S. District Attorney in Chicago. Mr. Sims' powerful article in the September WOMAN'S WORLD has made so profound an impression upon the entire country that he has written another article on "Why Girls Go Astray"—written strictly from the viewpoint of a lawyer, who deals with this delicate and difficult problem.

**"THE SINS OF THE FATHERS,"** by Cyrus Townsend Brady, author of "A Little Traitor to the South," "Richard, the Brazen." This is a powerful story, dealing with the result of "The Sins of the Fathers," visited upon children unto the third and fourth generation.

**"LOVE MAKING IN FOREIGN LANDS,"** by Frank L. Pixley, author of "King Do Do," "The Burgo Master," "Prince of Pilsen," etc.

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Also stories, etc., by Margaret E. Sangster, Harriet Prescott Spafford, Ella W. Peattie, Ople Read, Stanley Waterloo, Elliott Flower, Forrest Crissey, Maud Radford Warren and many others. These features in only four issues which will be sent you free should convince you that the WOMAN'S WORLD is a great little magazine.

## WOMAN'S WORLD, Sub. Dept. 44, CHICAGO

### THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE says:

The revelations made by the United States District Attorney Sims, in the current number of WOMAN'S WORLD should be given as wide a currency as possible. The extent of the White Slave traffic and the machinery by which it is maintained should be brought home not only to the officials sworn to deal with crime, but to parents sworn under a higher law to guard their young.

As Mr. Sims says, thousands of girls from the country are entrapped each year and he points out the pitiful fact that the parents of a great majority of these unfortunates are unaware of their fate. As a consequence of this state of public ignorance, the traffic proceeds unchecked save by the efforts of prosecuting officials, which are necessarily restricted and temporary in effect.

What is greatly needed as a supplement to vigorous prosecution of offenders is a campaign of education. Clergymen should take up this evil and instruct parents in their congregations as to the reality and extent of the danger. In small towns there is virtually no knowledge of this evil and how it manifests itself, and there is far too little even in cities.

The problem is enormous, but it can be solved largely by educational means. The responsibility for a broad and systematic campaign of enlightenment rest with the religious and social agencies now existent in every community—the

churches, the women's clubs, the civic leagues, and associations. The press, too, should give a reputable publicity and exert its influence directly and on educational lines to the end that the public may know the gravity of the evil and its conditions.

### "THE ILLINOIS VIGILANCE ASSOCIATION"

OBJECT: To Suppress Traffic in Women and Girls

ASSOCIATION BLDG., Chicago, Sept. 17, 1908.

Woman's World: "We thank you for copies of WOMAN'S WORLD for September. We shall ask a donation for more. The article by Mr. Sims must do great good."—ERNEST A. BELL, Corresponding Secretary.

### THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RESCUE HOME

A Christian Home for Erring Girls

Colorado Springs, Colo., Sept. 18, 1908.

Woman's World: "I write to ask permission to publish in our official organ the article in the September WOMAN'S WORLD entitled 'The White Slave Trade of To-day.' We desire to extend to you our personal thanks for the publication of this great article."—WM. H. LEE, Superintendent.

### EXTRA OFFER!

To any one who accepts this WOMAN'S WORLD subscription offer and who, when they send the coupon, will in addition send the names and addresses of five friends, will be sent ten beautiful "Language of the Flower" Post Cards. Each Post Card shows a different flower grouped in such a way that the sentiment that each flower represents is spelled out by the flowers. For example, the violets on the violet Post Card spell "Faithfulness"; the roses, "Love"; Clover, "Be Mine", etc. Each Post Card is different, finished in many colors and glazed. The names wanted for circular

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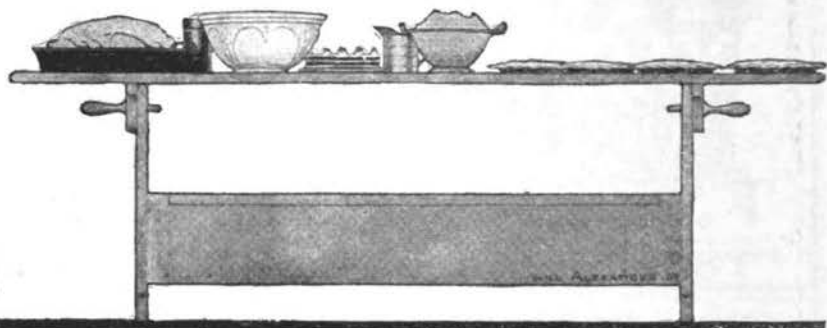
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# HOW I MADE GOOD



## True Stories by Young Women Who, by Their Own Efforts, Rose from Sordid Environments to Important Positions

### Worked After Receiving a Diploma

By M. R.

I took the stenographic course in a business college and after graduating, like many others, found it hard work to get a start. Unlike others, however, I did not stop work on receiving my diploma, but induced a friend of my family to dictate to me every day for half an hour. Then I transcribed everything.

I did not confine myself to business letters, but took newspaper editorials, magazine articles, sermons, medical work, etc. I continued this work for weeks, and found I had not only gained in speed but had also acquired the ability to transcribe accurately difficult and abstract matter.

Hearing that a Civil Service examination for stenographers was to be held, I decided to try my luck. I passed 98%, and was given first place on the list, although I competed with over 200 men and women, many of whom were trained stenographers, filling positions, while I was a graduate with no practical experience whatever. Ten years ago Civil Service positions were almost impossible to secure without political influence, but I stood first on the list and could not be wholly overlooked; so I soon received a temporary appointment, with a small salary, which in a few months was made a permanent appointment with a good salary.

I attribute my success to faithful practice work, while "waiting for something to turn up," for in our examination the dictation was of an unusually complicated nature, and difficult to transcribe. On account of my familiarity with that kind of work, I handled it rapidly. The appointment which fell to me, required just such work, and I was told I "filled the bill exactly."

### Wrote True Stories of Lincoln

By Carrie L.

EARLY in January, a year ago, I looked forward to February 12, for I lived in a territory where Lincoln had spent his boyhood. The many fibs connected with his interesting, ambitious youth have been spun into yarns and these yarns spun into stories by high-salaried writers. I was trying to make a name in journalism. I was well acquainted with a number of the boyhood friends of the old war President, "boys" who are tottering and feeble to-day. I called upon them and, after several days, set to work with a note-book full of stories. The stories I produced from my notes proved acceptable to a dozen newspapers at eight dollars a column. Since then I have been making money as a newspaper writer.

### Looked for More to Do

By K. M. M.

I WAS an unsophisticated country girl, when I sought employment in the city. After days of weary tramping I was given a trial in a wholesale house as billing clerk, at six dollars per week. I was rapid and accurate at figuring, and found I could easily do not only the work apportioned to me but also that of the chief billing clerk, and still have leisure. I did not want to be idle, so I fitted in wherever I could, assisting the others at filing, indexing, etc.

I did not know I was doing anything out of the ordinary in looking for additional work, I only wanted to earn my salary. Although I did not realize it, the manager watched my movements. One morning he came into the office with an inventory book which he wanted extended. Calling the head bookkeeper he said, "Give this to whomever you think will do it quickest and best." I said "Please give it to me; I can do it quickly." The manager laughed outright, and expecting, I presume, to see me dismayed, handed it to me. I was soon absorbed in the work, oblivious of the merriment my earnestness and self-confidence had occasioned among the girls. As the extended pages rapidly increased, the book was

taken from me to be checked by the cashier. Finding no mistakes in a couple of pages, he reported its correctness and returned it to me. I put every effort into doing the work rapidly. When it was finished and checked, I found myself installed as extender at \$12 a week.

Appreciating what had been done for me, I tried harder than ever to earn my salary by helping out wherever I could. During spare moments I had learned to use the typewriter, and as there were many capacities in which I assisted, I had familiarized myself with the general run of the business. Before I was twenty-one I was earning \$1,000 a year as private secretary to the manager, while those who had laughed at my desire to work are still in their original positions and receiving all they earn.

### Where Observation and Action Told

By N. M. B.

I STARTED as an ordinary stenographer with ordinary pay, but I had determined from the time I began the study of stenography to make it the means to another end. My opportunity came in a position offered by a paper house.

The first week in my new place was a hard one as the billing machine I operated was cumbersome and the special holiday work difficult. The second week, on the strength of my efforts and the accomplishing of that "severe test," as they put it, I was made private stenographer to the sales and advertising manager. In connection with this department was conducted a "famous" contest, which had assumed such proportions it seemed necessary to organize a special department to relieve the manager of its extra pressure. They were looking for a person with executive ability, who could take charge of the mail-order department and follow up correspondence.

I planned to show them they need not go outside for that person. I observed that the sales manager, each night, collected promiscuous facts concerning the affairs of the contest from different girls, who did not take any responsibility. It meant considerable work before the manager could get an intelligent idea of affairs. One night, when he called for information, much to his surprise I had it in a concrete form, neatly typewritten. I also handed him the correspondence, sorted out. He then surprised me by asking if I could handle the correspondence. I told him I could. Eying me keenly he walked away. Next day, he came direct to me, without consulting the others, and took my report of the contest and mail-order department. At the end of the week I was notified of my promotion to the head of the department, with twelve girls under my supervision. It was observation and action that got me my position.

### A Struggle to Be Fair

By M. A. C.

I BEGAN my career as a compositor in a Wisconsin city. There were two dozen of us in the composing-room—five of us girls. We each received the same salary; five dollars per week. Our employer was constantly accusing us of "killing time," or cheating in the matter of "over-time." The whole office force was on the alert for "docks" and general unfairness from the proprietor. I could not live in such an atmosphere of mutual dislike and suspicion and I made up my mind that unless I could convince my employer that I was honest and reliable I would seek a position somewhere else.

I soon made my fellow-workers understand my time was entirely devoted to my work, during working hours. I insisted the foreman give me accurate credit for all "over-time," and I worked conscientiously, so both employer and employees could see that I was competent and reliable. Once I worked two evenings to fix up some work that I had spoiled, and refused to accept any recompense as I was to blame for the extra work. I was unavoidably detained from work one morning for over an hour and





was surprised at the end of the week to find my time had been allowed in full. I volunteered to do a little office work to atone for my tardiness; so twice I carried a lunch and assisted in the office half an hour at noon.

At first the other girls made fun of me, but gradually they became aware that I was not trying to be sensational or to "knock" on them. Others began trying to work more faithfully, and we got along with less friction. My employer was impressed with the idea that I was sincere in my desire to be faithful and gave me several promotions in a few months, so I was soon drawing eight dollars a week. At the end of six months, when I learned of more profitable work in a neighboring city, he kindly assisted me to secure the place. He has several times asked me to return to his office, and is a sincere and cordial friend because he found I could look at my work from his standpoint and be fair to both of us.

★ ★

### Learned Proof-reading from the Dictionary

By H. C.

A FEW years ago, I took a course in stenography and typewriting in a business college of my Western home town. Coming to New York immediately after graduation, I sought a position and took the first one offered me, that of public stenographer in a hotel. Little did I realize what a struggle was before me! For two weeks I plodded along without making even a cent. However, I made the keys of my typewriter fly, but there was no money in my work, I was merely copying exercises.

One morning a promoter came in and dictated a long water-power proposition. He brought me luck. A musician followed, to dictate a two-thousand-word article; but the technical terms he used nearly drove me mad. It was my chance, however, to show what I could do, so I kept pace with him to the end. After transcribing my notes, I handed him a typewritten copy without mistakes, and his words of praise were not soon forgotten.

Other customers followed, among them a well-known author, who is a newspaper man, novelist, and writer on general topics. He sent his first copy to me, written on ordinary manilla paper, in lead pencil. I had never before seen anything like it—single letters with rings around them, such words as "stet," "center," and so on—all like Greek to me. He inclosed a note stating that, if I succeeded in making out his hand-writing, I should have all his future work. I was too proud to ask questions about his hieroglyphics, and in desperation turned to my dictionary. I looked up the word "proof," and under it found "proof-reading," with an illustration beside it. I copied all the words and characters in that article, then turned to my author's manuscript and began typewriting. Whenever I came to one of his odd-looking terms, I glanced through my proof signs, to find the necessary information. I sent his eight-thousand-word story back that afternoon, without an error. A few days later he sent his second manuscript, complimenting me on my interpretation of the first. For over three years I have been his secretary though I have never had the pleasure of meeting him. He does his writing at night, sends his "copy" to me in the morning by his valet, and I have it ready for him in the afternoon. Not once have I disappointed him. He does not know that it was he who caused me to learn the proof-reader's signs. Now when I have copying of a literary nature to do, it is as easy as a, b, c.

★ ★

### Each Step Counted

By A. W. L.

ALTHOUGH I had held more responsible positions, I accepted a place as clerk in the office where I am now working, realizing there was more opportunity for advancement with a large firm. The office in which I worked was some distance from the main office, so there was little opportunity to do any work outside of my own; but one day the head bookkeeper needed some work typewritten and, as the other stenographers were busy, he telephoned to ask if I could do it. I was quite busy that day, but readily agreed to do the work, and, by not taking the full hour for lunch, finished it in time.

Two months afterwards, I was transferred to the main office. I made it a point to get my work out as rapidly as possible, and then aided in the other departments, for I wanted knowledge of the work. One day our billing clerk sent word that he was ill. The former billing clerk was behind on his work and could not do any extra work, and no one else could operate the machine. I asked permission to try it, and was shown the method of operation. I worked slowly at first, but by remaining after office hours I was able to complete each day's billing. Speed increased with practice so I was soon able to keep up the billing and attend to the most important part of my other work.

Learning then that I was an experienced bookkeeper, the firm transferred me to a branch office in another city. Soon after, I was given full charge of the books and office work. It was just a step at a time, but each step counted.

# You and Henry Thoreau

HENRY THOREAU—bless him!—proved that a man can live happily on twenty-seven cents a week and have two-thirds of his time to himself. He lived on the shore of Walden Pond in a little cabin built mostly of second-hand boards which he bought of an Irish laborer for \$4.25.

But Henry didn't buy his breakfast-food in nice paper boxes with pictures on 'em, modern style. He dug it out of his field back of the Pond with his own brown hands.

And what an appetite he had!

But Thoreau was a strange, shy man who didn't care shucks for what we call "comforts." YOU are not at all like him. YOU want to live in a nice house, have your friends around you, be able to take a trip somewhere once in a while, and be worth a little money sometime or other and take things easy.

Isn't it so?

Of course it is, and it is all right for you to have that kind of an ambition. Thrift is a good target for any man or woman to aim at and an easy one to hit—if you are a member of The Fortune Colony, an institution which will help you on the dollar-side of your life as nothing else does or can.

Now you really ought to read two books.

For your heart's sake you should read Henry Thoreau's "Walden," which you can get at the book store; for your pocket's sake you should read "How to Build a Fortune in Ten Years," which you can only get by writing to me. It doesn't cost you anything—all you have to do is to ask for it. It tells all about The Fortune Colony and how you may belong to it. You will probably like it well enough to let your friends read it.

Do you want it?

*Richard Wightman*



Address: **The Fortune Colony**  
of the City of New York

Richard Wightman, President 437-S Fifth Avenue, New York City

MEMBERSHIP in The Fortune Colony is divided into three Classes—Class A, Class B and Class C. These Classes are sub-divided into Sections, each with a limited membership.

Class A (Section One) consists of Members who elect to build for themselves, through The Fortune Colony, little fortunes of \$1,000 each. Section One, Class A, is strictly limited to 600 Memberships.

Class B (Section One) consists of Members who decide on \$2,000 as the amount they wish to acquire, and is limited to 300 Memberships.

Class C (Section One) consists of Members who wish to build fortunes of larger amounts and is limited to 100 Memberships.

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## THE BEAUTY of WOOLENS

and Flannels lies in their Softness and Fluffiness, and nothing Washable demands such Careful handling in the Wash. Avoid the Rubbing of Soap and Washboard that Mats the Fibres and makes them Hard and Shrunken before their time. Those who care most for Clean—Soft—Unshrunk Woolens and Flannels are Particular to Use PEARLINE according to directions.

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Directions for Washing  
Woolens and Flannels.

"Wash Woolens and Flannels by Hand in lukewarm PEARLINE suds, Rinse thoroughly in Warm Water, Wring Dry, Pull and Shake well, Dry in warm temperature, and they will Keep Soft Without Shrinking."



## MRS. CURTIS'S CORNER



## "Sweet Sixteen"

This is the title of a beautiful Art Calendar for 1909, issued by Armour & Company. Five famous artists offer in this their best work. Do you want one of these calendars?

There are five drawings. The one shown at the top of this column is by Penrhyn Stanlaw. It serves as part of the cover design. It is done in pastel. You should see it in the color.

The one to the left is by Christy in colored chalk—one of the daintiest effects ever produced by this well-known artist.

The one to the right is by Harrison Fisher in colored crayon—one of his best—typical of his ability. The two below are by C. Allan Gilbert and Henry Hutt; also in colors—Gilbert's in pastel—Hutt's in wash.

It is hard to choose among these drawings. But you don't have to choose. The calendar gives you them all. And each looks like an original. The size of the calendar is 10x15 inches.

There is no gaudy advertising to disfigure it.

### How to Get the Calendar

Simply send us four cents in stamps (to cover cost of mailing) and one of the metal inspection seals from the top of a pair of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, placed there by the Government, to insure you pure leaf lard. Send to Armour & Company, Dept 15, Chicago. Then we'll mail the calendar immediately—or we will send the calendar prepaid for 25c in stamps.

### Art Plate Offer

We have a few of these calendar drawings, 11x17 inches, printed on heavy paper with calendar dates, advertising and all printing eliminated. They are ideal for framing or portfolio. The price of these plates is 25c each, or \$1 for the five. Express prepaid.

### Why We Make This Offer

We want you to know which lard gives the best cooking results.

That's why we offer the calendar free. Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard is by far the best lard. More economical, too.

One need use but two-thirds as much of it. That is essential, else the food is too rich. Leaf lard is made from that dainty bit of flaky fat that surrounds the hog's kidneys.

There isn't enough of this fat in all the hogs in the country to supply one-tenth of the people with leaf lard.

So all the choice lard goes to those who insist on it.

We make Leaf Lard in a kettle as some of our mothers made it back on the farm. But we use open-jacketed kettles, and we employ infinite skill, so our lard has a flavor that all other lards lack.

It is better to cook with leaf lard than with butter, for it doesn't cook as dry.

## Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard

You don't know what flavor you can get in your cooking until you have used this lard. So be sure to get Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard. See that the label says "Armour's 'Simon Pure' Leaf Lard—not somebody else's 'Leaf Brand' or 'Pure Lard,' for neither is 'Leaf Lard.'" You can be sure that Armour's is Leaf Lard, for the law forbids misbranding.

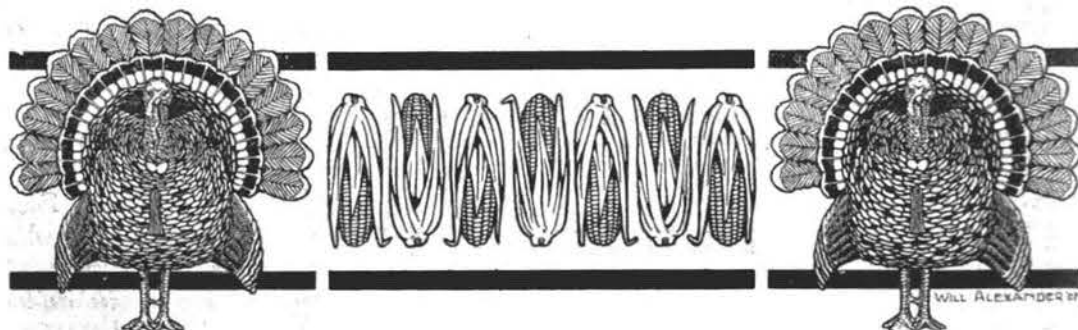
Try Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard once. You'll never go back to the common.

Get a pair of your grocer today and send us the metal Government inspection seal for the calendar.



Gilbert Copyrighted 1908 Hutt

ARMOUR AND COMPANY



LAST fall I met an Englishwoman who was visiting America for the first time. I asked her what had impressed her, so far, as most peculiarly American.

"Thanksgiving," she answered instantly. "I have been something of a traveler, but an American Thanksgiving is entirely different from anything I have met in other countries. Several nations in Europe hold a harvest feast; in nearly all you find more the spirit of fast day than of rejoicing. Americans are indeed different from what you call 'the phlegmatic English.' We coined the expression about life not being all 'beer and skittles.' I never knew what 'all beer and skittles' meant till I crossed the Atlantic. When an American takes a holiday, he forgets care, business, and everything. He turns it into a holiday not only for his own family, but also for his poorer neighbors. One thing which struck me forcibly was the hospitality of Americans. Actually they go out of their way to find people to entertain. In one home where I visited they went deliberately through their list of acquaintances to find any friend whose homelessness might mean a solitary Thanksgiving dinner at a hotel. That, in their estimation, seemed to be the acme of loneliness. I think such a spirit of true hospitality is really beautiful."

### An Englishwoman's Thanksgiving Day—She Finds It to be Most Genuinely American—Mrs. Curtis's First Thanksgiving



Isabel Gordon Curtis  
Editor "Success Magazine's" Home Departments

IT BROUGHT back to memory my first Thanksgiving, for the first Thanksgiving must long remain a memory to any one born on foreign soil. The sun rose on the dreariest November morning in the calendar. The rain came splashing down in bucketsful, and the wind seemed to chill one to the very marrow. It needed a strong attraction to entice one out of doors, yet the table at which we were expected to dine was twelve miles distant, in the very heart of the New England hills. The horses pulled up steep, muddy roads, the wind blew and the rain came pelting through the curtains of the carriage; still, it was Thanksgiving Day, and every one was as merry as if it were May Day.

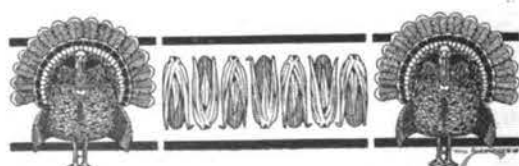
WE PULLED up in front of a hip-roofed house with a pillared door, small-paned windows, and walls so sturdy they looked ready to face the wind and weather of a century more. Outdoors it was interesting and picturesque, indoors it was

a story-book house. In the big parlor, where the fire-board had been taken out, a log fire crackled and glowed in the immense fireplace. The furniture was as old as the house itself. The straight-backed chairs and wide sofas had been bought in 1790, when a great-grandmother began housekeeping. With her providing came the quaint pictures that hung on the parlor wall, a time-colored portrait of Washington, a queer print of the Battle of Lexington, and family portraits of men and women, severe as old Puritans. The kitchen, however, was the real living-room, and what a kitchen it was! It usurped every foot of space in a long ell, which was more than a hundred years old, and still was fifty years younger than the rest of the house. From four windows on one side we looked out upon the hills, with shrouding November mists about their peaks; from four windows on the other side we had a view of the wide valley, with a brown, swollen river rushing through it.

THE kitchen was fragrant with Thanksgiving odors.

The stove stood covered with newspaper to serve as an extra sideboard, for once a year a fire was lit in the ancient Dutch oven and the dinner of the year was cooked in it. We could hear a joyous spluttering when the oven door was opened. There was an atmosphere of warmth and goodly smells in the great kitchen that made it more enticing than any other room in the interesting old house. In one corner stood a barrel and from a wooden pipe in the wall came a steady gush of spring water. Another pipe at the bottom carried the overflow to the "critters" in the barn. Overhead among the rafters, blackened by smoke and age, hung home-cured hams and bacon, strings of dried apples and pumpkin, bunches of brilliant red pepper and yellow popcorn. The long table, set for twenty-two guests, was gay with stiff bouquets of chrysanthemums, scarlet salvia, and gorgeous dahlias which had been carefully wrapped night after night from November frost that they might live to decorate the Thanksgiving table. Every dish in the pantry had been called into use and among them was many an ancient bit of china for which a collector would have bid high.

WE ENGLISH take our feast days solemnly; even a Christmas dinner is a ceremony to be eaten with genuine British gravity. I had sat through feasts at home with national austerity; here it was different. It may have been contagion or a streak of Americanism which in some mysterious way got into my make-up, but I astonished myself by becoming the gayest of the gay. To such happiness and merriment must be ascribed the remarkably agile digestion of Thanksgiving Day. Except for that the death list of the day after would be appalling.



WHAT a dinner that was, with the steaming dishes carried straight from the glowing oven to the table. The lordly turkey was as brown as a chestnut and the chicken pie, baked in the biggest milkpan on the farm, was a mound of crisp, tender crust. Then such apple pie, such Indian pudding, such mince pie, such election cake and—such cider! No marketing



✠ ✠

✠                      ✠

50 cents.

**SEND FOR  
OUR  
CATALOG  
TO-DAY**

EXACT SIZE

An illustration of a round cookie with a daisy-like flower pattern. To the left of the cookie is a portion of a metal cookie cutter with a decorative handle. Above the cookie is a single chocolate chip. The text '50 cents.' is at the top left, 'SEND FOR OUR CATALOG TO-DAY' is in the center, and 'EXACT SIZE' is written vertically on the right.

# The Well-Dressed Man

By

ALFRED  
STEPHEN  
BRYAN



DRESS essentials must conform more or less to a uniform standard, which is fixed by custom and usage. Dress details, however, may vary according to personal preferences. Indeed, they *must* vary to enable

a man to exercise individuality, the point and pith of correct dress. Many inquiries put to this department indicate a misconception of fashion and good form. For example, it would be idle to lay down hard-and-fast rules concerning the proper collar or cravat for a man to wear, because that depends upon the individual type of face, coloring, and cast of features. It is nearly impossible to suggest a shape of collar or a shade of cravat that will suit all men alike. As individuals differ, so must the details of their dress differ. Some men are plump; others are lean. Some necks are long; others are short. Some complexions are ruddy; others are sallow. These things must be considered in choosing the right collar, cravat, or hat, for often a slight change in any of these three articles of dress, something added or taken off, draws the line of demarcation between becomingness and unbecomingness. Most men commit the easy error of choosing the shape or color that they like. They should choose the shape or color that is best suited to them. A modicum of intelligent study of one's limitations will prevent a man from dressing at variance with good taste and the fitness of things and enable him to make the utmost of his physical characteristics.

For autumn, the fold or turn-over collar is still the most fashionable form for general day wear. Most men prefer the shape with closely meeting front edges. This renders it possible to adjust a four-in-hand tie into a neat and trim knot. Another shape, which is gaining favor, has the front edges cut away for a larger, flatter scarf. Wing collars, with both peaked and round tops, are proper for morning, afternoon, and evening dress, though the most distinguished looking shapes for formal evening wear are the poke and lap-front. Styles in hats undergo few important changes, for the simple reason that the most fashionable hat to wear is that which is most becoming to one's face. The style is correct for business, morning, and lounging, and it may be black, brown, green, or pearl-gray. Soft hats are, strictly considered, not suited to town wear. Their distinction, however, is habitually disregarded by young men who like the jaunty air that the soft hat lends, and who dip and crease it into any shape that gratifies their fancy. It is turned up in the front, on the side, or in the back, and dented or creased out of semblance to its original form. College youths, who still keep the vogue for soft hats alive, strive to put distinct character into the shaping of the "slouch" and the result is often undeniably picturesque. Shades of green variously known as cactus, arbor, and the like, are quite "smart" this season—both in derbies and ones.

Shower-coats should be cut long, loose, and with little shaping to the figure. The precise length is a matter of personal taste. Besides the standard colors such as Oxford gray, black, olive, and tan, there are stripes and shadow effects. Mackintoshes are seldom worn nowadays, because it is virtually impossible to put

*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 purely personal interest.*

style into them. Any fabric may be rendered water-tight by subjecting it to the proofing process. Silk and rubber is a new combination which is light and soft and calculated to endure the strain of wear.

Cotton, rather than linen, shirts are favored for morning, lounge, and business 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 in the best shops.

Turnback cuffs on the morning shirt, while "ultra smart," are quite beyond the means of the everyday man. They do not iron well, they soil easily, and, unless very carefully cut, catch in the lining of the sleeve. In laundering morning shirts it is a fad of the moment to leave the bosom and cuffs soft and unstarched for comfort's sake. Cross-stripe bosoms are uncommon, but, aside from that, have little to recommend them. With the fold collar worn a-mornings and to business, the correct tie is narrow and of a vivid color, such as purple, red, or green.

## Questions About Dress

**J. H. M.**—It depends on whether the noon wedding is to be held at the church or at home. There is no such thing as "an informal church wedding." The very fact that the marriage is performed in church makes it formal. At an informal home wedding the groom may wear the cutaway coat, gray striped trousers, white waistcoat, white shirt, wing collar, four-in-hand cravat, patent-leather shoes and gray suede gloves. At a day church wedding the groom wears the black frock coat and its accessories. For the preliminaries of the wedding, we refer you to previous issues of the magazine in which the subject was discussed exhaustively.

**BRUSH.**—Your serge suit is probably made of inferior cloth, otherwise it would not "streak" after brushing. Of course the nap or delicate fuzzy surface of any cloth will wear away in time. Nothing can prevent this. The only remedy is to get the best serge that you can afford. We do not believe that the brush has anything to do with the "streaking," nor that it matters whether you use the same brush on your suit that you use on your hat.

**BENEKER.**—The approved dress for a formal wedding is the regulation evening suit (with swallow-tail coat and braided trousers), white waistcoat, white stiff shirt with cuffs attached, poke, lapfront, or wing collar, white tie, high patent-leather shoes (with buttoned tops), and white or pearl *glacé* gloves. The watch-rob should never be worn with evening dress. Pumps and low-cut patent-leather shoes are not appropriate at a wedding.



# The Wasted Mississippi

[Continued from page 682]

swift a current over it; and beside each dam must be a lock for passing vessels through. There is today a dam at nearly every power, but they are rough, wooden structures. When development comes, concrete dams with lock embodied must be built, the cost of each running from two hundred thousand dollars to five hundred thousand dollars on the upper river, and even up to one million dollars below Minneapolis. Nearly all sites available for dams have been given away along the river, and the dams are owned by private persons.

Canalization is a method of river development possible only in those rapid reaches which require or permit of damming and locking. Having emerged from its swifter channel at St. Paul, the Mississippi comes under a régime which requires in its development for navigation methods known as "regularization," or the establishment of a bed of regular width and cross-section. That is, in order to make the river navigable, we must dig or clear out a clean, sufficient channel for ships to run in, and then constrict the bed of the river so that it will flow as deeply as possible in this channel. This work has been going on for forty years between St. Paul and the Missouri, and leaves the river in such shape that now, if the reservoiring is done, there will easily be a seven and probably an eight-foot channel in the upper river.

But when we pass the mouth of the Missouri, and come down into the region of unstable banks below Commerce, Missouri, we find an entirely different set of problems. The river here is heavily burdened with soil-waste from the Missouri, which will continue until that river is reservoired, until the Bad Lands are planted with forests, until the *coulées* of North Dakota are dammed, and until the banks of the river are revetted—all work which we shall find both necessary and profitable. This silt—which varies with the speed of the river and the condition of the Missouri—is dropped and picked up again in a most annoying way. When it is dropped, it forms bars which obstruct navigation, and which tend to deflect the current against the soft banks, making it erode them and carry some farmer's squashes to the sea. The silt it gets there it may trade off a dozen times *en route* to the sea for other silt gathered from the bank, leaving bars in its path to bother the engineer. It has been found that a practically continuous revetment, a woven willow "mattress" weighted down with rubble-stone, is the only device which will control this lower river.

It has taken forty years of toil and the expenditure of sixty million dollars of public money to solve this problem; but the expenditure has enabled us to control one small section of the Mississippi as nowhere else in the world is so great a river controlled by man. We have only twenty miles of the controlling revetment standing, but it is an object lesson of what can be accomplished.

The river has two beds—the minor and the major. The minor bed we have been discussing. The major bed is the space the water occupies in floods. The banks of it below Cairo are forty miles apart. As late as 1880 it has swept on from Cairo to the sea, one thousand miles, between these banks, broken only by forests and the tops of houses. For two hundred years we have been building levees and for fifty years very busily; and now we have one thousand, four hundred miles of earthen embankment as close to the river as the unrevetted and caving banks will allow. Twenty-nine thousand square miles of the most fertile land in America lie in that major bed. Originally heavily forested, it has been turned into the fabulous rice and sugar fields of Louisiana, into the two-bales-to-the-acre cotton lands of the Yazoo Delta, and now, by the latest victory, into the alfalfa, corn, and cotton gardens of the St. Francis. It has been protected by ramparts sometimes thirty feet high and two hundred feet thick at the base. But caving banks have taken twenty million dollars worth of these levees into the river—enough waste to have built one-third of the needed revetment.

The levees are but makeshifts and are not safe. In 1903 there passed a mighty record flood through the valley. The Ohio reached sixty-five feet above low water at Cincinnati (one million feet a second of water that meant power and summer navigation wasted, carrying destruction to all the cities of the valley). The upper Mississippi passed its records. The Missouri rose to tremendous heights. The Tennessee swept down out of the mountains with a deluge of water and mud, and the Cumberland added the most it had ever brought. And this flood, which carried more water than had ever before flowed in the lower Mississippi, rose out of the banks, rose foot by foot against the levees, completed that year for the first time, and at last approached the top of them.

Behind them the thousands of farmers and villagers who had paid two-thirds of their cost, and who, trusting to their protection, had bought this valley land, went about their tasks in constant apprehension. The flood lasted for weeks. And finally the crisis came at Hollybush, below and opposite Memphis. There for days the engineers, with hundreds of men and plenty of material, fought the overpowering wave. It rose actually higher than the levee, but still they piled on

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¶ Send for the booklet "The Making of a Man O' Warsman"—an illustrated booklet in colors that tells about opportunities in the Navy—the conditions upon which you may enter, the wages, the work and study, the promotions, the cruises, etc. Parents and guardians should consider the advantages of this training. Ask anyone in the Navy. Send for booklet to-day to the

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bags of sand, until, at last human endurance gave out. In a night the river triumphed. For half a mile it rose above the highest reinforcement, spilled over, ate away the crown, and in a twinkling had swept into nothing that half mile of levee, leaving a gap through which poured a deluge, the roar of which could be heard miles away. Five hundred miles of rich farming land went under water. A season's crops were ruined. Many villages were flooded out. *And throughout the whole twenty-nine thousand miles of protected land the price of every acre went down, from the consequent loss of faith in the earthen walls.* During the same flood a crayfish ate through a levee near New Orleans, and the water followed and destroyed the wall. One million dollars failed to stop the *crevasse*, and two million hardly measured its cost in actual damage.

There are two ways by which conservation can stop all this—the right way and the wrong way. And the probability is that we must try them both, since the right way takes so long to carry out. The right way I have already explained—it is to reservoir the streams which make the river, when there will be no floods which will rise above the banks; and also to control the channel by canalization, regularization, revetment work, etc. But the wrong way is a good way, also, since it will prevent crayfish holes, avoid slumping off at the back, a great fault of levees, and absolutely prevent such *crevasses* as at Hollybush. And this is, to put in all the one thousand, four hundred miles of wall a concrete core, six or eight inches thick. This work would probably cost six million dollars for the valley, but it would raise the value of the lands many times that amount. And it would earn its cost many times over in safety and in increased crops before the reservoirs were done.

This, then, is the chief work of the conservation of the Mississippi. There is another part to it which we are none of us ready yet to discuss; and that is the immense question of terminal stations, of union terminals, at which we as a people can force cooperation between railway and river carriers. And there must be worked out a thorough system for the employment of the streams in every useful way. But that is far ahead of us and is largely a private business problem. There confronts us now, however, one of the most tremendous problems the country has ever faced. This is the problem of how to get back for the people, on navigable streams, the power at the dams, or how to get at least a fair return on betterments.

The ownership of the power is complicated. The Government has the exclusive right of navigation. It has the right to erect dams and to flow over land from them, paying damages. It has the right to force the owner of a dam in a navigable stream to put in a lock for vessels under Government direction at his private expense; though usually this is done at Government expense as a matter of equity. The use of power in an unnavigable stream goes with the ownership of the adjacent bank—on an old law designed before the days of reservoirs and to-day much in need of modification. But in a navigable river the whole bed of the stream, and every property in the water except the navigation of it, belongs to the State through which it flows. No person can use or develop that power without permission of the State. And no person can develop it and flow over land unless he owns all the land which is to be flowed over. Usually the State, in giving permission for a dam to be erected, grants also a right of eminent domain to condemn flowage land. Recently, however, when big corporations came begging for help, Congress passed two laws which are without precedent in the rights they give to the rich against the poor, or against those who do not wish to develop power at a given moment. The first of these provided that if any person owning the riparian land on one side of a water-power wished to build a dam and to give free of cost to the Government the site for a lock (something every dam builder is compelled to do by law), he might require the Attorney-General of the United States to condemn on behalf of the nation, but at private expense, the other shore required for the dam. Then a little later an innocent-looking amendment was passed providing that if any one (not necessarily owning anything) wished to build a dam and give the Government the lock site, the Attorney-General must condemn *both sides* for him. That is, if I own the land beside a water-power, and do not intend to develop it at present (or perhaps I do), and some corporation covets it, it can require the Attorney-General to oust me and give it my land and my opportunity at a condemnation-suit price for the land.

This is bad enough; but it is not so bad as some of the other bills this water-power problem has brought into Congress. Before the last session there were nearly two-score of bills introduced, each purporting to grant in perpetuity and without tax or toll all the rights the Government has at a water-power site to a private company. Several of these passed. The most important the President vetoed.

Chicago has already had its bitter experience with the power grabbers. It has spent fifty million dollars to build a ship canal to connect with the Illinois and the Mississippi. When it had spent thirty-five million dollars it sent ten thousand cubic feet of Lake Michigan water every second flowing down a steep slope of one hundred and fifty feet into the Illinois River. This not only improved navigation, but it also made an enormous water-power—one hundred and fifty thousand horse-

power—which, if properly harnessed, could be made to pay the cost of extending the canal to St. Louis and also repay all previous outlay. But when Chicago went out to gather in its harvest, lo, a few local capitalists had got there first. Under an old law, they had levied on and condemned the mill sites along the way, and defied the city and the State to oust them. The entire value of the power was in this steady water from Chicago. The capitalists did not even claim previous ownership. And it is taking all the ingenuity of Governor Deneen and the sharpest lawyers in Illinois to find some way by which this simple proceeding can be obviated.

As if to make this matter worse, these men have entered into a combination with other companies, and have gathered in all the available water-power near Chicago, in the very manner feared by President Roosevelt; and as if this were not enough, they are selling fancy bonds, "as good as gold," because, as they proudly advertise, their pondage costs them nothing and can never fail, because Chicago is bound in law to maintain the drainage-canal flow. That is just the type of proposition the whole country is coming to face.

Already on the upper Mississippi the power users complain against the way the reserved water is used for navigation. They declare that the power ought to be considered first, and, although they pay no toll and have no right in the reserved water, they have forced Congress to make an investigation of their complaints. If no one blocks them sharply, they will persist until they gain their end.

If no one blocks them!

That is now for the people to do. The whole nation must awake—and the renewed interest in waterways and in conservation indicates that this is to happen. But the problem is intricate and delicate. Under existing law, Congress can neither control nor sell the water-power it has at the Government dams, nor the additional power from storage, though some subterfuge probably can be found. But either every State can grant that power to Congress, or the States can assume and use it themselves, and repay the cost of the reservoirs. The policy President Roosevelt has adopted of cooperation with the States is a necessary one. Either the States themselves must build the reservoirs under a national plan, or else they must cede the right to the nation to take tolls. Wisconsin has already gone far in that direction. She has organized a corporation, controlled by the State, which develops the reservoirs of its main river. The stock must be divided *pro rata* according to power among the power owners, and the cost must be paid by a tax levied *pro rata* according to the betterment of horse-power among them. The corporation can do nothing else and can earn no profit. The State will have its available power doubled, its people given new employment, and its rivers made navigable, at no cost to any one.

So taken in hand, developed upon a basis which will conserve the rights of the nation, of the State, and of the companies which now have concessions at the dam sites, the power-drive alone of the Mississippi, properly reservoirized, would pay the interest on all the bonds necessary for reservoiring and for channel revetment. Later, when the coal is gone; when the country is settled more thickly, and the demand is greater, it would return into the national treasury six million dollars to ten million dollars a year, lightening by that much the burden of taxation which lies upon the people.

We are appropriating fifteen million dollars to twenty-two million dollars from the treasury direct for river and harbor improvements every year. This is a tax upon the people. We all pay it, whether we consume imported or native goods. If, by way of contrast, we were to issue bonds and do all this river work, the proceeds of the work itself would pay for the interest, eventually retire the bonds, and leave us an income and reliable power and channels at not a dollar's cost a tax. It is the only sane and sensible solution of the problem. But in addition to the cost of channel revetment and reservoiring, the whole improvement of the Mississippi means: for forests, ten million dollars; for channel work, ten million dollars; and for the big dams another ten million dollars; making in all, with the temporary core in the levees, perhaps one hundred and fifty million dollars to complete entire the river from Itasca to the sea with its minor upper tributaries. From this our annual return to State and nation should be: from water-power three million, five hundred thousand dollars (at present prices); from forests, when they begin to bear, annually twelve million dollars (or a net profit of two dollars an acre); from safeguarding the bottom-lands, some three hundred million dollars every year in new crops and a saving of hundreds of millions of tons of earth. The benefits to land values and to navigation can hardly be estimated.

"Wake up, America," says Emerson Hough. But we have got to do more than merely wake up. We have got to sit up and take notice, and then to get up and go after congressmen, and especially local legislators, with figures like these, and with a profound conviction of the truth that every other river is only a Mississippi in miniature, and that development of them is a coming necessity which if we go at it the right way means an immense profit account, and which if we go at it the wrong way means a tremendous tax for losses and unaccountable profits for some private corporations.



## Vegetable Age babies as Bulbs

Included from page 687]

sentry duty in the dead of night, must learn to appreciate and respect attitude toward light. This is widely

Light is one of the most stimulating things in the world to us; and the Witness the glitter of the Ginze of Coney Island. But to a poor by it is as dazzling and irritating as

His chief objection to the new inds himself, if he could put it in "It's so beastly light." He is

more senses than one. While the upies should get plenty of sunshine, e allowed to shine directly into his face. He has neither pigment in

hair on the top of his pink little against the light rays; and it is lit- to animals" to lay an unfortunate

in a trough-like perambulator, or and well padded that he can not him down with clothing and wraps,

ap him down, so that he can lift t; and then to wheel him about for face turned up to the full glare of

the direct rays of the sun. Here is n of many a case of headache, of

effulgence—with its accompanying plessness—is laid. Look at the

tle human cocoons and you will of five, that while they are bravely

rest of it and to accept it good y countenances are wrinkled into

of perplexity and protest. the baby into the open air, day

it that his eyes are protected from by hood or sunshade, or by turn-

t to bear in mind this attitude to- field; and that is, the attracting

n. While a baby after the first n awake, follow with his eyes

moving object, and a little later and as instinctively as a troutlet

et a very few repetitions of this nt to tire him. A multiplicity of

ture presented to him, or rapid face, quickly dazzle and confuse

the nerves. He must be regarded on of a man who has been im-

grounded for weeks and t out into the full glare of the

sees men as trees walking. The dings are one dazzling, shifting

and lights, and it is only by the dual degrees that he picks out

ere a detail until it becomes an n. He gets three times as many

d stimuli from his environment st as he is able to make any use

his confusion by dangling things or by inane snappings of fingers

etty, pretty," in order to make ice, is simply worse confounding

until he is ready to take the play with you, which he surely

time, and you will have far less wonder why he seems to be a

adoring relatives or conscient- wish to admire the baby, they

ile he is asleep. It will be far all parties concerned. The all

trying to get the baby to recog- ie does not and can not know

le in the ground—since he is conceive of his existence—or to

o a particular gurgle or tickle as irrational as was our childish

seeds which we had planted s, to see if they were growing.

afraid but that his brain will hough he takes no more notice

ings than a potato sprout. As tly safe to show at least some

oner or later, if you will only

means to say that babies should

ted and played with. The in-

of the deepest of the mother

cts has a sound rational basis.

y to be chirped at and tickled

wn, when he himself invites

hen play and petting are meat

at he needs above everything

ow up healthy, natural, and

ove and affection and admiring

foundlings' homes and hos-

st of all is petting and mother-

ire bright and winning enough

to awaken affection in their

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I will deliver at once to the Citizen's State Bank of Barstow, Texas, a Warranty Deed to ten acres of the land of the Pecos Valley Land and Irrigation Company as per the subdivision of the Company's property made by John Wilson and filed for record with the County Clerk of Ward County, Texas.

I will deliver at once to you, one of our Secured Land Contracts for the Warranty Deed at the Bank—on the contract appears a certificate signed by an Officer of the Bank and certifying that the Bank has your deed and will deliver it to you according to the terms of your Secured Land Contract. The Bank acts as an independent agent for both of us—to guarantee fair play.

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At the end of each year—if you take more than a year to complete your payments—you will be credited with 5 per cent per annum on the amount you have paid.

\$15 down and \$3 a week paid regularly, and the interest credits, will mature your Contract in a little over two and three-fourths years.

But you can mature your Contract by paying the same total amount, \$483, in a day, a month, six months, a year, or in any less time than 2½ years, and whenever your regular receipts and your interest allowance credit receipts total \$483, all you have to do to get your land is to take or send your receipts and your contract to the Citizen's State Bank at Barstow, Texas, together with twenty-eight vendor lien notes each for \$39, payable one every three months for seven years.

The Bank will then give you your Warranty Deed to the land, which, according to the Contract and the Deed, must be fully irrigated and all under cultivation.

Remember this is ten acres of land which I must first prove is capable of producing an income of from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year.

### Safeguarded

The Bank will deliver your deed direct to you when your \$3.00 a week and interest credits total \$483.00

### It Doesn't Take Long

attempting to make it clear to you that you can have an assured independent living income in less than three years if you can possibly save \$3 a week.


I have promised to submit the proof. All you have to do is write for it. Will you do that today, even if you can't commence right away? I want the address of every man or woman who is willing to save \$3 a week if I can prove that the result will be financial independence in less than three years.

There is nothing philanthropic about this proposition, but I especially want to hear from the wage-earners. I have worked for fifteen years to develop this Irrigation System and this community. It would be gratifying to me to have those who most need it reap the benefits of my labors.

It will be more convenient for you to address me at St. Louis, and I am equipped there to best answer you.

**GEORGE E. BARSTOW, President**  
Pecos Valley Land and Irrigation Company, of Barstow, Texas,  
4155 Missouri Trust Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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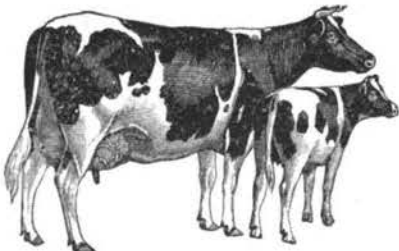
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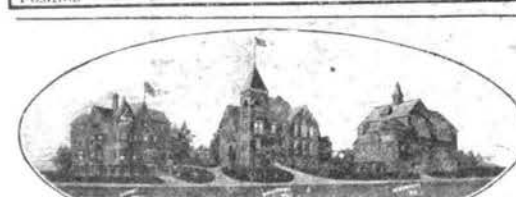
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attendants are able to avoid growing up listless and colorless and dreary. You can not possibly be too proud or too fond of your baby. But for heaven's sake don't kill him with kindness! And try to get his point of view. The important thing is to make him happy and healthy and not to amuse yourself or gratify your pride of possession and display. When he wants to be quiet, let him be quiet. And when he wants to romp and play, play with him. It will save nerve fag for both of you. To know when to let well enough alone is half the secret of success and happiness.

Of course the "vegetable" baby's bed should be large and firm enough for a playground. To bury a helpless infant in a boggy trough of a cot or basket or baby-buggy, where he has hardly room even to squirm, and can only lie stiffly on his back with his nose and his toes toward the ceiling, like a mummy or a stone crusader on a tomb, is little short of cruelty to animals. His cot should have a mattress, not a pulpy feather-bed, soft but firm enough to stay flat, and wide enough to allow him to roll about half a yard in every direction. He should be frequently laid down on his side, and as soon as he is able allowed to kick himself over on to either side or even on his face to sleep.

His clothing should be loose enough and sufficiently "divided"—skirts and petticoats are an abomination everywhere and most of all on a baby—to permit him to kick every limb he's got to any point of the compass—and to all four at once if he wishes—to shake hands with his feet, or bring his toes up in front of his face for investigation.

If he can't change his position quick enough to suit him, help him, and let him sit up whenever he shows an ambition in that direction. Rub and pat his little back

Everything in nature seems to have this sign on it, "Move On." Nothing stands still. Every atom in the universe is on the move. You must either move on or get run over.

occasionally—so long as he audibly expresses his approval it's all right—but don't throw him over your shoulder like a sack of flour, or hang him face downwards across your knee and beat a drum-call on his back, "to get the wind off his stomach."

If he has been properly fed and handled there'll be no wind there. If he has n't, it's little use to half-joggle, half-hypnotize him into unconsciousness by making him dizzy and drowsy.

"AND this, sir," said the British artilleryman, as he swelled his chest with pride and pointed to a small bronze cannon, "is a gun we captured at Bunker Hill."

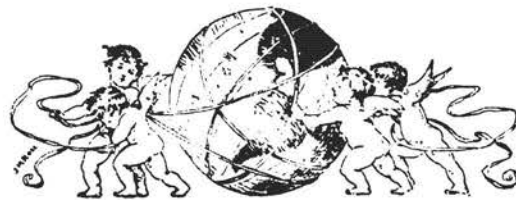
"Yes," blandly replied the American tourist, "you got the gun and we got the hill."

FANNY KEMBLE once spent the summer at a small country town in Massachusetts. While there she engaged a neighbor, a plain farmer, to drive her around. The farmer, desiring to entertain his guest, expatiated freely upon the state of the crops and the neighborhood gossip, until Miss Kemble remarked somewhat testily: "Sir, I engaged you to drive for me, not to talk to me."

The farmer said no more.

When Miss Kemble was ready to leave town she sent for the man and asked for her bill. One of the items therein she could not understand and asked for an explanation.

"That?" said the farmer; "oh, that's 'Sass, \$5.' I don't very often take it, but when I do I charge."



## HIS GREAT WORK

[Continued from page 684]

of it a flat-car, over the end of which hung a derrick-boom that suggested in its light symmetry the bowsprit of a yacht.

"Now we're to see great things, Danny, my boy," Bedell said, crossing his lean arm over the boy's shoulders.

"Can they put that big iron wall in, Dad Jake?" Danny asked, lifting his round, black eyes, that were now rounder and wider with wonder, to Bedell's face. "They think they can, Danny; I ain't asked no questions."

"Don't, Dad Jake; don't never ask them nothing." The boy spoke with hot bitterness.

"Why, Danny?" "Cause they laugh, darn them!"

Bedell looked out across the old iron bridge, and his eyes swept onward waveringly up to where the heavy green wall of pines gloomed the sunlit blue of the sky. Then, recalled by a clasp of the little hot hand on his wrist, he said quietly, "It don't matter, Danny. Ain't we laughed at Abe and Sam Black and every one of them because of things they don't know? It don't matter, Danny."

"How're they goin' to lift it in, Dad Jake—that derrick ain't bigger'n the derrick on the wreckin' train that could n't lift the old busted freight-car at the run-in last fall? What's the engine tootin' for, Dad Jake?" Danny continued, after a silent wait. "It keeps tootin', and I don't see nothin' that they're doin'."

"I'm wonderin'," Bedell answered—"some signal, I s'pose."

"What're the folks down in the hollow runnin' an' lookin' at, Dad Jake?" the boy asked querulously; "I can't see nothin' happenin'—gosh! there's a hole, Dad Jake! See—look!"

The boy sprang to his feet, and, leaning his small body around behind Bedell's head, shot a chubby forefinger out straight from the latter's nose, and Bedell's watery eyes, following the invisible line that continued on from the bumpy finger, saw a yawning break in the straight iron wall of his bridge.

Petrified, fascinated, he watched the great girder creep, inch by inch, out from its old setting to the staging on the right; it moved invisibly, as though some giant finger beckoned it by hypnotic force.

Even the bridge workers stood idly looking at the huge iron thing that slipped out of itself till it rested on the square timbers in isolated loneliness. There was just the "chuck-chuck-chuck" of exhaust steam from the donkey engine on the derrick-car; the hissing grind of a steel-wire cable that ran through iron sheaves.

"What's the matter, Dad Jake?" the boy called in

a voice of alarm. "Your hand's all cold! And you're trembling; Dad—ain't you well? Hadn't we better go home?"

He curled over the stooped shoulders till his chubby face swung around in front of the gray, haggard features of Bedell, blotting out his view of the broken-backed bridge. It was like a merciful relief. The blood, lagged in its flow, pumped back again from the sluggish heart and warmed the ashen face.

II

"You're gettin' better, Dad Jake, ain't you?" the boy queried. "Guess it's too cold here—we'd best go to the house and get warm, hadn't we? I don't want to see 'em break our bridge. Let's go home—won't you, dad?"

Something of his unutterable desolation emanated from Bedell, and the boy commenced to cry. Jake lifted wearily to his feet and, clasping the little chubby hand that was thrust into his, stood for a second watching the ninety-ton steel deck-girder that commenced to creep into the disrupted bridge as smoothly, as silently, as resistlessly as the smaller tubular-box girder had gone out.

A shiver vibrated the old man's shoulders. It crept down his lean arm and Danny felt it in the bloodless fingers.

"Guess I'm terrible cold, too, Dad Jake—let's go home and get warm," he pleaded.

A raw wind swept over the earth top of the hill that peeped through the white snow like an immense brown puff ball. Bedell's teeth chattered as, turning from the bridge, with bowed head he plodded heavily beside Danny. There was a curious numbing sensation in his mind as though he had leaped a span of twenty years in his life uncognizant of incident—that he had come back to reality twenty years older. The gray of hopelessness lay upon his face like a mask of burned-out earth.

Silently they plodded toward the little iron-red house, their tongues stilled by the heavy thoughts that this sudden aging had thrust upon them; for even Danny was whispering in his mind, "I feel as if I'd grown up a heap just to-day. Guess I'm too cold."

Bedell and the boy came back to the bridge horror slowly and with groping words all through the afternoon and the evening that they made so long by a late sitting.

"Did the men ask you, Dad Jake, if they could break our bridge and fix a new one?" Danny asked as they sat in front of the big chimney fireplace that held



smoldering logs. And when Bedell explained that his proprietary rights in the bridge were purely a matter of sentiment, Danny, only half understanding, asked, "Will it be a good bridge, Dad Jake? Will it be safe, same's ours was? Won't nobody p'raps get killed?"

Then Bedell, with a long, laborious process of simplifying the matter to Danny's comprehension, talked of something that lay heavy on his mind—something that had been laughed at more than once—the flood that would some day come. "I ought to tell them, Danny," he said, his forehead wrinkled with the hurting struggle between his conscience and fear of ridicule, "but they would n't listen—they'd only laugh."

"Don't tell 'em, Dad Jake," the boy pleaded. "Don't it hurt when they laugh at a fellow? What's it about? Ain't they fixin' it right, dad?"

"I guess it's the new way, Danny, and I guess I'm too old-fashioned to know. You remember the marks I showed you one day, Danny, in the big shale-cut bank between here and the sawmill?"

"Just like somebody'd scribbled it with a big knife?"

"Yes, Danny; that was a flood. There's been lots of them, too, way back between now and long before I was born, and way back of that again. And if they came once they'll come again, and some day they'll be bigger than ever, 'cause the trees're all gettin' cut off, and the snow melts quicker when a warm day comes; and the water comes more all at once than it used to, Danny. When I built our bridge, first I looked for how high the water might run in Black Gorge, and I talked with the engineers, and between us, they leaving the grade a little higher, and I building the stone piers up to it, the bottom of the iron bridge was as high as them marks. D'you understand now, Danny?"

"In course I do, Dad Jake. It's same's a fellow wades into the crick just till the water don't come over the tops of his boots."

"That's it, Danny—just common horse-sense! And now these engineers're puttin' in deck-girders twice as big as mine was for they weigh ninety tons—and there ain't no tube in them to make them stronger for their size, so they've got to be three or four feet wider—that's up and down, Danny. And they've cut the grade down some more on the approach, too. And they took the coping off the stone piers to let it all down, and the new bridge'll be about six or eight feet closer to the river."

Bedell rested in his description to let all this filter into the boy's mind. He passed a hand wearily over his forehead and watched the chubby face.

Danny puzzled for a minute over this tremendous revelation; then he said, "And if a big freshet comes, Dad Jake, same's we had onct time Bill Crampton was drowned at the mill, only bigger, it'll bust the new bridge same's it punched a hole in the dam. Ain't that it, dad?"

"And I've been lookin' for it to come this spring, Danny, 'cause it's snowed more'n it has for twenty years. And it'll sure break up all at once, 'cause it's late now. I feel like as I ought to tell them, Danny—eh?"

The boy's face, the solemn eyes making it curiously old, tortured into grotesque wrinkles as its owner struggled under the grave responsibility of an adviser. His answer was tangented indeed in its apparent irrelevance.

"I had a fight at school to-day with Billy Slack."

Somehow at that he seemed to lose the connecting link himself, and Bedell asked, humoring the lad's whimsical deviation, "What about, Danny?"

The boy looked away, a flutter of nervous apprehension twitching at his black eyes.

"What did you fight Billy Slack about, Danny? Did n't you lick him?"

"I made him cry and give up." Braved by this the boy added, "He made me mad, Dad Jake, and he was just tryin' to. He sed the bridge fellers sed you was crazy."

Bedell's thin lips curved in a whimsical, tired smile. "P'raps they were right, Danny," he said presently.

"No they was n't, Dad Jake. An' I made Billy Slack say it was a lie; then I stopped punchin' his nose—an' I had him down, too."

Bedell, tutored by his loving interest in the little orphan, followed without spoken word along the trail, and knew that Danny, with his curious elemental reasoning, feared that if he spoke to the bridge men about this stupendous matter of the flood, they would take it as a convincing proof of the truth of their superficial reasoning.

"What d'you want me to do, Danny?—Gosh! Poor little tired laddie! He's sound asleep."

A pudgy little chin was burrowing in the boy's breast, and the head was bobbing as the motive force contained within felt the slip of control. Bedell gathered Danny in his arms and carrying him to the inner room took off his clothes and put on his nightie. As he pulled the covers over the little chap the eyes opened sleepily, a smile rounded the red lips, and chubby fingers clutched sleepily at his wrist.

"Don't tell 'em, Dad Jake—'cause—they tease."

For half an hour the old man sat on the bed, till the soft fingers withdrew from his wrist. Then he went to a window, and the moonlight picked out the black lines of an iron scroll that leaped Black Gorge; and to the right, on a siding down at the station, were the tantalizing lights of the cars where the bridge gang



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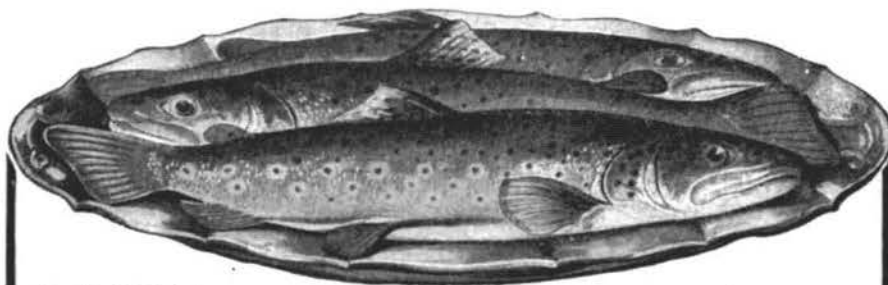
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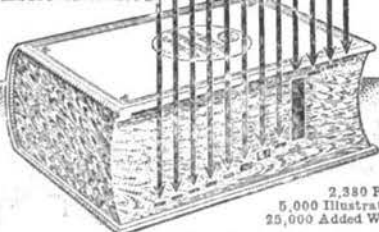
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lived. Bedell lifted the window and thrust his head out, the cold wind falling sweet on his hot brow. It was sweeping up from the station, and the thin note of a violin carried from the bridge-gang's car.

Bedell closed the window, something of the fury that had possessed him in the hotel roused by this touch of merriment. He stood over the bed and there was a sullen look in his eyes as he said, "No, Danny, I won't interfere; I won't have them teasin' you because they don't understand me."

Bedell kept away from the bridge after that. From his window he could see the progress of the work; and by lifting his eyes a little higher they could rest upon the green pines on the hill beyond where was his other monument that no man might destroy.

Six weeks had passed and the last span of the new bridge had been fastened home. There was much work to be done yet, but the roadbed was now so safe that the trains no longer crawled at a snail's pace over the structure. The watchman at the station end of the bridge set his white light and slept peacefully in his cabin, to wake, perhaps, as the "Midnight" thundered over the mighty steel frame that was so much safer than the old iron one.

The dull, rumbling roar of the "Midnight" echoing up Black Gorge always roused Bedell from his sleep; it was like the growl of a savage beast—a triumphant snarl. The shrill whistle of the engine was a derisive note of victory. He would lie awake for hours tortured by the thought that his life's work, that he had thought an enduring monument, had crumbled to nothing before his own frail body had passed.

Warm days had melted the snow till the creeks ran full and Crooked River brimmed. The ice in the mill-pond, honeycombed to rottenness by the sun and lifted by the flood, had broken into huge cakes that swirled and heaved, battered and tortured by a thousand logs that drove at the holding-wall of the dam. One evening a storm that had threatened all day broke, and the rain came down in torrents. The bridge workers were driven from their labor of riveting home the last stays and braces, but they went cheerfully to the living-cars down by the station, and Engineer Young looked with quiet tolerance at the waters that fretted and fumed against the great stone piers of Old Jake's building. What mattered the petulant rage of the waters when his great steel girders would now keep safe the "Midnight" from their smothering flood?

Bedell paced the floor of his iron-red cottage like an animal made restless by the warring elements.

Danny, cuddled up in a rocking-chair, watched him furtively. Once he asked, "Is the big freshest comin' to-night, Dad Jake? It's a dreadful storm outside; it's jes' like men was cryin' down in the hollow."

"T ain't nothin' but the logs grindin' on the ice, Danny," Bedell answered; "I'll just go and see if it's goin' to clear."

The wind tore the door from his grasp as he opened it, and the lamp flared up from the gust.

A hundred yards higher up, the mill-dam writhed like a maelstrom, and the walls of Black Gorge echoed the booming roar of the cataract that overflowed the gates.

Suddenly, in a flash of lightning, glimmered ghost-like a white rampart of ice backed up against the dam, studded with the black forms of logs, some of them rising out of the ice waste like posts.

As Bedell slipped a heavy rain-coat from his shoulders on his return to the cottage, Danny asked, "Is the big freshest comin' to-night, Dad Jake? Makes me feel kinder 'fraid."

The old man lighted his pipe with slow deliberation before he answered the boy's query.

"It is comin', then, Dad Jake 'cause you don't want to tell. I ain't 'fraid, only for our bridge, dad."

"I ought to go and tell Mr. Young," Bedell said musingly. He was pacing the floor, his teeth grinding at the bone mouthpiece of his pipe, which had died out after the first few puffs.

"But they'd laugh, wouldn't they? Would n't they think 'would n't they say something that'd make you feel bad?'"

"I ought to tell them anyway," the old man persisted, without looking at the little figure curled up in the chair.

"No, you had n't ought to, dad. Would n't it serve 'em right if it broke the new bridge, 'cause they did n't ask you if they might fix your bridge?'"

Bedell ceased his restless, caged-animal-like pace in front of the boy and tried to explain his torturing sense of allegiance to even the memory of the old bridge.

"When the bridge builders have gone away, Danny, and it's all finished, then I won't have anything to say."

"But you ain't got nothin' to say now, Dad Jake. They acted mean."

The old man took a couple of turns in silence. He was startled from his mental combat that held his speech in abeyance by the belling note of a wooden clock. "It's eleven," he said. "In an hour the midnight express will be over, and then 't won't matter so much, Danny. There can't nothin' be done. P'raps the dam 'll hold anyway. If it holds for an hour, anything I could say would n't matter, for—"

He stopped and raised his head, craning his ear toward the door. The boy held his breath, frightened by the startled look in the old man's face. In the

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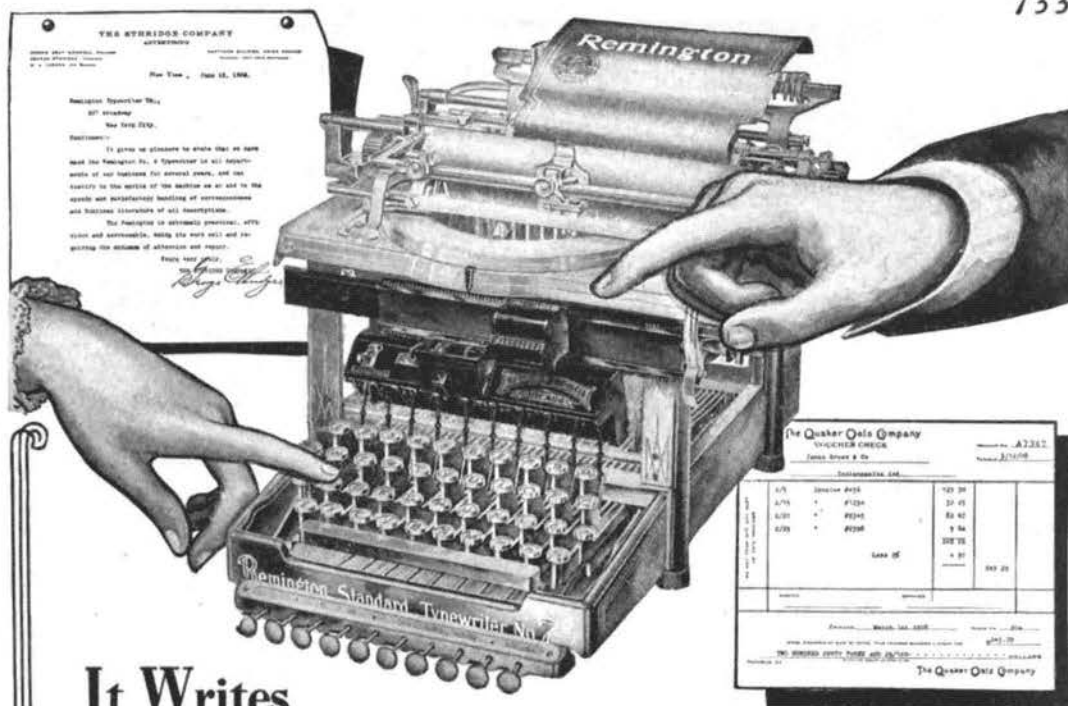
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The watchman drove his fist with staggering force into Bedell's chest. As the old man reeled from the blow, the bridge trembled. A crunching roar like the grind of an avalanche filled the gorge; a white wall



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rose up out of the darkness on the upper side of the deck-girders.

As the watchman, half paralyzed, drew shudderingly back, he saw Bedell straighten up and start to follow: the blinking red light that was now half-way across. "Come back!"—the watchman's voice was smothered as the white wall combed, an avalanche of logs and ice, and crunched through the bridge, sweeping with irresistible fury a deck-girder from its piers. Beneath his feet the bridge trembled like a stricken animal. Reeling drunkenly, he ran out to the end of the broken way and peered stupidly down into the black chasm, up from which now came only the hissing song of rushing waters. In his ears rang the echo of a cry that only now his slow-working senses picked out from the turmoil of the volcanic crash. He stood motionless, the rain beating against his face, staring vacantly at the yawning gash in the iron way. A yellow flare, like a rising moon on the horizon, caught his eye—it was the headlight of the "Midnight" far down the track; a red star bobbed grotesquely up and down as it slipped deeper and deeper into the gloom that hung beyond the bridge.

In helpless dread, his huge arms hanging idly at his sides, the watchman saw the red light dimmed in the flare of the yellow; the scream of a whistle calling in alarm fell dumbly upon his ears; shadowy figures were silhouetted against the yellow background of the headlight; then the blaring eye of the "Midnight" crept closer and closer, till it rested on the farther side of Black Gorge and stared evilly at him.

By its light he saw men come creeping like ants out on the bridge to the black rent; then a shrill, boy's voice called over the flood, "Dad Jake! Dad Jake!"

As the watchman tried to answer, something broke. He buried his heavy face in his grimy hands and wept like a child.

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[Continued from page 676]

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## VII

I HAD an informing chat with a very intelligent Italian who directs one of the numerous pawnshops in Monte Carlo.

"I don't mind talking frankly to you," he smiled, because my place is on French soil. I'm just across the Monaco border and the administration can make no trouble for me."

He proceeded to dissipate my notion that a Monte Carlo experience, however painful at the moment, is not so very serious. I had imagined that the victim of gambling finally goes away, either never to return, or, if he does come back, it is after many years when he has presumably gained wisdom and self-control; but my pawn-shop friend assured me that Europe is full of men and women who have absolutely no wisdom in this matter, but have, on the contrary, what might be called the Monte Carlo habit: that is, they come back to the place year after year, or several times in the same year, as often as they can scrape together money enough to come with. From Italy, Germany, Russia, and France such habitual gamblers come, bringing the modest store saved from their incomes or put aside from their business, bringing it and losing it; over and over again he has seen their same anxious faces at his loan window with watches or jewelry pushed desperately forward; over and over again he has known of their being finally forced to take the administration's *viatique* (traveling money) for the journey home.

"Only last week," he said, "a man came in here to pawn his watch. He told me this was his one-hundred-and-ninth visit to Monte Carlo; he had always gambled and he had always lost."

"Then you think the tables do great harm?" I said.

He smiled and pointed to his big ledger.

"If you could look through the entries in there, and could know the stories back of 'em, you'd think so, too." He opened the book and turned its pages.

"Ah, here's an item from last week—fourteen thousand francs! An American lady got it on a pearl necklace. She's rich, you could see that—furs and fine clothes and a swell air. She came with her husband—only needed the money over night. But she needed it."

"That's nothing to the loans we used to make. I can show you entries a few years back of thirty or forty thousand francs, plenty of 'em; but there isn't the heavy gambling now that there used to be."

"You mean the Casino doesn't make as much as it did?"

"The Casino makes more than it ever made, but the money comes from a greater number of small gamblers. Excuse me."

He stepped into a side office whence came a glimpse of waving red plumes and a whiff of perfume and the rustle of skirts. Then the clink of gold and a woman's laugh.

"One of our clients," he explained when he reappeared. "I loaned her six hundred francs on a diamond ring. She wouldn't take the money from me. No, sir! She says I have a 'bad hand,' so my assistant had to give it to her. It seems my assistant has a 'good hand.'"

"Ah, yes, they are full of superstitions. There's a German who will never take money from me unless I blow on it. He thinks that brings him luck. And they often make me give 'em a number to play. Once I loaned a woman three hundred francs and gave her the number twenty. She went straight off and played it at roulette, and when she left the Casino that night she was nine thousand five hundred francs ahead. The next afternoon she was broke again."

## VIII

SO FULLY do the Casino authorities recognize the sinister power of the tables that they rigorously exclude from the gambling rooms all regular residents of the principality of Monaco, as well as all persons dwelling on French soil within a prescribed neighboring region. The idea is to spare from the gambling peril those who live, as it were, under the shadow of the Casino, and thus prevent the unpleasantness of blighted homes and shattered industries in the actual vicinity of Monte Carlo. If people must ruin themselves at the tables let them at least be people who come from a distance, and who, being ruined, will take themselves decently and properly away.

Once a year, however, on the 15th of November, the birthday of the Prince of Monaco, it appears that this rule against dwellers in Monte Carlo is rescinded, and from all parts of the principality and from all the neighboring region crowds flock to the Casino who may not enter there through all the rest of the year; plain people in rough working clothes, hardy villagers from La Turbie, mountain lassies in picturesque frocks and 'kerchiefs, bronzed sailor men from down the coast, cab-drivers, waiters, chambermaids from the town—all, in short, who for three hundred and sixty-four days have seen these tempting portals closed ruthlessly against them. All these now push in and swarm wonderingly



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through the gorgeous halls of hazard, and with almost no exceptions, so the pawnbroker assured me, draw forth their little hoards and risk them bravely on the spinning ball—risk them and lose them like the rest of us. This is the Prince's annual joke on his dutiful subjects!

IX

I VERIFIED from others the statement that of recent years there has been less high play than formerly at the Monte Carlo tables. There is much more small play and about the same moderate play, but one no longer sees the spectacular exhibitions of reckless gambling that once were frequent. There are several reasons for this falling off in very high play. Financial panics and the present hard times have had their effect: the two nations that formerly furnished the most reckless gamblers, Russia and England, have been hard hit by recent wars; fortunes have dwindled and great estates been rendered unproductive.

A still more interesting reason for the falling off in high play lies in the fact that many rich men, particularly rich Americans, who might be disposed to hazard large sums, refrain from so doing because they fear notoriety in newspapers whose Monte Carlo correspondents are ever vigilant for sensational happenings.

An amusing instance of the watchfulness exercised by Monte Carlo correspondents over American magnates was offered a few years ago on the occasion of a visit to the Casino by the president of one of our most important trusts. This gentleman, with his pockets full of money and himself in holiday mood, proceeded to distribute thousand-franc notes over the green cloth with prodigal hand, not only playing the maximum at every coup but playing several maximums at a time, as the rules of roulette permit; that is, he would put down, say, six thousand francs on red and six thousand on *pair* (the even numbers) and six thousand on *manque* (the first eighteen) and two thousand on the middle dozen and one thousand on the last six; and then he would scatter a pocketful of the clumsy, cart-wheel, hundred-franc gold pieces that Monaco issues, over separate numbers or groups of numbers that caught his fancy.

Now it is possible, by taking various risks of this sort simultaneously, to win the maximum many times over at a single coup, which is precisely what our genial magnate managed to do in the course of the evening's play. How much he lost before he found his lucky combination was not stated, but I have it on excellent authority that he did actually win seventy-five thousand francs at one spin of the marble.

This was quite enough for the breathless reporters, who proceeded to flash under the ocean a graphic account of how our multi-millionaire trust president had "broken the bank." That, by the way, is a high-sounding phrase with little meaning back of it, for no one has ever broken the bank at Monte Carlo or ever will, since the vaults of the Casino have always on hand a reserve of ten million francs in specie, far more than the wildest emergency could call for. It does happen, not infrequently, that the supply of ready cash at one of the dozen or more tables becomes exhausted under the attacks of lucky players, whereupon that particular table ceases operations for perhaps fifteen minutes, until a new supply of money can be brought from the general store. This is as near as any one ever got to "breaking" the bank.

What was broken, however, on this occasion—most effectually broken—was the genial magnate's peace of mind. Within twenty-four hours the story of his escapade had been told in blazing type from Maine to Texas, and within forty-eight hours he had received one hundred and thirty-two cablegrams from all parts of the United States—from business associates, from presidents of other trusts, from great bankers, from bishops of the church asking what in the name of heaven he was trying to do and begging him to refrain from his evil ways.

"You know that affair came mighty near ruining me," he said to a friend. "I'll never dare set foot again inside that wretched Casino."

So serious a deterrent influence in the matter of high play had this newspaper publicity become a few years ago that the administration felt called upon to take action regarding it. They realized that among the visitors to Monte Carlo there were numbers of very rich men, heads of great capitalized enterprises, millionaires and multi-millionaires, who would be glad to play heavily if they could do it in privacy, but who could not afford to be seen gambling at the public tables. To provide for this situation and induce sensitive magnates to forget their scruples and unloose their purse-strings, the authorities established private gambling rooms upstairs in the Casino where insurance presidents, trust-fund presidents, and miscellaneous Napoleons of finance might disport themselves as they pleased at *troupe-et-quarante* without fear of reporters.

The *cercle privé* was a success from the start; rich men were quick to appreciate its advantages, and around its select tables were presently seen some of the most formidable financial figures of Europe and America. If high play were what the administration wanted, then high play they certainly had.

In fact they had too much high play for their own good, and this led ultimately to the abandonment of the private gambling rooms. Since then magnates at Monte Carlo have been forced to gamble openly in the public rooms like other people or else not to gamble at all.

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## A Parade of Her Own

[Continued from page 694]

When they again came to a stop and Uncle Rod's face, red and perspiring, was thrust down through the trap-door with a jovial, "All right down there, colonel?" her first inquiry was for the defeated. "Did you kill him, Uncle Rod?"

"Oh, no, I just tied him up a bit—enough to keep him busy for an hour or so, so he won't give the alarm down-town. I could n't have handled him if he had n't been a trifle boozy. Give me your hand, pardner, and I'll pull you up. But first pass up those traps."

Dusty, disheveled, but triumphant, she was at length landed on the seat beside Uncle Rod.

"There you are! Now, I'm going to show these jokey Republican friends of mine a thing or two. If they're so anxious to have me in their procession, by thunder, I'll be there! What do you say, colonel, are you still ambitious to ride in a parade?"

A broad, delighted grin spread over Petronel's round face.

"Oh, you bet! But"—sober afterthought speedily wiped off the grin—"it's a 'Publican p'cession, Uncle Rod!"

"Oh, we sha'n't go as 'Publicans but in our own true colors. I'll show you. Just hold the reins a bit. The horses are safe—old plugs—harmless as kittens!"

Petronel clutched the lines with both hands, but her eyes were all for Uncle Rod and his rapid manipulations of the roll of bunting from which he was extracting several long white strips, black-lettered on both sides. The first one, which bore the elegant motto, "Twenty-three for G. O. P.," he pinned to the bill-board frame on the roof, tearing away the "Great Republican Shows" sign to make room for it. In like manner the other labels came down to give place to new ones which informed you belligerently that you could n't keep Democrats down and, moreover, that "Bryan in the Presidential seat" was "an arrangement hard to beat." These and others he adjusted in an incredibly short time by dint of crawling out on the roof of the cage and hanging over the edges at a breakneck angle, while Petronel looked on with helpless anxiety, her heart in her mouth for the safety of her reckless cavalier.

"There we are!" He sprang up beside her and again resumed the reins. "Take one of those flags, colonel, and be ready to wave it. Isn't that the band? The procession must be starting. Giddap there, plugs!"

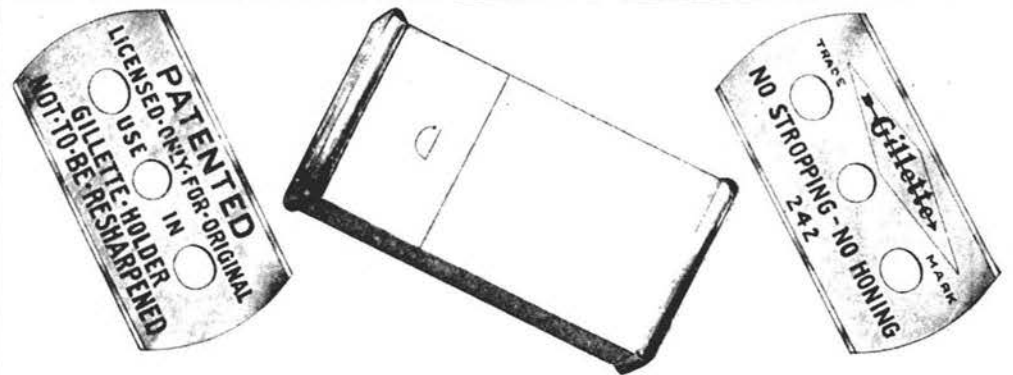
Petronel looked up at him, the fire of adventure sparkling in her brown eyes. "Oh, Uncle Rod, do you s'pose they'll let us?" she ventured with a timorous giggle.

"Well, they'll probably head us off or run us out before we get through, but," Uncle Rod was really very formidable-looking when his jaws were set in that grim manner, "we're going to get through that crowd at the court-house square, or I'll know the reason why! Now, we'll turn here at Seventh Street and strike Main just about in time to come in ahead of the band. That'll give us two blocks before we get to the square. This won't be quite like riding on the Goddess float, colonel, but at least you'll have the satisfaction of leading the whole works. G'long there, plugs!"

With whip cracking, flags fluttering, and bunting billowing in the breeze, they were racing through the silent streets which had apparently emptied all their population into more attractive Main. Petronel settled her tam-o'-shanter more firmly on her tossing curls and took a death-grip on her flag. As they drew up at the junction of Seventh and Main, her heart began to gallop very fast. The audacity, the picturesque daring of the thing, struck a responsive chord in her romantic little soul; risk and uncertainty only piled up the allurements. Her intoxicated eyes oscillated between the sea of brilliant lights and the cheering crowds down the street and the glittering host approaching from up the street, already so close that one could distinguish the nodding plumes on the helmets of the band. It was a sight to quicken the most sluggish imagination.

When the band leader was almost abreast of them, Uncle Rod suddenly pressed the electric button behind him and, fetching the team a stinging cut with the whip, swept in ahead of the line, holding a very tight reign over the horses so that they pranced a little and foamed at the mouth, after the most approved manner of the spirited charger. It was the proudest moment of Petronel's life. One moment, she sat up very stiff and haughty, another, she succumbed to the temptation to lean over and shake her flag at the hurrahing throng. She wondered if Hazel and the Twins were down there witnessing her triumph. And the Boy next door—she simply ached to dazzle him! She craned her neck diligently, searching for him among the expanse of up-turned faces. Ah! there he was—round bullet head, snubby nose, and mouth wide open with astonishment. So he did not get to ride on the "Columbia" float as one of the navy boys, after all!

"Hello, Willum!" she shrieked, jabbing her flag straight at him to enforce upon him the significance of her position. The look on "Willum's" face was sufficiently gratifying and she settled back, contented. After this, he would surely treat her with more respect; at least, she would have a weapon with which to silence his eternal boasting.



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Meanwhile, the cheering had doubled in volume and grown more tumultuous. Fingers were pointed at them, and from all sides the crowd surged closer to read the inscription on this bold, buccaneer float. The words leaped from mouth to mouth in shouts of laughter linked with the more formidable sounds of hissing and angry jeers. As they entered the packed square where the crowds had overflowed the curb, Petronel's eye happened to light upon a dancing, straining figure—no less than "Willum's" big brother. Somebody was holding him—several somebodies—as he gesticulated and tried to fight his way out of the press, shouting things that were swallowed up in the babel about him. Vaguely alarmed, she drew closer to Uncle Rod, stealing a glance at him to see how he bore the disquieting sight. But his face was as stolid and unmoved as that of the town clock staring down at them from the courthouse tower; and he guided the team through the swaying human lane with as much offhand ease as if he were enjoying a sunning on an empty boulevard.

A glance over one's shoulder revealed the fact that the spirit of demoralization had likewise seized the rest of the procession, with the possible exception of the band, who played steadily on, after the imperturbable fashion of their kind. But above the stirring strains arose shouts of, "Kick him out, the fresh Democrat!" "Out with him, d— his cheek!" counterbalanced by threats of, "Aw-haw, you lobsters, let's see you try it!" Whereat, Petronel gulped hard and surreptitiously clutched Uncle Rod's sleeve.

"Well, I guess it's about time for us to clear out of this," remarked that hero, cheerfully, as two hot-headed partisan spirits leaped forward, making ineffectual grabs at the bits of the team, which were beginning to show signs of nervousness. Then, arising in his seat and elevating his whip to invoke the general attention, he thundered, "Thus you see, gentlemen, it's never safe to try to imprison the Democratic Party! Git up, there, plugs!"

Down came the whip and away went the "plugs," scattering the crowd like a flock of hysterical hens. As they tore down the street, Uncle Rod waved the whip and roared, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" to all and sundry; while Petronel, recovering her spirits and her breath at the same time, echoed the cheer in her shrill young voice, swinging her tam-o'-shanter until the campaign buttons that adorned it flew right and left among the spectators that filled the sidewalks to the curb.

"There's papa an' Hazel an' Miriam an' Buster—look, Uncle Rod!" she cried, jouncing up and down excitedly. "Oh, you didn't see 'm. Gee! but they looked s'prised!" "I'll tell 'em all about it soon's I get home. Where we goin' now, Uncle Rod?" "Oh, we'll let these fellows run awhile, then we'll take 'em back to the livery stable. Hello, they're going to try chasing us a bit. Hold on to your millinery, colonel."

Altogether the home stretch was quite as thrilling as the start, for, although they outdistanced their pursuers by several blocks, they narrowly escaped being mobbed at the livery stable by the outraged partisans of the Honorable Cuthbert; and Uncle Rod had fairly to run for his life.

For the rest of that evening and the greater part of the next day, Petronel held a veritable Arabian Nights Entertainment for the benefit of her court, retelling parts of the stirring tale again and again and acting out others for effect. In fact, she had begun to stage it in the back yard the following afternoon, with the cooperation of the entire establishment, including Sancho and the Fast Mail, when the bullet head of the boy next door loomed up over the partition fence.

"Oh, Willum!" she called sweetly, before the head could duck, "you never told us what that s'prise was in th' p'rade—"

But "Willum's" guns were silenced.

"He who builds no castles in the air,  
Builds no castles anywhere!"

"If I treat all men as gods," asks Emerson,  
"how to me can there be any such thing as a slave?"

"To change the nature of a plant," Luther Burbank says, "you must change its environment, for everything is more or less a slave to its surroundings."

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Who writes no learned riddle,  
But sings his simplest rune,  
Takes his heart-strings for a fiddle,  
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# WORRY

[Continued from page 685]

new themselves; and so after awhile there is a breakdown of the nervous system and then the worrier suffers from insomnia and other nervous ailments, and sometimes becomes hopelessly insane.

If you never accomplish anything else in life, get rid of worry. There are no greater enemies of harmony than little anxieties and petty cares. Do not flies aggravate a nervous horse more than his regular work? Do not little nagging, constantly touching him with the whip, or jerking at the reins fret and worry him more than the labor of drawing the carriage?

It is the little pin-pricks, the petty annoyances of our every-day life, that mar our comfort and happiness and rob us of more strength than the great troubles which we nerve ourselves to meet. It is the perpetual scolding and fault-finding of an irritable man or woman which ruins the entire peace and happiness of many a home.

An habitual worrier—an aged woman—said to her physician, "My head feels dull-like, and I've kinder lost the power to worry over things." A great many people would be much troubled were they to lose the power to worry over things. They think it their duty to worry. They would not feel that they were conscientious or faithful if they were not always anxious over what they were doing. They would not think they were showing a proper interest.

Anticipating a thing tends to bring it to us. Worry about disease is a disease producer. It is well known that many victims of the great plagues of history have been slain simply by fear and dread.

The digestive organs are extremely sensitive to worry, and when the digestion is interfered with the whole physical economy is thrown into disorder.

Worry and fear will not only whiten the hair, but will also cause premature baldness—a condition known as nervous baldness. Another result is a loss of tone and elasticity in the facial muscles. "The lips, cheeks, and lower jaw," says Darwin, "all sink downward from their own weight."

Worry not only makes a woman look older, but also actually makes her older. It is a chisel which cuts cruel furrows in the face. I have seen a face so completely changed by a few weeks of anxiety that the whole countenance had a different expression and the individual seemed almost like another person.

One of the worst forms of worry is that of not getting on in the world. It blights the ambition, deadens the purpose, and defeats the very object the worrier has in view.

Some people have the unfortunate habit of brooding over their past lives, castigating themselves for their shortcomings and mistakes, until their whole vision is turned backward instead of forward, and they see everything in a distorted light, because they are looking only on the shadow side.

The longer the unfortunate picture which has caused trouble remains in the mind, the more thoroughly it becomes imbedded, and the more difficult it is to remove it; but as long as it is there it will continue its mischief.

Did you ever hear of any good coming to any human being from worry? Did it ever help anybody to better his condition? Does it not always everywhere—do just the opposite by impairing the health, exhausting the vitality, lessening efficiency?

A great deal can be done to correct the causes of worry by keeping up the health standard. A good digestion, a clear conscience, and sound sleep kill a lot of trouble. Worry thrives best under abnormal conditions. It can not get much of a hold on a man with a superb physique—a man who lives a clean, sane life. It thrives on the weak—those of low vitality.

We see women resorting to massage, electricity, exercises, chin straps, wrinkle plasters, and all sorts of things to erase the terrible ravages of worry and anxiety, apparently ignorant of the fact that the supreme remedy—the great panacea—is in the mind; they continue to worry as to how they shall get rid of the effects of worry!

Nothing else will so quickly drive away worry as the habit of cheerfulness, of making the best of things, of refusing to see the ugly side of life.

When you feel fear or anxiety entering your thought, just fill your mind instantly with courage, hope, and confidence. Refuse to let any enemies of your happiness and success camp in your mind. Drive out the whole brood of vampires.

You can kill worry thoughts easily when you know the antidote; and this you always have in your mind. You do not have to go to a drug store or a physician for it. It is always with you—always ready. All you have to do is to substitute hope, courage, cheerfulness, serenity, for despondency, discouragement, pessimism, worry. Opposite thoughts will not live together. The presence of one excludes the other.

"People ask me daily," said Patti, "when they look at my face, without a wrinkle, what I do to keep so young. I tell them that whenever I have felt a wrinkle coming I have laughed it away. My advice to the woman who wants to remain young is: 'Be happy—don't worry, but walk.'"

# Everybody's Magazine

No matter what style of story you like best you can always find one of your kind in any copy of Everybody's. And you will find running through the year more of those much talked of and laughed over O. Henry stories than in any other magazine.

**Rex Beach** creates and then relates. He does not invent. That's why his stories are human. This Red-Blooded Dynamo has just returned from his summer's rest. He has been hunting bears with a loaded camera, and other weapons, and his story is chock-full of thrills. Any one who gets a look at the pictures is "booked" for "The Chronicles of a Chromatic Bear Hunt."

"A Case of Fits" is one of those dear, teary, laughy stories in which Parker H. Fillmore continues the chronicles of naughty, lovable Margery and her affair with Willie Jones. It's great!!

The fate of the Philippines hangs upon this election. William Howard Taft and William Jennings Bryan both have their say about the Philippine question in the November number. You'd better read this before you vote.

William Hard in "The Woman's Invasion," describes the most remarkable woman's movement that the world has ever seen, and shows how woman is invading the labor-field man considered his own. Charles Edward Russell, Maximilian Foster, Elmer Blaney Harris, and W. L. Alden are among the others who have helped pen a rattling good NOVEMBER NUMBER of Everybody's Magazine.

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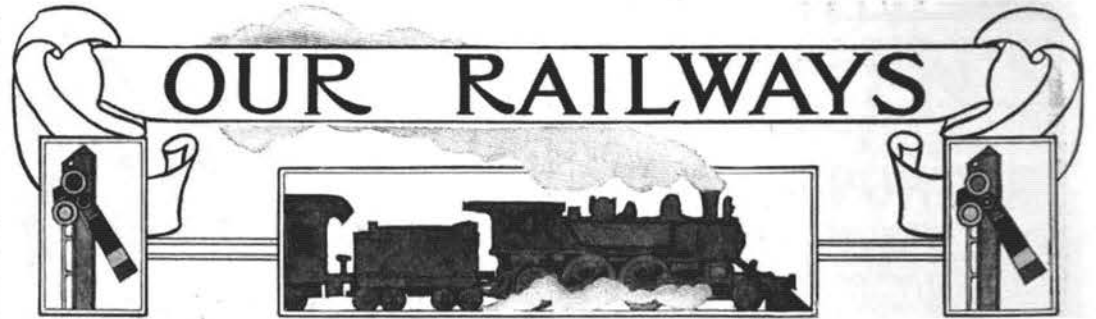
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## OUR RAILWAYS



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	FIXED CHARGES	DIVIDENDS
Pennsylvania	\$189,849,443	\$130,984,636
Union Pacific	103,081,639	99,179,723
New York Central	193,454,277	62,335,122
N. Y. & N. H.	81,632,881	47,378,238

These enormous sums are being paid for borrowed money, and the fact is indeed significant from the investor's standpoint. The total amount of interest on fixed charges practically represents the money paid on mortgage securities in the form of bonds of various kinds; in other words, good collateral in most part has been given for the money borrowed. Interest dates have been met and this money distributed semi-annually and annually during the period mentioned. If no other safeguards were taken or considered, these facts would give railroad securities as a whole a very good standing in the investment field.

The study of dry and head-splitting statistics under the captions of depreciation charges, gross and net earnings, equipment, extensions, etc., more often than not leave the student of railroad affairs in a chaotic condition of mind concerning the real value of a railroad's earning capacity. Especially is this true under the new order of things. The Federal legislation regulating railroad companies' methods of accounting must be understood for proper appreciation.

The fact is that few, except those whom the railroads employ to float their issues of stocks and bonds, or those who borrow their money, know the real significance of a drop in net or gross earnings. So many conditions influence this item of the company's books that do not make themselves evident in a statement, that it is very often deceiving, even to a man who prides himself upon his ability to read correctly financial statements.

If all railroad securities were sold by the influence of a company's financial statement, the majority of holders would undoubtedly be confined to institutions which employ experts to analyze statistics properly and determine the value of bond issues.

**Railroad Values** Certainly the general investing public would look for something easier. The great number of stock and bond holders of this class is a pretty clear indication that good, common "horse-sense" and a certain amount of appreciation of our growing country have been used in summing up the value of railroad possibilities, rather than yearly financial statements. And, after all, is n't this best, for is it not true that the investing public has a considerable amount of respect for railroad securities in spite of the general belief that barrels of water have been pumped into some of our railroad stock issues, and used for purposes not entirely in accord with the laws of the land, or even with the knowing consent of the stockholders?

Bankruptcy and receiverships have been familiarly identified with railroading for the past half century; yet to-day bankers in search of good, sound, and conservative employment of their surplus money seem to favor this class of investment. The banker's judgment—or, better still, his endorsement—is considered good, for the nature of his business demands conservatism, and, too, the law restricts him. His endorsement of this class of security may be proved by the fact that the bankers all over the country for the past eight months have been heavy buyers of railroad bonds to

## The Opportunities They Offer for the Safe Em- ployment of Money

By DAVID GRAHAM EVANS

such an extent that the general investing public has little chance now to secure them at anywhere near the prices prevailing eight months ago.

\* \* \*  
In other words, the market has recently been very close to "dry," and railroad bonds, therefore, now under way for great extensions and terminals made necessary by greater demands upon the roads for commutation traffic and

### The Market Almost "Dry"

have advanced to a price where they are not interesting to purchasers of small blocks; yet this condition is a temporary one, and will give way shortly to the plans quicker service—freight and passenger. Generally speaking, therefore, there will nearly always be opportunity for the general public to participate in the securities of our railroads.

\* \* \*  
Overcapitalization of railroads has been the popular subject for even street-corner discussion, but the facts are that the censors' reports on the commercial value of the railroads of the country, together with the reports made by the railroads to the Interstate Commerce Commission on cost of construction, tend to show that as a whole the railroad property of the country is worth as much as the securities representing it; and that in the consensus of opinion of investors the total value of stocks and bonds is greater than their total face value, notwithstanding the water that has been injected in particular places.

\* \* \*  
The huge value of terminals, the immense expenditures of recent years on double tracks and in improving bridges, roadbeds, and structures, have brought the total investment to a point where the real value is probably greater than the face value.

\* \* \*  
The public is now being enlightened very much as to the inside workings of many of our large railways through the very lively discussion over railroad freight rates. Some of the presidents are laying their souls bare in their efforts to convince the shipping public of the necessity of a ten per cent. increase. We may look forward to some kind of a commission being appointed to settle this grave question; or it may be submitted to the Interstate Commerce Commission. In either case the details of the investigation will go to the public, and it will be exceedingly interesting to the student of railroad affairs and to investors in railroad securities.

\* \* \*  
It is pretty generally conceded by those who know most about the operations of our great systems that the settlement of this question should have little effect upon railroad securities. Should the Commission decide against an increase, the railroads will find some method of overcoming the deficit. Should the decision favor the railroads, the merchants and manufacturers will get the increase out of the consumer. The goods must move and the roads must haul, and, after all, the consumer must pay a reasonable profit to both.

\* \* \*  
While railroad bonds are to be considered—as a class—good, it is well to avoid certain of their issues if you are not positive as to their many features and their significance. Consolidated mortgage bonds and collateral trust issues are, of course, not to be classed with direct obligations and paramount liens.

### Consolidated Mortgage Bonds

Consolidated mortgages are underlying mortgage issues which have to mature before the consolidated mortgage is a direct first lien. They are not, therefore, a direct claim upon the property until the first lien has been satisfied, and of course do not give the same protection; nor, as a rule, the same chance of quick convertibility. They can, for these reasons, usually be purchased at a price that gives many possibilities of appreciation, therefore a chance of more gain than is possible with a bond better secured. It must not be understood that such issues are not



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## Ten-Page Bond Circular

THE investments described in this circular are representative of those recommended by us to our clients and comprise the following:

**Railroad Bonds  
Terminal Bonds  
Public Utility Bonds  
Short Term Notes  
Equipment Bonds**

For the guidance of investors generally, we outline in this circular the primary factors which should govern the individual buyer in the selection of sound investment bonds.

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attractive as a class; there are many such bonds on the market that take rank with the best of our high-grade securities and are preferred by many investors.

\* \* \*

Collateral trust bonds are often secured by other securities that are more popular under the name of a bond, and their history would teach one to consider them as rather a speculative class of bonds.

The best protection to be had in the form of railroad securities is undoubtedly equipment bonds. These bonds are usually issued for short terms with a first mortgage upon equipment, rolling stock, etc. The earning capacity of this mortgaged property is obvious, and such bonds are made more popular by a recent Federal law. A clause of the Hepburn Act provides that a certain arbitrary percentage of original cost of equipment be charged monthly to provide a fund for equipment retired. This reserve fund is under the supervision of Government authorities, and would seem to operate greatly to the credit of these bonds. It has been stated that about one-fifth of the total capital invested in railroad properties represents the cost of equipment, the remaining four-fifths being dependent upon the use made of the one-fifth.

\* \* \*

Few of the railroads purchase all or part of their equipment through the sale of long-term bonds; yet in most cases the equipment is acquired through the issuance of security designated by the various titles of "equipment bonds," "car trusts," or "equipment notes." Each of these forms differs somewhat, although in the main only as to detail.

**Equipment Bonds**

They are in most cases issued in short term or paid off in instalments, the money being provided for out of earnings. The last instalment is usually made in ten years, while the life of equipment is about seven-teen years. Wooden cars, for instance, average that age, and steel cars average twenty years.

\* \* \*

It is of interest to know what railroads must do under the terms of the indentures covering equipment bonds. It is the custom to stipulate that the railroads must at all times keep all of the equipment in complete repair and in good working condition. They must also replace any equipment that may become worn out, lost, or destroyed, and, at least once a year, they must furnish the trustee with a full and complete statement showing where the equipment is located, describing and designating by the numbers any equipment that may have been destroyed and replaced, or that may have been repaired or may be undergoing repair. In addition, the railroads must keep the equipment insured against either loss or damage. All of these expenses are borne by the railroads, and, in any event, it is reasonable to believe that the railroads would, from the standpoint of their own best interests, take the best of care of property which will pass, ultimately, directly to their ownership.

**What Railroads**

**Agree to Do**

Then again, the railroads must, at least once a year, if requested by the trustee, allow its agents to make full inspection of the equipment, and furnish all reasonable facilities for so doing. In some cases, but not always, the cost of such inspection is borne by the railroads.

The life of equipment, the matter of depreciation charges, the basis of settlement in case of wreckage, and many other important points, are determined by an association, known as the "Master Car Builders' Association." The railroads in this association are represented by master mechanics, superintendents, and those responsible for the maintenance of equipment, whose combined judgments are accepted as being authoritative. This insures a unity of rulings and action upon all matters relating to equipment obligations.

The statement emanates from reliable sources that a careful search has failed to reveal a single case of loss to the holders of such securities, either as to interest or principal. Other recognized authorities claim that during the depression of 1893 and 1894, when railroads aggregating 98,000 miles went into the hands of receivers, the outstanding equipment obligations, amounting to approximately \$60,000,000, were paid in full, except that, in some few cases, holders of equipment bonds were offered in exchange securities which afterwards sold at prices in excess of the original cost to them of their equipment bonds. On the other hand, many of the first mortgage bond issues of the same railroads were reduced in interest rate or value. One of the explanations of this remarkable record is doubtless the fact that the receivers found it to be absolutely essential to have the equipment in order to operate the various railroads. This is the experience that the receivers of some railroads are having to-day; consequently, they are compelled to take care of the outstanding equipment obligations. Without the use of the equipment, little or nothing could be accomplished.

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## A Tale of the Vanishing People

(Continued from page 676)

"Are you going?"  
"Alicia made me promise to, and I'd rather take her than let her go with friends. There's no telling what she might do."

"Why let her go at all?" I objected.  
"The old fellow laughed shortly. 'You don't know her. Running Elk plays fullback! We'll pick you up at your hotel in the morning and drive up in the car. It's the big game of the year and you'll enjoy it. I don't expect to, however.'"

"Miss Harman seemed glad to see me, on the following day, and although she must have known that I was cognizant of the trouble which had arisen between her and her father, she was too well-poised a miss to show it. As we rode out in the big limousine, I undertook to study her; but the reading of women isn't my game, and all I could see was a beautiful, spirited, imperious girl, with the Harman eyes and chin. She surprised me by mentioning Running Elk of her own free will, seeming not in the least embarrassed thereby, and, although her father's face whitened, she kept her quiet dignity as if she were in no wise ashamed of her love—as if she saw no reason why it should be guarded. I did not wonder that the old gentleman chose to accompany her to this game, although the sight of my *protégé* must have been like the pain of a branding iron to him.

"It was the first great gridiron battle I had ever seen, and so I was unprepared for the tremendous spectacle. The enthusiasm of that immense concourse astonished me, and, in spite of the fact that I had come as a tired old man, it got into my veins till my heart thrilled and my pulses leaped to the bellowing roars of the multitude. I went young again and was half ashamed of myself until I saw others of my own age on every hand who were likewise boys for the day. And the seriousness of it! Why the tension was painful. Not one of those countless thousands was a disinterested spectator, they were all keen rivals and eager partisans, fighting and clamoring for victory.

"Not one, I say. There was one who held aloof. Old Henry sat like a lump of granite, and out of regard for him I too restrained myself.

"We had a box, close to the side line, with the élite of the East on either hand—people whose names I had read, and who bowed and smiled and waved to us.

"You have seen similar games, so there is no need of my describing this one, even if I could. As it was my first experience it impressed me greatly. When the teams appeared, I recognized Running Elk at a distance as did the hordes of madmen behind us, and I began to understand what the old man in the seat next mine was combating.

"A dancing dervish in front of the grand-stand said something through a megaphone, then waved a cane, whereupon a tremendous barking, 'Rah! Rah! Rah!' broke out, ending with my Sioux boy's name. They belowed and rioted over him until I wished that the old chief back in Dakota were there to see his son and witness the honor he had won among the whites.

"Quite as impressive to me as this demonstration was the deathlike silence which settled when the teams scattered out in readiness. Princeton kicked off, and the ball sailed high and far. As it settled in its downward flight, I saw a lithe, gaunt shadow of a man racing toward it, and recognized my boy. I had lost his position for the moment, but I knew that hungry predatory stride which devoured the fleeting yards as if he were a thing of the wind. He was off with the ball in the hollow of his arm, back into the heart of his enemies, dodging, darting, leaping, twisting, always advancing. They tore his interference from him, and yet he penetrated their ranks like an elusive, quivering beam of light which none of them might lay hands upon. He was running free when tackled, and his assailant launched himself with such savage violence that the sound of their impact came to us distinctly. As he fell, I heard Alicia Harman gasp as if some hand had been removed from her throat. And then the crowd gave tongue.

"From that time on to the finish of the game my eyes seldom left Running Elk, and then only to shoot quick glances at my companions.

"Although the skill of the young Sioux overtopped that of all the others, the opposing team played as one man, as a wonderful, well-oiled piece of machinery, and they scored. All through the first half Yale struggled to retaliate, but at the intermission had not succeeded.

"As yet Running Elk had not noticed our presence, but when the teams returned for the second half he saw us. He did not even know that I was in the East, and in fact had not seen me for more than three years. The sight of me there in the box with Alicia and her father must have told him that I had to do with his love affair, and, although my face must have seemed an evil omen under the circumstances, he waved his hand and smiled, one of his rare, reserved smiles. I could not help marveling at his physical beauty.

"I had been secretly hoping that his side would be defeated, so that Miss Harman might see him for once as a loser; but the knowledge of our presence seemed to intensify his every faculty, and this time, by the spark of his own magnetism, he fired his fellows till they commenced to play like madmen—as I have no doubt they were. His spirit roused them like some galvanic current, and he directed them with a master mind. He was a true master of strategy, too, for in his every fiber coursed the blood of the craftiest race of all the earth, the blood of a people who have ever fought against odds and to whom a forlorn hope is an assurance of victory. The son of a Sioux chief led the men of Eli as Hannibal led his Carthaginian cohorts up to the gates of Rome, with the same irresistible progress, showing withal the military genius of a Chief Joseph. He was indefatigable, magnificent—and he tied the score.

"In spite of myself I joined madly in the cheering, but the boy did not let down. If anything, he increased his

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efforts, till Princeton, recognizing the source of their peril focused on him their every effort, endeavoring to break him down. They fell upon him like animals. They worried and harried and battered him until I felt sick for the girl beside me who had grown so faint and pale; but I had spent careful years on that body, and although they wore themselves out, they could not break Running Elk, who tore through them time and again, a fleeting, elusive thing with the vigor of a wild horse, or tackled their runners with the ferocity of a wolf.

"It was a grand exhibition of coolness and courage, for he was everywhere, always alert and ready—and it was he who won the game finally.

"There came some sort of a fumble, too fast for the eye to follow, and then the ball rolled out of the scrimmage. Before we knew what had happened, Running Elk was away with it, a scattered field ahead of him.

"I dare say you have heard about that run, for it occurred in the last three minutes of play, and is famous in football annals to this day. It was a spectacular thing, apparently devised by fate to make more difficult the labors of Old Henry and me. Every living soul on those high-banked bleachers was on his feet at the finish, a senseless, screaming demon. I saw Alicia straining forward, her face like chalk, her very lips blanched, her whole high-strung body quivering. Her eyes were distended, and in them I saw a look which told me that this was no mere girlish whim, that this was more than the animal call of youth and sex. Running Elk had become a fetish to her.

"The father must likewise have recognized this, for as we passed out he stammered into my ear:

"You see, Doc, the girl's mad. It's awful—awful—I don't know what to do.

"The press had separated her from us a bit, so I answered, 'Get her away, quick, no matter how or where. Use force if you have to, but get her away and keep her away. I'll see him to-night.'

"I guess it's our only chance," mumbled the old fellow. 'I'll kidnap her and take her to Europe. It's awful!'

"I didn't go back to the city with them, but said goodbye at the running-board of their machine, finding next morning that the father had taken my advice and that they had sailed unexpectedly for an indefinite stay abroad.

"I spent that evening with Running Elk, who seemed glad to see me. He asked all about his people, told me of his progress, and spoke lightly of his victory that day. Sound him as I would, I could elicit no mention of Alicia Harman's name. He wasn't much of a talker, anyhow, and at last I was forced to bring up the subject myself, whereupon the silence of his forefathers fell upon him, and all he did was listen. I told him forcibly that any thoughts of her were ridiculous and impossible.

"Why?" said he.

"I told him a thousand reasons why, recounted them cruelly, unfeelingly, but he made no sign to me. As a matter of fact I don't think he understood them any more than he understood the affair itself. He appeared to be blinded and confused by the splendor of it all. She was so glorious, so different, so mysterious to him, that he had lost all perspective. Recognizing this, I descended to material things which I knew he could grasp.

"I paid for your education," said I, 'and it is almost over with. In a few months you'll be turned out to make your living, and then you'll encounter this race prejudice I speak of in a way to effect your stomach and your body. You're a poor man, Running Elk, and you've got to earn your way. Your blood will bar you from a good many means of doing it, and when your color begins to affect your earning capacity, you'll have all you can do to take care of yourself alone. Life isn't played on a gridiron, and the first thing you've got to do is make a man of yourself. You've got no right to fill your head with insane fancies of this sort.'

"Yes, sir!" said he, and that was about all I could get out of him. His reticence was very annoying.

"I didn't see him again, for I left the next day for the West, and the weeks stretched into months without word of him or of the others.

"Shortly before he was due to return, I was taken sick, the one big illness of my life, which came near ending me, and which made me into the creaking old ruin that I am. They sent me away to another climate where I got worse, then shifted me about like a bale of goods, airing me here and there. For a year and a half I hung over the edge, one ailment shifting to another; but finally I straightened out a bit and tottered into Washington to resume operations.

"For six months I hung around headquarters busied on department matters. I had lost all track of things out here, meanwhile, for the agent had been shifted shortly after I left, and no one had taken the trouble to keep me posted; but eventually I showed up on the reservation again, reaching here on the first of July, three days before the annual celebration of the people.

"Many changes had occurred in my two years' absence from the post, and there was no one to bring me gossip, hence I heard little during the first few days while I was picking up the loose ends of my business. One thing I did find out, however; namely, that Running Elk had come straight home from college and was still on the reserve. I determined to look him up during the festival.

"But on the morning of the fourth I got the surprise of my life. The stage from the railroad brought two women, two strange women, who came straight to my office—Alicia Harman and her French maid.

"Well, I was fairly knocked endwise; but she was as well-poised and self-contained as on that Thanksgiving morning in New York when she and Old Henry had picked me up in their automobile—a trifle more stunning and a bit more determined, perhaps. Oh, she was a splendid creature, in the first glory of her womanhood, a perfectly groomed, pulsating, spoiled goddess. She greeted me graciously, with that queenly air of all great ladies.

"Where is your father?" I asked as I laid off her dust-coat.

"He is in New York," said she; 'I am traveling alone.'

"And where have you been all this time?"

"In Europe, mainly; Rome, Naples, Cairo, India, St. Petersburg, London—all about, in fact. I studied for

a time. Father kept me abroad till I came of age two weeks ago.'

"Two weeks!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, I took the first ship after my birthday. I've been traveling pretty constantly ever since. This is a long way from the world out here, isn't it?" She looked about curiously.

"From your world, yes!" said I, and when she offered nothing further I grew embarrassed. I started to speak, then, noting the maid, I hesitated; but she shook her head faintly.

"Lisette understands nothing but French."

"Why have you come out here, Alicia?" I inquired slowly, being far more ill at ease than she.

"Do you need to ask?" she answered. 'I respected father's wishes when I was in my minority. I traveled and studied and did all the tiresome things he wished me to, as long as he had the right to ask them of me; but when I became my own mistress I took my full freedom. He made his life to suit himself, and I am very sorry I can not build mine to suit him; but we don't seem to see things the same and I daresay he has accepted the inevitable.'

"Then you consider this inevitable?"

"She lifted her dainty brows. 'Inevitable is not a good word. I wish it. I have wished it from the first. I have never ceased to wish it for an instant. I feel that I must have it; therefore, to all intents and purposes, it is inevitable, I suppose.'

"You have—er—been in communication with—"

"Never! Father did not wish it."

"Then how did you know he is here?"

"He wrote me when he left Yale, that he was coming here. I have heard nothing since. He is here, is he not?"

"So I believe. I haven't seen him yet—you know I've been away myself."

"Will you take me to him?"

"Have you really weighed this thing?" I remonstrated. 'Do you realize what it means?'

"Please don't," she smiled. 'They have all tried that. I shall not spoil my life, believe me; it is too good a thing to ruin. That is why I came.'

"If you insist," I gave in reluctantly, 'of course I am at your service. We'll look for him to-morrow.' All sorts of wild expedients to thwart a meeting were scurrying through my mind.

"We will go to-day," said she.

"But—"

"At once! If you are too busy, I will ask—"

"Very well!" said I, 'We'll drive out to the encampment, and I telephoned for my buckboard.'

"I was delayed in spite of myself till nearly sundown, the while I left her in my office where she paced about with ill concealed impatience, and before starting I ventured again to remonstrate, for I was filled with misgivings and the more I saw of Alicia, the more extraordinarily grotesque and impossible this affair seemed. But the unbridled impulses of her parents were bearing fruit, and no one might say her nay. It was the keenest study in heredity and training I have ever witnessed.

"There was little said on our fifteen-mile drive, for I was apprehensive and she was oddly torn between fear and exultation. We left the French maid behind. I don't know that any woman ever went to her lover under stranger circumstances or in greater perturbation than did this girl, behind whom lay the selfishness of spoiled womanhood and a generation of unrestraint.

"It was well along in the evening when we came over the ridge and saw the encampment below us. You can imagine the fairy picture it made with its myriad of twinkling fires, the soft effulgence of a thousand glowing tents, and the wonderful magic of the night over all. As we drew nearer, the unusual sounds of a strange merry-making came to us, the soft thudding of drums, the weird melody of the dances, the stir and confusion of dense animal life. In the daylight it would have been picturesque, but under the wizard hand of the darkness it became ten times more so.

"When I finally tied my horses and led the girl into the heart of it I think she became a bit frightened, for these Indians were the Sioux of a by-gone day, all barbaric and primitive in habit and dress and coloring—an atavistic race which had shaken off some three-score years, or some thirty score, for all we knew.

"I guided her through the tangle of canvas habitations, through glaring fire-lit circles and through black voids, where we stumbled and felt our way, rubbing shoulders with fierce warriors or sullen squaws. At every group I asked for Running Elk, but he was one of the shifting thousands and nobody knew his whereabouts.

"The people have ever been jealous of their customs, and we were frequently met by cold looks and sudden silences which broke into clacking clamor as we passed on. Recognizing this resentment, my companion let down a thick automobile veil which effectually hid her face. Her dust-coat was long and loose and further concealed her identity.

"At one time we came upon a sight I would gladly have spared her—the spectacle of some wrinkled hags strangling a dog. The girl at my side stifled a cry at the vision.

"What are they doing?" she gasped.

"Preparing the feast," I told her.

"Do they—really—"

"Yes," said I. 'They eat them. Come!' I tried to force her onward, but she would not stir until the sacrifice had been dragged to the flames where other carcasses were singeing among the pots and kettles. From every side came the smell of cooking, mingled with the odor of burning hair and flesh. I could hear Miss Harman panting as we went on.

"After an endless search, during which we circled half the great hoop, we came upon the trail of our man, and were directed to a nearby teepee upon the glowing walls of which many heads were outlined in silhouette, and whence came the monotonous voice of a story-teller.

"I don't know what hopes the girl had been nursing; she must have looked upon these people not as kindred of Running Elk, but rather as servants and slaves of him, their lord. Knowing that her quest was so nearly ended, her strength forsook her and she followed me wearily as I



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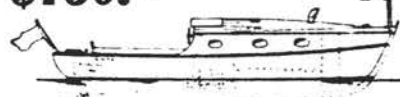
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circled the structure in search of the entrance. I found it, finally, congested by those who could not crawl inside and were forced to crouch in outer darkness. They rose silently upon recognizing me, and made room while I lifted the flap and peered within, clearing a view for Miss Harman.

"We beheld a circle of half-naked braves in full regalia, squatting haunch to haunch, listening to a story-teller. In front of them was a confusion of blackened pails and vessels filled with something steaming into which they dipped their naked fingers. Their faces were streaked and foul with traces of the dish, the air of the place was dead and reeking from their breaths. My eyes were slower than Alicia's and so I did not distinguish our quarry at first, although a slow sigh at my ear and a convulsive clutch at my arm told me that he was there.

"And then I too saw him. It was he who was talking and to whom the others listened; but what a change two years had wrought! His voice was harsh, his face, through the painted daubs and streaks, was coarser and duller than when I knew him. His very body was more thin and shrunken.

"He finished his tale while we were staring at him, the circle broke into commendatory grunts, and he smiled in childlike satisfaction at the impression he had made. He leaned forward, and scrutinizing the litter of sooty pots plunged his hand into the mess.

"Miss Harman stumbled back into the crowd a pace or two, and her place was taken by a squaw.

"Running Elk," I called over the heads of those next the entrance, and, seeing my face against the night, he arose and came out, stepping over the others.

"How do you do?" I said. "You have n't forgotten me, have you?"

"He towered head and shoulders above me, his feather head-dress adding to his stature, the beaded patterns of his war-harness bright in the light.

"No, no! I will never forget you, doctor. You—you have been sick?" The change in his speech was as marked as in his body and habits. He halted over his words and mouthed them hesitatingly.

"Yes, pretty sick. And you, what are you doing?"

"I do what the rest do," said he; "nothing! I have some horses and a few head of cattle, that is all."

"Are you satisfied with that sort of a life?" I demanded sharply, at which he hesitated an instant before answering.

"Yes, I am satisfied. I am an Indian."

"And so your education did n't do you any good, after all?"

"This time he paused a long while before answering.

"I have dreams," said he, "many dreams; but I am a Sioux, and you told me that dreams are out of place in an Indian, so I hope to forget them along with all the rest."

"A woman's voice which I did not recognize called to me sharply, and as I went, Running Elk bowed his head and slunk back through the teepee door into the heart of his people, into the past, and with him went my experiment. Since then I have never meddled with the gods nor given them cause to laugh at me."

The doctor arose and stretched himself, then entered his tent for a match and more tobacco, while I stared out across the prairie. The melancholy pulsing of the drums, the minor chantings, which drifted in, seemed like dirges sung for a dying people.

"What became of him?" I inquired.

## KEARNEY'S TEST By Emery Pottle [Continued from page 690]

city in which you are pleased to dwell—unwisely, I am sure—you are not sadly in need of the influence of the Christian home."

"So you are," said Kate. "She's perfectly right. Go on."

"With this in mind, I write to you this present letter to ask you to come to visit me through the month of June. Our life is simple here and plain, yet not, I trust, lacking in the higher pleasures, as you will doubtless recall. I have always striven to remember that the body and its raiment, the ephemeral pleasures of a day, are as nothing compared to purer joys of the immortal soul which endure forever. Hoping to receive soon your reply telling me when I may expect you, and commending you to God's daily care, I remain, with affection, your Aunt Mary."

Kearney turned to Kate with a solemn face. "Let us pray," he said, "for the whole state of uncles and aunts militant."

Kate giggled. "Personally I prefer Uncle Christopher. He sent a profane letter with a hundred dollars."

"The meat which perisheth!" said Kearney. "Mark, how much finer—and inexpensive—is Aunt Mary's attitude. She's very rich, too."

"Shall you go?" inquired the girl.

"Not while the fashion-plate holds out to draw," asseverated Kearney, rigorously. "As she coyly hinted, I remember the 'higher pleasures' of Aunt Mary's. They consist largely in a fat white New England village, with a fat white pony, a fat white cat and dog, a fat white garden, a fat white house, a thin gray library, and a thin gray aunt. These you take in regular doses until your soul is purged and pale and peaked and your animal nature goeth about as a roaring lion seeking what it may devour. Go! I would n't go if I had to live on the Bowery in a ten-cent lodging-house."

"I'm not so sure that you are n't making a mistake," replied Kate, judicially. "It would improve your health. Your moral character is probably irretrievably damaged, so you need n't fear for that. Why not go, Larry?"

"And leave you here alone, Kate? Me in a Christian home and you alone here in a corrupt city? Never! Don't ask it."

"Thank you, Larry, dear," she smiled. She added musingly: "The country is nice, isn't it? I wish that you and I—would you like it in the country, Larry—with me?"

"Yes," he answered earnestly, "with you."

Presently, as they walked homeward down Fifth Avenue, the girl spoke. "But you must answer her. And it does n't pay to offend rich aunts in any case. What shall you say?"

"I've been thinking of that, Kate. I'll write her a handsome letter telling her that I am nearly ready to go abroad and that to come to her for a visit of two or three days and then run away would hardly be fair to her hospitality—something like that. Then later I'll write her that I could n't go after all—when she's left the village and gone to the seashore in July."

"You have lost your moral character," commented Kate, "but it does n't really matter; we're too poor to bother about anything except the really important things. Uncle Christopher took comforting occasion to say in his letter that since the majority of people had ceased to believe in God and hell the stimulus to vice was largely removed and we all lived more moral lives. There's hope for you yet, Larry."

"You'd better keep your Uncle Christopher away from my Aunt Mary—that's all I have to say," grinned Kearney.

"Let's play," said Kate Barr. "I need relaxation." Kearney understood perfectly. The two had fallen

into the habit of living in a "make-believe" world when they were together. It eased the sternness of living, and when their hearts were sore against their poverty and the sharp demands of labor which kept them apart, so young and so hopeful were they that an hour of dreams was but putting into words the future that was bound to come to them. And the dream of the dream was often beautiful enough to endure through the ensuing period of reality.

"Well, then," confided Kearney, "it's like this: We're going abroad this summer. The money has come and we're going to dash around one morning to that little church in Twenty-ninth Street and be married just before we sail—"

"Yes, in our traveling clothes, very simply, with only mama there," Kate put in eagerly. "Oh, are n't we young!"

"You can go perfectly well, because the mother is provided for this summer," continued Kearney. "And we'll go to Italy—wherever that is—and live in a little place and I'll paint out of doors—I can do that above all things well—and there won't be any fashions or miniatures to do. You'll rest and rest and rest—and sing. And I'll take care of you. Lord, I'll be so good you won't miss my moral character! There'll be just the two of us, and we'll be happy. For once we'll be happy. We'll learn all over again how to spell happy: H—home; A—art (good old Art!); P—peace; Y—youth. There you are! Kate, does n't it sound?"—Kearney broke off suddenly. "Kate, why, Kate! you're crying."

She smiled wistfully, her eyes all wet and glistening. "It's too beautiful, Larry. Don't let's play any more to-day—I can't bear it. And it makes me cry on Fifth Avenue."

Kearney shut his mouth into a sharp, hard line; his brows drew together in pain. They walked on without speaking.

A week later Kearney stood waiting in the big barren loft above a shop, a place which Kate Barr had converted into a studio and living-room for herself and her mother. He had a letter in his hand that he kept drawing cracklingly through his nervous fingers. Occasionally his free hand mechanically touched his breast-pocket.

Kate came in from an inner room hurriedly. "What on earth are you here for at this time in the morning?" she demanded. "Is anything the matter, Larry? I've just come in. I had to pilot mother to Twenty-third Street to shop. What makes you look so funny?"

"Read it," was all he said, holding out the letter.

"Read it—and you'll look funny too." The girl took the letter to the window. She read it—she re-read it, and read it again. Her hands began to tremble and her cheeks flushed scarlet against the pallor of her skin.

"Oh, oh!" she whispered, her breath uneven.

"Oh, Larry!" Kearney did not speak. He felt in his breast-pocket and gave her a slip of thin, stiff paper. Her hands shook so that she could scarcely hold it to read. They faced each other curiously, half in awe.

"Well?" he said at last.

"Well?" she returned feebly.

"Do you take it all in?" Kearney asked.

She nodded.

"All of it? What it means to us?"

She nodded again.

"Will you?" he demanded.

Kate sat down weakly and laughed. Kearney took the letter from her and read it aloud in a sonorous voice.

"Dear Nephew: What you say of your proposed

The old man answered from within. "That was he I asked about the horse-races; the man whom you could n't understand; the fellow who would n't talk to you!"

"Good Lord!" said I.

"After Miss Harman left, the next day, I searched him out and tried to reclaim the ground he had lost; but he did not wish it, and ever since then he has reverted steadily."

An instant later my friend emerged from the tent.

"Why don't you ask about the girl?" said he. "Haven't you any sympathy for her?"

"Not much," I replied slowly, "for her course was obvious. I seem to see a more pathetic figure by far. It is that of a youth from whose eyes the bandages of tradition and training and heredity had been suddenly whipped. A youth forced out from the darkness of all the ages into a dazzling, incomprehensible world. I seem to see him, awestruck and timid, groping forward till he laid his hand upon a still more miraculous thing, but a real and tangible thing which he could understand and which made a god of him. Then I see that thing snatched away and see his only guide desert him, leaving him utterly naked and alone in the center of a universe which had no place for him. Can you wonder that he went back, whence he had come, where he had fitted in, where he understood and was understood?"

"Then you don't think my experiment failed, after all?" inquired the doctor.

"You have n't proved that it did," I maintained, "for I would have done just what Running Elk did, if I had been in his place, and so would you."

The old fellow looked out grimly into the night.

"Perhaps," said he.

journey abroad interests and pleases me. I am glad that you make the objects of your trip study and research instead of a foolish hunting after empty pleasure. No more potent lesson, I imagine, can be learned than from the study of the noble remains of ancient civilization. Since you have of your own effort accumulated sufficient money to make possible your excursion, I enclose my check for an additional amount to permit a longer stay, or at least a more complete study. I have asked God's blessing on the use of the money, and shall pray that He watch over and guide you on the perils of the sea and through the temptations which will beset you on land. I remain, with affection, your Aunt Mary."

Kate looked helplessly at the check in her fingers. "A thousand dollars!" she murmured. "To think of doing that with a paper and a pen—heavens!"

"A thousand dollars!" echoed Kearney. "To think of her doing that with anything!"

They stared in silence at the bit of paper.

"Well?" again said Kearney.

And her reply was, "Well?"

"Will you?" he asked.

She understood him.

"The little church—Italy—rest—love—peace?" he recited.

Kate did not answer. She rose and went to the window in silence, standing there with her back to him. Kearney waited desperately. From the window she spoke, without turning her face to him. "All those things you say are possible, are n't they, on this money?"

"Yes."

"And if we—did it? What would happen after—after we got home?"

"I'm not afraid of after, are you?"

She hesitated. Then—"No."

She came back to him and faced him, her eyes clear and frank and dark with earnestness. "Larry," she said, "this is the time for us to be honest."

He nodded.

"If I were not in the question—utterly out of it, you understand—would you take that check and go to Italy on it?"

"But you are in it—irretrievably. You can't argue from that standpoint. My life is your life; yours mine. Going to Italy—or wherever we go—is in a sense a duty—a duty to each other and a duty to the facts of life which demand our existence. This chance, now it has come, will not come again easily. I am not a whole man without you, nor are you a whole woman without me. When we come back we will be worth infinitely more to each other and to the community in general—if that counts for anything—than now. The question alone of the gain in health is no small one. The case demands it."

"I observe that you have neatly evaded the question," she answered quietly. "Would you mind giving me the answer?"

Kearney laughed embarrassedly. "If you must have it, then—no, I would n't take it in the case you mention."

"Why?"

"Because I got it on a fake situation—to be perfectly frank, disgustingly frank."

"Ah!"

"Don't say 'Ah' in that tone, Kate. It—it sounds too dramatic. That answer I gave was the answer due to a condition which does not exist. You asked me what I should do alone. I am not alone—we are one. The situation is utterly changed."

"It still remains a 'fake' situation," she painted succinctly, "does n't it?"



Kearney was defiant. "The world is full of fake situations. Nearly all of society is based on one."

"Let's keep the discussion personal, my dear," she laughed. "We—I—am safer so."

"Can you deny the truth of what I have said about our need of—of what this money can buy for us?" deflected Kearney.

"If it comes to that," she said thoughtfully, her eyes distant and far as if on another country, her hands folded across her breast in a posture she had learned as a child, "I should say that you had scarcely approximated the real truth of what it would do for us; that you had not begun to tell it all."

"Then," he triumphed, "it is our right to take it."

"Is it?" she pondered. "I believe you are right in one sense—maybe in all senses."

Kearney heaved a sigh of relief. "It seems so to me, Kate. In view of everything, it is our right. Why not? She sent the money to go abroad on, to study on more widely. You are a fruitful subject to study, I'm sure. We aren't using the money for 'immoral purposes.' It is right—for us."

"Wrong—let us say wrong for one, but right for two?" Kate smiled.

"Precisely. Will you do it?" he continued eagerly. She did not reply.

"It means"—he hesitated, then added softly—"Lovers meeting at journey's end."

Her calmness forsook her. "Means! My dear, my dear—don't I know better—oh, much better!—than you, than you can ever know—what it means? And because I see what it means, through and through, I'm just fool enough to stare it in the face and say no to it, Larry. You are lying to yourself to give me what you want me to have. You have said it was a fake situation for you. Then it is so for me. I could cry out my eyes this moment to lose it all—all that we know would come true—don't think I could n't—but—have n't I been a good comrade always with you?"

"The best in the world," he said gravely.

"Then we share alike on this. There's no difference between us," she hurried on. "You'd take no other man with you on such a journey. And you must n't take me. You know I'm right—down inside you know I'm right. Am I not right, Larry?—am I not?"

"They say it's hell to be poor," said Kearney, his dark head bowed disconsolately, "but it's more hell to be honest."

"Thank you," Kate smiled, giving the check into his keeping again.

"Then we—don't go?" Kearney got out with difficulty. "I must send it back? We don't go?"

"Not—not this summer," she managed bravely.

Kearney stood silent, brooding, helpless, with the eyes of one who has seen for an instant into the land which is afar off and then has lost the vision. Mechanically he drew the check through his fingers time after time. Kate Barr sat huddled in the corner of a sofa, her eyes on him in a passion of regret, her mind throbbing with the memory of the renunciation she had forced on them. He was tired, half ill, disappointed, limited, bound. She was like him. He loved her; she loved him—and with a love greater at that moment than ever before. Her heart and her being cried out for him. Had she done right? Was she right? Was she a fool for a fool's scruple? When his reputation as a painter, his right as a lover, were in the balance, had she wronged him to take them? She clutched her hands in the torment of the questions that assailed her. Right—right? What was the right? Who knew it? Not the right of the pious, nor of the parson, but the right of men and women tempered in the fiery furnace? Was she wrong? Was she worse than a fool? The struggle in her brain was a physical agony like the beating of brazen cymbals in her ears. Her reason was fluid—as if it were water poured from one vessel into another and back again ceaselessly. It seemed to her that if Larry did not speak to her she should shriek and go mad.

At length he turned to her, a smile flickering in the somber depths of his eyes.

"We've got Aunt Mary seven holes up and five to play on high-class moral character," he laughed grimly.

Kate attempted a laugh which broke into a sob. Kearney went to her and took her in his arms. "That's right, Kitty-girl, cry it all out; cry it all out—and cry some for me, too, while you're doing it. Then we'll feel better. It's all right—all right. It was a fake situation, anyway—it has been all these years."

The sobs stopped suddenly and Kate looked up with startled, wondering eyes.

"What do you mean?" she asked steadily. "What has been a fake situation?"

"That we have been too poor to be married," Kearney announced joyfully. "That we have been rich enough to live apart and too poor to live together; that I can possibly exist another day without you; that—" Kearney, who could think of no more fake situations, ended by seizing Kate's hand and pulling her violently toward the door.

"Oh, Larry, wait, please!" Kate implored, when they were half-way across the room.

Kearney, struck by the earnestness of her manner, dropped her hand. "We have wasted years," he replied; "why should we delay any longer? What have we to gain by waiting?"

"I want to get my hat," Kate replied happily.

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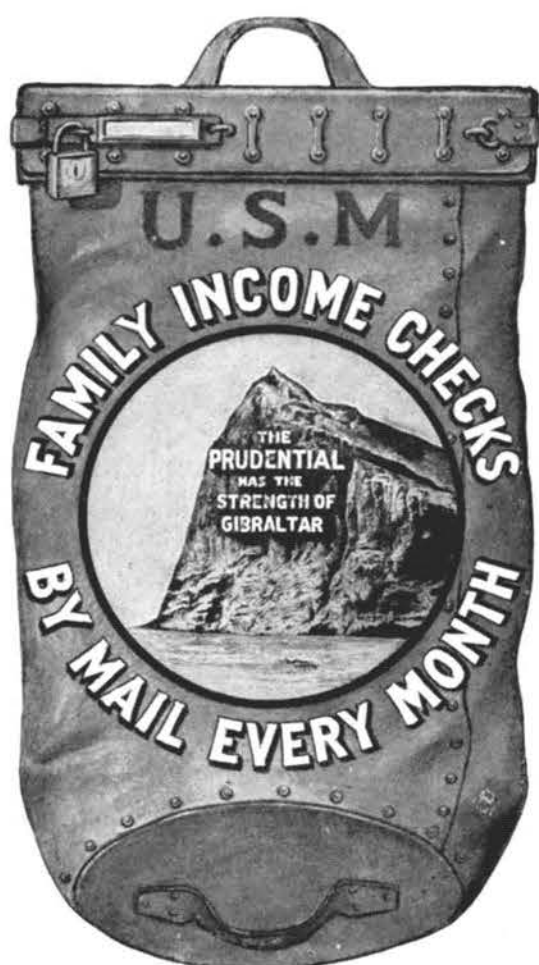
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