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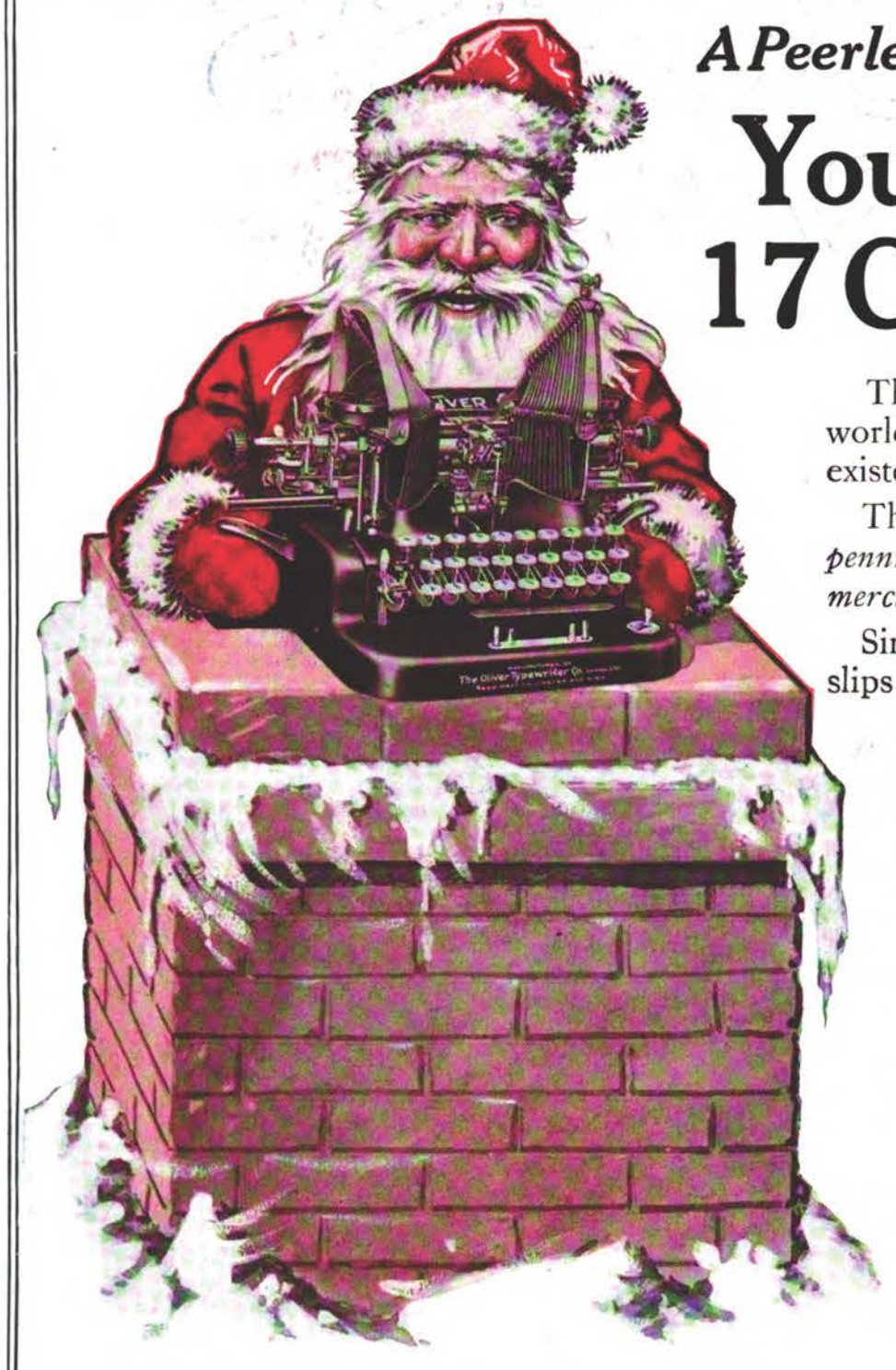

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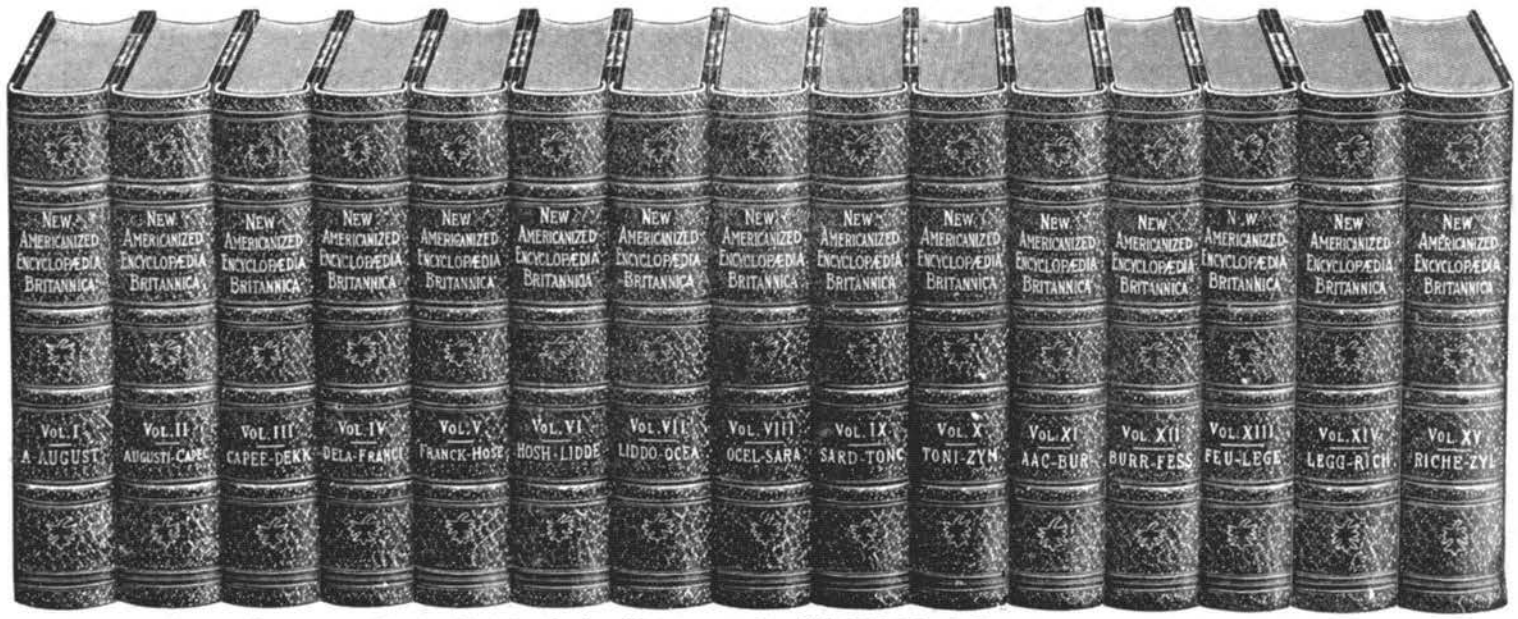

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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

Success Magazine

Orison Swett Marden, Editor and Founder

Christmas 1908

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Headings and Decorative Effects by ALDEN PEIRSON

Contents

DEPARTMENTS

Also Miscellaneous Contributions, Humor, Verse, etc., on Various Pages throughout the Magazine.

Success Magazine

A Periodical of American Life

Published Monthly by
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EDWARD E. HIGGINS, Pres. O.S. MARDEN, Vice-Pres.
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If you find a blue pencil cross in the space below, *your subscription expires with this (December) issue;* if a red pencil cross, it expires with the next (*January*) issue.

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

The Editors'

EUGENE WOOD
Author of "The Laugh and How It Is Made"

CHARLOTTE P. GILMAN
"A Garden of Babies"—to appear in one of the spring numbers

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN
Who has written a charming sketch, "The School Picnic"

Reduced reproduction of a drawing by Clarence Rowe to illustrate "His Big Picture"

ROLLING-pins are going up. So are bread-boards, chairs, shoes, baby carriages, brushes and combs, celluloid and wooden toys, matches, toothpicks, wall-papers, kitchen tables, books, newspapers, and house trim. Why? Because we are tearing out our forests at the rate of 500 feet board measure a year for every man, woman, and child in the land, and carelessly burning up the balance. Most of Asia's forests disappeared centuries ago. Europe is reduced to raising wood for the market, like cotton or corn. And the increasing demands of the wood-consuming world are forcing heavy levies on the standing supply of Europe and Africa.

These are a few of the facts brought out in Roland Phillips's strong article, "When the Wood Is Gone," to appear in our January number. Mr. Phillips brings the forestry problem home to the kitchen and the bedroom and the front parlor, where it belongs. He handles this big, *real* problem in a big, new way—in the SUCCESS MAGAZINE way of talking straight to Americans who think straight. No woman who reads this article will ever again be able to ignore our acute forestry problem on the ground that it is a man's subject.

* * * * * *

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL is a keen, accurate thinker and a vigorous writer. For many years he has been watching the trend of political events n this country, and lately he has arrived at certain rugged conclusions. He believes, for one thing, that the two great political parties are breaking up before our eyes. The growth of prohibition and of socialism, the disintegration of the "straight party vote," and the spread of the "split ticket" to an extent undreamed of a scant half-generation ago, have combined to widen the chasm between the old party organizations and the public.

Each party sprang forth, at birth, armed to fight entrenched Privilege. Each was vitalized by a splendid belief in the essential rights of man. Each later surrendered to the subtle financial powers it had hoped to subdue. And each was finally forced to put up for election candidates known to be flatly opposed to the interests which the party organizations were serving. Roosevelt and Taft have this year apparently succeeded in the difficult task of putting new wine into an old bottle. But when two great party organizations are reduced to competing for popular issues and staking their hopes of power on the personal popularity of candidates with whom they are not in sympathy, it seems evident that they have "ceased to mean anything to the great eternal cause of man. And when that happens to a party or a person in this world the party or person is dead."

Mr. Russell has written a series of three articles defining the situation as it has not before, we believe, been defined in any magazine. The series will be published under the significant general head, "The Break-up of the Parties"; and the first article, to appear in January, will be called, "The Republican Party—Its Glory and Its Decline." The second article will deal with the Democratic party, with the same sympathetic treatment of the great early traditions that have lingered on through its declining days. In the third and concluding article Mr. Russell will attempt to forecast the issues of to-morrow, and to indicate the new political alignment which these new issues are already beginning to bring about. The series will be profusely illustrated with portraits of the great leaders of both parties, and of the men who are to-day staking out the new political territory.

CAMPBELL McCULLOCH
"Two Hundred and Eight." The story of a convict and a Wistaria vine

* * * * * * *

DID you know that bird-shot and licorice-juice are useful accessories in the faking of old paintings? Did you know that nearly everybody who buys "masterpieces" is faked systematically—not only the American millionaire (whose walls are covered with more or less skilful forgeries) but also the great public museums and galleries of America, England, and the Continent? Did you know that even the Louvre and the Luxembourg to-day contain cheap imitations of the work of great painters? Did you know that many of the noble families of Europe are partners in this game?

Cleveland Moffett, who is just back from a long stay in Paris, knows these things and a great many more about the most picturesque swindling game there is. In "Fake Art and the Millionaire"

THOMAS L. MASSON
Will frequently contribute humorous sketches

Peirson

Outlook

(scheduled for January) he drags the cheerful game out into the light. It has never before been exposed so completely and with such authority. The American millionaire engaged in the hilarious occupation of throwing his money around Europe is most absurd when he attempts to buy paintings. Mr. Moffett, in concluding his exposure, gives some sound advice to would-be collectors.

* * * * * * *

OTHER January articles are Robert Haven Schauffler's "Making Ends Meet on a New England Farm," and Michael Williams's "The Rat and His Board Bill."

There will also be several other articles of great interest and importance which will appear either in January or in the numbers immediately following. Among these are an authoritative straight-out talk about the pure milk problem and its relation to the lives of our little ones; Walter Weyl's thoughtful progress article, announced last month, "New Food for New Millions"; and a remarkable account of the results achieved by the market-gardeners of Paris, written by Ernest Poole, who gathered his material on the spot last summer. This Poole article, which, by the way, he calls "The Vegetable Factories of Paris," shows in a most stimulating way the wonderful yield that can be got from "our sensational mother earth" by mixing brains with the soil.

ROBERT BARR
Author of the "Jimmy Pepperton" stories

* * * * * * *

GLENMORE DAVIS, than whom no writer handles theatrical subjects with greater vivacity, has promised us several articles to follow "Our Billion-Dollar Smile," which appears in the present number. In one of these he will give an account of "The Men Who Make Our Plays," meaning by this not the authors and "producers," but the carpenters, property men, electricians, scene-painters, etc.

The second of Leroy Scott's articles on the Immigration Problem will appear either in January or February. In "The Little Mother" he will use the same semi-fiction method which gives such peculiar distinction to "The Lure of America." This first article shows a peasant family crowded out of Russia; the second gives us a picture of the assimilative process at work, drawing a family of newly arrived Jews into the currents of American life. A third article, which will appear in the spring, will show an Italian family undergoing the same process. Mr. Scott is, we believe, the first to treat this complex problem simply and from the point of view of the immigrant himself.

ERNEST POOLE
"The Sky Viking,"—which heads the Feburary fiction list

Ernest Poole has been climbing the girders six hundred feet above Madison Square, where the tower of the Metropolitan Building dominates New York City, and has discovered some odd sorts of human beings. One of these, "The Sky Viking," gives the title to a fiction story which will appear in an early number. He is a sailor-man, this Viking, a descendant of the old Norse sea-heroes, and in his veins run the hardihood, the mysticism, and the daring of his race. This story marks the introduction into fiction of one of the most dramatic facts of modern life—the erection of a sky-scraper.

* * * * *

JIMMY PEPPERTON, who begins his irresponsible financial career in the present number, is to be with us every month until next summer. What Jimmy does to old John Armstrong and the cabbage market is therefore only the beginning. Take our word for it, Jimmy will make a big dent on the Middle Western town of Oshkazoo before he gets through with that thriving community. If Robert Barr has ever done anything more diverting than these stories it has not happened to fall under our eyes.

Now and again, during the many years that Lincoln Steffens has devoted to the study of municipal corruption in a dozen American cities, he has stumbled across an episode so human in feeling and so difficult of classification as to demand some other treatment than that of a magazine article. "The Twice-Told Tale of a Stolen Theater" is fiction—at least that is what Mr. Steffens himself calls it—but it has the ring of fact.

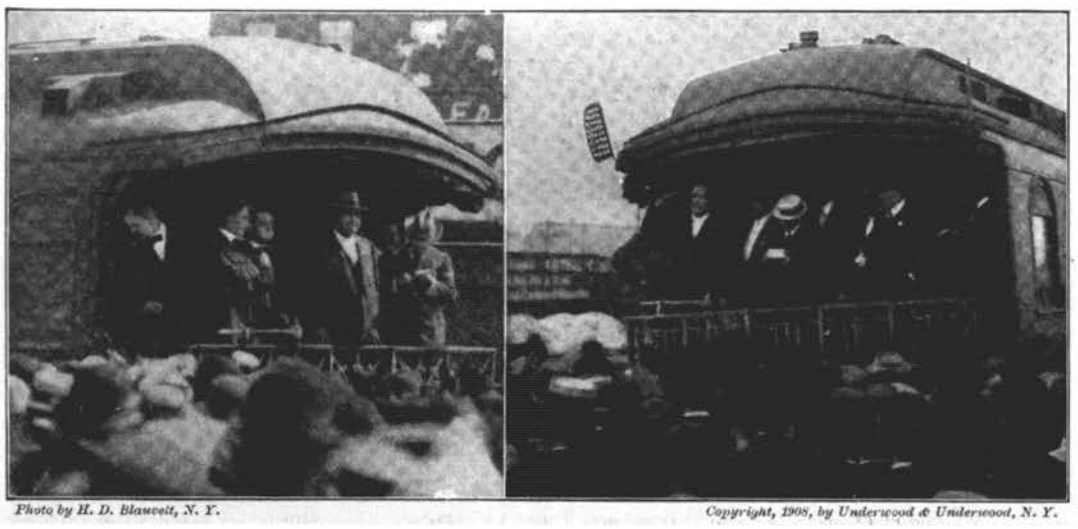
The name of G. B. Lancaster is doubtless new to many of our readers, but those who read "His Big Picture," a two-part serial which begins in January, will not soon forget this strong and vigorous tale of Australian life.

LOUIS FLEMING
His headings and decorations will brighten the pages

LAURA E. FOSTER
Illustrator of "The Halt from the Hedges"

ROY NORTON
"Ahweahntuk and the Brave Dead"—to appear shortly

One of F. X. Chamberlain's excellent illustrations for Lincoln Steffens's story, "The Twice-Told Tale of a Stolen Theater"



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How You Can Stand on the Next Campaign Train

By Robert F. Rose, Private Secretary to the Hon. W. J. Bryan

NOTICE the two men taking notes—one at the side of each presidential candidate.

There must always be several such men on a tour of this kind, dependable men of absolute accuracy. To have filled such a position not only gives prestige, but may open the door of opportunity to the White House itself.

The writer has acted as private secretary to Mr. Bryan for three presidential campaigns, and with experience of more than twenty years' active court reporting, and knows of his personal knowledge, that there is no place where greater skill or more exacting work is required than in "following a candidate of the presidency." The satisfaction which I felt, when the two great presidential specials carrying the candidates of the two great parties met in the Twin Cities (Minneapolis and St. Paul), to find that the Taft special carried three former pupils of the Success Shorthand School, cannot be too strongly expressed. Mr. LaBaw and Mr. Carlson from the Chicago school, and Mr. Curtis of the New York school, all former students of the same system and writing the same shorthand, accompanied Mr. Taft on his tour, all of them keyed up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, not so much for the merits of the controversy which we were engaged in recording, but because it was through the same shorthand that we all wrote, that the utterances of the next president of the United States were to be carried to the people of the United States and watched with eagerness by interested spectators through the world.

The pupils and graduates of the Success Shorthand School are able to derive inspiration from the fact that although the Success Shorthand School has been conducted only five years, the great presidential campaign, which has just closed, gave evidence of the ability of Success Shorthand graduates.

At the time of writing this article the campaign has not closed. Our train, the Bryan Special, is touring New York. The Taft train, at present, is in Indiana. It is only at "meal times and sleep times" that I have an opportunity to prepare a little article like this.

Within ten days from now my labors in the campaign will be at an end and I will be back once more to engage with my associates in the satisfactory work of teaching shorthand to others.

The Success Shorthand School is the only school in the world to unhesitatingly assume the responsibility of making experts of beginners and of stenographers who have failed to succeed with other systems. This, because we have devoted our lives to expert reporting, and to teach our shorthand is simply to show others how to do the work that we have performed for many years. As an evidence of our ability to successfully instruct, we have prepared a hundred-and-sixty-page book entitled, "A Book of Inspiration." This book sets forth our methods of instruction, tells who we are and contains hundreds of letters from graduates of our school, from all parts of the world, telling what they think of our instruction after having taken it, and demonstrating by what we have done that we can teach shorthand by correspondence.

The person who contemplates the study of shorthand or improving his knowledge of the art is assured by the success of the graduates of our school, that he too can achieve an equal degree of success if he puts forth an equal amount of exertion. There are schools, which have been in existence from a decade to a quarter of a century, and still offer the same "infant industry excuse" that, "the system is not yet old enough," that "the school cannot be expected to produce experts." We offer no such excuse. We can teach a person of average intelligence and average education to be an expert.

We guarantee our instruction with a legal contract to return tuition if dissatisfied with the course. Our school is strongly endorsed by the most prominent men in the United States and by expert shorthand reporters everywhere.

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The Publishers' Outlook

Our Election Forecast—and the Results

IT IS probable that never in the history of "election forecasting" has there been quite so curious and interesting an experiment as that made by SUCCESS MAGAZINE in obtaining from its 15,000 Life Subscribers, scattered throughout the country, the confidential information upon which we based "OUR ELECTION FORECAST" last month. This prediction was made and sent to press on October 6th—almost exactly one month before election, and at a time when there was a general feeling in New York, in newspaper and political circles, that the election was to be close and that Bryan was gaining ground. Our article was practically the first to appear in the campaign, and, shortly after its appearance, other forecasts were made by leading newspapers of the country, based on "straw votes," "information from correspondents," etc., all showing materially different views from those expressed by our Life Subscribers as a body.

It really required some courage for a great, non-partisan magazine to put its reputation behind a forecast so different from the prevailing impression in well-informed political circles. But—as we explained in our article—we determined to translate into the prediction the opinions of our Life Subscribers exactly as we found them, feeling that this was the best way of ascertaining whether or not such a body as has been created in our Auxiliary Editorial Board can be relied upon to correctly interpret local feeling and conditions.

The results of the election justified, in a most extraordinary way, the confidence that we have had in the intrinsic value of the opinions of our Board. *Every State that we placed in the Republican column went Republican on November 3rd, and every State we placed in the Democratic column went Democratic,* with the possible exception of Missouri, which is yet in doubt as we go to press, but appears to have gone for Taft by 4,000 plurality. In our article we said about Missouri:

> Our vote discloses Missouri as a doubtful State. It is normally Democratic, but gave a Republican majority in 1904 of 25,000. Five per cent. of our Republican subscribers will vote for Bryan, while seven per cent. of our Democratic subscribers will vote for Taft, as well as 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.

The fact that Missouri was really "doubtful" was, therefore, clearly foreshadowed.

There were only four States which our information on October 6th showed to be so doubtful that we did not feel justified in placing them in either the Republican or the Democratic column. Two of these—Maryland and Montana—we called "doubtful with probabilities favoring Republican success"; Colorado we called "doubtful with probabilities favoring Democratic success"; and of Nebraska, we said:

> Nebraska is doubtful. Altogether, we feel that Mr. Bryan has, this year, a fair chance of securing the electoral vote of his own State.

For three days after the election the vote of these four States was so close that the result was not known—each party claiming success.

As we go to press, Nebraska has apparently given Bryan a plurality of about 4,000 (Roosevelt plurality 86,000 in 1904); Colorado has given him also a plurality of about 5,000 (Roosevelt 34,000 in 1904); Montana is probably Republican by less than 3,000 (Roosevelt 13,000 in 1904); and in Maryland, the official canvass was necessary in order to determine the result—which is that Taft has 613 plurality and that the electoral vote is split between Bryan and Taft.

But these are by no means all the indications of the extraordinary accuracy of the opinions given by our Life Subscribers. In New York State, which was vigorously claimed as doubtful by the Democrats up to Election Day, we found on October 6th "no indications of doubt" in our forecast, but on the other hand "a strong drift toward Taft." The actual election plurality in New York was slightly over 200,000, exceeding by over 25,000 the tremendous plurality of Roosevelt in 1904.

Ohio gave the Republican managers more anxiety, perhaps, than any other State even up to Election Day. Our forecast showed that while there was "grave cause for uneasiness among the Republican managers" the normal Republican majority to be overcome was so large that we could not fail to put Ohio firmly in the Republican column. The actual plurality is about 75,000 for Taft.

We said:

> 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.

This prediction was verified to the letter. North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Louisiana gave almost the same Democratic pluralities for the national ticket as in 1904; Texas and Arkansas slightly increased their Democratic pluralities; Alabama showed a small decrease only; while in Georgia the Democratic plurality was cut down from 59,000 (in 1904) to 20,000.

Not a single newspaper or magazine forecast which we have seen—even those issued a day or two before election—has shown anything like the marvelous accuracy of this early prediction of our Life Subscribers. Of course, it should be clearly understood that we do not claim for *ourselves* any special prophetic power. We have simply been the translators of the opinions of nearly 15,000 observers located in different parts of the country, and that their opinions and our translations have been proven correct, far beyond the possibilities of mere coincidence, is a tribute to their intelligence as a body.

It is worth while, in this connection, to point out the fact that the splendid majority by which Governor Hughes was reelected in New York State against tremendous opposition, was clearly foreshadowed in a vote of our Life Subscribers in the State of New York taken in September last before either party had nominated its candidates. This vote showed not only an overwhelming preponderance of sentiment for him among our Republican subscribers, but—most significant of all—it showed that almost one half our Democratic subscribers in New York State preferred him before any candidate of their own party. If the politicians of both sides had realized the significance of this vote as published in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for October, they would have been less astonished than they were on Election Day to learn of the large majority that swept down on New York City from "up-State," swamping the Democratic plurality for Governor of the city. We ourselves never had any doubt, after hearing from the New York State Branch of our Board, first, that the nomination of Governor Hughes could not be prevented by any number of machine "bosslets"; and, second, that his election could not be prevented by any kind of organized opposition in a State which has never failed to put itself on the right side of any moral issue.

We have set forth the above facts, not in a spirit of braggadocio, but *for a purpose.* "OUR ELECTION FORECAST" was but a means to an end. We intended by it to determine for ourselves, for our readers, and for our legislators in Washington, the question as to whether or not the collective opinion of our "Auxiliary Editorial Board" would be found accurate on a comparatively simple political proposition. Now that it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that we have in it a most remarkable machinery for ascertaining and reflecting public opinion, we intend to use this machinery in a variety of ways in the years to come; translating its opinions, if possible, into legislative action not only locally but nationally, and always, we hope, for the benefit of the country and the people.

Letter

THAT our political predictions have excited the strong emotion of one of our subscribers may be judged from the following letter, received by us before election—and the only one of its kind:

W. W. P., of Pineville, Ky., wrote us:

"I have your magazine for November, 1908. I am amazed at the Election Forecast on page 697.

"You place in the Taft line Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and West Virginia, when you and your paper know that every State mentioned is a doubtful one, and that Bryan will carry the majority of them. [He did not carry one.—EDITORS.]

"Of the Southern States you cheerfully give them all to Bryan. Occupying your position I should have been just as consistent as with the Northern States and counted all but one or two for Taft.

"You place all the Middle States in the Taft line except Kentucky and Missouri. As a fact, you know, your paper knows, and your correspondent (*sic*) knows that Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Kansas are doubtful, and that Bryan will carry the majority of them. [He did not carry one.—EDITORS.]

"You count Oregon, Washington, and California for Taft, when you know they are all doubtful and that Bryan will carry not less than one of the three, and that one with an electoral vote larger than the other two. [He did not carry one.—EDITORS.]

"My sympathies are with the people. I want the people to rule. They are tired of paying half their earnings, yearly, into the hands of the Trusts for nothing in return. Since you are one of the Trusts and champion their cause you and I must part company. I don't want your magazine in my home at any time or for any purpose, for a deliberate, malicious, and willful liar is worse than a thief. My family is small, but so long as I live it shall not entertain with my consent either a liar or a thief, and suspecting your magazine of being both, please discontinue my subscription to same which expires December, 1909, and confer a favor."

[We may be oversensitive, perhaps, but we can not help feeling that the gentleman (?) from Kentucky, though a lawyer, does not choose his epithets with that careful discrimination which one would expect from a member of his great profession. "Liar" is a word rarely used by a gentleman, or to a magazine, but it can cheerfully be forgiven in view of our correspondent's evidently heated condition of mind. But why "thief"?—EDITORS.]

Success Magazine
Volume XI: New York, December 1908: Number 175

The Manger Song of Mary

By Edwin Markham
Author of "The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems"

And they [the wise men] came into the house and saw the young child with Mary His mother . . . and opening their treasures, they offered unto Him gifts.—Matthew.

HARK, baby, hark
To the bells in the dark.
Here are the three that are led by the star—
Melchoir and Gaspar and swart Baltazar.
Great are the gifts in the hands of the wise. . . .
Mother has only a kiss for your eyes!

Croon, baby, croon,
Like a dove at the noon.
Melchoir with beard reaching down to the knees
Pours you the gold from the hills and the seas,
Brings you a gift for a king to command. . . .
Mother has only a kiss for your hand!

Sleep, baby, sleep,
For the shadows are deep.
Gaspar with pearls on his red turban comes,
Bringing you myrrh and Arabian gums.
Wind where he passes is delicate sweet. . . .
Mother has only a kiss for your feet!

Dream, baby, dream,
For the star is agleam.
Baltazar kneels by the manger and sings,
Burning white frankincense, rings over rings.
They have brought treasure from mountain and mart . . .
Mother has nothing to give but her heart!

From the Painting by Walter Jones

The Lure Of America

DURING the past ten years over five million people have come from the Old World to make their permanent homes in this country. Some of us like these new neighbors of ours, and some of us do not. Leroy Scott looks upon the immigrant, not as a problem, but as a human being with hopes and fears and aspirations.

In the series of narratives of which this is the first, Mr. Scott will give the dramatic life-story of some of our typical immigrants. When we are through with these stories, we shall understand our new neighbors better—perhaps we shall be more ready to welcome them. This first article shows how a peasant family was crowded out of Russia.

IT WAS a long, long ride back to Petrek's village in Poland from Port Arthur—Port Arthur, where he had been dragged to shoot at men, he knew not why; had been shot at in his turn; had frozen in trenches; had almost died of scurvy; had eaten the rotten food and worn in snow and slush the gaping paper boots supplied by princely contractors; had been the enforced, unpaid body-servant of a cursing young lieutenant. The atlas testifies that from eastern to western limit of Russia's empire it is eight thousand miles, but to a man on a Russian military train the atlas is a perjured witness. For Petrek's train, the sort Russia considers quite good enough for her ruble-a-month soldiers, was composed of coaches that made every mile seem two—mere box-cars, bare and hard, marked on their outside, "Capacity, Eight Horses or Forty Men"; and it was, to speak the best of it, but semi-active in its habits. Half the time it sat, as stolidly as a thatched village, on a side-track amid a Siberian plain—vast, bleak, wind-raked; and when it was in the rare mood to move, it wheezed and bumped along the single track of the famed transsiberian road at a bare ten or twelve miles an hour. But for Petrek and his fellows there was nothing but to wait, wait, wait, as one month, another, then another dragged by—and a wearing thing to Petrek was waiting; for at home was a sweetheart whom some other man might have married while he was away serving his monarch as a target.

The Land Where Every Man Has a White Collar

These worn, round-capped men, in their long, coarse, brown coats, sitting hunched up on the car's floor, were always talking; and across Manchuria, across broad Siberia, across Russia, there was one theme that was ever recurring—"America." One soldier had a brother in that far-off, fabled land, and when the talk ran on that theme this soldier was always the leader. In America, he told them, the soldiers were not paid a mere penny a day, treated like dogs, fed on what pigs turned away from, and then expected to be heroes when ordered into battle. In America every man was a man, had a white collar like an officer and wore a gold watch. Throwing out his chest and looking very bold, he said that as soon as he had visited a month at home he himself was going there. He urged the others upon the same venture. His contrast between Russia and America was alluring, and presently three others declared that they too would go as soon as they could get the great fortune required for the journey.

To all this talk Petrek listened, but when the four would turn to him and say, "Come, Petrek; you come too," he would decline.

"No me, I don't want to go to America," he would declare, with a solemn shake of the head.

He did not tell them that his was quite another dream: to be happy in his own little village with a dark-haired, teasing girl with bright, laughing eyes—who, perhaps, was even then making another happy.

II

BUT, after all, a Russian military train does move, and one November afternoon Petrek and four other soldiers from his village got off at a dingy station that stood solitary on the plain, far from the nearest village, as is the custom of Russian stations. At once a gray-bearded man in sheepskin coat had his arms about Petrek, and father and son were kissing and crying. Soon, talking eagerly, they were jogging homeward in a rough, springless little wagon drawn by a thin, dwarfed horse, along a rutty track that led now through a pine wood, now past a lonely wooden cross, now across fields green with winter wheat. When they came in sight of Petrek's village, the moss on the two-score thatched roofs shining in the dying sun like bright green velvet, tears ran down the returning soldier's cheeks. This was home—at last! And he would never leave it!

A Russian Peasant's Idea of Prosperity

That night Petrek's parents gave a great celebration in honor of his home-coming. There was a drink brewed from rye and apples; as the great luxury there was pork and big sausages from which the men hacked off bites with their pocket-knives; and there was dancing on the hard clay floor, for which Petrek's brother played quick, breathless tunes on his concertina. Petrek was glad to see all, and all were glad to see him—but the person he wanted most to see, whom he was afraid to ask for, was not there. The fears that had tormented him for a year in China, that had tormented him homeward across Asia, now tortured him with climateric keenness—till there came through the low door a fresh-faced, sturdy girl of twenty, in a tight-fitting, short-waisted bodice of bright, red-flowered calico, and a short skirt that revealed white home-knit stockings and heavy shoes. A white handkerchief with a border of red poppies was tied beneath her chin. Petrek's short, strong figure pushed through the crowd to her; she blushed and her eyes shone as she gave him her hand. At first he could not speak—he just stood, fumbling his tiny light mustache, and looked at her. Then the long-tormenting question came out:

"I suppose you are married, Mariana?"

Her dark eyes flashed a bright look into his round, honest face, and she tossed her head. "Me?—I shall never marry."

Petrek laughed. It was a laugh of pure joy.

"Petrek was the hero of the evening—as is the due of a soldier just home from the war. But the evening had a lesser hero—Petrek's best friend, Yashka Witcheck. Yashka was shaking hands with everybody, taking a piece of paper from his pocket and explaining that the paper would make a big ship carry him to America. Yashka felt himself a great figure, for he was the first man from the village to venture to the land of gold. He slapped Petrek on the back and urged him to come along. But Petrek laughed at him, hardly listened to him; Mariana's smile had made this sort of talk seem but folly.

The next morning, Petrek's father, in the mood to grant anything to the returned wanderer, had a long talk with him. With a knowing

By Leroy Scott
Illustrated by Alexander Dopini

smile the old man said he had watched Petrek and Mariana the night before. Well—he was getting old and would like to give over the active care of their land to Petrek. The harvest the last year had been good; Petrek's two sisters were each making twenty rubles a year as servants in the nearest city, and sending part home; his brother had had regular work all summer with the neighboring landlord; so, since things were so comfortable, why—um—why should not Petrek get married at once? He and Mariana could have part of the cottage. There were three rooms and only four persons now—plenty of space compared with most houses, which had but one room for a family of six or a dozen.

The Young Couple Start in Life

Petrek hurried down the street, with its double line of low, thatched log cottages, to the village flax-house where Mariana and three other young women were beating stiff bunches of flax-stalks into hanks of linen fiber. The three laughed mischievously when Petrek appeared at the door and asked Mariana to come with him. Mariana, blushing, at first refused. "Go on," the other girls cried, pushing her toward the door, "one's man does n't come home from the war every day." Petrek caught her hand—she pulled against him—there was a boisterous struggle; but at length he drew her out, barefooted, in a sheepskin coat with the wool inward, and led her away through the high, raw wind down the road that ran to the pine woods. Now that they were alone both were stiffly quiet, hardly dared look at each other, till they turned in among the trees. Then Petrek's words came out, slowly, brokenly. He finished—then waited.

She still gazed down at the needle-carpeted ground. "Mariana?" he said. She looked up and smiled.

They were married a month later in the little frame church with beside it the graveyard planted with weather-blackened wooden crosses. The kitchen in Petrek's father's house was turned over to them, and Petrek and Mariana thought two people could not be happier than they. Petrek was shoemaker as well as farmer, and the day after the wedding he took to his bench. There were many boots to be made in the village; the near-by villages also knew Petrek's work and brought him their leather. He could make a pair of boots in three days, and for this he was paid the round sum of one ruble. Farming in summer, bootmaking in winter—he and Mariana, in their honeymoon optimism, saw endless prosperity before them.

A Revolutionary Organizer Appears

But happiness is uncertain the world over, and nowhere so uncertain as in the domain of the Great White Czar. One day there came into the village a young stranger who said he was a workingman walking from Warsaw back to his home. The stranger had such a frank, open laugh; he told such good stories; he had such interesting things to relate about Warsaw, which was to them only a wonderful name—that there was keen competition as to whose guest he should be for the night; but Petrek's was the invitation he accepted. The next day Petrek and the other four soldiers announced that they were going to accompany the stranger to the next village; and off the six marched together. But when they reached the pine wood where Petrek had proposed, they turned into it. Deep among the pines they sat down on a log, and the young stranger, throwing off his workman manner, became the university student and eager revolutionist that he was. He had picked out Petrek and his comrades because he believed soldiers who had suffered from the stupidity of the late war were most easily won to the revolutionary cause. With the snow-flecked December wind thrumming its deep, wild dirge upon the pines, with the soldiers stamping their feet and beating their arms across their chests, the student spoke with fierce hatred against the present régime and with joyous hope of the time to come when the people should rule, and not the incompetent, thieving, oppressive autocracy; and he urged them to talk throughout their village and convert the others to belief in this great hope—to rouse them to readiness to struggle for it, when the time for struggling came.

Petrek and his friends, after much hesitancy, said they would try; and the stranger strode away on his mission. But in a village of only forty houses it was difficult to speak on such a dangerous theme; for wherever a few were gathered together, there also was the policeman, red-eyed, cunning, alert of ear, the most hated man of the place. Still Petrek and the others did manage to repeat in privacy to a number the stirring things the wandering student had said. Yes, that future the stranger had pictured would be a glorious time, they all agreed—the time when there should be justice, when a man for his hard labor should have bread and clothing for himself and children.

How the Cossacks Wreck a Home

A few days later a squad of Cossacks galloped into the village. The father and mother, Petrek and Mariana, as also the forty households, all rushed into the street to see what the visit was about. Half-a-dozen of the horsemen drew rein before the Krausky family.

"Is this Petrek Krausky?" demanded their leader.

"Why—yes," said Petrek.

"Take him," the officer commanded.

Immediately four Cossacks fell upon Petrek. He tried to struggle, but in an instant he was overcome and his hands tied behind him.

"What 's this for?" demanded Petrek.

"That 's no affair of yours," replied the officer, and cursed him. Petrek's mother fell fainting in the snow, his father broke into wild

"America, the land where a man is a man"

entreaty, and Mariana threw her arms about his neck and sobbed frantically. At four other houses similar scenes were transpiring. Presently the order to march was given. Mariana tried to cling to Petrek, but was roughly torn away from him; and the five soldiers, so lately back from serving their Czar, tramped away before the Cossacks, urged onward by curses and the threat of horses' hoofs.

For two days the policeman was absent; then he drove back with plenty of money, half drunken, in an evil, braggart mood, which he heightened by use of a vodka bottle. Little by little the village gathered from his dark, boastful words that he had followed stranger and soldiers; that the stranger had talked revolution to them; that he, the policeman, had carried information to the authorities. The villagers burnt to take fierce vengeance upon the spy, but they knew that the Czar and the Czar's million soldiers were back of him; that the merciless Cossacks hovered over them; that any act of revenge would swiftly rebound upon themselves with a hundredfold violence.

"Petrek, wan and weak, walked toward the village"

The Bitter Struggle for Bread

Petrek, in his cell, was not informed of the charge against him; was not tried; was not allowed to send word to his family; was not allowed news from home. As he sat there month after month, while the snow melted—while the green of summer came upon the land—he again and again dreamed of the future the stranger had pictured, when there should be justice and happiness and bread. But Petrek's peasant forefathers had been so long oppressed, he felt so hopelessly the relentless, down-weighing might of the Government, that he despaired of that future ever becoming more than a dream. No; a man could but take things as they were or go elsewhere.

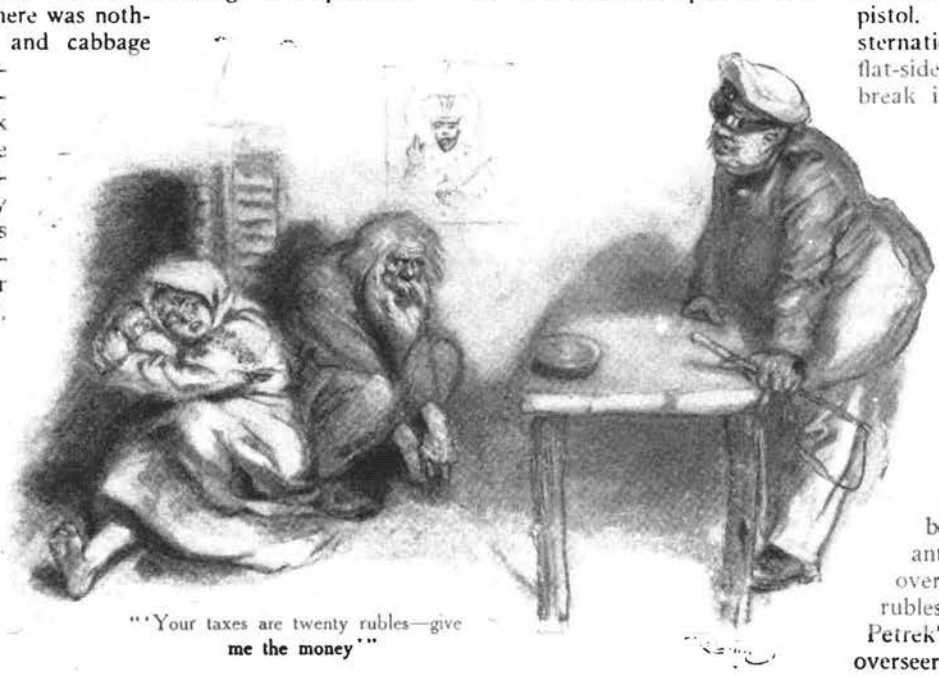
And again and again, as the months passed, he pondered on what Yashka, what the soldier on the home-coming train, had said of America: how over there was plenty; how over there was freedom—such as a Russian Pole could not imagine; how over there a man was a man. The lure of America was strong upon him. But even stronger was his yearning to get back to his village, his people, his Mariana.

III

THE first snow of the next November was swirling across the bare brown fields when Petrek, wan and weak, walked toward the village, pulsing with suspense as to what might have befallen Mariana during the silent months he had sat in prison. As he entered the village a cry went up; father and mother rushed into the street and embraced him, and after them, looking very thin, Mariana came tottering. She sobbed and sobbed on his shoulder, clutching him tight with her weak arms. Then, flushed, smiling, she led him into the kitchen and pointed to the bed. At sight of the tiny figure there, he turned and embraced Mariana anew and the two weak figures sobbed together in happiness.

Petrek again set to work at the boots. It was a hard winter they faced: the crops had been poor; there were boots enough to keep Petrek busy but part of the time; and there was nothing to eat but black rye bread and cabbage soup, with a mouthful of meat perhaps once a month. The happiness of the two months when Petrek had been at home before had made him forget for the time the peasants' fierce struggle to keep body and soul together; but now he was face to face with it in all its grimness: the unending struggle for bare bread—bread, the blessing, the tyrant of their lives.

Their foremost hope was that summer would set all to rights. But before the snow had left one sister appeared; the family she had worked for had moved away, and she could find no other position. They were glad to see Hanka, but she was one mouth more, and the already too little had to be divided into yet another portion. How the flour was treasured; how the bread was doled out! They forgot what the feel of a full stomach was.



"'Your taxes are twenty rubles—give me the money'"

The Heavy Hand of the Landlord

But at length spring came and called them forth to active struggle with the earth for bread. There was not enough work to keep all busy on the family's twenty acres; the father, with the help of Mariana and Hanka could easily do the plowing and sowing; so Petrek and his brother sought places on the estate of a great landlord lying near the village—an estate ten times as big as the land owned by all the village. The overseer felt their muscle, offered them fifty kopeks a day, and assigned them to a part of the estate five miles from the village.

From the first gray coming of dawn to the last faint grayness of dusk—that was the day's work. To the field and from the field they walked in blackness. Petrek came home—choked down black bread—fell instantly into heavy unconsciousness—rose out of his motionless stupor—choked down more bread—and was off through the lifting night. Mariana he hardly saw, for she returned from the field as plow-weary as he, and the baby he never saw save of a Sunday. But they did not think their work hard. Just so had their forefathers worked; just so would they always work; just so their children after them.

May was a beautiful farmers' month and everywhere the crops made boastful promises for harvest time. But in June the rain stopped, the sun blazed down; the peasant fields opened into cracks with the heat. The village land yielded but half a crop; there was work for only half the people. But the landlord's land was the best of the region and was tilled according to modern methods—was fertilized, plowed with plows that went deep, carefully cultivated. And so his fields never knew a crop failure. The peasants from Petrek's village, from other villages, crowded to the landlord's estate, bidding lower and lower and lower in their frantic eagerness for work.

One day the overseer drew up his horse beside Petrek and his brother. "After to-day, if you want to work here, your wages are twenty-five kopeks. Yes or no?"

They hesitated. But they had no choice. "Yes," they said.

This was bad, but was not all. The great number of laborers taken on meant less to do for Petrek and his brother, and at a time when they counted on weeks more of work they were discharged. The peasant crop failure enabled the overseer to get in the harvest in half the usual time and at half the usual price. So fortune runs: one man's loss is another man's gain; only in Russia the first man is rarely a landlord. The Krauskys had but one comfort: at least they had the money for the taxes—the twenty rubles Petrek and his brother had saved out of their wages from the landlord.

Flogged for Picking Up Dead Branches

This landlord enforced his property rights with extremest rigor. In winter, freezing villagers who dared wander through his woods to pick up dead branches which otherwise would be allowed to rot, were arrested or privately flogged by his keepers; and recently a village horse that had wandered upon his estate had been shot dead by the overseer's pistol. So what was Petrek's consternation when one day he saw his flat-sided little horse walk through a break in the landlord's fence and begin to nibble greedily on the second crop of hay. Petrek went frantically after the animal, and vast was his relief when the horse was back in the barn-lot, for no eye belonging to the great, empty, stuccoed mansion in the park had seen the trespass—so he thought.

But the next day Petrek was summoned before the land official, whose duty it is to settle disputes between landlord and peasant. In the office was the overseer, who demanded fifty rubles for the injury done by Petrek's horse, and an assistant overseer who testified to having seen the trespass. Petrek, aghast, declared that the horse had not eaten the value of a tenth of a kopek and begged for mercy. But a land official is of the nobility; his sympathy is always with the landlords; so the requested damages of fifty rubles were awarded.

"Fifty rubles!" cried Petrek in despair. "Your excellency, who ever heard of so much money! In all the world I have only twenty rubles—the money I have saved for my taxes!"

A measure of mercy was shown Petrek—the damages were fixed at twenty rubles. Petrek protested, cried out that he was ruined—but all in vain. And the money Petrek and his brother had received from the landlord for months of back-breaking, darkness-to-darkness labor, was given back to the landlord for a wisp or two of hay—enough to buy for him, then in Baden devoting himself to the gaming table, a couple of bottles of champagne to grace a daybreak supper.

IV

EVEN with the harvest barely over, the season when care presses lightest, the familiar gloom and menace of poverty settled around the Krauskys. There was but wheat enough to buy a fraction of the few necessities they required; the rye would hardly keep them in bread, and there was nothing for the taxes. If only there was work—work, the most frantic desire, the unceasing prayer, of the peasant—work, whose lack is the desperate spur that drives Europe's millions to America!

One day, shortly after the payment of the twenty rubles, a neighbor, who had just come back from the market-town, entered, and with a flourish in keeping with the importance of the event handed Petrek a post-card. Petrek held the card in his hand and stared at it, and the family crowded round and stared too. Any kind of a letter was a year's wonder, but this bore a strange stamp—a stamp such as none of them had ever seen before. Finally Petrek turned the card over, and his wonderment grew. On the other side of the card was a man's picture—a prosperous looking man in queer, foreign clothes—a man strange, yet tantalizingly familiar.

At length Petrek cried out, "Why, it's Yashka Witcheck, the man who went to America!"

And the adventurer in America it was, they all agreed. Then Petrek slowly read aloud the few lines that were scrawled on the picture post-card:

"America, he is all right. I got a watch. How is Mariana? You come here, Petrek, you make much money, too. It is raining."

Dreaming of the Wonderful New Country

For a time all admired Yashka, and talked excitedly of what a wonderful land it must be that in two years could make a peasant into such a fine gentleman as Yashka had become. Then Petrek sank into gloom and sat staring at the clay floor; and then the gloom spread to the father, and all remembered their desperate contrast.

"What do we live for?" the old man cried out, striking the ax-hewn table with his fist. "You, my children, work hard; I have worked hard; my father worked hard; my grandfather worked hard; so did his father, and his father. And what have we gained? Nothing! We get no better; we get only worse! The Government it just lives for its own pocket and to help the landlords—and to make the poor man poorer. My God, this is no country for people like us!"

Petrek stood suddenly up, fierce, determined. "No! It is not!" he cried. "Me—I shall go to America!"

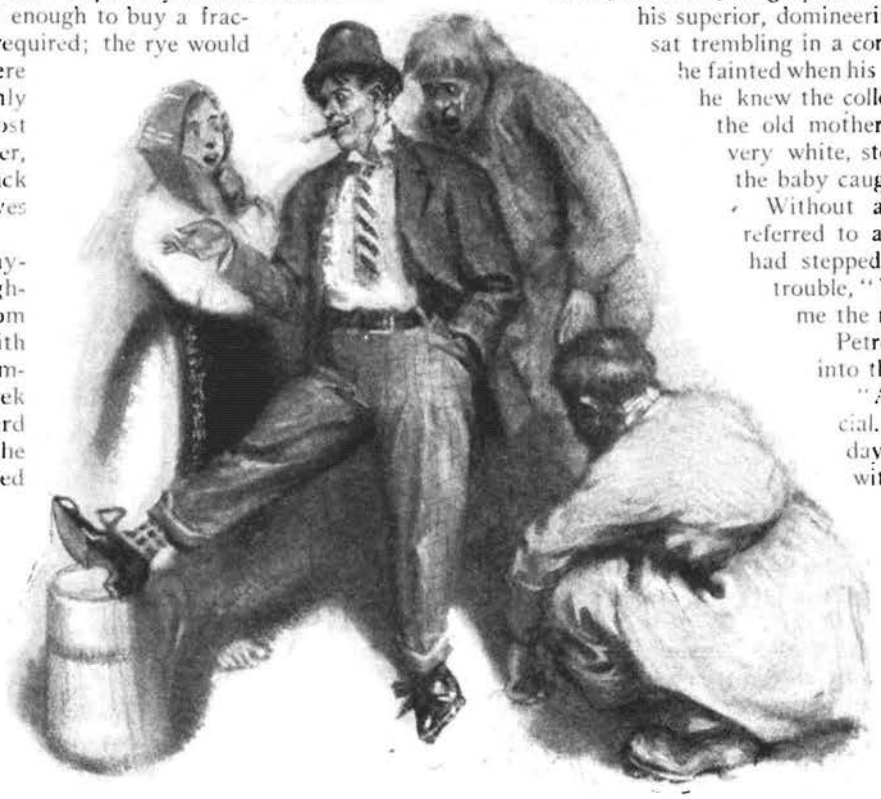
Mariana threw her arms about his neck and besought him not to go; if he went to that far, strange country, they'd never be able to find each other again. But it was the father who cooled the heat of Petrek's purpose.

"The money, my son. Where will you get the money to take you to America?"

Where, indeed—when they lacked even the rubles for their taxes? They could sell their land but if that were done, how could those live who remained behind? Yashka had been helped by an uncle, but there was no relative in America to advance money for Petrek.

So the land of promise faded away like a mirage that has lured for its moment. This land of toil, of hunger, of oppression, was to remain their land—and before them loomed, grim, threatening, the coming visit of the tax-collector.

The twenty rubles had to be gotten together somehow, for, as they said in the village, there were two whom man could not put off—the collector of taxes and the collector of souls. They had nothing to sell that would not mean their ruin; there was no work on their own land that would bring them a kopek; and so, hopeless as the chances seemed, they decided to make a frantic search for employment elsewhere. Hanka, barefooted, her precious shoes in her hands, tramped off toward the city where she had previously worked, and with her went the brother, whose hope was that some factory might give him a place. Petrek started out to canvass the estates of landlords; he tramped and tramped—sometimes was absent for a week—but his pay was eaten up by the days when he searched for a new job. When the visit of the tax-collecter drew nigh he had not a kopek for his efforts; Hanka and his brother sent word that they had barely been able to live—and all the money there was were two rubles from the second sister.



"They exclaimed at his wonderful shiny shoes"

The Tax-Collector Takes the Cow and the Horse

Finally the dread day came. Into the cottage stalked the collector, stout, red-faced, haughty, and behind came his assistant, smiling to his superior, domineering to the peasants. The old father sat trembling in a corner—he had once been flogged till he fainted when his tax-money had not been ready, and he knew the collectors were again using the whip; the old mother sat clutching his arm; Mariana, very white, stood in the kitchen doorway with the baby caught to her breast.

Without a word of greeting, the official referred to a book and said to Petrek, who had stepped forward to bear the brunt of the trouble, "Your taxes are twenty rubles—give me the money."

Petrek, choking, stood silent, looking into the official's red face.

"Are you dumb?" cried the official. "Do you think I can wait all day in your pig-pen? Come—down with it! The money!"

Petrek, brokenly, haltingly, started to explain how they had had the money ready, but misfortune had taken it from them. The official broke him off.

"I don't want excuses—I want money. Have you got it?"

Again Petrek started to explain. "Have you got the money?" the official cried. "Yes or no?"

"No," Petrek had to admit.

The collector stalked through the three rooms. "Nothing here," he said to his assistant, and crossed the barnyard and entered the little, low, log-barn, followed by the family. He called his assistant to his side. "Take that," he said, pointing to the cow; "and that," pointing to the horse.

The whole family broke into wailing. Petrek cried out that the loss of cow and horse would be their ruin; he begged for more time—if more time were given he'd pay—yes, he'd pay the amount twice over!

But the official merely turned his back and strode away; and after him went the assistant, leading the cow and the horse.

Despair, poverty—the peasant's portion—deepened on the Krausky household. Not only was there before them the grim problem of how to get through the winter, but also the more dire problem of how next year they would till their farm without a horse. Ahead of them Petrek could only see ruin—ruin—ruin!

Now and then he would take out Yashka's post-card and look at Yashka's prosperous picture and read Yashka's dictum on his new country—"America, he is all right." And each time Petrek would sigh and shake his head.

V

AUTUMN had again turned all the country brown when one day a wagon from the railroad station jolted a stranger into the village. The villagers, who had all rushed into the street, were certain that one who wore such strange, fine, city clothes must be at least a count, and so were prepared to yield him a noble's deference. But when the stranger jumped from the wagon and began joyously to kiss the men, it was discovered that the supposed noble was no other than Yashka Witcheck, back from the land where even the kitchen pots are made of gold. Yashka explained, between embraces, that the factory where he worked had closed down for three months, and he had come home on a visit till it reopened.

The Adventurer Returns from America

That night Yashka called at the Krausky cottage. They all admired and marveled at his dress. With good-humored condescension—for the knowledge of the sensation he would create had played its part in deciding him to come home—he proceeded to explain and demonstrate his clothes. That round, hard hat with the little brim, that was the kind all American's wore. They exclaimed at his wonderful shiny shoes. Silently, with the smiling, confident air of the stage magician, he spilt water on the earthern floor, smeared one shoe with the mud, then wiped it off with a wet rag—and, presto, the shoe was as brilliant as ever! With a laugh, he took off his white collar, and smeared it also with the

[Continued on page 817]

Jimmy Pepperton of Oshkazoo

His Business Experiences

THIS is the first of a series of stories of young love and dizzy finance in Osbkazoo. The lively doings of this irrepressible newspaper reporter will appear in SUCCESS MAGAZINE throughout the winter and spring.

I.—A Cabbage Plant

THE room of a commercial reporter, of course, can not compare in interest with, for instance, the sanctum of a dramatic critic, any more than the personality of one occupant can be likened to that of the other. The commercial reporter is alert and up to snuff. He has to do with realities. The dramatic critic, on the other hand, wears a dreamy, far-off look in his eyes; his manner is languid and slightly superior, and his language takes on something of the tone and emphasis of our noted actors. Ladies who would ignore the commercial man could not help but notice the dramatic writer. They are almost certain to consider him literary at least; and, indeed, how can he help being so, dealing as he does with Shakespeare and all the rest, and interpreting for us those hidden meanings which the Elizabethan dramatist concealed in his work to cause controversies centuries later.

The walls of the dramatic critic's room are covered with most beautiful photographs, each one signed in a more or less dashing manner by the subject of it; not written in a nice, legible, round hand, and strictly on a level, as you and I would do it, but with a verve and a dash and a great flourish, and all in very black ink, at an angle of forty-five degrees.

In this romantic room you may observe Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. "Pat" Campbell, the great Duse, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Lena Ashwell, and many others. Of the tenors, tragedians, basso-profundos and comedians, we take no account, conceited as they all are, for the beauty of the women eclipses their splendor, but if we are to consider mere men we may study on these walls certain ancient prints: Forrest as this; Garrick as that; Edwin Booth as *Iago;* Sir Henry Irving in "The Bells"; Salvini, the dignified *Othello;* Frank Mayo, an ideal *Davy Crockett,* precursor of the cowboy; and John T. Raymond enacting Mark Twain's hero, Colonel Mulberry Sellers, the pioneer of the multimillionaire, exclaiming, "There's millions in it!"

But in this serious recital we have nothing to do with these stagy personalities. We deal solely with the commercial reporter—who in turn deals solely with the hard facts of life—and only mention the Apollo of the Playhouse because his room happened to be next door to that of Mr. James Pepperton, who was responsible for the financial page of the *Daily Dispatch,* in the important Western city of Oshkazoo.

No; Jimmy's room was a picture of disorderly confusion, cluttered up with heaps of newspapers that nobody else in the office cared to look at: the *Journal of Commerce,* the *Wall Street News,* the *Chemist and Druggist,* the *Stock Exchange Bulletin,* the *Marquette Mining Journal,* the *Northwestern Miller of Minneapolis,* and such like trash, of no interest to the ordinary man, as compared with the dramatic papers and magazines, printed with pictures in half-tone on plate paper, that the office boy brought to the room next door. On the walls of Mr. Pepperton's office hung railway maps; maps in color, showing the wheat areas, the corn sections of the country, the coal-mining districts, the rapidly lessening timber limits, and everything pertaining to the natural resources of a great country belonging to a lavishly wasteful people. These evidences of material sources of wealth Jimmy had mitigated by clipping from various newspapers coarsely drawn, hastily printed, but pictorially clever, cartoons regarding the political situation, hitting alike the Republican and Democratic idiosyncracies with an impartiality that would have shocked the partisan political editor, whose large and sumptuous room was entered from the end of the corridor.

At a very, very early hour in the day—an early hour, that is, for the office of a morning newspaper; namely, at 11 A. M.—there sauntered into this room our inadvertent friend, Jimmy Pepperton, a man of twenty-seven, with a good-humored, intelligent face, whose hair was curly and dark, and whose mustache of jet black was somewhat jauntily trained in the manner that William of Germany affects. On this occasion Jimmy was not nearly so well groomed as usual. There was an air of dejection in his attitude as he seated himself in the swivel chair, which when turned to the right faced a much pigeonholed desk, each compartment crammed full of documents relating to the various resources of the country, and which when swung to the left brought Jimmy's knees under a table that supported a disreputable-looking typewriter that the commercial man could manipulate in a marvelous way upon occasion, tapping out a bewildering array of figures with shrewd estimates of crops or railway returns which showed up very learnedly next morning on the commercial page, and made you think that a much older and wiser person than Jimmy had composed them.

"There was an air of dejection in his attitude"

Mr. Pepperton, quite palpably not in the best of humor, savagely kicked the door shut, planted himself in the swivel chair, rested his elbows on the desk, and bent down his face into his hands, a posture so partaking of hopeless despair that, although it would have seemed perfectly natural had the dreamy-eyed dramatic critic adopted it, it appeared incongruous in this cluttered-up chamber of statistics.

Not to embarrass our plain narrative with an unsolved mystery at the very beginning, it may be boldly stated at once that Jimmy had arrived in his office after a most disquieting interview with the father of his fiancée, and that that objectionable, boisterous, rude, conceited man had declared with most unnecessary emphasis that Jimmy would never be allowed to marry his only daughter, to whom for the last two years, without any objection having hitherto been raised, he had been engaged. John Armstrong, the desired father-in-law, did not move in the glittering circles of high society, for he had begun business in a very humble way as a seller of vegetables. At first the sign above his door denominated him a greengrocer, but as the business extended Armstrong dropped the word "green"—and every one who had done business with him agreed that the designation did not apply to so shrewd an individual as the enterprising tradesman.

Besides his central premises, that supplied his customers with potatoes, strawberries, lettuce, asparagus, turnips, and other succulent products of the earth, he had gradually established here and there branch houses, and it was evident that by and by the retail vegetarian trade of the city would fall principally into Mr. Armstrong's capable hands. Latterly he had made a good deal of money by various real estate transactions which the continuous growth of the city and his own extensive knowledge of surburban market-gardens enabled him to transact with great advantage to his bank account. He even ventured on the treacherous quicksands of the Stock Exchange, dealing with wheat and whatnot, and all to his own enrichment.

Up to this point the engagement of the genial Jimmy Pepperton to Gwennie Armstrong, six years his junior, had been looked upon with favor, for, quite aside from the usefulness of the two occupations, it was generally held that a member of the editorial staff of so prosperous a newspaper as the *Daily Dispatch* held a somewhat superior social position to that of grocer, green or otherwise. But, after all, in these modern days money talks, and John Armstrong realized that the only daughter of a man now worth several hundred thousand dollars made no great catch of it when she attached herself to a youth getting thirty dollars a week and holding a somewhat precarious position on a journal whose proprietor might dismiss him at a word.

John Armstrong, in his bluff, offhand manner—for, being connected remotely with horticulture, he prided himself on calling a spade a spade—had attempted that morning to direct Mr. Pepperton's attention to the

Robert Barr Illustrated by Arthur William Brown
or of "Young Lord Stranleigh"

ng discrepancy between the position of his daughter on the
d that of a small-salaried journalist on the other.
ang social status!" added the rough-and-ready John, who
corpulent as success after success came to him.
gh usually a placid person, Jimmy possessed a temper of his
waxed warm. He was in love with the girl, he protested;
pooh!" said the grocer, waving aside such an unbusiness-
with a gesture of his fat right hand. He was a man who
rook opposition—no self-made, prosperous person can—and
young fellow obstinate, as he called it, he easily descended
ing and persuasion to threats.
ie first place," he cried, bringing his stout fist down on his
'orbid you the house, and you must give me your word of
you will neither attempt to see Gwennie, nor will you write

ll make no such promise!" declared Jimmy, strenuously, "and
and your grocery stories, you can go to thunder! I'm
en years of age and Gwennie is more than twenty-one, so if
s to receive me and allows me to write to her I shall do so in
the other Armstrongs in the universe."
very well! Oh, very well," reiterated Grocer John, with firm-
ll see about that; and I warn you, young man, that I shall
ut of the *Dispatch* office before a month is past."
is Jimmy rose with the dignity that pertains to a commercial
toned his well-fitting morning coat with a certain definiteness
nation across his manly chest, and without another word left
ss premises of John Armstrong and Company, dealers in hor-
produce. In a somewhat perturbed frame of mind he reached
n the Dispatch Building at eleven o'clock in the morning, which
time to glance over his correspondence before the opening of
of Trade, where the daily struggle in wheat or corn or rye or
place. Instead of opening his letters, he sat for some time
ead in his hands. As his temper cooled common sense returned,
consolation in hand. He was quite convinced that in spite
eat John Armstrong did not possess the power to interfere with
on the *Dispatch*, and he reflected that probably the dealer in
had no real inclination to injure him, but if he had been a less
lucky fellow, thinking good of all men, in spite of his wheat-
ience, he might have known that a man like John Armstrong
rise rapidly in the financial world without some ruthless bull-
ities which take little account of an opponent's convenience.

as he was about to leave his room the door
and Mr. Wentworth Blake, the managing editor,
carrying an open letter in his hand. Blake, besides
naging editor, owned a controlling share in the
and therefore, so far as that journal was concerned,
termed monarch of all he surveyed. He was a
ticent man, who feared only two things on this
st, the large advertiser, certainly a most important
l to any one responsible for the revenue-
g side of a newspaper, and secondly a
ll and no-account man, as one might
him, the subscriber, who contributed
ew cents a day to the income of the
It was one of the strong Mr. Blake's
ses that he would pay more attention to
aining letter from an old subscriber than
d to a round robin from his combined
The consequence was that any member
editorial force, no matter how important
on he held, always became unhappy
saw the solemn Mr. Blake enter his room
rown on his brow and a letter in his hand.
Good-morning, Mr. Pepperton," began the
ng editor. "I have here a somewhat
communication from an important busi-
n in this city, which he has taken the
to send to me by a special messenger,
now in my room awaiting a reply. As
cusation of inaccuracy pertains to your
nent, I thought it well to hear what you
say before making any reply."
r. Blake paused at this juncture, as was
of his, to allow the purport of his mes-
sink into the brain of his listener.
What is the complaint, Mr. Blake?" asked
Pepperton, with a sinking of the heart.

"It deals with the wholesale price of cabbages The figure you quote in this morning's issue is seventeen. My informant states that the correct price is twenty. What have you to say to that?"

"I have to say, Mr. Blake, the only thing that can be said regarding such a complaint, which is that a great deal depends on the man who makes it."

"I fail to see the point of your observation, Mr. Pepperton. I may be a little slow-minded, but I confess it is difficult to understand what bearing the identity of the complainant has upon a question of fact. The price of a single copy of the *Daily Dispatch* is three cents on week days, and five cents for a Sunday issue. If a complaint reached me that a man was compelled to pay, say, five cents for to-day's paper, or eight cents for last Sunday's issue, I should say it did n't matter who made the complaint so long as he proved the fact, and I should at once insist on our business manager seeing that this customer was fairly treated."

"If you will pardon me, Mr. Blake, the two cases are not exactly parallel. The cost of the *Dispatch* is a fixed price, and does not fluctuate day by day. On the other hand, the price of cabbages is a figure that varies hour by hour. At best I am only able to strike an average, basing my calculations on what I learn from various buyers and various sellers. If, then, you get a complaint from a man who buys cabbages, it is but human nature that he should state that the figure I give is too high, while if he is a seller, he thinks it too low. I say that the average price at which cabbages could be purchased and sold yesterday was seventeen. There may have been sales as high as twenty, but I did not hear of them. It is quite possible that this morning twenty is the correct figure. That I shall not know until this afternoon."

"I must say, Mr. Pepperton, that I have heard this same excuse on several occasions, and I am getting just a little tired of it."

"The excuse, Mr. Blake, is like the price of our paper. It never changes. No matter who may be your commercial editor, he will find it impossible to please both buyer and seller. Indeed, the more industrious and honest he is, the greater will be the number of complaints."

Both the managing editor and the subordinant had been standing during this dialogue, but the former now took a chair, and waved the latter to a seat.

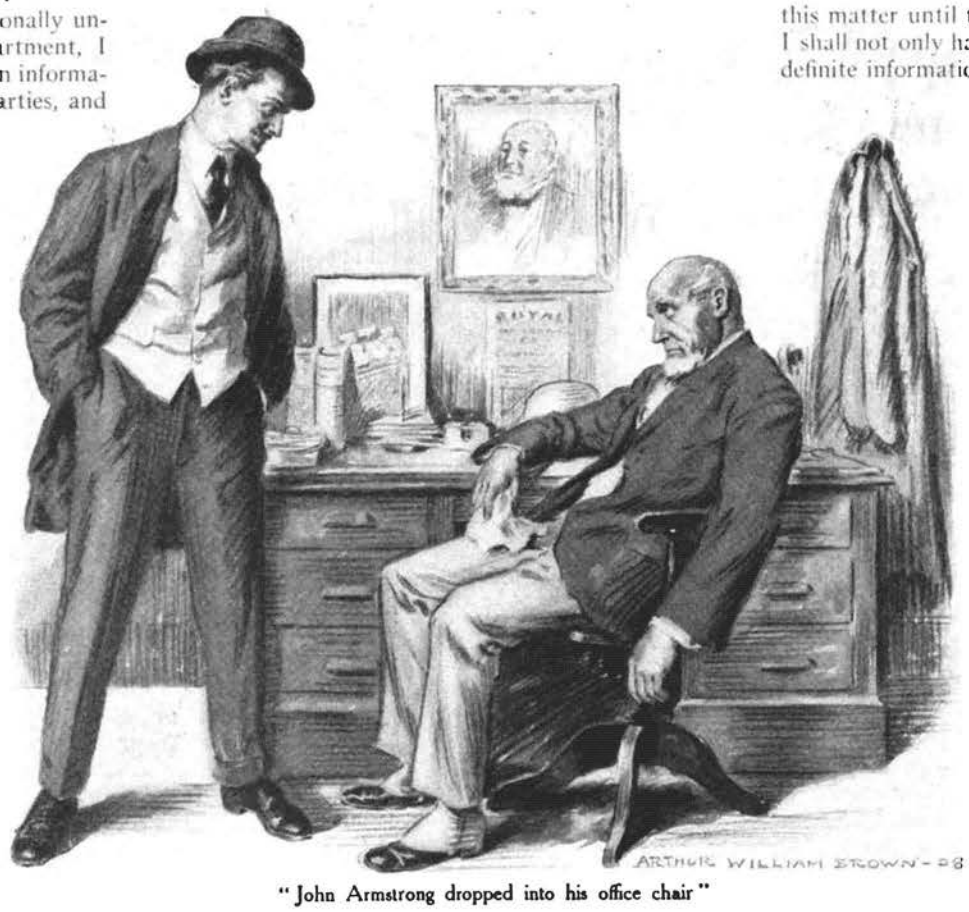
"I can not permit so important a matter to be dismissed in such an airy fashion, Mr. Pepperton. A commercial page which is inaccurate is not only useless to our business subscribers but it hurts the reputation of the sheet itself by undermining public confidence in it. Rightly or

"Blake rose to his feet in wrath"

wrongly, therefore, as I personally understand little of your department, I am compelled to depend upon information received from outside parties, and as other newspapers succeed in securing the services of exact writers, I must either insist upon exactitude from those I employ, or make an effort to get better service elsewhere. I hope for your own sake you will realize the seriousness of the position."

"I do, Mr. Blake, certainly. It may perhaps be injudicious for me to point out that you know nothing of the complaints other journals are constantly receiving. You can not tell by a glance at a rival commercial page whether it is accurate or not. It is possible that my colleague of the *Daily Courier*, of this city, is at the present moment being hauled over the coals because some darned fool has written in to his managing editor."

The hot-headed Mr. Pepperton saw the eyelids of his chief narrow and his firm lips compress, and being after all quick to take a hint he realized that this line of talk was making an impression contrary to his own interests, however reasonable it might appear to himself.



"John Armstrong dropped into his office chair"

"Can we not postpone the consideration of this matter until the afternoon, Mr. Blake, when I shall not only have more lesiure, but also more definite information to place before you?"

"No," said the manager, curtly, "this must be settled now."

"Very well, Mr. Blake, within five minutes I should be on the floor of the Board of Trade, and as the wheat market is a little jumpy, I want to watch it. Will you, therefore, allow me to telephone to a colleague to do the watching until I come?"

"Very well," snapped the manager.

The interval between the taking of the receiver from its hook, and the replacing of it, was short in point of time, but very long indeed so far as its influence on the affairs of Mr. James Pepperton was concerned. It gave him a few minutes in which to think hard. He was calling up William J. Higgins, the man who held on the *Daily Courier* a similar position to his. It happened that Higgins had left the *Courier* office, and Pepperton knew he had departed for the Board of Trade, therefore an interval of silence elapsed

[*Concluded on page 819*]

Our Billion-Dollar Smile

By Glenmore Davis

IN this article Mr. Davis analyzes the immense amusement business of the United States, and makes it plain that hundreds of thousands of people, scores of variegated trades and professions, and millions and millions of good round dollars are constantly at work in the effort to keep a smile of good nature ever present on everybody's face. Not only the vast and complex theatrical business, but also the baseball industry, moving picture shows, amusement parks, penny arcades, circuses, even prize-fights, contribute to the smile. From the magnitude of the show business in all its branches it would appear that laughter, like food, is a necessary of life in America.

IN no other branch of American activity is so much money invested as in amusements. In no other business save stock gambling and the biggest kind of a monopoly is money made or lost so quickly. No other business pays such large salaries or such large returns on the capital invested. No other business is so far-reaching in its appeal, and no other business is half so varied. Ever since Time began people have sought amusement from outside sources, but never in history has there existed a nation with such a passion for expensive entertainments as that of our United States of America.

Our theatricals may be on a lower plane than those of some other countries, but we pay more for them than does all Europe combined. American taste in music may be depraved, but grand opera, comic opera, symphony concerts, and brass bands draw more money here than they do in all the rest of the world. Name any branch of amusements you wish—Wagnerian opera, Shakespearian drama, baseball, prize-fighting, the circus, motion pictures, expositions, vaudeville, the horse show, or a German band—and it is a certainty that it is more popular, better patronized, and more remunerative in the United States than anywhere else. This is partially due to the fact that we as a nation are rich, and partly to the fact that we are amusement mad. There is such a thing as the billion-dollar smile, and it is spread to-day from Seattle to New York, from Bangor to the Gulf.

Last summer the whole country was baseball mad, and in eight Eastern cities upward of six million dollars were spent by amusement-loving fans. Now the theatrical and operatic seasons are well under way, and before the dandelions sprout again in the parks fifteen million dollars will have passed into the box offices of New York City alone. Two months before the Metropolitan Opera House opened for the first performance of the present season, six hundred and fifty thousand dollars had been paid in by subscribers. One month before that Mr. Hammerstein had collected two hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars in Philadelphia toward the year's support of the temple of music which he built in the Quaker City, and the New York Hippodrome at that time was playing to as much as eleven thousand dollars a day. A billion-dollar smile? Figure it out for yourself.

Hiring a Place to Laugh

Americans have to pay big prices for their smiles because it costs a great deal to furnish them. Theaters and other places where entertainment is to be found must be located in accessible places in the very centers of population. Such sites are invariably the most valuable and the most expensive. There are eighty-six playhouses in New York City, the majority on street corners where it would be natural to expect to find towering office buildings. Father Knickerbocker requires these theaters to have numerous exits on streets, and stipulates that they be nothing more than theaters—a stipulation which prevents them reaching skyward farther than the roofs over the fly-galleries. Hence a theater in New York must be absolutely self-supporting.

Our Favorite Brand of Foolishness

The eighty-six playhouses of the biggest American city bring yearly rentals ranging from fifteen thousand to one hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars, and the average—thirty thousand dollars a year—holds good in Chicago, where there are twenty-two theaters; in Philadelphia, where there are the same number; in Boston, where there are fourteen; in Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburg, and Cincinnati, each of which has eight; in Buffalo and Washington, which have seven each; in St. Louis, where there are ten—in fact, in every one of the American centers of population.

As every one who has arrived at the age of comprehension knows, there are scores of American amusements besides theatricals. Each is a separate and distinct business with its own variations; each is complex, costly, and, in the long run, tremendously remunerative; and each is necessary in the building of the billion-dollar smile, else it would not exist. The biggest, the most complex, the most widely interesting, the most costly, and the most potent of all is the one which has to do with the men and women who paint their faces, impersonate real and imaginary characters, and strut nightly across five hundred American stages, before as many thousand people who are unable or

unwilling to amuse themselves. A few inside facts concerning Theaterland, the things one sees there, the people who populate it, the men who control it, and the money and brains involved in it may be taken as indicative of similar quantities in the other branches of the amusement world; for amusements, no matter how dissimilar they may seem on the face, are all alike basically. Some one gets an idea, builds on it, puts a fence around it, and demands of the public a dollar a head for the privilege of "having a look." That 's all there is to the "show game." If you have what is vernacularly known as "the goods" you succeed—are an astute manager and wear diamonds. If the smile-loving people don't care for your goods you close the box office, search for another idea, and, once you have found it, start all over again.

Author, Manager, and Miss Coughdrops

The average American theatrical production is conceived by a human being who is designated a playwright. He writes what he considers the Great American Drama and takes it to a man of supposedly vulgar ideas who sits behind a mahogany desk smoking a black cigar and fingering a bank roll. Playwrights never produce their own plays. Sometimes they don't even write them; but always, when they are presented successfully, they take full credit for everything in sight and incidentally accept the royalties. If the play fails the author invariably blames the manager. If it succeeds it is because the piece is so big that even the producer's vulgarity, asininity, and utter inability to appreciate Art could not destroy its worth. In other words, any author will tell you that plays succeed in spite of managers—not on account of them.

Generally the playwright insists on reading his play. He figures that no brain other than his can appreciate the subtleties and beauties of his composition, and forgets that any real audience which hears it must get its impression from a dozen actor-intellects much less keen than the one possessed by the poor, looked-down-upon manager. The manager, however, has been in the same position before, and if he is wise he reads the play himself, explaining that, while his brain-cells may be undeveloped, his time and his money are his, to do with as he likes. He reads the play, likes it, sends for the author, draws up a contract, and they come to an agreement. The author, who realizes that his is a master-work, makes a modest demand for five thousand dollars down, but the manager finally gets him to accept two thousand, and agrees to give him five per cent. of the gross up to four thousand a week, seven per cent. of the gross when it is over four thousand and under eight, and ten per cent. of the total when it foots up eight thousand a week or over. They sign the contract after the author has impressed on the man with the bank roll the necessity of having Miss Tottie Coughdrops play the lead, and the awful ruin that will come from altering a single line of the masterpiece.

When It's All Going Out

The manager has a stage director to whom he pays seventy-five hundred dollars a year, and a press agent to whom he pays six thousand dollars, and he immediately starts them to work, building, casting, and booming the play. A company of actors is engaged at salaries ranging from forty to five hundred dollars a week—the total amounts to twenty-seven hundred dollars every seven days—and, as none of these players has saved a cent during the summer, he advances two weeks' salary to each, as well as the money for their costumes. For eight thousand dollars he has the scenery and "props" built, six thousand is spent on scenic painting, electrical effects, and lithographing. The piece goes into rehearsals, and after another thousand has been dissipated in whipping the company into shape the Man of Means and No Brains buys three hundred dollars' worth of railway tickets, signs a check for five hundred dollars for transporting the show, and they all go away to Rochester to try the masterpiece on the "dog."

He is $21,800 "in" before the curtain rises on the opening performance. For two weeks he stays with the show, neglecting all other business in an effort to bring order out of chaos and realize the author's conviction that this is the Great American Play. Of course the receipts during these two weeks are far below the expenses, and, when the show finally lands in a Broadway playhouse ready for the great test, the manager has backed the author to the extent of $26,400. Incidentally he has seen a number of glaring errors in the piece and has forced the obstinate improvement on W. Shakespeare to cut lines, re-write scenes, eliminate characters, and obliterate dialogue, until the manuscript is about as similar to the original as a pair of gauze stockings is to a silkworm. If the play succeeds, the author will never say a word of thanks to the man responsible for the thousand and one changes; but if it fails he will damn him eternally as an idiotic meddler, a carpenter, a gas-fitter—anything but an expert in plays and players.

A Success with a String to It

But the play does n't fail. It makes a hit; and the next morning the reviewers proclaim it a powerful and welcome aid to the billion-dollar smile. It settles down to a season's run and week after week draws an average of ten thousand dollars into the manager's coffers. He is playing "fifty-fifty"—that is, the theater gets half of the gross receipts and he gets half. They divide on the newspaper advertising, which amounts to one hundred dollars a day, and they pay equal shares of the billboard, street-car, subway, and elevated booming. When he signs the first royalty check for one thousand dollars he learns that this is to be sent to a playbroker who three years before made a life contract with the at-that-time unknown playwright whereby the broker is to get ten per cent. of all royalties which may come to the author, no matter whether he (the broker) has been instrumental in disposing of the play or not. At the end of the week, after substracting all expenses from his share of the box-office receipts, the manager possesses profits amounting to eight hundred and fifty dollars. The author has nine hundred dollars, the playbroker one hundred dollars, and the house management, after deducting all disbursements for lighting, stage hands, ushers, advertising—everything save the rent—is winner to the extent of $2,800.

This goes along for thirty weeks, when the hot weather forces the business to such an ebb that the theater closes and the show goes to the storehouse for the summer. The manager balances his accounts and finds that of the original $26,400 spent on the production he has regained $20,500, and is $5,900 loser on the season. The author has put twenty-five thousand dollars in the bank, or spent it; the playbroker has soaked away three thousand dollars—not spent it—and the theater is winner to the extent of eighty thousand dollars, out of which forty-five thousand dollars must be paid for rent. If, as generally happens, the play does not average more than eight thousand dollars a week, all these profits are materially diminished, while the manager's losses are greatly increased. But he is not complaining. He smiles his share of the billion-dollar smile, realizing that he has the dramatic success of the year, and bides his time until cold air shall again make theatricals interesting.

A Grin Three Thousand Miles Wide

His production is practically paid for, he has no unsettled bills (perhaps) and he possesses the greatest of all theatrical assets—the record of having remained an entire season at one of the leading Broadway playhouses. The whole country has heard of the play and is waiting for it. The manager's innings have arrived. He orders a duplicate production; he engages and rehearses a second and less expensive company, and as the first of September approaches he makes a pilgrimage to the New Amsterdam Theater on Forty-second Street, near Broadway. In this theater, which they built and own, the Messrs. Marc Klaw and Abraham Lincoln Erlanger have their offices, and from there they control the chief theatrical interests of the United States. They are the men who pull the strings which work the muscles that make the great American face break into the billion-dollar smile. Because they control three-fourths of the available first-class "time," a producer is forced to come to them for booking when he is ready to start on tour. Our manager is a man of importance, and he obtains an immediate audience. A frozen-faced man opens a set of books, does a little scratching on a pad, and before many hours have slipped by things are arranged satisfactorily. The "Number One" company will open in Chicago, Labor Day, and work east, playing only in the big cities until Boston is reached, where the run is to be indefinite. The "Number Two" company will start in St. Louis and, after swinging round a circle made up of Minneapolis, St. Paul, Milwaukee, Kansas City, and Omaha, will make a bee-line for Denver and the Pacific Coast. The original organization does not take half of the gross—it takes sixty and sixty-five per cent., and the second company gobbles, on an average, seventy-five per cent. of all the money taken through the box-office window. The result? The organization which did n't quite pay for itself during a thirty weeks' metropolitan engagement plays forty weeks to an average weekly profit of $2,600, and the second company plays forty-two weeks to an average weekly profit of nine hundred dollars.

The Manager Who Laughs Last

The manager greets the dandelions and the hot weather of late June with a broad grin. He has made $141,000 on the season—$104,000 by the first company and $37,800 by the second company. From this he subtracts $5,900 unpaid on the orginal production and $8,000 which

[*Continued on page 814*]

Comic Supplement

Little Nemo Wanders Out of the

THE amazing spread of the Sunday colored newspaper supplement has been one of the curious phenomena of recent years. In even the smaller cities it is now a fixture, and the popular comic characters appear simultaneously week after week from Canada to Mexico and from ocean to ocean. Children everywhere are forsaking the fairy heroes of Grim and Anderson for the Grotesque Katzenjammers and Happy Hooligans of the comic sheet. One of our most successful magazine publishers has

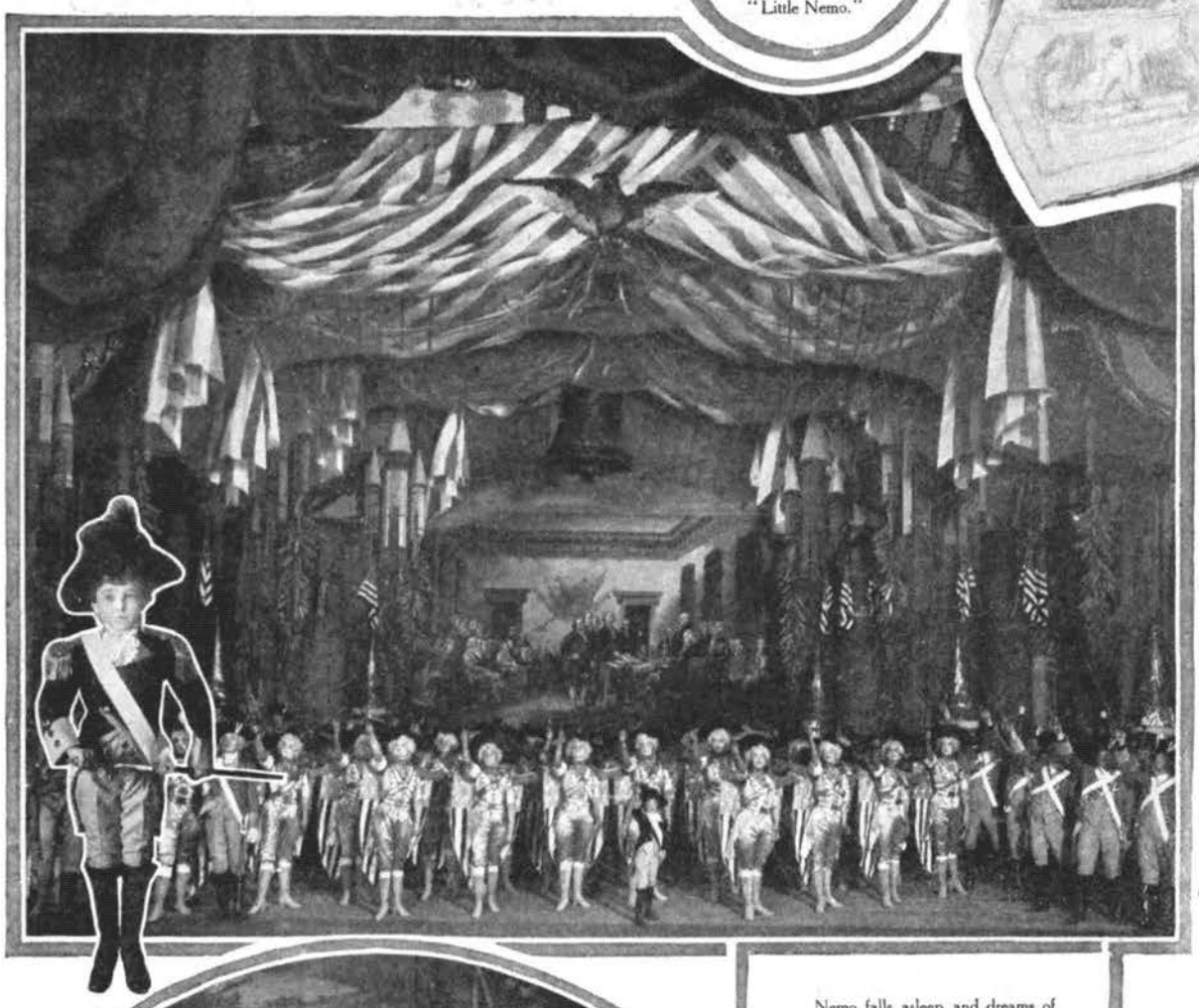
The Candy Kid and Little Nemo pass through the land of St. Valentine and meet the Fairy Valentine and her wares. One of the valentines discloses the awaiting Princess.

Invades The Stage

Sunday Papers into Musical Comedy

stated that the popular weeklies and monthlies must fall in line with the comic supplement or go under. Of late the stage has been surrendering. "Fluffy Ruffles" is playing at a leading New York Theater, with Hattie Williams as the fictitious young woman who worked such a revolution in last year's fashions. "Buster Brown" was a theatrical success for several seasons. And now one of the most imposing productions of the year is another favorite of the comic supplement, Winsor McCay's "Little Nemo."

The play has been produced by Klaw & Erlanger. The book and lyrics are by Harry B. Smith; music, by Victor Herbert. The principal characters are interpreted by Joseph Cawthorn as "Dr. Pill," Billy B. Van as "Flip," Harry Keily as "The Missionary," and Master Gabriel as "Little Nemo."



Nemo falls asleep and dreams of the Fourth of July. He sees the Palace of Patriotism in Slumberland. He joins the dream-children in a joyous celebration of Independence Day. The heroes of his country's past appear and the Liberty bells ring out amid a burst of glory.

Nemo brings to life his tin soldiers, and then improvises a minstrel show to amuse the Cannibal King. This does not satisfy the King, and he is on the point of locking the captives in the Royal Ice-Box when the toy soldiers come to the rescue. Nemo and his companions escape eventually on King Morpheus's battleship.

Flip, the Pirate Captain, the Valentine Fairy and the Missionary, the Candy Kid and the Princess, the Cat, "Gladys," Nemo and Doctor Pill as they appear on the stage. Elsewhere on this page Little Nemo is shown in colonial costume.

Having Fun With Father

By Jesse Lynch Williams

Illustrated by B. Cory Kilvert

He swore by all the stars in Heaven
And all the leaves on the tree,
That he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.
OLD SONG.

"OH, NONSENSE! Anybody with executive ability can take care of a child, if he simply makes up his mind to do it in a thorough, businesslike manner," said Lyn's father.

Lyn was five years old. His father had a great deal of executive ability.

"The reason women think it such a difficult thing to do is that most of them have never done anything else—successfully."

Lyn's mother, to whom these remarks were addressed, had no executive ability to speak of, so she made no comment except to look impressed. But she smiled inwardly.

"Now in my factory I have charge of a hundred and eighty men all the year around; I ought to be able to take charge of one small boy for a week. Come here, Lyn, and kiss your Dada."

Lyn came and kissed his Dada. He was not averse to kissing.

"Want to go in the choo-choo cars with Dada?" (This was to show his wife that he knew the language.)

Lyn said, "Yes, Dada," and looked sweet.

"Of course he does. We 'll have a fine week together, won't we, Lyn?"

Lyn said, "Yes, Dada," and still looked sweet.

"And we 'll get well acquainted with each other, won't we Lyn?" For Jones believed in knowing his children, in making "comrades" of them; said it was all wrong the way most modern fathers ignorned their offspring. So he was accustomed to kiss his children every morning and evening on week days, and to romp with them on Sundays. He had thought he knew them. But he 'd recently read stories, written by ladies, about the delicious whimsicality and appealing sweetness of "little tots," and he fancied then there were unexplored regions of whimsicality and sweetness in Lyn, which the intimacy of a week alone with him would bring out in a delicious and appealing way. He wanted to get "the child's point of view"—that was the great thing in this enlightened generation which did not believe in "thwarting originality."

"Don't imagine that I doubt your ability, George," said pretty little Mrs. Jones. "It is only—I 'm so afraid he 'll prove a nuisance." She knew something about "the child's point of view," herself.

"A *nuisance!* What nonsense! Will you prove a nuisance, Lyn?"

"Yes, Dada," said the little tot, with considerable whimsical sweetness. He recalled that afterwards.

The physician had announced that Lyn needed a week at Atlantic City—to get rid of the grip. The governess was needed at home to look after the eldest child, the nurse to look after the youngest child, and Mrs. Jones to look after all of them—which she did rather well for one who had no executive ability to speak of. So Mr. Jones proposed to take care of Lyn all alone for a week in a businesslike manner.

"Nothing I like better than to tackle a new proposition," said Jones, writing out a list of things to remember in his business engagement book. Here are some of them:

"*Don't forget his tonic before meals.*"

"*Don't let him get his feet wet. If he does get his feet wet—change at once.*" (The last words underscored three times.)

"*If there is much wind on the beach put sweater on under coat.*"

"*Cut up meat very fine. Not too much oatmeal for breakfast.*"

"*Don't forget to put salt in the bath. After his bath rub him with camphorated oil, and do not forget to put back that little piece of flannel over his chest.*"

"*Only two lady-fingers. No macaroons.*"

"*Above all, no candy.*" (Again three underscores. Women are so given to underscoring.) Etc., etc., for three pages.

It was perfectly simply; all you had to do was to prepare for all possible contingencies in a thorough, businesslike manner—then go ahead.

LYN

—B. CORY KILVERT— * * * *

"Yes, we received your telegram, Mr. Jones," said the smiling hotel clerk, dipping a pen into the ink for Lyn's father, for this was the hotel the Joneses always favored, and it is a great advantage to go to a hotel where every one knows you—especially when traveling with children. "Mrs. Jones not with you this time?" inquired the clerk, as Jones used the pen.

"My son and I came down alone," said Dada, proudly.

"I see," said the room-clerk, affably. "Where did you leave your son?"

Lyn's father had a horrible second or two. "Lyn!" he called, looking wildly about the place.

"What, Dada?" said Lyn, in a comfortable, abstracted tone, without looking up from the floor, where he sat almost under his father's feet, hidden by the two overcoats the latter held over his arm. Jones's son had discovered an interesting round thing of shiny brass, the like of which he had never seen at home—and was investigating it whimsically.

But Jones controlled himself. Consider the child's point of view. "I don't think that 's a nice thing for a little boy to play with," he said, gently lifting the boy to his feet.

"Found a cigar for Dada," said Lyn, generously offering a trophy of the chase with whimsically appealing manner; "only a little bit smoked—Dada can smoke the rest."

"Dada does n't care to smoke just now—thank you," and Dada quickly shook it out of his loving little child's hand. One should always give a reason to children. But Lyn was n't accustomed to such lack of appreciation. An avalanche of sobs and tears was dislodged. This drew the interested attention of everyone in the broad hall, even the tabby-cat old ladies playing bridge by the fireplace. They looked daggers at the cruel father, and then comfortably went on with their game. Jones was not so much provoked with them as at his wife for not telling him what to do in case of cuspidors. A promise of playing in the sand finally produced a calm.

"Two rooms, is it not?" asked the clerk, who had been waiting patiently. "One for the nurse and boy, and one—"

"There is n't any nurse," said Jones, defiantly.

The clerk put down his pen. "Who 's to look after the little boy?"

"I 'm not a little boy—I 'm a big boy," proclaimed Lyn, in a voice still resonant from weeping. Some of the tabby-cats smiled—the pitying smile of experts viewing a mere man attempting woman's work.

"Of *course* you 're a big boy," said Lyn's father, flinging a glance across the room to show that he was not in the least embarrassed, but, on the contrary, amused and pleased at his son's cleverness; "you 're a very big boy for five years"—this last rather loud—and then to the clerk he said authoritatively, "I am going to take care of him myself," and regained his businesslike poise.

The clerk looked at the father thoughtfully. "I 'm afraid you 'll find it rather awkward, won't you?" he asked—"about the meals and so on. Children are not allowed in the dining-room, you know."

"Certainly, I know all that. He 'll be fed in the room. *I* will feed him myself."

"But when you are at your own meals?"

"He will—he will"—George took out his memorandum-book—"he will take his nap while I am at luncheon; he will go to bed while I 'm

dressing for dinner. Won't you, Lyn?"

"Yes, Dada."

"But suppose he wakes up?"

"Perfectly simple." Jones turned over another page. "*Give chambermaid something to listen now and then while at dinner. If he cries, send word to dining-room. Give head-waiter something.*"

"The chambermaids are pretty busy at that hour," remarked the clerk, coldly. "They will be turning down beds and so on; they have their own work to do, Mr. Jones."

Jones did not like the man's tone, he did not like the critical way the fellow was looking down at Lyn; he decided to teach the hotel a lesson. "Oh, well," he remarked cuttingly, "we don't have to stay *here*, you know! There are plenty of other hotels in Atlantic City. Good day. Come on, Lyn."

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An hour later they might have been seen on the board-walk in a wheel-chair. The boy was looking tired, the father thoughtful and determined, but still calm and businesslike.

"*When* can I play in the great big sand-pile?"

"As I told you before—just as soon as Dada gets a room."

"Why does n't Dada get a room in *this* hotel?"

"No rooms left—with baths."

"Why does n't Dada get a room in that hotel over there?"

"We 've tried it once already—nothing but inside rooms."

"What is an inside room?"

"One that is not outside."

"What is an outside room?"

"Where the sun shines."

"His father fished him out without comment"

"When Lyn looked he saw they were eating candy"

"What makes the sun shine?"

"Well, Lyn, God makes the sun shine."

"What made God?"

This was to much for George. He tried a diversion. "See those little boys and girls over there. Are n't they nice little boys and girls?"

This was a mistake.

For when Lyn looked he saw that they were eating candy. His eyes brightened, the little mouth watered—*he* wanted some candy.

It was n't good for little boys.

Then why did those other little boys have candy?

Perhaps they were not invalids.

What was an invalid?

The term was explained.

Then why did they come to Atlantic City?

Dada did n't know.

"I want some candy!"

They stopped at a bazaar. "Dada's going to get you a nice Teddy bear!"

"Thank you, Dada." Lyn got the Teddy bear first, then said, "Now some candy, please, Dada."

They stopped at another bazaar. "Here 's a nice, funny monkey made of sponge."

"I want some candy, Dada."

"But you 've got a nice Teddy bear and a nice sponge monkey."

Lyn cast them from him out over the railing into the surf.

"Now some candy."

"Oh, Lyn, see the pretty ship way out on the ocean! How would little Lyn like to be in that pretty ship away out upon the ocean?"

Apparently little Lyn did not give a hang about pretty ships away out upon the ocean; he sat down upon the board-walk and lifted up his voice to show what he could do in the way of howling when he really tried.

"All right then, *have* some candy!—only *please* shut up!"

Lyn turned off the noise as suddenly as one turns off the gas. Lyn's father reached for his pocketbook, drew out his memorandum-book by mistake, hastily replaced it, and bought his son some candy.

"By the way, Lyn," he said uncomfortably, "your mother does n't like little boys to have candy."

This did not seem to interest Lyn; he had the candy.

"I don't think a *little* will hurt you, but, perhaps it might only worry her if she knew, so when you get home—" then he broke off guiltily.

* * * * * * *

It was an inside room. It had no bath. It had no sunshine—but at least it had a bed and a door. "I 'll take it—I 'll pay for it in advance," declared Jones, no longer businesslike, "Please don't wipe your sticky fingers on my trousers," he added in a tense undertone, and led his son in triumph to Number 743, tipping every one in sight on the way. Now that he had a room, life would be simple and beautiful again.

"*Now* I can play in the great big sand-pile!" announced Lyn, in the elevator.

But it was late in the day by this time, the beach was windy, and Lyn's sweater was in the trunk, which had not yet arrived. Lyn's father explained all this three times as the elevator ascended.

"But Dada! I *want* to play in the great big sand-pile," etc., etc., *crescendo*, until they attained the comparative privacy of Number 743. There the father and son confronted each other. The father locked the door. He was bold now.

"You think," he began, "just because you had your own way about the candy you can do what you please with me! Well,"—this between clenched teeth—"you can't! We are n't on the board-walk now! You 've got to do as I say—understand!"

For a moment Lyn said nothing. He had suddenly stopped crying, a new look had come into his eyes. The father noted it in triumph. The child, he thought, at last recognized the master will.

"Why have n't I got little gold things in my teeth like Dada's?" asked Lyn.

Dada closed his lips violently, turned his back, strode across the room, and then, hesitating for a moment, said gently, "Come over here, dear, and wash your sticky hands." As a preparation for this ceremony he pulled up the sleeves of the boy's blouse.

The basin was rather high for a child, and Dada for the moment was picturing the satisfaction of kicking all the hotel clerks he had seen that day.

"Sleeve all wet," announced Lyn, with interest. Dada woke up with a start and pulled out his note book. "Change all his clothes at once," it said with the usual underscoring. The explicit brevity of the command irritated Jones. "I 'd like to see you change them at once," he said, thinking of the absent trunk.

"Sleeve all wet," repeated Lyn, holding it out.

"Don't you suppose I know it?" asked Lyn's father. "Here, give me your sleeve," and taking out his pocket-knife Dada cut off the offending undergarment at the elbow. "Now you have n't any wet sleeve," he said, and cast the bit of cloth into the waste-basket.

Lyn looked at his father with new interest. This act really seemed to win something akin to respect from the boy, and the father was so pleased with himself that he sent for the porter and tipped him again to make a special trip for the trunk.

As George left the door to return to the boy, "Where 's your knife, Dada?" asked Lyn, brightly, and held up the other sleeve. It also was dripping wet. Such a dear, whimsical, little tot!

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"Why does n't my supper come?" asked Lyn, for the sixth time.

His father flung out his hands in exasperation. It must be remembered that these "whys" had been assaulting Dada all afternoon at an average of one a minute, and Jones was weary. "I have done everything in the world to make it come. What more do you want?"

"I want my supper, Dada."

Jones was beyond exasperation now; he was

"'Hello, mama! We've come back'"

cowed. He knelt down, put a hand on each of his son's shoulders, looked him plaintively in the eyes, and spoke as follows, with an earnest pause between each sentence: "I know you do. . . . I want you to have your supper. . . . You are going to have your supper. . . . Believe me, you are, you ARE!"

Lyn burst out laughing. "Do it again, Dada!" he cried appreciatively.

Dada stopped sullenly. "No, I won't!" he muttered between his teeth, adding rather shamefacedly, "How would you like to help me unpack? Do you want to?" he asked meekly. And Lyn graciously consented.

Among other things thoughtfully provided was a collapsable rubber tub. There seemed to be maternal prescience in packing this; and Jones marveled. Lyn, however, was more interested in the material tub itself, and made his father blow it up and empty it again, and again, and yet again, until red in the face and dizzy. But it kept the boy quiet till the waiter came with a tray.

The supper was devoured deliberately, critically.

"Now it 's so late, Lyn, and we are both so tired, I think that for this once it will do no harm to omit your bath?" It began as a statement; it ended as a question.

Lyn did not know the meaning of the word omit, but he said, firmly, "It 's time for my bath, Dada."

"But we have n't any bathroom, Lyn; so sorry, no bathroom—poor Lyn, poor Dada, no bathroom!" But he should have known better by this time.

"I want my bath in the rubbytub, Dada."

Dada gritted his teeth and looked defiantly back at his determined offspring; then, noting his son's gaze concentrating upon his gold-fillings once more, he suddenly hid his teeth, and his preference, and did as he was told.

"All right, Lyn, dear," he said meekly, and blew up the rubbytub once more. By this time he was so expert that he did it without looking. His gaze was out of the window with a far-away expression, while his cheeks bulged out under his eyes like balloons. That was what Lyn liked, and he gurgled with delight.

"What are you laughing at?" panted Dada. "Dada looks so funny."

But Dada made no audible answer to this whimsicality.

The tub was filled on the installment plan by means of the water-pitcher and the stationary basin's faucets, which had strong, stiff springs. "Come and see if the water is too warm for you, dear," said Dada, straightening out his tired fingers.

While the boy was doing so, Jones was startled by a little scream followed by a big splash. Lyn had seen fit to sit on the edge of the tub and so, naturally, was now inside with his clothes on.

His father fished him out without comment, without the slightest expression on his now passive though perspiring face. You might have thought that he was given to do this sort of thing every day at the factory.

Fortunately Jones had taken lessons in dressing and undressing before leaving home, but the wet clothes offered unexpected difficulties.

[*Continued on page 813*]

THE GREAT CITY

By MOUNCE BYRD

INBOUND

IT IS, ah, such a world-wide London,
And the king such a great high king,
When you 're steaming in from ocean,
Where the city's fingers cling,
Till it seems in wanton grasping
They will soon grasp the ocean, too,
And you think of the town's arms clasping
All the sea like a maid in blue.

OUTBOUND

IT IS only a little London,
And the king is a little king,
When you 're steaming out to ocean,
And the great, gray, crawling thing
Seems to rise up straight and blind you,
Like the wall of the world, so vast
That the town men have made behind you
Is a dot in the far-off past.

King Cophetua of Klondyke

By Roy Norton

Illustrated by P·V·E· Ivory

I NEVER heard that yarn about King Cophetua, or whatever his name was, until last night; you remember, it was about the rich old boy who had no use for women until he fell in love with a beggar girl. It struck me as a right smart story and someway reminded me of the summer-garden girl and Bill McLean, although he was n't much of a king to look at and had n't much to recommend him when it came to this graceful, fol-de-rol-de-da love-making stuff you read about but never find. I knew him out on the Big Divide so long ago I 'm ashamed to tell the year for fear you 'll wonder how I 've wasted so much time. However, we tied up together on a dead one for a season, drifted apart, forgot each other, and then met again on Chilkoot Pass, where men were thicker than fleas on a dog and not half as well satisfied; but this is n't one of those eat-em-up-quick Alaska tales, so that part don't amount to anything.

It 's enough that we helped each other along in that summer of '97, whipsawed together, put our outfit in a boat together, shot the rapids together, and after much poling, paddling, and swearing landed in Dawson together to find that about everything that looked good had been plastered so thick with location notices that a man wondered where all the paper came from. Bill was n't the kind to be down on his luck very long and I was n't either. I got a lay—yes, that 's it, a share lease—on a piece of likely lookin' ground and went to work. Lost track of Bill. Did n't see him for a few weeks. Then one night, just about the time the sun ought to have set but had n't, I climbed over a row of dumps on the creek I was workin' on and saw a six foot two man, a little gray around the temples and wearin' an old white hat, stickin' stakes on the hillside, and says I to myself, "that 's Billy McLean and he 's gone *loco*." Naturally I stopped and yelled at him.

"Anything the matter with your head?" I said.

He looked around at me as if he was ready to fight, his eyebrows pulled into a straight line and his jaw poked out. When he saw it was me he grinned, pushed in another stake, pounded it down with a boulder, shoved his hat back, wiped off his forehead, and climbed down into the gulch. It took about five minutes.

"Nope," he said, as if it had taken all that time to make up his mind. "Nope, nothin 's the matter with me, old pard; only I 'm so plumb disgusted at not ownin' anything in this whole blasted country that I 've staked the first piece of ground that did n't have nothin' on it, and I 'm callin' it a bench claim."

"Humph!" I answered; that being all I thought.

We kind of looked at each other a while and then I gave him a sack of tobacco—he had papers—and we smoked some.

"Anything in it?" I asked him, more by way of encouragement than curiousness, being sure beforehand there was n't.

"Don't know," he said, staring at the ash on his cigarette and then up at me, his gray eyes blank as a goat's.

And again I said "Humph!" not caring to say more because I did n't want to discourage him. I 'm telling you this part so 's you can see how a smart man like me can be a fool once in a while, when everything don't look just the way he 's been used to.

"You don't think much of it, Hank?" he asked, soft like,

and I said I did n't think it was worth anything; that the willows down in the creek did n't grow the right way to suit me, and that I never saw a bench claim in my life with pieces of hungry quartz float that was n't hoodoed. But he did n't seem to mind. I tried to get him to come and work with me but he said he had n't worked much for other men and was too old to learn—a sentiment which I understood and liked him for. Besides, I did n't need any help anyhow just then.

"All right," I says; "All right!"—and having wasted so much time in genteel conversation, shook his hand, after he 'd wiped the clay off on his overalls, and humped it on down into Dawson.

That was the last time I saw him for about two months—until the winter had settled in, with the rains falling, and undecided half the time whether to be sleet, snow, or water. I was down at the A. C. trading-post one day, laying in some more grub stuff I wanted, when a feller came in and sat down on a canned-goods' box and began to talk. Said he was representing outside capital. Most every feller up there was, and there were so many capitalists with patched overalls who could n't get money enough to take the last boat out that I calculated about all the money in the world was represented right there in Klondyke; but this man did n't look like most of 'em. He was from Chicago all right—you can tell 'em by their whiskers and fetlocks. I sat around without sayin' anything till he opened up on me.

"They say you and Bill McLean are old-time partners."

I said "Yes," and went on smoking.

Well, it turned out that this tenderfoot had real money in his pocket, instead of seventeen billons of dollars "back in the States," and that he was thinking of buying Number Four. When I heard that, I sicked him on to Bill McLean and hurried away for fear I could n't keep my face straight. And all the way back to my shack and for days afterwards, I kept thinking of Bill's good luck and hoping he had soaked that *chechaco* hard.

Before I saw Bill again the winter had cinched up, frozen the pine-trees to the heart, made the birches so icy that they would snap an ax-blade, and the mercury bottle hanging outside my cabin door looked as if it would never thaw again. Everything was so dead still that you could hear your own thoughts talking loud like an excited man's voice. Then one day, in all this white stillness, after I 'd windlassed more than a hundred buckets and piled them on the dump, Bill McLean came climbing over its frosted edge.

"Hank," he said, "I 've sold my claim and I 'm goin' out on the first boat unless I can get away sooner."

"Where did you find your victim?" I asked, pretending not to know.

He looked kind of ashamed and leaned on the off standard of the windlass. Just then the feller down in the shaft yells "All clear," so I called back for him to jimmy up the ladder, put in another fire, and Bill and me went up to my cabin, where he sat down and began to look more contented.

"I sold to the *chechaco*," he says. "But beforehand I showed him all I 'd taken out, told him I had n't found pay, that there might be nothin' in it, and that he was probably losin' money."

I sat with my mouth open and said to myself, "Here 's an infant that needs somebody to give him advice."

"But he wanted it just the same," Bill went on, "and offered me ten thousand cash."

"You took it?" I asked, jumping up and throwing my hat on the bunk. "Of course you took it?" I was so elated over his good luck I was prepared to yell.

"No," he said after a while, "I did n't. I did n't want to bunco him."

I got my hat and put it back on my head. I could n't say a word. I was so mad I could n't speak. For a whole minute I had to hold myself to keep from being the fool-killer and starting in on William McLean.

"But you said you sold!" I found breath to say after I 'd kind of recovered my senses.

"Yes, I sold to him. Told him if he wanted to give me two thousand cash—knowing all there was to know—he could take the claim, and pay me forty-eight thousand more next August if he decided by that time he wanted it. And he took me up."

I leaned over and laughed—one of those kind of laughs a man gives when he 's so mad he can't laugh any deeper than his collar-band and does it to show his contempt for the feller he's laughing at. Bill sat and looked at me with an unwrinkled face.

"Hank," he said, very sober, "you would n't have done different, would you? You would n't have told him you knew there was pay in the claim when after several months' work you had n't found any and had half made up your mind there was n't? You would n't have taken all his money and given him no chance—would you?"

That was getting a little might too close to home. I know it seems foolish, but I had to admit to myself I did n't think I would. I did n't tell him so, though. I said, "Bet your *mukluks* I would!" He only laughed and said, "Bet your *mukluks* you would n't."

So we dropped it and Billy McLean stayed in

my cabin all night, me giving him my bunk because he 'd walked so far and not because I really wanted to, and then he went away. He did n't wait for the boat, and a note told me he 'd mushed out with the mail-carrier, so I did n't get to see him again. I kept putting in fires and windlassing, tallying the buckets on the pay-dump, and waiting for spring to come. It came at last, and all the snow-banks on the hillside gurgled and googled underneath the crust, and the sun got hotter and the days longer, and the buds came out and the camp-robbers had lots of other birds for company, and everything was jumping with life. The water began to run in the creeks, the old Yukon to grumble and groan, and the dumps to thaw, and I was too busy to think much about Bill McLean or Number Four on the bench.

I had a big clean-up. When I lifted the riffles from the sluice-boxes they would be full of gold. I filled moose hide bags with it. I got nervous when I thought how much I 'd taken out. I buried it under the slabs of the cabin floor. I piled it in the fir boughs of my bunk. And most of all I thanked the Lord I 'd made enough to put in a plant on a little property I had down in California, where the mercury don't freeze and I could make a living with less work — something my old rheumatic bones had cried for for more than fifteen years. I got my claim-owner up and we together weighed the dust on the gold scales, I giving him good weight and wanting him to take a little more, which he refused. So the winter was over and my lay closed.

Well, I got the first boat out. Went down to St. Michaels, where there were more than a thousand *chechacos* coming in—and all wanting me to tell them where they could go and dig out a few thousand pounds of gold in a few thousand minutes—ducked clear of them, slept with Billy Blatchford in his room behind the A. C. post, and then caught the St. Paul down to Seattle, where I saw my boxes up to the United States Assay Office, got the money in the bank, stopped at a hotel that had gilt stuff all around the grub room—where gents with full-dress suits stood in rows behind me, waiting to see if they could brush a fly off my back—and met real-estate agents who explained to me how I ought to invest my money, and then—I met Bill again.

I came down into the big place they called the rotunda one evening after supper and there saw something that looked familiar. It was settled down sort of awkwardly into one of those big, deep, leather arrangements with polished arms. It had on a black slouch hat and a red necktie that was of that sensible kind tied by the man that makes 'em and all you have to do is to slip a metal thing into place and hook her on—you know the kind? Handy, ain't they? What was I saying? Oh, yes!—and a pair of store-made boots with the trousers pulled down over them and—you 've guessed it—that was Bill.

"Hello," he says with a grin.

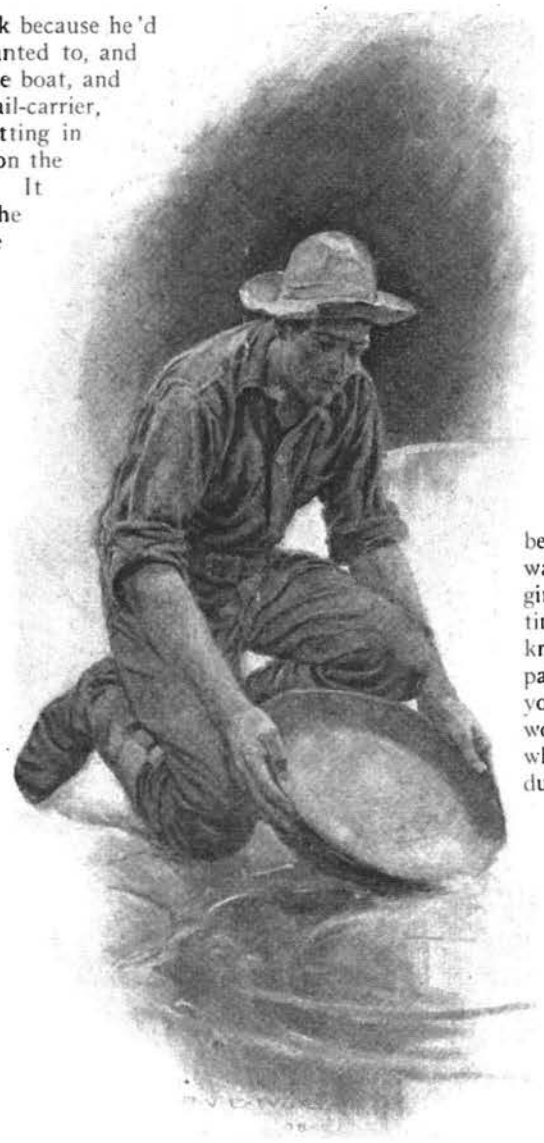
Being polite and not having seen him for a long time, I said "Hello" too.

"Been waiting for you," he says, after we 'd sat quiet for a while, because we did n't either of us have anything to say after that first trade of "hellos."

"So?" I says. "What 's up?"

I was interested. I did n't know but what he was broke and began to wonder how I could give him money without hurting his feelings.

"Want to show you something," he goes ahead, stumbling over his words like a boy speaking a piece at school when his daddy's ridden four miles over the range to hear him. "Want your advice—want you to come along with me."



"Bill was n't the kind to be down on his luck very long."

It was evening and the electric lights were shining outside. I don't like to run around a great big city like Seattle after sundown. I ain't afraid out on the range, even if there 's a million Sioux on the war-path; but I do get gun-shy when I 'm in a place where everything, from a sandbagger to a street-car, sneaks up and tries to kill you whenever you step outside after dark. Once there was a policeman told me I 'd better hire a nurse and—but that 's another story. Anyhow, I could n't get out of going with Bill McLean that night.

We acted like a pair of stage-robbers. We pulled our hats down over our eyes and I went up-stairs and examined my Colts before I started. He took me around and around through streets until I was all tangled up and had crossed my trail a hundred times; and then we went into a summer-garden sort of place, where there were lots of lights, a stage at the end, palm-trees in pots, little arbors and tables, and a night-shift of plug-uglys serving things to drink to men in swallow-tailed coats and more shirt-front than I 've ever worn. Mighty pretty woman in there too. Bill said there 'd be more after the shows let out. Anyway, it looked pretty topnotchy to a feller just out of Alaska—something like the pictures in magazines where all the men folks look very clean and strong and all the women very beautiful and happy. We slid into one of the arbor places, in the darkest corner we could find, so people would n't be ashamed to be seen with us.

"Well?" I says—because he had n't told me nothin' on the way. "Well?"

A waiter cantered up and bowed to him.

"Hello, boy," Bill said—just like that—and the waiter seemed right glad to meet him. He laughed. Bill slipped him a silver dollar. The waiter was more interested than ever. I could see without spectacles that Bill looked right good to him.

"I 'll see," he said, as if they 'd been talking all the time. "I think the orchestra is coming pretty soon." He looked at a big tin watch. "Half an hour before the overture, sir."

And then he went away. Bill laughed at me, because I suppose I looked like a man that had lost his way and forgotten his name. Pretty soon a freckle-faced girl of about twenty-five, hand made, copper plated, a timber-set high and clean looking, came in and then I knew all about it. I 'm old, but it did n't give me much pain to look at her. She called Bill "Willy!" What do you think of that! I laughed. She looked at me as if wondering what reservation I 'd broken loose from and whether the Indian agents were after me. He introduced me.

"I 'm real pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Marguerite Smith," I said, still feeling the necessity for being polite, and to show her that even if I was from the backwoods I knew what was what and how to meet a lady. I knocked my chair over with my boot-heel when I sat down, and the waiter picked it up—me, too! Hang it all!—I can't see why I always tangle my feet and hands when I 'm around women folks.

Bill—"Willy"—grinned at her like a baboon in a circus, and they kind of lost me in the shuffle, for which I did n't pine away so 's you could notice. They talked till a feller came along and said she must go. I did n't say anything when she left and Bill—"Willy"—watched her go with a self-satisfied look, as much as to say—"Ain't I in society all right? Ain't I the flossy old sour dough?"

The orchestra struck up and she was part of it. It was all made up of ladies—twenty of 'em—all dressed in white just like she was. She played the piano—and, I want to tell you right here, she could beat it to a bunch of scrap ivory and a few kindlings for a camp-fire. But there was another girl that had black hair—done up like this—who looked like heaven to me, and who stood up in front and played the fiddle—but that ain't got anything to do with the story either.

"Well?" I said, after a time, when the music had stopped and there was nothin' doing except another girl giving those little high, trilly-illy yelps that some folks call singing, but which ain't in it with real music like "My Mother Was a Lady," or some of those things like "Dad 's the Engineer." "Well?" I says.

Bill looked at me quite thoughtfully and leaned his arm on the table. There was a puddle of lemonade on it and I told him he 'd have to get his elbow scoured.

"What do you think of her?" he says.

"She 's a nineteen-ounce nugget in the bottom of the pan," I answered trying to look enthusiastic.

"She 's going to marry me," he announced in the tone of voice a man uses when he speaks of his dead mother or the sister he has n't seen in twenty years.

"The devil she is!" I said, wanting to be sympathetic and genteel.

"Yes," he said, still softer, "she has promised."

Cooperation is always and everywhere the law of life; competition is always and everywhere the law of death.—*Ruskin*

I thought it over for a while and although, as I say, I 'm an old man, and don't know much about women, and am afraid of 'em, I thought I ought to caution him, and that I 'd do it in a way that would n't leave him any undue suspicions or be unkind to Miss Marguerite Smith. So I told him what happened to Kentucky Jones, who made a stake, married a girl in a variety show in Juneau, and then, after she 'd left and carelessly taken all his money with her, found out she had seventeen other husbands all alive, all from the mining-camps, and all busted when she got through with them. I say I did n't want to hurt his affections or be unfair to Marguerite, so I merely told him about Kentucky Jones.

We sat for a long time and he did n't say much. We ate ice-cream because we were n't used to it. I bought two cigars that cost a quarter each. And then after a while we went back to the hotel.

Bill's voice was a little soft when we settled down for a talk. There was no one to hear except a clerk who was sticking things on a board, and Bill sat for several minutes before he opened up and told me all about her. You see he had got a letter which made it look as if Number Four would be taken and he had told Marguerite all about it. Oh, yes, the whole thing! How when he got it he 'd give most of it to her, together with a home and a horse and buggy and himself; what a fine husband he was going to make, and all that sort of rot! Of course she 'd done considerable in the explanation line too—they always do. Told him she 'd come West to meet her brother, who died before she got there, and so had to play in an orchestra to make an honest living. Same old story, you know—same old brother—same old honest living.

The lights were so low that he could n't see my face to know that I thought he was a bigger sucker than the man that had bought his claim; but I was too tired to say much.

"Bill," I said, when he stopped talking after an hour or so, "I ain't got nothin' against her except that she 's got blonde hair. That 's the same for lookings that Kentucky drew a blank on. Just think it over before you get your forty-eight thousand, because I 've noticed that blonde hair and money are a bad combination, and the whole West is full of men who are broke now because sometime or another they 've been a trifle color-blind."

"'A nineteen-ounce nugget in the bottom of the pan'"

Then I went to bed, hoping he 'd wake up before choosing a running mate from a summer-garden orchestra. And he did wake up all right—when the next boat came in from the North, bringing the capitalist that had taken Number Four. Bill meets him in the biggest hotel in Seattle and is told that after working six men all winter they 've decided not to take the claim—so sorry, and so forth—and they give back the deeds.

And Bill? Bill comes out into the sunlight and things don't look right. He don't look right. I 'm waitin' outside to meet him. His hands tremble when he tears up the useless scraps of paper. He can't see well and pulls his hat down over his eyes so people won't know he 's a man whose dreams have become—just dreams. Won't know there 's no more Marguerite Smith, nor lights, nor music, and nothin' left but to go back to the mines and try again. That 's the way it looks to him; and I, being old, am sorry. I can't talk for a while, then I offer him half of what I 've got—not because I 'm a liberal man, because I ain't—but for the reason that you can't go back on old pardners. He refuses, and I stand on the street corner and watch him go away in the crowd with his hat still over his eyes.

Two nights later he came to me and I 'll swear I never saw a game man, such as I knew Bill McLean to be, look more down and out. He was a rag. He looked like the fag end of a desert trip where grub and water had both run shy.

"Hank," he says, "I 've been a fool. I 've spent most of the two thousand I had. Sent a thousand to a sister that fell when she was little and—well—that don't matter—but—I ain't got money enough left to go back to Number Four, which is all I have. The other day you—you—What I 'd like is to borrow enough to—"

I did n't let him finish. I could n't—his voice hurt me. I 'm not a sympathetic man, so I can't stand such things. I hate people that feel blubbery, so I had to shut him off to keep from feeling that way myself.

"Shut up," I said. "Your jaw wags all the time when you know it ain't no use," and then I went over to the desk and got an envelope I

[*Continued on page 806*]

ountry Preacher's

THOUSANDS of Protestant ministers are living on incomes of five hundred dollars a year or less. More, they usually have their choice between permitting the money to be raised by the humiliating devices of cheap bazaars, "pay-socials," fairs, and plays, o else of begging subscriptions from door to door. In many cases their families are crushed by the burden that rests upon them. Mr. Schauffler has returned from a village to village investigation of the problem, with the conviction that something is wrong, and that the financial evil is not a cause but that it is an effect. It seems to the editors that he has presented the problem in a way to arouse discussion and stimulate thought on the subject.

CHALKED on a blackboard like the menu of a cheap restaurant, this sign he Universalist Church :. Not that I yearned n capitalized ice-cream. ic things—such as the ide the chapel door; in or a knowing friend had discover what was the ould do well to probe a teen to discover, if pos-

in that minister's bald ck half submerged in a discovered that he was

Preacher's Salary

; relieved of substantial not want. There were oking children in water- ' albums, picture-frames ectrum of sofa cushions. how was a long counter r by three of the most t heartily shunned by sheepishly in. On the hrist in the temple. It ng out the tradespeople

president of the Ladies' half-a-dozen pay-socials ee or four of these little t was held in the Opery mer the first night, for ure theatricals for the k in three hundred and ld this year, the Ladies' dollars. Now ain't we

urch Finance

stor, in his barren, com- f down in the service of to the country for rest. ial problem is a serious behind with the salary, hes. My eight hundred But how is it raised? ere are hardly any men criptions have almost money-making schemes f my church and out of

nquired.

his way. There were he congregation whose in religion and would put in the contribution

baskets. So they smuggled cakes and pies and fancy-work out of the house, sold them, and gave the money to the church. Presently the other women, not to be outdone, were on hand with their eatables, their albums, and their eternal underwear. They got up a sale and realized a tidy little sum. The men folks felt the financial pressure on them relaxing, took notice, and began to let up on their subscriptions. So it was up to the ladies more and more, until finally things arrived at the pass where you find them to-day."

The pastor sighed deeply.

Making the Preacher an Object of Charity

"It is a church of petticoats. The more virile men have dropped away, leaving only a handful of their weaker brethren. As for me—these ill-fated money-making schemes have done their level best to make a matron of me! I have to associate almost exclusively with women. I have to preach for them—I have to depend on them for my support. I have to leave my work and my necessary study to help them organize their sorry little suppers, their side-shows, their plays, their socials at ten cents a head."

The minister's eyes flashed.

"This sort of thing hampers and humiliates a clergyman. It detracts from his dignity as a spiritual guide. And it is not good business, either. It costs those ladies more to buy their materials, make the things up, and go to work and sell them, than it would to contribute their value to the church in the regular way as subscribers. I tell you, there should be more religion in business, and more business in religion! But what can I do? If I put a stop to these things I should have to put a stop at the same time to eating my dinner.

"And then," he continued, after a thoughtful silence, "there is another side to it. I often find that my ladies are going about, to members of other churches and to outsiders and summer visitors, soliciting things for the sales. Now is n't that actually making the church and its pastor objects of public charity?"

When He Is Finally Driven to Begging

He arose and walked about the room, in his excitement unconsciously using real pulpit gestures.

"If people expect us to be their spiritual guides, why don't they put us on an equality with them? Why do they compel us to go around asking for discounts from the merchant and the doctor and the lawyer as though we were almost 'on the town'? If my cupboard is getting bare, all I have to do is to hint to my neighbors that I 'd like some vegetables or fruit out of their gardens and it comes right in. That 's a thing I don't often do. But sometimes a poor minister is actually driven to hinting; and then how can he feel much different from a beggar, I 'd like to know?"

Minister's Salaries Drop Fifteen Per Cent.

The minister drew his chair close to mine and sank his voice almost to a whisper.

"Sir, I tell you there 's something wrong with Protestantism when it, in the first place, so shamefully underpays its servants, and, in the second, raises the money for their poor salaries by such humiliating methods."

Wherewithal

By Robert Haven Schauffler

"But," I interposed, "are the ministers of all denominations underpaid?"

"I 'm sure of it," was the answer. "See here."

He drew forth from among his papers a green booklet.

"You know that the Congregational is one of the more prosperous sects? Well, here are the minutes of its annual meeting in Massachusetts last year. This is what the Board of Pastoral Supply reports:

"With respect to salaries, there was in general during the period highly marked as from ten to fifteen years ago an average fall, setting aside some of the more prosperous churches, of about fifteen per cent. Business depression gave occasion to these reductions. But with the return of prosperity salaries have been by no means generally restored. Meanwhile the cost of living, reckoned only for what may fairly regarded as the necessities of life, has considerably increased. In the meantime also there has been in the community at large a great increase of expenditure for matters not altogether of necessity, but matters surely of convenience and comfort—leaving aside fashion and wasteful indulgence—and this heightened cost of better living appears to set the ministry at a certain further disadvantage. It goes at the same time to lessen that margin of resource with prosperous men from which the treasuries of our churches might be filled and by means of which salaries might be raised. This subject calls for revision in thought, in purpose, and in action. As things now are, salaries as a whole are surely too low and they ought to be raised."

"Which is worse," I inquired, "the meagerness of your salary or the schemes of the ladies?"

"The schemes, the schemes!" he cried. "They are the curse of our country churches. The cities are beginning to reform in this regard, but rural communities everywhere are infested with these same accursed fairs and pay-socials and bazaars. Go through the countryside and see for yourself."

The Little Minister Who Patched His Own Shoes

I went. The old minister had spoken a true word. In that part of New Hampshire I found only one village innocent of "schemes"; and here the church was innocent alike of pastor and congregation. It was hard to find a church where men were plentiful, one whose finances were not largely in the hands of a few feminine leaders. It was a depressing tour and suggested a depressing analogy between democratic America, ruled by "Uncle Joe" Cannon and the Rules Committee, and rural democratic Protestantism, presided over by the Ladies' Aid Society. The analogy between these two oligarchies breaks down, of course, at many points; and at none more seriously than this: that the Rules Committee has plutocracy behind it and the Ladies' Aid Society has not.

At every stage of the journey it became more painfully evident that the country church was driving away its men; was effeminizing its very ministers so that they could offer little effective resistance to the feminine invasion. And I sometimes thought of the note of alarm sounded by Professor Munsterberg in "American Traits," where he declares that eighty-five per cent. of all the patrons of our museums, theaters, art exhibits; of all the managers of church and charity work, are women. "The result," he concludes, "is an effeminization of the higher culture . . . not less unsound and one-sided than the opposite extreme of certain Oriental nations where the whole culture is man's work and the woman is a slave in the harem."

I used to laugh at the fears of this German professor; but as I traveled I began to attach more weight to them and to long for the sight of a minister who was man enough to make a stand against the evil.

I found him, on returning to my starting-point, within gunshot of the chapel where the "useful and fancy articles" had been sold. He was a young Methodist of thirty-one, short and very slight, with deep-set, glowing eyes, and deep lines graven prematurely about a resolute mouth. He wore a weird assortment of garments—palpable misfits all—and his shoes, which tottered on the verge of respectability, gave evidence of amateur cobbling.

As we sat on the hill overlooking his hut of a parsonage and talked the Sunday afternoon away, my spirits rose. With men of such spirit left in the country ministry there was no need for despair.

Starting in at Four Hundred a Year

The Reverend Henry Blair (as we shall call him) was born in Portland, worked his way through high school, and saved money enough for a year in Colby College. Then he dropped out and worked for ten years in a dry-goods store. But from early boyhood his ambition had been to enter the ministry, and one cold January morning, just as Blair was preparing to open the store, his ruling passion overcame him. He dropped to his knees among the shirts and collar-boxes and sent his whole soul up in prayer, vowing his life to the Church, come what might.

"I did n't see just where I was coming out," said the young minister to me as we sat on the hill-top, "as I was a married man with two children and it did n't seem likely at my age, with my poor fit, that I could get a church capable of supporting us. But only a month after that my pastor asked me to prepare and read a paper at a religious conference. Well, that paper seemed to get right hold of the ministers in that meeting. Afterwards, when my pastor introduced me to the presiding elder and told him I wanted to enter the ministry the old man gave me the surprise of my life.

"'That 's fine, my boy,' said the elder to me. 'Don't you want a church right away?'

"Well, sir, all I could do was to turn sort of green and look sheepish and say: 'I 'll have to talk it over with the Girl.'

"First the Girl told me I was crazy and went into hysterics. The next morning she told me to go ahead. She was game for anything that I was.

"So the presiding elder put me on his list. Now, you know, in the Methodist Church you have to go wherever the bishop sends you, and the appointments all come out in the newspaper Monday morning. Well, I worked in the store till Saturday night. Then I bid them all good-by there and went home, and the Girl and I packed up, and on Monday morning we were all ready to start at a moment's notice anywhere the bishop pleased. It was sort of exciting and sort of nice, that waiting for almost anything to turn up, after a life of dry-goods. I know now how Captain Kidd must have felt, or Sancho Panza. Martha—she did n't like it quite so well.

"To make a long story short, I did n't take any newspaper. So I phoned to a friend that did, and he looked and found I was assigned to Honey Creek.

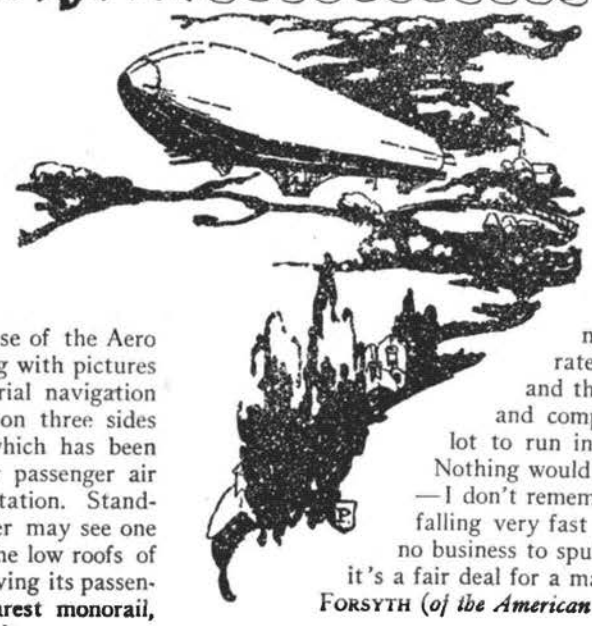
"So we started. The salary was four hundred dollars

[*Continued on page 803*]

What Will The Airship Mean?

By Albert White Vorse

WHEN we asked this question of Mr. Vorse, who is a member of the Aero Club of America and an enthusiastic student of aeronautics, he replied by giving the following imaginary scene in a New York aero club of 1950, on the eve of a war with Turkey. The picture may seem at first thought improbable, but it would be a hardy reader who would dare call it impossible.



He tells how the railroads lost their grip on the land, how agriculture was made more attractive and more profitable by the elimination of distance, how the Weather Bureau became a mighty guiding and controlling force—and all after the advent of the wonder-working airship and aeroplane. It is a new nation and a new world to which he introduces us in this article, but some of us may live to see his prophecy fulfilled.

SCENE: The restaurant of the city club-house of the Aero Club of America. It is a vast room hung with pictures of the founders of the club, pioneers in aerial navigation and patrons of the science. The windows on three sides look out upon the section of Central Park which has been set aside by the city as a landing-place for passenger air craft. The view shows the park bare of vegetation. Standing at the windows on the west, an observer may see one wide aeroplane after another flitting across the low roofs of residences, sliding to rest along the earth, leaving its passengers, crawling under man power to the nearest monorail, and suddenly darting away, presumably to its garage, over the low roofs of the residences to the east. To the north, across a bare expanse of level territory, rise the enormous buildings of the Weather Bureau, and from them the eye travels up the wires which sustain the great signs showing that the wind is east and blowing fifteen miles an hour up to six thousand feet; above that there is a calm; and still higher a northwesterly current of twelve miles. With a good glass of the period it is possible to see the black specs which are the kites of the Weather Bureau on Long Island, fifty miles away by land and twenty thousand feet above the earth. They are, however, not visible from the dining-room, but only from the observatory at the top of the building, where the powerful telescopes have been established, and from this rises the lofty and stanch skeleton steel tower to which the enormous dirigibles tie in any wind short of a gale for the discharge of passengers. From the top of this tower are visible the flat roofs of the city, a uniform six hundred feet in height, according to the law of 1915.

Barkley Wallingford, alighting from the San Francisco Limited, casts a glance of distaste at the prescribed black roofs, each with its great white air number outlined in the center. The sun is about to set, and already some of the numbers glitter with electric light. He shrugs his shoulders. "It 's ugly," he mutters to himself, but I suppose it means power." In the restaurant below he strolls disconsolately to the general table where the club dinner is served. Some twenty men are already seated at the table, and he exchanges with them perfunctory greetings.

WALLINGFORD (*to nobody in particular*): What a beast of a thing that cross-country railway line is!

A VOICE: Why did n't you come in your plane, then?

WALLINGFORD: Smashed it, and no one would lend me another, and I 've got to get away from here in half an hour. There 's a war.

SEVERAL VOICES: Where?

WALLINGFORD: Balkans, of course—where else do they have wars! Abd-ul-Hamid has again inspired the Faithful with the idea that now that they can fight suspended between heaven and earth they will be led by Mahomet's coffin to victory against us infidels, and as usual he is beginning his holy war in the Balkans—I 'm sure I don't know why he or anybody else should want that country! The up draughts in those valleys are almost as misty as they are in the Rockies. It is not a navigable region. It does n't matter much anyway. The International Peace Commission will have five hundred thousand war vessels there the day after to-morrow. Our contingent is one hundred thousand, and I 've got to go with them.

(*A pause.*)

A VOICE: What 's the matter with that? It seems to me very good fun. Does n't your paper give you a good machine, Wallingford?

WALLINGFORD: Of course—a two-hundred-mile Blashford, but it 's noisy. You know, in time of war you can't use the wireless—at least, you can't be sure that even a Turk would n't be modern enough to interrupt your current, and then you 'd have to alight, Heaven knows where! If it should happen to be at sea—you know what would happen to the men who wear the wind guards of a two-hundred-mile machine. So we use alcohol. An airship is noisy enough, anyway, but I can stand the spitting of a wireless. It is the concussion of an explosive motor that gets on my nerves.

(*There follows a pause, broken by a placating voice.*)

VOICE: How did you break your machine?

WALLINGFORD: In a race. And that reminds me that if a man by the name of John Gertner is a member of this club, I want to see the committee and have him posted. He 's got a changeable pitch propeller, and he wanted to try out my standard pitch machine, and we agreed on a race from Montreal down to Mexico. Well, he beat me—but I don't mind that; what I mind is the way he did it. We started all right, a mile apart. I had all I could do to tend to the machine, as you may imagine, for I was getting a clear two hundred out of her, and did n't have time to notice him until we got to the middle of the United States, and then, all of a sudden, I began to pitch around like a leaf, and, sure enough, there he was right ahead of me, hanging there and giving me all his back draught! Well, I began with an aeroplane at the age of five, and I 'm naturally not going to let myself be bothered by the back draughts of a small machine. If it had been anything but a race, I should have gone on, but as it was I tried to hoist above him, and, instead of letting me do it, he came up too every time I rose, and I suppose I took chances—you know how a man will in a race. I must have got clear up into the express-line level, for all of a sudden, "Whoo-oo-sh!" I 've been told since that it was one of those London-New York-Tokio liners. They 're useful boats and I admire 'em, but I can tell you that their neighborhood is no place for an honest racing aeroplane. At any rate it made a hole in the air that I helped to fill up, and then it sent down into that hole the most amazing and complicated propeller swirls that it 's ever been my lot to run into. Talk about your self-balancing machines! Nothing would stand that. I must have turned over and over—I don't remember much about it, except that I found myself falling very fast (*Pauses and shrugs his shoulders.*)—Oh, well, I 've no business to sputter—I can take my medicine; but do you think it 's a fair deal for a man to take the air of another man that way?

FORSYTH (*of the American Aerial Police*): You can have him arrested for it under the new law.

WALLINGFORD: That would hardly be sporty, would it?

FORSYTH: Do you call it sporty to take possession of every level of the air as if it were your own? You racing fiends give me more trouble than any one else. I saw you on the slow-passenger level. You ran within fifty feet of a helicopter full of women and children. If you 'd fetched the old thing, going at the rate you were, you 'd have knocked it over. As it was, you blew away about every piece of movable property on the old craft.

WALLINGFORD (*grins sheepisbly*): So you were the cop that chased me, were you? Well, I paid for the damage, did n't I?

FORSYTH: Yes; but some day you won't be in a condition to pay for the damage. I saw you when you fell, and I did n't think you 'd ever get out your parachute. You could n't have been more than five hundred feet up when it opened.

WALLINGFORD (*with a grin of pride*): It was a close call. But I say, old man, don't grind me. I 've had to pay enough for it as it is.

A VOICE: How 's that?

WALLINGFORD: Why, you see, the darned old machine had to fall plunk through the glass roof of an estimable inventor who has persuaded a financier that he can produce a metal, so far as I can discover, lighter than air, thinner than paper, with a tensile strength of one hundred thousand. I don't know much about him, but I know the financier stuck me two weeks' pay for smashed retorts and furnaces and things.

(*An unsympathetic laugh follows, in which* WALLINGFORD *eventually joins. He pulls himself up, however, for a new attack.*)

WALLINGFORD: Besides, Forsy, it was n't all my fault, and if you followed me you know it yourself. It was partly the fault of your inefficient, doddering old Government. Hear those Weather Bureau chaps—they own the whole earth nowadays, don't they? We base our every movement on their weekly charts, and they know it, and have no business to be careless. Well, now, you know that race began last Thursday—Hello, Vannett, are you there? I did n't mean to be impolite, but what did your fool Bureau mean by predicting local rains in the Lake Ontario region for half-past nine Thursday morning? You weigh us down with five different instruments, and you make us send you yards and yards of ticker tape after every flight. You ought to know something about the air by this time.

VANNETT (*clerk in the Weather Bureau; indif-*

ferently): Yes, I know that was pretty bad. We were from an hour to an hour and a half too early on that rain.

WALLINGFORD: If it had n't been for your chart, we could have got through before the rain came; we could have come straight across. As it was, we passed to the northward of the lakes and came down the Mississippi River valley; and nearly down to the middle part of the valley the fog disseminators were out of commission or something; at any rate, we ran into a fog bank, and not one of the level-balloons had its fog dispeller going—at least, I did n't see a level-balloon north of St. Paul. And it was here, I suppose, that I got out of my level.

VANNETT: Where was your barometer?

WALLINGFORD (*with the aggressive air of one trying to bluff out a weak position*): I did n't have one. My own had gone wrong, and I left it to be repaired. It 's the responsibility of you fellows to mark those levels, anyway, on land, and to look out that important places are kept clear of fog so that we can see the marks. I 'm not asking you to clear every cloud out of the sky, but I do think you ought to let us know where the clouds are, so that we can avoid them.

VANNETT (*calmly*): I might lose my temper, but I won't. You fellows make me a little tired, though. The Government gives you all your power free, you don't have any expense after you build your engine—you can get your wireless practically anywhere on earth. And if sometimes we fail, you ought at least to have the instruments that are demanded by law for your own safety and the safety of the public. (*Throws his napkin on the table.*) Why did n't you come down after you 'd run through the bank?

WALLINGFORD: Don't be cross, old chap. It was nice up there, out of the ruck of machines. I have n't been so high in my own machine since your Government took possession of the air, which is free to all.

VANNETT (*rising*): It 's to be hoped you 'll never go so high again. If Forsyth were n't a soft-hearted cop, he 'd take away your license. (*He goes away.*)

WALLINGFORD: What 's the matter with Van? Why did he go for me like that?

LIEUTENANT GRAY (*of the United States Aerial Scouts*): Don't mind him—he has a sad on. Have n't you heard? You were lucky to get by that cloud bank at all. It must have been about the time you came out that the Minneapolis Power Station broke down, and for half an hour not a craft in Minnesota or the Dakotas or Iowa or Wisconsin or Northern Michigan could move. Everything except the balloons had to come to earth.

WALLINGFORD: Were there any accidents?

LIEUTENANT GRAY: No deaths and no broken bones; but I 'm told a large number of feminine shrieks from the helicopters.

WALLINGFORD (*proceeds up the room to a large private table at which an elaborate dinner is in progress. The menu shows the most exquisite choice of food and wines from all over the world. There is no question of "in season" or "out of season," for each vegetable and viand is raised to perfection in the soil and climate best suited to it, and transported by swift aeroplanes. At the head of the table sits* EDWARD WORTH, *the American representative of the International Board of Aerial Control, and chairman of the board; perhaps on the whole, the most influential man of the generation. His brown, square jaw and grim lips are smooth-shaven, and around his eyes wrinkles show that he is accustomed to guide his own machine through space, whereas the smooth, though weather-beaten cheeks of his companions suggest that they relegate to others the task of peering through the air.*)

MR. WORTH (*in an irrepressible big voice, which booms down the table*): And I predict that the issue in the next national campaign will be the monopolization of the landing-places near cities by private corporations. The Government ought to provide—that is to say, the people ought to own their free landing places, as they already own the power that makes our machines go. Gentlemen, we have with us to-night an honored guest, the Secretary of the Interior, who will speak to us upon this subject.

THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR (*author of "The Economic History of Aerial Transportation," 3 vols., 8vo. N.Y., G.P. Putnam's Great-grandsons, $12*): Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—We shall overtake that abuse, too, in time, as we have overtaken the others. It is surprising that we have overtaken so many. (*He draws himself a long breath. His companions exchange glances, and settle themselves to listen politely. They have heard the* SECRETARY *before, but they like the old chap.* WORTH *perceives* WALLINGFORD, *and by signs invites him to a chair at his side.*) You see, we sprang into the air fully armed, as it were, but without the wisdom of Minerva. What I mean is this. Our forefathers, when they suddenly learned to fly, were already mechanically equipped to conquer the problems of the air. They lived in a marvelous, romantic age; the age when man having practically finished with the mere geographical discovery of the earth—knowing in a general way the elements of the physical characteristics of the globe upon which he was destined to live—was seeking to avail himself of the characteristics to make his residence more comfortable. He was proceeding fast. One invention or discovery followed another—the telephone, the X-rays, the electric engine, the automobile, the gyroscope engine, wireless telegraphy, and countless more excited men's imaginations, and directed them along mechanical lines. No enterprise seemed too vast to be undertaken, no mechanical problem beyond solution. To this alert generation came, all at once, the knowledge that it could fly.

We who are used to flight can hardly realize the crawling life of men before the twentieth century. They were bound to roads and railroads. They could not ride direct to any given spot. They were confined by roads and railroads, and they were a hurried race that chafed at these restraints. Imagine, then, this race suddenly relieved of such vexatious barriers, entering into a new realm, as free as the sea, and reaching all men alike, so that every man's farm or factory was a harbor from which he could sail as directly as the wind would let him to any spot in the world; and, bear in mind, from the first with a rapidity that equaled that of the ordinary railroad trains of the day and surpassed any speed permitted by law to private vehicles on their crooked roads. It was indeed this advantage of speed which encouraged as much as anything else the commercial development of the flyer, as I shall presently show.

At first there was no commercial development. The airship was considered merely as a toy of rich men, and a machine of war. It is, by the way, a remarkable fact that the governments of the world, the representatives of the people which now have taken upon themselves the control of the air, should have been the first to make flight. But a period of loose commercialism followed the purchase of dirigibles and aeroplanes by governments. Within a year after the Wrights had demonstrated that they could fly, both kinds of machines—lighter and heavier than air—were upon the market, and the manufactories of air-craft were working day and night.

Each type of machine had then, as it has now, its own characteristics. The lighter-than-air machines were the weight-carriers, and they were convenient because they could alight at any spot—even temporarily at the roof of a house, as they can now. But they were costly, and comparatively slow. The aeroplanes were swift—they developed early a speed of a hundred miles an hour, but they were skittish—sensitive to every whim of the air; they could not at first venture at all into the turbulent atmosphere of cities. On the other hand, they were cheap. From the beginning every one who could afford an automobile could afford an aeroplane. The third form of air-craft—the helicopter; slow, but more stable than the aeroplane, and almost as inexpensive—was not at first developed.

In fact, to the impatient men of that impatient generation, the development of all airships must have seemed at first slow. Men did not know the air; they had to learn it. Their experiments, however, were vastly aided by the Weather Bureau, which then began to assume that preponderating importance in our life which it holds to-day. It had been developed as an aid to seamen, farmers, and owners of umbrellas in forecasting the weather,

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THE FRIEND

By RICHARD WIGHTMAN

TAKE the lid from off your heart and let me see within;
Curious, I, and impudent, a rugged man of sin.
And yet I hold you truer than would president or priest;
I put my bowl against your lip and seat you at my feast;
I probe your wound and chafe your limbs and get my gods to see
That you are strengthened as we fare the forest and the lea.
Strike hands with me—the glasses brim—the sun is on the heather,
And love is good and life is long and two are best together.

The Painless Revolution

By Richard LeGallienne

Illustrated by H. G. Williamson

THEY were always talking it over, everlastingly talking and talking it over, at Mulgrew's saloon—we all know it, down there on Twelfth Street by the East River. Always talking they were, always talking it over. Mulgrew's was one of those curious old dirty haunted taverns in which so many men of all classes get together to discuss the universe and to change the face of events. Dogs were just as welcome as men—why not? They ran in and out among the feet of the politicians, begging for scraps of the long since depopulated "free lunch." Every one and everything was welcome in Mulgrew's saloon. There was no man, or even insect, to which they could refuse a bed—irrespective of nationality. And the best of the dirty old place was that you could talk all you wanted. After all, it was a kind, old-fashioned place. I am trying to do it honor.

For some it was quite a fearsome place, so filled with smoke and oaths and dangerous-looking characters—not really in the least dangerous—all breathing fire and slaughter, all drinking vile whisky, and smoking even worse tobacco. And yet, somehow, you could n't help loving the place. You went there again and again. Not, indeed, for the whisky or the tobacco; not even for the dogs, or the poor harper—a great fat, sad man who represented himself as coming from Sicily; and played really quite well on the dilapidated strings, out of his sad and weary fatness. You dropped in there for no reason—it must have been instinct. You dropped into Mulgrew's as you do anything interesting or important in life—just because you did n't know why.

The place is torn down by this, and a huge honeycomb of stone and typewriters has taken its place. Oh, there are elevators now and telephones where once—well—where was once so much absurd and delightful conversation.

The place, in fact, was all talk. That was the beauty of it. Talk of every and any kind. But the talk that was most vehement, and—till you got accustomed to it—seemed the most impressive and even terrifying, was the talk of—the coming revolution! *The coming revolution!* Capital and Labor! How I shuddered when I first heard those tremendous words in far more language than I could understand! Capital and Labor! Capital and Labor! The men who make the money, and the men who take the money! The volcanic energy of the many alcoholic voices that cried out these words with a ferocious monotony would have struck terror to the heart of any one—but a capitalist. And yet, sitting quiet by himself, a sad, meditative philosopher might repeat in his own disillusioned heart those three sacred words—so mockingly painted on all the public buildings, including the churches, of France: *Liberté, egalité, fraternité!*

Yes, we have heard it all before! And yet amid all this polyglot chorus of discontent there was a weary, almost sleepy, sound—a fateful, ominous sound—as of an agony dumbly demanding a voice; a sound as of tired men who have worked so much and slept so little that they almost—yawn—their grievances; a sound as of some long-patient earthquake striving to be articulate.

But how was it to be done? Every possible theory and plan that has been exploded for something over a century was ventilated—for many of these tired working men had read just enough in one or two books to misunderstand them. There was once a poet of whom we have all heard who said, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." And writing as I am, with the truest sympathy for the working man in this or any country, I can not help thinking that books do him more harm than good, for this simple reason: that he reads old-fashioned books about old-fashioned troubles instead of some new-fashioned book about our new-fashioned troubles—a book, so far as I know, that has yet to be written.

The men at Mulgrew's were always talking of the French Revolution, as though the revolution over here were going to be the same thing—as though the French Revolution had not happened long ago. History repeats itself, of course, but it never repeats its methods.

On every side of Mulgrew's you heard cries such as "Get the guns!" "The barricades!" You heard references to beheading kings, such as Charles the First—as though beheading kings were going to help things in a day when kings are merely crowned gentlemen of importance.

The men who so talked seemed to have forgotten certain guns in Pittsburg set in position round a certain steel plant—the name of which I can not at the moment recall—about twenty years ago; to have forgotten the guns in Albany when the car-conductors asked for a little more money and a lot more sleep, and the guns in the mining-camps of Colorado and Nevada.

To a little silent man smoking a corn-cob pipe in the shadow, a little red-headed Scotsman of about forty-seven, not saying a word, they seemed as little children—these great fellows with their outdoor strength and their vociferous alcoholic voices. Almost like babies they seemed—these huge truck drivers and strong-armed, patient-eyed motor-men—almost like babies. The pity of God was in his heart for these strong creatures who seemed so little to realize their strength—the pity one feels when one sees a beautiful dray-horse, all might and simplicity, lashed by some tiny human thing with a whip, standing five feet; weighing, say, ninety pounds; with a chest measurement of twenty-seven inches.

He loved these poor, big things, this little red-headed philosopher from Aberdeen, and their sorrow had long weighed upon his heart. Though he had neither wife nor child, he was not a lonely man; for beneath his dry Scot's exterior he held close to his heart the best wife in the world—the dream of helping your fellow men.

But how to do it? How to do it! On that he pondered always. It is not so easy to help

your fellow men as it might seem; many saints and martyrs and politicians have tried, and discovered to their cost that your fellow man does not want to be helped—indeed, positively dislikes being helped—perhaps stones you if you try.

And yet, like all dreamers, the little Scotsman was not deterred from his purpose by such concrete considerations. He meant, he had made up his mind, to help his fellow men—even though they electrocuted him for it.

One of his methods of helping them was—not to talk. When occasionally he took the corncob pipe out of his mouth, he would quote the words of- -well, perhaps the greatest talker in the world: "Talkers are no good doers, be assured"—and then the pipe would go back again.

Yet how he could talk when there was anything to say—that little, red-headed Scotsman from Aberdeen! Every one who frequented Mulgrew's knew it, and everybody knew, too, that it was the hardest thing in the world to make him utter a word.

On the night, however, of which I am writing, the pathetic fatuity of the various conversations of the various socialistic, not to say anarchistic, conversationalists, at last compelled him to speak.

There was no need for him to look for an audience. The floor was always his—because he seldom spoke. And it was pathetic to see how the great unshaven, massive creatures crowded around to hear the words that fell from the lips of the little red-headed Scotsman who came from Aberdeen. He did n't in the least look like, or wish to look like Orpheus; and yet when he took the pipe out of his mouth, and his small, gray-green, Northern eyes looked quietly and almost absently at his listeners—as though he were watching in a dream the white waves that beat upon the rocks where the tides call through the hollow, haunted caverns of the Hebrides—one could n't help thinking of how the rocks and the trees once followed a human voice. Those big fellows drew their chairs around him as though they were dogs waiting to be told what to do. And yet, so far, he had not spoken one word. All he had done was to take the pipe out of his mouth and look thoughtfully at a group of people he did n't seem to see. At last, however, he spoke:

"The meek shall inherit the earth. Yes, the revolution is coming; but it is not coming by any of the means you propose—not by guns or dynamite or nitroglycerin do we attain the kingdom of heaven. Those are ancient and cruel methods; and not only cruel but ineffective. The revolution is coming—we all know that—but it will come very quick, with silent white feet; it will be a painless revolution. Look in the papers on the morning of April 1, 19—, just five years from now." And the Scotsman put his pipe back in his mouth and could not be persuaded to say another word.

There was silence after this—not merely because it was closing time, but because a Scotsman had spoken; and when a Scotsman speaks the earth trembles.

All the sad, strong-bearded men filed out, but the little red-headed Scotsman from Aberdeen still smoked his quiet pipe.

"Do you really think," said the proprietor, who knew the little Scotsman very well and knew the power wielded by his brains, in a manner which I will explain in the course of the next few sentences, "do you really think there is going to be a revolution in America?" He did n't, for the moment, finish his sentence, because three big policemen, swinging their tasseled clubs, had chanced to drop in for the best Irish whisky the house afforded. When these gentlemen had departed, with three cigars in addition to three drinks, the proprietor took heart again and resumed:

"Do you really think," he repeated, "that

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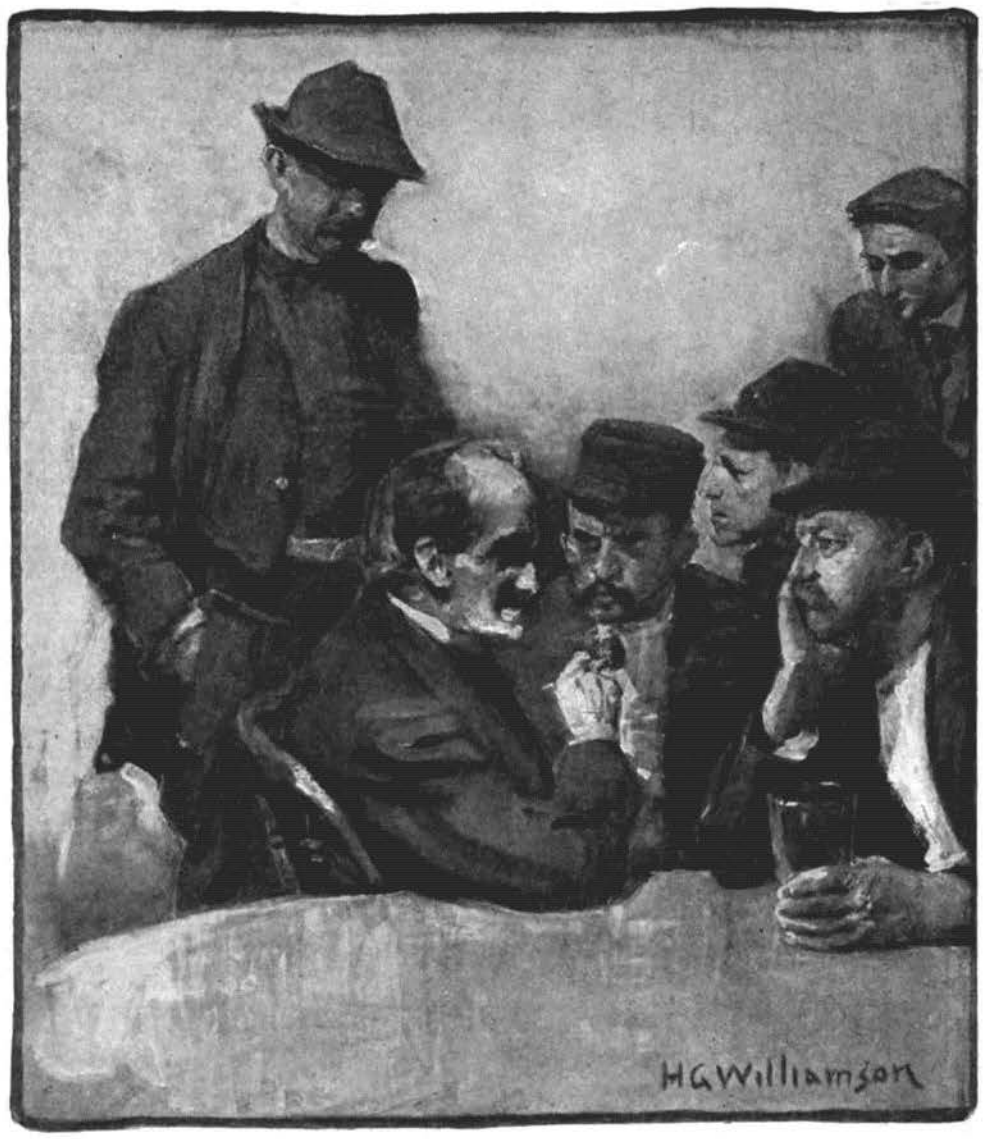

"The men at Mulgrew's were always talking of the French Revolution"

Self Mastery

By Orison Swett Marden

"PROVE to me," says Mrs. Oliphant, "that you can control yourself, and I 'll say you 're an educated man; and without this, all other education is good for next to nothing."

The lack of self-control has strewn history with its wrecks, it has ruined multitudes of ambitious men, men of rare ability, fine education, and immense promise in every way.

Every day the papers tell us of the tragedies that have been enacted when the blood was hot with anger!

Ask the wretched victims in our penitentiaries what the loss of self-control even for a moment perhaps has cost them. How many of these unfortunates have lost their liberty for life through a fit of hot temper! The fatal blow was struck, the cruel shot was fired, the trigger was pulled in an instant, but the friend or brother man returned never, the crime could not be undone.

Many a man has lost a good position, has sacrificed the opportunity of a lifetime, in a fit of bad temper. He has thrown away in the anger of a moment, perhaps, the work and experience of years in climbing to his position.

Think of one's whole life being marred, of feeling oneself handicapped at every turn, forced to strangle ambition, to stifle aspiration, to be looked upon as a nobody, just because one can not control his temper, and yet to possess power and brain force equal to that of the giants who are heading great enterprises!

WHAT humiliation for a man to be conscious that in an instant, without a moment's warning, he may not be able to be a man at all, to have any control over his acts, that he may be absolutely in the possession of a passion demon!

I know a very able writer who has occupied splendid positions on the best and greatest dailies in the country. He is a forceful, vigorous, masterful writer on a great variety of subjects, fine historian, and warm, tender-hearted man, who will do anything for any one in need, and yet he is almost a total failure because of his explosive temper. He does not hesitate, in the heat of a moment's anger, to walk out of a position which it has taken him years to get. This man is conscious of great ability, yet he has drifted from pillar to post, hardly able to support his family, going through life with the full consciousness that he is the slave of a bad temper.

Everywhere we see victims of an uncontrolled temper tripping themselves up, losing in a few moments all they have gained in months, or maybe in a lifetime. They are continually climbing and dropping backward.

I know several old men whose whole careers have been crippled by their hot tempers. They could not refrain from giving people with whom they had differences "a piece of their mind." No matter how adversely it affected their own interests, or what was at stake, they would let their tongues and tempers run away with them.

A pretty costly business, this of giving another person "a piece of your mind" when your temper is up!

A very able business man in New York has practically ruined his reputation and his business by his passion for telling people what he thinks when he gets angry with them. When his temper is aroused there is nothing too mean or contemptible for him to say. He calls them all sorts of names. He raves without reason or sense. He drives his employees away from him. It is almost impossible for him to keep in his employ any one with any spirit or ability.

I have seen people in the grip of passion or anger act more like demons than human beings. I recall one man, who, when possessed by one of these terrible fits of anger, would smash everything he could lay his hands on, and pour a volley of the vilest abuse upon any one who got in his way, or attempted to restrain him. I have seen him in his rage almost kill animals by striking them with clubs or fence-stakes. His eyes would glare like a madman's. When this demon of anger had possession of him, he was for the time a maniac and did not seem to have the slightest idea of what he was doing. After his passion storm had subsided, although a robust man, he would be completely exhausted for a long time.

A man in a fit of uncontrolled passion is really temporarily insane. He is under control of the demon in him. *No man is sane when he can not completely control his acts.* While in that condition he is liable to do things which he would regret all the rest of his life. Many a man has been obliged to look back over a scarred, discordant life, a life filled with unutterable mortifications and humiliations, because he did not learn to control himself.

What writer, what artist could ever depict the havoc which the whole brood of evil passions—anger, jealousy, revenge, and hatred—have played in human lives? Just think of the effect on one's character of harboring for many years the determination, the passion to get square with an imagined enemy, of waiting for the opportunity to reap vengeance upon some one!

Think how much a violent explosion of temper takes out of one's entire system, mental and physical! Much more than many weeks of hard work when in a normal condition. And then picture, if you can, the terrible after-suffering, the humiliation of it all, the remorse and chagrin, the loss of self-respect, the shock to one's finer sensibilities, when one comes to himself.

A fit of anger may work greater damage to the body and character than a drunken bout. *Hatred may leave worse scars upon a clean life than the bottle.* Jealousy, envy, anger, uncontrolled grief may do more to wreck the physical life than many years of excessive smoking. Anxiety, fretting, and scolding, may instill a more subtle poison into the system than even the cigarette.

"Many a soul is in a bad condition to-day because of the fire of anger which recently burned there."

There is no doubt that an uncontrolled temper shortens multitudes of lives.

Some people fly into such a rage that they will tremble for hours afterwards and for a long time be wholly unfitted for business or work.

I have known an entire family completely to upset their physical conditions and to make themselves ill by a violent quarrel. They would almost tear one another to pieces by their explosive passions. In a short time their faces were transformed; you could see the demons of passion fighting. We all know that such quarreling, as well as back-biting, twitting, denunciation, and criticism will play fearful havoc in any life.

How many people, at the mercy of an uncontrolled passion, have slain friends, or members of their own family, whom ten minutes before nothing could have induced them to harm! What fiendish crimes even good people have committed when blinded and drunk with passion!

Physicians well know how violent fits of jealousy tear the nervous system to pieces so that the victim is often a complete wreck for a long time. I have seen a woman so transformed in a single year by the domination of this terri-

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The Automobile for the Average Man

By HERBERT L. TOWLE

To some readers the title which heads these lines may sound Utopian. Automobiles are not for everybody, and never will be, any more than town houses or motor-boats. By the "average man," therefore, is here meant the average owner of a horse, or of two or three horses, who uses his animals partly for pleasure, partly for business, but who has no money to throw away on costly sports. To such a man the automobile will be practical as soon as it costs him no more money, time, and trouble than horses do for the same or better service.

Is this true of the automobile to-day? Will it ever be true? Yes and no. Even a horse must be cared for with some degree of intelligence and humanity. The automobile is a machine of more than a thousand parts, fitted with the greatest nicety, and exposed to harder usage than a traction engine. The wonder is not that so many break down, but that more do not. I do not expect to see the time when a man too deficient in mechanical sense to adjust a bicycle chain, or to wind a window-shade spring to the proper tension, will run a motor-car economically save by the sheerest good luck. On the other hand, it is already possible to say that, without waiting for revolutionary improvements in the speculative future, automobiles *can* be made which the average man *can* afford—provided only that he has the modicum of mechanical sense indicated above—and which he will find incomparably more satisfying than horses.

The Average Man Can Afford One

In appraising the future usefulness of the automobile, it can not be too strongly emphasized that it will not be a "sporting proposition." To the veteran driver, who knows what speed costs, and in whose mind's eye every bend in the road, every thrilling burst of speed, bears its veiled but sinister hint of possible disaster—to him the joy of speed means next to nothing. He will race for the joy of *combat*, but when left to himself he is likely to choose the pace which taxes him, the driver, least; in other words, that at which the car handles best. In the last analysis, the future of the automobile, like that of the motor-boat or the horse, will depend on its ability to give rational service at reasonable expense.

Not a Sporting Proposition

▲ ▲

Having thus indicated the class of users and the sort of service where the representative automobile of the future is likely to be found, we may now ask, What sort of automobile will best fill these typical requirements?

To begin with, we must eliminate the *chauffeur*, at least as a necessity. As a time-saver for the man of means he will always be as necessary as the coachman, but the modest owner will get along in comfort with a handy man to do the washing and oiling as an incident to his day's "chores," an occasional visit to the repair shop for such tinkering as requires tools and time, and an annual overhauling which will cover every item liable to give trouble during the next twelve months. To ordinary adjustments and small tinkering he will attend himself in a daily half-hour, if he chooses, or he will pay the *garage* to do that for him if he prefers not to stable the car on his own premises.

The Chauffeur Is Not A Necessity

Except in the cities, the smaller cars will be kept on the owners' premises, in neat concrete-block houses, equipped with bench, tools, pit, outside fuel tank, and, in some cases, with provision for warming in cold weather. Steam is best, but not always feasible. A lamp or an oil-stove is practicable, but it requires that *all* gasoline be handled outside, and none, not even a cupful, used inside for cleaning or otherwise.

Since we are looking beyond the speed craze, we may set the "average" horse-power of our small touring car at not over twenty. Twenty horse-power will take one anywhere that an automobile can go, if the wheels are not too small and the gear not too high. Even sixteen horse-power is sufficient for good roads. For the two-passenger runabout, ten horse-power is sufficient, though the man who prefers speed to carrying capacity, for equal outlay, can realize forty-five miles an hour with twenty horse-power in a light roadster. The ten horse-power motor will probably be of the horizontal "double opposed cylinder" type, and the twenty horse-power moter will have four vertical cylinders, about four inches bore. To those who can pay for luxury, the six-cylinder motor, of twenty-four horse-power and upward, will appeal strongly, owing to its almost total freedom from vibration and its extreme "flexibility"—*i. e.*, the wide range of speeds it will handle without change of gear. Whatever the power, the motor, and in fact the whole car, will be light in build, to minimize the wear and tear on tires.

The tire question has been much mooted in the past, and is still far from settled. At present it is necessary to say that no all-around satisfactory substitute for the pneumatic tire has yet been found. The pneumatic tire has the special property of yielding locally to small stones or the like, so that the axle is not lifted in passing over them. No solid tire, even the softest has this property. Partly for the same reason, and partly because of the rapid wear of exposed rubbing surfaces, no type of spring wheel thus far offered appears to be practical. Where pneumatics must be used, the best safeguard against punctures and blowouts is to have the tires amply large, in both outside diameter and section, and to follow carefully the well-established rules regarding inflation and repair of cuts. On the other hand, thirty-six inches is about the practical limit of diameter, on account of cost; and a penny-wise policy keeps most automobile wheels of to-day smaller than they should be. Since a large wheel feels the jolts less than a small one, it does not seem impossible that, for use on country roads, a type of light automobile may in time develop, having small solid tires, large wheels—say from forty to forty-eight inches in diameter—a wheel base of about one hundred inches, and a frame, power plant, and body substantially like those at present in use, but hung beneath the axles on underslung springs, in order to keep the center of gravity low and to avoid the pitching and jolting of the short, high "buggy type" of automobile.

The Tire Problem

The subject of flexibility, to which allusion was made above, is much more vital than is sometimes realized even by motorists themselves. To enjoy motoring in the same wholesome fashion that one enjoys horses, one must have a car able to go slowly for long stretches, and to do it with a minimum demand on the driver's attention. The fact that the horse can steer himself is his trump card with nature lovers, and the automobile, to "win out" in the long run, must be approximately as easy to drive.

Flexibility an Important Factor

There is another reason for placing flexibility high among the final requirements of the automobile. That is, unless a car can be slowed down for driving exigencies and accelerated again *without change of gear*, it is not even entirely safe. The reason for this is partly psychological, and lies in the average driver's reluctance to change gears unless he has to; but this reluctance has itself a basis in the fact that it requires effort, and, in a sudden emergency, involves a slight but appreciable risk of doing the wrong thing or of losing precious seconds. It is sometimes as important to be able to accelerate readily as it is to stop quickly. Now, the flexibility of a motor is determined partly by the number of cylinders, partly by the nature of the carbureter—the device by which the gasoline and air are combined to form an explosive mixture. Almost any carbureter will give correct mixture proportions within a limited range of speeds, but much remains to be done in the way of devising a carbureter that will function with equal accuracy from the lowest to the highest speeds, and will espond instantly to changes in throttle opening.

It was remarked above that rational pleasure in motoring involves the ability to drive as slowly as one pleases without especial effort, and also that changing gears is objectionable where it can be avoided. The obvious deduction is that most of the driving should be done in high gear, which is the case. The majority of American automobile builders, however, have attached the corollary that, because gear changing is inconvenient, there should be as few changes of gears as possible. The reasoning seems plausible, but on closer examination it can hardly be questioned that in this respect the preponderating practise abroad, *viz.*, of using four changes, is the better. From the engineer's point of view four gear changes are better than three, because they permit the motor to drive always through the highest gear

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A COMPROMISE

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

'TWIXT Optimist and Pessimist the difference is clear:
The first one thinks that life's a smile, the other one a tear.
One thinks that life is wholly day, the other wholly night,
And it is plain to men of sense that neither one is right.
For me, as I regard my days and contemplate my crop
Of cares and blessings, I'm inclined to be a Pessimop!

Point and

For these bits of "Point and Pleasantry" payment is made at the rate of TEN CENTS A WORD. The editors reserve the right to make such editorial changes as may seem necessary.

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Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

Where There's a Will

A WEEK before the Christmas holidays, a Princeton undergraduate who lived in Chicago wished to start home, thus gaining a week's vacation on the other students. He had, however, used up all the absences from recitations which are allowed, and any more without good excuse would have meant suspension. In a quandary he hit upon this solution: he telegraphed his father the following message:

"Shall I come home by the B. & O., or straight home?"

The answer he received, read: "Come straight home."

An exhibition of the telegram to the faculty was sufficient.

▲ ▲

The Ruling Passion

THE father of a family, all of whom were devotees of bridge and much given to talking the game and holding post-mortems over badly played hands, died rather suddenly. There was a difference of opinion as to whether he should be buried in the family plot or cremated. In the course of the discussion the mother said weepingly to her son:

"John, what do you think?"

"I leave it to you, mother."

"I make it sp-spades," was her reply.—G. W. WHARTON.

▲ ▲

Family Ties

The Bachelor's Lament

OH, CHRISTMAS DAY! Oh, time of cheer!
We can not greet you without sighs;
You bring, glad season of the year,
The knitting up of family ties.

Our sisters mourn our piteous state;
They come to take us by surprise;
Our aunts, remembering the date,
Renew again our family ties.

Next morning, officeward we go,
Coat collars turned up to our eyes;
We find the weather cold? Ah, no!
We want to hide those family ties.

ELIZABETH C. WEBB.

▲ ▲

An Explosion in the Sanctum

EXCITEMENT was intense in the local room of the St. Louis *Republic*. An explosion had been heard apparently only two or three blocks away, and one of the best reporters on the staff had been sent to investigate.

Presently the reporter sauntered in, in a most unconcerned manner.

"Well, what was it?" asked the city editor.

"Oh, nothing but a *Globe-Democrat* reporter falling down on an assignment," was the reply.

CLARENCE J. BULLEIT.

▲ ▲

A Child of Nature

IT WAS a primitive home in the Tennessee Mountains where the kitchen range is still a thing of a vague and distant future. Cindy the capable, buxom and barefoot, performed her duties on the hearth of the yawning fireplace, and deftly raked the coals around the baker where the corn-dodgers were browning. A glowing ember, unseen by all save old Rudd, rolled out on the hearth as Cindy stepped forward with the pothooks, and he sounded the warning.

"Sa-ay, Cindy—"

"Whut, pa?"

"You done sot yer fut on a coal o' fire."

"Say I did, pa? Which fut?"

FREDERIC LEW WEBB.

▲ ▲

Misunderstood

WHEN Mark Twain was a young and struggling newspaper writer in San Francisco, a lady of his acquaintance saw him one day with a cigar box under his arm looking in a shop window.

"Mr. Clemens," she said, "I always see you with a cigar box under your arm. I am afraid you are smoking too much."

"It isn't that," said Mark. "I'm moving again."

▲ ▲

Hard on Mr. Cabbagehead

MR. CARROT: "Gracious! What has happened to you, Curly?"

CURLY CABBAGEHEAD: "Last night I went to a theater, and just because some one didn't like the actor, they threw me at him. It's a wonder I'm alive to tell the tale."

▲ ▲

Prayer by a Scotch Canadian Minister

"O LORD, we approach Thee this mornin' in the attitude o' prayer, and likewise o' complaint. When we cam' tae the lan' o' Canady we expected tae fin' a lan' flowin' wi' milk and honey, but instead o' that we foun' a lan' peopled wi' ungodly Irish. O Lord, in Thy great mercy, drive them tae the uttermost pairts o' Canady; mak' them hewers o' wood and drawers o' watter; gie them nae emoluments; gie them nae place o' abode; n'er mak' them magistrates or rulers among Thy people.

"But, if ye hae any favors to bestow, or any guid lan' tae gie awa', gie it tae Thine ain, Thy peculiar people, the Scots. Mak' them members o' Parliament an' magistrates an' rulers among Thy people. An' as for the Irish, tak' them by the heels an' shak' them ower the mouth o' hell, but dinna let them fa' in, and a' the glory shall be Thine. Amen."

▲ ▲

Out of Order

CHAMP CLARK loves to tell of how in the heat of a debate Congressman Johnson of Indiana called an Illinois representative a jackass. The expression was unparliamentary, and in retraction Johnson said:

"While I withdraw the unfortunate word, yet, Mr.

Pleasantry

Speaker, I must insist that the gentleman from Illinois is out of order."

"How am I out of order?" yelled the man from Illinois.

"Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you," answered Johnson, and that was parliamentary enough to stay on the record.

▲ ▲

The Ferocious Equator

WILLIAM was considered the brightest boy in his grade; upon hearing a lesson recited in class once or twice he knew it quite well. Thus, while the other fellows were compelled to study hard he scarcely found it necessary to open a book. At the expiration of the term one of the questions in the written geography test was, "What is the equator?"

William, always to be depended upon, wrote without delay,

"The equator is a menagerie lion running around the center of the earth."—MRS. A. SPALDING.

▲ ▲

Over the Christmas Cider

SEE the steaming sleigh-bells
Smoking on the plate!
See the luscious icicles
Blazing in the grate!

Oh, the joys of Christmas—
Driving off dull care!
Hear the mince-pies ringing
On the frosty air!

Hear the turkeys chiming
On the distant lea!
Christmas is the season—
Best of all for me.

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

▲ ▲

Not Needed

FRANK LINCOLN, who used to be well known in Chicago as an entertainer and humorist, had been appearing in London for a time in a monologue. One afternoon he had just made his bow and was about to begin when a cat walked in and sat down on the stage.

"You get out!" said Mr. Lincoln, severely. "This is a monologue, not a catalogue!"

GEORGE F. HAGSTROM.

▲ ▲

Why He Lost Her

A Tale To Be Read Quickly

I AM a man of few words and those have no double meaning. Harry Babbitt was in love with my daughter—as well he might be. His character was good and I thought well of him until he turned my home into a nightmare place. Samuel Johnson says that the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. Sam Johnson would have kicked Harry Babbitt out of the house and then sent for the police. Listen! He had been calling on my daughter for some time and at last my wife asked him to stay to Sunday supper. He had not been seated two minutes before he assured me that the sun furnished the heat for the mountain ranges. I glared at him but said nothing, and my wife changed the subject by saying that she and our daughter the day before had seen a man walk a tight rope. "Was the man sober?" asked Harry, and then before any one had a chance to cry "Help" he went on to say that he had seen a man turn a handspring and never turn a hair, and that the difference between a hare and a worm was that the worm would turn, and that if a worm turned once it was sure to get the habit, because one good turn deserved another, and that speaking of getting the habit, he knew a young man who made a practise of getting habits—riding-habits—and that he was now doing time for it and that some people had n't any time to do anything; and that to do anything or any one was bad for the morals. In a weak voice my wife asked him if he would n't have another helping of milk-toast and while he was eating it he and the rest of us were silent and we were panting. As for him, he looked as if his mind were on the rampage, and soon he broke silence by saying he supposed that even a prohibitionist could respond to a milk toast and then I forgot myself and said he ought to have a milk punch for that. "Or a milk shake," said my wife, who had never made a pun before in her life. "What 's the matter with smoking a milk weed?" asked my dear daughter, who up to that time had been guiltless of punning, as far as I know. "A regular milk tare that would be—speaking of weeds"—said he, and my wife paused in the act of swallowing to laugh nervously, and when she had choked for a minute she said, "My, I thought for a minute that I'd never have a chance to wear widow's weeds." My daughter did n't see that one, so Harry explained it to her and I actually found myself racking my brains to make some fool pun. As if reading my thoughts Harry said, "This play on words is really work," and then he added that many a man made many a loaf on words, and that led him to ask me whether I thought a baker could be called a loafer, and I said (feeling my brain sizzling) that I should think he must be a lo'fer of bread to make so much and Harry said perhaps he did n't make much—that the margin of profit was not large. Then my wife's eyes got kind of starey and she said over and over to herself, "Margin, margin, mar-gin." "Carrie Nation would not only mar gin, she 'd mar anything with alcohol in it," said he with an excited laugh. "I suppose she 'd even mother vinegar," said my wife unexpectedly (and Harry explained the pun to my dear daughter). "If Carrie Nation is the mother of Vinegar and Necessity is the mother of Invention what relation is Carrie Nation to Necessity?" asked Harry, and I felt my brain reeling. "Necessity knows no law, neither does Carrie Nation, but Necessity may go a step farther." My wife laughed maniacally. "Step-father—step-father," said she. Then suddenly she said, "What did Charles Lamb?" "What did James Hogg? for that matter"—put in Harry. "What was Robert Browning?" asked the wife of my bosom, with a wild light in her eyes. "Robert Burns whatever he 's browning," answered Harry, with a careless gaiety that was dreadful when I came to think of it soberly afterwards. "Robert Burns Francis Bacon," he continued. Here my daughter began to laugh hysterically and I became eager to cap this orgy of punning with some idiocy that would have won the plaudits of Charles Lamb, who was a heretic in the matter of puns. "Did he ever Burne Jones?" asked my wife. There was now a lack-luster look in her eyes, and my daughter bursting out sobbing I saw that things had gone far enough and so signaled to my wife to take Eleanor away from the table. When they had gone I realized what had happened to a serious family. "Mr. Weir," said Harry at this inopportune moment, "I wish to ask you for your daughter's hand." I rose to my feet and pointed to the door. "You have already taken her brain—let that suffice." With a flippant gesture directed toward the left side of his waistcoat he said, "I think I have her heart also, so I 'll see her later." "If you 'll see her later," said I, "you can't really love her, because love is blind." "Love will find a way," said he, placing his hand on the knob. "Away! away!" I yelled, and he walked out into the night. "Good-night," he said blithely. "Bad knight," said I bitterly.

ERASTUS WORTHINGTON.

▲ ▲

No Place for Robbers

"A DANGEROUS neighborhood you 're living in, Colonel," said a newspaper man to Charles Edwards, of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, a few nights ago, in Washington. "Been four highway robberies there in the past month. Are n't you afraid that somebody will hold you up and go through you some night?"

"Should say not," said the big Texan. "Why, ah 've got so few means on my pusson at the present time that the robber who goes through me will get hisself in debt.—ROY CRANDALL.

Edwin Markham's Eyrie

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

Live Above the Alarms of Time

"O UNIVERSE, what thou wishest, I wish!" This was the cry of that most Christian of all pagans, Marcus Aurelius. This perfect faith in the future, this feeling that reason is at the heart of life—this is the thing that gives the poise and the peace that makes possible our nobler work.

It is related that once a young student came excitedly to Emerson, saying that astronomers were prophesying the early destruction of the solar system by the in-rush of a terrific comet in conflagration. "Very well," answered Emerson, going on with his work, "I can get along without the solar system!" This Emersonian calm is the true attitude of the strong heart toward the chances and changes of life. Square yourself with conscience: then hold the thought —"Nothing can harm me; nothing can hinder me. I swing in the divine currents." This will give you power to meet the days with courage and victory.

* *

A Personal Matter

ANY SUCCESS MAGAZINE reader who knows of a book-agency or patriotic reading circle that is using my name as Superintendent will confer a great favor by sending me full particulars at once. Address me at West New Brighton, New York.

* *

An Iron Tyranny Melting Down

THE politics of Turkey, like the politics of the South American Republics, always carry the flavor of opera bouffe, the wobbly and weird movement of the figures in a kinetoscope. So we are hardly prepared to take seriously the news that Turkey has turned over at last after her sleep of ages. Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid (may his light keep on increasing) has granted a constitution to his people; although he was reminded of the need by the pointed persuasion of the bayonet. It takes the breath away to think of this leap from the abyss of immemorial despotism to this highway of the Marching Nations. If this state of grace holds out, we see in it one of the half-dozen greatest events of the modern world.

* *

A Cry Out of Russia

IF, AT the touch of progress, the dead corpse of the Ottoman Empire can spring to its feet as a nation, may we not hope that "Arise!" may yet be spoken over the dead Lazarus of Russia? I have just received a sort of Declaration of Independence sent out by the Russian patriots. They accuse the Czar and his despotism of a long catalogue of treasons against the people. They accuse him of anarchy in giving unlimited authority to his lawless officers. They accuse him of inhumanity in causing wanton massacre of women and children, while throwing over the murderers the arm of his protection. They remind him of the foul betrayal of Bloody Sunday in St. Petersburgh when the people went up peaceably to ask him for bread and freedom. They accuse him of robbing the Russian people through his hordes of criminal officials and ruthless Cossacks, who, under pretense of quelling rebellion, ride down the peasants, destroying farms and fields and homes. They accuse him of breaking his promise to the people by abolishing the constitution of 1905, when he declared that he would no longer be an autocrat, but only an emperor by the will of the nation.

After still more sorrowful accusations, the patriots go on to make proclamation saying:

> You, the Czar of Russia, are a criminal and not fitted to rule a people. Therefore by the laws of International justice and natural right, we, speaking for the Russian People, declare you to be dethroned, and your dynasty deprived of all your sovereign privileges. We proclaim Russia to be a Republic, to be known as The United States of Russia, beginning October 30, 1910. We proclaim ourselves to be empowered morally to rule the Russian People, issue bonds for their help, create peace, restore order. We proclaim an old age pension for all workers after sixty years of age. We proclaim free education; also freedom of press, freedom of speech, freedom of worship.

Who will not wish God speed to these patriots in their martyr-devotion to a great hope?

* *

Young Huxley's Challenge

HUXLEY, now honored as one of the foremost thinkers of the age, was in the opening of his career speared with the jest and stung with the insult of his contemporaries. Listen to these ringing words in which he challenges the Goliath of the Established:

> I have clearly made up my mind to speak without allowing myself to be influenced by hope of gain or weight of authority. There are many nice people in this world for whose praise or blame I care not a whistle. I don't know and I don't care whether I shall ever be what is called a great man. I shall leave my mark somewhere, and it shall be clear and distinct and free from the abominable blur of cant, humbug, and self-seeking which surrounds everything in this present world.

* *

A Poet of Power

MR. HERMAN SCHEFFAUER and Mr. George Sterling are the two young poets of the Far West on whose heads Mr. Ambrose Bierce has set a lyric crown. This is a distinction of a high order, for Mr. Bierce weighs his words and—his poets. He can not be accused of pitching haloes with a careless hand. Mr. Sterling, as we all know, flashed across the East last year with his remarkable "Wine of Wizardry," —a poem of arcane mystery and barbaric splendor. The discerning have begun to look his way.

Last August Mr. Herman Scheffauer wrote the High Jinks drama for the Bohemian Club of San Francisco—an out-door forest play, something distinctive like the Eisteddfodd of Wales or the Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. He now steps before us with his "Looms of Life," poems of dignity and serious purpose. Mr. Scheffauer does not seek for the catchy quality of the beer-garden or barrack-room favorites:

he caters to the few who seek for the unusual and the different. Here is a haunting and tragic poem, "The Leper of London" (the Neale Publishing Co., New York City), a thing that young Coleridge would have been proud to place in the famous "Lyrical Ballads." It is a poem that carries the beauty of terror that we find in Poe, yet has what Poe did not possess—compassion.

In Euston Road in London Town,
I saw and felt and wrote this down.

Her cheek was pale, her form was gaunt;
She seemed so strangely thin,
Thin as the shrouded ghosts that haunt
Scenes of their earthly sin.

She clutched my arm; with mordant words
Assailed my quailing ear—
Her face was like a starvèd bird's:
Such speech do devils hear.

Her hands were clinging claws that burned
Through skin and flesh and bone,
While Sorrow seared those eyes she turned
Like dead stars on my own.

That voice rose whirling to my brain
And sought to shatter it:
I know to demons its refrain
Is torment in the pit.

She seemed of equal age with me,
Yet blithe and fresh was I:
And she was like some blasted tree
The bolts had doomed to die.

She stood enwrapped with charnel air
And pestilence's breath;
Harmattan winds had whipped her bare
And given her to Death.

It seemed his voice of doom and blight
Rang round her like a dirge;
And from her face, like spectral light,
Gleamed forth the Great White Scourge.

I looked upon a world of woes
And peered through Horror's land;
Then in mine eyes the water rose,
And gold fell from my hand.

I shook and drew my arm away
And through the night I fled
From deeper night that knew no day
Save of the living dead.

I felt the curse of human things—
Man, Law, the strife of Earth;
I felt the thrice-curst fate that brings
Woe to the babe at birth.

And those remorseless rods that fall
From palaces and domes
On worms that perish as they crawl
Athwart a nation's homes.

One blessing mounted from the thought
And o'er my spirit fell;
That figure dread had dashed to naught
The realms of After-hell!

• • •

A Little Christmas Sermon

We are on the edge of a new Christmas festival—the anniversary of the most significant event in the history of the world. Jesus came with the greatest message ever spoken in the hearing of the human race. It was all a summons to a new, heroic life—to a new principle of personal conduct and a new principle of social effort. It was the purpose of Jesus to awake the God in man, and to establish a new social order with the Golden Rule as its working principle.

Here and there we find men and women who live and labor in the light of this lofty ideal. They are the conscripts of the Dream. A wise Seer has described them in beautiful words—beautiful, heart-warm, inspiring words:

Their main characteristics are, that they serve for the good of others; that they are in the persistent effort to keep down the will of self, to live beyond themselves. They are careful to produce rather than to consume; to save for humane purposes rather than to waste; to avoid contention; to promote good will and charity; to walk carefully; to stand for the defense of the injured and the oppressed. Again, they seek to alleviate sufferings; to strew the path of life with gentle courtesies; to avoid flattering titles; to shun the meretricious and ostentatious society; to esteem the ties of human fraternity as above the ligatures of heredity, creed, or nationality. It is theirs to hate the impure in all things; to criticize with a keen eye their own evils, but to abstain from a prying introspection into the conduct of others; to despise the habit of scandal; to hold themselves as dignified yet lowly; to abominate self-righteousness; to reject with loathing the way of the spy and tale-bearer. Such will seek to embody a divine chastity to the most extreme of senses; never to obtrude by an unwelcome personal presence or unneeded opinion; to sanctify the temple of worship within their own heart; never to glorify themselves, but always, by the sweetness and light of life, to glorify their Father in heaven."

The Pulse of the World

By HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE overwhelming victory of William H. Taft, in spite of the hard times, the Republican platform, and "Sunny Jim" Sherman, is a remarkable tribute to his personal popularity and evidence of widespread confidence in the policies of Theodore Roosevelt. That it is not an endorsement of the Republican party organization is shown by the large number of Taft states which elected Democratic governors and by the defeat of those machine congressmen, Hepburn, Overstreet, Landis, and Jenkins. The country is to be congratulated on the election of so able a man as William H. Taft to the Presidency, upon the reelection of Governor Hughes in New York and Governor Johnson in Minnesota, and upon Attorney-General Hadley's promotion to the governorship of Missouri.

This is the brighter side of the picture, but there is another. If you visit Congress during its next session you will find the old guard still there—the old machine of obstruction and corruption, headed by Cannon, Dalzell, Payne, and Tawney. One face will be missing in this edifying picture, one smiling, familiar face. It will beam henceforth upon the United States Senate from the exalted chair of the Vice-President. As it beams, patriots will thank Heaven for the vigorous health of President Taft.

* * *

The Vanderbilt Cup

WHAT is the reason for the Vanderbilt Cup, anyway? It is too large for drinking purposes, except for members of the rhinocerous family; it is of no use for keeping umbrellas in, and is not suitable for the family washing. In fact, the more we think about it the less we are surprised that Mr. Vanderbilt should be giving it away.

Its principal use seems to be an excuse whereby a rich man may get excitement by risking life (usually somebody else's) in racing automobiles. Furthermore, it causes a number of thousands of people to forsake comfortable Harlem flats to spend the latter half of the night on Long Island trains, and the first half of the day standing all over a county which, because of its size, is poorly protected from the weather. The object of this exodus is to see a streak of dust every twenty minutes, and to try to escape being run over.

No one can help a feeling of pride over the fact that an American driver and an American-built car, won the Vanderbilt Cup Race of 1908. But we doubt whether automobile racing is destined to be a popular American sport. Most of us are not rich enough to own racing automobiles, or poor enough to risk our lives driving them. And the development of highly specialized racing machines is of about as much usefulness to the automobile industry as the breeding of race-horses is to the livery-stable trade, or the international yacht races to the construction of ferry-boats.

* * *

The Mikado Likes Us

WE DESIRE to extend our condolence to those alleged newspapers and near statesmen who have been endeavoring to stir up a war feeling between this country and Japan. We want them to have our kindly sympathy in this, their hour of bereavement over the war scare. For it was buried the other day, with two flags stuck in its breast, in the ancient city of Tokio.

In his last words over the departed, the Emperor of Japan welcomed the American navy to his island empire, and expressed his satisfaction over this opportunity of his country to show its attachment for ours. He announced that he counted the genuine friendship of the United States a valuable heritage of his reign.

If there is still any doubt of the cordial feeling between the two countries, let the following statement wipe them away. After the exercises above mentioned, the American fleet allowed themselves to be beaten at baseball by a team from Keio University. Is it necessary to say more?

* * *

America Acquires a Monorail

THE monorail is not a brand-new idea. It has existed for a long time in the minds of inventors, and for some little time in fairs and amusement parks.

Now, however, for the first time, it is planned to put a monorail train into immediate practical use. Curiously enough, it is New York, which tolerates prerevolutionary horse-cars, that is to take up this ultra-modern form of transportation.

Father Knickerbocker argues that a half of a street-car track, judging from those he sees running about his town, is not so bad as a whole one. He probably figures that the new single-rail line which is to run in one of the suburbs will offer only half as many jolts per block, that the noise can be heard only half as far, and that he will be insulted by its conductors only half as often.

This, however, is all in the realm of theory. Everybody who is compelled to live in one place and work in another will be interested in the new transportation experiment in New York. If the monorail does what is expected of it, trolley riding will become a pleasure comparable with the delights of yachting, and business men will go about frantically looking for homes which are a long way off from their offices.

In the meantime most of us would be glad if we could do our street-car riding in this pleasant imaginary way.

* * *

LATTER-DAY PATRIOTS

I. Joseph G. Cannon

His reelection shows what even a little Illinois city can do for its country—and does n't.

Postal Savings-Banks

WOULD you like to step around to the post-office on Saturday night and deposit a dollar or two in the United States Bank? Would you like to put your small savings in the hands of Uncle Sam, the most reliable banker in the world, who never speculates with your savings on Wall Street, and who always pays your money back when you want it? Well you can't so that 's all there is about it. The Bankers' Association does not like the idea.

It is of no use for you to argue that the principal governments of Europe are taking care of the people's small savings and paying them interest, and that they have n't hurt the private banks at all. You would only be wasting your breath, because there is a man with whiskers out in Danville, Illinois, who does n't care for postal savings-banks. There is no use of Uncle Sam's trying to go into the banking business without the approval of Uncle Joe.

Meanwhile, let us console ourselves with John D. Rockefeller's latest dictum that it is n't good for us to save money anyway.

* * *

For Art's Sake

AMERICAN art, so far as a considerable proportion of our people is concerned, may roughly be divided into two classes—photographic and tonsorial. There are a whole lot of people in this otherwise satisfactory country of ours who have never attended an annual exhibition, but there is hardly a wide place in the road which has not an art emporium of the variety above mentioned. We have no fault to find with these familiar institutions; we deem it a commendable thing for our women to have their pictures taken and our men to have their hair cut. On the other hand, one can not help exclaiming with Kipling, "It's pretty, but is it art?"

A movement is on foot to establish in this country a

national art school and museum, to be conducted at Government expense. The United States Congress has thus far never seen fit to waste money in promoting the love of the beautiful. On the contrary, fearing lest some great painting or statue might slip over our boundaries when no one was looking, it has fixed a high tariff upon art works. To the rich American traveling abroad our Government says, "Bring anything beautiful home with you if you dare!" By this policy of economy and vigilance we have succeeded fairly well in preventing the growth of American art.

They do these things better in Europe. A nation over there may pay its secretary of state only four dollars a week (board himself) but it is never too poor to encourage art. We have enough people here—nearly a hundred million now, is n't it?—to produce a respectable number of great artists. It is not a misdemeanor in America to paint a good picture, nor do we habitually send our best sculptors to jail. Why not go farther and found a great institution for the promotion of a vigorous, distinctive American art?

* * *

Life Insurance by the Month

One of the large life insurance companies has just placed upon the market a new form of policy which has a decidedly interesting feature. The new scheme provides that a man may obtain, in return for certain sums, graduated according to age, a policy which will give his wife or other beneficiary a monthly allowance for twenty years after his death or for life. That is, a man, if he is thrifty enough and his employer not too thrifty, may provide for his family's bills every month as they become due.

This commendable scheme is based upon the psychological fact that most women think in terms of monthly income. With them it is a question, not of how much money you have in the bank, but of how you will meet Butcher Jones's monthly bill, and what you are going to do when the rent comes 'round. There are many women who would jump at the chance to invest several thousand dollars in elusive mining stocks and aquatic real estate, but who would be approximately sane if they had only enough money at a time to pay the gas bill. For this class of people this new form of insurance will be of undoubted benefit, for others nothing would do but having an insurance company order the groceries and visit the dressmaker. Where this business is going to stop we do not know, but we doubt whether any large corporation will ever become so beneficent as to take out the ashes, and do the family washing, and discharge the cook.

* * *

Paper from Corn-Stalks

Uncle Sam's busy chemists in Washington have decided that cheap paper can be made from corn-stalks. We have long known that wrapping-paper is manufactured out of old rags, that the back fence can be turned into perfumed and tinted stationery, and that newspapers are made of primeval forests and damaged reputations. Now they tell us that a common rural nuisance is an asset—that some day every farmer can be his own paper trust.

This proposition from Washington is music to our ears. The disappearance of our forests and the machinations of the Paper Trust have made the price of paper soar like a Wright aeroplane. At the rate we are going now paper is destined to be beyond the reach of ordinary mortals—paper railroads will cost more than real ones, and paper-soled shoes will be a luxury which only the rich can enjoy. If something is n't done about it, a day may come when the Sunday newspaper will be no larger than the atlas of the world, and magazines will cost so much to get out that there will be no room for the advertisements.

But it seems we are to be saved from these awful possibilities. With every farmer growing cook-books and car-wheels and fire-proof theater curtains in the vacant lot behind the barn, there is little danger of a world-wide famine in paper.

* * *

Keeping It from Father

During one of the most spectacular engagements in which this country ever participated, with the newspapers promising us a duchess on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and denying the report the rest of the week, and with two continents losing sleep, one man only was serene and imperturbable. There was n't a truck driver who could n't tell the price of the lady's *trousseau*, but this man when approached always raised his eyebrows in surprise and asked, "Who is this duke person you 're speaking about?" The unconscious deaf and dumb gentleman to whom we refer is a United States Senator and a father to the prospective bride.

We can see no reason why these two young folks should not link their tender hearts together without paying any attention to the rest of us. Perhaps the young man's dukedom, or whatever a duke lives in, is not as big or as flourishing as the West Virginia estate, but what of that? He is apparently an industrious fellow with the best of references and a good job in the Italian navy. So far as we know he never robbed a bank or received any letters from John D. Archbold.

Mother has known about it for a long time and has raised no objections. Why keep the good news from father?

* * *

Special Training for Consuls

A SCHOOL has been established in the George Washington University at Washington for the training of men for the consular service. It is the idea of the founders of this "school of diplomacy" that some preparation should be required of those who perform this important Government function, that we should, in other words, bring up a consul in the way he should go.

Heretofore the facts that a man has never murdered his mother-in-law, and that he has been able to deliver his county regularly to his party, have been considered ample qualification for representing his country abroad. We never have paid these gentlemen anything to speak of, so perhaps we have received as good service as we deserved.

Now, however, we are thinking some of improving our consular service and we are wisely beginning by trying to improve the training of our consuls. Clerking in a grocery store is a perfectly honest and praiseworthy occupation, but somehow it falls short as a preparatory school for international diplomacy.

* * *

The Snob Manufacturing Company

WE HAVE never, so far as we know, met our antipathy, but we have a letter from him, and he lives in England. We assure you that we are perfectly fair and exact when we quote from his letter the following sentence:

> With the view of obtaining for Americans traveling abroad the recognition to which they are entitled at home, the Anglo-American Publishing Company desires herewith to enlist your interest in their forthcoming edition of "America's Purple," which will contain the names of America's most representative families and ensure for them the identification that books of exclusive social registration afford them at home, and which the "Almanach de Gotha" and similar publications give to Europeans.

In other words, this priceless book of, by, and for the snobs, will, if it contain your name, admit you to the most rarified social atmosphere of Europe.

We do not care to meet the man who has written this literary gem, but we believe he may possibly become of great value to the American nation. If his book would be the means of luring the flower of the American aristocracy to Europe, where they are used to the purple and do not mind that color so much, what a rest and a relief and a joy it would be to Americans who missed the *Mayflower*, and who have been disgracing themselves ever since by working for a living!

* * *

The Balkan Stew

IT IS difficult to predict what will be the outcome of the trouble in the Balkans. The boundary lines in Eastern Europe have such a habit of roaming about the country and mixing up in politics, that the geography maker has to be on the lookout night and day. Therefore, the revolt of Bulgaria from Turkey, the annexation by Austria-Hungary of Bosnia and Herzegovnia, and the annexation of Crete to Greece, although fairly certain at the present time, may be completely undone by the time the next map goes to press.

Meanwhile the lucky old world is to be congratulated upon what looks like a peaceful solution of a problem which at one time seriously threatened the peace of Europe. There is little doubt that not so very many years ago the disturbance of the European balance of power which took place in the recent changes there would have precipitated a disastrous war. To the credit of civilization it can be said that people are less disposed to fight with each other now over every question upon which kings and emperors disagree.

Here is a good place for a genial American grin over the fact that one more nation has attained a position of independence. We are withholding further congratulations until it has deposed its absurd aristocratic ruler, Czar Ferdinand.

* * *

Breaking the Bank

HISTORY is full of the exploits of dreamers and idealists. Some there are who try to reform society; others believe they can produce perpetual motion; while still others try to evolve a system which will break the bank at Monte Carlo.

Lord Rosslyn and Sir Hiram Maxim have been making a scientific test of the former's system for getting the better of the roulette game. Starting with a deliberately planned scheme and fifty thousand dollars in stage money, with Maxim as an improvised banker, Rosslyn succeeded in several weeks' time in losing all his capital.

This English gentleman's exploit is neither new nor startling, but it suggests one thing that is possible to us all—that if the speculation bee is buzzing in our bonnets we take it out by using imitation money. If you want to play the races and pit your knowledge against that of professionals, well and good; only you had better use the lids of tomato cans for dollars. If you think you can go into the Stock Exchange and speculate against men who have made Fifth Avenue palaces and Newport villas by being disagreed with, you are welcome to try, but you will have just as much fun and lots more money for the grocer's bill, if you will do your speculating with a lead-pencil and five cents' worth of writing-paper. You may be able to make better shoes, or to keep a better store, or to grow better crops than any broker or book-maker you ever saw, but if you are wise you will stick to your profession and not try to show them things about theirs.

* * *

Better Football than Ever

BEFORE the football season of 1908 was half over it was evident that the contest between the colleges would be closer and more equal than ever before. While an unimaginative business department refuses to hold up this issue of the magazine until the result is known, it seems entirely possible that the application of the new rules has brought about the desired result of great equality between the colleges, large and small, in their playing strength. If the new rules do this, and at the same time lessen the dangers of the game and increase its interest from the spectator's point of view, they will have been amply justified. Whether they do or not, we shall continue packing ourselves into ten-acre lots, forgetting our years and dignity and losing our voices in the passionate pursuit of our greatest college game

A Song of China Eggs

By J. W. FOLEY

THE hen she is an honest bird, and though she sings no lays,
She lays her eggs and favors us in other little ways;
Belike the heroines of old, she lays her young life down
To give us white-meat crisply fried with bread-crumbs rich and brown.
In case she be a rooster, she alarms us with her crow,
To warn us in our drowsy beds 't is six o'clock below;
But oh, her toil is purposeless—of common sense the dregs,
Those times in stubborn hopefulness she sits on china eggs.

Now perseverance is a trait by which success is won.
But perseverance in this line is highly overdone;
And though the wisest of us makes an error now and then,
For graceless repetition just commend me to the hen.
She mounts her nest of china eggs, and though she never gets
A solitary chicken for her patience, still she "sets."
Experience may teach us of its wisdom now and then,
But never seems successful in the teaching of the hen.

And yet she has her counterpart that goes on human legs,
The world is always full of folks who sit on china eggs;
The fellow with a system that will beat a game of chance,
The man who grubstakes Failure—he 's the setting hen in pants.
The one who seeks the "ticker" as the way to sudden wealth,
The nostrum-buying invalid who seeks the way to health,
The hen is not the only soul that goes upon two legs
And moves the world to pity when it sits on china eggs.

The woman who would marry to reform her husband's ways,
The man who always looks for "something solid" in the plays,
The one who plays the races with a tip that 's right, he knows,
The purchaser of oil stock in a well that never flows;
Full half the folks upon the stage who play a simple part,
And more than half the dabblers in the stream of verse and art;
The hen is not the only soul that goes upon two legs
And sits in stubborn hopefulness upon her china eggs.

SS HINTS

eps You Back

you back, Mr. Disappointed
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ıat it produces. If you had
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ıat you longed to get to work
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ays looking for. There is noth-
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ability, signs of superiority, in
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rk, a tendency to blunder, or
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ıe has people about him who
›out the business and just as
as if they owned it.

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› Date or Fail

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ıs a Business Getter

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as to interest a customer in your
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/our work your enthusiasm will
customer to forget that you are

t business getter. It is so con-
: know it, we are infected with
to brace ourselves against it.

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:e of all stability. If a young man
d with ability, he can get credit
. Robert C. Ogden, John Wana-
:r, says that almost any young
:e ability can get credit to start
if he has character, if he is ab-

* *

d to Let a Man Get a ›ad Bargain

›en asked what had contributed
career, said: "I always looked
: other end of the bargain." He
ıd bargain himself he could stand
were heavy, but he could never
ı who dealt with him get a bad

Mrs. Curtis's Corner

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

THE president of a woman's club called a special meeting one day to confer on what she deemed a momentous question. She is wealthy and strong-minded; her philanthropies are many; she is also the sort of woman who never anticipates contradiction. When she has been worsted in club circles, the recalcitrant members have met with such an audible drop from her friendship, as well as the friendship of her coterie—accounted "the best people in town"—that few of them now oppose her theories, no matter what their innermost sympathies or judgment. Hence a special meeting of the club in the midst of the busy days before Christmas caused a palpitating tremor of anticipation. Nearly every member was present, some out of deference, some out of curiosity, others because with them as with a multitude of other club women, a meeting means getting there, even if "the sky falls." The president dashed red hot at her subject—that is a way she has. She wanted to abolish Christmas.

"Not the devotional spirit and tradition of the day," she explained; "that I would intensify. It is the idiocy of gift giving, the nerve-racking, useless task of Christmas shopping, the hypocrisy of the whole system, the myth of Santa Claus."

"Santa Claus!" cried one woman, with horror in her voice. "Would you abolish Christmas for the children?"—she had nine youngsters in her home.

"Certainly for the children—most of all," answered the president, with calm decision. Her home was a childless one; she did not understand. "That is the very root and branch of my theory. Begin by abolishing Christmas with the younger generation; they will grow up knowing nothing, caring nothing, for so perfunctory a custom; and if our small grain of leaven could grow till it spread all over the country, all over the world, a hundred years hence Christmas would go down in history as a sublimely ridiculous custom."

That was only the beginning of her argument; she talked for an hour and a half, and the longer she talked the less convinced became her hearers. When she asked for "yeas" and "nays," the "yeas" were spoken by a pitiful handful of grim spinsters. The rest of her audience sat silent, with a defiance that strengthened as it saw its number. She took defeat heroically, however, but with one request. "I will accept no gifts at Christmas," she said sternly. "If they come they will be returned."

✤ ✤

WHEN Christmas Day came, the president of that stiff-necked club sat alone in her home. There was no music of children's laughter within its splendid walls. The woman had given of her wealth abundantly to feed the poor and clothe the needy, but there had not been one personal "thank you"; there had not been a hand-clasp of gratitude, a word of good cheer, or a single gift. Yes, there was one, a tiny brochure, from whom she could not guess, only a page or two of words—that wonderful *Sun* editorial, "Is There a Santa Claus?" which has become a classic. As the woman gazed out over the merriment of a city's streets, even the tintinnabulation of the sleigh-bells seemed to ring with more than every-day gaiety, and a paragraph she had just read repeated itself over and over again in her mind:

"There *is* a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to our life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished."

THE theory of that woman was sacrilege; still, with the passing of each season, one can not help wishing some reforms might be made whereby the celebration of Christmas would become saner, simpler, more enjoyable, with a larger measure of peace, good will, and charity, as well as the genial good fellowship which makes life worth while—all the year round. This club president saw only one side of the Christmas spirit; being a woman of wealth there had been laid bare to her gaze much of the greed and hollow hypocrisy of human nature. She resented it, and in her own narrow way would have blotted brightness out of life for everybody. Thank God that there is no one rich enough or powerful enough to obliterate Christmas!

✤ ✤

YEAR after year the humorists turn out their stock jokes on a woman's Christmas shopping; they are tiresome and old and threadbare, only they have so much truth in them. How different was the Christmas of half a century ago. There were no vast, alluring department stores in those days; no clamor of autos or trolley; no roar of subway or elevated trains; and less—oh, infinitely less—of the mad, tearing rush after pleasure, after entertainment and social recognition. There are still quiet, out-of-the-world corners in our great continent where men and women take life calmly as they did two generations ago; where Christmas comes with simple pleasures of which we city dwellers know nothing. The trouble is, we find too little of the concentration of Christmas happiness under the home roof; it takes second place to the striving to be popular. I do not mean the desire to be loved—that is an ambition quite apart—but the longing to be thought well of; to move in a larger social circle; to boast of a large number of friends. A Boston physician said to me once, "Every year I have a score of women on my hands after Christmas who are completely sapped of physical as well as nerve force for the idiotic reason that they tried to fill a list of Christmas gifts far beyond their means or their strength."

✤ ✤

I HAD a neighbor once who was one of the women he described. She had a number of good qualities, but she was simply consumed by the frantic desire to be the most popular woman in town. She had not intellect enough to be interesting or very companionable, and she was not unselfish enough to make herself loved. All her toil went to ingratiate herself with people who could be of use to her in a social way. She realized blindly that in some way she fell short, so she tried to make up for it by giving—giving—giving. She was not a wealthy woman, therefore many of her gifts had to be hand-made. Every spare moment for month was devoted to fancy-work. At Christmas her generosity fairly ran wild. When my slight acquaintance with her was six weeks old, I was astonished to find a bit of her lace-work among my Christmas gifts.

"Why should she send me this?" I asked a friend, who knew the woman better than I did.

"Oh, have you been discovered by Mrs. Dryden?" she said laughing. "Every one she meets goes on her Christmas list."

"Why?" I queried.

"Don't ask me. It may be uncharitable to say it is anything but good will, but she is a social climber. I'm on her list, have been for years, and it annoys me, because she is not one of those lovable women from whom you can take a gift with the feeling that it means no return except a hearty thank you and steady affection. Mrs. Dryden proved a lesson to me. I began to scan my own Christmas list and found lots of people to whom a gift was little more than a perfunctory remembrance. Out went their names, and ever since Christmas has been easier for me."

✤ ✤

THE remembrance of our friends need not be crowded into the few distractingly busy weeks at the end of a year. At that time the best of one's self, spiritually as well as manually, belongs to one's own home. This it is impossible to give when physical and nervous

powers are being taxed to the very limit in a perfectly foolish way. At Christmas time I have been in homes where the merriest, happiest day of all the year was made chill and forlorn by the one woman who ought to have given it the utmost cheer. Poor soul, she was simply a bit of foolish mechanism which for weeks had been running at such a head of steam that when the race came to a standstill there was a breakdown. She was a worn-out, fretful bunch of nerves, with not enough energy left in her to give enjoyment or to take it. She had been rushing frantically through Christmas mobs in the stores, coming home night after night footsore, famished, headachey, and petulant because she had not gotten the worth of her money—nobody does who shops in the Christmas *melée*. Then, late every night, and perhaps for a few Sundays, she had toiled away, till eyesight fairly failed, on all sorts of fripperies to fill out her list. Besides, there was on her mind the Christmas tree to provide for, a big dinner to plan—perhaps to cook—gifts to wrap and mail, to say nothing of the hundred and one details of every-day life which nobody but a mother can oversee. It seems cruel to accord criticism instead of sympathy, but it is so perfectly irrational; there is so much fatigue and so little accomplished!

Not for a moment would I suggest the neglect of friends we are bound to by years of love and sympathy and loyalty—they should have the very best we can give, but when that best is no more than a written greeting we have the happiness of knowing it is understood and appreciated more than if a night of toil had gone into a gift. Years ago, at a neighborhood circle of friends who had gathered to sew on Christmas fancy-work, a young matron suggested that holiday gifts be confined to the home circle and to individual acquaintances who are poor or lonely.

"Instead of expending time, strength, and money which this year I can not afford, for friends whom I love and value," she said, "I am sending a greeting instead."

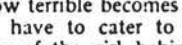
Many of the women in the circle followed her example, and ever since their gifts have gone where there was no thought of a return except in joy and gratitude. The plan was taken up year after year among other families till even the children began to understand the real spirit of Christmas, for the poor and lonely were to be found among their own schoolmates. That little grain of leaven grew, no one knows how large.

We seldom stop to think, during the mad rush of business that goes on till the stroke of twelve on Christmas Eve, how terrible becomes the strain on men and women who have to cater to the wants of the public. The story of the girl behind the counter has been told and retold; whether her lot grows easier or not I do not know—but there are others. Last year I bought something of a young woman who runs an arts and crafts' shop.

"You look tired," I said.

"Tired! Oh, I am not tired; for I get to bed at midnight now. Next week I will not be so lucky. If people would only shop a little earlier in the month! And if they would only buy what I have on hand instead of giving orders that are nearly duplicates! Here is a bowl; to-night I have to paint another just like it, except that a line of yellow goes where now a touch of blue runs through the flower wreath. I have a book-slide to carve exactly like the one here, only I must leave out a few acorns. If women could realize the toil, the loss of sleep, and the nerve wear that such finicky little orders mean, they would be more merciful. A man is entirely different. He takes what he likes or goes without. Long before Christmas comes the holiday means nothing to me but respite from all-night toil. While others are making merry, I luxuriate in one long, unbroken, blessed sleep."

Then how many women take thought of the overworked marketman and his helpers? During the hurry of Christmas gift-making there is little chance to plan the feast, so marketing becomes an afterthought. It is the same in the village, the town, or the city; every dealer will tell you the same story. During the last two days before Christmas come such an avalanche of orders for supplies which could just as well have been laid in weeks before that men toil all night, while horses and drivers drop from sheer exhaustion. It is not that women are cruel; they simply do not think.



Where Judgment Counts

"Pete," the White House bulldog, had a habit of going away with a nonchalant manner and reappearing all chewed up. One day last summer he returned from one of these trips while the President was at a tennis game with the French ambassador, Assistant Attorney-General Cooley, and Secretary Garfield. Pete limped up to the wire netting, looking for sympathy. He got it from M. Jusseraud. "Mr. President," said the ambassador, peering through the netting, "your dog seems to be a poor fighter."

"No," replied Mr. Roosevelt, looking thoughtfully at his lacerated pet, "he 's a splendid fighter, but he's a poor judge of dogs."

The Well-dressed Man

By ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

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.

WITH the advent of autumn, men's clothes take on a staider and more dignified aspect, particularly in the evening. The softness of summer yields to the "starchiness" of winter. Most men are familiar with the essential requirements of "full dress," but many are puzzled about the right tie, the correct waistcoat, the proper handkerchief, and so on. The following hints, gathered from sources of unquestioned authority, will be helpful to him who seeks to dress with regard for both good form and good taste.

Tuxedo waistcoats for fall are cut in gray silks and linens of a slightly deeper shade than heretofore. The tie may also be gray or plain black. Fashion now favors waistcoat lapels cut midway between the old "U" shape and the newer "V" shape. The front buttons are placed high and close together and the bottom edge of the garment are usually peaked in outline.

While it would be absurd to say that there is a fashion in suspenders to accompany evening dress, punctilious men choose the inner articles of wear as carefully as the outer articles. Narrow white silk-and-linen or *piqué* suspenders are approved with full dress and gray silk suspenders are luxurious for the "Tuxedo."

The evening muffler should be large enough to envelop collar, shirt-bosom, and waistcoat. White or pearl is much preferable to black as a muffler color, because it contrasts very pleasingly with the dark dress suit. Knitted mufflers with fringed ends are a new and extreme development of fashion.

Sleeveless and knee-length underwear—two piece or union—is not only suitable for summer, but also for autumn, unless one is not of hardy physique. Many men put on athletic underwear the year 'round, preferring to gain in comfort what they may lose in warmth. For evening dress the sleeveless undershirt leaves the arms freer for dancing and insures a much better fit of shirt and coat. Moreover, the knee-length drawers do not hinder easy moving about and can not "lump" around the ankle nor show through the hose, when pumps or Oxford shoes are worn.

The white linen dress shirt may have a plain or *piqué* bosom, and the cuffs are always attached. Elaborately embroidered bosom, folded back cuffs, and similar things are purely fads and not to be recommended. Glossy linen is in bad taste and, therefore, the shirt should be laundered with a lusterless finish. The number of stud holes in the shirt-bosom is a matter of individual choice. From one to three are used. A pleasing effect is produced by having the shirt studs match the waistcoat buttons and cuff links.

One hears whispers of silk gloves for evening dress, but it is very doubtful if they would prove acceptable. The idea is, of course, to replace the present glove of glazed kid with something softer and less binding while dancing. It is unlikely, though, that the *glacé* glove will ever lose favor. White buck gloves are frequently used for street and carriage wear, as well as for the theater.

The silk hat is the shape approved for general evening wear. The "Opera" is particularly a theater hat. In selecting a silk hat, becomingness to the individual rather than a fancy style, should be the chief consideration. By the by, always keep your "Opera" hat "sprung" and not crushed when in its box, if you would avoid unsightly wrinkles which ultimately split the delicate material.

Besides the standard white dress tie with square ends, one sees many of the newer ties with rounded ends. Though without any special claim to merit these new ties look "different" and thus serve their purpose.

Daring Shades in Waistcoats

That evening clothes are losing some of their old-time simpleness is evidenced by the new autumn colors in waistcoats. To accompany the swallowtail there are ribbed and basket weaves in white, cream, and ivory. Tuxedo waistcoats are shown in such daring shades, as lavender, slate, wood, plum, and cherry. With the dinner jacket many men wear white or gray silk gloves in preference to kid, which is only suited to formal evening dress; chamois, which is dedicated to lounge use, and tan cape, which is reserved wholly for day wear.

A MAN feels awfully rich when he's got a few dollars his wife does n't know about.

Pumps are gaining in vogue and really nothing else looks so trim and becoming with Tuxedo clothes as a well-fitting pump of dull black calfskin.

To braid or not to braid the frock coat is a question that is setting some of the bigwig tailors on tiptoe. A narrow braid along the edges gives a rich finish to the frock or the morning coat, but a broad braid looks too "fussy." The matter is one of preference, rather than propriety, though it may be said that braided coats are conspicuous and, hence, require that the wearer be impeccably dressed from head to heel. Following the extremes of fashion is always a hazardous pursuit, unless a man have abundant leisure, a long purse, and the taste to distinguish between what is false and what is true in dress.

Monotone effects in colors have been superseded by agreeable contrasts, for contrast is, after all, the spice of dress. Instead of adopting a single color scheme—white or gray in waistcoat, cravat, and glove—it is considered "smart" to vary the accepted order by wearing an Ascot of snuff-brown and gloves of a shade known as "mode." Moreover, there are clear signs of a return to black in cravats. True, black may not look sprightly, but it does look distinguished, notably when worn with a white waistcoat and fastened with a large pearl pin.

Wing collars having rounded tabs are again worn with evening clothes, though the poke or lap-front forms are "smarter." One should have a care not to choose straight-standing collars that are exaggeratedly high, for these suggest a prop for nodding heads, as well as cause the wearer's face to assume the hue of a brandied cherry. The white tie is broad with square ends, if a straight-standing collar be worn, and has a narrow center if the wing collar be selected. For the theater the heavy white cape or buck glove is now preferred to the regulation kid glove. It is more serviceable and soils less readily. Kid gloves are reserved wholly for dancing and indoor use. Pearl or moonstone studs, thinly rimmed wrth gold, are good form, and cuff links and front buttons on the white waistcoat usually match.

Uniformity in Wedding Dress

At day weddings a very pleasing effect is obtained by having the details of the dress of groom, best man, and ushers agree in color. For example, let their cravats, waistcoats, gloves, and spats be white. Or, the bridegroom may differentiate his dress from that of his attendants by wearing white and having them wear gray cravats, waistcoats, and so on. For spats, white-topped boots may be substituted. A certain measure of uniformity in dress is very desirable at any formal ceremony. Indeed, many men consider this matter of enough importance to settle definitely in advance. The harmonious effect of wedding costumes is often spoiled by attendants dressing according to their personal tastes and without the least reference to what the groom may fancy. He, after all, is the central figure—though, perhaps, a shrinking one—and his wishes should reign supreme.

Canary-colored Ascots to match the modish chamois glove are an innovation of note. So, too, are white buck gloves for afternoon wear. A novel patent-leather boot has cloth, instead of leather uppers, and a narrow strip of leather extends up through the center of the cloth, lending an effect which, if not radically new, is at least unusual. Brown morning coats are a somewhat daring idea, but they are undeniably becoming to the youngster who is well-knit of figure and who carries himself with a bit of an "air." Accompanying these suits are a white waistcoat, a snuff-brown Ascot, and patent-leather boots with brown or white uppers. This brown-and-white color scheme looks, to quote the elegant dawdler of the "smart" novel, "jolly ripping."

Shadow and hair-line stripes in evening clothes are patterns which some of the bigwig tailors are again recommending. Two uncommonly "smart"

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about Dress

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"On the contrary, we pay him
es us well, for the honor thus

im?"
do not pay him in the form of
n the form of profits."
em to me," said the Man from
How does it work?"
ht," said the editor, "so long as
can find markets to dispose of
you know all his profit comes
rplus over and above what he
rse when markets fail he shuts

hen?" pursued the Man from

talk about it," replied the ed-
l too pessimistic."

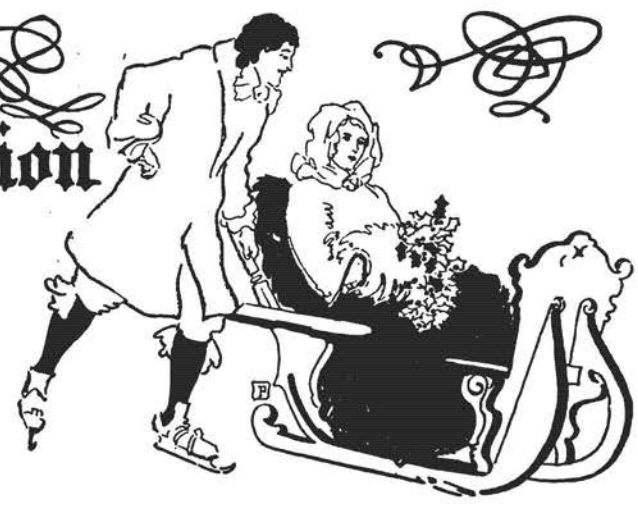
ELLIS O. JONES.

ittle Mistake

tropolitan Railway, London):
help me to get out at the next

y, certainly, ma'am."
sir, it's this way. Being rather
round and get out backward, and
nk I am getting in, so they push
age and say, 'Hurry up, ma'am.'
ns that way already."

Sports and Recreation



By E. T. Keyser

Rifle Shooting

Any pastime that will take men, women, boys or girls into the open air and keep them amused and occupied, or furnish them with something to think about and give them a moderate amount of exercise at one and the same time, makes for health, happiness, and a good night's sleep at the end of the day.

Rifle shooting will do each and every one of these things, and, the more familiar its devotee becomes with the sport, the more fascination does it hold.

The rifleman or riflewoman, either, for that matter, does not require an expensive outfit to have a thoroughly enjoyable time, and, if the amount of amusement that can be had from the grooved bores and the ease of acquiring skill in their management were more widely known, the rifle shooters of this country would be increased several hundredfold in short order.

It was not so many years ago that a rifle whose accuracy could be depended upon was higher in price than the average individual could conveniently pay, and, as a general thing, weighed much more than was convenient to carry round on a country ramble.

All this is now changed, and, to-day, it is possible to obtain for a very few dollars an arm which is accurate and safe, and so light in weight that a youngster of seven can carry it all day without fatigue.

Points for Amateurs

Never, under any circumstances, let your rifle be at full cock until you are ready to shoot. With a hammer at half cock you can pull on a trigger until it breaks and the hammer will not fall.

Never point a rifle at anything that you don't intend to shoot. There are forty-seven more or less variegated rules and regulations according to various eminent authorities in regard to safety, but if the few hints given above are acted upon, you will find your rifle as safe as a crowbar, and a great deal more amusing.

American ingenuity and labor-saving machinery have succeeded in turning out rifles ranging in price from a couple of dollars up to the hundreds, and varying in weight from three and one-half pounds to nineteen or twenty; and each and every one of these arms is as accurate as any one could wish.

While the higher-priced and heavier weapons are adapted to the use of the expert long-range target shooter, those of more moderate price and lighter weight are more suited to the average amateur, and it is these we will consider in this article.

In making your début as a rifle shooter, the first thing to settle is the usage to which you will put your prospective purchase; then decide on the ammunition.

If you want a rifle for use at moderate distances—shooting at a target in the open air, breaking bottles on a fence rail, or filling stray tin cans full of apertures—a rifle which takes the twenty-two caliber, rim-fire cartridge will fill the bill; and you will find the ammunition so cheap that you can fire a thousand rounds or so without feeling that you have been put to any great expenditure.

Up to and including one hundred feet distance, the twenty-two caliber, short rim-fire cartridge, which costs but a few cents per hundred, is accurate and quite powerful enough.

The Ammunition Question

For small game shooting, the same cartridge may be had, with a bullet so made that it doubles up or mushrooms up on hitting the object, which makes it more deadly.

For longer ranges, up to and including two hundred yards, the twenty-two long-rifle cartridge is the better ammunition. It is more powerful and, incidentally, costs more money; it is heavy enough for squirrels, if you also want to do some hunting on the side. An accurate but well and plainly built single-shot rifle, taking this ammunition, may be had at prices ranging from three to eighteen or twenty dollars, the difference in price being represented by the different degrees of finish, and more expensive sights.

A rifle with a checkered pistol-grip and a stock of extra selected wood of a fine-grained pattern won't shoot any better than a perfectly plain stock weapon, but is handsomer and more of a joy to look at.

If you want a repeating rifle, it can be had in the same caliber at from about eight dollars up to any amount that you may care to pay for it.

The question of repeater *versus* single shot is something that must be worked out by the shooter himself. It is easier work to fill up the gun at one time and then have the repeating mechanism pump the cartridges into the barrel for you than it is to load each cartridge into the barrel by hand, as is the case by single shot.

At the same time, a small caliber repeating rifle is more of a task to clean. With a repeating rifle you can do a lot of "stunts" or fancy snap shooting—such as throwing a tin can overboard and seeing how many shots you can put into it before it sinks, or rolling the same tin can down a hill and trying how many times you can hit it before it gets out of range; but then the repeater is heavier than the single shot, and you don't have the same opportunity for shifting quickly from one cartridge to another that the single shot offers. It will therefore be seen that both types have their advantages and disadvantages, the same as everything else in this world.

For the beginner, however, a single-shot, twenty-two caliber rifle, weighing from three to four and one-half pounds, if single shot, or about six pounds, if a repeater, is the best weapon for a first purchase.

As a shooter becomes more ambitious, he can purchase larger calibers, whose ammunition is capable of giving him long-range results, that is, should he so desire; but the chances are that the twenty-two caliber, rim-fire ammunition will be found so accurate, so noiseless, and, moreover, so economical, that the majority will stick to their first love, at least so far as caliber is concerned.

Keep Your Rifle Clean

After you have bought your weapon don't forget for an instant the fact that it's up to you to keep it clean and in good shooting condition. A rifle is a piece of machinery, and, like every other bit of mechanism, can be worn out by hard service, or totally ruined for all practical purposes by neglect and abuse.

The best barrel that was ever bored won't put its bullets where they were intended to go if the grooves are full of dirt and residue. A lock action is not going to work smoothly unless it is oiled and cleaned properly at frequent intervals.

A bicyclist who would put his wheel away covered with mud and dirt, or ride it on the cones, would not be doing anything more unreasonable than a rifle owner who puts his weapon away uncleaned, or who jams his lever up or down and tries to force things generally instead of painstakingly making sure that no dirt is clogging the action.

Whether your rifle continues to shoot as the maker built it to shoot or whether it will lose its accuracy depends entirely on whether or not you give it a reasonable amount of care and the cleaning which it actually requires; therefore, remember that a cleaning outfit consisting of a brass rod, a brass and a bristle scratch brush, a slotted head through which to draw a piece of flannel, an oil-can, and a screw-driver are the necessary parts of a shooter's equipment; and it is better to buy a moderate-priced rifle, so as to leave money enough for the purchase of these accessories, than it is to buy a more costly arm and let it take care of itself.

I have specified a brass rod; do not on any account use a steel or an iron one, as it will only injure the grooves of your rifle. Never put your rifle away without previously having pulled through it an oiled rag to protect the inner surface of the barrel from the moisture.

The best combination in a cleaning outfit consists of a solid brass rod with a handle at one end and a screw thread at the other on which fit the brushes and the slotted piece of metal for the rag. This is admirable for home use, while, for use in the field, a jointed brass rod, or, better yet, what is called a field cleaner—a cord fitted with an attachment at one end, into which are screwed the cleaning implements, and with a weight at the other for dropping it through the barrel—is the proper thing.

Impossible Shots

So much for the arms and equipments; now a few words regarding their usage. Don't start out trying to make impossible shots; you will only get discouraged and give the whole business up in disgust in short order. Tackle something at which you have a fair chance of succeeding. Put an old beer bottle on a

ty feet, and see if you can't
-two short cartridge, having
d care to ascertain that there
ire.
les four times out of five at
t further back, and keep this
-five feet away. Don't be in
it increasing your range; the
that you are going to hit that
ı do it.
verything else, self-confidence
n't want to break glass around
oty tin can and hang it to a
riven into the ground. Put a
les on a fence and try picking
r. After you get a little bit
:h amusement and a great deal
ning a bottle piecemeal. Take
eck and break that, and then
own, and, if any fragments re-
:h your third shot.
› the water—a cocoa tin with a
ı box that you can fix air-tight
.he current of the wind carries
ging at it, you can get two or
tin before it finally sinks from
it is going away from you gives
known distances.
', if your rifle is equipped with
rther away the object, the more
you see covering the spot that

equips his rifle with sights that
ow for distances and slide from
allow for wind; but the practical
y experience to make the correct
ing of his weapon, is most apt to
er.
.ten so you can reduce the empty
d can fill the tin cans full of holes
nount of certainty, you can start

:nough confidence by this time in
me the nervousness, which causes
to make a pretty bad showing,
› get at the bull's-eye.

arget Shooting

g, a fairly level range with a high
teep hillside at one end of it against
nay be set, can be usually found
he outskirts of almost any suburban

nge by measuring from the target a
-five, fifty, seventy-five, and one
:ach of these intervals, drive a peg
erve as a mark from which to shoot.
›r an old door placed up against the
:ound makes an admirable backing
ıd the best way of fastening your
is by means of four artists' thumb-
be readily inserted, and the broad
›er from tearing off in a breeze, as is
ı pins are used.
target to a tree unless the tree is
ullets pumped into the trunk are not
:s health. I have seen a number of
f timber permanently injured by
rs using them for a target backing.
o shooting at more than one hundred
ın to switch to the long-rifle cartridge,
:r charge of powder than the short
dge, and is therefore accurate nearly
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further away you get from a target
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ı can understand this by the fact that
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ʒ at targets or stationary objects begins
and you yearn for something novel,
:nt of tying a bottle or a tin to a piece
ving like a pendulum from a limb of a
of sticks set into the ground.
practise and you will find it difficult at
eed at which it moves is constantly
/ill keep you guessing for quite a while.
›u the advisability of shooting quickly
king allowance for the motion of the

at in off-hand shooting the time to press
e instant you get the front sight cover-
nich you intend to hit. Long aim causes
strain on the nerves and muscles, making
:, and therefore defeating the very object
ıtended to promote.

has for us just what we have for it. whispering gallery which flings back our voices. If we laugh, it laughs curse, it curses back.

The Editor's Chat

Marriage as a Cure for Selfishness

ANYTHING which will eradicate one of the worst elements in human nature—selfishness—is a good thing and there is nothing which will accomplish this so effectually as a congenial, happy marriage.

Selfishness is a marked fault of the single life. Not long ago a very brilliant young man asked me why he should consider the question of marriage. He was making money and could do as he pleased. He could have anything he wished; company when he wanted it, or solitude when he preferred to be alone; there was no one to dictate to him what he should do, no one to criticize; and he did not like the slavery which comes from being bound for life.

In other words, by remaining single he can live a life of ease and luxury without working hard; whereas, if he had a family, he would have to work very much harder than he does and to deprive himself of many luxuries which he now enjoys, besides the taking upon himself of immense responsibilities. All these things he regards as sufficient excuses for not marrying.

This young man considers everything from his own personal standpoint, the standpoint of his comfort. He has developed colossal selfishness without knowing it; and selfishness never brings the best out of one. It has always failed as a character developer. Selfish people are never large, noble, magnanimous. They strangle their character in the bud before it blossoms out into the beauty and fragrance of manhood or womanhood. There is nothing which crushes development of the highest and noblest human qualities like living wholly for oneself.

Now I do not criticize people for not marrying, but I do insist that most people are so constituted that they do not develop their highest, their noblest qualities when single. It does not matter how unselfish your ideas or how generous and charitable you intend to be, if you are living alone you are likely to fall into the chronic habit of always thinking about yourself, your comfort, your likes, your dislikes. You are not at all influenced by having to consider some one else in your plans, you do not have the advantages which come from giving up your own little petty preferences so that another may have more pleasure or comfort. It is always a question of your own convenience, your own comfort.

There is nothing else which will call out the divinest qualities of a man or woman like unselfish service. The very consciousness that one has others depending upon him tends to call out the best thing in him.

A happy marriage brings sunshine into the life and broadens, softens, and sweetens the character. It is a great educator, a perpetual influence for good.

I do not believe, however, that it is desirable that every man or every woman should marry or that they should necessarily be selfish if they do not marry. Some of the noblest men and women the world has ever seen, the most unselfish servants of humanity have been single. Natures differ very widely, and some people would chafe under the restraints of marriage so that life would be almost unendurable. Marriage furnishes the tropical climate for the tropical plant, but this would not be congenial for plants whose natural habitat is in the colder regions. I believe there are thousands of people who find marriage slavery, who would be infinitely happier free; better off if they were single; and vice versa.

* * *

Cheerfulness in Narrowing Circumstances

IT IS comparatively easy to be pleasant and cheerful when our bread-and-butter problem is solved, when we are strong and healthy, when we have harmonious, comfortable homes and money in the bank; but the test of character comes when there is a family to support, when a wife and little ones are looking to us for bread and clothing, and the wolf is pretty near the door, when we are struggling against poor health, a discordant home, a dishonest partner. It is a very difficult thing to be cheerful and hopeful when a man is out of a job, with no money in the bank, and an invalid wife and children depending upon him.

It is comparatively easy to be optimistic when the granary is full, when there are no clouds on the horizon; but a very difficult thing to be hopeful and cheerful when the capital is small and business poor. It is hard to be optimistic when notes and bills are coming due and there is no money to pay for goods which lie unsold on the shelves.

It is easy to smile when we are well and everything is coming our way, but when everything goes wrong with us, when undergoing misfortunes or hardships, when those near to us are sick and in distress, when poverty pinches, when the flour is getting low in the barrel, and hungry children look longingly into one's face, then it is not so easy to smile, to give the cordial handshake, to be serene, balanced, and poised. But this is just the time that real character, that fine training, will stand one in good stead.

The man who has learned to surround himself with an atmosphere of practical harmony, no matter what discord and darkness are in his environment, is the man who has learned the last lesson of culture.

And, after all, this peace and serenity must come by controlling the thought and by knowing that only the real, the good, is true, because God made it, and that everything else is false because He did not make it.

When we learn that discord, disease, and all that worries and frets and makes us anxious are only the absence of harmony, and that they are not realities of being, that God never made them, and hence they must be false, then we shall learn the secret of real harmonious living, we shall learn the secret of scientific living. Then we can throw the best of ourselves into the most unfortunate environment, we can fling out the fragrance and beauty of serene and balanced lives, even in the most discordant surroundings.

When we learn that there is enough divinity in us to conquer all the discord, to swallow all the inharmony that would mar the great divine melody, then we shall be living to some purpose. This knowledge is the magic which will transform the hovel into a palace.

* * *

Can You Take Your Medicine?

A MAN should start out in life with a firm understanding with himself that he is going to succeed; that he has undertaken to do a certain thing, and, no matter how long it takes, or how difficult the process, he is going to do it.

He should resolve at the very outset that if he fails in anything he will make the best possible use of his failure, get the best possible lesson from it; that he will make of it a stepping-stone instead of a stumbling-block. He should resolve that every setback shall ultimately prove an advance

There is everything in starting out with an understanding with yourself that there is nothing else for you but the goal, that you are going to get there sooner or later no matter what stands in your way.

If you are only half committed to your proposition, however, if you are so loosely attached to your vocation that the least opposition will shake you from it, you will never get anywhere.

A man needs stamina, grit, a lot of iron in his blood to enable him to stand up and meet, without faltering or turning aside from his purpose, any kind of obstacle or trouble that comes along. And he must make up his mind that a great many disagreeable, unfortunate things happen in the life of every man who ever amounts to anything. He must resolve to be like the oyster, which,

THERE are people who think themselves big because others point them out as "somebodies." They measure their importance by the amount of attention they attract and the flattery they receive.

when a grain of sand gets into its shell and annoys it, covers it with pearl.

I know a man who has had many ups and downs, who has made it a rule of his life that whenever a misfortune, comes his way or he makes a slip, he will make that experience a new starting-point for something greater and grander; and he has kept his resolution. He has made stepping-stones of experiences which would have been stumbling-blocks to men of less nerve and stamina.

There are plenty of people in the great failure army to-day who would have been successes had they the backbone or stamina to have withstood the fire of the enemy, the misfortunes which come into every man's life, and which conquer only the weak and irresolute.

No man becomes resourceful or strong until he learns to take disagreeable medicine philosophically and with equanimity. Many a man has failed, when the hour of adversity struck him, because his career thitherto had been too smooth. He did not know how to take disagreeable medicine, and when it was thrust upon him he lost his nerve, his courage, and lay down helpless.

Oh, how we shrink from the first bitter dose! Failure after an uninterrupted success often takes the heart out of a man who never has known adversity.

There should be qualities in a man's make-up which would survive disaster, outlast all destructive forces and processes; something which would live after property had been swept away and friends and relatives had deserted; something which would survive fire, floods, and shipwrecks, panics, and material failures—something which would be everlasting, which would stick to the man when all else had failed him.

Socrates, when he drank the deadly hemlock, although he scarcely had a place to lay his head, was the richest man in all Greece. How mean and contemptible this dying philosopher made his executioners feel when they saw that he had something which lifted him above material want or suffering—something beyond their understanding and for which they would have given all they possessed in exchange! In his very last moments Socrates was sustained by a calm, sweet serenity which defied death. His was a philosophy of which they knew nothing—a power far greater than money or fame.

Every one who accomplishes anything in the world gets setbacks, and lots of them. If we analyze any great career, we find it full of all sorts of losses, misfortunes; but these setbacks are merely like a swollen stream which turns back upon itself through the valleys—one ignorant of the stream's destination would say that it flows back to the hills; but it is not so. Its general course is always onward toward the lake or the ocean.

We must look at the course of the stream as a whole, and not judge it from the point where it seems to flow back upon itself.

* * *

The Simple Life

People who try to find their highest happiness in what wealth can give them are disappointed that the millionaire can not eat any more than—usually not as much as—the poorest day-laborer, without injuring himself. He can only eat about so much without paying the penalty in suffering; he can wear only about so much without being uncomfortable. In fact, rich people are surprised to find how small and few their *real* wants are and how frugally and simply they must live in order to maintain health. The moment a man begins to overeat or to go to excess in pleasure of any kind, Nature exacts the penalty, often in great suffering.

So, great wealth is not so very desirous after all. What can we do with it? It often stands in the way of bringing out the highest in a man. The temptations of a millionaire's life are enemies to his highest development. The great incentive to self-enlargement, to self-improvement is removed. It takes a very strong mind to resist the temptation of wealth, to really do that which is the best for the man. It is surprising what few and what simple things will best serve the highest good of the human being.

The trouble with most of us is that we place a false estimate upon wealth, overrate what it can do for the individual.

Nearly all of the most desirable things in the universe are within the reach of all of us. The sunlight, the air, the beauties of nature, wholesome, nourishing food, a sweet, attractive home cost but very little. If we did not emphasize the wrong things, if we spent our earnings for the things that are really worth while, we could get much more out of life than we do. Experience and observation have shown me that the simplest lives are the happiest. Great complexity of living is not conducive to happiness or the highest unfoldment of the individual. In fact, the moment our lives become complicated or complex we cease to grow along the noblest sides of our nature.

Just try to find out how little will make you really happy instead of how much. Most of us do not fully appreciate or get the full value out of what we have ourselves because our eyes are focused upon what other people have. The little we have is lost sight of, is covered up, in our magnifying the more which others have. We can not get the full value out of our own while we are thinking how much more others have.

What a boon for humanity could every child be taught the sweetness and beauty and comfort of the simple life.

What Will the Airship Mean?

[*Continued from page 779*]

and incidentally had accumulated a good deal of information as to conditions of the air. This is placed at once at the disposal of aeronauts, and in turn requested from them reports of every ascension. That was the origin of those reports which we are now obliged by law to turn in to them. And if this duty seems boresome at times, we have to remember that it has been by recording and digesting them that the Bureau is now able to give us a comparatively accurate forecast of aerial conditions. We need the Bureau—the Bureau needs us. Let us work together. But this is a digression.

The airship began, of course, as a passenger craft. It was, according to what records I have been able to find, an enterprising grower of winter violets who first discovered its possibilities as a carrier of commodities. He was a wealthy man; his plantations were in the South, near the railroad, and violets sold for fifty cents for a bunch of a hundred in New York. It so happened that he had bought in the interior, about a hundred miles from the railroad, a very considerable tract of land ideally fitted by nature for violets. He had hoped that the railroad would turn that way. But it did not, and his lands were lying idle. Violets could not be hauled in carts so far.

Now it so happened that he was an enthusiast for aerial navigation—we are mild enthusiasts now by custom; it is a commonplace with us. Then it was a new experiment, and the enthusiasm of the pioneers shut out any thought that did not concern flight. It was almost a religion with them. This violet grower, then, had a number of machines, and among them a moderate-sized dirigible for family use; it could carry ten persons and about six hundred pounds of ballast—the equivalent of a ton. If it could carry a ton of humanity and sand, why not a ton of violets? I have seen a letter that he wrote to his son at the time. His car, as set forth, was V-shaped, inclosed with canvas, to guard against winds. There was plenty of room in it for the six thousand bunches a day which he hoped to raise on the choicest twenty acres of his land.

Among flower dealers in New York the tradition of his first cargoes of violets still lingers. They were beautiful flowers, raised under the conditions fixed by nature for the production of the ideal violet. They arrived at the railroad station, after their three hours in the dustless upper air more fragrant than the flowers from his neighboring plantations. In New York florists advertised them as "aerial" violets. It so happened that the first experiment in aerial transportation was dramatically as well as unconsciously striking. The merchant's name was Ayre.

He sold all his flowers, and his success was widely known. His land, a hundred miles from the railroad, in an uninhabited region, valueless, had suddenly turned out as valuable as nature had made it.

It is hardly necessary to go into the turmoil of the next few years. The Ayres Valley Company continuously prospered. They were fortunate, in that the prevailing winter winds in their region were mild and blew toward the railroad. In the great tumult of land speculation that followed, many other companies were wrecked. I suppose that it is difficult for us to conceive the sensation that that success caused. Every owner of a nook of fertile land in the background of a railroad felt that he had a jewel of price. Companies were organized to buy vast tracts of land and a dirigible which should cruise about to collect lighter products of the soil. Mistakes in the relative values of land brought swift disaster upon the ignorant; there was a farmer in New Hampshire, for example, who persuaded his neighbors that upon the western slope of the White Mountains grapes could be raised which would compete in New York with the grapes that the Ayres Company were beginning to send from the South. Of course it failed. Many companies that were not legitimate failed—for there were not wanting speculators who traded on the general enthusiasm to overpersuade committees of the value of their land.

Out of this wreckage, however, came at length a more intelligent alertness on the part of those who were not daunted by their failures—and these were at least numerous. Of those who were daunted we have no record. But the archives of the Weather Bureau for the year 1914 show more than two million requests for information as to the strength and direction of the prevailing winds at different seasons and at different heights above the earth in every quarter of the United States. The writers were not daunted. They were merely inspired with intelligent curiosity, and the Department of Agriculture was quite overwhelmed with requests for information as to the soils and crops, and with demands for seeds. The farmers came out of it with a wider knowledge of the resources of the earth, a keener interest in the possibilities of their own lands, and a new knowledge of what airships could and could not do.

In this connection it is necessary to take note of the influence of the aeroplane. As I have pointed out, the dirigible was costly to build and to maintain, more costly in proportion then than it is now, for gas was more expensive, and the leakage was great; moreover, the cost of hangars was considerable. It was a craft for

rich men or corporations. But the aeroplane was cheap. It cost no more than an automobile, even at the first, and the price lowered rapidly, for, except for the engines, the materials of construction were cheap. Of course for a time the patentees kept up the prices—there were terrible struggles about the patents.

(*He pauses, and his dinner companions exchange glances of dismay, fearing that he is about to give them a resumé of his record volume the last half of which deals with aerial patents. But he spares them.*)

I have recited at length the story of the violets because it was typical of each of the rapid advances in the new transportation. As successive improvements gave to both dirigible and aeroplane greater carrying capacity and wider and surer radius of action, new lands were developed, those in town became small centers of population and distributing centers, and beyond them still other territory was available. The quality of vegetables improved and prices went down.

The manufactories also began to grow up away from both city and railroad—their growth was slow, however, and surer than the growth of agriculture. The first of which I have any record was that of a woolen manufacturer who owned in Vermont some hills eminently fit for raising sheep. Upon his premises was a powerful watercourse, and he conceived the idea of buying sheep and putting up a cording and knitting mill there, where his power would be free and where he would save the transportation of wool to his mills. His difficulty again was transportation; his hills were forty miles from any railroad, and the roads were bad. The Ayre Company solved his problem; he bought an aeroplane—by that time the larger flyers were carrying a ton, and indeed it was not long before the time when our illustrious compatriot was the first to cross the ocean in a heavier-than-air vessel. I do not remember the name of the woolen manufacturer, nor do I know of the size of his aeroplane; but I do know that he made the experiment pay, and that similar experiments have been enormously profitable since. But the migration of manufactories to the sources of raw materials did not become a stampede until the great epoch of the wireless. In the meantime the railroads had of course encouraged the new transportation. The newly opened territories furnished feeders for them. The directors of railways even formed companies for the exploitation of lands within flying distance of their tracks, furnishing the farmers with cruising airships for the transportation of their crops.

Here came about the beginning of the great struggle between the railway and the airships, which has not yet ended. It was noted that the products of lands exploited by railroad men received better railroad service than the products of others. Cars of "independent" farmers had a habit of being late; consignments of gasoline or alcohol did not turn up. Some of the "independents" had failed and their land went cheap to the men in the system.

Railroads and capitalists had been accustomed to crush the victims whose property they wished to assimilate, and knew how to do it. But suddenly they discovered that there was a power before them that they could not crush. They always had to do with corporations which were in some way concerned with the earth. But here was a means of transportation which had no right of way to buy, none to maintain. It was an independent man's or company's power. When the railroad delayed the Ayre Company's gasoline, the company sent a dirigible to the nearest city, where there was plenty. The delay of the refrigerator cars brought Nemesis upon the railroad. At that time violets were being sent by rail from New York to Chicago. One day the Ayre Company cut loose from New York, broke away from the railroad, and landed flowers fresher than those from New York in the Chicago market. It was the first of the long-distance commercial flights. Within a month fresh winter violets in Montreal were for sale—at two dollars a hundred.

I am citing again an exploit of that extraordinary company, merely because it illustrates the methods by which new markets were gained and the kind of battle in which the railroads were defeated. The great battle in which they went down followed the invention of the wireless engine. I need hardly narrate before you the history of that device—how the eminent inventor offered it to the Government; how the question of accepting it became a national issue, how a President and the majority of Congress were elected on purpose to establish wireless stations throughout the country. We have the country dotted with those wireless stations now, and the marvelous engine that takes its power always from the station ahead, no matter in which direction it may be turned. Of the bitter opposition of the ownership by the people of this universal power, we have only the reminiscences of our fathers. We know, however, that after the assumption by the Government of this power, the opposition of railroads ceased. Railroads of course still continued to exist; they do to-day, but they have lost most of their passenger traffic and all but heavy and bulky freight. The distribution of the population, seeking more and more confidently the spots where commodities could be produced under ideal natural conditions, lessened the value of the old railroad beds, and the cost of establishing and maintaining new ones was greater than the cost of establishing and maintaining airships. Many

of the roads went into bankruptcy; there was a great outcry from the stockholders, and these still had influence enough with the Government to force through laws by which all the railroads became the property of the United States.

I do not wish to disparage the men who developed the railroads. They were far-seeing and energetic. Many of them turned at once to the airship, and to their efforts we owe much of the improvement in our conditions which has come with the development of the new territory. But some of them—in particular the company to which our friend alludes—have shown a rapacity that is entirely out of keeping with the spirit of our century.

The campaign shibboleth which gave wireless to the people—"every man's harbor his own back-yard"—was picturesque. In many of our new cities where land at the beginning was cheap, and where the exigencies of flight controlled the laying out, it has been in some degree realized. But in the older cities, which still resist, partly by inertia, as centers of population, few back-yards are large enough to hold the hangar of a nine-hundred-foot dirigible, or indeed to harbor a two-ton aeroplane with its wing-spread of one hundred feet, even if so small an aeroplane could risk the neighborhood of the high buildings. We were lax and late in providing for this condition; we were without the wisdom of Minerva. The old-time capitalists were wiser. They bought all the wretched wasted lots that surrounded every city in ancient times, and turned them into landing-places. They invested a great deal of capital in hangars, and in tracks for the dispatch of aeroplanes, and we could have tolerated a moderate return for their foresight and energy—but it must be acknowledged that the rates they charge operate in restraint of trade. And we can not tolerate this franchise of city parks that they have corruptly gained from evil city government.

But with respect to our distinguished chairman, it seems to me that this is a minor evil—far less worthy of national consideration than the question of the tariff. Why, in this age of the development of natural resources, do we still hold to the tariff? In the first stages of the airship it was confidently predicted that the new transportation would make tariff ridiculous, as it was predicted that it would make war so terrible as to be impossible. But it has not yet broken down the walls between races. Certainly the tariff still exists—and war. There was, to be sure, at the first a certain amount of smuggling between this country and Canada, but it was soon controlled by the police—and all smuggling is now quite controlled except for very light and valuable articles, such as jewelry, from which we have been compelled to lift the duty in order not to be ridiculous.

We fly, but after all we must start and alight, just as a ship sails; we must leave and come to port. Now the airship is a cousin to the ship; and just as the destination of sea vessels is known by the clearance papers—and just as their every characteristic is known at Lloyds and to every gossip in the town, so the airship is known to the Board of Control and to the police of its home port. The airship began early in its career to be subject to police supervision—bear in mind that the Government preceded the public in the ownership of airships, and were cognizant of the new police problems that navigation of the air would involve. From the beginning they enforced the laws of licensing and displaying license numbers, and from the beginning they provided their police with the swiftest and most stable machines to be had. Shortly after the beginning, they devised the plan of having every engine that was turned out of a manufactory, registered, and a record kept of every sale of it, and the person to whom it was sold. And persons who were known to be criminals could not buy engines, nor entire machines. This had some effect in checking crime. Enough, however, of new crimes born of what was then the comparative obscurity of the air—a cover for flight to unpopulated regions—remained. There was also, at first, a great deal of carelessness; it seems to have been a remarkable fact that aeronauts would throw away irresponsible bottles from great heights. And thus gradually that somewhat burdensome system of police supervision that we have to undergo, was developed. But if we, careful as we are, chafe because we have to describe the contents of our machines to the police when we ascend, and account for it to them when we alight, at least we have the surety that careless persons are deterred from endangering our heads with unrecorded bottles. And we have also to remember that but for the need of establishing police supervision in those countries which were backward or careless in their police regulations, and, as well, in those countries which are still comparatively uninhabited, and which may serve as a refuge for criminals, we should never have developed our International Board of Control, which, begun as a cooperative police movement by all nations, has developed into the greatest force for peace and harmony that the world has ever known.

(*He ceases and the diners draw the long sighs that follow the effort of polite attention.*)

MR. WORTH (*to* WALLINGFORD): Well, we might as well keep on with this harmony by quelling the Sultan. It's curious that all the enlightenment of our transatlantic traffic has n't changed our savage natures or religious prejudices one whit.

The Country Preacher's Wherewithal

[*Continued from page 777*]

a year and parsonage, and fifty dollars' worth of eatables. There was only one service a week, so I had plenty of time to dig into the Conference Course. (That, you know, is the four years of home study the Methodists have for fellows like me who enter the ministry offhand without any seminary training. If they did n't take my sort they could n't anywhere near fill the poorer pulpits.)

"There was just one thing I did n't like at Honey Creek. It galled me to reckon up every slice of salt pork and every bunch of onions against that fifty dollars' worth of eatables. So I told them I would rather have it in cash or go without. After that they raised the cash all right.

Getting Money Out of the Summer Visitors

"We were able to live fairly comfortably at Honey Creek. Prices were low. I had a big garden. They gave us lots of provisions. And my salary was never more than sixteen dollars behind. That lasted two years and then the bishop assigned me to this place."

The little minister waved his hand toward the dingy church and the dingier parsonage, and all at once his face saddened.

"I found the churches of J. full of money-making schemes, and they were particularly bad in my congregation. The ladies ran everything. They had practically run the men out of church, and I found they calculated to raise a good half of my five hundred dollar salary out of the summer visitors and other outsiders. They were exceedingly kind and gave us a surprise party the first week, leaving a keg of sugar, a barrel of first-rate flour, and a cord of birch-wood, stove length. But the money for these fine things had been raised out of a bazaar to which the Congregationalists and Universalists had contributed largely.

"Six weeks was all the long I could contain myself. Then I announced from the pulpit that I would n't take a cent of salary that had been raised by schemes.

"The women told me I was raving, and that I would starve. I told them all right—that starving, at any rate, would n't degrade me.

He Collects from Door to Door

"Then I appointed a committee to organize the envelope system and get subscriptions, but it did n't meet with any success. Well, the upshot was that I, their minister, was forced to make a personal canvas from house to house and see each man in my parish. I raised the necessary subscription—but at quite a cost to me and to them. There are some that stay away from church altogether now because they are behindhand with their subscriptions. And others come to me shamefacedly and assure me that they intend to pay up.

"As for me, I did n't think that I could really bring myself to do it until I had knocked at the first door. And ever since I've felt kind of queer—almost as if I 'd done a thing that was n't proper for an American to do."

The little minister mopped his brow. He looked pale and almost ill.

"It 's a hard matter to explain," said he. "I don't make a practise of rolling my eyes backward and figuring out my own feelings. It is n't exactly that I've lost my self-respect, because I know I did the right thing. Something has changed inside me, that 's all. If the contributions stop next fall, God help me and the little boys! It is n't in me to go canvasing again."

He rose to his feet and gave himself a brisk shake.

"At the same time I ought n't to be downhearted, perhaps. The men are beginning to come back and take a hand again in church affairs. And a few of the women see their schemes now from my standpoint."

"So," I put in, "you found the church run by an oligarchy of women; you started a revolution; there was a period of anarchy; and now you are struggling out of anarchy toward democracy. Is it not so?"

Supporting a Family of Six

"I s'pose that 's about it," said Mr. Blair, with his Maine drawl. "Struggle 's the word all right—struggle in the church and struggle in the home. It 's hard enough on me—but it 's cruel hard on the Girl."

"You find it difficult to make ends meet in J.?"

"Desprit," he answered simply. "Prices are far higher here than at Honey Creek and the people lay far more stress on externals. I have only a few feet of garden and people don't send in victuals."

Then Mr. Blair told how a minister's family of six lived on less than the pay of many a day-laborer. For breakfast they had oatmeal or pie; for dinner, baked beans, salad, vegetables, with fish once a week, and for an occasional treat a pot-roast of beef or neck of veal at eight cents a pound. The day before, the parsonage dinner had consisted of potatoes, corn, and apple pudding; that day, of canned salmon and potatoes. For supper potatoes are *de rigeur*.

As for clothes, the "Girl" makes most of her own and all of the boys', while Mr. Blair taps the family

shoes himself. He buys a semi-occasional suit at ten dollars and his wife at sixteen dollars.

But even so, after paying fifty-eight dollars a year for insurance, and as much to the doctor, there is pitifully little left.

"I don't s'pose we spend a dollar a year on luxuries," said the little minister. "Martha's and my weakest spot is chocolate drops, and once in a great while I 'll bring the Girl a quarter of a pound of the twenty-cent kind.

"Soda? Never. There's no leakage from our house through the soda-fountain tap."

Keeping His Mind Alive

"I 'll tell you where I 'm the hardest hit here in J.," he went on. "It 's in my library. I guess I have five dollars a year to spend on books, and as for magazines, I can't either buy or borrow them. Why, the postmaster tells me that all the private magazine subscriptions in this town of eighteen hundred souls, are seven, divided among the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Outlook*, and *Success Magazine*. And then there 's none of the inspiration here that comes of keeping in touch with the higher education outside. J. almost never sends a young man to college. Yes, sir; that 's what comes hardest on the spiritual leader of a community—to be so ground down that he can't keep his mind alive and in touch with the outside world."

All that afternoon I had noticed the little minister's pathetic eagerness to break away from his own story and to ask me questions about the trend of thought in the world to-day, as though I were an encyclopedia of modern knowledge. And I was thoroughly shamed when he broke out:

"Say, but this has been a treat for me! Do you know—I 'm half starved intellectually. There ain't any one to talk with this way in J."

A rapid change came over his face and he looked at me appealingly.

"I hope you don't think I 'm complaining? I don't mean to. That 's one trouble about ministers. They 're always whining around like dogs about being poor—hoping that folks will give them something. I tell you, sir, I give my people the impression that I 'm having a good time."

A Home without Conveniences

He took me to the parsonage and introduced me to the "Girl"—a thin, weary, consumptive-looking woman, who was evidently working herself to death in a house bereft of modern conveniences—no hot water, no gas, no bathroom. She was her own seamstress, tailor, washerwoman, nurse, housemaid, and cook, besides being president of the Ladies' Aid Society.

The four children were scrawny, pale, horribly nervous, and I found the eldest at nine a little old man with bowed shoulders and adult manners. Whatever is wrong with the Methodist Church of J. bears heavily on the little minister, but it crushes his family.

The rooms were surprisingly attractive, made bright and cheery by the thousand pathetic, costless devices of a woman with infinite taste, ingenuity, and pluck, and with French-Canadian blood in her veins.

Facing the Winter without an Overcoat

But there was scarcely a book to be seen, and I fell to wondering whether some philanthropist might not be induced to found a circulating library for destitute clergymen, with all express charges paid.

They pressed me to stay to supper.

I thought of the hod-carrier's wages of ten dollars a week; of the bitter winter which the lean little minister faced without an overcoat—and declined. They insisted. I saw the sudden glance of pain flash from one sensitive, high-spirited face to the other. I remember poignantly how the little minister always refused funeral fees from members of his congregation; how he had only that day refused to perform a two-dollar wedding ceremony because the couple were coming to town on a Sunday excursion train. He was hopelessly high-spirited. To accept, then, was the lesser of two evils. I stayed. There was one more guest and there was—sad to say—a collation in our honor. Three eggs, four tomatoes, and a quarter-pound of cheese dwelt together in unity for a season in a decrepit chafing-dish, and emerged transfigured. It was a delicious creation, but our hosts gave only a clever imitation of dining, and the hungry eyes of the three boys at table belied their polite declarations that they did n't want a second helping.

What Is the Matter with the Church?

That evening I went to hear the little minister preach. There were thirty-two people present, and it was a pleasure to notice that quite a third of them were men. The little minister led the opening hymns in the old-fashioned Methodist style, praising Heaven in a copious tenor that recalled a vigorous fountain of extremely liquid molasses.

As for me, I soon lost track of what was going on.

"What is the matter with the Church?" I was asking myself. "Why is it becoming so barren and out of touch with humanity at a time when the other great educators—like the Sunday-school, the foreign missions, and the college—are booming?"

Memory reverted to the incidents of my pilgrimage among the churches. There came to mind the monotonous succession of feminine oligarchies; a decayed monarchy I had found in one quiet village, ruled by a single wealthy and irreligious old man who paid the entire salary of the minister out of his own pocket and never went near the church, except to preside over the annual business meeting, where he would brook no opposition. Nor was that plutocracy in one of the larger towns forgotten, where a body of rich church members exercised a strict censorship over the utterances from their pulpit. It seemed to me that I had found financial democracy the exception rather than the rule.

The Reform Should Begin at the Root

But just as I was beginning to wonder whether this evil were not one of the main causes of the Church's present stagnation, the voice of the little minister broke into my reverie. He was reading the beautiful passage about "the lilies of the field and Solomon in all his glory." "Therefore," the earnest voice read on, "take no thought saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? . . . But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

In a flash the real situation seemed to shine out of these words. The financial evil was not a cause—it was an effect. It was one of the by-products of the present régime. What the Church had to do was to seek in good faith for the "kingdom of God," and financial reform would follow naturally as one of "these things."

And the "kingdom?" Where and what was that? I tried to imagine how the Man who uttered those encouraging words would diagnose the situation if He were in J. to-day.

The Petty Competition of Rival Sects

He would find three congregations—the Universalists, who commercialized their "house of prayer"; the Methodists, who make their spiritual leader beg from house to house; the Congregationalists, who hire "supplies" at five dollars a Sunday. The first has a minister with the usual, abstract, seminary training, and a puny character; the second has one with mind and body never properly nourished but with a strong, noble character; the third has no minister at all.

Would not the first words of the Son of Man be: "Ye are members one of another"? Would He not lift those three churches above the level of their little pet dogmas and observances into the large, clear atmosphere of the "kingdom," where they would harmonize into one strong church void of financial problems? Would He not drive the sordid, petty competition of rival sects out of our land as passionately as he drove the competition of rival thieves out of the Temple?

And would He not have an eye, as well, on the young ministers of to-day, to see whether they were being trained as he trained those twelve original pupils in His inimitable seminary? Would He allow His modern apostles to focus their whole souls for four years on two defunct languages and such abstractions as exegesis, dogmatics, apologetics, homiletics, pedagogy, and pastoral theology? Is it certain that He Himself could have passed a perfect examination in these matters?

The Minister of To-morrow

Or would He have His young pupils come to know, through and through, the *whole man*, in health and in disease, alone and among the crowd? Would He not found a new sort of seminary to-day, taking His students into the thick of life, to show them the far-reaching effects of heredity and environment; how character is influenced by functional and organic disease, and by such social forces as neighborhoods, schools, factories, and clubs?

Would He not lead His classes to such laboratories as the sweat-shop, the saloon, the dance-hall, and the brothel? Would He not have them study the labor-union, the apartment-house, the farm, the theater, the department-store, the press, the corporation, and the political club; and corrective agencies, like the prison, the reformatory, the playground; as well as educative ones, like the school, the college, the library, and the public press?

Will anything, I ask myself, short of a modern Messiah lift our Christian Church above the level of its eager little sects, that compete like privateers on the high sees of old, and like buccaneers on the Wall Streets of to-day?

Will anything short of this bring the time when our ministers shall not have about them something estranging and phantom-like, like a ray of candle-light falling on a Greek root at midnight?

The voice of the little minister broke in upon my impassioned musings. It was thrilling with emotion, and his eyes seemed to blaze brighter in their deep sockets.

"Therefore, take no thought," the voice rang out, "saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

Measure up to every opportunity that comes to you.

King Cophetua of Klondyke

[*Continued from page 775*]

had in the safe. He would n't take no more than fifteen hundred dollars. Wanted to give me a note, which, being a good business man, I would n't take because I don't take no chances of having fool pieces of paper around that you lose or forget. I told him to take all he wanted and forget all about it or never pay me back till he struck it rich.

Well, he took the long smoke trail the next morning. I went down to see him off and felt lonesome there on Schwabacher's Wharf, when the steamer swung out into the sound with him leaning over the stern rail, his hat still jammed over his eyes, and his cigar clinched between his teeth and gone out until it was just a black stub held tight as if it was the last hope. I was sorry I had n't gone along because somehow it all called to me again—that North where there 's so much to do and so much to fight against and so much that is honest and to be loved.

I found the way to the concert garden, or whatever you call it, that night, and sneaked off into the same corner where we 'd sat the other time I 'd been there. She was playing the piano as usual, all the girls in white as usual, and came down to where I sat when they hung up the card that said "Intermission." She was white faced and dry eyed. She moistened her lips before she spoke. "Hates to lose the money," I said to myself. She leaned over toward me, her blonde hair catching the light from outside and her hands clutched together. I sat stiff and straight with my new Stetson pulled low and watched her, hating her and most everything else all the time.

"He 's gone. He 's gone!" she said.

I nodded my head and folded my arms, still looking at her. She went on without stopping.

"Gone without seeing me and without saying good-by. He wrote me a note that they had not taken his claim, that he was broke, that he could n't reasonably expect me to remember all that had been said, and that I was released. And to-night I found out that he had gone!"

I leaned over the edge of the table and looked at her and somehow thought she was n't quite what I had taken her for. I started to say something but my tongue felt thick and I gulped. I banged my fist on the table to hide what I was feeling and yelled to a passing waiter—"Here, boy! Bring me something to drink and be alive about it!"

Then I felt better. She sat and stared at me and I noticed she had drawn back and was twisting a little white handkerchief she had between her fingers to a bunch of rags.

"Ah!" she said—"you are so brutal—so unfeeling! How can I tell you! Yet I have no other hope."

Once more she stooped over toward me. The lights in front brightened and the orchestra, tired of waiting for her, began again—some soft thing that sounded like the wail of an Inuit widow on fields of cold, hard snow. A party from a theater close by came in—women with rustling silken things, swan bordered, over half-bared shoulders, and men who looked more in place there than I, who am old, weather-beaten, awkward, and rough. They glanced at her, careless like, as if she were n't worth noticing; but I, old, weather-beaten, awkward, and rough, began to think she was. I looked at her again and waited for her to speak.

"He did n't tell me where he was going," she said. "He kept even that from me because—because—he loved me."

I would have said something but she laid her hand across on my outstretched arm.

"I must know where he has gone!"

It jarred me. It muddled me. I began to see things different. I began to wonder what made this yellow-headed girl of a concert garden so different from those other women with the swan-bordered cloaks and the one who had gone away with Kentucky Jones's money. I knew all of a sudden that I did n't know anything after all, and that my greatest ignorance was of hearts.

"But you know he 's busted?" I said, shoving my face over till it was almost in front of hers. "You know he ain't got a chance in a thousand to make a stake? You don't know—but I 'll tell you—that I lent him money to pay his way back up there where it 's cold and hard; where there is n't much to eat and the nights are long; where the Malmutes howl to the stars because they 're cold and hungry, and where hundreds of good men are lost because they think that even God 's forgotten them. You know that?"

"Yes, I know it all!" Her eyes met mine as squarely as if she were a man and unafraid.

"Then why do you want to know? What do you care? Is Billy McLean, busted, as much to you as Billy McLean who expected to be rich and was happy in thinking of the things he would do for you?"

She stood up and glared at me and I think it was with contempt. She had stopped twisting her handkerchief and the shreds dropped from her fingers.

"More," she said, "a thousand times more! Did you believe I ever thought of his money? Did you think that of me?—of *me?* Are you a blackguard—

like so many others who come into this garden—who believe all women gage men by what their pockets hold?"

I felt ashamed. I asked her to sit down again; and then when she suddenly gave in and leaned her head over on her arms and sobbed, I could have killed the party outside the arbor place that gawped at us as if no old man with a white hat had ever sat before a crying woman with a blonde head before. A waiter looked at us and hurried away. I knew without seeing that he was whispering to the manager, who came a moment later.

"Miss Marguerite Smith," I said, "has chucked up her job. She ain't goin' to play in your orchestra no more. She 's startin' North to-morrow with me, because I 'm goin' to take her to the man she 's goin' to marry and who 'll be waitin' for her. And by the way—if you don't like it, you can go plumb straight to that other place, for all I care!"

And that 's how I happened to go back, although it ain't much to do with Number Four's provin' to be the richest bench claim on the creek. King Cophetua? What 's that got to do with the story? Why, can't you see he was richer 'n Cophetua all the time, and she did n't have nothin', but it cut no ice with either of 'em and both made good! Some men are such fools they can't see nothin' nohow!

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Private Allen at the Waldorf

For several years after the opening of the Waldorf-Astoria, Private John Allen had wanted to visit it, but he had been in New York only once or twice, and on each occasion, being a poor man, was not feeling rich enough to tackle it; so each time he went to the Grand Union, at two dollars per.

But one day in 1904 the New York Bankers' Association invited Private Allen to deliver an address at the association's annual banquet, and he promptly accepted, at the same time stating that he would at last fulfil his desire to visit the Waldorf. He then drew enough money from the bank to buy a return ticket and leave him sixty dollars, which he considered ample for expenses for the three days he planned to be away.

When Private Allen walked into the hotel, dropped his telescope on the floor, and registered, the affable clerk, seeming very glad to see him, yelled "Front!" and then, "Take Mr. Allen to Suite 24." When they got inside the suite Private John at once realized that he was up against something rich. There was a reception-room, a library, a big bedroom, and a bath.

"Well, Johnnie," he said, "these are very handsome rooms, are n't they? I wonder—ah—what they are per day?"

"Oh, *dese*," said the boy, "are only seventy-five dollars a day."

Mr. Allen was of that noble Southern strain that would scorn to show emotion to a servant.

"Yes—yes—and quite reasonable, I should say, for such—ah—such comfortable rooms." But when the boy had gone he dropped into a chair, wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead, and wondered what to do. Three days' room rent at seventy-five dollars: total, two hundred and twenty-five dollars. Cash on hand, sixty dollars.

For half an hour he alternately sat and walked the floor, without enjoying his magnificent quarters. Suddenly he stopped pacing, grabbed his hat, and left the hotel. Jumping on a passing car he rode about two miles, then asked a policeman for the nearest telegraph office, whence he sent the following telegram, giving the operator fifty cents extra to "rush" it:

NEW YORK, November 10.

JOHN ALLEN,
Waldorf, New York:

Just heard your arrival. Mary and I never forgive if you fail come our house immediately.

GEORGE.

Having dispatched this, Private John took an uptown car and returned to his gorgeous dwelling-place, where he sat for thirty minutes, waiting for the telegram. When it came he took his telescope and sought the hotel clerk.

"Now what d'ye think of that!" he growled, handing the clerk the telegram. "Here I've been laying off to come to your magnificent hotel for fo' years, and now my cousins here have found me out. Ain't it a bore! Can't ignore it, either. Most sensitive people you ever saw—"

"Well, we are sorry you can't remain with us, Mr. Allen, but of course you can't do anything else. Next time we hope we 'll have better luck. Front! get a cab for Mr. Allen!"

Private John began to breathe freely again as he saw himself getting out of the hole. Running his hand blithely into his trousers pocket and pulling out his wad of eight fives and five twos, and ten cents, he said:

"Ah—er—how much do I owe you for the er—*very short* time I occupied those comfortable—"

"Oh, nothing, Mr. Allen," sweetly—"nothing at all, sir! Why, the Bankers' Association paid for those rooms for you for three days!"

Private John shook hands sadly and quietly wended his way to the Grand Union at two dollars per. What else was there for him to do?—P. V. Bunn.

Pin Money Papers

Edited by ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

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

SOME WOMEN wash the life out of their hair when they could keep it equally clean with less wetting and run no danger whatever of taking cold. Use common table salt, damp but not wet, and rub it well into the scalp. Then comb out the salt with a finecomb. This method removes all dandruff and dust, leaving the hair light and fluffy. Besides, the salt invigorates the scalp, making the hair healthier and more glossy.
FAITH D.

* * *

AFTER BOILING SALT HAM or tongue remove it from the fire and plunge at once in cold water. This instantly loosens the skin, which then pulls off without any trouble. Treat beets the same way.
MRS. LAURA HUTCHINSON.

* * *

IF AN OIL-PAINTING is dirty or fly-specked, wipe all the dust from it with a dry cloth, then clean it by dipping the fingers into a saucer of linseed-oil and rubbing the painting gently. It requires time and patience, but the effect will be satisfactory.—W. D. N.

* * *

AT A LEATHER STORE where I purchased a suit-case, they advised me always to lock it, after I had packed and closed it, before snapping the side catches. They said that if you did not do this there was danger of stretching the bag out of shape.—A. W.

* * *

WHEN CLEANING STEEL carving and paring knives one always desires to keep the hands as clean as possible and to be economical with the cleaning material. A neat and easy way to do the work is to secure a small board, perhaps a box lid. Put the cleaner on the board and clean the knife by dipping a cork into it. The cork keeps the hands off the dirt, and uses the cleaner sparingly.—J. H. M.

* * *

MANY THINGS may be bought out of season at a great reduction in price. Spring, fall, and winter underclothing can be obtained very cheaply and prove a bargain for a household which has more storage room than money. The late fall months prove a good time for getting ginghams and percales for next summer; pretty patterns a always to be found, and the everyday sewing can be accomplished in the spring before housecleaning time. Woolen stuffs for children's school clothes are much cheaper in February than in October; and just after the holidays there are marked-down sales in coats, caps, mittens, and ready-made undergarments. The housewife who must count pennies carefully will buy her woolen blankets just before the merchant gets in his spring stock of goods. It is not advisable to get the "best" hat or gown or coat out of season, as one usually desires the latest style in these things; but on ordinary clothing and household furnishings many dollars can be saved each year and the goods be just as satisfactory.—A. M. A.

* * *

IF A KITCHEN WINDOW is kept open two inches at the top while frying foods, boiling cabbage or other odorous vegetables, the unpleasant odor will go out of the window instead of spreading through the house.—IDA.

* * *

TO CLEAN A WHITE FEATHER, melt white soap to a jelly, put a spoonful into a large-mouthed jar. Fill with gasoline, then place the feather in the jar. Cover and let it remain all night. In the morning, shake well and rinse in clean gasoline, then hang up where the air will reach it. When perfectly dry, curl, and it will look like new.—MRS. J. C. S.

* * *

WE COVERED THE WINDOWS with large pieces of canvas when the house was being painted, but one night, after one side of the house had been completed and the windows uncovered, a severe rain and wind storm drove the paint in sheets over the windows. We were in despair until the head painter told us to clean them with turpentine and a piece of burlap. It worked admirably, the turpentine "cutting" the paint, and the rough surface of the burlap rubbing it loose.—A. M. A.

* * *

A SQUARE OF TABLE OILCLOTH bound with braid is a great convenience to put under the sewing-machine when sewing. Linen crash will serve the same purpose. All the threads and scraps made by ripping and cutting can be removed in a moment, and there will be no litter left on the carpet to clean up.
M. M. W.

* * *

WHERE CLOSET ROOM is at a premium try this method for hanging skirts. Take strips of wide webbing about half a yard long, and fold each one-third of the way from one edge of the strip, then tack through the fold flat against the wall. Fasten these bands of webbing in sets, having them fifteen inches apart when tacked to the wall. Turn the skirt wrong side out and fasten the hooks as in wearing; fold it so as to show a full front view, drawing the band smoothly, and pin it in place to the webbing with safety-pins in each band. Three skirts can be hung from the same set of strips. Always use separate pins for each skirt so that they can be removed without disturbing the others.
M. M. W.

* * *

WHEN STOCKING FEET ARE PAST MENDING cut off the legs for bags to put over the broom when wiping walls or floors. Cut them open lengthwise and sew the two together to make a bag; putting a shirring string through the top.—A. B.

* * *

TO PREVENT FLOOR MATTING or woven carpet from unraveling, I unravel an inch or two, and tie together the projecting ends of the warp.—MRS. W. C. COUNTER.

* * *

A PILLOW-SLIP of any pretty art material made to fit the bed pillows, but with a four-inch hem and drawstring at each end, makes a pretty and useful covering when the comfort of an invalid depends upon big soft pillows. It takes away the suggestion of the sick room and is a grateful change to a person sensitive to beautiful color. Facing the deep ends with some contrasting color and using ribbons for draw-strings will add to the effect.—MRS. C. S. A.

* * *

A GOOD WAY TO DARN the knees of children's stockings is to run threads from side to side of the hole, then begin at the top and chain-stitch down, catching the thread in each cross-thread. When the hole is filled it will look like the knitted part and not like an unsightly darn.—ISA GERTRUDE WHITMAN.

* * *

MY HUSBAND AND I sometimes want to indulge in a luxury for our home, and a little wise contriving often obtains it without draining the family purse. After the holidays is a good time to buy such things as pictures, dishes, bric-a-brac, and rugs, so we frequently let our Christmas present to each other consist of money to purchase something during the reign of reduced prices. We choose magazines wisely and in moderation, and use the money thus saved for books. We keep a dime bank in our room in which we place the money saved in such ways as by walking home in the evening instead of taking a car, or by withstanding the temptation of buying some useless but attractive bit of wearing apparel. It is astonishing how a good library will grow when once started, and how much a few good things about the house refine children's manners and tastes. Of course we do not believe in using all our extra money in such ways, as we save a certain portion of our income, but many people who would not think they could buy a really nice dish or bit of silver will spend its price on cheap things and think that because they are cheap they are economical.—A. M. A.

* * *

A SHAMPOO used to be the trial of my life. The hairdresser would let all the hair fall on my shoulders, thus beginning the tangling process. Then she held me

over a basin and the tangling proceeded. The performance took at least an hour. I could see and—worse—feel the combfuls of hair that she was extracting from my none-to-abundant supply. If I protested, she remarked cheerfully, "No hair is coming out that is not diseased. It would have come out anyway." Now I wash my own hair and nothing would induce me to go back to a shampooer. I can do it in fifteen minutes, with very little more "pulling," and not any more loss of hair, than in an ordinary combing. I wash my comb and brush the night before. Then in the morning, before taking my bath, I loosen my hair, but do not let it fall on my shoulders, hold my head over the wash-bowl, and scrub thoroughly. I use a good, unscented soap, rubbing with the ends of my fingers and a nail-brush. Three or four minutes of rubbing is sufficient if the hair is washed every three or four weeks. I rinse off the worst of the soap over the wash-bowl, then I get into my bath. This makes possible an easy and thorough rinsing. My finishing cold douche takes in my head especially, for I find it enables me to do up my hair while still a little damp and not take cold. The best way, however, is to let it dry thoroughly in the sun. One great secret of no tangles is that not once in all the process do I let the hair get out of its usual place on the head high or low. Another "knack" one learns is to let water flow from the faucet on the hair so as to tend to untangle any snarls that may have crept in. Sometimes I can straighten out tangles while it lies before me in the water. My hair is very long and exasperatingly fine.—L. R. M.

* * *

AT CHRISTMAS TIME, while looking over my friends' and my own presents, if I find anything I think can be used for another year, I make a memorandum of it, with instructions on how it is made. In this way I get new ideas every year, which help wonderfully at the "busy season."—MRS. C. W. VAN TASSEL.

* * *

CHILDREN are sent to school to have their heads filled, but sometimes they bring home in them things quite other than those desired and hard to disperse with even a fine-toothed comb. In such an emergency try gasoline, rubbing it freely into the roots of the hair. Of course, you must keep the child from the vicinity of flame till the gasoline has had time to evaporate.

CANADA.

* * *

TO PREVENT STAINING YOUR FINGERS, while paring potatoes keep the potatoes in cold water.—H. G. G.

* * *

GRUELS ARE MORE TEMPTING to the sick if whipped to a froth with an egg-beater before serving in a pretty cup.—M. M. W.

* * *

WHEN BLANKETS have to be entrusted to the careless handling of servants, they frequently come from the laundry with long strips of the binding whipped off at each corner, often taking a piece of the body of the blanket with it. A few such experiences make the blanket uncomfortably short. When putting on the binding, carry it around the corner and down the side for a few inches, and you will find that this trouble will cease.—A. M. A.

* * *

I FIND TURKEY FAT, after it has been tried out, a splendid substitute for butter, in making cookies or biscuits.

MRS. E. W. T.

* * *

INSTEAD OF PUTTING UP YOUR LACE CURTAINS with one end hanging over the rod, half-way down the window, try putting in some large tucks, the same size or graduated, and see how nice they look. If you want to shorten the curtains and dislike cutting them, this is a good way to take them off the floor and to make them the proper length.—E. E. F.

* * *

A DAINTY ARRANGEMENT for holding soiled handkerchiefs and collars is a Japanese lantern. Choose a strong prettily colored one, add a strong wire handle to hang it by, and it will last twice as long as a fancy bag. Besides it needs no laundering.—B. FULTON.

* * *

TO PRESS RIBBON, dampen it thoroughly, roll tightly, and lay aside for ten minutes. Then draw it slowly between two sheets of newspaper upon which has been placed a hot iron that is held stationary.

MRS. G. M. GARRISON.

* * *

A LONESOME PUPPY OR KITTEN that cries at night may be comforted by covering a hot brick with a muff, a discarded piece of fur, or heavy eiderdown, and putting it in the box. It will immediately cuddle down and sleep contentedly.—JAP.

* * *

TO MARK BIAS BANDS, carefully measure and mark the desired width of bands on the margin of the goods—having first, of course, obtained a true bias—then use those marks as guides. Mark with a chalk-line just as a carpenter marks his boards. This is quickly done and makes a truer line than a ruler.—A. M. A.

THE PAINLESS REVOLUTION

[*Continued from page 781*]

there is going to be a revolution in America?"

"Why should you ask me?" replied the little Scot from Aberdeen. "Have you ever seen the little children making paper flowers where the elevated swings round near Park Place? Have you seen the tailors sitting cross-legged for fourteen hours a day? Have you seen the men who go down in caissons and break their lungs for merciless railroads? Have you seen tiny little boys from the East Side (who would be much happier in the East River) selling newspapers on a winter evening for great journalistic organizations—*soi-disant* lovers of the poor? Have you ever seen a woman with a baby on her breast trying to sell flowers in the rain?

"I could tell you far more," continued the little man from Aberdeen, "but you know them well enough yourself—and surely you know that I have given you plenty of reasons for the revolution in America! Have you ever seen beautiful young girls standing on their feet all day to sell what are known as "goods" to so-called ladies, selling them for some disgusting Oriental who pays them three dollars a week and leaves them to earn the rest themselves?

"The revolution in America, my dear fellow! Why, it was needed enough in France long ago—in England—and they got it; but America! Please excuse my American slang—but you make me smile!"

And then the little Scotsman from Aberdeen fell into silence again, taking his pipe once more in his mouth and looking with his small, gray-green eyes into the future.

Mr. Mulgrew, who was not quite a fool, saw a glimpse of the future in his eyes.

"What do you see in the future?" he said.

The little red-headed Scotsman from Aberdeen half opened his little eyes and said, with as near a wink as a Scotsman can do it with his eyes: "I see the Future."

And therewith he said good-night to Mr. Mulgrew and went on his way.

Now, this little red-headed Scotsman from Aberdeen was a great chemist.

Don't mistake me; he was not a maker of bombs. He was not one of those well-meaning, ignorant things who take a foot of gas-pipe and fill it with mistaken explosives. He was a real chemist—and, in a tragic sense, he was a fool; because his heart was set on leading people who can never be led anywhere—leading them to the Promised Land. Therefore his tomb is not known until this day. Consult the Book of Genesis. Moses was not the only fool that has conducted others to the Promised Land. The little Scotsman from Aberdeen had the same bee in his bonnet. He knew quite well that he would never live there himself, and yet somehow he could n't help leading other people there. He looked on the Promised Land, but he chose Mount Pisgah; for on that mountain had he not seen the face of Jehovah? Moses was a Hebrew.

The little red-headed man from Aberdeen was not a Hebrew, but he was naturally foolish enough to dream the same eternal dream—the dream that took the Children of Israel across the Red Sea; the dream that took them over the desert where no water was; the dream that broke the rock; the dream that did its best to give a weary, down-trodden people freedom from bondage; the dream that has so often led a people into a Promised Land of which they were not worthy.

When the little red-headed Scotsman had departed, Mr. Mulgrew, who was one of those white-whiskered, bald-headed, wicked old men who run saloons and live forever—Mr. Mulgrew, I say, scratched his bald head, as though he were searching for brains, and actually—thought.

"What," said he to himself, "did the little man mean?" And with an instinctive movement that had been his for many years, he walked—with a certain dignity which no one would deny that he possessed—he walked over to the cash-register and counted out the dollars and quarters and dimes and nickels and cents which sad men had paid him that day.

The little dog, a fox-terrier from Perth—the only created thing that Mulgrew loved, except money—leaped up to kiss him while he counted his cash-box, and Mulgrew actually went to a cupboard and gave him two dry slices of ham and some forgotten cheese. The little dog was grateful and looked up imploringly for more, but the end of Mr. Mulgrew's generosity had been reached for that evening.

So he returned again to his interrupted thoughts.

"What," said he to himself, "did the little man mean?"

Of course Mr. Mulgrew did n't know. In fact no one knew except that quiet, untalkative Scotsman from Aberdeen.

Now here at last is the story:

It was April the First (All Fools' Day), 19—, five years after the little Scot had smoked his pipe and said the fewest words possible to a Scotsman—just think how few they must have been! at Mulgrew's saloon we all know it, down there at Twelfth Street by the east side.

It was April the First, and people who were up early (because, of course, the sky was all lilacs!), strong and gay seven-o'clock-o'-the-morning working people, singing on their way to the work they—well, they were somewhat mystified by white crosses chalked up on the lintels of all the great houses they passed by with brisk, healthy, honest step, on their way to the work they—

Why were the white crosses chalked on the brownstone-front houses and newer, more complicated, and less distingulshed forms of architecture? Why were the white crosses chalked up on all such houses from New York to San Francisco, and down south to Florida? Why? The little busy, brisk, seven-o'clock-o'-the-morning people wondered as they passed by. They had to wait to have their curiosity satisfied till the evening edition of the *Rising Moon*, which comes out at ten o'clock of a morning.

Meanwhile the little Scotsman from Aberdeen smoked his corn-cob pipe and smiled to himself.

The reason for the white crosses was very strange and ingenious, even in a country daily and hourly accustomed to strange happenings and almost uncanny ingenuities. The white crosses, as I have explained, were placed upon the lintels and door-posts of rich men. On no poor man's house were they found. And they were meant for the guidance of perhaps the most innocent class of workers you can imagine—the morning bakers and the morning milkmen. These innocent, hard-working, early-rising men, on the morning of April First, 19—, delivered at the houses indicated a certain kind of bread and a certain kind of milk they had never delivered before. The result of eating this bread and drinking this milk was that every rich man, his wife, children, and the strangers within his gates, fell into a deep sleep. It was not the sleep of death. It was not a question of poison. Innumerable doctors testified to that in the evening papers. No, they said: but, so far as they could judge, it was some mysterious form of trance hitherto unknown to science. And meanwhile the little Scotsman from Aberdeen sat by himself, smoked his corn-cob pipe, and smiled. As I said before, he was a very great chemist. But the little Scotsman was not only a great chemist; he was also a great organizer of labor, and during the five years which had elapsed since that talk in Mulgrew's he had attained autocratic control over all the bakers' and milkmen's unions in America. He had only to take the pipe out of his mouth, say one word, put the pipe back again, and his bidding was as good as done. His was the word that had set the white crosses on all the rich men's houses; his the word that had poured sleep upon all their households; and it was his chemical skill which had produced that sleep, for he had discovered a secret by which men can be thrown into a trance for six months without danger to their lives. Six months would surely be enough for his Painless Revolution. So the bakers and milkmen had done his bidding, and by an infusion in their bread and in their milk of the strange narcotic he had discovered had produced that mysterious sleep of the rich men.

Yes, all the rich men in America had been put to sleep for six months Only a few of a powerful secret committee knew how this fantastic fact, fraught with such possibilities for the future, had been brought about, and this secret committee recognized the little Scotsman as their head.

This committee immediately took hold of the Government of the country in the Sacred Name of the People. Remember that the President and all heads of the executive were asleep. The presidents of railroads, coal-mines, banks, insurance companies, stock-exchanges, beef, oil, ice, and other trusts were fast asleep. Even the capitalists that controlled the great newspapers, ostensibly in the interests of the people, were fast asleep. The chief of police and the district attorney also slept. In fact there was no one who represented the capitalistic control of a free people that did not sleep.

The unusual situation naturally created a great public ferment, which, however, the little Scotsman and his Committee of Public Safety, having foreseen, took hold of with a strong hand. Their first step was to seize the newspapers. Editors really representing the people were appointed, and journalists with the power of vivid, immediate words explained the situation from moment to moment with reassuring directness—as though they were writing the baseball returns. The moral of their articles was that at last America was to be allowed to rule itself, to be a free and independent people, according to the somewhat-lost-sight-of provisions of the Declaration of Independence. America had begun as an earnest, single-hearted Democracy, but, of late years, had seemed perilously near ending as one of the most cynical and oppressive oligarchies the world had seen.

Of course the program to follow this surprising change in events had long been carefully thought out by the Committee, and all public positions were immediately filled according to the prearranged plan. There was scarcely a momentary hitch in public business; for men previously selected and forewarned immediately stepped into the places involuntarily vacated by their sleeping predecessors. Banks opened their doors as usual, only with different presidents. You were tried as usual for your crimes, only before different judges and if you called to see the President you were told that the White House was now turned into a museum for dead Presidents, and that the new President might

be found smoking a corn-cob pipe, and smiling at himself, in a certain hostelry near by.

There was one difficulty, of course, which had not been unforeseen by those little gray-green eyes from Aberdeen; with so many people suddenly raised to the top of the ladder, who was going to do the work at the bottom? With brakesmen as railroad presidents, who was going to run the railroads? With tellers as bank presidents, who was going to cash your humble check? With coal-heavers as presidents of coal-mines, whom could you dream of asking to shovel in your coal?

The little Scotsman admitted a temporary difficulty here, but he smiled wisely and said, "Wait till October the First, and there will be no trouble."

Meanwhile he met the needs of the moment by confiscating all the wealth of the sleeping rich to the State. It had, he said, been made by the agony and bloody sweat of the plundered poor, and to the poor it should return. Therefore wages immediately rose a thousand per cent. and no one cared much what his work was—it was so well paid. Truckmen would stop their wagons at a saloon and call for "White Seal," and the ash-bin man wore an orchid in his buttonhole. It was the Golden Age again.

And of course this change that so affected the men no less affected the women too—for all the beauties of the Four Hundred were just as fast asleep as their lords. No pen could describe the hauteur of the saleslady, or the peacock splendor of the stenographer, under this new *régime*; and the wives of bricklayers wore stones from Tiffany's and hats by Louise. In fact society was entirely remodeled, and as for Fifth Avenue, perhaps it was only on Sunday afternoons that it looked very much as usual.

In brief the People had come to its own; the *Vox Populi* had spoken; the long-expected revolution had come about; and, as the little man from Aberdeen had said, it had been painless. His strangely prophetic words were, of course, on all men's lips; and, as they recalled too the exactitude with which he had predicted the date of the revolution—"Look in the papers on the morning of April 1, 19—, just five years from now," he had said—they pondered with growing expectancy, as the months went by, on his other saying: "Wait till October the First, and there will be no trouble."

Again, what did the little man from Aberdeen mean? But, small and taciturn as he was, the faith of the nation in him had by this time become colossal. They knew, with almost superstitious reliance, that whatever he said would come true.

And it did.

This is what happened on the morning of October the First, 19—:

The rich men, their wives, their sons, their daughters, suddenly opened their eyes. They called loudly for their valets and their maids, but were answered only with strange silence or mocking laughter. There were no valets or maids in the world any more—unless the rich chose to take such positions themselves—for, as a deputy of the People, presently calling on each house that had been marked with the white cross, politely informed them, the world had changed. Henceforth there were to be no more Unearned Increments, no Special Privileges, no Distinctions of Class. In the place of these obsolete oppressions there were now Honest Work For All, Equal Opportunity, a Just Division of the Profits of Human Labor, and the State was the Mother of us All.

Hearing this announcement, most of the once-rich men flew into unavailing rage, but some smiled philosophically to themselves.

It must be said, to their honor, that the rich thus suddenly dispossessed and thrown into conditions to which they were naturally unaccustomed, showed great grit and courage. Beautiful, delicately nurtured girls, unaccustomed to do a thing for themselves, bravely and even laughingly took positions as typewriters, and even as salesladies; and it was noticeable that such aristocratic employees easily won their way against their more democratic sisters by the simple resignation and courtesy of their manners. Their fathers and brothers were no less brave, though they had more difficulty in gaining positions—for, naturally, during the six months they had been asleep, the best positions had been taken. It was no use applying for your old position as president of the Bunco Insurance Company. The "plums," as the expression goes, had already been distributed while you slept. You must work your way up. There was every opportunity in this newly constructed universe to work your way to the top of the ladder. Never in the history of the world had there been such opportunities. Only, it was to be feared, you must begin at the bottom; the upper rungs of the ladder were already occupied.

So presently it came about that soon there was to be seen one of the oddest topsy-turvy spectacles ever seen upon a crazy planet; the men that once ruled the world were to be seen humbly serving the world in every menial capacity. It was a great triumph for democracy. As you walked up Broadway, men with the unforgotten faces of High Finance were to be seen holding aloft banners with strange devices, announcing *table d'hote* for twenty-five cents, Turkish baths, and painless dentists. If, as the new Controller of Drains, you engaged a new butler, you were surprised to meet

again the face of the man who once, when you were hoboing through Long Island, had given you a meal and a place as scullion in his kitchen. When you had your shoes polished, there was always some once well-known, well-bred face looking up at you, somewhat mockingly, humbly to take your change. And when the winter came, and it came early that year, the snow was cleared away with a rapidity never before known in New York City. You see there were so many unemployed capitalists that winter in New York.

The long-phrophesied revolution had arrived. At last the people had come to its own. The nation owned the trusts, and the little red-headed Scotsman sat in his Presidential chair, smoking his corn-cob pipe, and smiled. But there were men who carried those banners of which I have spoken, and men who emptied ash-bins, and men who polished shoes that smiled also.

Their smile may be briefly embodied in a postscript.

* * * * * * *

P. S.—On April the First, just one year after the beginning of the surprising happenings above related, a tall, somewhat stout, pompous man, dressed in what was then considered the height of fashion, approached with a respect not unmarked by the passers-by a plainly-dressed, distinguished-looking man of some sixty years who was sitting by his peanut stand at the Sixty-sixth Street entrance to the park. The children were around him like squirrels, and it took a moment or two before the pompous gentleman could gain an audience. At last the peanut man turned to him and said, "Five cents' worth?"

"Not that, sir," said the pompous man, somewhat disconcerted, "but I should like a private word with you."

"Anything you wish to say you can say here," answered the peanut man. "You are evidently a public person, and you would, therefore, wish to say anything you have to say in public."

There was something in the manner of the old peanut man that induced a further servility in the big man's demeanor—he almost took off his hat. But another group of children came along at that moment, and he had to wait a little longer.

"Well, sir," said the peanut man, looking up again with a rather wry smile, "what can I do for you? I—a humble seller of peanuts?"

"Mr. ——," said the big man—this time really taking off his hat—"you know that you were not always a seller of peanuts—"

"Oh, indeed!" smiled the old man.

"I mean—well, we are having a great deal of trouble just now with the Bank of the Vox Populi, and there is only one man in the world who can help us out."

"Too bad," said the old man; "and who is that?"

"Of course you know it is yourself; and we—I may say I, as representing the board of directors—are willing to offer you—"

"Indeed," said the old man, quizzically. "Peanuts, five cents a packet!"

When the pompous man still persisted, the peanut-seller turned and said: "Listen; I have learned philosophy and the simple joys of life; I prefer to sell peanuts to the children than to be president of the greatest corporation in the world. You people have made your own bed—lie in it."

And the big, pompous man went away with worry in his face, for the peanut man was the greatest financier in the world.

In his distress the pompous man walked through the park toward Seventy-second Street, and there he met a young man with a shrewd, laughing face almost hidden in an iridescent cloud of toy balloons. The young man's face was one of the best-known Wall Street faces before the Painless Revolution; but he again was besieged by children, and the pompous citizen had once more to wait his turn.

"Yes, sir," said the young man, presently, catching his eye. "What color would you like?"

The pompous man, having been further benefited in humility by his recent experience with the peanut man, said:

"You know, sir, that I do not come to buy stocks—I mean balloons. I come to ask your assistance for the American people. We need your brains, sir; the brains that, young as you are, conceived the great tunnels that bring home so much nearer to tired people. We need your brains that dominated a certain great railroad and invented many an ingenious thing to save the time of and give comfort to mankind. Believe me, sir, we need you. Come to us, and I as the representative "

"Balloons, ten cents!" replied the young man; and the pompous man continued worrying upon his way.

Before he had finished his journey through the park he met with several other of the great financial faces, apparently as happy as birds in their vagabond occupations.

He came upon a distinguished old man flying kites for a crowd of boys. When the pompous citizen at last caught his ear and made some commercial suggestion—

"Why," said the old man, "do you think I would go back to that? I had been dreaming of flying kites again for forty years, and your new *régime* has at last given me the opportunity."

Further on the pompous citizen met a laughing young man exhibiting mechanical toys to a fascinated world. He was too discouraged by his other experiences to speak to him; but when the night fell and the stars came out he ventured to approach a venerable old gentleman with a telescope, through which you could gaze at the ancient heavens for five cents.

The old man laughed aloud when the pompous man made his suggestion. "I have not seen the stars," he said, "since I was a boy. Thanks to the burdens which have been taken off my shoulders by the recent turn of events, I can now look at them again."

After this the pompous man gave up. And many more than he who had undertaken the gigantic task of running the most complicated nation, or congeries of races, ever created on this planet, gave up also.

The trouble, of course, was that that distribution of the Unearned Increment which the little Scotsman had arranged had, under a socialistic legislation, given every one sufficient to live on for at least a few years. There was actually no need for any one to work; and those once rich men who sold peanuts and toy balloons and flew kites and looked through telescopes in the park, were not doing it from necessity, but purely for fun.

But the great industries by which all this wealth had been accumulated thus became in danger of languishing. All the great resources of the greatest continent in the world were beginning to lie idle. No one wished to put his hand to the plow. No one wanted to work.

This was a state of affairs which, with all his foresight, the little man from Aberdeen had not foreseen. It gave him much thought, and he was plainly perplexed, as he drew at his corn-cob pipe in his Presidential chair.

One day, as he sat there, there came to him a delegation, solemn as are all delegations, embodying these various dilemmas and discontents.

He listened; then when all the rhetoric was ended he took the pipe out of his mouth and said:

"Come again to-morrow."

He put the pipe back again, and the deputation departed. When it returned on the morrow, the little Scotsman said:

"I have decided to leave Washington. It does not seem to be a place that represents the American people. I wish to study them nearer at hand. Therefore, after to-day, the Government will be carried on at Mulgrew's saloon, on Twelfth Street, by the East River, in New York City."

When the little Scotsman was once more enthroned in his famous chair in Mulgrew's—and I must passingly hint at the happy magnificence of Mulgrew's under the radiant, immortalizing circumstances—he sat for several days, speaking hardly a word, smoking his pipe, watching his great big children with even more than his old pity in his heart, and thinking it all out.

The bank clerk made a very indifferent Controller of the Currency; from all sides came complaints that the former Napoleon of finance was selling a very poor grade of peanuts. The leisure class was just as numerous as ever. The idle rich simply changed places with the idle poor—the drones were still drones. The canny old Scot saw that a sudden change is like no change at all; that the industrial commonwealth must come through long, gradual, painful evolution; that mankind can not lie down in injustice and wake up in Utopia.

Then he smiled to himself at what he proposed to do. As we know, he was a very great chemist.

"I will put the poor men to sleep," he said to himself, "as I put the rich: and the rich will thus be forced to take up their old burdens."

Now not only had he the milkmen and the bakers under his thumb, but also the saloon-keepers, from New York to San Francisco, and down again to Florida.

So once more when he was questioned by a delegation he said, as of old, "Wait till April the First, 10—"

And the faith of his hearers was still as implicit as ever. Nor was it unjustified, for on the morning of April the First, 10—, every working man who drank a glass of beer fell into a strange, trance-like sleep. They slept for six months, and while they slept the rich men silently stole back to their old places; and when the poor men awoke, the world was going on just as of old.

But the little Scotsman has never been seen again. His tomb no man knoweth to this day.

IT does not matter that you usually take the right road, one careless turning may lead you to the wrong goal.

Having Fun with Father

[*Continued from page 772*]

There are so many unnecessary buttons on children's clothes.

After the bath came the orthodox, camphorated oil rub, and the "little white night-gown" considered so poetic by versifying bachelors. Then the angel-child looked up into his father's face, where beads of sweat were gathered.

"Dada."

"Yes, yes, what is it now?"

"Dada loves me?"

"Yes, of course I love you!"

"Then why does Dada look so sad?"

No answer; the question was repeated.

"I don't love any one before dinner."

"Why doesn't Dada love any one before dinner?"

"Because your Dada is a brute, I suppose."

"Why is Dada a b'ute?"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, shut up and say your prayers!"

* * * * * * *

"I want you to pass by Room 743 every three minutes," whispered the weary father, tipping every chambermaid he could find; "and if you hear a child's voice send down to the dining-room for Mr. Jones, immediately. Do you understand? Send for Mr. Jones."

The elevator was nearly a quarter of a mile from Room 743, but Jones tiptoed all the way to it, and came so near saying "Shs" to some giggling girls in it, that he was obliged to modulate it into a pretended sneeze.

Once down stairs he felt safe. "Now then," said Dada to himself, taking a long breath and throwing back his shoulders, "if ever a man deserved one I do; if ever a man could appreciate one I will!"

It was late and the waiter was in a hurry to take Mr. Jones's order. "Oystersorclamssir?"

"One moment," said Jones, with an air of authority, "that is a trivial decision. Before anything else—" his mouth watered at the thought—"bring me—ah—a dry Martini cocktail two parts Plymouth gin to two parts vermuth, half French and half Italian—no bitters. Skip!" Jones was himself again.

The waiter did not skip. "But, sir, this is a temperance hotel, you know."

Jones turned upon the waiter the look of a drowning man. "No," said father, in a weak voice, "I did not know. I wish I had!"

It was the last straw. It unnerved him. Even before the cold moist meal was set before him, Jones began to wonder what might not be going on in Number 743. Every time the head waiter came down the aisle of tables Lyn's father thought it was to say that Mr. Jones was wanted in 743 at once.

George cut the meal in half, and, before even smoking, flew upstairs to listen at the keyhole. All was as still as death. He opened the door noiselessly and crept in. It was even as the chambermaid had reported: the little boy had not stirred. One fist was doubled up, and his mouth was half open—which Mrs. Jones didn't like, but Mr. Jones apparently did. He tiptoed down-stairs again to smoke; that would soothe his nerves, and perchance he could find some one he knew to talk to; anything to ease this weight of responsibility for a while.

But he could think of nothing except the terror of the child awaking alone in a strange room. Jones threw away his cigar half smoked and returned to the silent places. As he opened the door a slight current of air passed through the room. The boy turned over and sneezed three times. His father stole to the bedside and felt his cheeks. They were very warm, one might even say hot!

He remembered the wet sleeve, remembered the stationary basin, the falling into the tub. Certainly the boy had a fever—he was going to have pneumonia. It would be his father's fault. The poor little thing—brought down here to be cured, and this the result. . . .

Oh, what a night!

Shortly before luncheon the next morning little Mrs. Jones, busy with her well-ordered housekeeping, was surprised to hear some one walk in through the front door without ringing. This was never done except by George, who was at Atlantic City for a week with one of the children, so she had informed inquirers over the telephone. She hurried out to see what it meant.

"Hello, Mama," cried Lyn, in a healthy voice, "we've come back! Dada says I'm all cured." One of the delicious whimsicalities of sweet appealing childhood.

"You do look ever so much better," said little Mrs. Jones picking up her child, partly to cover him with kisses and partly to cover her smiles. "But you, dear," she said turning sympathetically to her husband and covering him with kisses too, "you look quite pulled down. Why didn't you stay for a longer rest?"

"Because," said her husband, "I'm all cured too."

He swore by all the leaves on the tree
And all the stars in Heaven
That his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in seven!

OLD SONG.

Start right and right away.

A business half-fed is half-dead.

Living on a Little

A FIFTY-CENT DINNER FOR SIX PEOPLE

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

IN THESE days of high prices, the leading question, from the woman who has to keep house on a limited income, deals with the subject of how to set a table as cheaply as possible without cutting down the necessary nutrition. It can be done, and done well, if one possesses the knowledge of what is in the market and market prices, also what foods are properly grouped into one menu, and how each one can be best cooked. Nothing helps a housewife so largely toward success in setting an excellent table as a series of breakfast, luncheon, and dinner lists made up of dishes which come within her means. They may be divided into foods which are seasonable, therefore reasonable. You will be surprised, as you begin to compile these lists, to find what a large number of really palatable dishes are inexpensive. Such lists help greatly, not only toward good housekeeping, but to a constant varying of the three-meals-a-day menus, which are such an everlasting problem to every cook.

Let us see what is in season at this time. In sea food, we have cod, haddock, halibut, rock or striped bass, eels, flounders, blackfish, mackerel, butterfish, porgies, weakfish, salmon, trout, bluefish, whitefish, hard and soft clams, lobsters, and oysters. Of vegetables there are a great plenty. There are sweet potatoes, celery, spinach, cabbage, peppers, lima beans, turnips, parsnips, carrots, onions, leeks, beets, lettuce, squash, Brussels sprouts, and kidney beans. Beef, mutton, and pork are in season, as they are the whole year round; it is late for lamb and veal; turkeys and fowls of every age are to be found, though young chickens have gone. Grapes are plentiful; apples are at their best; late pears are still in market, and oranges, grape fruit, and bananas are in abundance.

Let us plan an economical, well-balanced dinner for six people and reckon what it costs. No matter where you live, it will hardly cost more than the figures I give, as I quote from prices in a city where all food supplies are extremely high.

Here is our menu:

Scotch Collops in Rice Border
Cole-slaw — Bread and Butter
Lettuce and Chive Salad — Cheesed Wafers
Apple Tapioca — Iced Custard

Cost: 1 lb. of round steak for collops, 16c.; rice, 4c.; cabbage, 3c.; mayonnaise, 3c.; bread and butter, 6c; lettuce, 5c.; oil and vinegar, 4c.; apple tapioca, 4c.; custard, 5c.

SCOTCH COLLOPS is a dish which ought to be better known on this side of the Atlantic. First cook a cup of rice in the double boiler; when soft, press it into a ring mold and keep it warm until needed, by standing in hot water. If you have no mold, bank it into a ring on a platter with two spoons. Now prepare the meat filling. Put one pound of round steak through the meat-chopper; cook it in a spider with a cup and a half of cold water, a scraping of onion pulp, a dash of chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of butter, and pepper and salt. Stir constantly till the meat begins to boil; then thicken slightly with flour and water, draw back on the stove, cover with a lid, allow it to simmer for five minutes; then dish up inside the rice border. If preferable mashed potatoes may be used instead of rice.

COLE-SLAW: Soak half a small, hard cabbage in cold salted water for half an hour, then shred it fine and mix the dressing with it. The dressing is made after the following recipe: mix in a bowl half a teaspoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of cayenne, two teaspoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of sugar, and the yolk of one egg. Beat into it three-quarters of a cup of milk, two teaspoofuls of melted butter, and cook it over hot water until it begins to thicken. Then stir in four tablespoonfuls of hot vinegar, a few drops at a time. When it is like thick cream strain it and set it to cool before pouring over the cabbage.

LETTUCE AND CHIVE SALAD: This is the simplest sort of a salad, being no more than lettuce leaves shredded with a sprinkling of chopped chives and a French dressing made from three tablespoonfuls of oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, and enough salt and pepper to season. The cheesed wafers to serve with it are common soda crackers which have been lightly buttered, sprinkled with grated cheese, and delicately browned in the oven.

APPLE TAPIOCA: Soak overnight four tablespoonfuls of tapioca in one cup of cold water. Pare six tart apples, lay them in a pudding dish, put half a cupful of sugar over them, add a grating of nutmeg and a few grains of salt, then pour in the soaked tapioca with enough water to cover. Set to bake in a moderate oven, watch it, and occasionally, when it is needed, add water enough to cook the pudding to a jelly. Serve with a plain boiled custard, which can be made from a pint of milk, one egg, a little sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cornstatch, and salt and nutmeg for seasoning.

Our Billion-Dollar Smile

[Continued from page 767]

it cost him to build the "Number Two" show, and, if he has been wise, he still has a net profit of $127,000 drawing interest in the bank.

These two companies should be good for $80,000 the third year, and, if the play is a "Brewster's Millions," or a "Way Down East," or a "Polly of the Circus," it should continue to bring fifty thousand dollars for the next three seasons. If it is a musical play or a dramatic piece, requiring a small cast and an inexpensive production, these profits may be greatly increased. "Floradora" made six hundred and thirty thousand dollars in three years. The "Merry Widow" has made two millions for its several producers and four hundred thousand dollars for the composer. "Paid in Full," written by a young newspaper man who less than two years ago was drawing a salary of fifty dollars a week, played an entire season at the Astor Theater, New York, and this year five companies are presenting it throughout the country. The profits from this little play will amount into the hundreds of thousands of dollars before the second season is over, and the author is receiving weekly royalties bigger than any year's salary he ever before made.

Grease-paint and False Whiskers

In the making of the theatrical part of the billion-dollar smile a curiously varied lot of wheels are constantly turning. There are establishments whose sole business is the typewriting of theatrical manuscripts; there are in New York a dozen scene-painting firms, employing from ten to one hundred men each. Frederic Thompson's stage carpentering, stage property, and electrical shops at Luna Park, Coney Island, employ one hundred and fifty men, all experts in the construction of the inanimate parts of theatrical productions. One wig-making establishment last year furnished the false hair for one hundred and seven plays, and for one of these four hundred wigs were necessary.

Along Broadway and Sixth Avenue there are forty establishments which have as their several functions the manufacture or sale of grease paints, costumes, stage shoes, and stage lamps. One firm makes a comfortable fortune annually by furnishing chorus girls to managers; another does nothing but furnish "supers" for mob scenes; a dozen make a business of "placing" actors and actresses; five do nothing save sell plays, while a half dozen others make a business of furnishing plays for stock companies. Down on Twenty-eighth Street, which is known as "Tin Pan Alley," a dozen music publishing houses grind out new song "hits" daily, and every month or so one of these songs becomes so popular that it makes for the author from fifteen to forty thousand dollars in half a year. In every block there is some school of acting or some academy where stage dancing is taught, and there are at least two places where, for six hundred dollars down, the people in charge will teach you how to write successful plays any one of which may be the Great American Drama. Stage transfer companies, trunk makers, theatrical photographers, and tremendous plants which make millions from the manufacture of photographs and block signs dot the landscape of Theaterland. Boarding-houses by the score which cater to none but theatrical folk, and printing plants which exist by the making and sale of theatrical post-cards, theater tickets, and theatrical newspapers are as thick as the actors themselves. All these and more are part and parcel to the billion-dollar smile—they are absolutely necessary to it.

The Hilarious Motion Picture

Is it clear to you that there really is a billion-dollar smile? Do you believe that hundreds of thousands of people, scores of variegated trades and professions, and millions and millions of good, hard, round dollars are constantly at work in the effort to keep this sign of good nature ever present on everybody's face? Perhaps the fact will be a bit clearer if you take a glimpse at one of the smallest and seemingly most inconsequential things in the amusement world—the motion-picture industry.

There are six thousand individual motion-picture exhibition houses in the United States. Nine firms manufacture the films which furnish the material for the 4,500,000 performances which are given during the amusement season. In the manufacturers' association upwards of one hundred film-service firms are represented, and every week twenty-one new reels of one thousand feet each are placed on the American market. So keen has become the competition in this film business that several firms maintain stock companies which do nothing but pose for motion pictures. Before the film is finally exposed the company goes through a course of rehearsals quite as rigorous as any preparation for a Broadway "first night," and one company is made up of well-known players headed by a former leading man for Madam Modjeska. Thousands of men, thousands of machines, millions of dollars are represented in this business, which has become so popular and so powerful, even in the big cities where other amusements are plentiful, that three of the most famous

New York playhouses have been changed from vaudeville to picture theaters—the Union Square, the Harlem Opera House, and the Twenty-third Street Theater. One of these auditoriums brings an annual rental of forty-six thousand dollars, and the total sum paid for locations in this country is more than six million dollars.

But pictures, like phonographs and band concerts, and musical festivals and penny arcades, are the small reasons for smiling, although they represent many millions of dollars and are responsible for a goodly portion of the grins, laughs, giggles, chuckles, chortles and guffaws which are constantly being heard in this good-natured land. There are other and bigger elements—there must be, for our standard of humor, like our standard of living, is as variegated as a Pennsylvania patchwork quilt or a Massachusetts mince pie.

A considerable wrinkle in the national smile is occasioned by that most American of all amusements, the circus; expositions are another big factor, as are their near relatives, the great summer parks; baseball, the national game, is an entertainment which contributes a large part of the oft-mentioned billion; college sports, especially football, are becoming yearly more popular as amusements, and there is not so great a difference between the entertaining possibilities of prize-fighting and grand-opera as would appear from a casual consideration of their opposite characteristics. Understand, people do not get all their amusements in theaters; all their smiles are not brought about by watching play-actors; Spaniards obtain more enjoyment from bull-fights than from Calderon and Lope de Vegas; scenic railways and "helter-skelters" are quite as powerful amusement purveyors in America as are C. Fitch and R. Wagner.

What We Pay to See the Clown

It costs thousands of dollars a day to keep a circus "on the road," and there are a score of big and little tent shows operating 'twixt the Atlantic and the Pacific between the months of March and November. The average American may have an innate love for the sawdust ring and the excitement in and around "big tops," but he also has an instinctive bump of caustic criticism and a bred-in-the-bone hatred of being duped—despite anything the late Mr. Barnum may have had to say. A circus, to succeed, must be good because its patrons are expert judges of circuses. Competition among tent shows has become so strong that nothing save the extraordinary can live through a season, and the extraordinary costs money—hence the billion-dollar smile.

Do you know that every circus—John Robinson's, the Forepaugh-Sells, Barnum and Bailey's and the Ringling Brothers, Buffalo Bill's, the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch—has connected with it a carefully organized department which watches the crop reports, the weather reports, the market reports, and the financial conditions of the whole United States as keenly as does the Government itself or the corporations which depend on interior industrial affairs for their very existence? Before "booking" Galion, Ohio, a circus looks over the reports for the last five years. The man who maps out the route finds whether the town is prosperous or poverty-stricken, he investigates the weather conditions that have existed during the six months previous; he inquires whether serious strikes or other labor troubles have visited Galion and the neighboring towns recently; he already knows the conditions of the roads, and the railway, hotel, and exhibiting facilities of the place; and, when the time for a decision arrives, he can name within two hundred dollars the business which the show will do in Galion, rain or shine. He is an expert. If he were not the circus would fail. Ninety-six car trains, seven hundred animals, and one thousand employees with a daily expense of five thousand dollars are things not to be trifled with—especially when winter quarters are eight months away and the whole countryside is dotted with competitors all alive and alert and willing and anxious to grab every dollar in or out of sight.

The Serious Business of Being Funny

The billion-dollar smile is a result of business acumen. If the nation's amusements were not conducted with a view to obtaining nothing save the Almighty Dollar it would be only a million-dollar smile—and a very weak smile at that. Take the amusement parks as an example of the system and the long, hard thinking which is behind every American laugh. The greatest amusement park in existence—there are seven hundred in the United States alone—is Luna Park, correctly described as the Heart of Coney Island. It cost $2,500,000 to build Luna Park and the weekly expense of running it amounts ordinarily to twenty-six thousand dollars. When the last summer commenced and the time arrived to throw open the gate of the big inclosure Frederic Thompson, who designed, built, and controls it, decided that, because of the recent period of financial unrest which had affected most the working folk of the country's metropolis, there would be less summer spending-money than ever before during his career as a showman. Acting on this decision he sliced his weekly expenses to eighteen thousand dollars. Other less astute managers did not foresee the inevitable and lost hundreds of thousands of dollars. Thompson did n't. He contributed monumentally to the smile and made money which permitted him to join in the national chortle: but he would not have been able to do so had he not learned lessons while amusing the public.

The point of all this? Here it is: amusements formerly were conducted on an art basis. They are not now. Business, which is nothing more than a hearty regard for dollars and cents, is the ruling idea behind the billion-dollar smile. It has brought order out of chaos in theatricals; it has brought the circus business to a plane of excellence never before realized; it has made it possible for a man or a woman to get an afternoon's entertainment for the price of a package of chewing-gum; it has brought the price of a popular ballad from twenty-five dollars to thirty-five thousand dollars; it has taken to towns of twenty thousand inhabitants the best things theatrical and musical where fifteen years ago they saw only the mediocre; it has made Coney Island a place for mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts, rather than a rotten cesspool of crime and iniquity; it has caused old men and little ones to wrinkle their brows and talk about the palmy days when Tom Taylor was considered a great playwright and the best actor got three hundred dollars a week: it has made the billion-dollar smile a real, honest-to-goodness fact.

From Shakespeare to Cohan

A playwright writes plays now just as the late Richard Brinsley Sheridan wrote them; but a great playwright happens only once in a great while. Even the bad playwrights used to write their plays. Now they build them. It 's a commercial age, and amusing the people is an essentially commercial business. It 's true we have no Edwin Booth now, and it is also true that we have no Whittier, no Washington Irving, no Bayard Taylor, and no Sir Arthur Sullivan; but while we have no Booth, we have Eddie Foy; while we have no Irving, we have George Ade; while we have no Whittier, we have Harry B. Smith: and, while Sullivan has undoubtedly passed to the Other Side, George M. Cohan has n't.

Times change and with them all other things. People used to travel from No. 1 Courtland Street to Broad Street, Philadelphia, in eight hours by stage-coach. They thought they were going fast. Women used to wear hoop skirts, and the male gentry undoubtedly liked them just as well as we like the slim 1908 maidens in clinging *directoires*. "Virginius" used to "go" on Broadway. That was about the time when "Olivette" was considered a great comic opera. Some day- possibly to-morrow- "The Follies of 1908," "Paid in Full," "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," and William Howard Taft may be considered has-beens. Just now they are not.

A sorry condition of affairs you say. Perhaps it is, but Time is and always has been nothing but the present moment. Plays, operas, literature, and the pictorial arts all aim to portray life as it really is, and, as long as men and women can earn fame and a livelihood by making a practical use of their powers of observation, objections to the existing state of affairs should be directed not at the men and women who entertain you but at the world in general--at yourself and your friends, to be blunt. Palmy days! They were not in the past—they are NOW.

The billion-dollar smile is a not-unnatural result of the commercial age in which we live. There would be no smile of such bank-bursting proportions were it not for the fact that the inhabitants of the small town are seeing better acting, better plays, better baseball, better opera, and better prize-fights than they saw a score of years ago. Opera and prize-fights form an impudent combination you say. Granted. They do. But we are talking of the billion-dollar smile—of the things which make You and Me and Us forget ourselves for the time being in an effort to have a good time. In the so-called palmy days, prize-fighters fought with bare knuckles, and cock fights were enjoyed by the élite. Our grandfathers thought nothing of eating pie with their knives while they read Fox's "Book of Martyrs." The smile was then a puny five-hundred-dollar affair.

The world of amusements is ruled by two good forces—competition and an honest desire to give the people with the billion exactly what they want. It is one of the best and most interesting of all our many little worlds even if "Jim" Jeffries and R. Wagner do rub elbows in it.

Mrs. Fyffe Declined

Some years ago it was decided by the Navy Department that the presence of the wives of the naval officers at the Asiatic station detracted too much from their official duties. So a general order was issued to the fleet directing that the wives be sent home. Admiral Fyffe, who was in command of the fleet, received the order in due time, and it came back to the Navy Department indorsed as follows:

1st. Indorsement.
Asiatic Fleet, Yokohama, Japan.

(1) Respectfully returned to the Secretary of the Navy.
(2) I have delivered this order to Mrs. Fyffe and she refuses to go.
(3) Further instructions are requested.

Respectfully,
(Signed) Joseph Fyffe.

What poverty is like that of moral penury! When the heart is poor, what mockery is money wealth!

The Lure of America

Continued from page 763]

mud. They cried out that he had ruined it. But he plunged it into a bucket of water, rubbed it -and when it came out, instead of limp and dingy, it was as white and stiff as new! They exclaimed at the wonder, whereat Yashka, mightily pleased, explained it was nothing at all. In America every man wore a collar like that.

With hands thrust into his silver-jingling pockets, Yashka told them of the marvels of New York, near which he worked. The buildings were as tall as a village street is long -the people traveled on streets that ran deep under the ground—trains whizzed along roads that were way up in the air—there were little boxes with horns to them that talked and sang just like people. Behind Yashka's back, Petrek and his old father shook their heads and exchanged significant glances. What an awful liar that America had made of him!

Yashka's recital of marvels ran on. He made twelve dollars a week—as much as Petrek could earn in a whole summer; he knew a Pole who was making twenty-five; there was work for everybody; he had meat every day; women did not work in the fields at all; every child was as educated as a noble in Poland; and even in summer everybody wore shoes.

The Successful Emigrant Supplies Funds

At these wonders the eyes of all bulged. Even allowing for Yashka's lies, America must truly be a land of gold!

Even while marveling, Petrek was bitter at the contrast between the life described and the life he and his lived. He looked mutely at Mariana and the child sleeping in her arms--then sighed. If only they were all in that far-off America! He could do as well as Yashka had done—for the village had known him as much the better workman.

Yashka shook Petrek by the shoulder. "Why don't you go to America, Petrek?"

Petrek answered with but one of his reasons: "Mariana, she don't like for us to be separated."

Mariana's dark eyes were bright with Yashka's picture of prosperity. Those wonders, the escape from the constant worry of bread, the chance for the baby - Yashka's presence made these things seem very near, made them appeal to her as never before. Moreover, that Yashka had found his way home, was demonstration that she could find her way to Petrek.

"Perhaps it would be all right, Petrek," she said.

Petrek's heart leaped at Mariana's words. But his great reason still remained, and that reason he shrank from admitting to his successful friend. But after a moment's hesitation he burst out with the truth. He told Yashka the extent of their poverty. He was tired of the bitter, hopeless struggle at home; he wanted to go to America; but, unless in the next few years he could somehow save the money—and how could a peasant save money! he would have to stay where he was. There was no other hope, no other chance, for him.

There was silence through the cottage. Petrek had spoken the final word—the hopelessness of all. All sat in complete dejection.

Yashka looked at them—stared at the floor—paced the room to and fro. Suddenly he paused before Petrek.

"I'll loan you the money."

"What!" cried Petrek. Then it struck him that Yashka was making sport of him. He laughed at the absurdity of the proposal. "Perhaps you would—if you had so much money!"

For answer Yashka proudly showed him a wallet stuffed with greasy bills. All stared again. Of a surety America was a rich land!

Yashka made Petrek understand he was in earnest. Petrek hesitated. "I can never pay back so much money. Besides, if I go, I want to go on my own money." But his refusal was but half-hearted.

Finally Crowded Out of Europe

"Most people that go to America go on money people already in America send them," Yashka assured him. "You can soon pay me back. And, besides"—here Yashka's business instinct asserted itself—"you can pay me interest. That's all right yes? Soon you can save enough to bring over Mariana. And after that you can send over a little to help the old folks."

Mariana crept to Petrek and looked up into his flushed face. "Yes - Petrek?" she besought him.

"Yes—yes!" Petrek shouted out.

The laughs and kisses and embraces—and also the sobs -the rapid, excited talk of the great fortune he was going to make in America; these things made up a night that Petrek never will forget. Petrek, the morose, the silent, was now erect and his eyes flashed hope. In their joy they were all for rushing out to tell their neighbors, but the old father halted them. He recalled to them that Petrek was still on the military reserve list; was likely to be called again to bear arms: if the authorities discovered that Petrek had gone away with his father's consent and aid, they would seize the little farm as recompense for the loss of a soldier. By keep-

ing all secret the father could tell the authorities the son had run away, he knew not where—and the authorities would hesitate to punish him for what was no fault of his.

So secrecy was decided on. With Yashka's help the ticket was bought of an agent in the nearest city. A new difficulty arose: a passport was necessary to get by the guards at the boundary, and Petrek, as a reserve soldier, could get no passport. But to meet such emergencies was part of the agent's business. For a neat sum, paid in advance, he arranged to have Petrek join one of the hundreds of parties of passportless immigrants that are ever being guided across the border in stealthy night-marches.

At length came the final day. Behind the closed door of the Krauskys there were long kisses and clinging embraces; there was weeping and wailing, for father and mother knew they should never look upon their son again, and at this moment Mariana too felt their parting was forever. Finally, with his little bundle, Petrek walked swiftly away. . . . Where the road entered the forest there rose a wooden cross, bearing a rough-carved, weather-beaten figure of Christ. He dropped on the frozen ground before this and prayed and prayed for those he had left behind. Then he gazed long, for the last time, at the far little village, brilliantly green with the moss that velveted its thatch. Then, blinded, choking, he turned into the wood.

* * * * * *

Two weeks later, he stood among a thousand other of Europe's disinherited as the great liner dropped down the Scheldt and the lacy, heaven-daring spire of the Antwerp cathedral grew more filmy, more vague—his mind with longing heartache on the little cottage back in Poland; with fearing hope on that golden America whither the great ship throbbed—land of bread a-plenty, of work a-plenty, land where a man is a man.

The Witching Hour

SAMUEL WASHINGTON, colored, of Pulaski, Arkansas, was trusting, appreciative, and innocent. He had caught one glimpse of Chicago when he came upon a stock train, but started back in three hours after reaching the city. He determined to come again and see the city "right." Finally his chance came and he found himself outside the Polk Street depot with $3.50 in cash and nothing to do but spend it sightseeing. He decided first to get on a car and go as far as a nickel would take him. After paying his fare he tied up his $3.45 in his handkerchief and began to enjoy things.

Suddenly he rolled his eyes and wondered, because he noticed that as the conductor called out in turn, "Harrison," "Adams" "Madison," and "Van Buren," the car would stop, and a man would get off.

"Now, how de debbil do he know all dem folks!" thought Sam. "Well, I guess soon 's dey rides deir nickel's wuth he makes 'em get off." His suspicion was verified when the conductor called out "Jackson," and "Monroe," and a man got off each time.

Suddenly Sam felt the cold chills run over him for the conductor yelled "Washington!" and the car came to a dead stop. Sam, deeply mystified, got up and left the car.

He was thinking it all over, with one hand in his pocket, tightly clasping his money, when suddenly a big moving-van stopped just in front of him. The husky driver looked over at the three corners, hesitated, and then called to Sam:

"Say, dere, I 'm a-looking fer three forty-five!"

Quickly drawing his wad of change from his pocket, Sam held it out to the driver, saying:

"All right, boss; here it is! I 'spected somebody 'd be along atter it purty soon!"

Weighed in the Balance

IN THE old-fashioned days there was once a parson who preached a sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."

The day was very hot and the sermon was very long, and now and then some wearied members of the congregation rose and made their way to the door. Finally the parson lost patience, and as two stragglers wended their way down the aisle he said:

"That 's right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed, pass out!"

The rest of the congregation kept their seats until the end of the sermon.

Ancient and Honorable

IT IS related of Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, that during the course of one of his lectures, while deep in a discussion of a question of logic the Governor's Footguard, an ancient an honorable military organization of Connecticut, went marching by with colors flying and band playing. With one accord, professor and class retired to the windows to watch the procession. After gazing for a moment at the corpulent forms of the "ancient and honorable" filing by in military array, Professor Phelps turned and dryly observed to his class:

"There, gentlemen, is an illustration of just what we have been discussing—'The undistributed middle.'"

Jimmy Pepperton of Oshkazoo

[*Continued from page 766*]

before Higgins's ear would be brought to the other end of the line, and during that interval Jimmy thought harder than ever before in his life. He realized in a flash that his inadvertency—it was the dramatic critic who had called him the inadvertent Mr. Pepperton—was likely to be his ruin. He had explained the position to Mr. Blake, and he felt instinctively that this had made no impression upon the managing editor's mind. He remembered his failure either to coerce or conciliate the enterprising John Armstrong, and he surmised that the letter which the special messenger had brought was from him. If that were the case, the document in Blake's hand was in reality Armstrong's declaration of war, indicating that the time for compromise had passed. If Jimmy possessed brains at all, an illusion he had always entertained, he said to himself now had arrived the opportunity to use them.

There were just two things to do, and if he failed to accomplish them he would next day be hunting another job. First, he must defeat John Armstrong; second, he must convince Wentworth Blake; and neither of these desirable objects could be attained by mere words. What was now required on his part seemed to be some definite action that should prove invincible. Until he saw the accusing letter he could not formulate plans, but as he waited for the dulcet voice of Higgins, the manager saw Jimmy's brow corrugate and his upper lip stiffen. He thought it was caused by the delay in the telephonic response.

"That you, Higgins? Well, see here, Billy, as things look now I can not attend the session. Would you kindly type out your stuff in duplicate and let me have a copy? Thanks awfully. Yes. Scoops are barred to-day. There's a truce between us for twenty-four hours. That's all right, Billy. Good boy. I'll do as much for you some day. So-long."

He hung up the receiver and turned toward the gloomy-faced master.

"Does that mean," asked Blake, "that you and Mr. Higgins have an understanding regarding commercial work, to save yourselves trouble at the expense of the papers that pay your salaries?"

But Jimmy was in fighting mood, and the answer his employer received was not so apologetic as he had expected.

"It means, Mr. Blake, that I am not going to allow the interests of the *Daily Dispatch* to be jeopardized simply because some imbecile with an ax to grind has written a lying letter to a credulous manager."

Blake rose to his feet in wrath. No employee had ever dared to address him in this fashion before.

"My young friend, do you know whom you are talking to?"

"Yes; and I know exactly what a man who holds the whip hand will say about giving me a week's notice and my jeopardizing my position and all that sort of talk, but office discipline is something we can discuss later on. Verbally I hand you my resignation *now*, and will put it in writing this afternoon, so you don't need to worry your mind about that. What you and I must attend to just at present is that common or garden succulent vegetable, the cabbage, and I can do justice to only one thing at a time. If in the settling of this question I am compelled to show that cabbage heads very often grow on human shoulders, don't blame me if the proof turns out to be personally uncomplimentary. I say that the man who wrote you that letter is a liar, a fact which I am going to prove, therefore kindly sit down and hand me his communication."

Now it happens that it may appear adamant to his fellows, and yet be merely flesh and blood after all—"A lath painted to look like iron," as Bismarck said of a celebrated British statesman. The adamantine Blake hesitated for a moment, wavered, sat down, then passed the letter to Pepperton. His pale face flushed a little as he did this, and then he tried to save it by hedging.

"I do what you are good enough to command, Mr. Pepperton, simply because you are no longer a member of my staff."

"Oh, I quite recognize the increased importance of my position, Mr. Blake I have risen from the status of a minion on this paper to be an outsider, whose letters to you hereafter will receive immediate attention. If ever I become managing editor of the *Daily Dispatch*, I'll stand by my men until they are proven either incompetent or corrupt. This letter, I observe, is signed by Mr. Armstrong, the head of that rising firm, John Armstrong and Company, with headquarters on Washington Street, and nineteen branches in various parts of the city and suburbs. I pass over the portion of his letter in which he eulogizes the advantages, or, as he puts it, the necessity of accuracy in the commercial page of a newspaper. I agree with that."

"Then," coldly interrupted Mr. Blake, "one section at least is not a lie."

"Oh, the skilful liar always begins by setting down an indisputable truth. This makes the lie which follows all the more effective. Mr. Armstrong writes that your commercial editor has quoted cabbages at seventeen, when the real price is twenty. I pass lightly over the fact that the firm of John Armstrong and Company is the largest dealer in cabbages in this town."

"Quite so," said Blake, calmly. "But remember it is both a buyer and a seller, so your former charge of partiality falls to the ground."

"Apparently, but not actually. He sells publicly, but he buys privately. He therefore wishes the quotation in the daily paper to be as high as possible. The private buying he can look after without the aid of the press, and so large a purchaser is nearly always able to obtain a figure below the market rate. Now, to clinch his lie, knowing himself to be quite safe, as he is writing to an editor and not to a cabbage dealer, he says that he will buy all the cabbages you can offer at nineteen and thus make money, because the real price is twenty. To you that sounds convincing."

"I must confess it does," replied Blake, sternly. "Here is a well-known, reputable business man who backs his statement by taking a risk."

"Quite so, Mr. Blake. Now your own good faith comes into question."

"Who questions it?"

"I do. I believe you have condemned me unheard."

"Oh, that is nonsense," replied Blake, "and quite in keeping with the impertinent bosh, if I may call it so, that you have chosen to utter since I entered this room."

"Do you mean to say that you will give me a chance to prove your own paper in the right?"

"Of course I mean it."

"Oh, well, if that is the case," cried Jimmy, with an air of surprise, as one to whom an unexpected concession had been made, "there will be no difficulty. I suppose Mr. Armstrong's messenger is still waiting in your room?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then I wish you to reply, courteously acknowledging his letter, thanking him for the same, and stating that you will act at once upon its contents if he will agree to back you up in whatever action I may take, and I, on my part," promised Jimmy, generously, as if one concession demanded another, "will withdraw my resignation so that you may make good your word to Mr. Armstrong and discharge me forthwith."

"But, my dear fellow, I don't wish to discharge you if this accusation is untrue."

"Of course you don't. No one ever charged you with being unjust when the facts were fully set before you, Mr. Blake. What I have complained of, I beg you to remember, is that you jump at a conclusion on insufficient information, and that conclusion is invariably against whatever member of your staff the accusation is aimed at. In this case I shall not only guarantee to convince you, but, without seeing Mr. Armstrong at all, I shall trust to his presumable fairness to admit that he was in the wrong. Therefore, you see, I have undertaken not only to satisfy my own chief, but also the individual who has brought the imputation against me."

"Well," said Mr. Wentworth Blake, with a sigh of relief, for he was not at heart a courageous man, and this controversy had become a little too strenuous for his liking, "nothing could be more satisfactory. I'm no stickler for personal deference. My whole soul is wrapped up in the *Daily Dispatch*."

"And mighty poor wrapping paper it makes, they tell me, with this rotten new wood-pulp stuff you're buying for the sake of economy. But so that there may be no mistake, I will, with your permission, just type out the letter to Mr. Armstrong; then, if it meets your approval, you can sign it and send it off without further delay."

"Very good," said Wentworth Blake, surprised to find that he had never before quite appreciated how resourceful a person young Pepperton was.

The latter placed a sheet of *Dispatch* editorial writing-

ıchine, and his nimble fingers flew over
he were playing the "Merry Widow

are, sir," he said, handing the result to

ıd it carefully.
right," he said, and taking a fountain-
waistcoat pocket he attached a scrawl
excellent signature to procure upon a
Daily Dispatch was rated as being worth

ned letter in his hand, Blake rose.
else I can do for you, Mr. Pepperton?"
ith the ghost of a smile hovering round
ıis severe lips.
Jimmy, seriously, "but the next thing
for me will depend on Mr. Armstrong's
:fuses to stand by his letter, I shall not
about the matter."
refuses to stand by his letter," decided
show he has written what he knows is

ecisely my own view," replied Pepper-
you are convinced of that fact, may I
ıall hear no more about this indictment?"
hear no more of it from me," promised
ft the room.
nan turned to his telephone and rang up
Walton, a young attorney-at-law into
nmy flung all the business he could.
Ned? This is Jimmy Pepperton. There
e from a man who among other things
:ake all the cabbages you can send me

:n what?" asked the lawyer.
ı mind. We're talking in the terms of
exchange, and I don't ask you to worry
tellect with such. What I wish to know
ntence form a contract. In other words,
be compelled to do what he says he will

if the receiver of the letter cares to hold
you were in London, you'd need to have
ıped at Somerset House with a sixpenny
nfliction, but such formality is not neces-
untry."
Ned. Ever so much obliged. I'll pay
hen I get rich."
's all right, Jimmy. Good-by."
ng up a produce dealer on the market, a
n a large way of business, and said:
evens there?"
s sent for and inquired, as usual:
ıat?"
ames Pepperton, of the *Dispatch*. I say,
you remember telling me yesterday that
ıd at seventeen?"
lid."
y risen since then?"
er the other way about. Several train
allen on the market with a dull thud.
safe to put price in to-morrow's paper at
half to seventeen."
ıy dray-loads of cabbages could you get
ıoon, on the quiet, at those figures?"
ıld fill the *Dispatch* office with them, from
the sixteenth story, if I were sure of the

Stevens. Don't say a word, but remain
you'll hear from me later."
u are, Jimmy. I suppose what you really
ıead of cabbage for dinner to-night. I'll
a good one. Come to the market square
asket, or I'll send it home for you, just as
ı-ta!"
s figuring out untold millions with his lead-
Wentworth Blake reentered the room.
strong stands by his letter," he said, "so
ıdy to do the next thing you ask of me, if
ısonable."
unreasonable at all," explained Jimmy,
ıs typewriter. "I know that you don't
othered in this affair, so I wish you merely
of informal power of attorney, authorizing
or you: *re.* cabbages, in the case of Mr.
ong."
hat with pleasure," assented the manager,
you the truth, Mr. Pepperton, I've had
ı of a cabbage diet for one day," and with
ıager favored Jimmy with one of his rare,

e the commercial editor had already typed
ıt which he wished the managing editor to
the second time in that room, the latter
hieroglyphics. James thereupon took the
nents, comprising the original letter from
the hastily written note done in his own
ing that he would stand the brunt of any-
mmercial reporter might do, and thirdly, the
ıct which the manager had signed, and
pinned them all together, placing the
ıis inside pocket. Then hastily flinging on
young man went down the elevator, and
e market square.
who in a measure was a rival of John Arm-
Company, chuckled with delight when
ɔerton showed him the three original docu-

ments and then outlined his plan of campaign. John Armstrong was lunching at his own house, a mile away from his principal place of business, when the pioneer dray-loads of cabbages began to arrive. The first two or three created no alarm, although their advent aroused astonishment in the mind of the manager at Washington Street, who had not heard the boss say anything about what seemed to him an unnecessarily large purchase of this staple vegetable. But as the adjoining streets became alive with two-horse vans, groaning under cabbage heads, the proprietor was hurriedly telephoned for.

By the time John Armstrong reached headquarters, the environs of his Washington Street place was a sight to see. The house of John Armstrong and Company had long since refused to accept delivery, and reinforcements of the police were being ordered up to attempt the impossible task of clearing the streets. The manager had already telephoned Stevens, whom the draymen said the orders emanated from, and Stevens replied that he was helpless in the matter, as he was acting for Mr. Wentworth Blake, managing editor and proprietor of the *Daily Dispatch*. The house of Armstrong had telephoned to Blake, but learned that he was out at lunch, and messengers were now scouring the city for him. At this juncture the distracted Armstrong was informed that Mr. James Pepperton wished to speak with him in his private office.

"Oh, tell him to go to the devil!" cried the irate produce-merchant; then, seeing the clerk who brought the message hesitate, the angry man cried:

"What are you standing there for, you fool?"

"I was afraid to give you the rest of Mr. Pepperton's message."

"Out with it. Can't you see I 'm busy?"

"He said, in case you ordered him to Hades, that before he went he would like to say that Mr. Wentworth Blake left on the one o'clock train for Chicago. Pepperton holds power of attorney to act for Mr. Blake in the cabbage deal you and he are putting through."

But before the clerk got this far, Armstrong had departed on the run for his private office, where earlier in the day he had laid down the law to this young man, and where he was now to learn some legal points he had n't thought about. He found the urbane Mr. Pepperton respectfully waiting for him, hat in hand.

"Well?" roared Armstrong.

"I 'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Armstrong, when I see you are so busy. I don't wonder you 're impatient with an inane, unenterprising chap like myself, working on a mere salary, while you must be making a fortune on cabbages alone."

"Look here, my Christian friend," bellowed Armstrong, shaking his huge and ruddy fist under the nose of the complacent visitor, "if you have had anything to do with this cabbage outrage, I 'll place you in jail before you 're many hours older, you impudent whelp."

"Why, if you conduct your business with language like that, Mr. Armstrong, I 'm amazed at your financial success. All I called about was to learn whether you would kindly allow your order for cabbage at nineteen to extend over to-morrow. I assure you, sir, that your custom is deeply appreciated, and I hope that by strict attention to business and a constant endeavour to please our clients, we may expect to receive your further favors."

Armstrong stuttered for a few moments, ineffectually endeavoring to find language that would express his feelings. At last he managed to threaten.

"I 'll have you kicked out of this place, you scandalous cur!"

"Oh, no necessity for putting yourself to that trouble, Mr. Armstrong. I 'm quite willing to retire, but if you 'll take the advice of one friendly to both the firm and the family, you will look into this matter with a cooler judgment than you have already exhibited. Five dray-loads have been delivered, and these, of course, we can not take back. I purchased them at sixteen and a half, and hold your written order for an unstated quantity at nineteen. The amount you owe me at the present moment, the first lots acquired being made at sixteen and a half, then at a quarter's rise, then at seventeen, and now at seventeen and a quarter (my buying, you see, has the usual effect on the market) is seven thousand, three hundred and sixty-five dollars and twenty-five cents. If you will give me your check for that amount, I will at once stop the supply. If not, it must go on until you settle, and with every minute your liability is increasing. In addition to the sum you will be compelled to pay me, either with or without pressure of law, you must settle with Stevens for the cartage of whatever vegetables he consents to receive back. Aside from all this, you must write a letter to Mr. Blake, telling him you were wrong when you said the price of cabbages was twenty, and you must write an apology to me, and a promise not again to interfere with any commercial position I may hold in this or any other city. You see, we 've got your order for an indefinite quantity of cabbages at nineteen, and are merely strenuously endeavoring to act upon your own signed command."

John Armstrong dropped into his office chair, removed his hat, and drew a handkerchief across his perspiring brow.

"Send in the manager to me," he requested in a feeble voice.

The Automobile for the Average Man

[*Continued from page 783*]

which can be used to advantage, thereby reducing the average speed of the motor and prolonging its life. From the driver's point of view, which perhaps is more to the point, four gear changes are better, because the step from one gear to another is not so great, and consequently the gears (sliding or clash gears are here referred to) go into mesh easily and without the grinding which is almost unavoidable when there is only one intermediate speed instead of two.

As for the cooling system and the ignition, at present the water-cooling system decidedly preponderates, and apparently always will, on account of certain elements of reliability scarcely shared by air-cooled motors. On the other hand, water cooling is decidedly a nuisance in very cold weather, and where the water is strongly charged with minerals, as in the so-called alkali regions of the West. As regards ignition, there seems to be no question that the high-tension system will eventually be preferred, on account of its greater mechanical simplicity. The present trend is strongly in the direction of the magneto as a source of current; but an ignition system which would draw no more current from the battery than is required to produce a spark, and which had no countervailing defects, would be preferable to the magneto, and such a system is entirely feasible.

Having thus outlined the principal characteristics of the average automobile of the future as the writer sees them, we may analyze the probable expense of keeping such a car about as follows, according as a runabout or a small touring car is considered. For this purpose we will assume the first cost of the runabout and accessories to be $800, the annual mileage to be 6,000 miles, and the life of the car to be four years. On this basis it seems safe to say that the average user can keep a car on his premises at a cost not exceeding $40 per month, including interest and depreciation. This represents an average distance covered of 150 miles per week for nine months in the year. Reducing this to 100 miles per week would reduce the bill for up-keep to about $30 per month or a trifle more. The table given below presents figures for the various items, to which the average owner may reasonably hope to approximate with ordinary economy. Not all present-day cars would make so good a showing, and for the present year of grace it might be safer to estimate $50 per month as an average figure, with $40 per month attainable by attention to detail.

The Cost of Keeping It

For a touring car I have estimated a first cost of $2,500, an annual mileage of 7,500, and a life of eight years. On this basis the expense is about $100 per month, but if one buys a new car, and sells it at the end of the first or second year, the depreciation as measured by the drop in selling price will be much greater than the table shows. On the other hand, the yearly overhaul will be slightly less. It will be seen that $645 of the total in the table is proportional to the amount of use, and for 5,000 miles a year it would be $430, making the monthly cost between $75 and $80. The above annual mileages correspond respectively to 195 and 130 miles per week for nine months in the year.

As Cheap as a Horse and Buggy

On the basis of these figures we see that a runabout can be kept for a total annual charge no greater than that of a horse and buggy, while its possibilities of speed and convenience and its radius of action are far greater. The touring car is comparable in service rendered to two or three horses, with the same advantages as the runabout. As the power and speed of the car are increased, the expense of up-keep augments in a rapidly growing ratio, and it is not impossible for a high power car to cost many thousands a year for tires, depreciation, labor, and supplies. Such a car will always be the luxury of the few, but the small car will with equal certainty be the servant of the many, and the most potent factor of the time in promoting wholesome out-of-door life.

Runabout

Used 6,000 miles per year. First cost, $800. Life, four years.

Interest	$ 40
Depreciation, average for four years	200
Overhaul, average annual	75
Insurance	30
Gasoline at one cent per mile	60
Oil at one-sixth cent per mile	10
Tires at two cents per mile	120
Small repairs	20
Carbide, batteries, and supplies	15
Storage on premises	5
Total annual charge	$575

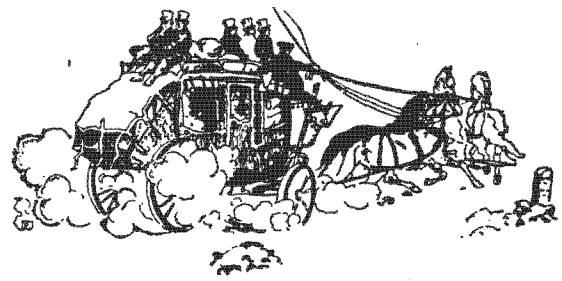
Small Touring Car

Used 7,500 miles per year. First cost, $2,500. Life, eight years.

Interest	$125
Depreciation, average	310
Overhaul, average annual	125
Insurance	60
Gasoline at one and one-half cent per mile, about	110
Oil and grease at one-third cent per mile	25
Tires at four cents per mile	300
Small repairs	50
Carbide, batteries, and supplies	35
Storage on premises	20
Total annual charge	$1,160

Our Street Railways

The Opportunities They Offer for the Safe Investment of Money



Most people do not realize, perhaps, that some investments, like charity, may begin at home, where you can keep an eye on them. This is notably true of the securities of electric street-railway companies, which offer, when carefully selected, an admirable opportunity for the employment of money.

Few corporations touch the great mass of the people so intimately or so constantly as the public service companies of which the traction lines form such a large and important part. Nearly everybody uses the street-cars or some form of electric rapid transit. They are not only necessary to industrial expansion but they are big factors in the social uplift. They owe their very existence to the will of the people and are, in reality, public servants. The story of the growth of our traction lines is part of the larger story of our national growth. They represent the latest phase in city transportation which began with the picturesque sedan chair.

Traction development in the United States has kept pace with the widening of the empire of steam railroads. To-day there are 1,164 electric railway companies—surface, subway, and elevated. They own and operate eighty-six thousand cars over approximately thirty-eight thousand miles of track, or about one-sixth of the steam road mileage. The capitalization of these companies reaches the huge sum of $2,029,948,975. Yet, scarcely twenty years ago, the trolley-car as a means of transportation was a curiosity and the city that had horse-car lines was regarded as metropolitan.

* * *

Adequate transportation facilities for its people comprise one of the first and surest signs of a nation's progress. These facilities have reached a very high state of development in this country. No feature of this development during the past five years has been more significant than the movement for the superseding of steam by electricity as the motive power. One of our great steam railroad magnates recently declared that the electrification of the steam roads that he controlled was inevitable.

Electricity Superseding Steam

Already the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad has electrified its system to Yonkers; the New York, New Haven, and Hartford runs its trains from Stamford to New York by electricity, the Lackawanna is planning to install electricity to move its trains between New York and Morristown, New Jersey, and the Pennsylvania has contracted for electric service between Harrison, New Jersey, and Jamaica, Long Island.

If the railroad magnates did not believe that it was good business to electrify their roads they would not do it. They are forced to this step because the traveling public, especially the commuters, prefer the cleanliness of electricity to the smoke, soot, and cinders of steam railways.

* * *

But the development of the electric railroad has a larger human significance for the reason that, like the rural free delivery, it is bringing the people of the country and remote farming sections into daily touch with the markets, the advantages and the conveniences of city life. To-day the farmer can board a trolley almost at his front door and go to the city without going to the trouble of hitching up. Thus the team is saved for actual farm work. The telephone and the trolley are working out a new economic epoch in the life of the American farmer.

The Growth of Interurban Mileage

Practically every town not only has a network of street-car tracks spread all over its territory but long glistening miles of them radiating out into the country. The growth of the interurban systems has been little short of remarkable. They are not only cutting into passenger traffic of steam roads but are also becoming bidders for freight and express business.

Nearly every State of the Middle West and some of the States of the East are crisscrossed by trolley lines. Ohio leads in the extent of her electric railway service for she has 4,450 miles of track. You can go anywhere in the State by trolley. New York and Pennsylvania each has 3,950 miles of electric railroad tracks. Massachusetts has 2,949 miles; Illinois, 2,821 miles, California, 2,432 miles, and Indiana 2,281 miles.

Indiana, for example, has a very important system of traction lines. The country roads alone have 1,500 miles. One electric system has a clear continuous run of 137 miles. The schedule which is constantly maintained calls for an average of thirty-one miles an hour. Indianapolis is one of the most important trolley centers in the United States. You can board a trolley there and go all the way to Louisville, a distance of 125 miles, in three hours and fifty-seven minutes.

* * *

Having seen the growth and extent of our electric railway systems, it is natural to suppose that their securities should present some exceptional investment features. Yet, with no class of conservative investment is more precaution or investigation necessary.

The Important Matter of Franchise

The electric railroads whose securities are most available for the average investor are those of lines operating in the larger and more populous cities. The issues of many of these roads are underwritten by large investment bankers who always make a careful investigation of the properties before taking the securities. The integrity of these houses is usually a good guaranty of the stability of the investment.

Many features must be considered before buying the bond of an electric railway company, but none is quite as important, perhaps, as the matter of the franchise. Since a street-railway must operate over the streets of a city or town it must first obtain permission to do so. The franchise is the permit or license granted by the municipality or township authorities to operate cars. These franchises may be for a limited or an unlimited period. Usually they run from twenty-five to ninety years, with the privilege of renewal. If the franchise is impaired or subject to attack, or is faulty in some way, the investment based on this franchise is unstable.

It is important for the investor to keep this fact in mind: no bond in a street-railway is a really good investment when it outlives the franchise of the road save when the company owns the right of way. The reasons for this are quite obvious. The company might have difficulty in renewing the franchise on the old and favorable basis, or a new franchise may be refused by municipal authorities hostile to the company, or a new and competing company may spring up. Competition in street-railways is sometimes of benefit to the traveling public but not always good for the investor who holds the securities of the roads.

Formerly most franchises were bestowed by municipalities without cost. It simply required political "pull" or influence to get them. But as the cities have developed and competition has arisen, compensation is charged for them. It is interesting to point out in this connection that in States like New York and Wisconsin there are Public Service Commissions who are empowered to exercise a sort of censorship over the franchises of all public service corporations and especially the street-railway companies. This new curb on the abuse of corporate power has a far-reaching significance for the investor, for the reason that the commissions exercise a supervision over the issues of new securities. It is their function to see that new issues are really needed for the actual development of the companies and that the proceeds of these issues are really expended on the properties. This same supervision has a great value with reference to stocks for it prevents the elaborate watering process which was for years a favorite diversion of traction manipulators in New York City.

* * *

Among the evils attending the conduct of street-railways has been mismanagement and extravagance. This has been particularly true of some of the lines in New York City which were looted and plundered by financial pirates for years. Despite the fact that these lines enjoyed a monopoly on the biggest street-car business in the United States, they were forced into receivership because of recklessness. It is important, therefore, that the investor chooses for investment a company whose management is marked by efficiency, honesty, and economy, and whose affairs are entirely out of politics.

Maintenance of Properties

A street-railway company of the highest order should have what is known as a depreciation fund. This fund is applied to the renewal of worn-out equipment and machinery. One great criticism of some street-railway

companies is that they permit their rolling-stock to depreciate without repair or replacement. This in turn causes breakdowns in the service. Good equipment is a good investment for the company, for it means good service and more business. One big electric traction company in the Middle West sets aside ten per cent. of its gross earnings for a depreciation fund. This money is invested in high-class bonds. Thus the fund is earning money while waiting to be expended on the road.

* * *

The Public Ownership Problem

Within the past ten years a new menace has arisen to the security of street-railway investments. It is public or municipal ownership. Wherever there has been agitation of this subject, the securities of the companies under discussion have suffered. The city of Cleveland, Ohio, is an example. For nearly seven years Mayor Tom L. Johnson waged a fight for three-cent fares and what amounts to public ownership. The excitement and political turmoil into which the whole city traction problem was plunged, impaired the service. The result has been a considerable decline in the value of the traction securities. The same state of affairs existed in Chicago before the present consolidation of the city lines was effected.

* * *

The Matter of Capitalization

As in all other corporations, the matter of capitalization of street-railway companies is of supreme interest and importance to the investor. No better example of the fatal results of over-capitalization can be found than in the case of the New York City roads, which tottered for years under the burden of water and then collapsed.

The capitalization of a street-railway should not be excessive. It should represent actual capital invested in the properties. Excessive capitalization imposes a hardship on the company and eats up money that should go back into improvements. In order to meet the burden that overcapitalization imposes, some badly managed companies begin to charge extra fares or cut off transfers. This always caused hostility on the part of the traveling public and earnings suffer.

* * *

What Earnings Should Be

It is impossible to apply the same standard to the earnings of a street-railway company as is applied to a steam road, for the reason that traction lines, especially in the very large cities, operate under peculiarly local conditions. One of these is a congestion of traffic, which often interferes with the running of regular schedules. This reduces receipts. Again, the cost of operation is larger in some cities than in others. Labor troubles, too, have an important bearing on the subject of earnings.

It is generally held by conservative investment bankers that the operating expenses of a traction company should not exceed 70 per cent. of the gross earnings, This should include ten per cent. for depreciation. A good margin for fixed charges and surplus remains.

Traction companies have come to the realization that efficient and adequate service aids earnings better than anything else. This upsets the tradition of the late Charles T. Yerkes, the Chicago street-railway man, who once said to his stockholders:

"The people who have seats pay our expenses but the 'strap-hangers' pay the dividends."

The bondholder of a street-railway company should insist upon the fullest publicity in the company's affairs, especially with reference to earnings and expenses.

* * *

The Best Bond to Buy

The best type of bond in a street-railway company is, of course, an underlying bond. One value of such a bond is, that, no matter how many more issues of securities are made, the proceeds of these issues, if expended on the property, add to the value of the first liens. The company issuing the bond should traverse a populous and thriving community, and should have a good earning record over a reasonable period of time.

The face interest rate of the best street-railway bonds is four and one-half and five per cent. The yield on the best types averages about five per cent. When properly selected, a street-railway bond has as good a chance for appreciation in value as any other type of sound investment bonds. They are not so readily marketable as the listed bonds of the standard steam roads, but bonds of street-railways, in cities like St. Louis, Milwaukee, Detroit, and Atlanta, are constantly in demand.

A feature of the street-railway bond as an investment is what might be called its home quality. In other words, if you buy a bond in your home company, you can see just what is being done with the property. It is an interesting fact, however, in connection with street-railway securities, that a very large per cent. of them are held outside of the territory in which the companies operate. This gives them a wider market.

The preferred stock of some electric roads in the big cities is a good investment for a business man. The common stock, except where it is practically all paid in, is frequently manipulated by promoters and is speculative, pure and simple.

SELF MASTERY

[*Continued from page 784*]

ble demon that even intimate friends scarcely knew her.

When jealousy once gets possession of a person it changes and colors the whole outlook upon life. Everything takes on the hue of this consuming passion. The reasoning faculties are paralyzed, and the victim is completely within the clutches of this thought-fiend. Even the brain structure is changed by the harboring of this fearful mental foe.

Every little while we see accounts of people who have dropped dead in a fit of passion. The nervous shock of sudden and violent rage, no matter what the cause, is so great that it will sometimes stop the action of the heart, especially if that organ is weak. Violent paroxysms of anger have often produced apoplexy. A temper storm raging through the brain develops rank poison and leaves all sorts of devastation behind.

We often suffer tortures from the humiliation and loss of self-respect we bring upon ourselves by indulgence in fits of anger, in jealousy, hatred, or revenge; but we do not realize the permanent damage, the irreparable injury we inflict upon our entire physical and mental being.

Because the mental forces are silent, we do not realize how tremendously powerful they are. We have been so accustomed to think of disease and of all forms of physical ills as the result of some derangement in the body, and have so associated their cure with drugs or other remedies, that it is difficult for us to look upon them as caused by mental disturbances or discords.

Anger Wrecks the System

It is well known that a violent fit of temper affects the heart instantly, and psychophysicists have discovered the presence of poison in the blood immediately after such outburst. This explains why we feel so depressed, exhausted, and nervous after any storm of passion—worry, jealousy, or revenge—has swept through the mind. It has left in its wake vicious mental poison and other harmful secretions in the brain and blood.

There is no constitution so strong but it will ultimately succumb to the constant racking and twisting of the nerve centers caused by an uncontrolled temper. Every time you become angry you reverse all of the normal mental and physical processes. Everything in you rebels against passion storms; every mental faculty protests against their abuse.

If people only realized what havoc indulgence in hot temper plays in their delicate nervous structure, if they could only see with the physical eyes the damage done, as they can see what follows in the wake of a tornado, they would not dare to get angry.

When the brain-cells are over-heated from a fit of temper their efficiency is seriously impaired if not absolutely ruined. The presence of the anger poison, the shock to the nervous system, is what makes the victim so exhausted and demoralized after loss of self-control.

One reason why so many people have poor or indifferent health is that the cell life is continually starved and dwarfed by vitiated blood. No one can have abundant, abounding life, a suberb vitality, can reach his greatest efficiency, when this mental poisoning process is constantly going on in his nervous system.

The brain and nervous mechanism were intended to run quietly, smoothly, harmoniously, and when so run they are capable of an enormous output in good work and happiness. But like a delicate piece of material machinery, when over-speeded, or not properly oiled, or when it is run without a balance wheel to steady its motion, it will very quickly shake itself to pieces.

There is something wrong in the education, the training, of the man who can not control himself; who has to confess that he is a man part of the time only, that the rest of the time he is a brute; that often the beast in him is loose and runs riot in his mental kingdom.

Lack of Self-Control Is Lack of Power

A lack of self-control always indicates other lacks and weaknesses which are fatal to the highest attainment. A man who can not hold himself in check, certainly will not be able to control others. A lack of self-control indicates a lack of mental balance. A man who can not keep his balance under all circumstances, who can not control the fire of his temper, who lacks the power to smother the volcano of his passion, can not boast of self-mastery, has not arrived at success.

The person who is the football of some passion, who is at the mercy of all sorts of influences, will never respect himself or get the confidence of his fellow men. The man who can not control himself is always at a disadvantage in every situation in life.

Zopyrus, the physiognomist, said, "Socrates' features showed that he was stupid, brutal, sensual, and addicted to drunkenness." Socrates upheld the analysis by saying: "By nature I am addicted to all these sins, and they were only restrained and vanquished by the continual practise of virtue."

In one of the greatest political crises in France, Mirabeau, when speaking at Marseilles, was called "calumniator, liar, assassin, scoundrel." He said, "I wait, gentlemen, till these amenities be exhausted."

In Revelations, the writer refers to the final conquerors as those who have triumphed over the beast. No one can lay claim to mastership while he is the slave of his passion.

The Creator has implanted in every man a divine power that is more than a match for his worst passion, for his most vicious trait. If he will only develop and use this power he need not be the slave of any vice.

Emerson says, in effect, the virtue you would like to have, assume it as already yours, appropriate it, enter into the part and live the character just as does the great actor when absorbed in the character of the part he plays. No matter how great your weakness or how much you may regret it, assume steadily and persistently its opposite until you acquire the habit of holding that quality in mind, or of living in its wholeness, its entirety. Hold the ideal of an efficient faculty or quality, not of a marred or deficient one. The way to reach or to attain anything is to bend oneself toward it with all one's might. We approximate just in proportion to the intensity and the persistency of our effort to attain.

You Become Like Your Thought

If you are inclined to storm and rage, if you "fly all to pieces" over the least annoyance, do not waste your time regretting this weakness, and telling everybody that you can not help it. Just assume the calm, deliberate, quiet, balanced composure, which characterizes your ideal person in that respect. Persuade yourself that you are not hot-tempered, nervous, or excitable, that you are calm, serene, and well balanced, that you do not fly off at a tangent at every little annoyance, and that you can control yourself. You will be amazed to see how the perpetual holding of this serene, calm, quiet attitude will help you to become like your thought. All we are or ever have been or ever will be comes from the quality and force of our thinking.

A bad temper is largely the result of false pride, selfishness, and cheap vanity, and no man who is worthy the name will continue to be governed by it. There is nothing manly or noble in the quality which lets loose the "dogs of war" which in an instant may make enemies of our best friends. A well-poised mind gives a sense of mastership which nothing else can supply.

We all know how hard it is to control our feelings and our words when the blood flows hot through the frenzied brain; but we also know how dangerous, how fatal it is to become slaves to temper. It is not only ruinous to the disposition, and crippling to efficiency, but it is also very humiliating for a man to have to acknowledge that for some of the time he can not control his own acts, that he is not his own master.

Think of a man, who was intended to be absolutely master of all the forces of the universe, stepping down off the throne of his reason and admitting that he is not a man for the time being; confessing his inability to control his acts; allowing himself to do the mean and low things, to say the cruel words that hurt and sting; to throw the hot javelin of sarcasm into the mind of a perfectly innocent person! Think of that madness which makes a man strike down his best friend, or cut him to the quick with the cruel word!

A child learns by experience to avoid touching hot things that will burn him, or sharp things that will cut him; but many of us adults never learn to avoid the hot temper which sears and gives us such intense suffering, sometimes for days and weeks.

The Man Who Knows How

The man who has learned the secret of right-thinking and self-control knows just as well how to protect himself from his mental enemies as from his physical ones. He knows that when the brain is on fire with passion it will not do to add more fuel by storming and raging, but will quietly apply an antidote which will put out the fire—the serenity thought, the thought of peace, quiet, and harmony. The opposite thought will very quickly antidote the flames. When a neighbor's house is on fire, we do not run with an oil-can to put it out; we do not throw on kerosene, but an antidote. Yet, when a child is on fire with passion, we have been in the habit of trying to put out the fire with more of the same kind. What misery, what crime, what untold suffering might be prevented by training children in self-control, by directing their thought into proper channels!

If we see a person who is mired in a swamp and desperately struggling to extricate himself, we should run to his rescue without hesitation. We would not think of adding to his embarrassment or danger by pushing him in deeper. But somehow, when a person is angered, instead of trying to put out the fire of his passion, we only add fuel to the flames. Yet people who have bad tempers are often grateful to those who will help them to do what they are not able to do themselves, to control them and prevent them from saying and doing that which will give them much chagrin afterwards.

When next you see a person whose inflammable passion is ready to explode, and you know that he is doing his best to hold himself down, why not help him, instead of throwing on more inflammable material and starting the conflagration? By doing this, you will not only render him a great service, but you will also strengthen your own power of self-control.

The man who can not control himself is like a mariner without a compass; he is at the mercy of every wind that blows. Every storm of passion, every wave of irresponsible thought buffets him hither and thither, drives him out of his course, and makes it well-nigh impossible for him to reach the goal of his desires.

Reprinted from "Human Life," October issue.

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Read Mr. Edwin's advertisement on page 784 of this issue.

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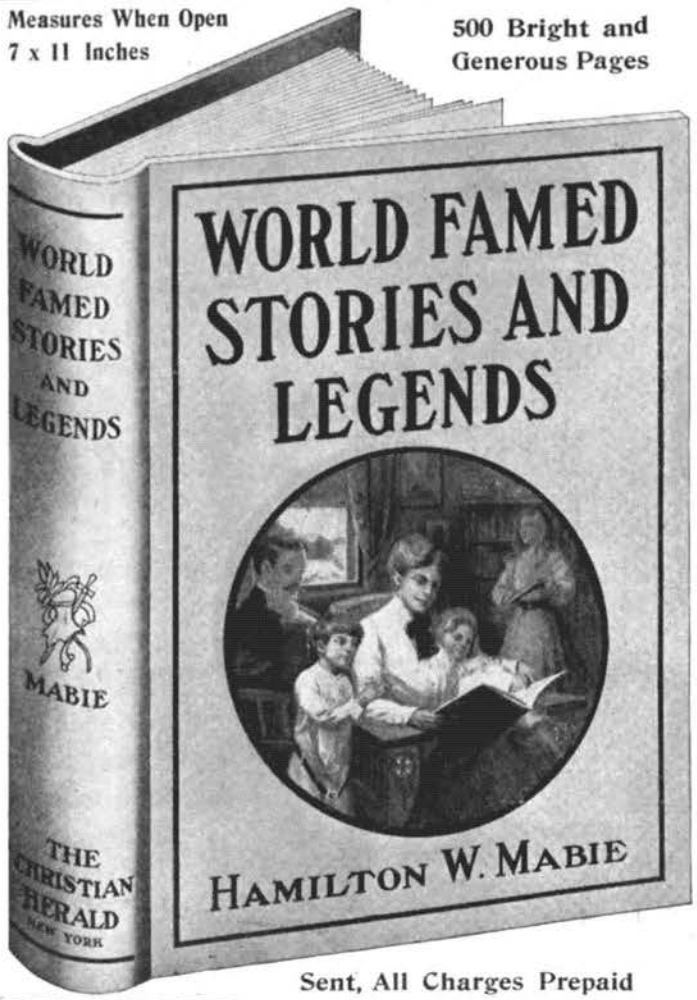

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