SUCCESS MAGAZINE

1911

January

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE SUCCESS COMPANY, NEW YORK

A. Hanson's Magazine Bargains Lexington, Kentucky.

...ess Magazine
Cosmopolitan
Delineator — All Three **$2.65**

Success Magazine
Review of Reviews
American Magazine — All Three **$3.75**

Success Magazine
Woman's Home Companion
McClure's (or Hampton's) — All Three **$3.20**

All subscriptions are for One Full Year, and may be sent to one or different addresses.

TO THE PUBLIC I strongly recommend these Special Offers as the best, which in my many years' experience in the subscription business I have ever been able to offer to the public. I hope that everyone reading this advertisement, especially my thousands of old customers throughout America, will take advantage of these Special Offers before they expire. Only a few can be shown here, but **My Complete 44-page Catalogue,** containing **ALL CLUB OFFERS** and much valuable information for magazine readers will be sent **FREE** upon request. **Better write for it to-day.** It is sure to interest you.

Yours sincerely, J. M. HANSON.

I WILL DUPLICATE ANY CLUB OFFER ADVERTISED BY ANY ACENCY OR PUBLISHER.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

WITH Ainslee's Magazine (or Smith's.)	$2.10
WITH American Boy	1.85
WITH American Magazine	2.00
WITH American Photography	2.10
WITH Atlanta Constitution (Tri-Weekly)	1.85
WITH Atlantic Monthly	4.85
WITH Boy's Magazine	1.75
WITH Breeder's Gazette	2.15
WITH Century Magazine	4.85
WITH Children's Magazine (Or Little Folks)	1.85
WITH Cosmopolitan Magazine	1.85
WITH Country Life in America	4.25
WITH Current Literature	3.00
WITH Delineator	1.80
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WITH Dressmaking At Home	1.85
WITH Electrician and Mechanic	2.20
WITH Etude (For All Music Lovers)	2.10
...s Magazine	2.10
...al (5 years)	1.85
...tream	2.10
...Stream. (Weekly)	3.35
...h	2.10
...keeping	2.00
...Magazine	2.10
...azar	2.00
...agazine (Or Weekly)	4.50
...lework	1.60
...Garden	3.25
...utiful	3.25
...r	1.80
...	1.70
...(Weekly)	2.75
...kly)	5.50
...ld	1.40
...ld, Pictorial Review and Modern Priscilla	2.25
...ld and McCall's (and Pattern)	1.85
...kly	5.00
...Magazine	2.75
...agazine (and Pattern)	1.85
...agazine	1.45
...agazine	2.10
...s Magazine	2.00
...cilla	1.60
...cilla and Ladies' World	2.00
...erver	1.85
...agazine	2.10
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...oman's Magazine	1.45
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...eviews	3.00
...eviews and McClure's	3.85
...(New Only)	3.00
...(New) Woman's Home Comp'n	3.85
...erican (New Only)	3.00
...agazine	4.00
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...'s Home Magazine	1.75
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...utiful	1.75
...ne Companion	2.10
...k	3.00
...k and Everybody's	2.05
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Ladies' Home Journal (Twice A Month)
Saturday Evening Post (Weekly) — Both (76 Magazines) **$3.00**

The Youth's Companion (All extra numbers **FREE,** the 52 issues of 1911, and the 1911 Art Calendar.) — All for **$1.75**

Success Magazine
Woman's Home Companion
Review of Reviews — All Three **$3.85**

Success Magazine
McClure's
Hampton's — All Three **$3.20**

Success Magazine
American Magazine
Cosmopolitan (Or American Boy) — All Three **$2.85**

Success Magazine
Delineator (Or Housekeeper)
Hampton's (Or McClure's) — All Three **$2.90**

Success Magazine
St. Nicholas (New Subs. Only)
Everybody's Magazine — All Three **$3.85**

Success Magazine
Hampton's (Or Technical World)
Woman's Home Companion — All Three **$3.20**

Success Magazine
Independent (Or Lippincott's)
Cosmopolitan — All Three **$3.60**

Success Magazine
House Beautiful
Woman's Home Companion — All Three **$4.35**

Success Magazine
Harper's Bazar
Etude (For All Music Lovers) — All Three **$3.10**

Success Magazine
World's Work
Cosmopolitan (or American Boy) — All Three **$3.70**

Success Magazine
Housekeeper
Ladies' World — All Three **$2.20**

Success Magazine
Good Housekeeping
Cosmopolitan — All Three **$2.85**

Pictorial Review
Ladies' World
Modern Priscilla — All Three **$1.50**

Popular Magazine
Ainslee's Magazine (Or Smith's) — Both **$3.50**

Popular Magazine
Ainslee's Magazine
Smith's Magazine — All Three **$4.50**

Recreation
National Sportsman
Field and Stream — All Three **$3.70**

YOU MAY ADD TO YOUR LIST

Harper's Magazine	$3.50
Harper's Weekly	3.50
Munsey's Magazine	1.00
Century Magazine	3.85
Ladies' Home Journal	1.50
Saturday Evening Post	1.50
Life (Weekly)	4.50

MAKE YOUR OWN CLUBS

Below, you will find the **Leading Magazines** listed under a **Class Number.** These numbers indicate the class numbers to which these magazines belong, and that they are included in clubs and at greatly reduced prices.

To Find the Club Price When Two or More Class Magazines are Wanted

Simply **add together** the class numbers and **multiply** the **total** by **5.** The result will be the correct club price in dollars and cents.

EXAMPLE:

Lippincott's (Or Review of Reviews)	Class 35
Success Magazine	Class 20
Delineator (Or Housekeeper)	Class 16
	71
Multiply by	5
	355

Correct Club Price for above three Magazines $3.55

Class No.
22—Ainslee's Magazine.
17—American Boy.
55—American Homes and Gardens.
20—American Magazine.
17—American Motherhood.
22—American Photography.
9—American Poultry Journal.
17—Atlanta Consitt'n (tri-weekly)
77—Atlantic Monthly.
35—Automobile Topics.
27—Blue Book Magazine.
47—Bookman.
17—Boston Cooking School Mag.
15—Boy's Magazine.
28—Breeder's Gazette.
77—Century Magazine.
17—Children's Magazine.
18—Cincinnati Enquirer (weekly).
18—Commoner.
17—Cosmopolitan Magazine.
65—Country Life in America.
53—Craftsman.
25—"Current Literature.
32—Cycle and Auto. Trade Jrl.
16—Delineator.
13—Designer.
50—Dress.
17—Dressmaking at Home.
24—Electrician and Mechanic.
23—Engineering-Contracting.
32—Etude (for all Music Lovers).
22—Everybody's Magazine.
9—Everyday Housekeeping.
7—Every Woman's Magazine.
8—Farm and Fireside.
17—Farm Journal (5 years).
9—Farm Poultry.
22—Field and Stream.
47—Forest and Stream (weekly).
22—Garden Magazine.
17—Gas Engine Magazine.
22—Good Health.
20—Good Housekeeping.
22—Hampton's Magazine.
20—Harper's Bazar.
20—Harper's Magazine.
20—Harper's Weekly.
17—Health Culture.
12—Home Needlework Magazine.
47—House Beautiful.
45—House and Garden.
16—Housekeeper.
17—Human Life.
25—Independent (weekly).
90—Judge.
16—Judge's Library.
16—Judge's Quarterly.
20—Keramic Studio.
8—Ladies' World.
25—Ladies' World, Modern Priscilla and Pictorial Review (All three).
62—L'Art de la Mode.
90—Le Costume Royal.

Class No.
80—Leslie's Weekly.
90—Life (with picture).
25—Lippincott's Magazine.
60—Literary Digest.
17—Little Folks.
18—Louisville Courier-Jnl. (wk).
9—McCall's (and pattern).
22—McClure's Magazine.
20—Metropolitan Magazine.
12—Modern Priscilla.
9—Mother's Magazine.
60—Motor.
17—Motor Boating.
20—Munsey's Magazine.
17—Musical Observer.
22—Musician.
22—National Magazine.
17—National Sportsman.
28—New England Magazine.
9—New Idea Woman's Magazine.
16—Normal Instructor.
70—North American Review.
47—Outing Magazine.
60—Outlook.
16—Pacific Monthly.
19—Pathfinder.
20—Pearson's Magazine.
22—Photo-Era.
28—Physical Culture.
16—Pictorial Review.
16—Popular Electricity.
7—Poultry Success.
16—Practical Farmer.
16—Primary Plans.
16—Progress.
90—Puck.
25—Recreation.
27—Red Book.
8—Reliable Poultry Journal.
25—"Review of Reviews.
40—Scientific American (New).
60—Scribner's Magazine.
22—Shield's Magazine.
16—Sis Hopkins.
60—"Smart Set.
22—Smith's Magazine.
45—Suburban Life.

20—Success Magazine

20—Sunday School Times.
22—Sunset Magazine.
17—Table Talk.
22—Taylor-Trotwood.
22—Technical World.
65—Theatre Magazine.
25—Trained Nurse.
22—Travel Magazine.
16—Uncle Remus' Home Magazine.
70—Vogue.
15—Woman Beautiful.
22—Woman's Home Companion.
51—"World's Work.
22—World To-Day.
28—Yachting.

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Success Magazine

Founded by Orison Swett Marden

Contents for January

Cover by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

Frontispiece by VERNON HOWE BAILEY

DEPARTMENTS

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

Expirations and Renewals

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

Subscriptions to begin with this issue should be received by January 15; to begin with February, should be received by February 15. Subscription price: $1 a year; in Canada $1.50; foreign countries, $2 a year; all invariably in advance. On sale at all news-stands for 10c. a copy.

THE GUIDE TO ADVERTISEMENTS AND ADVERTISERS which appears below marks a new departure in the conduct of the advertising department of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. It is in fact the first time that an index of advertisements has appeared in any magazine of this size and character. This guide and classification is in line with the purpose of SUCCESS MAGAZINE to give the best and fullest service to both advertisers and readers.

It is a fact to remember that SUCCESS MAGAZINE is the carrier of reliable advertisements; that it guarantees every article advertised in its pages to all subscribers of record. It stands back of every advertiser on this list with a personal guarantee which makes its offer a money back proposition to the buyer.

The list of names given below forms a Blue Book of mercantile rank and of business standing.

Success Guide to Advertisements and Advertisers

ENLIST! ENLIST!

—as a Local Agent for the Fast-Working, Fast-Selling

Oliver Typewriter

The battle lines of the Oliver Typewriter forces are forming for another campaign of conquest. The triumphs of 1910, the most brilliant ever achieved by a great sales organization, have served to inspire to more mighty deeds in the coming year.

The roll call of the Oliver Sales Organization shows over 15,000 men ***under arms***—the most magnificent body of trained salesmen in the world. This Sales Force, great as it is, cannot cope with the tremendous increase in business which the popularity of the Oliver Typewriter has created.

This advertisement is a ***call for reinforcements***—to enable the Oliver Sales Force to extend its skirmish lines to all sections of the country. We are going to enlist a force of agents of sufficient numerical strength to ***cover the continent.***

Resident Agents Wanted in Every Town and Village

This means that in every town, every village, every hamlet—***every postoffice point***—there must be an active Resident Agent of the Oliver Typewriter—the fastest-selling typewriter ever known. Not content with the overwhelming success of the Oliver Typewriter in the larger cities, we are reaching out to the ninety thousand towns and villages throughout the country. Wherever business is transacted, whether in the great centers of commerce or in the smallest trading points, this marvelous machine finds ready sale and a man can make money as its agent.

Highly Profitable Work in Spare Time

The central idea of our selling system is to have—everywhere—a vigilant agent of the Oliver Typewriter constantly ***on the ground.*** Whether that agent devotes ***part*** or ***all*** of his time to the Oliver, is left to his own discretion. If profitably employed at present, the Oliver Agency will increase your income. You can use the sample machine ***in your own business*** and thus make it pay for itself. The fact that you own and operate the Oliver Typewriter will enable you to interest others without neglecting your regular work. As a matter of course, the more time you devote to the Oliver Agency the greater will be your profits. You get the profit on every sale in your territory during the life of your arrangement, even when our experts help.

Selling Experience Not Essential

Every Local Agent for the Oliver Typewriter receives a Free Scholarship in the Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship.

This obviates the necessity for previous selling experience. Teachers, tradesmen, doctors, ministers, lawyers, stenographers, telegraph operators, **printers, mechanics; men and women** in a multitude of different occupations, have become successful agents. If you have the ***will*** to take up this work, ***we will point out the way.***

Successful applicants for positions as Local Agents for the Oliver Typewriter are in the direct line of promotion to the best paying positions in our great Sales Organization. If you have the necessary qualifications and wish to ally yourself with this splendid body of ***picked men***—if you are not afraid of the rough-and-tumble of business rivalry—***step forward and enlist!*** We can always make room for the right kind of men in the ranks of Oliver Agents.

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

The Oliver Typewriter has been breaking records since the day it was placed on the market. ***Efficiency*** records, ***speed*** records, ***endurance*** records—it has won them in quick succession. It sets the swiftest pace in sales by giving unparalleled ***service.*** It is absolutely unique in design—the only $100 typewriter in the world that prints with the ***downward stroke.*** Its U-shaped Type Bar, which makes this possible, is covered by Basic Patent. ***What the Selden Patent is to automobiles, this patent is to typewriters, only we do not license its use by other typewriter manufacturers.***

With ***several hundred less parts*** than other ***standard*** typewriters, its ***simplicity, strength, ease of operation, versatility*** and ***convenience*** are correspondingly ***increased.*** This machine, with all of its advantages, all of its time and labor saving devices, the Local Agent can buy—***and sell***—for Seventeen-Cents-a-Day.

Seventeen-Cents-a-Day Plan a Powerful Stimulus to Sales

As a Local Agent for the Oliver Typewriter you have this ***double advantage:*** You not only offer your customers the greatest typewriter value on the market—but are able to sell on the tempting terms of "Seventeen-Cents-a-Day!" The typewriter world was ***thunderstruck*** when this plan was first announced. The Oliver Typewriter No. 5—the newest model—the regular $100 machine, equipped with a brilliant array of new devices and conveniences, actually offered for ***pennies!*** The effect of this plan has been to vastly ***widen the market.***

Enroll Your Name on the Coupon

The sales have grown by leaps and bounds reaching enormous volume. The demands for ***demonstrations*** come faster than they can be handled. That's why we are seeking ***recruits*** to swell the ranks of our Sales Force. We must have more men ***on the firing line,*** to carry on this great work. We want men who have ambition, energy, enthusiasm, to carry the Oliver flag, fight for new records, and reap the rewards of success. (68)

ADDRESS AGENCY DEPARTMENT

The Oliver Typewriter Company, 200 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Read Our Book "THE RISE OF THE LOCAL AGENT"

—Enlist in the Oliver Service!

This book unrolls the life stories of men who rose from the Local Agency ranks to positions of great importance in the Oliver Organization.

One man who began as Local Agent for the Oliver Typewriter is today the Typewriter King of Mexico. He controls the sale of the Oliver in that country and leads a great army of agents. The Mexican Government reports show that more Oliver Typewriters are imported into Mexico than all other typewriters combined.

Stories, like these, in this wonderful book—***simple recitals of fact***—will open your eyes to the big opportunities presented to Local Agents. We will send ***"The Rise of the Local Agent,"*** and will promptly communicate with those who are sincerely interested.

Even if there's an agent in your town now, it will do no harm to put your name on the waiting list.

Send the coupon or a personal letter and enlist under the banner of the Oliver ***now*** while the ***Call for Volunteers*** is ringing in your ears.

Book and Information COUPON

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
200 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send book, **"THE RISE OF THE LOCAL AGENT,"** and details of your **AGENCY PLAN.**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

The Publishers' Outlook

Is It Vengeance?

FOR five years past, some dozen or more of the popular magazines in this country have devoted a considerable part of their editorial space to the intelligent discussion of public problems; to the education of their readers in the principles upon which our great National, State and Municipal assets can and should be conserved for the benefit of all the people instead of for special interests only; and to the exposure of the methods by which these assets have been, and are being dissipated, wasted and given over to the enrichment of the few.

"The magazines," to which President Taft refers in his message, have sought for, found and publicly analyzed the sources of the power of the great executive, legislative and business combinations by which these wastages have been brought about and they have prevented the consummation of many schemes long planned and brought almost to the point of successful execution. They have, in other words, *interfered*—and most seriously—with a variety of well-oiled and smoothly running business and political machines which for many years have accomplished much in the way of public pillage.

It is simple truth to say that the magazines have been the one publicity force in this country which the powers that prey could not reach by any of their usual forms of effort. They are owned and controlled in almost every case by men who are entirely content with moderate publishing profits if only they are able to speak strongly, surely and effectively to a large reading constituency for the betterment of existing social and political conditions.

S. S. McClure of *McClure's Magazine*, Dr. Lyman Abbott of *The Outlook*, Robert J. Collier and Norman Hapgood of *Collier's Weekly*, Erman J. Ridgway and J. O'H. Cosgrave of *Everybody's Magazine*, Frank A. Munsey of the Munsey publications, John S. Phillips and his associates, of the *American Magazine*, Dr. Albert Shaw of the *Review of Reviews*, Cyrus Curtis and George Horace Lorimer of the *Saturday Evening Post*, Arthur W. Little of *Pearson's*, Ben B. Hampton of *Hampton's Magazine*, Walter Page of the *World's Work*, E. J. Wheeler of *Current Literature*—these are not men who can be silenced or whose influence can be bought at any price. They and others like them, who are publishing the great popular magazines of this country, are the bulwarks of our sole remaining independent press—the present-day prototypes of the great editors like Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune*, Samuel W. Bowles of the Springfield *Republican* and George William Curtis of *Harper's Weekly*, who in former times exercised so wide an influence in public affairs.

It goes without saying that coincidentally with the efforts of the magazines to do something toward purifying the Augean stables in this country, there has been aroused against them a most violent, bitter, personal and vindictive hatred by those who have seen their plans interfered with and their machines smashed.

For two years past it has been an open secret in Washington—freely talked about in both inner and outer circles of legislative activities—that the reactionary political leaders in both House and Senate were preparing to "get back at the magazines" at any cost, and that *they would have the Administration's support* in their efforts.

The first guns in the campaign were the recommendations in the President's message and in the message of the Postmaster-General last year, that the rate on second-class publications be materially raised above the present rate of one cent per pound. The experts of the Post-office Department sought to prove that it was actually costing the United States Government *nine cents per pound* to transport second-class matter.

The value of these figures may be inferred from the fact—brought out in the subsequent testimony before the Post-office Committee of the House—that the great express companies of this country are seeking, and handling at less than one cent per pound, a very large part of the distribution of the magazines in direct competition with the Government.

Now the problem of the plotters against the magazines has always been and still is one of separating the sheep from the goats. They do not dare, or wish to interfere with the daily newspapers, whose political power "at home" can make or mar many a promising Congressional career; most of them do not want to interfere with the farm papers (except with those who are fighting the battle of the people in favor of the Parcels Post), because the "farmer vote" is important. In fact, the only periodicals that they really wish to reach are popular magazines of wide circulation which are interfering so seriously with graft. And for a year past they have been trying to puzzle out the way to accomplish their purpose.

It is believed in Washington that this way has now been found, and this is the program:

1. The magazines whose destruction is sought for have achieved their popularity and widespread influence because of their low subscription prices—in most cases $1.00 or $1.50. This subscription price is much below the actual cost of production, the difference being made up by advertising.

2. If now, this advertising can be taxed by the imposition upon it of a higher postal rate, on the plea that it is not literary or educational matter, the publishers will be forced, either into a very large extra expense for postage to be paid out of their present revenues, or into an increase of their subscription or advertising prices.

3. If an increase in subscription price should be made, the number of subscribers—*i. e.*, the popular support—would be reduced; the advertising value of the periodical would, of course, be reduced in proportion; and the publication would therefore be—such is the hope of the plotters—forced out of existence.

This program is ingenious and plausible. It is not *perfect* from the standpoint of the conspirators, because there are a few magazines or other periodicals in the country which are friendly to the powers that be and which have considerable advertising, and some means must, of course, be found to take care of "our friends." Nevertheless, it is the nearest approach to a workable plan (from the standpoint of the business interests) that has yet been devised.

It has likewise been common gossip in Washington for some months past, that this plan was to be "put over the plate" by holding out to the American people as a special inducement or bribe, the possibility of bringing about a one-cent postage rate on letters with the additional income taken from the magazines. In other words, the pill was to be cleverly sugar-coated in order to create a public sentiment against the magazines and in favor of the measures probably to be introduced in the coming session of Congress.

It is also a matter of common report—we had almost said of common knowledge—that, at the demand of some of the Republican leaders in House and Senate, whose defeat has come about in the last election because of their faithfulness to the Aldrich-Cannon machines and their methods, the entire weight of Administration support is to be given to the passage, at this short session of Congress—the last in which the gentlemen so defeated will appear—of measures increasing postage on the magazines, and that these measures are likely to be tacked on as riders to some one of the great appropriation bills.

In the light of the above discussion, which represents, as we have said, the current political gossip in Government circles for some months past, the paragraph of the President's message referring to second-class mail matter which we reproduce on this page is of interest. We submit it with three questions:

First.—Is it conceivable that such a recommendation would be made were the magazines cordially, enthusiastically, unreservedly supporting the administration of President Taft and the machines of Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon?

Second.—Is it not a clear inference, from the President's phraseology, that it is his idea that many, if not most, of the so-called magazines which are not, in his judgment, "useful," shall be "shut out from the use of the mails by a prohibitory rate?"

Third.—Is it in accord with the best interests of the American people that the popular magazines alone, among the great mass of newspapers and periodicals which enjoy the privilege of the second-class rate, shall be punished for their plain speaking in public affairs by the imposition of a higher postal rate than that enjoyed by their more prudent or complaisant fellow publishers? Is the "freedom of the press" a mere theory?

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

In my last Annual Message I invited the attention of Congress to the inadequacy of the postal rate imposed upon second-class mail matter in so far as that includes magazines, and showed by figures prepared by experts of the Post-Office Department that the Government was rendering a service to the magazines, costing many millions in excess of the compensation paid. An answer was attempted to this by the representatives of the magazines, and a reply was filed to this answer by the Post-Office Department. The utter inadequacy of the answer, considered in the light of the reply of the Post-Office Department, I think must appeal to any fair-minded person. Whether the answer was all that could be said in behalf of the magazines is another question. I agree that the question is one of fact; but I insist that if the fact is as the experts of the Post-Office Department show, that we are furnishing to the owners of magazines a service worth millions more than they pay for it, then justice requires that the rate should be increased. The increase in the receipts of the Department resulting from this change may be devoted to increasing the usefulness of the Department in establishing a parcels post and in reducing the cost of first-class postage to one cent. It has been said by the Postmaster-General that a fair adjustment might be made under which the advertising part of the magazine should be charged for at a different and higher rate from that of the reading matter. This would relieve many useful magazines that are not circulated at a profit, and would not shut them out from the use of the mails by a prohibitory rate.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

JAN. 1911
VOL. XIV.
NO. 201

Published Monthly by The Success Company, Success Magazine Building, 29-31 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. Branch Offices: Danville, Ill.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Petersburgh, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Pa.; San Jose, Cal.; Toledo, O.

Edward E. Higgins, President; Orison Swett Marden, Vice-President and Editor in Chief; Frank E. Morrison, Secretary; H. A. Lewis, Treasurer; Howard Brubaker, Editor; William E. Prickett, Art Manager.

IN THE EDITOR'S CONFIDENCE

PARCELS POST A NATIONAL NEED

THE demand for an extended Parcels Post has become insistent; it will no longer be denied. Renewed agitation for the elimination of the annual deficit in the Post-Office Department has revealed the folly of permitting the express companies to rob the post-office of a source of large income by conveying small parcels. The recent strike in New York and vicinity during which the business of our greatest city was partly paralyzed by the refusal of the express companies to meet the moderate demands of their employees, emphasized the necessity of rescuing this important public function from the hands of a private monopoly that is not responsible to the people. The complaints which the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington has received from shippers throughout the country, constitute a demand for immediate relief from the extortions of these companies. The people are determined that we shall have a cheap, immediate and general Parcels Post—a *real* Parcels Post.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE intends to lend its aid to the Parcels Post movement. In the months to come it proposes to show:

That an express company is a book-keeping device to secure from the people extortionate rates for services which the railroads and the Government should perform.

That a considerable part of the express companies' activities are and for over forty years have been actually illegal.

That the express business is possible only by the collusion of the railroad companies with whom it divides its enormous profits.

That the six great express companies constitute virtually a monopoly preserving the form of independence in order further to raise rates.

That express rates are exorbitant, illogical, inconstant and inconsistent.

That the illegal competition of the express companies with the United States mails costs the Government probably thirty million dollars a year in postal revenues.

That the express companies, in competing with foreign Parcels Post destined for inland points in the United States, offer rates which they deny to American citizens.

That a cheap Parcels Post is in successful operation in every civilized country except the United States and China.

That the establishment of a Parcels Post in the United States would stimulate business both in city and small town and reduce the cost of living.

All this we are prepared to prove conclusively and without malice. We shall begin in February with an article by Robert Sloss upon express company usurpations.

Meanwhile, we wish to call attention to a bill (H. R. 26,581) introduced into the last session of Congress by Representative William Sulzer and printed in full on this page. Mr. Sulzer is a Democrat, but his bill is in no sense a partisan measure. It was introduced at the request of the Postal Progress League and has the enthusiastic endorsement of that body. As will be seen, it raises the weight limit of domestic postal parcels from four to eleven pounds and reduces the rate from sixteen to eight cents a pound. The rate, of course, is the same regardless of distance. Furthermore, the bill provides for a cheaper rate and a higher weight limit for rural routes in order that the conveyances of the 41,000 rural carriers may be utilized fully and that the small town merchant may secure his share of the advantages of a cheap Parcels Post.

This bill does not represent ultimate perfection in Parcels Post legislation. It seems little enough to ask that we have a domestic postal rate as low as that for which anyone but an American can send a package half way round the world.

Mr. Sulzer's bill was referred last year to the Committee on the Post-Office and Post Roads where at this date it remains. You who are already convinced of the importance of Parcels Post legislation, write your own Representative urging that the bill be withdrawn from the committee and brought to a vote. He must answer you; he must tell where he stands.

Here is a necessary word of warning. It is the declared purpose of Postmaster-General Hitchcock, seconded by President Taft, to have introduced into Congress a bill establishing a rural Parcels Post. This measure is mischievous. It is calculated to establish a limited Parcels Post in the rural districts where the *express companies do not go* and thus forestall a thorough going measure.

The chance to enact Parcels Post legislation was never brighter than it is this year, yet nothing short of a vigorous, militant public opinion will ensure its passage. One power is stronger than these rich, resourceful corporations—the protest of an aroused, enlightened constituency. Remember the moral of the downfall of Cannonism: "Somebody wrote to his Congressman!"

A bill [by Mr. Sulzer; H. R. 26581] to reduce postal rates, to improve the postal service, and to increase postal revenues.

Be it enacted, etc., That the common weight limit of the domestic postal service of the United States is hereby increased to eleven pounds, the common limit of the Universal Postal Union, and that in the general business of the post-office the one cent an ounce rate on general merchandise—fourth-class mail matter—be, and is hereby, reduced to the third-class rate, one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof.

Sec. 2. That the rate on local letters or sealed parcels posted for delivery within the free-delivery services is hereby determined at two cents on parcels up to four ounces, one cent on each additional two ounces; at nondelivery offices, one cent for each two ounces.

Sec. 3. That all mail matter collected and delivered within the different rural routes of the United States is hereby determined to be in one class, with rates, door to door, between the different houses and places of business and the post-office or post-offices on each route, as follows: On parcels up to one twenty-fourth of a cubic foot, or one by six by twelve inches in dimensions and up to one pound in weight, one cent; on larger parcels up to one-half a cubic foot, or six by twelve by twelve inches in dimensions and up to eleven pounds in weight, five cents; on larger parcels up to one cubic foot, six by twelve by twenty-four inches in dimensions and up to twenty-five pounds in weight, ten cents. No parcels shall be over six feet in length, and in no case shall a carrier be obliged to transport a load of over five hundred pounds.

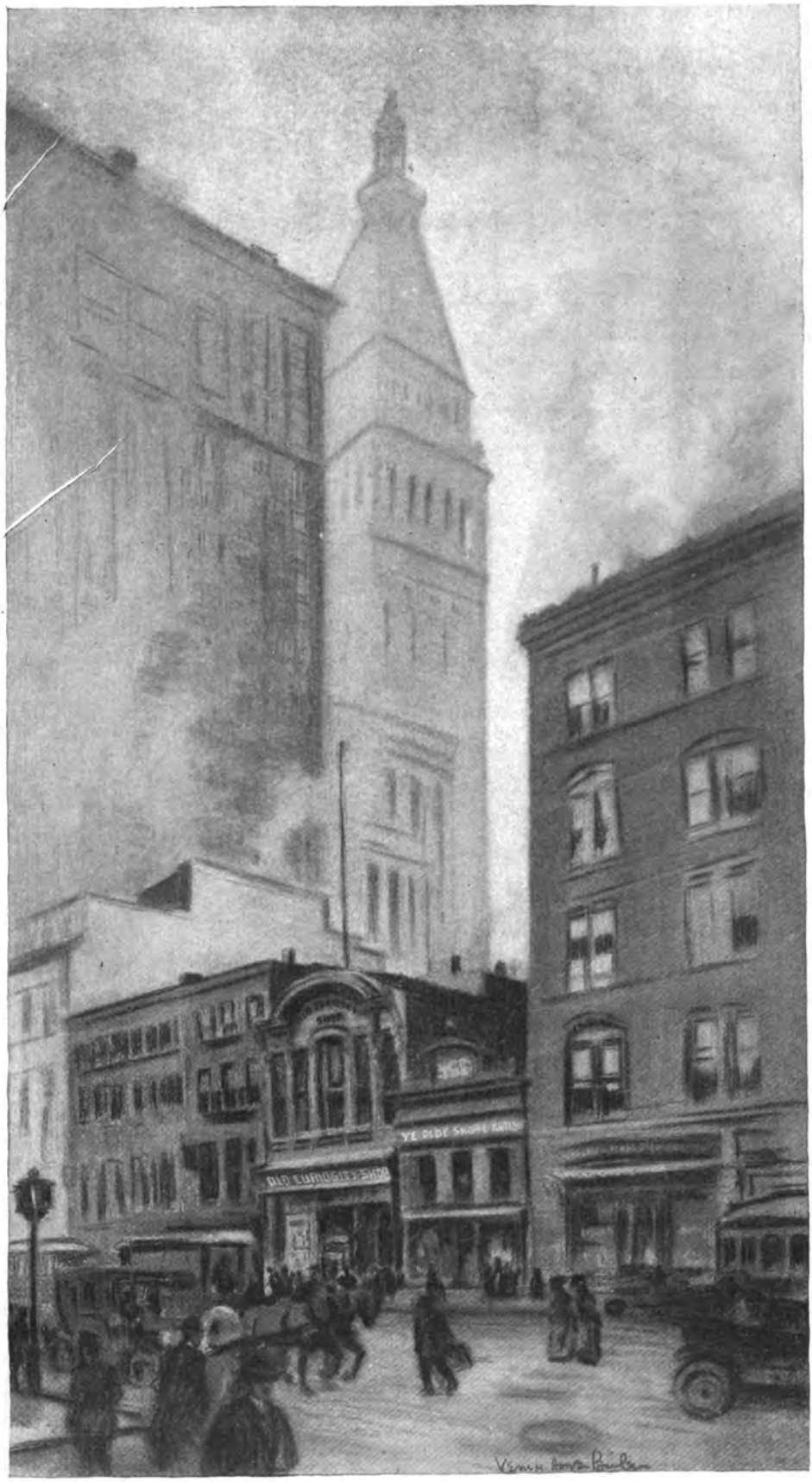
Sec. 4. That on all unregistered prepaid mail matter without declared value an indemnity up to ten dollars shall be paid by the Post-Office Department for such actual loss or damage as may occur through the fault of the postal service, and this without extra charge. Certificates of posting shall be provided on demand. On registered parcels of declared value, and on which the fee for registration, insurance, and postage has been duly prepaid, the Post-Office Department shall pay the full value of any direct loss or damage that may occur through the fault of the postal service. The fees for insurance and registration shall be as follows: For registration and insurance up to fifty dollars, ten cents; for each additional fifty dollars, two cents. No claim for compensation will be admitted if not presented within one year after the parcel is posted.

Sec. 5. That all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

Sec. 6. That this act shall take effect six months from and after the date of approval thereof.

RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW

Fourth Avenue in New York City is undergoing a marvelous and rapid transformation. Within two years it has become a street of sky-scrapers. Mr. Bailey's drawing shows a few of the remaining old picturesque Fourth Avenue buildings among their giant neighbors. The Metropolitan Tower is in the background.



Beauty in the Market Place

The City Beautiful is the City Prosperous

By Franklin Clarkin
Author of "Cities that Pay Dividends"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The group plan comprises the development of the Mall into a formal arrangement of trees and lawns from the Capitol at one end to the Washington Monument, thence at right angles to the White House. Public buildings will line the Mall, and at the base of the Washington Monument steps will lead from a terrace to a formal garden

WITHIN a few weeks, for the first time in this country, the scenic setting of a town has been adjudged an asset, and as such, given the protection of the United States District Court. It was in the case of the Empire Water and Power Company *versus* the Cascade Town Company. The decision, rendered by Judge R. E. Lewis, at Pueblo, Colorado, prohibited the Empire Water and Power Company "from using, for the purpose of generating power, water which forms the chief scenic attraction of the mountain canyon at the mouth of which the town of Cascade is situated."

There have been tumults about Niagara, but they were sentimental. In this case there was the clear-cut issue as to whether the cascades at the foot of Pike's Peak, giving the town name and character, could be put to "beneficial use" by harnessing them to electric motors. Condemnation proceedings to divert the water for power were resisted by the town of Cascade, on the ground that diversion of the water would mean "destruction of the town's chief asset."

It was put forward that, in making for scenic beauty, the water was already being put to "beneficial use" within the meaning of the law, since it drew many people to the city, therefore was not subject to condemnation proceedings for mechanical power. This was the view upheld by the United States District Court.

For some time past beautifiers have been busy, often to the annoyance of plain business men who thought themselves practical, in many a city; but legally this might be said to mark the beginning of the renaissance of beauty in American municipalities. Many started in enchanting places, with woods, streams and hills, but these were dealt with regardless of all except immediate profit. It has not long been established in law in this country that the attractiveness of a city is as definite and measurable an asset as a harbor, a navigable river, wharves or a railway terminal. Indeed, it is scarcely eighteen months ago that ironic criticism was aroused when a meeting was called to consider "Beauty as a Civic Asset"; yet what William M. Chase, the painter, said is widely recognized: "No matter what your occupation may be, your direct interest is to beautify your city. I 'm told that one hundred and fifty thousand strangers visit New York daily. You may quadruple that number by making the city more attractive. When New York is made beautiful—and the time is coming, for this is the finest site in the world for a beautiful city—you will find that art is an asset which you will be able to bank on for centuries, just as Venice and Florence have been doing."

CHICAGO

The proposed improvements, looking north from the south branch of the Chicago River, showing division of traffic, unloading of barges on lower level than street

A Change for the Better in Public Opinion

Next to opportunity for individuals, there is no allure cities can present to compare with that of being pleasing. One way or another they must attract. Otherwise, the restless trekking of humanity leaves them to crumble. In various ways cities have been advertising for settlers as a merchant would for customers. One of the last means of inducement to settlers to be adopted as cities began to compete for population was beauty. First taken up by art societies, it is significant that this year it is being promoted by business men's and merchant's associations, chambers of commerce, boards of trade, shippers and manufacturers. For if it can be figured that a man is worth one thousand dollars to a nation, what may he be worth, as a business proposition, to a city?

From George W. Lattimer, of the Kauffman-Lattimer Company of Columbus, Ohio, who is chairman of the Chamber of Commerce committee on public improvements, I have received this typical letter:

"In a large way, the best concrete example that will illustrate the question of the value of city improvements is the difference between Cleveland and Cincinnati. In the last few years, Cleveland has given a great deal of attention to city beautification in the way of parks, playgrounds, boulevards and her civic center. These efforts have caused a wonderful growth in property values, in business and in *the size of the city*, so that she has outstripped Cincinnati, which city had a long lead in advance of Cleveland.

"Cincinnati has fallen behind largely because she has not paid attention to these features of her city. In the last two

years Cincinnati has wakened up to this fact, and she is making advances in the line of parks, playgrounds and general city beautification.

"Columbus has had a greater and better advertisement in the last two years than at any time in her history, throughout the whole United States, by simply publishing, two or three years ago, a city plan, written by five civic experts.

"There is not a section of our city of Columbus that does not show an example of where the land values of a neighborhood have largely increased by the improvement of the property of any one inhabitant of such a neighborhood."

A Forecast of the City of the Future

We are not talking in this article like the pioneer breed of "beautifiers"—all honor to them—of "loftiest aims, noblest sentiments, highest ideals." We are not talking of "artistic" and dignified surroundings, in such location that they might be appreciated by the people, who, having seen them, felt ennobled, energized, inspired. We are presenting the case of the pocket alone. I want to insert here a remarkable letter received from Brand Whitlock, twice mayor of Toledo:

"We are beginning to learn that the city is, fundamentally, something more than a mere industrial accident, a mere place to do business in. We are gaining a new conception that the city is not only a place to get a living in, but a place to live in, and to live in the best and highest, most beautiful sense.

"We are beginning to realize that the city in America is the hope of democracy, and that presently, when the city is able to free itself from the domination of political bosses, public service corporations and rural legislators; when, in a word, it is free and democracy has a chance in it, America will no longer suffer the reproach that our municipal government has been to her so long, but will become the triumph of democracy. Then the city will be built with a view to ensemble.

"The public buildings, parks, playgrounds, rest stations, boulevards, gardens, the great spaces where the people will gather—these will be developed according to one harmonious plan; they will be the expression of the civic mind raised to lofty conceptions. Then we shall have a democratic art and man will achieve the dream he has had from the beginning: the free, symmetrical city; the city set upon a hill.

"Now all this is a dream, but a dream that is coming true simply because it is the most practical thing in the world.

"These public works, this democratic architecture, all contributing to social convenience and to the meaning of life, are the expression of the collective consciousness and will of a city, and in the process of their construction social values are created.

"*And these pay, in the commercial as well as in the esthetic and moral sense; they attract people, they excite interest and desire and they advertise a town; they make a city for the people in it; they are at once the opportunity and the expression of the highest ideals of those people and they elevate the lives of all.*"

In the city of Venice, a while ago, a tower which had no other material use than as a lookout for a fire watchman fell suddenly in ruins. Battlements and thrones have fallen in Europe, and the world, being better off, did not care. But the echoes of these stones of Venice struck upon the hearts of all Christendom and made pulses skip a throb. Of course, it was not because there are not more efficient methods of fire alarm. Whatever the utility of this one, it belonged to Venice. Its delight to the eye, its power to win "the best of the senses" made it one of the treasures of the world. So, forthwith, gifts of money were hastened to Venice that she might not delay to restore this pile as it had anciently stood.

And now at once consider that this matchless city, one of the beauty spots of the man-made world, was erected by hard-headed commercial spirits in an age of commerce.

How well they builded is somewhat shown by this: a thousand years after her decline as a great mart, her piled stones still provide her with a reason for being and the wherewithal for living. Yet, what Venice has done is not to be measured solely by the income which her own beauty brings her. Her palace of the Doges, her San Georgio Maggiore, her San Bastiano, Maria della Salute—missionaries of grace—how often do you suppose they have been reproduced throughout the world?

Genoa is out of the beaten way. Only Americans who have sentiment about Columbus pay the fare to get there by a diverse route. The Genoese organized a society encouraging travelers to include their city in their tours. One of the first things they accomplished, in cooperation with the city government, was the construction of a new street. It was to pay for itself out of the increased values of assessable abutting property, and it was to please the community and to pay the community in the lure the street would hold for purchasers, especially from afar. It would mean money brought in.

They named the street the Venti Settembre; running from Piazza Defarrari to Piazza Tommaseo, it is the longest, broadest, finest avenue in Genoa, and is already the most frequented. The plan drawn by the engineer, Cesare Gamba, was constructed in 1892–1893, with the elegant Monumental Bridge spanning the street and effectively closing in the vista—a vista of fine palaces, in the ground floors of which are tempting shops, "grand" restaurants, "grand" cafes, and "grand" theaters. You would need only to get the balance sheets of the business shops under the palaces to be convinced that the street has paid.

Millions of paying travelers would be lost to Rome yearly were it not for the monuments and works of wonder which old Romans erected for other generations. Although Ferraro declares that "in the light of after events we are too often inclined to construct prodigies of foresight and penetration which never had any real existence," he is speaking politically, not commercially; and what he says is no sign that by forethought a city may not be planned to be fascinating.

Rome died several times; much of it is twenty feet deep in the dust settled upon it out of the air of ages. But, having been carried over its doldrums by visitors, it lives, and to-day, next to Paris, is the most sought-out city in Europe.

Paris, which knows how to charge travelers who are rich, and yet bring to itself those who wish to live pleasantly and economically, has shown also how to maintain the most beautiful park in the world and yet have it a source of revenue rather than expense. It cost-

PITTSBURG

The proposed arrangement of the municipal buildings of Pittsburg grouped about three sides of an open square

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The plan is for an auditorium seating 5,000 people, and a municipal office building on either side of a campanile, clock tower and observation tower. A new bridge is planned to run from Court Square across the Connecticut River, joining the two parts of the city. The railroad tracks running along the river to be replaced by a boulevard on the river bank

SAN FRANCISCO

The proposed improvement of Telegraph Hill calls for the terracing of the hill, new streets and the construction of new buildings in appropriate Spanish style. The hill is surmounted by a small plateau, which is treated as a public park and commands a fine view over the city and bay

$142,000 yearly to maintain the Bois de Boulogne, a park of 1,530 acres. But it brings to the city treasury annually $180,000 in rents and concessions. There are better ways than this one of making public revenue from a city people like to go to, or live in. "Excess condemnation" is one of these and it is spreading. It means taking somewhat more land than is required for a park or public-building site, and allowing the community generally to receive the benefit of the increased value of abutting land. This instance cited by the New York Art Commission is to the point:

"The financial side of the solution we suggest of providing parks is sound. The entire cost of the land for Seward Park was $1,811,127—an average cost per lot of about $39,000—which includes not only the land but the buildings thereon. It is reasonably accurate to say that the properties facing the park could have been purchased at the same time for the same amount per lot. From 1894 to 1906, the total assessed valuation of ten lots fronting Seward Park, with buildings that have not been changed during the period, increased 115 per cent."

In London, the magnificent Kingsway has just been constructed through a densely populated area at a cost of thirty million dollars. It is reckoned that it will involve no final expense to the taxpayers because of the increased value of the neighboring city property.

What would a wasted two hundred million dollars do to improve New York, bring trade, and reduce the cost of living? Is it realized how big that sum is compared with the cost of its soldiers' monuments, Riverside Drive, City Hall, Grant's Tomb, museums of art, archeology, natural history, sculpture? Supposing the wondrous new public library in Fifth Avenue, which Carnegie gave and which cost over one million dollars to erect—suppose two hundred buildings as majestic were put up around it—would any city, modern or ancient, have a "center" of architectural impressiveness (given we had the architects) to equal it? Yet this would be only the savings of private graft and no additional tax on the citizens. Then suppose the public service corporations were made to pay up the thirty million dollars they owe, and suppose that sum now withheld were to provide thirty more buildings—but this is dreaming!

It costs no more to group buildings and parks than to scatter them indiscriminately. Great economy is often involved in such grouping. "I hold," says John M. Carrere, architect of the New York Public Library, "that it is cheaper to develop a city artistically than otherwise. By artistically I mean not surface ornament and display, but logically planned, well-proportioned arteries, parkings with proper provision for monuments, public buildings and private buildings of importance, work done with foresight—which means with imagination. Work done in this way is of commercial advantage; first because it is well organized for its purpose and answers its purpose, so that traffic, business and pleasure can proceed with the least friction and the greatest advantage and comfort to the individual citizen. It is further a commercial advantage because it is permanent, and by anticipating the needs of the future it fosters civic pride, without which no city can progress, and it naturally attracts the stranger, whether seeking pleasure or profit, to its gates."

LONDON

Kingsway, London's newest boulevard, connects the Strand with Holborn, beginning in a semi-circular street called "Aldwych," which has been obliterated in the work of improvement. The view shows the Strand in the foreground with St. Mary's Church, and some of the newest buildings, notably the Gaiety Theatre

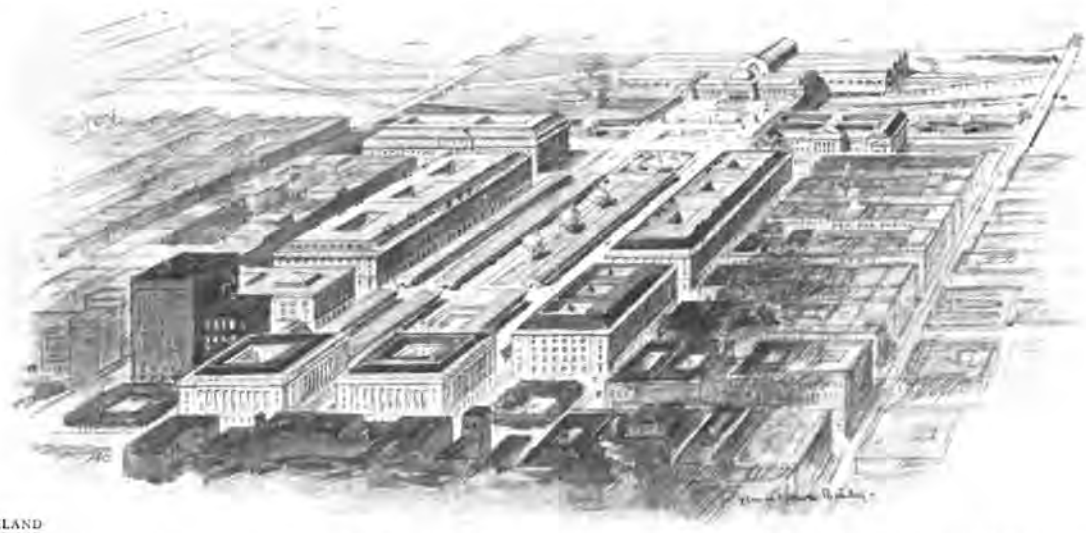
The art of building cities was for a while lost, like other arts, because of efforts bent toward extracting newly discovered wealth from the earth and toward developing invention. But this art has been found again. With new substances, new machinery, new appliances, it is possible to make cities of a comfort and a convenience and a magnificence not dreamed of in those days of the "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

In the last hundred years the growth of American cities has been marvelous. More than one-sixth of the number of the largest cities of the earth are now American cities. Philadelphia is more impressive, as to population, than Constantinople. Boston outranks Madrid, as Cleveland does Hong Kong. Chicago arose from a name to a place all but equaling ancient Tokio in numbers of people assembled. They are rich, these young cities, rich beyond the capitals of kingdoms—in every way save that which wins the best of the senses.

"Most of our seaboard cities," declares E. H. Blashfield, an artist, "are practically far older than were Athens or Florence or Venice when they began to clothe themselves with beauty as with a garment. We are richer, more prosperous, more peaceful; we have no soldiers to pay, no enemies to fear, no princes to bribe, no factions to watch; and yet we are not beautiful. We are not even picturesquely and grimly ugly, like London; we are only shoddy and commonplace and lacking in individuality."

Money beyond counting has been wasted in our building, tearing down and constructing again. Many cities have mere bald ugliness, while they could, with forethought, have had grace.

No city ever has become beautiful by election. It has always been by force of fact. It is less expensive to use building material right at hand and it happens that such material is naturally more harmonious to the environment. In Naples, for instance, the streets are laid with lava from Vesuvius, the houses built of the ash conglomerate from the volcano, and the houses, straggling picturesquely on different levels, do so of necessity. In England, China, Japan, New



CLEVELAND

This plan shows the post-office and the library at the south end of the Mall, balancing each other. At the north a monumental railroad station. It is proposed that the city purchase land facing on the Mall to be disposed of under well-defined restrictions so as to attain perfect harmony in the development of the buildings to be erected thereon

England, our own South, it is the same. At first, in New England and Virginia, Georgia and the Carolinas, the forests furnished the cheapest and most immediate material for housing, from logs to lumber. Presently, Yankee forests were used up and they built of the native stone—cobble, granite, marble. Manchester, Vermont, hard by a marble quarry, is built largely of marble, even to its sidewalk flaggings. You would get the impression, arriving there for the first time under electric light, that this old village was a village of palaces.

Those villages in England we think so pretty were built of the surrounding clay soil. Year by year additions were made to the lines and walls of each cottage, until vines grew and covered them and gardens were laid in front. When we of a new country see them, we call this accumulation of gardens and hedgerows, these elaborated huts built in enduring earth, beautiful.

A garden of a factory in Tokio

China uses mud, Japan uses bamboo and rice straw. The effect, when derived from natural surroundings, like the red sandstone of New Jersey, the white painted pine of the South, and the fieldstone villas of later New England, fits its natural surroundings. Wherever foreign substances have been used for building, as in the Tuscan colony of Greenwich, Connecticut, the result, against the New England landscape, is either bizarre or grotesque.

No city can make itself beautiful in a day or without concerted effort. People busy with their own concerns, with no time to build their own houses, take mostly what is offered them by architects and artisans; they use what the artist produces. As they increase in individual estate and capacity for luxury they ask for the finer products. You may observe it in such cities as, by their wealth, have drawn the better architects and decorators. Of such are New York and Boston, and among new settlements, Spokane, whither many architects have drifted from old communities, seeking outlet for their activities in a place of quick construction. Municipal art commissions are but the check imposed by the artist-class upon the impatient haste of the people for homes.

If there ever was an artistic nation—which is doubtful—it was the Japanese of yesterday, before the money-making possibilities of western civilization captured them. They had few architects. The artisans who separated themselves from war and field-tilling were busy fashioning little utensils of daily service which combined grace and color. Tokio is a dismal place structurally. Only in Kioto is there architectural refinement, consonant and general. It pays at least in this—that it has made Kioto one of the greatest tourist Meccas, and the price of land has risen higher than in Tokio.

I have mentioned Spokane. As usual, the real estate man and the "straight line engineer" did their best to spoil the natural advantages of the growing city. Here were remarkable waterfalls, and the scenic banks of the rushing river below were "right smart chances" for places for parks and homes.

It was the utility of the falls for producing power which made the neighborhood a prospering city site. Afterward there came a realization that the charm and majesty of the tumbling water was an asset as definite as its power to turn wheels.

Woods for parks and water over falls gives any city natural beauty aside from architecture, if its government is wise enough to make the best of them, and this they are doing in Spokane as a matter of business. Park boards recently determined that the river banks should provide sight-seeing and breathing spots.

The Impulse for City Beauty Is Constantly Increasing

The "new birth" of cities is world wide. It is for beauty as well as for convenience and comfort. The poetic outcry from old Venice for the material conveniences of a new age is equaled by the materialistic cry from new cities for the artistic overlaying of their modern devices. In London there has lately been held an international town-planning congress.

The Right Honorable John Burns, one of the presiding officers, declared that "the mean street produces the mean man," and that "the East End means the West-ending."

There were notable exhibits by the Civic League of St. Louis, the Philadelphia City Parks Association, Kelsey & Olmsted of Boston, Charles Mulford Robinson of Rochester, the Boston society of architects, and the Fine Arts Society of Chicago. Germany contributed remarkable plans, new or realized; England showed her new Kingsway and the garden cities of Letchworth and Port Sunlight.

"Nothing has been undertaken in England in town planning on the scale reached in the United States, but in the way of a garden city there is nothing in the world to surpass Port Sunlight," remarked Dr. Burnham, of Chicago. "It is not only beautiful, but satisfactory from every point of view, and it was laid out as a matter of good business by business men—a firm of soap makers."

J. Horace McFarland, president of the American Civic Association, declares: "There is a distinct and immediate effect on values in pleasant factory surroundings. There is a further effect on the minds and hearts of the men who do the work in industrial establishments. Some years ago the surroundings of the plant of the Carlisle

PARIS
Pont Alexander III
looking toward the Invalides

ST. LOUIS

A suggestion for possible treatment for the water front which adds greatly to its attractiveness and preserves its usefulness for traffic and commerce. The bluffs back of the levee being of clay could be excavated without great expense and a broad esplanade constructed

Manufacturing Company were exceedingly bad. That concern makes frogs, switches and other railroad signal apparatus, and as the stranger passed through Carlisle he could readily discern the disorder and unpleasantness of the place. It fell into the possession of Colonel John Hays, who, with other ideals, spent considerable money in removing the disorder and placing a lawn with attractive flower beds where there had been nothing but dumps, scrap heaps and cinder piles.

"I wrote him, congratulating him upon the improvement, and received a letter which was in effect a protest against any consideration on my part of the proposition as an esthetic one. He said he had done the work as an investment, and that, after years of experience, it had proved to be a most valuable investment."

It is one of the practically hopeful phenomena in cities making effort to become prosperous and comfortable, here and in Europe, that the work is not in the hands merely of art societies and "beautifiers," but in the hands of boards of trade, chambers of commerce, tax payers and merchants' associations, shippers, manufacturers. Do you think "Boston 1915" is an actuation of esthetes? Then you are gravely mistaken. Boston felt itself declining, not as an American Athens, but as a—well let the report which stirred up her business men speak for itself:

"The formation of convenient thoroughfares incidentally creates sites for important buildings. Are the Courthouse and Symphony Hall, Horticultural Hall and the Conservatory of Music and the Christian Science Temple placed where they show to the best advantage? How much they might have added to the city if they occupied monumental sites!

"Our report offers some suggestions for street changes that will create monumental sites, as well as for cutting streets through waste and deserted districts near the city centers, and for the profitable expansion of the city—expansion that might bring dead land into activity, raise taxable values, increase the use of our water-front or harbor, and thus *add to the riches of the city.*

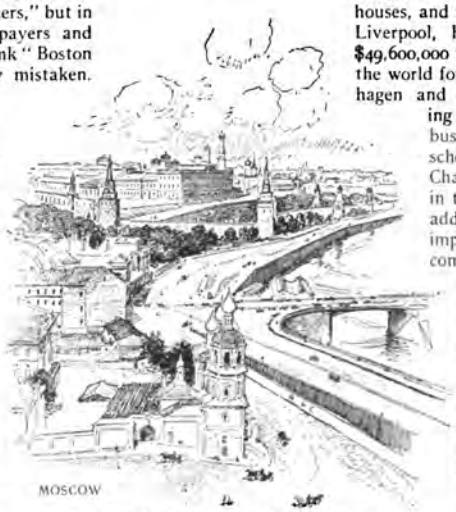
"The fever for municipal improvement has also reached South America and we are told that in Rio Janeiro they are not only building fine docks and improving the harbor, but that a space of two and a half miles long and three hundred feet wide has been appropriated through the settled city from water to water for a boulevard one hundred feet wide and over a mile long. The sale of the one hundred feet on either side is said to have paid for the whole improvement. In the short space of eighteen months the city constructed this beautiful avenue and gained an enormous amount of taxable property.

"In Formosa, the Japanese are planning a capital. Mr. Fashima, the architect who has the design in hand, has recommended the essential principles of the original plan of Washington.

"Those American cities which have had time to think are devoting energy and vast sums of money to work of this or of similar character. They find that municipal improvement not only tends to their own convenience, but also to attract strangers and to directly contribute toward a city's material prosperity."

In diagnosing the case as to what was the matter with Boston (building operations at a standstill, growth impeded, commerce restricted), it was decided that the causes were: Great areas cut off by lack of communication; too restrictive building laws; vacant spaces like railway car yards; cutting off and uglifying districts which might be part of fine, high-class residential districts adjoining. Profit had been lost by not transferring railroad yards to marsh land that could be filled in.

Then there was the matter of docks to attract shipping and turn the water-front from ramshackle sordidness to pleasant and convenient uses, with huge ships and cranes and warehouses, and recreation piers, such as London, Liverpool, Hamburg (which by expending $49,600,000 rose from fifth to first place in the world for water traffic), Bremen, Copenhagen and Antwerp were constantly building and bettering to bring and hold business. Part of the suggested scheme is an artificial island in Charles River, like the I'le de Cite in the Seine at Paris, which would add one million feet of land, and, improved with buildings, would become available for taxation, while the city would acquire an element of distinguished beauty that would have a distinct pecuniary value.



MOSCOW

The embankment along the river. New York's upper Riverside is occupied by a freight railroad

By what coins, stacks or bags or vaults of them, will you measure the value of "civic centers"—grouping public buildings, such as Washington, Cleveland, St. Louis, San Francisco, Minneapolis, Buffalo, Hartford have planned for? More than convenience and economy in public business, more than the immediate rise in surrounding land worth, more than the random yet regular enticement of full-pocketed tourists, are the yields of the "civic center" which is the oldest of "utilities." A. Coromilas, Greek minister to the United States, says: "You are undoubtedly beginning a national art. It is according to no classic standards. Americans are Greeks, Italians, Germans, French and English—and a score of other races besides. Cosmopolitanism in causes means cosmopolitanism in results. The artistic harvest is bound to be unique and splendid."

The Man Who Spoke Latin

"Average" Jones, in His Pursuit of the Adventure of Life, Wanders Into the Dim Past

by Samuel Hopkins Adams

Author of "The B-Flat Trombone," "Red Dot," "Pin Pricks," "Open Trail," Etc.

Illustrations by M. LEONE BRACKER

AVERAGE JONES was breakfasting late. The cool and breezy inner portico of the Cosmic Club, where the small tables overlook a gracious fountain shimmering with the dart and poise of goldfish, was deserted save for himself, a summer-engagement star-actor, a specialist in carbo-hydrates, and a famous adjuster of labor troubles; the four men being fairly typical of the club's catholicity of membership. Contrary to his impeccant habit, Average Jones bore the somewhat frazzled aspect of a man who has been up all night. Further indication of this inhered in the wide yawn, of which he was in mid-enjoyment, when a hand on his shoulder cut short his ecstasy.

"Sorry to interrupt so valuable an exercise," said a languid voice. "But—" and the voice stopped.

"Hello, Bert," returned the Ad-Visor, looking up at the faultlessly clad slenderness of his friend and occasional coadjutor, Robert Bertram, the club dilettante. "Sit down and keep me awake till the human snail who's hypothetically ministering to my wants can get me some coffee."

"What particular phase of intellectual debauchery have you been up to now," inquired Bertram, lounging into the chair opposite.

"Oh, chasing words three feet high half way across a New England county," returned the other.

"Which is all I'll hear of it at present, I suppose," commented Bertram, who understood his companion's habit of mind.

"Quite so. You made an observation just now rather more interesting than your usual output of table-talk. You said 'but' and nothing further. The conjunction 'but,' in polite grammar, ordinarily has a comet-like tail to it."

"Apropos of polite grammar, do you speak Latin?" asked Bertram casually.

"Not enough to be gossipy in it."

"Then you would n't care to give a job to a man who can't speak anything else?"

"On that qualification alone?"

"No-o, not entirely. He is a good military engineer, I believe."

"So that's the other end of the 'but,' is it?" said Average Jones. "Go on. Elaborate."

Bertram laid before his friend a printed clipping in clear, large type, saying: "When I read this, I could n't resist the notion that somehow or other it was in your line—pursuit of the adventure of life, and all that. Let's see what you make of it."

Average Jones straightened in his chair. The drawl, which was his peculiar way of betraying excitement or concentrated interest, prolonged his accents as he said:

"A Latin ad.! Looks to be ra-a-ather in my—er—line. My staff of so-called clipping experts have—er—overlooked a trick."

"Small blame to them. This is from the *Classical Weekly*, a Baltimore publication of small and select circulation."

"Just the sort there 's often the best hunting in," observed Average Jones. He bent his head over the clipping, which presented the following problem:

L. Livius M. F. Præsentinus, quodlibet in negotium non inhonestum qui victum meream me locare velim. Litteratus sum; scriptum facere bene scio. Stipendia multa emeritus, scientiarum belli, præsertim muniendi, sum peritus. Hac de re pro me spondebit Agrippa. Latine tantum scio. Siquis me velit conuenire, quoris die mane adesto in publicis hortis urbis Baltimoriana ad signum apri.

"Can you make it out?" asked Bertram.

"Hm-m-m. Well—the general sense. Livius seems to yearn in modern print for any honest employment, but especially scrapping of the ancient variety or secretarying. Apply to Agrippa for references. Since he describes his conversation as being confined to Latin, I take it he won't find many jobs reaching out eagerly for him. Anybody who wants him can find him in the Park of the Wild Boar in Baltimore. That's about what I make of it. Now, what 's his little lay, I wonder."

"Some lay of Ancient Rome, anyhow," suggested Bertram. "Association with Agrippa would put him back in the first century, B. C., would n't it? Besides, my informant tells me that Mr. Livius, who seems to have been an all-around sort of person, helped organize fire brigades for Crassus, and was one of the circle of minor poets who wrote rhapsodies to the fair but frail Clodia's eyebrows, ear-lobes and insteps."

"Your informant? The man 's actually been seen, then?"

"Oh, yes. He 's on view as per advertisement, I understand."

Average Jones rose and stretched his well-knit frame. "Baltimore will be hotter than the Place-as-Isn't," he said plaintively. "Martyrdom by fire! However, I 'm off by the five o'clock train. I 'll let you know if anything special comes of it, Bert."

Barye's splendid bronze boar couches, semi-shaded, in the center of Monument Park, Baltimore's social hill-top. There Average Jones lounged and strolled through the longest hour of a glaring August morning. People came and went; people of all degrees and descriptions, none of whom suggested in any particular the first century, B. C. One individual only maintained any permanency of situation. He was a gaunt, powerful, freckled man of thirty who sprawled on a settee and regarded Average Jones with obvious and amused interest. In time this annoyed the Ad-Visor, who stopped short, facing the settee.

"He 's gone," said the freckled man.

"Meaning Livius the Roman?" asked Average Jones.

"Exactly. Lucius Livius, son of Marcus Præsentinus."

Colonel Graeme spent hours talking with his strange companion and making copious notes

"Are you the representative of this rather peculiar person, may I ask?"

"It would be a dull world, except for peculiar persons," observed the man on the settee philosophically. "I've seen very many peculiar persons lately by the simple process of coming here day after day. No, I'm not Mr. Livius's representative. I'm only a town-bound and interested observer of his."

"There you've got the better of me," said Average Jones. "I was rather anxious to see him myself."

The other looked speculatively at the trim, keen-faced young man. "Yet you do not look like a Latin scholar," he observed; "if you'll pardon the comment."

"Nor do you," retorted Jones; "if the apology is returnable."

"I suppose not," owned the other, with a sigh. "I've often thought that my classical capacity would gain more recognition if I did n't have a skin like Bob Fitzsimmons and hands like Ty Cobb. Nevertheless, I'm in and of the department of Latin of Johns Hopkins University. Name, Warren. Sit down."

"Thanks," said the other. "Name, Jones. Profession, advertising advisor. Object, curiosity."

"A. V. R. E. Jones; better known as Average Jones, I believe?"

"*Experto crede!* Being dog-Latin for 'You seem to know all about it.'" The newcomer eyed his vis-a-vis. "Perhaps you—er—know Mr. Robert Bertram," he drawled.

"*Oculus*—the eye—*tauri*—of the bull. Bull's-eye!" said the freckled one, with a grin. "I'd heard of your exploits through Bertram, and thought probably you'd follow the bait contained in my letter to him."

"Nothing wrong with your nerve-system, is there?" inquired Average Jones with mock anxiety. "Now that I'm here, where is L. Livius And-so-forth?"

"Elegantly but uncomfortably housed with Colonel Ridgway Graeme in his ancestral barrack on Carteret street."

"Is this Colonel Graeme a friend of yours?"

"Friend and foe, tried and true. We meet twice a week, usually at his house, to squabble over his method of Latin pronunciation and his construction of the ablative case. He's got a theory of the ablative absolute," said Warren with a scowl, "fit to fetch Tacitus howling from the shades."

"A scholar, then?"

"A very fine and finished scholar, though a faddist of the rankest type. Speaks Latin as readily as he does English."

"Old?"

"Over seventy."

"Rich?"

"Not in money. Taxes on his big place keep him pinched; that and his passion for buying all kinds of old and rare books. He's got, perhaps, an income of four thousand, clear, of which about three thousand goes in book auctions."

"Any family?"

"No. Lives with two ancient colored servants who look after him."

"How did our friend from B. C. connect up with him?"

"Oh, he ran to the old colonel like a chick to its hen. You see, there aren't so very many Latinists in town during the hot weather. Perhaps eighteen or twenty in all came from about here and from Washington to see the prodigy in 'the Park of the Boar,' after the advertisement appeared. He wouldn't have anything to do with any of us. Pretended he didn't understand our kind of Latin. I offered him a place, myself, at a wage of more denarii than I could well afford. I wanted a chance to study him. Then came the colonel and fairly grabbed him. So I sent for you—in my artless professional way."

"Why such enthusiasm on the part of Colonel Graeme?"

"Simple enough. Livius spoke Latin with an accent which bore out the old boy's contention. I believe they also agreed on the ablative absolute."

"Yes—er—naturally," drawled Average Jones. "Does our early Roman speak pretty ready Latin?"

"He's fairly fluent. Sometimes he stumbles a little on his constructions, and he's apt to be—well—monkish—rather than classical when in full course."

"Doesn't wear the *toga virilis*, I suppose."

"Oh, no. Plain American clothes. It's only his inner man that's Roman, of course. He met with a bump on the head—this is his story—and he's got the scar to show for it—and when he came to, he'd lost ground a couple of thousand years and returned to his former existence. No English. No memory of who or what he'd been. No money. No connection whatsoever with the living world."

"Humph! Wonder if he's been a student of Kipling. You remember 'The Greatest Story in the World'; the re-incarnated galley slave? Now as to Colonel Graeme; has he ever published?"

"Yes. Two small pamphlets, issued by the Classicist Press, which publishes the *Classical Weekly*."

"Supporting his fads, I suppose."

"Right. He devoted one pamphlet to each."

He was concealing something under his coat

Average Jones contemplated with absorbed attention an ant which was making a laborious spiral ascent of his cane. Not until it had gained a vantage point on the bone handle did he speak again.

"See here, Professor Warren: I'm a passionate devotee of the Latin tongue. I have my deep and dark suspicions of our present modes of pronunciation—all three of 'em. As for the ablative absolute, its reconstruction and regeneration have been the inspiring principle of my studious manhood. Humbly I have sat at the feet of Learning, enshrined in the Ridgway Graeme pamphlets. I must meet Colonel Graeme—after reading the pamphlets. I hope they're not long."

Warren frowned. "Colonel Graeme is a gentleman and my friend, Mr. Jones," he said with emphasis. "I won't have him made a butt."

"He shan't be, by me," said Average Jones, quietly. "Has it perhaps struck you, as his friend, that—er—a close daily association with the psychic remnant of a Roman citizen might conceivably be non-conducive to his best interest?"

"Yes, it has. I see your point. You want to approach him on his weak side. But, have you Latin enough to sustain the part? He's shrewd as a weasel in all matters of scholarship, though a child whom anyone could fool in practical affairs."

"No; I have n't," admitted Average Jones. "Therefore, I'm a mute. A shock in early childhood paralyzed my centers of speech. I talk to you by sign language, and you interpret."

"But I hardly know the deaf-mute alphabet."

"Nor I, more. But I'll waggle my fingers like lightning if he says anything to me requiring an answer, and you'll give the proper reply. Does Colonel Graeme implicitly credit the Romanism of his guest?"

"He does, because he wants to. To have an educated man of the classic period of the Latin tongue, a friend of Cæsar, an auditor of Cicero and a contemporary of Virgil, Horace and Ovid come back and speak in the accent he's contended for, makes a powerful support for his theories. He's at work on a supplementary thesis already."

"What do the other Latin men who've seen Livius think of the metempsychosis claim?"

"They don't know. Livius explained his remote antecedents only after he had gotten Colonel Graeme's private ear. The colonel has kept it quiet. 'Don't want a rabble of psychologists and soul-pokers worrying him to death,' he says."

"Making it pretty plain sailing for the Roman. Well, arrange to take me there as soon as possible."

At the Graeme house, Average Jones was received with simple courtesy by a thin rosy-cheeked old gentleman with a dagger-like imperial and a dreamy eye, who on Warren's introduction, made him free of the unkempt old place's hospitality. They conversed for a time, Average Jones

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Photos by Underwood and Underwood

THE EVERYDAY MIKADO

BY ADACHI KINNOSUKE

Some hitherto unknown facts about the Emperor of Japan, his daily life and his responsibility for the modern movement in the Island Empire

THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN

THE reported discovery of the Anarchist plot against the life of the Emperor of Japan (since officially denied) brought the most remarkable figure on any throne in the world to-day briefly into the lime-light of international notice. Mutsuhito, the Emperor of Nippon, is, however, an unknown man to the Occidental peoples. Even in Japan it is only in very recent years that his own people have been permitted to get a few precious glimpses into his intimate life. And what we Japanese have learned of our sovereign—here is the latter-day miracle—has emphasized the divinity of the "Son of Heaven" in a way with which the gods and his divine ancestors had nothing to do. In our sovereign, out of the purple twilight of the gods and out of that myth-mantled shrine of classic traditions called the Palace, we have come to discover a man—a strong man, powerful in body and brains—a man of genius!

A Half Century of Marvelous Progress

People do not understand how the Japan of barely fifty years ago—that semi-barbarous nobody in the family of nations—should manage to come out of her hermitage so suddenly and stand before the astonished eyes of the world as a peer of Russia in armed might, and the ally of the proudest power in Europe. They simply can not understand it, and small wonder. It is, indeed, a far cry from the crested junks of Commodore Perry's days (they had banners galore aboard them but not one solitary, rusty flint rifle even) which stood for the Japanese navy, to the 20,000-ton super-Dreadnought battleship *Satsuma*, which is the flagship of our first squadron to-day. And forsooth, it is not the simplest thing to realize that all that distance was covered within the measure of a man's lifetime. This, moreover, is not the only wonder.

For these and all the other astounding puzzles in the making of the New Nippon, there is one all-sufficient key: His Majesty, the Emperor.

"I am the State," said a king of France. The emperor did not say that; it was not necessary. All his august ancestors and predecessors on the throne of the Mikado had been that. But in quite another sense, Mutsuhito, the Emperor of Nippon, has been and is the New Nippon.

The more thoroughly this fact is understood, especially in the Occident, the better will the Japan of to-day be understood. Let us look for a moment into the history of this remarkable monarch.

The Boy Mikado's Great Speech

It was the fourteenth of March of the first year of Meiji (1868, A. D.) in Kyoto, called simply, Miyako, or the capital. On the "jewel-seat" in the South Palace, or the throne room called Shishin-den, the historic hall wherein the coronation and all other great court ceremonials were wont to be performed, sat the young emperor. A purple curtain came down to the level of his waistline. For in those days, none might dare look upon the august person with the naked eye—not even the highest minister of State. The emperor, as a usual thing, speaks but little. On that Third-Moon day, however, he made his longest and his greatest speech, which passed into history as the Five Articles of the Imperial Oath.

After taking a solemn oath before the gods, he said:

I. "Let the popular assemblies be established far and wide and let the public opinion decide public measures.

II. "Let the Above [the government] and the Below [the governed] be of one mind and united; let us devote ourselves to the course of State.

III. "Let the civil and the military administrations travel in harmony as along one road; let every citizen realize his aspiration through his endeavors, so that the hearts of the people be full of activity without tiring.

IV. "Let us destroy the evil usages of the past; let us build on the foundation of the great principles of Heaven and Earth.

V. "Let us seek knowledge throughout the world; and greatly elevate and extend the position of the empire. We wish to bring about such changes as never were before in our country; and we ourselves shall lead the way. Therefore, we have taken the oath before the Divine Understanding of Heaven and Earth and wish to lay the foundation of State and establish the way of peace and welfare of our people. Let them hear these our will and cooperate in the work."

Do these words strike you as the speech of a sixteen-year-minus-eight-months' youth? Do they sound natural from a young potentate reared in all the seclusion of the Kyoto palace, with all the ossified traditions of an absolute monarchy and spoken from out the purple twilight of the demigods?

They are uncanny. They should be. For they are the announcement of the birth of a miracle—an imperial miracle.

The Birth of the New Japan

The fourteenth of March, 1868, upon which day was given the five-articled imperial oath, is as good a day as any, perhaps, to choose as the birthday of the New Nippon. On that same day, another imperial rescript was issued. It was a sort of personal letter from the Mikado to his own people and portrays the workings of his mind more clearly, because it does so more fully, than the imperial oath. Here it is:

"In the feebleness of youth, I have dared to succeed to the throne. Since then, I have thought, not without fear and trembling, both in the morning and at even, with what measures we should stand amid the nations of the world and in what manner I should further the wishes of my ancestors.

"Since the Middle Ages, when the imperial sovereignty declined, the military power has monopolized the control of State. In matters external, it has honored the imperial court and deferred to it; but in reality, it has banished it afar with all politeness. The sovereign who was the parent of the people could not know the conditions and

affairs of his own children; he was reduced to be the father only in name. The dignity of the imperial court appeared as if it were doubled to what it had been in the days of old but its actual power declined more and more. So that it came to pass that there was a distance between the Above and the Below [the sovereign and the governed] as that between the earth and the stars.

"Under such conditions, how could a sovereign rule over his people?

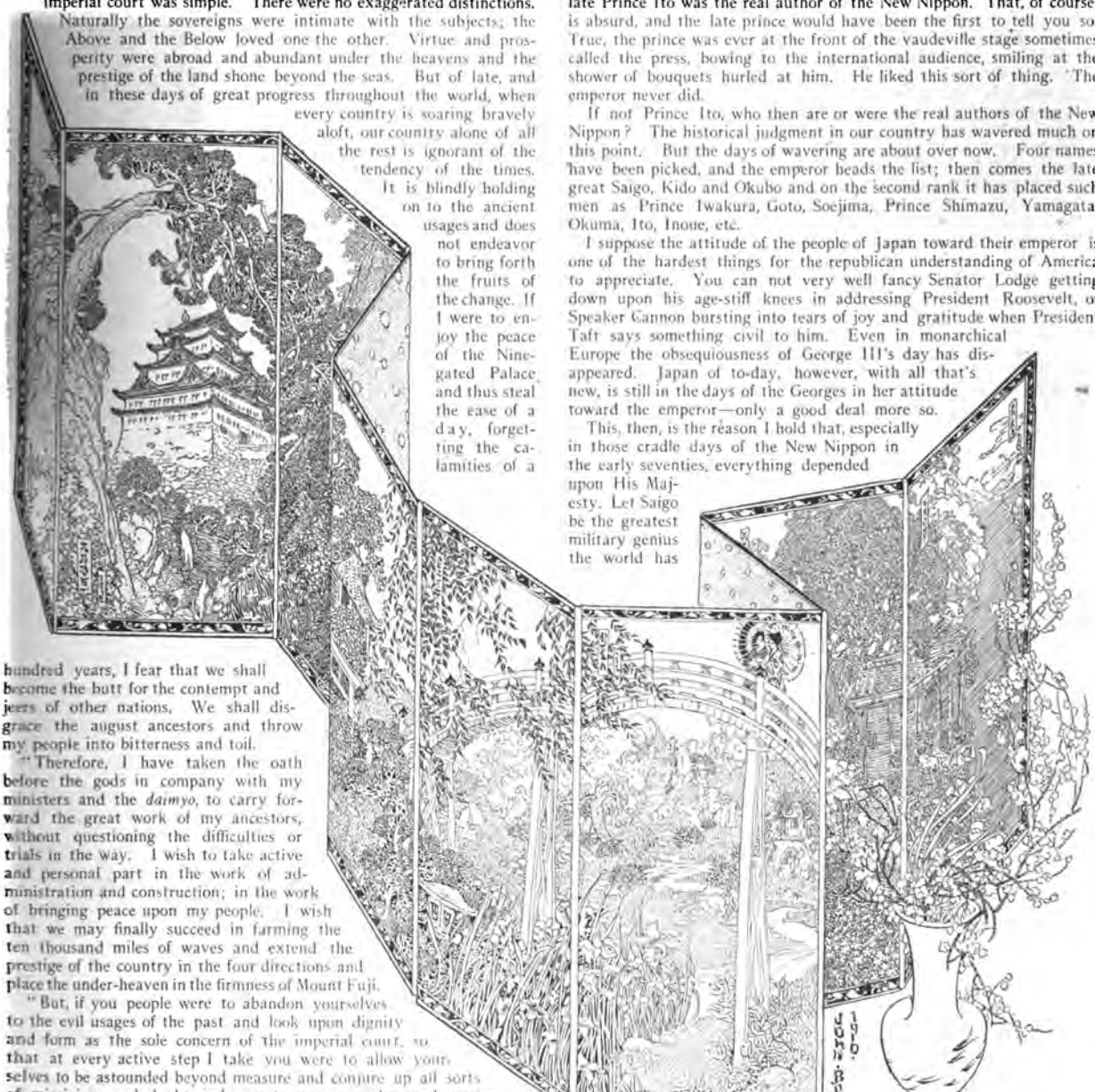
"To-day, the day of change in the imperial administration, it is my own crime if even a single one of the millions of my people were to fail to get his own place.

"To-day, with the toil of my own flesh and bones and with my own heart and mind I wish to attend to the government of the people; I wish to face the difficulties myself before every one and tread in the footsteps of my ancestors, that I may fulfil the sacred duties of the sovereign to the millions.

"Of old, my ancestors attended to the affairs of State in their own person. Were there unruly subjects, they personally led their men as the commander and subjugated the rebels. The administration of the imperial court was simple. There were no exaggerated distinctions. Naturally the sovereigns were intimate with the subjects; the Above and the Below loved one the other. Virtue and prosperity were abroad and abundant under the heavens and the prestige of the land shone beyond the seas. But of late, and in these days of great progress throughout the world, when every country is soaring bravely aloft, our country alone of all the rest is ignorant of the tendency of the times. It is blindly holding on to the ancient usages and does not endeavor to bring forth the fruits of the change. If I were to enjoy the peace of the Nine-gated Palace and thus steal the ease of a day, forgetting the calamities of a hundred years, I fear that we shall become the butt for the contempt and jeers of other nations. We shall disgrace the august ancestors and throw my people into bitterness and toil.

"Therefore, I have taken the oath before the gods in company with my ministers and the *daimyo*, to carry forward the great work of my ancestors, without questioning the difficulties or trials in the way. I wish to take active and personal part in the work of administration and construction; in the work of bringing peace upon my people. I wish that we may finally succeed in farming the ten thousand miles of waves and extend the prestige of the country in the four directions and place the under-heaven in the firmness of Mount Fuji.

"But, if you people were to abandon yourselves to the evil usages of the past and look upon dignity and form as the sole concern of the imperial court, so that at every active step I take you were to allow yourselves to be astounded beyond measure and conjure up all sorts of misgivings and doubt and give tongue to a thousand gossips, then you will prevent me from accomplishing my aspirations. You will force me to go astray from the way of the ruler. More than that, such action on your part would end in causing the loss of the under-heaven which the imperial ancestors have handed down to us. Do you, therefore, understand this my will and bear it in mind; let us depart from the individual and selfish view of things and adopt the pronouncement of the public at large. Do you help my work and preserve the land of the gods and so console the divine spirits of the ancestors. If you do these things, it will afford me a greater happiness than life."



An imperial rescript, as everybody knows, is usually a colorless bit of composition. Can you recall a letter, a private and intimate letter of anybody, that mirrors forth a man, the innermost man in all his emotional play, in the stormy heat of battle, with his dreams and aspirations, better than the above quoted message of the Mikado on the historic fourteenth of March? Wonderful, yes, but it is more than that. It is uncanny. Many said that the ghost of his august ancestors spoke through the young sovereign. If the whole country were a powder magazine, then the imperial message acted not as a spark, but as a thunderbolt striking deep into the very heart of it. The imperial rescript was a pentecostal message which baptized the imagination of the people with fire. This then, is the reason I have translated the message in full. This five-articled imperial oath gave the solid foundation stone for the building of the New Nippon. The message accompanying it, took the sovereign out of the empurpled seclusion of that far away shrine called the Kyoto Palace and brought him into a close, personal and warm touch with the people and their struggles.

There are people, both in America and Europe, who think that the late Prince Ito was the real author of the New Nippon. That, of course, is absurd, and the late prince would have been the first to tell you so. True, the prince was ever at the front of the vaudeville stage sometimes called the press, bowing to the international audience, smiling at the shower of bouquets hurled at him. He liked this sort of thing. The emperor never did.

If not Prince Ito, who then are or were the real authors of the New Nippon? The historical judgment in our country has wavered much on this point. But the days of wavering are about over now. Four names have been picked, and the emperor heads the list; then comes the late great Saigo, Kido and Okubo and on the second rank it has placed such men as Prince Iwakura, Goto, Soejima, Prince Shimazu, Yamagata, Okuma, Ito, Inoue, etc.

I suppose the attitude of the people of Japan toward their emperor is one of the hardest things for the republican understanding of America to appreciate. You can not very well fancy Senator Lodge getting down upon his age-stiff knees in addressing President Roosevelt, or Speaker Cannon bursting into tears of joy and gratitude when President Taft says something civil to him. Even in monarchical Europe the obsequiousness of George III's day has disappeared. Japan of to-day, however, with all that's new, is still in the days of the Georges in her attitude toward the emperor—only a good deal more so.

This, then, is the reason I hold that, especially in those cradle days of the New Nippon in the early seventies, everything depended upon His Majesty. Let Saigo be the greatest military genius the world has ever seen; let the constructive statesmanship of Kido be more than human or the diplomatic genius of Okubo a miracle; what then? If the young emperor did but shake his august head, what availed all the wonderful talents of those great men? It was his tolerance that made their greatness apparent.

Moreover, these men of genius were of strong personalities, one and

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They Meant Well

By Mary Heaton Vorse

Author of "The Mercy of the Lord," "What Women Might Do for Their Towns," etc.

Illustrations by G.W. HARTING

WE WERE sitting on the hotel piazza, the calm of a perfect morning around us. Our young people had gone off to play tennis or canoe on the river—had gone well-groomed, happy, properly chaperoned, or else with the proper person, and our souls were at peace.

Then a young girl walked out of the hotel. She was dressed like the heroine of a highly spiced society play. Her dress, it is true, was simple in cut, but incredibly expensive in its insertions, and the pale salmon ribbons, a color which was repeated in her wide and extreme hat, conveyed a touch of the theatrical and bizarre. There was that in her dress and in her carriage and in her vivid beauty that made every mother among us bristle. Our four pairs of eyes were turned upon her. Mrs. Evans had a baleful gleam in hers, Elizabeth Anderson and I watched in naive amazement, while Ann Grierson raised her hands and let them drop again in her lap with a hopeless gesture.

"It's Anastasia's daughter!" she breathed out.

"I thought she was in a convent," said Elizabeth Anderson.

"Not now," replied Mrs. Grierson, hopelessly.

"Evidently not now," Mrs. Evans snapped.

Here the object of our remarks tranquilly flung herself on the grass, opened a yellow-covered book and began to read.

"Is it a pose?" Mrs. Evans demanded of Mrs. Grierson, as though she in some way were responsible for the indecorous action.

The girl lay there with the abandon of a young savage and as graceful as a leopard.

"Oh, don't ask me!" Mrs. Grierson answered in a tone of discouraged hopelessness.

"People like Anastasia have no business to have daughters," Mrs. Evans resumed severely. "Is she here? What could she be thinking about?"

"Let's see. She's married again, isn't she?" Elizabeth Anderson mused, reflectively.

"Why, of course, Elizabeth, she's married again," said Ann Grierson.

"Who is it this time?" Mrs. Evans's tone was icy.

"Oh, no one we know," Mrs. Grierson gave out in the same weary tone. "It never has been any one we knew."

Here a little woman in rusty black hurried forth from the hotel, looked around, spied the girl on the ground and went to her. The girl lifted a lazy head and smiled, and as the older woman talked rapidly, she shook her head and smiled again; the smile of a very naughty and very obstinate little girl. The older woman shrugged her shoulders and walked down to the fountain, looking back now and then. The girl resumed her reading.

GENEVIEVE

"That must be her chaperon," said Elizabeth Anderson.

"Well, thank God for a chaperon, at least," said Mrs. Evans. "I'm glad Anastasia had sense enough for that."

Poor Anastasia had long been a thorn in our sides. She began it by running away from school. Two of us in the group had known of the elopement and had tried to prevent it. She was an utter fool, utterly indiscreet, but of a sweet goodness of heart that nothing could dim. She was the prey of every adventurer who came near her, and yet one disappointment following another had left her with her faith in human nature as unshaken as a child's. To all her other indiscretions she had added the one of refusing to grow old. At five and forty she was slender; her complexion was one that many women twenty years younger might have envied; it was as though, having kept the soul of a child—and a very silly child, I may say—she had kept the face of a child as well.

And yet not one of us—though our households had been upset by the various tragedies that pursued her; though, decent and conventional women that we were, she had offended us at every turn of the road—not one of us had had the heart to give her up. She had exasperated and maddened us, yet we loved her; and clearly it was up to us to love Anastasia's daughter and do something for her. The obvious thing to do now was to oust her from the most conspicuous place in the landscape, especially as Redmond had come out—Redmond, the poet, I mean—and was looking at her with quizzical, sleepy eyes.

"Look at that!" Mrs. Evans snapped. "Ann, you go down and bring that girl here; you've got more tact than I."

The girl arose as Ann Grierson introduced herself, put out her hand and bowed prettily, and the next moment she was being presented to us and we were all telling her that we were old friends of her mother. She made her little bow with an air that mingled in it the dignity of a royal princess and the defiance of a child who is used to being scolded and who means to let you know right at the first minute that she doesn't care if she is. She looked from one to another of us with her very beautiful hazel eyes, as though she would say:

"Oh, you are my mother's friends, are you? Very well do I know what you think of my mother!"

It was all very disconcerting and Mrs. Evans hastened to say: "And the lady who is traveling with you—we should like to meet her also—your chaperon."

"Mme. Desterelles?" The girl's mouth curved up into a little intolerant smile. "She doesn't chaperon me," she announced. "How could she?"

"Then what does she do, my dear?" Mrs. Evans demanded.

Anastasia's daughter looked directly at her questioner with her disconcerting gaze.

"Nothing," she responded. "Absolutely nothing."

I think we all felt the same hopelessness that Mme. Desterelles's gesture had expressed when she talked with her young charge. Here was something in the way of young people that we, successful mothers all of us, could not cope with. There wasn't the slightest way, and we knew it in the beginning, in which we could hope to get hold of her; yet, at the same time, disapprove as we might, we all had to admit that "there was nothing wrong about the child."

The little scene was decidedly awkward and gentle Ann Grierson tried to make matters better by saying:

"I want you to meet my daughters, my dear. They must be about your age."

"I shall be very glad to meet them," the girl answered, "but they won't like me, you know. Girls of my own age never do like me, and I hardly ever like them."

"Who do you like?" Mrs. Evans couldn't help asking.

"Men," Genevieve gave out succinctly. "And sometimes older women, when there's anything in them." She spoke with a frankness that was free from the insolence her words seemed to imply, and I think that we found this implacable frankness of hers one of her most disconcerting traits. It is dangerous to ask young persons questions when you are sure to get an absolutely truthful answer.

Here James Redmond sauntered up to us; there was nothing for it; we had to introduce him. He, too, had been a friend of Anastasia's, and sooner or later they must have met. The next moment they were walking away down the path together. Mrs. Evans watched them with a disapproving eye.

"It is a most unfortunate combination," she said.

"Can't he leave anyone alone?" Elizabeth Anderson asked. "His wife is such a charming person and so miserable and ill."

Mrs. Evans said later that she didn't know if it was the intolerance of youth or the artificial way of bringing up girls that was to blame for what happened next. She could speak that way, for her own niece, Bessie Evans, was the only one who showed a spark of consideration. If we older women who cared for Genevieve's mother disapproved of her manner and her clothes, the things she said and the whole tone of her, there was not one of our young people except Bessie who had a word of good to say. They simply boycotted her; from the first they would have none of her. They stood solid and pat in the position they first took—a little company of well groomed, well brought-up young girls who wanted nothing whatever to do with her. There was not one of these

young Pharisees, my own girls included, who made the slightest attempt to be kind. Within two days Genevieve's position was as little to be misunderstood as a mathematical demonstration.

On the one hand was Genevieve and Redmond and Ann Grierson's younger brother; a grave young man, scholarly and very kind, and besides them, as many of the men as she chose to talk to—led by curiosity and by her beauty, and some of them, I suppose, by chivalry. On the other hand were all the women—all but we four—and when she passed by there were whispered conversations. Whatever she did was commented on; yet, while at the time I could see how it was she offended them, as I come to write about it, I can not see how Genevieve was guilty of anything worse than being herself.

There was no harm in her—not a particle more harm than in poor Anastasia—just a personality; something different; something contrary to the rules laid down for young girls. She was an out-lier; she had thought out her own little philosophy for herself. It was as though, in this child, all the bitter experiences, all the knowledge of things that her mother had escaped, were accumulated, but when we would try to explain something of this to the younger women and girls, they would listen respectfully and then with eyebrows superciliously lifted, remark:

"But she is such awfully bad form, isn't she?"

As for Genevieve, this attitude toward her apparently troubled her not at all. Things which seemed important to her partisans and over which they quarrelled fiercely—Grierson, for instance, dropped all the people who had any part in what he called "this disgraceful boycott"—seemed matters of no concern to the chief actor in the little drama.

"Does n't she really care?" I asked Mme. Desterelles, for we had taken this poor lady to our hearts. "Would n't she really be more comfortable somewhere else?"

"I don't know. I can't tell," she answered. "Poor unfortunate child! You have to know her as I do to know her goodness of heart, her great nature, her real sweetness. I bore her, oh, atrociously, but I suffer for each affront she gets. But what will you have? She must have someone with her—and when you consider the financial part—"

"But Anastasia's fortune is large," I objected at this.

"No widow's fortune is a cruse," replied Mme. Desterelles. "And the waste that there has been! No one knows what will happen!"

This was the first act of the drama. The second began with the arrival of young Chauncey Morrison in a long, low, gray racing motor. Chauncey Morrison of ill repute—charming, good-looking, fabulously rich, dissolute, and with a record of killing I know not how many people with his motors. They said that in certain parts of the country, when he was recognized, people stoned him and that he was proud of it. I don't know about this; I know that he combined great wit and charm with a lack of principle which amounted almost to a lack of reason; a figure as out of place in our community as an Oriental prince.

Now you will see what we were like. The backbone of the upper middle class, with all the money that was good for us and proud of using it without ostentation, and by tradition, as opposed to the startling and bizarre as any community of New England.

I was there when he drove up, and it happened that as he alighted, covered with dust, looking less like a man than like some curious monster, Genevieve was standing on the steps; an exotic, lovely figure, her eyes shining a little too much and everything about her overdone—too much hair, too much eyes, a beauty carried like the beauty of a woman on the stage—and it seemed to me that as she saw Chauncey Morrison alight, a little shiver went through her; she made a little fluttering gesture like a frightened bird about to fly. Yet she waited there valiantly as he came up, removing his goggles and cap with one sweep of the hand.

"I told you not to come," she said fiercely.

"I had a hard enough time coming," he responded.

"How did you find out?"

"Your mother—" he began.

"She did n't!" Her tone was level but with a sort of compressed fury. "She 's gullible, but she would n't do that."

"Well, have it your own way; your mother's husband—" He looked at her smiling.

"I told you not to come"

He had a delightful smile, boyish and winning—a tragic sort of thing it was for him to have, I thought. It was as though it showed the sort of man he might have been.

She drew her breath in sharply.

"Ah!" she said. "I know why he told you."

"So do I," the young man answered cheerfully. "Why did you run away?" he asked then, sweetly. "Why, if you don't like me at all did you run away?"

She shivered a little, but answered steadily enough:

"There 's no use in the world whatever in your having come. You 'll not like it here."

He let his gaze travel about on the interested faces around the hotel and it might have been an ant-hill on which he looked.

"You don't like it, either?" in a tone as though he inquired why she had chosen this place of all others and why she stayed, and when she answered, the tragedy of her life and her whole position smote me to the heart.

"I have friends here," she said, and turned to me.

We walked off together through the shrubbery. She spoke only once and then in a tone in which all her usual raillery and light defiance were absent.

"If people in this world," she said, "were either all good or all bad it would be so much simpler."

I think she tried to tell me more; I am sure she wanted to give me her confidence and that she was looking for some one to protect her and it is the more shame to me that, in spite of my having been her champion against my own family, I had at bottom felt as they did—unnecessarily wounded by the little things in her conduct and dress and look that had no greater fault, I believe, than being different from our way of doing things. More shame to me, I repeat, and to all of us that she should have turned to Redmond as she did instead of to any of us.

That night while the hotel was buzzing with the arrival of the notorious young Morrison and discussing his errand, I heard more of him from Mme. Desterelles.

"Poor lamb!" she said. "It 's infamous, infamous! When they knew what pressure he could bring to bear and how she feels!"

"What pressure?" was what I wanted to know.

"Her position, for one thing. When Tanner, Anastasia's husband told Genevieve that she was unduly prejudiced against Morrison, she looked him straight in the eye and said: 'You may as well tell me now as at any other time if it is necessary for me to make a marriage for money, for, if I 'm going to do a thing like that, I suppose it may as well be Chauncey as any one else.'"

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Oh, he did as any man would do—he hedged. He said, 'Oh, my dear, what a shocking way you have of putting things!' and then he left us come."

"Why don't you go now?" I asked.

Mme. Desterelles flushed painfully.

"The financial situation," she faltered. "To be honest, it won't be possible for us to go for a month." She made a ghastly attempt at lightness. "I suppose you might say we are in pawn here."

"Genevieve knows?"

"She knows that," Genevieve's friend responded.

I tried to soothe the perturbed lady.

"But since Genevieve does n't really care for him—"

She looked at me with solemn eyes.

"If he had n't been dangerous she would n't have run, would she? He 's dangerous—he 's immensely dangerous; he has a great force of will; it is his boast that he has always got everything he wanted. And, besides, he really cares. He 's mad about her, and you know the advantage that gives a man of his sort." She was silent a moment and then —"You see, if Genevieve had n't been so immensely aware of what he is, if she had n't had that instinct against him, she might have liked him —anyone might have."

That was true enough. We had only to look back over the high points

[*Continued on page 50*]

BLANCHE BATES
in "Nobody's Widow"

FRANCES RING
in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"

CHRYSTAL HERNE
in "The Seventh Daughter"
by Richard Harding Davis

JANET BEECHER
in "The Concert"

NAN DAVIS
in "The Aviator"

HALE HAMILTON in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

SAM BERNARD in "He Came From Milwaukee"

Scene from
"The Little
Damozel"

Some of the Season's Plays and Stars

EMILY STEVENS
he only woman in "When
All Has Been Said"

FRANCES STARR in "The Easiest Way"

JANE GREY, JOHN COPE, LEO DETRICHSTEIN and JANET BEECHER in "The Concert"

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT
(Sister of Maxine Elliott)
in "The Dawn of a To-morrow"

EMMY WEHLEN
in "Marriage a La Carte"
(A new musical comedy)

JOSEPHINE COHAN
in "The Little Chauffeur"

VIOLA ALLEN
in a new play by Israel Zangwill

FORBES ROBERTSON
(from his latest photograph)

JOHN BARRYMORE
in "The Fortune Hunter"

ALBERT BROWN, GEORGIA O'RAMEY and HOPE LATHAM in "Seven Days"

MME. NAZIMOVA
in "The Fairy Tale" and Ibsen dramas

GEORGE NASH and JANE COWL in "The Gamblers"

DORIS GOODWIN, VAN RENSSELAER WHEELER and ANNA WHEATON in "Madame Troubadour"

HILDA SPONG
in "The Penalty"

ADELAIDE THURSTON
in "Miss Ananias"

The "Truce Dance" scene from "The Cub"; with DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS as the newspaper reporter

The Hazard

(A TWO PART STORY)

PART II

by Katherine Cecil Thurston

Author of "The Masquerader," "Max," Etc.

Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

IN THE spacious hall of Sir Richard Carden's house, situated in one of the oldest Dublin squares, guests were fast arriving. In the little gallery at the end of the long ballroom, the musicians were tuning their fiddles; in the ballroom itself, the lackeys were setting tapers to the last group of wax candles; while upstairs, in one of the many bedrooms, Mistress Bridget Carden was standing before an oval mirror near the door of the powdering closet, while a breathless maid put the last touches to her toilet.

Even at this period of an advancing world there is interest in viewing a lady in the holy of holies where she prepares herself for her daily encounters with chance and circumstance. How much deeper was that interest one to two hundred years ago, when woman's highest accomplishment was the hiding of herself!

Mistress Bridget, seventeen years old, tall and slender, gazing into the dark glass, was a different creature from the girl who had covered smiles and blushes behind a great muff, as she stole glances at two young gallants in their window above the Mall six hours previous. Her color was still high, but now it was steady; her eyes shone with a secret expectancy; her gestures were decisive, even imperious, as she urged the maid to the performance of her tasks.

"Quickly, Ann! Quickly!" she insisted. "I can picture my aunt's chagrin as she stands receiving the guests, her eye ever on the card room door, her tongue attuning itself to some rare, sharp speeches. And, truth to say, she's not unjustified. It's over late, even for me. Quickly, Ann! Quickly! That curl will suffice. I like a curl riotous now and then. We're all too decorous, dared we but say it!" She picked up a hand mirror and flashed a look at her tiring woman—a wench scarce a year older than herself, who had been brought to town for her mistress's first season. "What think you, Ann," she asked, "what think you of this world of brocades and bowings? Long you never for some deed-doing such as men enjoy?"

Ann curtsied in her country way.

"Indeed, ma'am, but I know not," she said, abashed.

Mistress Bridget looked at herself, laid down the mirror, sighed.

"There are times, good Ann," she said, "when my own soft ways do plague me; when I scorn the graces bred in me, and fain would have some urgent circumstance come flaunting down my path."

"La, ma'am!" said Ann, surprise ousting the shyness from her round eyes.

"'Fie on me!' you would say," Mistress Bridget laughed. "And why, good, honest Ann, why must I be mum if I am discontent?"

"Ma'am, you are a belle—a toast!"

"A toast, forsooth! A broomstick with a petticoat might find itself a toast these days. The men need some excusing for their cups."

"Some men, ma'am," Ann dared.

Mistress Bridget blushed and frowned.

"Give me my fan, girl!" she said. "Methinks my aunt will scarce forgive my tardiness." She took her fan and her lace handkerchief from the timid hands of Ann; then, womanlike, she put a question that seemed irrelevant.

"Saw you your swain to-day, Ann?"

It was Ann's turn to color, and the two made a pretty picture of youth and the tumults of youth as they stood together in the old paneled room—the maid in her short russet dress, apple-cheeked, with innocent, round eyes; the mistress in a gown of silvery taffeta, a vision of fresh loveliness from her crown of powdered hair to her satin slippers.

"Two hours back, ma'am, he came upon an errand to Sir Richard."

"And contrived a half hour with you, I'll warrant, while my father composed his reply. Whose was the message, know you—Master Roger Trale's, or Master Patrick's?"

"I know not, ma'am. Rory's head was full of other doings."

"What doings?"

Ann bobbed again in her country fashion.

"Oh, ma'am, I scarce dare say. Rory was all for silence—"

"Oh, an' that's the case—"

With a sweep of her skirts, Mistress Bridget was across the room—little Ann, fearful and pleading, following hot upon her heels.

"Wait, ma'am! Wait, I pray you!"

But Mistress Bridget swept haughtily on.

"'T was a quarrel, ma'am, between the two gentlemen. The noise of it reached Rory as he stood in Master Patrick's chamber, polishing his buckles for to-night's ball."

"A quarrel?" With her hand upon the door, Mistress Bridget turned. A quarrel was a quarrel a hundred years ago.

"Oh, ma'am, yes! The gist of it did not truly reach Rory, but so raised were the voices that a word or two came through the parlor wall, thick though it be; and, ma'am, he—he heard your name—"

Fearful of vexing her mistress, fearful that she had ventured too far, Ann stopped; and Mistress Bridget, with cheeks damask red from shame and some other emotion, opened the bedroom door, looking back from the threshold to repudiate the confidence she had compelled, in a manner altogether human and compatible with her sex.

"Enough, girl!" she said. "And look to it for the future that you handle my name more circumspectly in your speech with grooms and body servants."

The glow of candle-light came up softly from the hall, the faint scraping of fiddles wooed the feet, as Mistress Bridget came out upon the landing, leaving poor Ann with her little red hand upon her heart, her round eyes brimming with distressful tears.

But she heeded neither what lay before her or behind; she was filled with a strange foreboding. Her own heart beneath its stiff bodice was beating fast; her own white hand was tempted to still its flutterings; but Mistress Bridget Carden was irreproachably bred; her manner was the perfection of decorum as she approached the stair; she carried herself as became a young woman of quality, and held handker-

He caught her wrist and pulled her toward him, his being aflame with passion

chief and fan with the true degree of elegant carelessness.

At the head of the staircase she gave herself a moment's grace in which to observe the scene below her; and worthy of observation the scene was. In the outer hall, standing open to the street, powdered ladies were stepping from sedan chairs; in the inner hall, lackeys were conducting a seemingly unending company toward the card room, where Sir Richard and his sister were receiving their guests. Life, laughter, color came up to the watching girl in a radiant atmosphere—an atmosphere so vivid, so suggestive, that when a step approached from the other end of the long corridor and a figure passed beside her, she started as though a shadow had fallen across a brilliant light.

She started, looked round, ran the gamut of blush and smile and frown that had been taught her from childhood, as it had been taught her to play upon the harpsichord, to fashion pictures in silk and wool and to write exercises in the French language in a wonderful handwriting of curves and flourishes.

"Master Patrick!" She swept a curtsy that would have done credit to a foreign court.

"Mistress Bridget!" Patrick, with his hand upon his heart, his feet decorously together, bowed so low that, for an instant only, the crown of his powdered head was visible; then he stood erect again, and in the tell-tale candle-light the lady saw that which caught her breath in her throat, and made her blood go cold. His face was of an untoward paleness above its peach-colored coat, his dark eyes were haggard as she had never seen man's eyes in all her short life. The sight of suffering—the sight of fear in a human face is more potent than any cry for aid. The coquette in Mistress Bridget Carden fled before the woman in that instant of comprehension; her hand went out to Patrick; her little painted fan fell to the floor.

"What is amiss?" she cried. "You look more like a specter than a living creature! What is amiss?"

She spoke from her soul, and her soul shone in her eyes. For one instant Patrick looked into it hurriedly; then he made one of his indifferent gestures, stooped, picked up the fan and returned it with a bow.

"A pretty toy," he said, "deserving of more careful handling. As to my looks, Mistress Bridget, I fear me a bout with the dice must be held responsible for them. I am regretful to play the ghost at Sir Richard's feast, but if my eyes be dull, yours shine for the two of us!" He bowed again and laughed.

The laugh was forced, but Mistress Bridget was in no mood to take heed of tones. She flushed scarlet and bit her lip.

"I thank you, sir, but pretty speeches are for me to-night. I should even now be with my father in the card room, flattering his guests."

Patrick offered his arm. "Will you pleasure me so far as to permit me to conduct you thither?"

But it was Mistress Bridget's moment for the indulgence of revenge.

"I am vastly obliged, sir." She paused, and with an indifference equaling his own, peered over the banister into the hall crowded with brocaded coats and brocaded skirts, "but I fear the card room must lack me a little yet. I see your brother Roger below us. I am promised to him for the first country dance and would be loath to lose so proper a partner."

She glanced up, glanced down, giving her dart time to speed home; then, light as a swallow, she was away down the broad stairs, leaving Patrick to his dark thoughts on the deserted landing.

At the foot of the stairs, Roger Trale was standing alone, glancing round him with a reckless eye. He made a notable figure in his blue coat, his dark red hair tied with a broad black ribbon, his jewels and laces for once as extravagant as his brother's; but that something had perturbed him was obvious at a glance, and that he had sought material consolation was also to be seen. The heat of wine was in his eye and in his cheek; the daring born of wine was near his tongue as his roving gaze lifted suddenly, to see Mistress Bridget skimming down the shallow steps.

"Whither away?" He came forward and, with a courage surprising to himself, laid a detaining hand upon her arm.

At these turned, to see an old man garbed in rusty black

Mistress Bridget felt his fingers burn her, longed fiercely to shake them off, but bethought her of Patrick watching at the stair-head, and suffered the clasp—not alone suffered it but looked up straightly into Roger's bold face.

"I might transpose the question, sir! What do you, disconsolate in the hall? Has my aunt no damsel for you to foot it with in this country dance the fiddlers are scraping out?"

Roger answered hoarsely, with his eyes upon her face: "I want no dancing, Mistress Bridget! I stand here for another purpose—a word with you privily, when the favor may be granted."

Another time it would have been Mistress Bridget's cue to blush and smile and frown in the wonted way; but her heart was still burning to her rebuff; Patrick was still, supposedly, at the stair-head.

"I have no wish, neither, to romp it foolishly," she admitted, her eyes cast down.

Roger bent over her, driven by the wine and his desires.

"Come then with me into the Blue Closet," he whispered. "None will frequent so small a chamber on so great a night."

Mistress Bridget hesitated; then, yielding to the importunity of her sore heart, laid her hand upon his arm and suffered him to lead her through the brilliant company, past the card room door, down a narrow passage neglected by the guests.

The Blue Closet, apparently so termed because the formal chairs were covered in lavender-hued brocade, was a tiny room upon which the Italian artists, who labored so lovingly upon the Dublin of that day, had expended some of their rarest skill. The marble mantelpiece was a wonder of delicate carving, the ceiling a thing to uplift eyes and spirit. Beauty of conception, beauty of achievement reigned here as it reigned throughout the house—forming a fitting background to the most prized of all Sir Richard Carden's treasures, slim Mistress Bridget.

She entered the room in the graceful way she brought to all her doings: her head high, her lissom body displaying its sweetness through all the elaboration of stiff raiment. She entered, took her hand from her cavalier's arm and, walking to the fireplace, waited for him to speak.

Her back was to him in that brief waiting, but her sharp ears heard him close the door, heard him draw a curious deep breath, heard him come quickly across the room and pause behind her.

His proximity—the purport of the proximity—assailed her senses in swift fear, but she made no movement of alarm. Instead, she spoke, and her voice was a testimony to her upbringing, so neutral it was, so bereft of any human note.

"And now, sir, your pleasure?" she said without looking round, her eyes intent upon the fire, the toe of one slipper upon the fender. "What lack you most? My views upon the four chestnuts you drove so handsomely in Drogheda Street yesterday, or—"

Roger broke hotly in—

"You flout me, Mistress Bridget!"

For an instant she shrank before his vehemence, but her rallying was a neat affair.

"La, Master Roger, but you men are growing as fantastical as the women! I 'm sure I meant most civilly. Your four red horses are the envy of the town."

"That may be! But, for me, I say a pest on all horses—red or black!"

In her surprise, Mistress Bridget turned, and the sight of her face was fuel to Roger's fire.

"A pest on all horses!" he cried, again. "'Tis greater things than horses I 'm considering! But you know what I 'm for saying; you know it well, for all your eyes are innocent as bluebells—"

"Sir!"

"You know it! You have known this sixmonth that Patrick and myself are deep in love—neck deep. You knew it, I 'll warrant, before we were aware ourselves! 'Tis woman's way!"

She listened to the outburst, paling only when he said his brother's name; then, when it was done, she spoke in a low, untrembling voice.

"Master Roger, were you other than a Trale and my father's friend, I had been tempted to fancy that you had drunk too deep."

The cold tone would have quenched him at another moment, but now

[Continued on page 55]

A Soft-Pedal Statesman

Murray Crane, Rich, Affable and Reactionary

By Robert Wickliffe Woolley

"THE President sends you gentlemen of the press a message," said Secretary Norton, with mock seriousness, as he and a little man who might well be described as an animated peach-tree switch—with the soft pedal bearing hard on "animated"—entered the executive offices of the summer White House at Beverly, late in the afternoon of August 16, last. "He said he was almost afraid to trust Senator Crane among you, as he might become garrulous."

The little man smiled. The correspondents gathered around and pressed in upon him. They peppered him with question marks. He smiled some more. His right hand gave his untrimmed mustache an embarrassed twist. He muttered, ever so softly, something about the weather. Then the squad-firing ceased and sharp-shooting began. The battalion fell back. Picked men, one at a time, stepped forward and sent leading queries tingling into his ears. The smile would n't wear off. By this time it had a rose setting. Gently and unobtrusively the information came forth that it was pleasant to pay a friendly call upon the President after a lapse of so many weeks. The little man had been taking a three-days' outing in his automobile through Vermont and New Hampshire and just thought he would drop in!

"Is Ballinger going to be fired or is he to be allowed to resign?" asked one of the fearless, abruptly.

The little man still smiled, but the rose deepened to scarlet.

"I was amused when a newspaper man asked me at Concord yesterday, what I thought of the situation in his State."

"Did the President say anything about Uncle Joe's announcement in to-day's papers that he will be a candidate for Speaker again?" came from another venturesome inquisitor.

"I laughed and told him I lived in Massachusetts."

Then the final desperate appeal: "Is n't there anything you will say about your conference?"

The Silent Senator Lives Up to His Reputation

The rose and the scarlet cleared and the smile became a gentle grin. Some even said there was a muffled chuckle.

"I am going to Boston. Are any of you going along?" This startling utterance was heard fully ten feet away.

"I don't wish to crowd you," said six correspondents at once, casting foxy glances at the automobile waiting outside.

"You won't," was wafted back meekly. "I am going in on the train."

A mental picture of Winthrop Murray Crane speaking confidentially with a newspaper correspondent in a railroad coach was too much; the half dozen looked sheepishly at one another and spoke no more of Boston.

"You may tell the President," said Oscar King Davis of the New York *Times* to Secretary Norton, "that his fears were groundless."

This conference, the details of which were so eagerly sought, had been expected for days. Senator Crane was to call for the first time since his return a few weeks before from that memorable trip to Minneapolis, taken at the request of President Taft, presumably for the purpose of discussing with Secretary of the Interior Ballinger, the thread-bare, though still absorbing question of the advisability of that person remaining in the Cabinet. One wing of the newspaper army at the summer capital had evolved and exploited the theory that Mr. Crane was also to discuss with Mr. Taft the latter's alleged plan for reorganizing the erstwhile "grand old Republican party"; the others maintained this reorganization plan was a creation of Secretary Norton's brain, and that it was to be presented, Crane possibly acting as sponsor, for presidential inspection. All agreed, however, that the silent Senator from Massachusetts was the new power in the land—the joker in the national game of Republican euchre—and that the holding of the conference was official notice of his elevation.

I journeyed to Beverly from the Berkshires to witness the quizzing of Crane, though, being steeped in doings at Washington, I felt sure I could easily have penned in advance an approximately correct account of the proceedings. It was the same old story. Nothing; yet everything. The world now knows that the news of the turning down of Theodore Roosevelt in favor of Vice-President Sherman by the New York State Republican Committee was received by Mr. Taft while Senator Crane was with him, and that this tremendously important occurrence was threshed out, as was the impending visit of Mr. Sherman to Beverly, scheduled for the following day. The Sphinx never kept a secret more faithfully than Crane kept his.

This very ability to remain silent, or lack of inclination to tell what he knows—take your choice—is one of the big reasons why our bewildered President reached out in his hour of greatest campaign anguish for the softly animated peach-tree switch, and proclaimed him the mightiest of all the Regulars. But it is only one of the reasons.

Washington Wonders Why Crane Is and How He Ever Came to Be

Did you ever stop and consider, upon reading his name in the news of to-day, how little you know about this man Crane, this weasel-like representative of the voracious Interests, who is always in the thick of things Republican, though seldom by invitation? Ever since he crept noiselessly from the stateroom of a Pullman car and glided unnoticed, save by a doorkeeper to whom he whispered that he was the successor of the late lamented, brilliant and sometimes loquacious George Frisbie Hoar, into that chamber of awful precedents and unlimited debate to be sworn in as a Senator, a large proportion of the observant in Washington have wondered why he is and how he ever came to be. Once you cross the line into Massachusetts from any direction, however, you wonder how any other statesman from the Old Colony ever has been, except by his grace, since Murray Crane cast aside his overalls in the paper mill and entered the political arena. You may entertain all the doubts you please as to whether this Maxim silencer of the Republican party is a statesman but keep them to yourself if you would be happy in the land of the sacred cod. And yet the learned Bostonese who swear by him, even though he be a product and a resident of that section "west of Springfield," where New York dailies are the steady news diet and baked bean go a-begging, can tell precious little of him.

Go to Dalton on the Housatonic, where the Cranes have been making paper for more than a century, and high and low will tell you that Murray—no one ever refers to him as "Senator" or "Mr. Crane"—the biggest, grandest, noblest little man in all the world. What of the opposition? There isn't any!

"There is Murray Crane," said William Travers Jerome in a speech at Ottawa, Kansas, five years ago. "A better man than Crane never lived. When he wants anything in Massachusetts, there are no Republicans or Democrats. They are all Murray Crane men. But Cabot Lodge! Does anybody believe he would be elected to any office in the State if the people's wishes were consulted. He is not as broad as a knife blade standing on its edge."

That sizes up the Massachusetts situation exactly as regards Crane and—well, Lodge is another story. Linger at Dalton and you will hear tales of mercy, of acts of kindness innumerable. But don't even suggest that there must be another side to the man. You will be in trouble, sure. Murray Crane was born in Dalton in 1853, and his father, Zenas Marshall Crane, was born there many years before. His grandfather, the original Zenas, settled there at the close of the eighteenth century and erected the first of the family's paper mills in 1801. The Cranes now own four mills which turn out so many thousands of tons of bank-note, society note, business and parchment papers in a year that they are frequently charged with having a monopoly of the high grade paper business in the United States.

He Climbed the Business Ladder in the Proverbial Way

Murray Crane has doubtless never actually known what it is not to be a millionaire, and yet he elected to forego a college education. At seventeen he finished the course at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, and entered the ancestral mills as a rag picker. For years he worked shoulder to shoulder with the skilled and the unskilled, eventually leaving the factory for the office, the most expert paper maker of all the Crane family and presumably the leading paper man on this continent. Then he began to display an executive ability, a genius for getting business and handling men, unparalleled in the history of his tribe. Long had his father tried in vain to secure the contract for making the bank-note and bond papers used by the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Murray landed it in open competition in 1879, when only twenty-six years old, and from that time to the present, every gold and silver certificate, every bank-note and other obligation to pay issued by Uncle Sam has been printed on Crane paper.

"Down in Washington," I said to a leading man of Springfield, Massachusetts, "we understand why you sent Lodge to the Senate. He is a scholar and an orator. He is an able defender of the Interests and a brilliant exponent of the idea that New England should dictate to the rest of the country, but Crane remains a mystery."

"Well," he replied, "Crane wanted to go; at least it looked as if he would not object to going, and that settled it. Qualifications in the Washington sense were never considered. There is a great difference between these men. Lodge shines at a horse fair or a pumpkin show. The country folk hang on his words and admire his intellectuality, but while Lodge is talking, Crane is down in the crowd shaking hands with everybody—all call him 'Murray'—and possibly burning a mortgage or so. You see kindness is the habit of a lifetime with him."

"Possibly he has been building a political machine all these years," I suggested.

"Nonsense! Murray Crane build a machine? He does n't need one. He never wanted to enter politics in the first place. We know he is in public life against his wishes."

And that is the way they all feel. It is the Massachusetts frame of mind.

He Is the Right Kind of a Philanthropist

Murray Crane is a marvel as a practical philanthropist. Not only did he make the Crane mills famous, but he gave so much personal attention to Cranesville, the mill village section of Dalton, that it has become one of the show places of the Berkshires. The architecture of the houses is attractive; each has a spacious veranda and there are yards with beautiful lawns and flowers. If a man wishes to own his home, the Cranes meet him more than half way; if there is sickness in his family,

[*Continued on page 56*]

The Little Mother and Their Majesties

By Evelyn Van Buren

Author of "Pippin and the Goshen Lady," "The Scullery Maid's Dream," etc

Illustrations by ALEXANDER POPINI

"I'VE made you this bit of toastie, Hal, love," said Gwennie, "an' we'll 'alf it an' put the pieces together, so; you shut your eyes an' think of marmalade an' take a bite—an' what ho—!"

"Gwennie, I can't fancy nothink no more." Little Hal looked up weakly at his sister. "I 'd like to please you—"

Gwennie snatched him to her, pressing pitying kisses upon his tousled red head.

"If I could 'ave a bit o' sugar for me tea, Gwennie, I 'd not so much mind doin' without the rest. Ain't it to-morrow yet?" he whimpered.

"No," said Gwennie severely, "it 's to-day. You 'd 'ave cried, old boy, if I 'd said plainly on the start 'ow you 'd 'ave to do without these things for a fortnight again. I 'ave fooled you, kiddie, with promises of to-morrow; that 's the 'ardest part of doin' the right by Dad an' bein' true to Mar's memory. But now, to-morrow really will be to-morrow an' you 'll 'ave sugar, an' the next day, suet pudding as well. See?"

Gwennie sprang up and from her pocket drew a bag, emptying it of coppers and silver upon the table before her.

"At last 'ere's the five bob; that 's 'alf a crown each for Their Majesties, with interest."

Gwennie looked at the wall over the fireplace. Two light unfaded squares, distinct from the remaining dingy wall-paper, indicated the absence of accustomed hangings.

"Suppose now you set 'ere quiet while I slip round to Solomon's an' fetch Their Majesties 'ome. There 's time before Dad comes to 'is tea; eh, old chap?"

"If you like." The old chap leaned back patiently, his little face very white beneath his shock of red hair, his eyes black and staring.

"You *do* go off without your puddings

Mr. Raymond replaced a missing upper front tooth

—my word, you do. Try to fancy that about the toastie, an' nibble a bit, there 's a dear." Gwennie kissed him and snatching her shawl from its peg by the door, sped lightly out.

Hal gazed at the staring, expectant squares of unfaded wall-paper.

"She 'll bring Their 'ighnesses 'ome an' 'ang 'em up," he complained, "an' we 'll 'ave sugar in our tea for a bit, an' then Dad 'll sneak Their 'ighnesses back an' pawn 'em to Solomon, an' they 'll be another spell like this till Gwennie saves up to get 'em out. It 'll go on forever, I daresay."

His head dropped hopelessly upon his arms; his eyes closed.

It was the pleasing, grating sound of a good bit of sugar being stirred in tea that roused him. He opened his eyes. Gwennie's arm was about him. In her hand she held a spoon; sugar sifted slowly from it into a cup of milky tea before him. Gwennie pressed the cup to his lips. He drank deeply, and raising his eyes, discovered the return of Their Majesties to their positions over the fireplace.

"Ain't you 'appy to see 'em back, darlin'?" gurgled Gwennie. "It makes me sort of fancy Mar is 'ere too, some 'ow."

Hal drew breath and drank again, looking up into the framed smiling faces of King Edward and his beautiful queen.

"I s 'y, duckie," whispered Gwennie, "old Solomon let me keep a threepenny bit out o' the interest money; 'e said Dad bein' so good a customer, an' sometime I could make it up. I spent it for sugar."

"You *are* kind to me, Gwennie," Hal sighed, "an' it was ripping of old Sol, but it 'll be no time till 'e's got 'em back." His dark-eyed gaze almost accused Their Majesties of aiding in the conspiracy. "Dad will do it again—"

"Sh!" Gwennie sat up quickly. "Daddy

'd be 'urt if 'e 'eard you. 'Be patient with your dad. I leaves 'im to your care,' was Mar's last words," wavered Gwennie, "an' my word! Was n't *she* patient with 'im?" She demanded this of Their Majesties. "'Ow she loved him an' tended 'im, an' I gave 'er me word I 'd do it too, an' she pressed me 'and on it. 'E 'as the true instincts of a gentleman an' can't 'elp it, Mar always said, an' she always got Their Majesties out as soon as ever she could, when 'e put 'em in—always—an' I promised to do it too, for Mar loved Their Majesties."

Gwennie brushed away a tear at the sound of brisk footsteps on the stairs without.

"Evenin', children." Their father came in gaily.

Upon the table he placed several small packages, that, with a dark bottle from his pocket, it was his custom to bring in for his evening meal. He sat down at the place neatly laid for him, mixed with water the fluid from the dark bottle, and helped himself from the savory smelling package. He ate with noisy enjoyment, and, head tipped back, was drinking deeply, when over the rim of his glass his eye met His Majesty's.

"Ah, Gwennie, girl, you 've got 'em back!"

"Yes, Dad," said Gwennie, turning to look up at the pictures.

"I *am* glad," he murmured thankfully and continued eating.

Suddenly he paused uncomfortably and raised his small, bright eyes to the critical dark-eyed gaze of his son, across the table.

"What's 'e starin' at, Gwennie? Why ain't 'e in bed?"

Quickly, Gwennie led her offending brother to an adjoining little room.

"I 'm to tell you good-night for 'im, Dad," murmured Gwennie returning presently, "an' 'e's sorry 'e annoyed you."

"'E's getting very for'ard—always watching me 'ere of late," replied her father.

He sat back, nervously stroking and twisting his mustache and staring at the pictures.

"'Ow'd you manage it?" he questioned.

Gwennie clattered the plates confusedly. To admit their past fortnight's privations might, she feared, seem to her father like a reproach.

"Besides me reg'lar charring, I've 'elped out young Mrs. Jilkens with 'er biby an' earned a bit extra."

"I've been very short this week," her father complained. "'Owever," he admitted more brightly, "we couldn't leave Their Majesties at Solomon's."

"I promised Mar your 'ome should never be without 'em," murmured Gwennie, eyeing him tenderly. "Will you wear your red wais'coat this evening? I got the spots off it awright."

"I am stopping at 'ome this evening, Gwennie," he said thoughtfully, "an' they's su'think you can do for me."

"Pl'y a game of su'think with you, Dad?" Gwennie hopped near to him.

"No, no!" He threw off his tweed cap, recklessly revealing oncoming baldness that the length of carefully combed side-locks could not hide. "I mean to learn to write me name an'—an' some other words, too."

He took from his pocket a new pencil and pad of paper. Gwennie drew up her chair excitedly. Her mother had meant her to be educated, to be a lady, and she had gone to school. She seized the pencil eagerly.

A tear splashed upon Her Majesty's face

"I'll do your name first, Dad, for you to copy." She brought the candle nearer and wrote slowly, her father bending close, moving his jaw to the motion of her pencil. "Ronald Raymond! It's a grand name to write, Dad. Now, then, you."

"It looks a bit 'ard." He pushed the paper back to her. "Your Mar used to call me Ronny. Suppose we begin with that?"

Gwennie was touched. She wrote the name reverently.

"It's simpler, Dad, an' so sweet."

He struggled awkwardly and unsuccessfully. Gwennie placed a guiding little hand over his.

"R-o—an' the two n's is just alike, and then y—'ow pleased Mar'd be, Dad, to see you."

"Well, they's some other words." Mr. Raymond drew back impatiently. "Just write 'em out an' I 'll try 'em afterward. Take the word 'accept.'"

Gwennie carefully wrote it "except."

"Dear," her father began loudly, counting the words off on his fingers, "will you," his small eyes grew wildly bright, "'eart! 'and!"

He leaned back, gazing ceilingward. Gwennie waited.

"Take the name of—well, s'y Flossie; just for a lark."

Gwennie wrote it obediently.

"Fullerton," he murmured fatuously.

With a quick, sharp little gasp Gwennie threw up her hands, overturning and extinguishing the candle.

"Are you balmy?" demanded Mr. Raymond, "or what *are* you about, frightening me this w'y."

There was no movement; only hard audible breathing from Gwennie. He kept silence.

"I wouldn't believe it when they told me it down in the court," she said presently.

"What, Gwennie? Believe what?" stuttered Mr. Raymond.

"That the widow, Flossie Fullerton, 'as you cooked."

Her father pushed back his chair and rose.

"I'm surprised at such 'arshness," he murmured, chokingly, "what'd your Mar s'y?"

He groped toward the curtains that partitioned off his bed-room and could be heard to fall upon his bed.

"Surprised! I s'y," shrilled Gwennie in the darkness, "don't come asking *me* to 'elp write love letters—that's all!"

She kicked over her chair and every impediment on the way to the little room she shared with her brother.

"Dad Raymond," was her loud conclusion, "you're a beauty; a bit of awright!"

Her door banged and the bolt snapped. Mr. Raymond sighed and shivered; murmuring something about having made a fool of himself, he drew up some covering.

II

THE big clock on the mantelpiece beneath Their Majesties struck six solemnly. With the last stroke Gwennie tip-toed to the outside door and listened.

"Oh," she murmured, "supposin' 'e *did n't* come! Fancy if I 've 'urt 'im so 'e went an'," she whispered it fearfully, "committed sooicide."

She dropped her face in her hands, shuddering; then, recovering herself with effort, crossed the room quickly.

From a chest of drawers in the corner she took a coat and trousers of a wonderful zebra design, shaking and examining them carefully. Not a button was missing. Every sign of wear had been neatly darned.

She placed them on a chair-back, adding a scarlet, brass-buttoned waistcoat and a splendid high collar and cravat of green, and inspected each article closely with the tender pride that enabled her father to go forth of an evening, as was his wont, dressed like a gentleman.

She unlocked another drawer and drew out a small box. With a forefinger she stirred and counted its precious contents.

"Oh," she whispered, moving close to the mantelpiece, her face upturned to the pictures above, "if 'e should n't ever came back, your Majesties, it 'd kill me. 'Ow wicked an' bold I was to 'im last night; an' to wake up an' find 'im gone with no breakfast this mornin'!" Her tears gushed forth. "Was it for me to s'y he should n't 'ave the Widow Flossie if 'e 'd set 'is 'eart on it? Mar would be vexed with me. She said over an' over to humor 'im, for 'e 'ad the instincts true of a gentleman. Mar never stood in his way—never denied 'im nothink! An' I—"

A cautious shuffling sounded on the landing without. Gwennie turned; the door opened slowly; Mr. Raymond's gray tweed-

"Go after 'em or I'll give you su'think"

capped head was thrust inquiringly in. Gwennie bounded forward only to see the parental head sharply withdrawn and the door closed.

"Dad! Oh, Daddy, dear, do come back," she called, discovering him bounding lightly down the stairs.

He stopped, peering bright-eyed up at her. Invitation was reassuringly apparent in his daughter's face. Mr. Raymond reascended the stairs. He entered the room, depositing his packages and bottle upon the table as usual.

"The boy a-bed?" he asked.

Gwennie nodded.

"Then they 's a bit o' fish in the paper for you."

Gwennie was stunned at this display of generosity.

"Dad," she began, sitting down at table with him, "I'm *so* sorry for me conduct last night—"

"That 's awright," assured Mr. Raymond, "don't make a row about it. I knew you 'd come to see you was mistaken. I don't know 'er."

"Why should n't you know 'er?" asked Gwennie, "an' why should n't you *'ave* 'er, what 's more, if you like?"

Mr. Raymond eyed his daughter suspiciously.

"It 's your daughter's dooty to 'elp you, not to 'inder you, Dad, an' I means to. Go a'ead, I s'y! Don't waste time learnin' to write your feelin's; go an' tell 'em to 'er. I 've got your clothes all laid out, an' all I can s'y is, she 's a lucky womin."

"You 're a good little gal, Gwennie—you always was," sighed her father.

Now at his ease, his face broke into smiles. "'Ave you ever seen 'er?" he asked. "She's a 'andsome womin."

Gwennie nodded. She recalled now with sudden satisfaction—even with pride—the plump, dark-eyed, red-cheeked beauty, the cause of such vigorous discussion among the Widow Fullerton's feminine neighbors.

"From what I 'ear said of 'er 'ere about the court, Dad, they 's them besides you likes 'er."

"She can't 'elp that," said Mr. Raymond.

"No," agreed Gwennie, "an' she 'as the cleanest windows, an' loveliest window-boxes in Thistledown Lane. I often go through the Lane to notice 'em."

"Many 's the butting 'ole I've—" Mr. Raymond broke off confusedly. "So you 'd go straight to 'er, eh, Gwennie?"

"That's your best plan." Gwennie indicated the clothes on the chair-back.

Mr. Raymond drank off the mixture in his glass, rose briskly, and taking the clothes, retired to his apartment behind the curtains. Through the opening Gwennie quickly passed him a lighted candle and a jug of hot water. She returned thoughtfully to the fireplace, muttering softly.

"I 've got it," she exclaimed, looking up at Their Majesties: "I love you! Yes, Flossie Fullerton, I, Ronald Raymond, love you as none never loved before. Will you be mine till death us do part?"

"Ah, that ort to do it, Gwennie," came excitedly from behind the curtains, "you must tell me it again the last thing."

In a few minutes more, Mr. Raymond, a very good imitation of a zebra in a scarlet waistcoat, emerged. Gwennie skilfully tied his green cravat. From the little box on the mantelpiece she added his dog's head scarf pin and a gold chain and fob to the adornment of his person.

"An' 'ere's your tooth; make it fast so it can't drop out when you 're talkin' to 'er."

Grimacing horribly, Mr. Raymond replaced a missing upper front tooth with the false one that, like other ornaments, he wore only evenings and holidays.

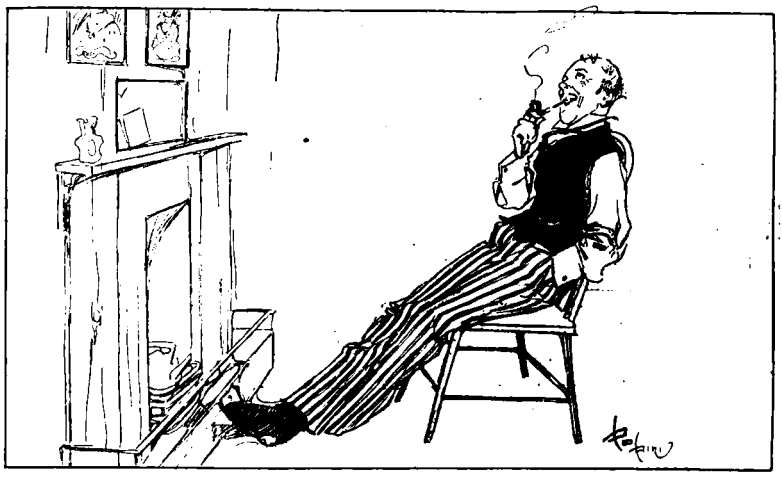
"Now then." Gwennie struck an attitude.

Mr. Raymond placed one hand upon his hip and with the other covered his heart in diffident imitation.

"Do a good deal o' this sort o' thing when you address 'er, Dad," urged his daughter. "It 's done in 'igh life an' ladies likes it."

Mr. Raymond nodded.

"An' try to look more at 'ome about it." Gwennie smiled brightly to illustrate. "Then you must go on suthink like this: 'Your eyes is like diamonds, Flossie, me duckie; your teeth is like pearls; your lips is like—like—'" Gwennie ruffled her hair anxiously. "I think they say. like a carmine flower in 'Lady Clare.' Try that, any'ow. Your best plan is to start out with all this."



There sat her father, his gaze directed sentimentally upward

The clock struck eight. Gwennie hurriedly brought his walking stick and top hat from its box. He took them, still murmuring softly.

"That 's it, Dad; you 've got it," said Gwennie, appreciatively, following him to the door. "You 'll come 'ome with the matter settled an' then we 'll see. Good luck," she called down the stairway.

"Your Majesties," she whispered, returning to them excitedly, "Flossie 'll make a ripping bride, an' Dad, *such* a bridegroom, an' all I asks," she clasped her hands prayerfully, "is to make a bridesmaid they 'll be proud of."

Ruminating on the price a yard of white muslin, white hair ribbon and white tulle, Gwennie slipped down before the smouldering grate-fire, and presently, with the problem of possessing these coveted things still unsolved, she sank into gentle sleep.

From a dream dominant with sweet scented lilies-of-the-valley, white satin, lace and pearls, she was awakened by deep, sniffling sobs. She sprang up quickly.

At the table, with coat drawn up closely about his head, sprawled her father. His top hat and stick were cast upon the floor and sobs shook his slender plaid-decked form.

"Dad!" shrilled Gwennie, "never s 'y she 's dished you?"

"Y-yes," he finally sobbed, "she 'as."

"An' you said all that I told you, to 'er?"

"No." Mr. Raymond sat up endeavoring to calm himself. "I did n't get in a word o' that mess—*she* did the talkin'."

"What was you thinking of to let 'er?" Gwennie, in disappointment, reproached him.

"I 'd only put down me 'at an' stick," he said, "an' she commenced on me. Said she understood me intentions, an' I 'd best stop 'em at once!"

"Lady-like!" sniffed Gwennie.

"She 's awright," protested Mr. Raymond, eyeing his daughter accusingly. "It 's you. You an' the boy! 'You 've got children,' was 'er words over an' over, an' so I 'ave, 'ave n't I? She talked a lot, but that 's all I remember; that about me 'avin' children. She kept it goin'."

"Oh!" Gwennie's pale face flushed. "It 's us, is it? But don't my earnin's pay 'alf the rent, an' buy our food, an' keep Their Majesties 'ome? Would she miss the bally bit o' rent you gives us, when you *are* at work?"

"Should n't think so." Mr. Raymond saw no more cause for offense in his daughter's speech than was intended.

Gwennie stood looking upon him thoughtfully.

"Buck up, Dad! A 'andsome chap like you!"

Mr. Raymond attempted to brace up, looking at his daughter hopefully.

"Go to bed," she said, "an' leave it to me."

After a moment's thought he rose, removed his false tooth and other ornaments and handed them to her.

"Good-night, Gwennie."

Gwennie nodded absently. She too was thinking.

[*Continued on page 51*]

The Pioneer

One of the Musings of Man-Alive set down by Richard Wightman

TO LOVE to live—I choose this as my life.
The world is full of chatter, cheap and vain,
And painted sights and foolish paven lanes where people moil at pleasure,
Getting none, returning yet again for naught, and less than naught—
And o 'er-plussed emptiness of heart and soul
Which makes a mock of life and turns it sour.
All this I pass; not prudishly, as one who fears to mix with men,
Nor scorning human things,
Nor in a cloister mood, seeking aloofness and some mystic spell—
But rather in a thirst for redder wine,
A crave for passions that are ne 'er outworn,
A lust for one good hack at old Convention, statued in the Square!
To those who love the groove, the patterned task, the vested rights,
I say, adieu!
Give me the thing to do that 's not been done,
That helps my kind, and yields my spirit wide egress,
The ax upon the beech to mark my way,
A golden sunset from behind the rugged hills,
And then, should the gods allow,
A white arm round my neck entwined
And on my lips the kiss of Her who understood and shared!

THE STORY OF WENDELL PHILLIPS
(*Third Article*)

His War on Poverty and Injustice

by Charles Edward Russell
Author of "The Break-up of the Parties," "The Power Behind the Republic," etc.

THE war was over; the once hated Abolitionists became the idols of the nation; men saw now that through all the thirty years of preparatory agitation, the cause supported by a fugitive handful had been, in fact, an eternal verity; the name, once a badge of shame, became a sign of honor.

In this great but quite natural transformation, Mr. Phillips was the most conspicuous figure; even with the war heroes he divided the popular acclaim. In 1865 and 1866 his audience and following were beyond those of any other man in the country. Whatever he said was repeated and respected; he was overwhelmed with invitations to speak; on platforms, where, a few years before, his life had been in peril of murderous mobs, he spoke now to applauding thousands. For a time he was the incomparable favorite in the lecture courses; he was offered twenty times the engagements he could fill.

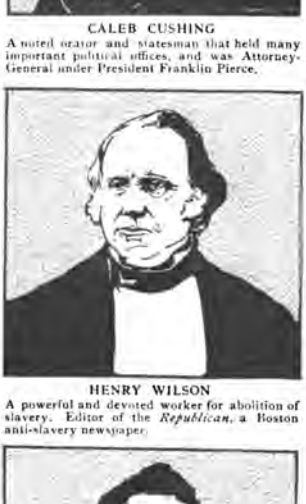
Before so great a popularity the doors of political preferment swung open. What office did he wish? Any place was at his choice. Would he go to Congress? Or would he be Governor? Nominations were thrust before him where nomination meant election and election meant a long career in the public service.

Everything Was Sacrificed to His Chosen Work

We know now that at least one of these opportunities had for him a strong allurement. The Senate was very attractive to him; he liked its dignity and its opportunity to affect national policies. Yet, without hesitation, he put from him every temptation from the one path he had chosen for his feet, knowing well the arduous nature of the work ahead and looking forward to the time, when, because of that work, he should once more be hated.

It was, in fact, the second great turning point in his career; the most important chapter was just beginning. As no man ever does anything for but one reason, so, I suppose, inspiration itself is not single and indivisible. To his great services and sacrifices in the anti-slavery cause, Mr. Phillips was first impelled by his fervent faith in democracy, his sense of justice and his human sympathies. But after a time he saw in it something else, whereof the vision was not possessed by his fellows, and it was this broader view that presently wrought his downfall as the idol of the hour.

While his popularity and prestige endured he used all on the side of the negro. From the war struggle the nation passed to the reconstruction struggle; a story not exhilarating to the patriot that reads of it. To preserve for the negro in peace what had been won for him in war demanded no less skill, determination and steady fighting. Phillips and Charles Sumner were the leaders of the element that insisted upon enfranchisement and equal rights regardless of color. Nothing short of complete democracy would content the man to whom democracy was a religion. With Phillips and Sumner stood Ben Wade, Thaddeus Stevens, Henry Wilson and Schuyler Colfax; the opposition was led by President Andrew Johnson, who became the center of fierce dissension in the party that had elected him, and the target of some of Phillips's most bitter and acrid sarcasm. Johnson, in his view, had betrayed his mission and the country, joined the late slave-holders, and was now seeking to create a condition in which slavery would be practically restored.

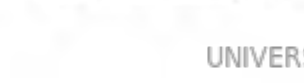


CALEB CUSHING
A noted orator and statesman that held many important political offices, and was Attorney-General under President Franklin Pierce.

HENRY WILSON
A powerful and devoted worker for abolition of slavery. Editor of the *Republican*, a Boston anti-slavery newspaper.

THADDEUS STEVENS
Coworker with Phillips. In 1850 he delivered before the House of Representatives his first philippic against slavery.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER
During the war he protected fugitive slaves by declaring them "contraband of war."



ALEXANDER H. RICE
Member of the Boston School Committee and Board of Public Institutions.

Three amendments to the Constitution establishing equal rights represented the victory of the radical element after years of controversy.

At the outset he had come to the parting of the ways with Garrison. The end of the war showed an irreconcilable difference between them. Garrison held that the work of the Abolitionists had ended; Phillips said it had just begun. Garrison wished to disband the American Anti-Slavery Society; Phillips insisted that its functions were never greater nor more important. At the annual meeting in 1865 the clash came. Garrison moved to disband; Phillips strongly opposed the motion. On the vote Phillips had a large majority and Garrison practically withdrew from the movement. Thereafter, the chief burden, including the support of the *Standard*, the society's organ, fell upon the shoulders and purse of Phillips.

The two men never lost their respect for each other, but their temperamental differences were so strong that probably only the great bond of their mutual affection had previously kept them together. Garrison was a humanitarian, Phillips a militant democrat. Besides, Garrison was the elder and had suffered the more from the terrible strain of more than thirty years of fighting; his nature was to seek peace and pursue it. He was, in fact, one of gentle and student-like inclinings, driven into battle by the sheer fervor of an overmastering faith. One may surmise that with infinite relief he hailed the end of strife. We are also to consider that the intensity of his feeling against slavery had not only worn him down, but at the same time had circumscribed his view; for such is commonly the effect of a cause upon its pioneers and those whom it exclusively possesses.

The War on Wage Slavery Followed the Chattel Slavery Conflict

With Phillips the case was very different, and here returns the thing that he saw and the others failed to see. He had long understood that the foundations of the slavery question were much broader than the surface indications, for he alone of the Abolitionist leaders saw the economic origin of the issue. To his mind, the slavery question was a labor question, and it was but one part of a still greater labor question that must be settled if society was to endure. He alone perceived that the abolition of African slavery was only one gained battle in a long warfare; he wanted to go on with the rest. Wage slavery was as truly slavery as chattel slavery and as much a thing to be abolished. Nevertheless, there was this difference, that, whereas chattel slavery was confined to a few regions in a few countries wage slavery was universal and while chattel slavery involved some millions, wage

slavery involved and degraded the entire working class of the world.

In other words he had been thinking along economic lines and obtaining economic enlightenment; an achievement that alone would distinguish him as far in advance of his times.

He looked out upon the world and saw that everywhere the toilers, who were the sole creators of wealth, were the bottom of the social scale. They created wealth for other men to enjoy, but of the wealth they created they received very little. In consequence of this arrangement, steadily becoming more oppressive to them, they lived in insufficiency and under conditions that made health, intelligence and progress impossible among them. He saw that the population thus injuriously affected was in every country the majority; that as their economic condition declined, the national vigor would be lowered; that the chattel slavery against which the Abolitionists warred was only one result of a system that less frankly enslaved working men everywhere. That was the system the Abolitionists really attacked when they made war on chattel slavery, and against that system he was resolved to continue to fight.

He had also in another way a clear view of things as they were in his time, and as they were to be after him. Nothing about this remarkable man was more wonderful than his prevision, in which he far surpassed any other man that my reading has encountered. We think it an achievement that Napoleon should have predicted the fate of Great Britain in South Africa and our naval war of 1812, but these seem small feats of prophecy compared with some that are recorded of Phillips.

Phillips's Prophetic Vision Saw the Rise of the Labor Struggle

With substantial accuracy and equal facility he could foretell the course of any political movement or economic development, predict the path of national evolution or prophesy about inventions. He foretold wireless telegraphy and aviation with as much certainty as the outcome of the Civil War or the ruin of Johnson. In the midst of the anxious battle against African slavery, he foresaw the steady arising of the far greater struggle in behalf of all labor, and at the same time, every stage of the developing threat of the money power and the great corporation and the approach of their control of the Government.

GOV. JOHN A. ANDREW
War Governor of Massachusetts, who urged the National Government to accept the services of colored troops and to emancipate slaves.

In the cause of labor he was the first eminent American to take his place without reserve on the side of the proletariat. So early as November 2, 1865, standing in Faneuil Hall, he declared his position in these memorable words:

"The labor of these twenty-nine years has been in behalf of a race bought and sold. The South did not rest its system wholly on this claim to own its laborers; but according to Chancellor Harper, Alexander H. Stevens, Governor Pickens and John C. Calhoun, asserted that the laborer must necessarily be owned by capitalists or individuals. That struggle for the ownership of labor is now somewhere near its end; and we fitly commence a struggle to define and to arrange the true relations of capital and labor.

"To-day one of your sons is born. He lies in his cradle as the child of a man without means, with a little education and with less leisure. The favored child of the capitalist is borne up by every circumstance as on the eagle's wings. The problem of to-day is how to make the chances of the two as equal as possible; and before this movement stops, every child born in America must have an equal chance in life."

He was talking to an audience of working men at one of the first meetings ever held in America to further the eight-hour movement. Eight hours for labor, eight hours for sleep, eight hours to be the worker's own, Mr. Phillips phrased it. In front of the Parliament House at Melbourne, Australia, you will find a handsome monument to commemorate the adoption by Australia of this humane proposal. That monument had become a familiar sight to Melbourne, long before the eight-hour principle was widely recognized in the United States, a fact that may afford us another measure of Mr. Phillips's far advance upon his contemporaries.

"You must imitate the tenacity of the Abolitionists in adherence to a single issue," he went on. "A political movement saying 'We will have our rights' is a mass meeting in perpetual session. Filtered through the ballot box comes the will of the people and statesmen bow

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
Her intellectual ability, moral energy and sympathy with the oppressed give her prominence in the history of American women.

to it. Go home and say that the working men of Massachusetts are a unit and that they mean to stereotype their purposes on the statute-book."

Such words fell like a cold douche upon thousands of men more than willing to make Phillips their hero. At first some of these tried to excuse the eccentricity by assuming that Phillips had now in mind a career in politics, and remembering that to flatter the groundlings was always permissible or even laudable in one cherishing such an ambition. The groundlings had votes and it was practical politics to make promises to them and fool them to the top of their bent. All candidates did so; it was part of the game; but of course one was not obliged to remember such promises when one got into office.

But when Mr. Phillips calmly put aside every proffer of office and went his way insisting upon the issues he deemed important, caring not the least for popularity, his recent adherents fell rapidly away. For some reason not easy to understand in a democracy, any recognition of the essential rights of labor has always been particularly offensive to a certain part of the American public. In a few years, Phillips, for the sake of his position on labor, and for no other reason, was back again in his old situation; he was facing hatred and incessant attack in front, while behind him was a thin rank of half-hearted support.

Politically He Was the Most Hated Man in America

In at least one aspect of his development the philosophical might find abundant subject for reflection. The truth is that as soon as he attacked the labor question he was assailed once more by the Interests. When, before the war, he denounced chattel slavery, he was assailed by the slaveholding Interests of the South; when, after the war, he threatened wage-slavery, he was assailed by the financial and manufacturing Interests of the North. In both instances, so far as I can see, the origin of the hatred that descended upon him was identical. He threatened somebody's profits by threatening an existing system that bulwarked those profits. That is all, and that is the reason why Southern fire-eaters offered a price for his head; why mobs came with ropes to hang him; why a score of times he narrowly escaped with his life. Similarly, that alone was the reason why, at this place in his story, he became to a certain class the worst hated man in the United States. The frank Southerner of the slave-owning Interests desired to have him killed; the colder Northerner of other Interests ostracised him while he lived and exulted when he died. The difference does not seem very remarkable. If the feeling of the Southern Interests seems to have been the more intense, we are to remember that the imperiled profits of the Southern Interests were correspondingly the greater.

Yet, the man that was thus hated with such an excess of passion was not one that in himself would win anything but applause from the honest and sincere. In his private walk he was kindly, generous, sympathetic and reasonable. The Southerners were long taught to regard him as their worst enemy; he was, in fact, their best friend, striving to remove from them and from the country the evil that made us a scandal among nations and infinitely retarded the progress of the South. He never made the error of confounding men with the conditions that impel them to objectionable action. What he desired was to change the conditions.

An Instance of His Broad Generosity

He kept his purse drained for private charity and in behalf of the causes that he supported, filling it with proceeds from his lectures and emptying it again. No applicant for relief came from him without assistance. I must tell here one incident of many: A Southern woman whose family had been ruined by the war, was living in Boston by precarious returns from lectures. One morning Phillips was returning from a Massachusetts town where he had lectured the night before, and found this lady on the same train. He invited her to a seat beside him and led her to reveal to him something of her troubles. He inquired how much she received for each lecture.

"Five dollars," said she, "and I am glad to get that."

"It is not enough," said Mr. Phillips. "I get $100 or $200 and I give only opinions while you give information. You must allow me to

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BLIND BROTHER

By Jeannette Marks

OUTSIDE the gate you beg of men
The coin they give to you;
Outside the gate I ask in vain,
Yet I, a beggar, too.

BEHOLD, your eyes are wide and blind,
My eyes are quick to see!
Blind brother, if they saw my heart,
What would they give to me?

BLIND brother, it is dark without,
No stars burn in the sky;
And now I hear the closing doors
And now the night birds' cry.

BLIND brother, will the hours be long
That you and I must wait?
Oh, do they know I beg for love
Outside the city's gate?

The Great Within

By Orison Swett Marden

I HAVE seen a man of ordinary strength, hypnotized and suspended by head and ankles on the edges of two chairs, support half a dozen or more heavy men on his body. Sometimes a horse is thus supported on a see-saw board placed across the subject's body.

These are mostly mental feats. A man of average strength, under ordinary conditions, could no more sustain a twelve-hundred-pound horse or half-a-dozen heavy men while thus suspended than he could fly without a machine. He could not be made to believe that he could do such a thing; yet while under the powerful suggestion of a hypnotist that he *can* do it, he does it easily.

Now, where did the power which enabled the subject to do this marvelous thing come from? Certainly not from the hypnotist, for he merely called it out of the subject, and it did not come from space outside of him. It was latent *in the man himself.*

Such experiments give us glimpses of enormous powers in the Great Within of us about which we know very little, and which, if we could use them, would enable us to do marvelous things.

Without being able to define it, we instinctively feel that there is a great force within us; a power back of the flesh, beyond the human, that is guiding us; a subconscious soul power which presides over our destinies and which lends us super-human aid when we make a great call upon it when in danger or in an emergency, a desperate strait.

It is this soul power which makes a giant out of an invalid in an instant's time when the house takes fire or some great catastrophe occurs, or when a child, dearer to the mother than life, is in imminent danger. There are many instances where very delicate invalids, who were not supposed to be able to sit up, have, in a fire or some other great danger or emergency, done that which under ordinary circumstances would have been difficult even for the strongest men.

> THERE is a marvelous power inside of you which, if you could discover and use, would make of you everything you ever dreamed or imagined you could become.

Where did this power come from, almost within the twinkling of an eye? It came from the Great Within, and these instances reveal, as the falling apple did to Newton, a wonderful law. They make it certain that we all possess marvelous powers which we practically never use.

The new philosophy is trying to show people how to discover and utilize this wonderful power in the Great Within of themselves which they have hitherto been unable to use, except in a very limited way.

We none of us know what tremendous things we could do if an emergency great enough, imperative enough, were to make a sudden call upon us.

If we only realized what tremendous forces are locked up in us, we should not be so surprised when a tramp or a hobo becomes transformed into a hero almost instantly, in some great railroad wreck, or fire, or other catastrophe.

The hero was there all the time: the desperate situation simply reveals it.

It is from this Great Within that the power comes which does immortal deeds. We are conscious that there is something in us but not of us which is never sick, never tired, never goes wrong and which points Heavenward. All principle, truth, love, live in this Great Within. Here is the home of beauty and justice. This is where spiritual beauty dwells. Here abides "the peace which passeth all understanding" and here shines "the light that never was on sea or land."

We are all conscious of something within us that is deathless; something immortal, divine. We all feel this, the living Christ, this silent messenger which accompanies us through life, trying to warn us, advise us, protect us, no matter where we go or how low we fall.

Many feel just as sure of this blessed mothering Presence, this messenger of peace and good-will, as though they could see Him with their eyes.

There is something in the Great Within of us which tells us we are at one with the power that made all things; and that we shall some time, some where awake in His likeness, come into at-one-ment with this power; that when we have once drunk at this great fountain-head of truth, beauty and love, we shall never know thirst or want again.

Many people pass out of this plane of consciousness with sufficient vitality latent in the billions of cells in the body to restore them to life, if life principle could only be aroused. There are cases in medical history where patients have been apparently brought back from death, even at the moment of impending dissolution, by a relative or a physician calling to them imperatively, vehemently, to return to life. But generally the victim's conviction that he can not get well and that he *must* die paralyzes and destroys the disease-resisting power of the body, so that there is nothing to check the malady, which may be fatal only because of the loss of faith and the patient's conviction that he can not recover.

In the same way there are to-day multitudes of shiftless people in the great failure army with scarcely enough energy to keep them alive. These people have latent forces slumbering deep within themselves which, if aroused and awakened, would enable them to accomplish wonderful things.

Most people have sufficient latent force or ability to accomplish wonders, but often only a fraction of this power is ever aroused; it lies dormant unless fired into action by some great inspiration, some emergency, or some life crisis which drives them to desperation and forces them to make a supreme effort.

We are all surprised sometimes in our lives—through some great crisis or when in a desperate situation—to find that a tremendous reserve power comes to our assistance from somewhere; that from the Great Within, from mysterious depths of our natures, come marvelous powers when the call is loud enough and strong enough.

The time will come when we will be able to use at will all the latent potencies slumbering in the Great Within of us, which we employ so unconsciously in a great crisis or desperate situation, but which at other times it seems impossible for us to reach.

One great trouble is that we do not have sufficient faith in the immense reserve power in our subconsciousness, and do not take proper means to arouse these latent forces to action, although we sometimes see examples of the possibilities of great dynamic forces being aroused in people who never dreamed that they possessed them.

There is something in man that never deteriorates, never becomes demoralized or smirched, that is always true and always clean. The divine in him, the regenerative principle or force, if aroused, will work like a leaven in the life of the most depraved, until it brings that person back to his lost God (good), to his normal condition; and when he is normal, he *wants* to do right, because he is built upon the principle of justice, honesty and truth.

It is not normal for a man to go wrong. It is just as natural for a perfectly normal person to want to do right as it is for a flower to fling out its fragrance and beauty; the flower that is blighted and withholds its fragrance, whose beauty is marred, is abnormal.

It does not matter how far a human being may wander from the right, the divine something in him will some time, some where, bring his whole life into absolute harmony; and that is heaven.

If there is anything in this universe that is evident, it is that the Creator's plans are beneficent and that human beings are constructed along the lines of right and justice, truth and virtue, and any deflections from these are abnormal.

A human being who is wicked, dishonest, greedy or selfish is no more the man God made than discord is music.

The normal man must be in harmony with justice and truth and right because he is made to be just and true and right. That is his birthright. That is the divine in him.

This divinity in man will ultimately triumph. It is just as certain as that truth will some time triumph over all error, that harmony will triumph over discord; for truth is the everlasting fact, and error, untruth, is not a fact; it is the absence of truth. Discord is not a fact; it is merely the absence of harmony, the great fact in the universe.

No friend was ever so unselfish, so true to us as is this healing, beneficent life principle within us; this mysterious power which created us and which maintains us, and we find that we are supported, sustained, in proportion to our conscious oneness with divinity.

The Power that created us is the same Power that heals our wounds, our hurts, and sustains us and makes us over new every night during sleep. It is the same Power that is constantly recreating every cell in the body. "I dressed the wound and God healed it," is written by Ambrose Pare on the walls of the *Ecole de Medicine* in Paris.

"I am the Lord thy God (thy good), that healeth thee" contains the secret of all cures. The Bible is full of accounts of mental healing. People who have never made a study of this phase of the healing philosophy would be surprised to find to what extent this healing philosophy is scattered all through the Scriptures, as illustrated by the following passages:

"He forgiveth all thine iniquities and healeth all thy diseases."

"If a man keep my saying (that is, keep in his thoughts the truth thought, the love thought), he shall never see death." (John 8:51.)

How instinctively we turn to this Divine healing power when in

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Midas Marries a Gold Brick

(Another Wall Street Fairy Story)

by John Kendrick Bangs

Author of "Jack and the Check Book," "The Great Web Syndicate," etc.

Illustrations by ALBERT LEVERING

THERE was once a Miller who was very poor, but he had a beautiful daughter. There were a great many people who said that if he had not had so beautiful a daughter he would not have been so poor, and it may be that these were right, for beautiful daughters are not infrequently a source of considerable expense to their parents, and I fear me that Gasmerilda was no exception to this rule.

She had a great passion for rare furs and for opera and lingerie cloaks, and the thousand and one other dainty things that appeal to the heart of beautiful young maidenhood, and it seemed to make no difference how many millions of bushels of corn passed through her father's mill day after day, the returns from the grinding wheels were always thirty or forty dollars a month lower than the total aggregate of Gasmerilda's bills from milliners, furriers, jewelers, and others too numerous to mention.

Of course, this thing could not go on indefinitely. There comes a time when even the blindest of creditors will insist upon the liquidation of a miller's account, and the poor man found himself getting deeper and deeper into debt as the months passed on, and at last found himself at his wits' ends to devise new excuses for the non-payment of Gasmerilda's indebtedness. Indeed, he had now come to a point where there was but one refuge from the ultimate of financial disaster that should force him into a public declaration of his bankruptcy, and that was to be seen associating in public places with well-known Malefactors of Great Wealth.

What awful agony of mind this cost him—for he was an honest Miller, as had always been evidenced by his willingness to promise to pay his debts even when he knew he could not—the world will never know, but he swallowed his pride, and for a time gained immunity from the pressure of his creditors with their threatened judgments by being seen walking down Fifth Avenue in the morning alongside of Colonel John W. Midas, the president of the Pactolean Trust Company, a savings institution formed primarily for the purpose of lending its depositors' money to members of its own board of directors, taking their checks dated two months ahead and endorsed by their office-boys and stenographers for security.

It is true that anybody who was ever seen speaking to Colonel Midas in public was, by orders of the district attorney, immediately snapshotted by the Secret Service Camera Squad attached to that gentleman's office, and the resulting negatives filed away for future reference in case Justice should ever, by some odd chance, peep over the top of her bandage for a moment and fix her eagle eye upon the colonel's doings; but on the other hand, there were countless thousands of worthy people, and among them were the Miller's creditors, who believed that association with such a person as Colonel Midas was pretty good evidence either of a man's solvency or of his immunity to the lash of the law. Consequently, when for five successive mornings the furriers the jewelers, the milliners and others, to whom the unfortunate Miller owed vast unpayable sums of money for sundries purchased from time to time by the beautiful Gasmerilda, saw their debtor walking down town alongside of the great Pactolean magnate, they called off their collectors and attorneys, and sent the beautiful girl extra notifications through the mails of their new fall and winter importations; to which, in due course of time, the lovely maid responded, to the consequent swelling of the already over large accounts due. If these persons had only known that these walks upon the avenue were silent walks, and that from the Plaza down to Madison Square, Colonel Midas, though accompanied by the Miller, was utterly unaware of the latter's presence, being t deeply absorbed in certain operations of gre magnitude upon the Street to notice an thing that was going on around him, th would doubtless have acted differently; b they did not know this, and it soon pass about among the tradesmen that the Mil was the friend of Midas, and thereby w his credit greatly expanded.

On the morning of the sixth day's pron nade, however, Colonel Midas, having solv the particular problem upon which his mi had been set for the past week or ten da became more observant, and after the Mil had walked at his side for several blocks he marked the fact, and with emotions that we not altogether pleasant. Wherefore, he quic ened his footsteps in order that he might lea the intruder behind, but the Miller quicken his also and remained alongside. Colonel Mid stopped short in his walk before an art sho window, and gazed in at the paintings there displayed.

The Miller likewise, his head cocked knowing to one side like that of a connoisseur, paus and gazed in at the marvels of the brush. T colonel, with a sudden jerky turn, leaped fr the window to the gutter-kerb and boarded moving omnibus with surprising agility for man of his years. But he was not too qui for his pursuer, for the Miller, though scarc able to afford the expense, immediately spra aboard the same vehicle and took the seat besi him. Then for the first time the colonel a dressed him, and, there being no ladies upon t omnibus at that early hour, in terms rath more forcible than polite.

"What do you think you are doing?" he c manded, frowning upon his pursuer.

"Riding in a 'bus," replied the Miller, with pleasant smile.

"Are you trying to shadow me?" roared t colonel.

"I 'd make a mighty poor eclipse for yo Colonel Midas," said the Miller, suavely, "b to tell you the truth," he added, a sudden id having flashed across his mind, which in t absence of anything else to say in explanation his conduct seemed as good as any other excu he could invent, "there *is* a little matter like to bring to your attention."

"Bombs?" asked the colonel, moving aw apprehensively, noticing that the Miller had p his hand into his pocket a fearing that he had perha encountered a crank who c signed to do him harm.

"No, indeed," laughed t Miller. "Not in such cl quarters as this. When throw a bomb at anybo I shall take care to provid safety net for myself."

"Ha!" ejaculated t colonel, with a deep sigh relief. "Book-agent?"

"Nothing in it," said t Miller. "Work too heavy the profits. No, sir, I neither a book-agent nor anarchist. I am nothing b a poor Miller with an ingro ing income, but I have a bea tiful daughter who—"

"Oh, yes," interrupt Midas, with a nod. "I remo ber now. I've heard of yo You preferred to remain dependent instead of sell out to the Trust. You tr

"What do you think you are doing?"

"There's the money, sir"

to discount some of your notes at the Pactolean Trust Company, of which I am president, the other day."

"Yes," said the Miller, "and you refused them."

"Naturally," laughed Midas. "A beautiful daughter, Mr. Miller, is a lovely possession, but she's mighty poor security for a loan. About the worst in the market. Especially yours. I've seen Miss Miller at the opera several times and have wondered how you managed it. It would cost more than the face value of your notes to support the security for one week in the style to which she is accustomed."

"That's true enough," said the Miller, "and nobody knows it better than I do. Nevertheless, you made a mistake. You have possibly never heard of her wonderful gift."

"No," said the magnate. "I was not aware that the young lady had any other gift than beauty and a father with a little credit left."

"Well, be that as it may," retorted the Miller, "she has one great gift. She can spin straw into gold."

"What?" cried Midas, becoming interested at once.

"Yes, sir," the Miller went on. "She has marvelous powers in that direction. If she hadn't I'd have been up a tree long ago."

"I had heard of her father's ability to turn hot air into Russian sables and diamond necklaces, but this straw business is something new," said Midas.

"I thought you would so regard it," said the Miller, confidently, "and that is why I have been trying to get a word with you for the past week. You are the only man I know in the financial world who is known to have the enterprise and the courage to go into a little gamble that other people would laugh at. You have that prime quality of success, Colonel Midas, that is known to mankind as nerve. You are always willing to sit in any kind of a game that shows a glimmer of profit in the perspective, and that is why I bring this matter to you instead of to my friend Rockernegie, a man utterly without imagination and blind to many a sure thing because he can't understand it."

The colonel, who was not unsusceptible to flattery, was visibly impressed by this tribute. He scratched his head thoughtfully for a moment.

"See here, Mr. Miller," he said, after a brief communion with himself, "if this story is true, why are you trying to discount your notes at the Pactolean Trust Company? Why don't you get a bale of straw and have your daughter turn it over a few times?"

"I will be perfectly frank with you, colonel," said the Miller. "It is a humiliating confession to make, sir, but I'm everlastingly busted. Just plain down and out and I couldn't buy a lemonade straw if they were going at a cent a ton, much less a bale."

The colonel looked at him sympathetically, and, then giving his knee a resounding whack, he cried: "By Jove, Miller, I'll back you! I rather like your nerve, and, as you have so charmingly put it, I *am* the sort of man to take a long shot. Yes, sir, and I wouldn't have had seven cents to my name to-day if I hadn't been. Come with me to the Pactolean Trust Company and we'll discount your demand note, suitably endorsed, right off, with the understanding, however, that your daughter gives us an immediate demonstration of her powers. We'll furnish the straw."

The Miller's heart leaped with joy, but he deemed it well not to show himself over anxious lest he lose the whole advantage.

"It is very good of you, colonel," he observed quietly, "but I don't know a soul in this bright beautiful world who would endorse my note for any sum, large or small."

"This is the greatest cinch in the history of finance."

"Oh, that will be all right," laughed the colonel. "We've got a rubber stamp in the office for just such emergencies."

So the Miller and his new-found friend went to the offices of the Pactolean Trust Company, where in a short while he found relief from his pressing woes by the exchange of his demand note for five thousand dollars, endorsed most appropriately by a man of straw, for four crisp one thousand dollar treasury notes and the balance, less six months' interest, in yellow-backs of a denomination of fifty dollars each.

"Tell your daughter to come down here to-morrow morning," said the colonel, as the Miller pocketed the money. "I'll summon the board of directors and she can give us a demonstration of her gift in the private office. We'll have a couple of bales of straw all ready for her."

"You will have to excuse me, colonel," said the Miller, with that calmness which a man is likely to show when he has five thousand dollars in good money in his purse, "but that will be impossible. Gasmerilda has always refused to exercise her gift in the presence of anybody else, and I am quite sure she will make no exception in this case. Even as a child she would not let either her mother or myself see how she did it."

"But she must," said the colonel firmly, "or I shall be under the painful necessity of calling that note at once."

"But she can't," returned the Miller. "You see, sir, it is one of the peculiarities of the gift that she must be alone while at work. It requires such intense concentration of effort. If you insist upon her presence here, why—well, as you intimate, the deal is off between us and I shall have to take it to Rockernegie. There's the money, sir."

With a supreme effort of will the Miller tossed the roll of bills back upon the table. It was, of course, an act of sheer bravado, but he carried it off so well that it worked.

"Oh, very well," said the colonel gruffly, a shade of disappointment crossing his face. "If she can't, she can't, I suppose. It's worth a try anyhow. We'll send a bale of straw up to your residence this afternoon, and if by to-morrow morning, she has managed to turn it into gold, all well and good. If not—well, we call the note, that's all."

"Can't you make it a week?" pleaded the Miller. "She may have some other engagement on for to-night, and—er—well, a week will give her time to turn around."

"Make it five days," said the colonel. "To-day is Wednesday. Let her make the delivery on Monday morning."

"Done!" said the Miller, overjoyed, and he went out.

He had not the slightest notion in the world how his beautiful daughter would be able to fulfil the agreement—indeed, he was fairly certain in his mind that she would be able to do nothing of the sort, but he had the use of $5,000 at a critical moment in his career and he knew that if worst came to worst, he could shave off his mustache, and thus disguised, take passage for Europe in the steerage of some one of the many Saturday steamers.

Now, on his return home that evening, the Miller was very much embarrassed by a searching inquiry from his beautiful daughter. It seems that when she had tried to telephone to one of her friends that afternoon, she had been informed by Central that the service had been discontinued for non-payment of the bill for December, 1906.

"Have we come to such a pass as that, father?" she demanded, her lovely voice quivering with emotion.

"It looks like it," said the Miller, with an uneasy laugh. "I have been kept so busy paying for your daily supply of fresh sables that I haven't had a moment for the gas bills or for your conversational accounts. With you to look after, my dear, I find that even talk is not cheap."

The beautiful girl wiped the tears from her eyes with her point-lace handkerchief.

"But," she cried, "what are we going to do? I must have $1,170.55 to-morrow morning, father, or I shall be ruined."

The Miller's heart sank within him and his face grew ashen.

"Eleven hundred and seventy dollars and fuf—fifty—fuf—five cents?" he stammered. "In heaven's name what for, Gasmerilda—hairpins?"

"No, father," she trembled. "I have issued three or four pounds of deferred bridge certificates, and they fall due to-morrow. You certainly do not wish me to lose my social position—about the only thing I have left?"

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THE PULSE OF THE WORLD

The Month in America

Our rigid parliamentary system lends itself unwillingly to the needs of such a situation as to-day confronts a hybrid Congress—half Democrat, half Republican—and an administration which, though discountenanced at the polls still continues in office.

Situation Confronting Congress

The November election revolutionized the popular branch of Congress, yet it will be thirteen months from that election to the time when the new Congress can meet in regular session. Meanwhile, the repudiated standpat Republican House continues in office. The Senate has been almost as sweepingly reorganized, for the changes which will take effect March 4 will wipe out the standpat majority and give the Democrats and Republican Progressives easy control, if they will only work together as in the past. Yet Cannonism will continue to rule the House, and Aldrichism the Senate, for another session. A parliamentary miracle would be necessary to get any good out of a session in such circumstances. The repudiated leadership remains in control long enough to do everything possible for the embarrassment and circumvention of the policies which the country has indorsed.

In the new House, the Democrats have 223; the Republicans 160; and the Socialists 1; Democratic majority, 63. On these figures, Democrats may be excused for feeling indorsed; but in the interest of good politics they will do well to consider that the country has elected a Democratic majority on issues made by Republican Insurgents and that Insurgency gained strength in even greater proportions than did Democracy.

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For many years the Democrats pressed three issues upon the country in the effort to get it excited over them: tariff, House rules, and Aldrichism in the Senate. They failed, but a minority of Republicans in each House took up the same issues and provided the leadership that has wrought a political revolution. It is perfectly patent that if the Democrats now fail to make good on these issues, they will presently be called to account for that failure.

Clark and the Committees

But whether the Democrats will do this is another question. There is already much uncertainty whether they will execute their pledges to liberalize the House rules and take committee appointments from the Speaker. We venture to predict that they will, because they will hear enough from the country to convince them that failure to do so would be suicide. Their leaders in the new House, however, have shown a disposition to dodge, and a desire to retain the advantages of the old order. The Democrats who stand in high places in the minority membership of the present committees hope that if Champ Clark is elected Speaker, with power of naming committees, they will come into the chairmanships and high assignments, and it is said that Mr. Clark is expected to take this view if the power of naming committees is not taken from him. On the other hand, if the House elects committees there would almost certainly be a general overturning of the old order and complete rearrangement of the committees.

It is plain enough why Democrats, who, by the favor of Mr. Cannon in the appointments of 1909, are now in line to inherit chairmanships on the basis of precedence, should want those chairmanships. But if they do, it will be tantamount to accepting a Cannon-made organization of committees in a Democratic House pledged to antagonize all the works of Cannon. For ourselves, we can find no better reason for overturning all these old precedents, than that they are Cannon precedents. Cannon packed the committees on the Democratic side, just as he did on the Republican, in the effort to keep them as reactionary as possible. To accept the precedents created by Cannon's appointments would make Adamson of Georgia chairman of interstate commerce, Fitzgerald of New York, chairman of appropriations, and Bartlett of Nevada, chairman of mines and mining. These men are not fitted to lead great committees in executing the policies to which the Democrats are committed, and they ought not to be retained.

The Democrats would conserve their chances for 1912 if they would reform the House rules, take the committee appointments away from the Speaker, pass a series of merely corrective tariff measures designed to end the notorious grafts of the tariff, and adopt a tariff commission act. For these propositions as to tariff, the chances are not apparently bright. There is a deal of tariff-for-revenue talk among Democrats. We doubt if the country wants that sort of tariff, and we are convinced that Congress is not competent to devise such a measure and pass it. The bill might be forced through the House, but its success in the Senate is very doubtful. It might "put the Republicans in the hole" by showing the country that the Republican Senate had rejected a House revision; but a program which overlooks opportunity to accomplish something substantial, in order to put somebody in the hole, will not meet approval of the country in its present state of mind. As to tariff commission, most Democrats seem utterly opposed to the proposal, and unless counsels of practical expediency receive more attention than has thus far been given, this measure will fail.

The Rules and the Tariff

Some Democrats have feared that the Republicans at the short session this winter may do some revising on their own account in order to take the wind out of Democratic sails. They need not worry. The Cannon-Aldrich-Payne-Hale crowd is still in control, and will not so suddenly disown its own measure. Senator Aldrich has been trying desperately to force currency legislation to the fore, possibly in serious hope of passing it, but more likely with design of using it as a buffer against such measures as tariff commission, popgun tariff bills, railway valuation, control of capitalization, and the like.

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Parliamentary reform, in both House and Senate, is the first step that ought to be taken. Indications are that nearly fifty Republicans have been elected to the House as Progressives, while a good many who have not been Progressives heretofore will assume, at least, to be Progressives hereafter. The test will come on the selection of a minority leader. If Cannon gets that place, it will be most unfortunate for his party.

Changes in the Senate

The country can not expect great progressive measures till the two Houses are taken out of the hands of cliques. The Democratic majority in the House is going to be so big that responsibility will be plain in that body. In the Senate, advances will be possible only through coalition of Democrats and Insurgent Republicans. The Republican majority during the last year has been about thirty. The Democrats gain and the Republicans lose a Senator each in Maine, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana, Nebraska, Missouri, Montana; the Republicans gain one in North Dakota. The Progressive Republicans gain Senators in Michigan, North Dakota, Washington and probably California. They have lost one in Indiana and one in Iowa, though the Iowa loss will be made up to them when the Progressive Legislature selects a successor to Lafayette Young, standpatter, who was appointed to fill the Dolliver vacancy. Likewise, Progressive Democracy lost by the death of Senator Alexander Stephens Clay of Georgia, and the appointment of ex-Governor Terrell to fill a vacancy for nearly a year. Hernando DeSoto Money, a true Progressive and one of the finest public servants the South has sent to Washington in many years, will be succeeded on March 4 by John Sharp Williams, in the Senate; and the change is a distinct loss to Progressive Democracy. As to the Democrats who will be elected to the Senate from Maine, New York, New Jersey, Ohio and Montana, we must decline to assume that they will represent very large gains to the big, unpartisan cause of progress till we know who they will be. Thanks to the Oregon plan, Nebraska knows what it will get. It splendidly indorsed Gilbert M. Hitchcock, Democrat, for the Senate as against Burkett, Republican, and thereby it adds one to the forces of real progressivism in the Upper House. Missouri gets a Democrat instead of Senator Warner; and without much regard to who he is, he will be an improvement.

The Honorable Eugene N. Foss has a vigorous elbo and we wish him more power to it. He announ that as Massachusetts's Governor he will never s credentials for Henry Cabot Lodge as Senator another term, until after a fi that will take the Lodge issu the people. He insists that Mas chusetts went Democratic ma on the Lodge issue, and that elect Lodge now would be to repudiate the plain instructions the people were in position to give. difficult to find a flaw in this reasoning. Lodge, the direct, simple issue, would be beaten one hund thousand in Massachusetts. The Legislature ought know it and act accordingly.

Senators in the Making

John R. McLean, long-time resident of Washing and owner of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, is named aspirant for Senator from Ohio. Maybe by dilig search the Ohio Democrats could do worse than t this devout reactionary, multi-millionaire and explo of the public, but thus far no equally bad suggest has been made in Ohio or any other State. Br Whitlock, mayor of Toledo, is named as another po bility, and is reported to have some real strength. W not? A radical Senator of experience, character ability, with a real message, would help keep Senate in pace with the House.

Connecticut is going to unload Senator Morgan Bulkeley, which is good; but it will gain little i chooses ex-Governor McLean. West Virginia beaten Senator Scott, and it is said that a real Progr sive Democrat is likely to take his place.

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It is a problem for a Philadelphia lawyer, in short, calculate whether the next Senate will be Progr sive. If King Caucus rules, and the reinforced band enlightened Republican Senators meekly accepts dictum of a party caucus on ma up of the Committee on Co mittees, then the gain will small. If, on the other hand, Progressive Republicans and De ocrats bolt all caucuses and insist on reorganizing Senate committees as sweepingly as they ought to reorganized, the Upper House is likely to emancip itself pretty effectively. We may be sure that th political puzzles will occupy so much time and att tion during the short session that real advance throu legislation will be small.

Special Session Unlikely

There is persistent talk of President Taft's calling extra session of the new Congress after March 4. venture the guess that he will not do it. The polit view will be that a successful special session wo reflect chief credit on the Democrats, and an uns cessful one would do the Republicans most har *ergo*, no special session.

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If the discovery made by Professor H. C. Carel of University of Minnesota proves successful, one n swallow as many germs as one likes without annoy results—that is, if a drop of "benetol" is taken dessert. This new chemical wh is eight times as strong as carb acid, and yet not poisonous, warranted to kill germs of sort and size. "I am so confident of benetol," s Professor Carel, "that I am willing to submit my to cholera infection to prove that it can be successfu treated with my discovery." His assertions have b corroborated by leading bacteriologists.

Rough on Germs

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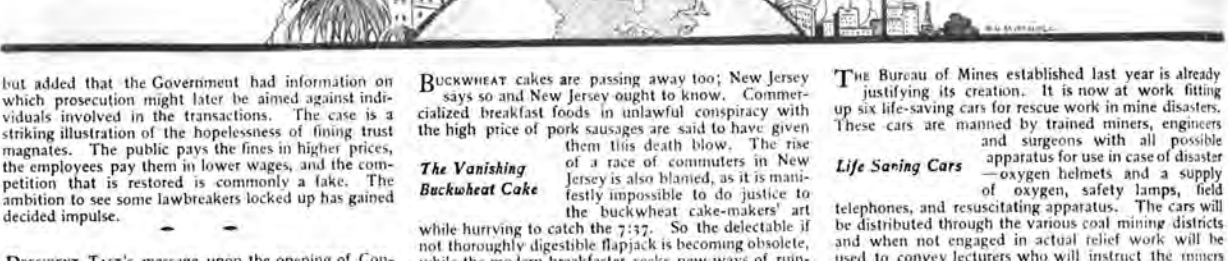
A peculiarly aggravating case is that of the Impe Window Glass Company, controlling nine seven per cent. of hand-made window glass. It making at the rate of four hundred per cent. ann profits when the Governm prosecuted under the anti-trust The company agreed in effect plead guilty, if no prison senten would be asked. The Gove ment declined this proposition. Thereupon the co pany pleaded *nolo contendere* and the court, despite p tests by the Government lawyers, imposed light fin Immediately afterward, the Trust sweepingly wages—in many cases as much as fifty-five per ce The subsidiary companies had agreed to resume co petition and independent operation and the first th that happened was sweeping increases in glass pric Attorney-General Wickersham issued an indign statement, criticizing Federal Judge John S. Young his "mistaken leniency." He admitted that th seemed to be no power to stop the reductions of wa

Never Fine a Trust

THE PULSE OF THE WORLD



but added that the Government had information on which prosecution might later be aimed against individuals involved in the transactions. The case is a striking illustration of the hopelessness of fining trust magnates. The public pays the fines in higher prices, the employees pay them in lower wages, and the competition that is restored is commonly a fake. The ambition to see some lawbreakers locked up has gained decided impulse.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S message upon the opening of Congress was concerned largely with routine business and though of unusual length was of somewhat less than usual interest. He reviewed the efforts of the Government for economy and made a good showing in this respect. He looks to the tariff board, he said, to cure the evils of the Payne-Aldrich bill. Other recommendations of interest were the systematization of public building expenditure; prohibition of railroad ownership of Panama Canal steamers; extension of classified service to first, second, and third-class postoffices; limited rural parcels post; abolition of useless navy yards; further increase of the President's power over coal, oil, water-power, and forest lands, and appropriations to begin the valuation of all railroads. The President renewed his recommendation of mail or other ship subsidy, the fortification of the Panama Canal, national incorporation, reform of judicial procedure, regulation of injunctions, increase in second-class mail rates and the establishment of the Bureau of Health. The President gave it as his opinion that with unimportant exceptions, no further change should now be made in the Interstate Commerce or Anti-trust law. President Taft's recommendations were in the main of a mildly progressive nature; at the same time the message was notable for its failure to recommend the really urgent measures which the people are demanding.

A Routine Message

THE best single reason for direct election of Senators is one often overlooked. It is that electing Senators is a demoralizing, often a corrupting business. The Legislature that has a big Senatorial contest on hand is of little use for legislation. When it spends half a session choosing a Senator, it does little besides.

Odd Jobs for Legislatures

There will be a notable series of Senatorial fights in Legislatures this winter, and at an unfortunate time. The State Legislature, as an institution, is on trial, in public opinion, for its life. It has been inefficient and expensive, and to its failures must be attributed largely the growing demand for more centralization at Washington. The public expects real work from Legislatures this winter. It wants them to ratify the income tax amendment to the Constitution; to pass enabling acts under which cities may generally adopt the commission plan of government; to place more rigorous restrictions on public service corporations; to do their share toward regulation of carriers, trusts and corporate capitalization, and generally to get into touch with the march of national progress. The Oregon plan of selecting Senators ought to be adopted in a dozen States this coming winter, and report is that initiative and referendum measures will have a good chance in half as many.

A PHILADELPHIA publishing house that makes a specialty of the sacred book says the family Bible trade is languishing. The Bible continues to be the best seller, but it is no longer the immense volume that stood on the parlor center table, and contained marvelous steel engravings of the tower of Babel and the fall of Nineveh and had room for all the family records.

The Obsolete Family Bible

The thing now is a thin paper student edition with flexible covers, concordances and notes and all suited to the overcoat pocket. It has n't room for any family history, but it can be introduced into a stingy city flat without crowding the family.

The passing of the family Bible is significant of an interesting change in the keeping of vital statistics. Records of births, deaths and marriages have ceased to be a family and become a State function. It is done better and more completely than in the old days and the records are more useful to the public. That fact need not prevent our dropping a tear at the passing of an old cherished institution.

BUCKWHEAT cakes are passing away too; New Jersey says so and New Jersey ought to know. Commercialized breakfast foods in unlawful conspiracy with the high price of pork sausages are said to have given them their death blow. The rise of a race of commuters in New Jersey is also blamed, as it is manifestly impossible to do justice to the buckwheat cake-makers' art while hurrying to catch the 7:17. So the delectable if not thoroughly digestible flapjack is becoming obsolete, while the modern breakfaster seeks new ways of ruining his stomach.

The Vanishing Buckwheat Cake

Perhaps it is just as well. The ranks of cake-bakers grew thin long ago; buckwheat has been anything but buckwheat for many years and genuine maple syrup is only a sweet, fragrant memory.

AFTER all the analyses and pessimism, it is plain that a tendency to reduction in the cost of necessaries of life is upon us. It has not got to the ultimate citizen, as yet, in any striking measure, but it seems to be coming his way. The beef trust started the press-agent work for the cheerful era, but its purposes were promptly suspected. Doctor Wiley and other authorities came forward with the declaration that the meat combination did n't mean it; it was reducing the price of meat on the hoof in order to replenish its supplies at lower cost, after which it would restore the consumers' prices. Confirmation of this seemed to appear in reports from consular agents on meat conditions in other meat-producing countries, which charged that our enterprising meat trust had at length perfected practical control of the world's supplies, through investments and combinations with the meat interests of Australia, the Argentine, Mexico and other countries.

Hope for Meat Eaters

IF ANYONE has seen anything of the Sargosso Sea he will confer a great favor upon the geographers by reporting his discovery. For some time there has been a suspicion that this prominent feature of the Atlantic Ocean maps and of the stories of old sailors is largely mythical. A recent Norwegian expedition sent out to search for the Sargosso Sea reports a great deal of sea but very little Sargosso. It is true that they discovered a place in the North Atlantic where seaweed is rather common, but as for a mass of marine plants so dense that sailing vessels are held fast in it while the mariners die a lingering death of starvation, there is nothing in it. In fact, these meddlesome Scandinavians hint broadly that there has never been any such place.

Save the Sargosso Sea

If anyone will kindly return the Sargosso Sea to its proper place in the Atlantic Ocean all will be forgiven and no questions asked. Otherwise, nothing can save this well-known phenomenon from going the way of the sea serpent, the mermaid and Doctor Cook's great discovery.

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS exploded a bomb in the railroad camp during the Interstate Commerce Commission hearing by alleging that by scientific management and economy the railroads of the country could save $300,000,000 a year. He maintained that what the railroads needed was not higher rates, but a higher order of efficiency, and he submitted evidence to show that without reducing wages the railroads could effect a saving of a million dollars a day. Thinking to put him in a hole, the Western railway presidents offered to employ him at his own salary to undertake this work. Attorney Brandeis promptly agreed to instruct them in modern efficiency methods without compensation as a service to the public which must receive the benefit of the savings accomplished. Up to this date his offer has not been accepted.

The New Efficiency

The proposal of a mere lawyer to teach the railroads things they do not know about their own business has been received by the press with some degree of skepticism. As a matter of fact, Mr. Brandeis has done just that thing for several New England industries to the ultimate advantage of the employer, the laborer and the public. What is more important, Mr. Brandeis is in close touch with a group of men who are the apostles of a new and advanced doctrine of efficiency which has already accomplished wonders in the saving of labor, time and material. We know of nothing that is more inspiring than the career of this able Boston lawyer whose hobby is the public service.

THE Bureau of Mines established last year is already justifying its creation. It is now at work fitting up six life-saving cars for rescue work in mine disasters. These cars are manned by trained miners, engineers and surgeons with all possible apparatus for use in case of disaster —oxygen helmets and a supply of oxygen, safety lamps, field telephones, and resuscitating apparatus. The cars will be distributed through the various coal mining districts and when not engaged in actual relief work will be used to convey lecturers who will instruct the miners on explosives and explain the use of rescue equipment.

Life Saving Cars

During last year there were 2,412 men killed in coal mines in this country and nearly eight thousand injured. This is the highest mortality in the civilized world and the Government is only too tardily awakening to the fact that life-saving stations in the mining regions are of equal importance to those on the seashore.

THOSE who delight in unrestricted American industry must have been greatly edified by the recent disclosure in New York of the magnitude of the trade in superannuated eggs. "Waste not, want not," was the motto of this thriving young business with which was combined the doctrine that what you don't know doesn't hurt you. It was found by the New York *World* that one thousand cases of decomposed eggs were sold to bakers every day for the manufacture of angel food, sponge cake, lady fingers and other delicacies. It was pointed out by the captains of the rotten egg industry that this commodity, called "rots and spots," is better and much cheaper than the more recent variety of eggs and that it is wilful waste to restrict it to the use of tanners.

Another Industry Ruined

Unfortunately for this infant industry, New York officials frowned upon it, and the unsolicited publicity it received blasted its promising career.

THE census returns will soon be so far completed that highly significant information concerning distribution of population will be available. Already it is plain that the bulk of national growth has been East, and indications are that for the first time the center of national population will move slightly eastward. Typical of the nation-wide urban movement, New York State shows a gain of 25.4 per cent. in the decade, having now 9,113,279. It is the fifth successive decade which has shown an increased percentage of gain. The figures:

Eastward Drift of Population

Decade	Per Cent. Gain	Decade	Per Cent. Gain
1800–70	12.9	1890–00	21.1
1870–80	16	1900–10	25.4
1880–90	18		

This despite the fact that fifteen of the State's sixty-one counties—all rural—lost in the past decade, and that in nearly half the counties there would have been losses but for the presence of large cities that more than made up the rural losses.

The country has forty-seven cities of over 100,000, with a total of over 28,000,000 people. Cities below 100,000 have increased 30.4 per cent. in the decade; those above, only 31.8.

THE effect of the increasing congestion of population in a few great States will be marked in making the new apportionment of the House of Representatives, and of the electoral college. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Massachusetts have over one-third of the House now, and will get a larger share in the new apportionment. Several States will lose Congressmen unless the apportionment is kept so low as considerably to increase the membership of the House. With everybody agreed that the House is about twice as numerous as it ought to be, and that two hundred members could legislate far better than four hundred, nobody seems ready to fight for the reduction of any State's actual representation. Nothing would be sacrificed in the substance of representative government, and much would be gained in legislative efficiency by a sharp reduction of the House membership. Politics and personal ambition always have decided against cutting representation from any State. This year, however, with a Republican Congress likely to make the apportionment, and a long list of important States to be redistricted by Democratic Legislatures, it is possible that a new view may be taken.

The Census and Congress

The Pulse of the World

The Month Abroad

GREAT BRITAIN has been plunged into another parliamentary campaign sooner than had been expected. When Parliament convened after the election last winter, leaders of all parties organized a conference in the effort to agree on a limitation of the Lords' veto of legislation from the Commons. In effect, the Liberals wanted something like the conference committee plan used by American Legislatures, but they wanted it fixed so that there would be a chance of the Commons winning. The Lords were willing to have conferences, but not to give the Commons a chance. There was no agreement, and forthwith the appeal to the country was taken. The by-elections since the last general polling have indicated that the Liberals are in excellent form. The Republican defeat on the tariff issue in the United States has weakened the Tory demand for a protective tariff. The Lloyd-George budget has been successful, as even its enemies concede. The whole protection movement has had a bad backset, and the Tories have been forced to emphasize two issues curiously unrelated; the Home-Rule proposal for Ireland, and the charge that American dollars are financing the whole Liberal cause. After the failure of the conference and the consequent dissolution of Parliament developments came rapidly. Mr. Balfour, leader of the Tories, promptly threw overboard the tariff reform Jonah, saying that he was willing to leave this question to a referendum of the people if his party were put in power. The Liberals hailed this joyfully as an admission of weakness and the balloting began.

The Issue In England

Returns received at this writing indicate that the Liberals will be returned to power, though, perhaps, with a slightly reduced plurality.

BUT even with a decided victory, it is not apparent how a most serious crisis shall be avoided. The Lords contemptuously declined to consider the Asquith plan for limitation of their veto power, and this forced the appeal to the country. Even if the Liberals win, the Lords are expected to persist in their blind stand for prerogative. "To mend the Lords or end them" is easily said; but how to do it? The creation of a long list of Liberal peers, strong enough to outvote the Tories, is the accepted formula. But King George is accounted a thorough Tory himself, and should he refuse to appoint Liberal peers, it is not plain how anything short of revolutionary methods would force him. The Commons of course control the purse strings; but to refuse funds for the Government would be revolutionary in itself, and probably highly unpopular as well. The situation is plainly bringing Britain close to one of its great parliamentary crises.

Serious Crisis Ahead

YIELDING to that new and strange force in Chinese affairs, public opinion, the regency has agreed that the Imperial Parliament shall meet in 1913, two years earlier than first designed. China is making rapid strides toward a better order, both governmentally and educationally. The opium evil has been so far overcome that it may be said to be conquered. Now the country is to have for the first time a real national government and the reform of the financial system will go far toward unifying the interests of widely separated sections. Even so advanced a proposal as compulsory education on modern lines is making splendid progress. The Chinese are losing their reverence for certain ancient religious institutions, and while the proportion who are converted to Christianity is yet small, the effect of their work may be seen in the fact that authorities are laying impious hands on religious lands and endowments and turning them to the uses of education.

Rapid Progress in China

A COMPLICATION of anti-American feeling caused by the lynching of a Mexican citizen in Texas, and a sudden outbreak of anti-Diaz sentiment, have recently brought Mexico to the verge of civil war. Severe fighting took place in various parts of the country, the rebels capturing several important towns, which, however, they were not able to hold. The well-organized and efficient Mexican army proved the pivot in the situation, remaining loyal to the Government for the greater part, when the revolutionists had believed it would side with them. General Reyes, idol of the army and seriously suspected of anti-Diaz purposes, was in Europe on a mission for the Government when the trouble broke out. A disavowal by him of purpose to join the movement went far to break its force. The seriousness of these disturbances suggests more than ever the possibilities of revolt when Diaz lays down the reins and perhaps some man as fortunately placed as Reyes may decide that the time has come for himself.

The Troubles of Mexico

THE indications are that Kaiser Wilhelm's "divine right theory" is going to have a hard, cold winter. The Socialists, led by Herr Ledebour, recently made a bitter attack in the Reichstag upon the Emperor's Koenigsburg speech, openly accusing him of distorting history in the effort to prove that the ancient Prussian kings derived authority from anything but the will of the people and frankly avowing their ideal to make Germany a republic. The attack was unprecedented in its frankness and it is evident that freedom of speech has made great headway in the German Empire. The Imperial Chancellor had a hard task defending his Royal Master's proposition.

Divine Right William

With the constitutional victories in Turkey and Persia, with the Republic of Portugal well under weigh, with the King of Spain making desperate concessions in order to retain his crown, with representative government soon to be established in China and with rumblings of revolt in Belgium, Greece, Egypt and India, it is evident that the "open season" for divine right theories is at hand.

ENGLAND and Russia served joint notice on Persia that unless better order be kept, they will assume police authority over commercial highways of Persia. Great indignation was displayed in Persia and at Constantinople, and the Turkish government appealed to Germany, by indirection, for protection against Anglo-Russian desires. The partition of Persia between England and Russia would probably take place soon but for German opposition. Germany has snuggled up very close to the Ottoman empire, regarding it as the one means for her to get on a footing in Asia of something like equality with England and Russia. But Germany will not disagree with England over Persia just now; at least, not violently, because Germany wants a slice of the Portuguese colonies in Africa, and can not get it without giving England another slice. The London government is less disposed than that at Berlin to parcel out the Portuguese raiment; perhaps hoping to get a better chance and a bigger piece through maintaining amicable relations as the protector of Portugal. Looking over current doings in Africa and Asia, it must be observed that the tendency toward Europeanization of the lands of the world is not by any means at an end. The great game is still being played in the two biggest continents, and if Russia has been checked temporarily in her ambitions, German eagerness for expansion has increased in corresponding measure.

A Slice for Everybody

THERE was something immeasurably pathetic in the spectacle of Leo Tolstoy, wearied of the luxury of his home and its lack of privacy and disheartened by the unsympathetic attitude of his family toward his beliefs, leaving it all to finish his life in solitude. Yet when this proved to be Tolstoy's last earthly journey, the last days of the aged Russian novelist, teacher and philosopher took on the nature of a triumph. For his very death in a bare hut among the peasants he loved was a protest against the arrogance of wealth, the oppression of the Government, the false prophecies of the Russian Church, the sinfulness of war. He, whose life was given to the service of his oppressed people, went among his people to die.

Tolstoy

Tolstoy's working years fall into two distinct periods: that which gave the world his inspired novels and that in which he renounced his literary work and became the moralist and reformer. There are those who say it would have been better for the world if the author of "Peace and War" and "Anna Karenina" had been content to remain a consummate artist. For our part, we believe that it is as an idealist, apostle of peace and non-resistance and lover of liberty that Tolstoy's name will longest endure.

The Pulse of the World

Women Everywhere

MEN will have to create a new excuse for denying women the ballot, since their old pet theory that women can't fight has been disclaimed by the battles the English suffragettes are waging against the House of Commons. Whether the rôle of war is as becoming to women as the hobble skirt is a question; that it is as hazardous, is certain from the messy appearance of the Parliament battle-field, at the close of each busy day. Led by Mrs. Pankhurst, one thousand militant suffragettes tried to force an entrance into the Parliament buildings to demand of Premier Asquith the introduction of a woman's suffrage bill. Had the police not arrived in time to forestall a forcible entrance, there is no telling how the M. P.'s would have fared. As it was, a lively skirmish followed and over one hundred suffragettes proudly marched off to jail. Premier Asquith was attacked in a most unladylike fashion while on his way home and had to be smuggled into a taxi to avoid serious disfigurement, while Winston Churchill left some good dignity at the place where he was reprimanded with a horse whip, and Cabinet Minister Birrell escaped with his clothes, but minus a high silk hat.

Lady-Like Warfare

IN AMERICA, suffrage progress has been more successful if less pugilistic. As a result of the recent election, by the adoption of an amendment to the State constitution, 130,000 women may now exercise suffrage rights in the State of Washington. Intelligence and dignity so thoroughly characterized the campaign that even the unsympathetic have nothing but praise for the women engaged in winning the ballot, and the cause itself has been greatly strengthened by the methods employed. Many women who were in alliance with the "antis" are now anxiously inquiring whether or not they will be permitted to vote in the next Presidential election. The men are congratulating the women and the women are congratulating the men, and all in all, Washington at present is a pretty gay place to live in. Mrs. Chapman Catt, president of the National Suffrage Association, whose educational propaganda work helped a great deal to bring about this victory, when told of the good news, was overcome with joy. "I can stand defeat," she said, "but victory is almost too much for me. This is the first one we have had in fifteen years."

Suffrage in Washington

In Colorado the women have received a big slice of the election gains. Four women will sit in the eighteenth General Assembly of Colorado. The men of that State are getting so accustomed to having the women share their political burdens that when the floor is given to the lady from Denver, it is considered old fashioned to be curious.

THOUGH tasting the very dregs of hardship and privation, the garment workers of Chicago, who have been on strike now for many weeks, are still firm in their demands—recognition of their union and the closed shop. At the present writing, the strikers, who number upwards of forty thousand, have little hope held out to them for an early settlement. The grievances must be numerous and intense, indeed, to have forced a protest from so great a number, considering that the garment workers at the time of the strike were unorganized and had no union to fall back upon for partial support.

Forty Thousand Chicago Garment Workers Strike

At various meetings held at the Chicago Women's Trade Union League, the young girls engaged in the industry, many so young that they are called "baby basters," gave utterance to a few of these grievances. Theirs were no eloquent speeches of human rights and wrongs, no philosophizing about our chronic strikes or our present inadequate system of wage adjustments—these girls, in broken English, merely pleaded for a chance to live, especially since they were paying high prices for that privilege. Here's how one girl puts it: "The boss gets a man who works the fastest in the shop and all day long we must try to keep up with him. Take the button sewers, for instance; we used to sew through the buttons three times, but now we must put the needle through six times for the same pay, although it takes twice as much time—and so now we work until we are ready to drop and yet earn less than we did before."

The hands are heavily fined for the loss of needles, bobbins and spools; in many instances employees are forced to purchase the garments at retail prices if slightly damaged. One of their most serious grievances is the slave-driving methods of the foremen. These men, instead of receiving regular wages, are paid on the basis of the amount of labor they can wring out of the girls; consequently, they resort to the most heartless schemes for "speeding up."

Upon investigation, conditions in these factories were found to be so inhuman as to have aroused deep indignation among all classes of labor. The club women of Illinois have joined forces and are earnestly cooperating with the strikers.

ACCORDING to Dr. Sargent, physical director of Harvard University, we have reached the age of the mannish woman and the womanish man. His conclusion is based on a composite statue, molded from measurements of more than ten thousand women, prior to the year 1890. "Twenty years ago," says Dr. Sargent, "woman's ultra feminine characteristics, small waist, large hips, small feet, etc., were over-developed and she was the very antithesis of man in physical proportions. To-day her physique has become revolutionized and already approximates that of the other sex." The modification of the corset is one reason given for this change, the other being the general indulgence in athletics.

Manlike

That woman's physical development is nearing healthy and natural proportions is apparent even to the specialist on women, but what has set the world aworrying is the imminent assimilation of the sexes by each other. It would be rather disconcerting to come home in the evening and mistake one's wife for one's brother-in-law, or one's aunt for the janitor. Yet, when we remember how the man person looks in his bathing suit, we console ourselves with the thought that it will take more than one generation to effect a dangerous similarity of the sexes.

THE Japanese are progressing so rapidly on the job of getting civilized that they can already boast a system of child labor that can put even our august institution to shame. According to Dr. Kuwada, a member of the Japanese House of Peers, more than two-thirds of the one million factory hands are women and children. With no laws to fear or evade, the mill owners are employing seventy thousand children under the age of fourteen. In the match and tobacco industries particularly, the work is for the most part done by children, and of those many are under ten years of age.

Japan's Working Children

In the spinning mills these child-workers are often compelled to continue at their tasks at night without receiving extra pay or chance for rest. For disobedience of shop rules they are barbarously lashed and fined, this latter imposition usually wiping out their meagre wages.

Most of these girls are recruited from the poor rural districts by agents who lure them on with fascinating tales of city life. The ignorant parents, persuaded that the city will afford their daughters greater opportunity for education and refinement, offer up their children to an existence from which few live to return, and these broken in health and morals.

THE Christian Science Church has lost its founder and high priestess in the death of Mary Baker G. Eddy—the most powerful religious leader of this age, and a woman who reached that position through a new interpretation of the Bible. Her appeal was made primarily to the sick and infirm. "Life, truth and love are all powerful and ever present" was her text; she preached the doctrine that disease and death are "error" and can be controlled by the mind. Mrs. Eddy was a born leader with a powerful, magnetic personality. She possessed many of the mystical characteristics that seem necessary to a religious leader, and that have accompanied most religious movements in their early periods. Regardless of the merits or demerits of Christian Science, the fact remains that it has a large and influential following, that its members are earnest and intelligent men and women, and that it has gained its following by appeal to the reason rather than through force and persecution. Never befpre in history has a woman founded so important a movement.

A Modern Prophetess

POINT AND PLEASANTRY

WE WANT NEW STORIES FOR THIS PAGE—true, amusing stories that have not been printed in other publications. If we judge a contribution to be good enough for our "Point and Pleasantry" column, we will pay ten cents a word for each story as published, reserving the right to change the wording as may seem necessary.

If we consider a contribution to be not quite up to the standard of this column, but still available for our pages, we will retain it for another department at our current rates.

NO CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE RETURNED UNLESS STAMPED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED.

Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

Too Personal

PATROLMAN CASEY had ordered a pair of shoes at Rosenbng's store and was about to try one of them on when the clerk reached for it and deftly sprinkled some French chalk in it to ease the forthcoming strain. When he handed it back, the patrolman threw it on the floor, pulled on his own shoe and started out.

The proprietor had noted the scene. "What 's the matter, Mr. Casey?" he panted as he caught up with him. "Was the clerk sassy or anything?"

For a moment Casey glared at him in almost speechless anger, then observed with icy dignity: "If I can't come into a place to thry on a pair av shoes widout havin' chlooride av lime put in thim beforehand, I 'll thrade somewhere ilse."—CHAS. H. COPELAND.

Young at the Business

GENERAL HOWARD was an invited guest at a dinner given by a boys' patriotic club. "You eat very well, my boy," said the general to a doughty young trencherman. "If you love your flag as well as your dinner you 'll make a good patriot."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "but I've been practising eating twelve years, and I ain't owned a gun but six months."—H. E. ZIMMERMAN.

Irish Angels in Office

UNDER the "rotation system" which applies to most of the country legislative districts in Massachusetts, the small towns take turns in selecting the members. It is n't often a town has one of its own citizens representing it in Boston. That 's why the neighbors were so anxious to get his impressions when Uncle Si Cramer came home after the first session.

Uncle Si could n't be pinned down on the query whether he believed there had been any grafting during his term of service.

"Well, Si," said Michael O'Hara, finally, "an' did yez git the impression there waz any angels besides yersilf in the legislatur?"

"Well, I tell ye," said Uncle Si. "So fur as angels is concerned, I seen a heap of harps, like you, but no wings."

Miniature Specialization

A YOUNG medical student was being quizzed by one of his teachers: "In what will you specialize?" he was asked. "Diseases of the nostril," replied the student. "Good," said the professor, enthusiastically. "Which nostril?"—R. H. ALLISON.

Roosevelt Might Have Spared Him

A LITTLE girl, who had heard of Roosevelt's invasion of Europe, said to her father: "It was too bad that the King of England died before Mr. Roosevelt got to England, was n't it, papa? But," she remarked, shaking her head with a mighty sigh, "maybe he would n't have shot him, anyhow."

Officious Interference

"SKIPPER" Williams, as Thomas W. Williams of the New York *Times* is called by newspaper men, is sometimes seized with *wanderlust*. Once he took a day off and during the day decided to take a trip. When he returned, after having circled the globe, eight months had elapsed. Entering his office on his return, he was surprised to notice some changes, and his first question, asked in a rather peevish voice, was:

"Who moved my typewriter?"—BROOK PEMBERTON.

Two of a Kind

"SIR, you seem to be troubled."

"I am. For the last three years I 've done nothing but pay out money, money, money, and get no visible return for it. If this keeps up much longer I 'll soon be a pauper."

"Cheer up! I, too, have a son at college!"

Had to Take His Own Medicine

GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON was waiting for a train in Chicago, and as he passed through the station he saw one of his latest best-sellers displayed on the newsstand counter. He picked it up, wrote his name on the fly leaf and handed it to the boy behind the counter. He was moving away when the boy called excitedly:

"Hey, mister, come back here. You 've got to buy this book 'cause you 've spoiled it by writing your name in it."

"Yes, but did you see the name?" the author asked.

"That don't make no difference," the lad insisted, "nobody 'll want to buy it now."

And hearing his train called Mr. McCutcheon was forced to pay real money for one of his own books.

A Soporific Measure

"DOCTOR, I've tried everything and I can't get to sleep," complained the voice at the other end of the telephone. "Can't you do something for me?" "Yes," said the doctor, kindly. "Just hold the wire and I 'll sing you a lullaby."

A New Use for the Telephone

CECIL was accustomed to hearing his mother telephone for nearly everything she needed. One day as he entered the pantry, a little mouse scampered across the floor. Very much frightened, he jumped up and down screaming: "Oh, Mother, phone for the cat! Please phone for the cat!"—E. S.

Perplexing

SOME things are hard to understand:
My mother loves verbenas, and
I got a splendid bunch to-day—
I found them right acrost the way—
And then, instead of being thanked,
Dear mother said I should be spanked,
And made me take them over there
To that old lady. I don't care!

—ALICE REID.

Rules for Aeroplane Guests

NOW that aeroplanes are becoming so common a few hints as to aeroplane etiquette may not be amiss.

We will assume that you are the guest of honor and are sitting next your host, who is driving his own machine.

It is advisable to keep up a running fire of conversation, as there being no obstacles in his path to turn out for, he can have no reason for keeping his attention on the steering gear.

Ask him what make his airship is.
Say you think that is the best make, after all.
Ask if it is a dirigible or a biplane.
Say you thought so.
Ask its name.
Appear surprised that he has n't named it yet.
Suggest (1) Skyscraper; (2) Comet; (3) Meteor; (4) Rainbow.
Tell him you will christen it for him whenever he likes.
Ask him what really makes it stay up.
Pretend to understand.
Ask him if there is any danger of an accident.
Remark that you never expected to be so high up in the air until you went to Heaven.
Say it's like a bird in flight.
Admire his getup.
Say you suppose you ought n't to talk to him.
Say you 'd be afraid to go with anyone else.
Say it gives you the strangest sensation.
Ask what is the propeller.
Ask what is the rudder.
Ask what is every part you can see.
Inquire about the parts you can't see.
Talk on no subject but aeroplanes.
Ask if you are nearly there.
Say you 're glad you are n't.
Begin all over again.—CAROLYN WELLS.

EDITORIAL CHAT

The Next Time You Think You Are a Failure

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

If you have made a botch of 1910, if you feel that it has been a failure, that you have floundered and blundered and have done a lot of foolish things; if you have been gullible, made imprudent investments, wasted your time and money, don't drag these ghosts over the new year line to handicap you and destroy your happiness all through the coming year.

Have n't you wasted enough energy worrying over what can not be helped? Don't let these things sap any more of your vitality, waste any more of your time or destroy any more of your happiness.

There is only one thing to do with bitter experiences, blunders and unfortunate mistakes, or with memories that worry us and which kill our efficiency, and that is to *forget them, bury them!*

The new year is a good time to "leave the low-vaulted past," to drop the yesterdays, to forget bitter memories.

Resolve that when you cross the line between the old and the new year you will close the door on everything in the past that pains and can not help you. Free yourself from everything which handicaps you, keeps you back and makes you unhappy. Throw away all useless baggage, drop everything that is a drag, that hinders your progress.

Enter the door of the new year with a clean slate and a free mind. Don't be mortgaged to the past, and never look back.

There is no use in castigating yourself for not having done better.

Form a habit of expelling from your mind thoughts or suggestions which call up unpleasant subjects or bitter memories, and which have a bad influence upon you.

Every one ought to make it a life-rule to wipe out from his memory everything that has been unpleasant, unfortunate. We ought to forget everything that has kept us back, has made us suffer, has been disagreeable, and never allow the hideous pictures of distressing conditions to enter our minds again. There is only one thing to do with a disagreeable, harmful experience, and that is—*forget it!*

There are many times in the life of a person who does things that are worth while when he gets terribly discouraged and thinks it easier to go back than to push on. But *there is no victory in retreating.* We should never leave any bridges unburned behind us, any way open for retreat to tempt our weakness, indecision or discouragement. If there is anything we ever feel grateful for, it is that we have had courage and pluck enough to push on, to keep going when things looked dark and when seemingly insurmountable obstacles confronted us.

Most people are their own worst enemies. We are all the time "queering" our life game by our vicious, tearing-down thoughts and unfortunate moods. Everything depends upon our courage, our faith in ourselves, in our holding a hopeful, optimistic outlook; and yet, whenever things go wrong with us, whenever we have a discouraging day or an unfortunate experience, a loss or any misfortune, we let the tearing-down thought, doubt, fear, despondency, like a bull in a china shop, tear through our mentalities, perhaps breaking up and destroying the work of years of building up, and we have to start all over again. We work like the frog in the well; we climb up only to fall back, and often lose all we gain.

One of the worst things that can ever happen to a person is to get it into his head that he was born unlucky and that the Fates are against him. There are no Fates, outside of our own mentality. We are our own Fates. We control our own destiny.

There is no fate or destiny which puts one man down and another up. "It is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." He only is beaten who admits it. The man is inferior who admits that he is inferior, who voluntarily takes an inferior position because he thinks the best things were intended for somebody else.

You will find that just in proportion as you increase your confidence in yourself by the affirmation of what you wish to be and to do, your ability will increase.

No matter what other people may think about your ability, never allow yourself to doubt that you can do or become what you long to. Increase your self-confidence in every possible way, and you can do this to a remarkable degree by the power of self-suggestion.

This form of suggestion—talking to oneself vigorously, earnestly—seems to arouse the sleeping forces in the subconcious self more effectually than thinking the same thing.

There is a force in words spoken aloud which is not stirred by going over the same words mentally. They sometimes arouse slumbering energies within us which thinking does not stir up—especially if we have not been trained to think deeply, to focus the mind closely. They make a more lasting impression upon the mind, just as words which pass through the eye from the printed page make a greater impression on the brain than we get by thinking the same words; as seeing objects of nature makes a more lasting impression upon the mind than thinking about them. A vividness, a certain force, accompanies the spoken word—especially if earnestly, vehemently uttered—which is not apparent to many in merely thinking about what the words express. If you repeat a firm resolve to yourself aloud, vigorously, even vehemently, you are more likely to carry it to reality than if you merely resolve in silence.

We become so accustomed to our silent thoughts that the voicing of them, the giving audible expression to our yearnings, makes a much deeper impression upon us.

The audible self-encouragement treatment may be used with marvelous results in correcting our weaknesses; overcoming our deficiencies.

Never allow yourself to think meanly, narrowly, poorly of yourself. Never regard yourself as weak, inefficient, diseased, but as perfect, complete, capable. Never even think of the possibility of going through life a failure or a partial failure. Failure and misery are not for the man who has seen the God-side of himself, who has been in touch with divinity. They are for those who have never discovered themselves and their God-like qualities.

Stoutly assert that there is a place for you in the world, and that you are going to fill it like a man. Train yourself to expect great things of yourself. Never admit, even by your manner, that you think you are destined to do little things all your life.

It is marvelous what mental strength can be developed by the perpetual affirmation of vigorous fitness, strength, power, efficiency; these are thoughts and ideals that make a strong man.

The way to get the best out of yourself is to put things right up to yourself, handle yourself without gloves, and talk to yourself as you would to a son of yours who has great ability but who is not using half of it.

When you go into an undertaking just say to yourself, "Now, this thing is right up to me. I've got to make good, to show the man in me or the coward. There is no backing out."

You will be surprised to see how quickly this sort of self-suggestion will brace you up and put new spirit in you.

I have a friend who has helped himself wonderfully by talking to himself about his conduct. When he feels that he is not doing all that he ought to, that he has made some foolish mistake or has failed to use good sense and good judgment in any transaction, when he feels that his stamina and ambition are deteriorating, he goes off alone to the country, to the woods if possible, and has a good heart-to-heart talk with himself something after this fashion:

"Now, young man, you need a good talking-to, a bracing-up all along the line. You are going stale, your standards are dropping, your ideals are getting dull, and the worst of it all is that when you do a poor job, or are careless about your dress and indifferent in you manner, you do not feel as troubled as you used to. You are not making good. This lethargy, this inertia, this indifference will seriously cripple your career if you're not very careful. You are letting a lot of good chances slip by you, because you are not as progressive and up-to-date as you ought to be.

"In short, you are becoming lazy. You like to take things easy. Nobody ever amounts to much who lets his energies flag, his standards droop and his ambition ooze out. Now, I am going to keep right after you, young man, until you are doing yourself justice. This take-it-easy sort of policy will never land you at the goal you started for. You will have to watch yourself very closely or you will be left behind.

"You are capable of something much better than what you are doing. You must start out to-day with a firm resolution to make the returns from your work greater to-night than ever before. You must make this a red-letter day. Bestir yourself; get the cobwebs out of your head; brush off the brain ash. Think, think, think to some purpose! Do not mull and mope like this. You are only half-alive, man; get a move on you!"

This young man says that every morning when he

is standards are down and he feels lazy and ent he "hauls himself over the coals," as he in order to force himself up to a higher standard t himself in tune for the day. It is the very first e attends to.

orces himself to do the most disagreeable tasks id does not allow himself to skip hard problems. don't be a coward," he says to himself. "If have done this, you can do it."

ears of stern discipline of this kind he has done rs with himself. He began as a poor boy living slums of New York with no one to take an in- n him, encourage or push him. Though he had opportunity for schooling when he was a small e has given himself a splendid education, mainly he was twenty-one. I have never known any se who carried on such a vigorous campaign in ctory, self-development, self-training, self-culture young man has.

first it may seem silly to you to be talking to elf, but you will derive so much benefit from it you will have recourse to it in remedying all defects. There is no fault, however great or which will not succumb to persistent audible stion. For example, you may be naturally timid shrink from meeting people; and you may dis- your own ability. If so, you will be greatly d by assuring yourself in your daily self-talks you are not timid; that, on the contrary, you are embodiment of courage and bravery. Assure self that there is no reason why you should be , because there is nothing inferior or peculiar t you; that you are attractive and that you know to act in the presence of others. Say to yourself you are never again going to allow yourself to or any thoughts of self-depreciation or timidity or ority; that you are going to hold your head up go about as though you were a king, a conqueror, ad of crawling about like a whipped cur; you are g to assert your manhood, your individuality.

you lack initiative, stoutly affirm your ability to begin gs, and to push them to a finish. And always put r resolve into action at the first opportunity.

ou will be surprised to see how you can increase r courage, your confidence and your ability, if you be sincere with yourself and strong and persistent our affirmations.

know of nothing so helpful for the timid, those o lack faith in themselves, as the habit of con- ntly affirming their own importance, their own wer, their own divinity. The trouble is that we not think half enough of ourselves; do not accu- ely measure our ability; do not put the right esti- te upon our possibilities. We berate ourselves, ittle, efface ourselves, because we do not see the ger, divmer man in us.

Try this experiment the very next time you get discour- d or think that you are a failure, that your work does t amount to much—turn about face. Resolve that u will go no further in that direction. Stop and e the other way, and go the other way. Every time u think you are a failure, it helps you to become e, for your thought is your life pattern and you can t get away from it. You can not get away from ur ideals, the standard which you hold for yourself, d if you acknowledge in your thought that you are ailure, that you can't do anything worth while, that ck is against you, that you don't have the same portunity that other people have—your convictions ll control the result.

There are thousands of people who have lost every- ing they valued in the world, all the material results their lives' endeavor, and yet, because they possess out hearts, unconquerable spirits, a determination push ahead which knows no retreat, they are just as r from real failure as before their loss; and with such ealth they can never be poor.

A great many people fail to reach a success which atches their ability because they are victims of their ods, which repel people and repel business.

We avoid morose, gloomy people just as we avoid a icture which makes a disagreeable impression upon us.

Everywhere we see people with great ambitions oing very ordinary things, simply because there are so many days when they do not "feel like it" or when they are discouraged or "blue."

A man who is at the mercy of a capricious disposi- tion can never be a leader, a power among men.

It is perfectly possible for a well-trained mind to completely rout the worst case of the "blues" in a few minutes; but the trouble with most of us is that instead of flinging open the mental blinds and letting in the sun of cheerfulness, hope and optimism, we keep them closed and try to eject the darkness by main force.

The art of arts is learning how to clear the mind of its enemies—enemies of our comfort, happiness and suc- cess. It is a great thing to learn to focus the mind upon the beautiful instead of the ugly, the true instead of the false, upon harmony instead of discord, life in- stead of death, health instead of disease. This is not always easy, but it is possible to everybody. It re- quires only skilful thinking, the forming of the right thought habits.

The best way to keep out darkness is to keep the mind filled with light; to keep out discord, keep it filled with harmony; to shut out error, keep the mind filled with truth; to shut out ugliness, contemplate beauty and loveliness; to get rid of all that is sour and unwholesome, contemplate all that is sweet and wholesome. Opposite thoughts can not occupy the mind at the same time.

No matter whether you feel like it or not, just affirm that you *must* feel like it, that you *will* feel like it, that you *do* feel like it, that you are normal and that you are in a position to do your best. Say it deliberately, affirm it vigorously and it will come true.

The next time you get into trouble, or are discouraged and think you are a failure, just try the experiment of affirming vigorously, persistently, that all that is real *must* be good, for God made all that is, and whatever doesn't seem to be good is not like its creator and therefore can not be real. Persist in this affirmation. You will be surprised to see how unfortunate suggestions and adverse conditions will melt away before it.

The next time you feel the "blues" or a fit of depression coming on, just get by yourself—if possible after taking a good bath and dressing yourself becomingly—and give yourself a good talking-to. Talk to yourself in the same dead-in-earnest way that you would talk to your own child or a dear friend who was deep in the mire of despondency, suffering tortures from melancholy. Drive out the black, hideous pictures which haunt your mind. Sweep away all depressing thoughts, suggestions, all the rubbish that is troubling you. Let go of everything that is unpleasant; all the mistakes, all the disagreeable past; just rise up in arms against the enemies of your peace and happiness; summon all the force you can muster and drive them out. Resolve that no matter what happens you are going to be happy; that you are going to enjoy yourself.

When you look at it squarely, it is very foolish—almost criminal—to go about this beautiful world, crowded with things to delight and cheer us with splendid opportunities, with a sad, dejected face, as though life had been a disappointment instead of a priceless boon. Just say to yourself, "I am a *man* and I am going to do the work of a man. It's right up to me and I am going to face the situation."

Do not let anybody or anything shake your faith that you can conquer all the enemies of your peace and happiness, and that you inherit an abundance of all that is good.

We should early form the habit of erasing from the mind all disagreeable, unhealthy, death-dealing thoughts. We should start out every morning with a clean slate. We should blot out from our mental gallery all discordant pictures and replace them with the harmonious, uplifting, life-giving ones.

The next time you feel jaded, discouraged, completely played out and "blue," you will probably find, if you look for the reason, that your condition is largely due to exhausted vitality, either from overwork, overeating, or violating in some way the laws of digestion, or from vicious habits of some kind.

The "blues" are often caused by exhausted nerve cells, due to overstraining work, long-continued excitement, or over-stimulated nerves from dissipation. This condition is caused by the clamoring of exhausted nerve cells for nourishment, rest or recreation. Multitudes of people suffer from despondency and melancholy, as a result of a run-down condition physically due to their irregular, vicious habits and a lack of refreshing sleep.

When you are feeling "blue" or discouraged, get as complete a change of environment as possible. Whatever you do, do not brood over your troubles or dwell upon the things which happen to annoy you at the time. Think the pleasantest, happiest things possible. Hold the most charitable, loving thoughts toward others. Make a strenuous effort to radiate joy and gladness to everybody about you. Say the kindest, pleasantest things. You will soon begin to feel a wonderful uplift, the shadows which have darkened your mind will flee away, and the sun of joy will light up your whole being.

Stoutly, constantly, everlastingly affirm that you will become what your ambitions indicate as fitting and possible. Do not say, "I shall be a success sometime;" say, "I am a success. Success is my birthright." Do not say that you are going to be happy in the future. Say to yourself, "I was intended for happiness, made for it, and I am happy now."

If, however, you affirm, "I am health; I am prosperity; I am this or that," but do not believe it, you will not be helped by affirmation. *You must believe what you affirm and try to realize it.*

Assert your actual possession of the things you need; of the qualities you long to have. Force your mind toward your goal; hold it there steadily, persistently, for this is the mental state that creates. The negative mind, which doubts and wavers, creates nothing.

"I, myself, am good fortune," says Walt Whitman.

If we could only realize that the very attitude of assuming that we are the real embodiment of the thing we long to be or to attain, that we possess the good things we long for, not that we possess all the qualities of good, but that we are these qualities—with the constant affirming, "I myself am good luck, good fortune; I am myself a part of the great creative, sustaining principle of the universe, because my real, divine self and my Father are one"—what a revolution would come to earth's toilers!

The Man Who Spoke Latin

[Continued from page 15]

maintaining his end with nods and gestures, and (ostensibly) through the digital mediumship of his sponsor. Presently Warren said to the host:

"And where is your visitor from the past?"

"Prowling among my books," answered the old gentleman.

"Are we not going to see him?"

The colonel looked a little embarrassed. "The fact is, Professor Warren, Livius has taken rather an aversion to you."

"I'm sorry. How so?"

A twinkle of malice shone in the old scholar's eye. "He says your Latin accent frets his nerves," he explained.

"In that case," said Warren, obeying a quick signal from his accomplice, "I'll stroll in the garden, while you present Mr. Jones to Livius."

Colonel Graeme led the way to a lofty wing, once used as a drawing-room, but now the repository for thousands of books, which not only filled the shelves but were heaped up in every corner.

"I must apologize for this confusion, sir," said the host. "No one is permitted to arrange my books but myself. And my efforts, I fear, serve only to make confusion more confounded. There are four other rooms even more chaotic than this."

At the sound of his voice a man who had been seated behind a tumulus of volumes rose and stood. Average Jones looked at him keenly. He was perhaps forty-five years of age, thin and sinewy, with a close-shaven face, pale blue eyes, and a narrow forehead running high into a mop of grizzled locks. Diagonally across the forehead and temple a thin, keen scar was partly overhung by a straggling cow-lick. Average Jones glanced at the stranger's hands, to gain, if possible, some hint of his former employment. With his faculty of swift observation, he noticed that the long, slender fingers were not only mottled with dust, but also scuffed, and, in places, scarified, as if their owner had been hurriedly handling a great number of books. Colonel Graeme presented the newcomer in formal Latin. He bowed. The scarred man made a curious gesture of the hand, addressing Average Jones in an accent which, even to the young man's long-unaccustomed ears, sounded strange and strained.

"*Di illi linguama strinxere; mutus est*," said Colonel Graeme, indicating the younger man, and added a sentence in sonorous metrical Greek.

Average Jones recalled the Æschylan line. "Well, though 'a great ox hath stepped on my tongue,' it has n't trodden out my eyes, praises be!" said he to himself as he caught the uneasy glance of the Roman. By way of allaying suspicion, he scribbled upon a sheet of paper a few complimentary Latin sentences, in which Warren had sedulously coached him for the occasion, and withdrew to the front room, where he was presently joined by the Johns Hopkins man. Fortunately, the colonel gave them a few moments together.

"Arrange for me to come here daily to study in the library," whispered Jones to the Latin professor.

The other nodded.

"Now, sit tight," added Jones.

He stepped, soft-footed, on the thick old rug, across to the library door and threw it open. Just inside stood Livius, an expression of startled anger on his thin face. Quickly recovering himself, he explained, in his ready Latin, that he was about to enter and speak to his patron.

"Shows a remarkable interest in possible conversation," whispered Jones, on his withdrawal, "for a man who understands no English. Also does me the honor to suspect me. He must have been a wily chap—in the Consulship of Plancus."

Before leaving, Average Jones had received from Colonel Graeme a general invitation to spend as much time as he chose, studying among the books. The old man-servant, Saul, had orders to admit him at any hour. He returned to his hotel to write a courteous note of acknowledgment.

Many hours has Average Jones spent more tediously than those passed in the cool seclusion of Colonel Ridgway Graeme's treasure-house of print. He burrowed among quaint accumulations of forgotten classics. He dipped with astonishment into the savage and ultra-Rabelaisian satire of Von Hutten's "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*," which set early sixteenth century Europe a-roar with laughter at the discomfited monks; and he cleansed himself from that tainted atmosphere in the fresh air and free English of a splendid Audubon "first"—and all the time he was conscious that the Roman watched, watched, watched. More than once Livius offered aid, seeking to apprise himself of the supposed mute's line of investigation; but the other smilingly fended him off. At the end of four days, Average Jones had satisfied himself that if Livius were seeking anything in particular, he had an indefinite task before him, for the colonel's bound treasures were in indescribable confusion. Apparently he had bought from far and near, without definite theme or purpose. As he bought he read, and having read, cast aside; and where a volume fell, there it had license to lie. No cataloguer had ever sought to restore order to that bibliographic riot. To seek any given book meant a blind voyage, without compass or chart, throughout the mingled centuries.

Often Colonel Graeme spent hours in one or the other of the huge book-rooms talking with his strange protégé and making copious notes. Usually the old gentleman questioned and the other answered. But one morning the attitude seemed, to the listening Ad-Visor, to be reversed. Livius, in the far corner of the room, was speaking in a low tone. To judge from the older man's impatient manner, the Roman was interrupting his host's current of queries with interrogations of his own. Average Jones made a mental note, and, in conference with Warren that evening, asked him to ascertain from Colonel Graeme whether Livius's inquiries had indicated a specific interest in any particular line of reading.

On the following day, however, an event of more immediate import occupied his mind. He had spent the morning in the up-stairs library, at the unevadable suggestion of Colonel Graeme, while the colonel and his Roman collogued below. Coming down about noon, Average Jones entered the colonel's small study just in time to see Livius, who was alone in the room, turn away sharply from the desk. His elbow was held close to his ribs in a peculiar manner. He was concealing something under his coat. With a pretense of clumsiness, Average Jones lolled against him in passing. Livius drew away, his high forehead working with suspicion. The Ad-Visor's expression of blank apology, eked out with a bow and a grimace, belied the busy-working mind within. For, in the moment's contact, he had heard something rustle crisply beneath the ill-fitting coat.

What paper had the man from B. C. taken furtively from his benefactor's table? It must be large; otherwise he could have readily thrust it into his pocket. No sooner was Livius out of the room than Average Jones scanned the desk. His face lighted with a sudden smile. Colonel Graeme never read a newspaper—boasted, in fact, that he would n't have one about the place. But, as Average Jones distinctly recalled, he had, himself, that very morning brought in a copy of the *Globe* and dropped it into the scrap-basket near the writing-table. It was gone. Livius had taken it.

"If he's got the newspaper-reading habit," said Average Jones to himself, "I'll set a trap for him. But Warren must furnish the bait."

He went to look up his aide. The conference between them was long and exhaustive, covering the main points of the case from the beginning.

"Did you find out from Colonel Graeme," inquired Average Jones, "whether Livius affected any particular brand of literature?"

"Yes. He seems to be specializing on late seventeenth century British classicism. Apparently he considers that the flower of British scholarship of that time wrote a very inferior kind of dog-Latin."

"Late seventeenth century Latinity," commented Average Jones. "That—er—gives us a fair start. Now as to the body-servant."

"Old Saul? I questioned him about strange callers. He said he remembered only two, besides an occasional peddler or agent. They were looking for work."

"What kind of work?"

"Inside the house. One wanted to catalogue the library."

"What did he look like?"

"Saul says he wore glasses and a worse tall hat than the colonel's and had a full beard."

"And the other?"

"Book-binder and repairer. Wanted to fix up Colonel Graeme's collection. Youngish, smartly dressed, with a small waxed mustache."

"And our Livius is clean-shaven," murmured Average Jones. "How long apart did they call?"

"About two weeks. The second applicant came on the day of the last snowfall. I looked that up. It was March 27."

"Do you know, Warren," observed Average Jones, "I sometimes think that part of your talents, at least, are wasted in a chair of Latin."

"Certainly, there is more excitement in this hide-and-seek game, as you play it, than in the pursuits of a fusty pedant," admitted the other, crackling his large knuckles. "But when are we going to spring upon friend Livius and strip him of his fake toga?"

"That's the easiest part of it. I've already caught him filling a fountain pen as if he'd been brought up on them, and humming the Spinning chorus from 'The Flying Dutchman'; not to mention the lifting of my newspaper."

"*Nemo omnibus horis sapit*," murmured Warren.

"No. As you say, no fellow can be on the job *all* the time. But our problem is not to catch Livius, but to find out what it is he's been after for the last four months."

"Four months? You're assuming that it was he who applied for work in the library."

"Certainly. And when he failed at that he set about a very carefully developed scheme to get at Colonel Graeme's books anyway. By inquiries he found out the old gentleman's fad and proceeded to get in training for it. You don't know, perhaps, that I have a corps of assistants who clip, catalogue and file all on-

usual advertisements. Here is one which they turned up for me on my order to send me any queer educational advertisements: 'Wanted — Daily lessons in Latin speech from competent Spanish scholar. Write, Box 347, *Banner* office.' That is from the New York *Banner* of April 3, shortly after the strange caller's second abortive attempt to get into the Graeme library."

"I suppose our Livius figured out that Colonel Graeme's theory of accent was about what a Spaniard would have. But he could n't have learned all his Latin in four months."

"He didn't. He was a scholar already; an accomplished one, who went wrong through drink and became a crook, specializing in rare books and prints. His name is Enderby; you 'll find it in the Harvard catalogue. He 's supposed to be dead. My assistant traced him through his Spanish-Latin teacher, a priest."

"But even allowing for his scholarship, he must have put in a deal of work perfecting himself in readiness of speech and accent."

"So he did. Therefore the prize must be big. A man of Enderby's calibre doesn't concoct a scheme of such ingenuity, and go into bondage with it, for nothing. Do you belong to the Cosmic Club?"

The Assistant Professor stared. "No," he said.

"I 'd like to put you up there. One advantage of membership is that its roster includes experts in every known line of erudition, from scarabs to skeeing. For example, I 'm now going to telegraph for aid from old Millington, who seldom misses a book auction and is a human bibliography of the wanderings of all rare volumes. I 'm going to find out from him what British publication of the late seventeenth century in Latin is very valuable; also what volumes of that time have changed hands in the last six months."

"Colonel Graeme went to a big book auction in New York early in March," volunteered Warren, "but he told me he did n't pick up anything of particular value."

"Then it's something he doesn't know about and Livius does. I 'm going to take advantage of our Roman's rather un-B. C.-like habit of reading the daily papers by trying him out with this advertisement."

Average Jones wrote rapidly and tossed the result to his coadjutor, who read:

> "LOST—Old book printed in Latin. Buff leather binding, a little faded ('It 's safe to be that,' explained Average Jones). No great value except to owner. Return to Colonel Ridgway Graeme, 11 Carteret Street, and receive reward."

The advertisement made its appearance in big type on the front pages of the Baltimore papers of the following day. That evening Average Jones met Warren, for dinner, with a puckered brow.

"Did Livius rise to the bait," asked the scholar.

"Did he!" chuckled Average Jones. "He 's been nervous as a cat all day and hardly has looked at the library. But what puzzles me is this:"

He exhibited a telegram from New York.

> "Millington says positively no book of that time and description any great value. Enderby at Barclay auction in March and made row over some book which he missed because it was put up out of turn in catalogue. Barclay auctioneer thinks it was one of Percival privately bound books 1680-1703. An anonymous book of Percival library, "De Merite Librorum Britannorum," was sold to Colonel Graeme for $47, a good price. When do I get in on this?
> "(Signed) ROBERT BERTRAM."

"I know that treatise," said Warren. "It isn't particularly rare."

Average Jones stared at the telegram in silence. Finally he drawled: "There are—er—books and—er—books—and—er—things in books. Wait here for me."

Three hours later he reappeared with collar wilted, but spirits elate, and abruptly announced:

"Warren, I 'm a cobbler."

"A what?"

"A cobbler. Mend your boots, you know."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Certainly. Haven't you ever remarked that a serious-minded earnestness always goes with cobbling? Though I 'm not really a practical cobbler, but a proprietary one. Your friend, Bertram, will dress and act the part. I've wired him and he 's replied, collect, accepting the job. You and I will be in the background."

"Where?"

"No. 27 Jasmine Street. Not a very savory locality. Why is it, Warren, that the beauty of a city street is generally in inverse ratio to the poetic quality of its name? There I've hired the shop and stock of Mr. Hans Fichtel for two days, at the handsome rental of $10 per day. Mr. Fichtel purposes to take a a keg of beer a-fishing. I think two days will be enough."

"For the keg?"

"For that noble Roman, Livius. He 'll be reading the papers pretty keenly now. And in to-morrow's, he 'll find this advertisement."

Average Jones read from a sheet of paper which he took from his pocket:

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THEY MEANT WELL

[Continued from page 19]

of his career and see that. I could not deny myself that he was immensely attractive in spite of everything.

"You see," said Mme. Desterelles, and she spoke as one uttering her thoughts aloud rather than explaining a thing, "Genevieve is fighting for her life. If she marries Morrison it will be Anastasia over again, only worse. If we could tide her over this little time now, she will find herself. She's in a difficult place, but she'll find herself, or else some one who really cares for her—a decent sort—will find her."

At that moment there didn't seem to be much chance of a "decent sort" finding her, for from the arrival of Chauncey Morrison, Genevieve had been seen constantly with Redmond, and at this the talk in the hotel reached the dimensions of something nearer scandal, for Redmond was a sore spot in our little community. We were proud of his talents, of course. Who wouldn't have been? But his ways of life offended us and we told each other that we tolerated him only because of his wife. It was the more bitter to us because we also suspected that he tolerated us on her account. I think we may have forgiven him his many flirtations if it had n't been for his little superior, smiling manner, and among ourselves we pitied Mrs. Redmond sincerely and even went so far as to wonder how much of her ill-health was caused by the straying affections of her husband. Not that we had the slightest fault to find with his manner to her—he was always charming and attentive. They stayed there because the climate suited her and because she was well taken care of in the hotel, but he did n't hesitate to show us the mortal boredom he felt in this environment, and we and the partisans of Genevieve felt that, on Redmond's part anyway, this was too much.

Thus Mortimer Johnson reiterated without ceasing: "Really, being interested in this young lady as you are, it seems to me your duty to warn her. And, after all, you must consider that she is a very young girl and should be protected."

We approached Mme. Desterelles on this point, but she confessed herself hopelessly inadequate to such a task.

"As it is," she wailed, "you know I have only the faintest hold over her. She tolerates me; how could I interfere—she talks to me about him and says he is a good friend of hers, and God knows the child needs friends."

"Not that sort of a friend," Mrs. Evans snorted. "I should think you would rather see her married to Morrison and done with it; I am sure he seems quite harmless—since he has been here, at any rate."

But here the poor lady showed unwonted spirit: "I had rather see anything than that," she cried. "Except for the talk I know there is, I am comfortable when she is with Mr. Redmond. He's old enough to be her father. But the way they have taken Morrison in here and have left Genevieve out—" And Mme. Desterelles grew red over the injustice of it.

There was one thing sure: the girl's position in the hotel was becoming more unbearable every day. And now I come to a black page in the story, because I do not know how much we fooled ourselves in what we did nor how much our motives were mixed; how much we resented the talk just because it touched us, nor how much we really cared for Genevieve's welfare. The one person who did care unselfishly had let it go, and we might have done the same.

I know that for a long time, whenever we four found ourselves alone, conversation like this would fly back and forth. Mrs. Evans would begin by saying sharply: "The situation is unbearable!" while Ann Grierson would meet her with a mournful—

"The poor child needs a guiding hand—"

"Poor Mrs. Redmond—"

"This talk, you know, is insupportable!"

And Elizabeth Anderson would contribute—

"The girl's situation is most—" and Mrs. Evans take her up with—

"If Anastasia is incapable of tending to her own daughter, we should not shirk the responsibility."

I think we meant well, but sometimes a very good woman lacks the perception of a fairly bad man. What right have we, after all, to put our clumsy hands into the tangled meshes of another person's life?

I know at the moment it did not seem of so much importance; in fact, when Ann Grierson resolved at last to speak to the girl, it was mainly with the feeling of dread of a disagreeable interview.

"She's so little a respecter of the social surface," Ann wailed as she went on her errand.

Time went by and she did not return. Elizabeth Anderson and Mrs. Evans and I sat at our little end of the piazza. An uneasy silence fell upon us.

Once Mrs. Evans remarked crisply: "I hope that child is not making poor Ann a scene."

Silence fell upon us again; time went by and yet Ann did not return.

"She may have gone to her room," I said at last; "I think I'll go and see."

I knocked on the door and knocked again and was about to turn away when Ann's voice bade me enter. She was sitting there in the darkness and did not speak to me. A presentiment of something untoward came over me.

"What is the matter?" I demanded and turned on the light.

Ann's eyes, swollen with crying, blinked at me.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know what I've done."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I don't know," she repeated. "I feel as if I had done something awful; something, you know, hideously indelicate. I have never," she went on in a low voice, "seen anyone so awfully shocked, so awfully wounded. I went at it in the best way I could. She did n't help me out a bit. She sat perfectly quiet, just looking at me with those spectacular eyes of hers and then at last she said:

"'Do you mean that they have all been talking about me? That they have all misunderstood my friendship? That you have?'

"What could I say? I told her it was imprudent. I tried to get hold of her by her sympathies. I spoke of Mrs. Redmond and the unhappy part she played. And Genevieve sat there with all the color gone from her face. I can't describe the look of her sitting there quivering like something that has been struck—like a girl who hears of the low things of the world for the first time—and then she did n't say a word for so long that I was frightened. At last she whispered:

"'And he knew it—he knew how his wife felt and what people said and he let me get the comfort that his friendship gave me at her expense!'

"Then she got up and walked up and down and asked in a voice of such bitterness as I have never heard: 'Are all men bad, then?' And I tried to comfort her but it did n't do any good. Someway, with a girl like that, all our little subterfuges of speech seem so futile; she strikes at the truth so!

"Then she began to cry—slow, difficult tears—the way I have seen a man cry once or twice, and she told me how afraid she had been of Chauncey Morrison. Oh, she told me everything; not justifying herself—she just spoke out the way people talk when they think aloud. There 's nothing in her difficult position she does n't understand—about the money, about how they can't leave here, all the things Mme. Desterelles thinks she does n't know; and then she stood in front of me and asked, like a child:

"'I can't help being born the way I am, can I? And being as I am, I can't ask favors, can I? But I must go! I must go! I can't live in a place like this!' And she put her hands across her breast as though she were shielding herself from something horrible. 'Oh, it 's too dirty here!' she cried out, and I felt dirty; horribly dirty, foul-minded; and when I think how all of us sat and gossiped—gossiped instead of making her care for us, for she would have cared for us, you know. She would care for anybody who was really kind to her. That 's why I've been crying; that and the pity for her. You see, she had n't any one else to turn to, and when she was with Redmond she could n't be with Chauncey. He kept him off. Apparently he has understood, and not one of us—mothers of girls as we are—found out what even a man like that understood. We left it to a man like Redmond—" and Ann fell to weeping again.

I tried to comfort her, but it was n't any use. Genevieve, as Ann put it, had stripped from us our little subterfuges.

"It 's too late now," Ann sobbed. "We can't undo it—we can't get her confidence at this stage—and I talked about her need of a guiding hand. And I 'm afraid she 's going to do something desperate."

"Pooh!" said I. "Desperate! A little gossip 's not such a desperate thing."

Ann raised her head sharply and the voice she spoke in was almost stern.

"Have you forgotten your own youth?" she demanded. "This thing is no mere gossip to that child. I tell you she 's wounded to the depths of her."

And, as if in answer to her fears, there came a hurried rap on the door and Mme. Desterelles entered.

"What have you done to her?" she cried. "What have you done to my Genevieve! She 's gone!"

"Gone!" I echoed dully. "Gone where?"

"Gone home, if you call it that—gone back to Anastasia with Morrison—gone in his racing car. She sent for him and then she kissed me good-by and told me what she was going to do. They are to be married at once—to-night, to-morrow—I don't know when! He 'll make sure of her while he can—I tried to stop her—I don't know what is driving her. I said—

"'But you, Genevieve—what about you?'

"'What about *me*?' she answered, 'What difference does it make about me? Sooner or later something 's got to become of me, and I can't stay here.'

"Then she kissed me again and said:

"'It 's the only way out for me; Chauncey is better than this.' What did you do?" Mme. Desterelles demanded again.

But we had no answer. We could n't tell her that we meant well and that we wanted to put out "a guiding hand," as we had called it. We could n't say anything, for just at that moment we saw, I think, too exactly what it was that we had done—that we had dealt brutally and blunderingly with that lovely thing called Youth until among us all we had killed it.

The Little Mother and Their Majesties

[*Continued from page 27*]

"'Ave the people 'ere about the court an' over in Thistledown Lane s'yin' me dad was dished by the Widow Flossie? Never! Though she *is* a beauty."

With this resolution, Gwennie locked away her father's trinkets and slowly, thoughtfully, moved to retirement.

III

"KING HAL was a good king," read little Hal—"an' oh," he added plaintively, "I am so 'ungry."

Quick light steps sounded on the stairs and Gwennie burst into the room.

"What a time you've been," he began fretfully.

"S'y never a word," Gwennie urged.

She placed some lumps of sugar and a tiny packet of tea on the table.

"I brought 'em along; it was n't thieving for I never 'ad me tea with the other servants—just worked on since noon—never a stop. I 'm all in too, but I was lucky to get the job."

She threw off her shawl, bustled about and in no time there was a boiling kettle. Greedily, Hal began upon his bread and warm, sweet tea. Gwennie stood at the table and drank too, her little face, pinched and pale, her eyes snapping excitedly; her hair stood out in tiny light braids that quivered too, expectantly.

"Whatever's on?" demanded Hal.

"Some place a long tramp out o' London is country; trees an' flowers an' grass," said Gwennie. "I've always wanted to go, an' now the time's come. Summer's about 'ere an' to-night you an' me—"

"Gwennie! Reely an' true?"

Gwennie dived into their bedroom and brought out shabby little articles of apparel, tying them in a blanket. She hopped to the chest of drawers and with customary care laid out the zebra suit, scarlet waistcoat and the usual necessities convenient for her father's adornment.

With a cap and a shawl she approached Hal.

"I 'm goin' out an' you 're to set ready an' quiet by the fire." She fastened the shawl with a hair-pin and drew the cap down over his ears. "Dad may come in, but I 'll not be long, tell 'im, an' 'e's to dress 'imself as usual." She drew her brother in his chair toward the fireplace. "And don't stare at Dad; it vexes 'im."

A slow smile spread over the little face.

"Dad 's a rum 'un in 'is checks. I watched 'im through the key-hole last night makin' ready to go out. It *did* make me larf!"

But Gwennie had not heard. She stood in a chair before Their Majesties. Slowly, reverently, she lifted them one after the other from their places on the wall to the floor. A tear splashed upon Her Majesty's face.

"I never thort I'd be the one to tike you to Solomon's, but I 'll get you out again, never fear."

Murmuring apologies and reassurances, Gwennie shuffled out with a loved picture under each arm.

Hal peered after her, his big eyes bright, beneath the overhanging peak of cap. A sudden pleasant thought came.

"Maybe this time *we* gets what Their Majesties fetches. It's one on Dad." He smiled with grim satisfaction, and his father's footsteps sounding on the stair, he closed his eyes, feigning sleep.

Mr. Raymond entered, and, satisfied with the situation, endeavored to keep silence, proceeding with his supper cautiously. He observed his evening attire and the absence of Their Majesties wonderingly.

"Gwennie," he demanded at once, when, presently, exhibiting uncontrollable signs of grief, she came in trying to face him bravely, "don't tell me you 've been an' pawned Their Majesties."

"You 'll need the money, Dad."

Mr. Raymond's brow cleared. At the same time his son, rousing quickly, turned upon him that distasteful gaze of reproach.

"Put 'im to bed, Gwennie, do," begged her father.

"Dad," said Gwennie, "'e an' I is going away. You 'll be able to s'y to the widow to-night: 'Me children is no more!'"

Mr. Raymond sat up brightly.

"Begin to dress." She waved her hand toward his wardrobe. "You goes to 'er to-night, a 'andsome man, a gentleman; you carries 'er a present; you s'ys to 'er, 'Flossie I 'ave no children; I 'ave nothink; now you will be mine?'"

Mr. Raymond stood up and gathering up his clothes, paused, his head cocked brightly sideways.

"Where do I get the present I carries 'er?"

Gwennie chinked the silver in her pocket.

"With the money from Their Majesties," she murmured. "Come, buck up, it's gettin' late an' we must be off."

Thoughtfully, Mr. Raymond retired with his clothes behind the curtains. Gwennie moved briskly about with her final preparations for departure, dabbing frequently at persistent tears. As her father emerged, she paused to tie his cravat and add each adored ornament to his person.

"Be careful about the tooth, Dad," she urged. "Your best plan is to always wear it, from now on,

an' not 'ave 'er think they 's anythink false about you."

"I s'y, Gwennie," complained her father, "I can't see 'ow I 'll get on without you."

"You'll 'ave *'er*." Gwennie choked back her emotion. "'Ere," she took from her pocket the silver pieces and a letter, "this five bob which I got on Their Majesties buys 'er a engagement ring. Get one with a diamond in it, Dad, an' 'ere's suthink to 'ave in your pocket, like all gentlemen does." She added a shilling and three pennies. "I earned a bit extra to-d'y workin' in a grand 'ouse in Cadogan Square where one o' the reg'lar 'elp was ill."

"I fancy we 'll need a bit, goin' on a 'oliday, Gwennie," piped Hal.

"Now then," fumed Mr. Raymond, clutching the money, "does *'e* care for 'is daddy's 'appiness? Ain't 'e always thinkin' of 'iself?"

"Don't mind 'im, Dad." Gwennie held forth the little, crumpled letter. "It 's to you from me an' tells 'ow we 've run away. Show it to Flossie, an' pretend you 've read it. Don't s'y you can't read, y' know, Dad."

Mr. Raymond took it, at the same time slowly nodding his comprehension of her meaning.

"Good-by, Dad, I 'ope you'll be 'appy."

They shook hands solemnly. Gwennie motioned her brother. He stepped from his chair and offered his finger-tips coldly. Mr. Raymond shook them quickly.

"We 'll go first." Gwennie straightened her hat, drew up her shawl and led her brother to the door. "You come right along, Dad, an' get the ring an' go to 'er."

Mr. Raymond nodded.

"Good-by, Gwennie," he called after her, gently.

Gwennie could not answer. Leading Hal, she hurried down the stairs, across the dim court and into the street.

"We 'll walk as far as we can to-night, then we'll lie down somewhere an' in the mornin' go on," she murmured.

Suddenly she stopped, turned, and led him rapidly back in the direction from which they had come.

"I don't want to go back to Dad," he complained, "'e gives me the 'ump."

Gwennie stopped at the corner of a dark little street, presently turning slowly into it.

"It 's Thistledown Lane," observed Hal.

She pushed him along gently into a darkened doorway, depositing their bundle beside him.

"Just wait 'ere a bit, duckie; I 'll not be long." Gwennie hopped away stealthily in the shadows, up the lane.

In the Widow Fullerton's front room on the ground floor, the window shades were stopped just above the tops of the brightly flowering geraniums.

With a little grate-fire and the light of two candles burning at once, Mrs. Fullerton at her table, with often a friend in to tea, presented a picture of alluring coziness. Gwennie had many times before peeped in. But now, with unusual caution and even a pang of guilt, she crouched outside.

To-night, Mrs. Fullerton sat alone. She stared fixedly into her empty tea-cup. Gwennie had heard she was as good at reading your fortune in tea leaves as she was at her business of nursing.

"But where's Dad?" wondered Gwennie.

At that moment she recognized his approaching footsteps and crouched low in the shadow. Mr. Raymond advanced, passed through the outer entrance and tapped with his stick at the widow's door.

Peering up, Gwennie saw the door opened and her father admitted. He came in slowly without his customary buoyancy. His head drooped under the old tweed cap. Shocked, Gwennie recalled that she had forgotten to give him his silk hat.

She leaned closer to the window, eagerly.

"You 're seedy," came the widow's full-toned voice, "sit down."

Mr. Raymond obeyed, taking a letter fumblingly from his pocket. Without ceremony, Mrs. Fullerton took it, opened it in the candle light and proceeded to read.

"Run away? Your children run away?" Shrilly reiterating the words and waving the letter, she turned so wildly upon him that Mr. Raymond started to his feet. "After 'em, fat 'ead," she gave him a shove, "go after 'em before it 's too late!"

"Where?" He stumbled a few steps weakly. "I ort to asked Gwennie where she meant to go."

"Then you *knew* she meant to do it?" Gwennie saw her father shaken roughly.

"She did n't want to stand between me an' you"—Mr. Raymond had broken down—"but now, some 'ow, after all, I can't seem to see 'ow I 'll get on without 'er, no matter what!"

"After 'em!" The widow again took up the cry and also the teapot angrily. "Go after 'em or I 'll give you su'think. A 'iding that 'll make a man of you! I 'll—" as she raised the teapot threateningly, a fearful little scream sounded without her window.

Quick, light steps pattered in the entry-way, the door opened, and in upon the astonished pair burst Gwennie.

Mrs. Fullerton lowered the teapot. Anger fled and her face relaxed into its customary dimpling serenity.

"My word, gal," she said.

"Oh, Missus Fullerton, *won't* you 'ave Dad, an' make 'im 'appy?" Gwennie wrung her little hands. "We've never denied 'im nothink. Ain't 'e quite the gentleman?"

She proudly pointed to the figure drooping in a chair.

"Ain't 'e—?"

"That 'll do, Gwennie!" With a flickering show of spirit, her father rose. "If Flossie s'ys no—"

"Stop!" Flossie held up a firm plump hand. "Things is different from what I thort."

She turned to Gwennie who watched her eagerly, tremblingly, and suddenly held out two plump motherly arms. Gwennie, with a little cry, ran forward to the warm welcoming embrace she had long missed.

"Pore little gal," murmured the widow, "there, there, then."

Mr. Raymond, eyeing them for a moment, stepped lightly, briskly past to the door and hurried out.

"Being a stepmother to children as takes a fancy to you," said Mrs. Fullerton, stroking Gwennie's hair, "is awright!"

"An' you *will* 'ave Dad?" Gwennie looked up happily.

"I don't mind," admitted the widow softly.

Gwennie ardently kissed her and turned to look for her father. Mrs. Fullerton looked about, too.

"Sneaked off 'ome," said Gwennie.

"We 'll go after 'im," said Mrs. Fullerton, catching up her shawl. "I 'll 'ave a look at your 'ouse'old goods, too, an' we 'll take the room for you that's to let 'ere, back of mine. This room is big enough for two—that 's married."

They devoted some moments to planning before Gwennie caught the widow's arm happily and they hurried out.

"I 'll pick up little Hal," she said; "'e 's waitin' alone 'ere."

They came upon him asleep, his head pillowed on the bundle. Mrs. Fullerton bent and gathered him to her.

"Pore old chap," she cooed.

Gwennie led the way.

As she opened her door a brightly blazing fire in the grate and the light from several candles dazed her. And there, before the fire in shirt sleeves and red waistcoat sat her father, puffing his pipe, his gaze directed sentimentally upward.

Gwennie gasped, for from their positions over the fireplace, there smiled back upon him, upon them all, the faces of Their Majesties.

Mr. Raymond turned.

"Solomon let me 'ave 'em without the ticket for sixpence extra, Gwennie, when I told 'im 'ow I meant to surprise you."

Gwennie could only smile astonished joy. She pointed to her companion.

"'Ere's Flossie, an' she 'll 'ave you."

Mr. Raymond looked at Flossie with eyes of alarm.

"If she 'd rather not—"

Mrs. Fullerton crossed the room and deposited Mr. Raymond's sleeping son in his lap.

"Pull off 'is shoes!"

He delayed but briefly, with her commanding presence near.

"Flossie," said Gwennie gazing rapturously at the pictures over the fireplace, "'ave ever you seen 'andsomer likenesses of Their Majesties 'n these?"

"'Ardly ever," admitted the widow.

Gwennie whispered to her.

"You dear little gal," Mrs. Fullerton's arms again embraced her; "wanted 'im to give me a ring, did you? Not if 'e got it that way? 'E showed a bit of sense there."

She turned her blue eyes, for the first time during the evening, approvingly upon him. Mr. Raymond looked back at her shyly. She smiled, her beautiful red cheeks dimpling sweetly.

"Take off the rest of 'is things an' carry the little chap to bed, Ronald," she said.

Meekly Mr. Raymond rose and staggered with the unaccustomed burden to the little bedroom. Presently he returned.

"If your rent's up to-morrow, you may as well move then," the widow was saying.

"An' you an' Dad could be married in the morning, first thing!" Gwennie again fell into Mrs. Fullerton's arms, as she nodded her assent.

Mr. Raymond unintentionally sneezed. They looked up, moved together toward him, and each with outstretched arm, drew him to them fondly.

"Dad, I 'm every bit as glad as you," sobbed Gwennie.

Her father's muffled, happy reply, sounded almost like "Gladder!"

He Knew His Time-Table

A WOMAN waited and waited for a car in a Boston suburb and no car came. Finally she lost all patience. "Will you please tell me," she demanded of the starter, an old man seated on a keg and chewing tobacco, "if there are any cars left on this line, and if so, when they pass here?"

Without removing his eyes from the distant horizon and without stopping chewing, the old man answered: "A quarter arter, a half arter, a quarter to, and *at*."

The Hazard

[Continued from page 23]

'as past the girl's cooling. His answer was to place hands upon her shoulders and force her to meet yes.

Patrick is mad in love with you—and so am I—have played us—cat and mouse—nigh the year ugh. But now the cat's game is done; the mice at each other's throats!" His voice was hoarse, the sure of his hands cruel; it was the moment, accord- to tradition, for Mistress Bridget to cry out, to ak or faint. But, curious to note, she did none of e things. Some secret inbred courage leaped in her ne challenge. Her eyes flashed as they met Roger's.

What mean you?" she asked, very short and sharp.

This, Mistress Bridget! Patience is not long-lived is Trales. To-day my brother and myself saw ours hard."

'A quarrel?" The words slipped through scarce ted lips.

'Aye, a quarrel!"

'You fight then for me?"

'Fight!" Roger laughed with bitter scorn. "Where you, Mistress Bridget, to be so old-time and nodish? Sure, a cut-and-thrust was good enough the last generation, but your gentleman of to-day is fine for such simple business. You wrong my other and myself! We diced for you, madam—diced our own card table, in our own parlor—the winning in to take the whole, the loser to strip himself even life itself inside three days. Oh, you wrong us, to dit us with mere swords and seconds."

"You diced—for your lives?"

"For you," he corrected.

"And who lost? Who lost?"

The words sped from her without volition; but even they formed themselves, her voice seemed to faint way, her cheek blanched to an overmastering com- ehension.

"Patrick lost!" she said, her tone a whisper.

For a full minute there was silence, then Roger spoke a voice as low as her own, hoarse and unsteady.

"One must be loser," he said. "And we are both rales. No Trale ever shirked death."

"But he can not die!" cried Mistress Bridget. "We an not permit his death!"

Roger's eyes had dropped when he spoke his last vords; now they lifted and fixed themselves on hers n a strange hot glance.

"We need not!" he said very low.

She stared at him an instant, then he burst forth new.

"Mistress Bridget, you know the Trales! Honor is onor, however mad the hazard! The loser of this dice-throw loses life as sure as if the king had ordered is execution."

"But 't is monstrous! Monstrous!"

He withdrew his hands from her shoulders and left her swaying before him, white and helpless, the while he looked at her with covetous eyes.

"One thing saves him, Mistress Bridget."

She raised her eyes, dark and wild, and a question leaped at him from their depths.

"An' I can come to him to-morrow morn and say: 'The lady hath forestalled your pistol, brother. I have married a wife!'"

"A wife!"

"Aye!" He caught her wrist and pulled her toward him, his being aflame with passion, the desire of pos- session surging in him to the obscuring of all else. "Marry me, Bridget! Marry me to-night! 'T is that I have come to say—that and naught else. Within the hour, two of my red horses will be harnessed to the barouche and waiting in a courtyard off the square. We will cover the ground as fast as hoofs can fly, and once at Glentrale, the chaplain will make quick work of a marriage service. What say you, Biddy? What say you?" He caught her against his breast, his breath searing her cheek, his heart beating against hers.

And Mistress Bridget, helpless in the fervor of that embrace, was learning life—learning what life may demand and love pay when needs must. No doubt came to her. It was the day of honor; a Trale would pay his honorable debts. She saw Patrick in all his fineness—the high-bred face, the dark eyes that could flash like steel, the lips that could curl to smiles or scorn. She saw all, and her soul seemed to melt within her.

"My answer, Biddy?"

Roger's voice was like whipcord across her thoughts. She threw back her head and looked at him, almost, it seemed to her excited fancy, as Patrick might have looked.

"My answer is 'yes.' Wait me an hour from now at the little gate behind the house. I can slip out unheeded while the supper is being served."

"My queen!" cried Roger, and he bent to her lips. But with a subtle moment she slipped from his embrace ere he could touch even her cheek, and was gone, a flash of silver, across the quiet room.

III

The wind that had all day long blown from the east was still sweeping the town, but now dark drifts of cloud began to lower over the night sky, and a fine snow, dry and sharp as needle-points, drove loiterers

homeward and made link-boys shiver and sedan-chairmen cower into their coat collars as they hung about the entries of great houses.

Near the little door at the back of Sir Richard Carden's, Roger Trale, waiting and watching in the dark, was a prey to prodigious emotion. Half an hour ago he had left the ball, and returning to the Mall had fortified his spirit with a fresh measure of wine and given his body-servant, Rory, food for thought by doffing his finery and arraying himself in the surcoat and heavy boots usual to a journey.

Rory, with the inquisitiveness of his race and class, and by virtue of faithful service, had ventured a comment upon this behavior; but Roger had abused him for his pains, the while he armed himself with one of the new pistols from the parlor mantelpiece and had stalked out of the house without explanation or farewell.

The wine and his passions kept out the cold now as he paced to and fro in the narrow alley, his eye ever on the door at which Sir Richard's maid-servants were wont to do their dallying, but which, on the evening of a great rout, was left to the silence of the night and the shadow of high walls. The wildness of his impatience was apparent at every turn—in the quick manner of his pacing, the suddenness of his pauses when a gust of wind sang across the rooftops, or a link-boy, crossing the square, inadvertently sent the light of his torch down the alley's mouth.

Time and again his desire cheated him; then suddenly expectancy became reality. He paused—and now his ears had contrived no delusion; the flutter of a slim hand upon the latch rewarded his eyes.

In a trice he was beside the door, his clasp upon the white fingers, his face bent down to a shadowed figure.

"Brave Biddy! How didst contrive it?"

In the darkness Mistress Bridget raised her head, throwing back her hood regardless of the stinging pin points of the snow.

"An' it please you," she said, "take me to the carriage."

It was scarce the greeting of a bride, but man a century ago was an arrogant animal. It occurred not to the mind of Roger Trale to note his mistress's words, much less to note their tone. She was his—his joy, his chattel, his hard-coveted, hard-won possession. What signified it that, being a woman, she should have a touch of the vapors on this, her wedding night. He put his arm about her masterfully.

"Fear not, sweet! The horses chafe to be away."

He drew her with him, a chilled form, insensible to his embrace, and together they passed into the square, he swaggering a little as he guided her, to convey the impression of a gallant out adventuring, she with her hood drawn close again, indifferently playing the part of a light woman masquerading through the town.

Never once did she speak, never once did she look back at her father's house. Onward she suffered herself to be drawn, until a disused courtyard yawned before them and out of its recesses loomed the vision of a great barouche, and in the flare of a torch, the glimpse of a mysterious postilion and the gleaming flanks of a couple of restive horses.

"Thither, sweet." Roger's lips were to her ear, his hot voice lowered as he drew her forward. Then suddenly he put forth his great strength and lifted her into the dark carriage.

A confused moment followed—a moment of quick, hissing whispers, champing bits, impatient pawings of the ground; then Roger swung himself into the seat beside her, the door of the barouche was closed, a whip cracked and they were off.

The drive—surely the oddest ever experienced by eloping couple—was passed without speech. While the horses negotiated the streets with their curious traffic, Mistress Bridget sat far back in her shadowed corner, but as the town was left behind and the animals, scenting the open road, drew into their stride, she sat forward, her shoulder deliberately turned to her bridegroom, her face to the carriage window.

At no season of the year was the road to Glentrale a path of beauty; but now, when winter had lashed the hedgerows and nipped the sparse trees, it was indeed a desolate way. Open country of moorlike aspect stretched to right and left; loneliness and lifelessness reigned; not even a scudding rabbit crossed their path.

Not a word spoke Mistress Bridget through the long eight miles; not a word spoke Roger until the gates of Glentrale loomed up, gaunt and impressive, with the Trale crest half eaten from the stone by time and storm. But there, at last, the hunger in him broke bounds and he drew her to him, while the postilion urged the horses past the dark gatehouse and up the winding drive.

"Welcome home, sweetheart. Pay toll at the gateway!"

Once more his lips were near to hers for the kiss he craved, but with the strength of fear the girl pushed him from her.

"When the priest hath wed us," she cried. "As yet I am my own."

"Nay, you are mine." Roger bent once more.

But the horses plunged at the saving moment; the postilion drew rein dexterously, and they were before the great, gray mansion of Glentrale.

Roger swore beneath his breath, then laughed boisterously at his own discomfiture, and flinging himself from the carriage, seized upon the bell-handle that depended from a chain above the door.

Mistress Bridget, sitting numb within the carriage, heard the clang of the bell echo through nameless distances; then feet sounded within the house, lights sprang up in the windows and the heavy door swung open, showing the frightened face of an old retainer.

Roger, offering no greeting to his servant, turned to the barouche and lifting the girl bodily, carried her across the threshold. There he set her down, and looked about him at the desolate hall and empty hearth.

"By Heaven!" he thundered. "A pretty homecoming! Is this the cheer you keep at Glentrale when I am absent? Bring turf and firewood! Bring fire, I say! Bring food and wine! And be swift about it, or—"

But the old servant was gone before his words were ended.

To Mistress Bridget, standing inert and frozen by the massive center table, vaguely attentive to the storming of her future lord as he walked up and down the hall, it seemed but a moment before half a dozen servants in various stages of disarray appeared upon the scene, some carrying bucketfuls of blazing turf, some wine and pasties, others candles in heavy silver sconces, and the hall was transformed like a scene upon the stage.

While this atonement was being made, Roger continued to stalk up and down, railing without cessation; then, as the lesser servants withdrew, he turned anew upon the old man who had admitted him.

"Now, Timothy, an' where's His Reverence? Snug enough in his own quarters, I'll be bound, while Glentrale goes to rack and ruin! Off with you, and rouse him! Rouse him and bring him here. I have work for him to do—the deuce knows he's rusting for it."

The old servant started uncertainly. Roger was about to break forth afresh, but Mistress Bridget, coming suddenly to life, threw out her hands beseechingly.

"Roger, a little grace! A little grace, I do entreat you! Give me space in which to prepare me for this—this sacrament." In her excitement her hood had fallen back, showing her hair powdered as it had been for the ball, her lovely pale face still wearing its velvet patches, and Roger's anger merged anew to passion.

"Go, call His Reverence, Timothy!" he said in a changed voice, his eyes upon the girl. "Tell him to wait upon me here within the hour, and see to it he has his missal with him—dog-eared at the marriage service." Then, as the old man confusedly withdrew, he came round the spread table to his bride's side.

"Biddy," he said, "beseat yourself! 'T is your own board. Here's wine! Your lips need warming, and since I may not kiss them—" He laughed excitedly and poured some wine into a glass.

"Seat yourself, sweetheart!" He set the glass in front of her, and drew up a great chair covered in faded velvet.

But Mistress Bridget did not move. Her dark cloak hung open now and the shimmer of her gown was like moonlight in the old hall; her face, too, suggested moonlight—so pale it was, and wan.

"Roger," she said suddenly, "we should confess before partaking of a sacrament. I have that upon my conscience I would confess to you."

Roger laughed and leaned over her. "Better to me, sweet, than to the priest. I have no liking for the cloth, for all that my arrogance bids me uphold Rome. Confess away, sweet. Your sins are white, I'll warrant me."

But Mistress Bridget neither heard nor heeded. Her eyes were fixed upon his face in set resolve. "Roger," she broke forth, "I know not if you have questioned my doing of this deed. I know not if you have questioned why I am so fain to save your brother."

"For humanity's sake, I take it," he said jestingly. "Also, perchance, for another reason." His voice dropped, his arm went round her waist. "A maid likes to be compelled to her own pleasuring. Am I right, Biddy?"

"Pleasuring!" Mistress Bridget spoke the word with so fine an irony that Roger's arm dropped to his side. "Pleasuring, forsooth! I marry you, Roger, because I love Patrick! I would 't were torturing or killing that might save him, but since 't is marrying, then I'll be married."

The blood rushed into Roger's face.

"You love Patrick?"

"Aye. Wilt take me now—the empty shell, without heart or soul?"

For an instant pride and manhood struck him silent; then desire took him by the throat. He caught her again in his embrace, his eyes burning into hers.

"I leave such subtleties as hearts and souls in my brother's keeping. For myself, the shell you speak of, Mistress Biddy, has a monstrous fine coloring of flesh pink—"

This time there was new significance in voice and gesture. Jealousy and desire combined had lashed his passion to savagery. Terror brought a cry to Mistress Bridget's lips. Then his passion and her fear were checked at an instant. By common impulse, both turned toward the door—eyes wide and breath suspended. The gallop, the sudden halt of a horse had broken across the moment like a thunder clap, and hot upon the ensuing pause came the desperate beating of a riding crop upon the door.

Roger muttered an oath. Mistress Bridget trembled. "What is 't?" she cried.

"I know not! Your father, as like as not!"

"My father! Impossible! Yet, it may well be! My woman, no doubt, has missed my cloak and raised a cry. 'Tis a tender, timorous wretch new from the country."

Her voice was broken by a fresh assault of the riding crop upon the door.

"Come!" cried Roger. "Come! Hide an instant behind this tapestry, while I parley with him!" Waiting for no answer he pulled her across the hall.

"An' it be my father, I'll speak with him!" she cried, her spirit returning, but the words were drowned by another shower of blows. Roger's imperious hand forced her into hiding, and the tapestry fell into place, blotting out her vision of the hall.

It was a strange moment to one newly embarked upon the sea of actual living—that moment of sudden darkness. Behind her, Mistress Bridget was aware of the damp coldness of a stone wall; in front, the heavy tapestry assailed her nostrils with the musty scent of unnumbered years. But, with the robbing of her sight, her other senses gained to strange acuteness. Standing in that secret place—waiting for what she knew not—an alertness was hers; an intuition unknown in any previous hour.

The insistent blows continued for a moment after her imprisonment; then, plain as though the action were visible to her, she knew that Roger crossed the hall and inhospitably opened the door by a couple of inches. She waited—waited for his voice—for Sir Richard's voice—but neither answered her expectation. The tones that at last broke silence sent the blood back to her heart, and left her limbs so weak and tremulous that she could scarce stand upright in her place.

"Is 't you, Timothy?" came in Patrick's voice. "Open, and say if you know aught of my brother Roger? Open, man! Open! I'm hard pressed."

She waited, her hand clinging for support to the damp wall behind her. She caught no reply from Roger, but she heard the door open wider, and following on it, an odd sound from Patrick—a sound never to be forgotten, a something between a sob and a gasp charged with immeasurable relief—such a sound as might be wrung from a runner whose race is won.

"Roger!"

Satire might never have lived in Patrick, so human was his tone; to Mistress Bridget, strained and trembling, it seemed that in a strange way it echoed her own new-found kinship with real things. But Roger's reply came prompt, sending all tender thoughts flying.

"Zounds, brother! A timely visit! What brings you to Glentrale in the shades of night, who never cross the threshold in open day? To what may my poor rooftree attribute this great honor?"

And Patrick, it seemed, had no cut-and-thrust of words to parry the veiled insult. "I missed you from the rout," he answered plainly. "I sought you at the Mall, to hear from Rory that you had left the house booted and cloaked and—armed with a pistol!"

Roger forced a boisterous laugh. "The devil you did! You're growing strangely conscientious for my affairs! 'Tis scarce the first time you and Rory have known me tire of the town about this hour of night and seek seclusion!" He paused in a manner that sent Patrick's eyes to the spread table.

"You have company?" he said, disconcerted.

Roger laughed once more, and the laugh brought the blood to Mistress Bridget's cheek, she knew not why.

"Spare your suspicions, brother," he sneered. "I sup with the priest. We all turn religious upon occasion, if only for variety of sensation."

He was talking fast, almost, it might seem, he was talking against time. To the girl behind the tapestry, there was a hint of uneasiness in his bravado, and by virtue of her new-found intuition, she felt, without seeing it, Patrick's stare of incredulity.

"Roger," she heard him urge, "don't dally with me. Give me a word in earnest. I rode, post-haste, to find you—to what end you may surmise."

"Not I, faith!" Roger's voice was truculent and a trifle wild. "Not I. Nor am I in a mind for riddles. Look you, Patrick! I'll treat you fair. My conclave with the church is not begun; the priest will be in upon us as we stand. You've come upon me at a most uncivil hour, but I'll forgive you. Here! Pledge me in our grandsire's wine, and begone ere my humor changes."

The gurgle of poured wine followed, broken in turn by Patrick's voice.

"You are a brave man, Roger. Your words confirm me in my resolve."

"A plague on your resolve. Drink, man! Drink—and go!"

"When I have spoken, Roger."

Roger swore savagely. "When you have spoken! I'll have no speeches, hark ye! We've said all that will be said between us."

"Not all, brother! I've come to speak—and speak I will! This hazard of to-day—"

"Be still!" thundered Roger. "Be still, I say!"

But Patrick would have no silencing.

"This hazard of to-day," he cried out, loud and strong, "I'm off with it! I'm off with it, d' you hear!"

Mistress Bridget, listening, felt life ebb from her as

she dropped back, faint, against the wall. Patrick—her hero, her love—Patrick, for whom she was bartering youth, freedom, hope itself—Patrick was a craven, dishonored, self-betrayed. Sharp across her distraught thoughts, Roger's hoarse laugh assailed her hearing.

"I thought till now you were a Trale! No Trale ever waxed mawkish over death—another's or his own!"

"No Trale ever sent his brother to a dishonored grave!"

"Be silent, fool!" Roger's raised voice held menace and alarm.

But Patrick's answered it, full as hot and fierce.

"I'll not be silent! I was mad to-day, but reason came to me in cooler hours. I'll be no coward! I'll be no party to this cursed dice-throw! You're the elder, Roger. Nature's on your side. Take your chances—I'll abide the issue. Woo the lady fairly, without let or hindrance. Win her, an' you can—"

He stopped upon the word—stopped and turned like a man struck. Roger, also, turned and let fall the glass he still held unknowingly in his hand.

The tapestry had been drawn aside, Mistress Bridget had stepped forth, ghostlike with her silver raiment, her white, startled face.

"You played at dice to-day," she said. "Who won the hazard?"

Roger with a cry stepped forward, but she waved him back, her wild, dark eyes on Patrick.

"Who won the hazard? Speak me fair!"

"'Twas I won, Bridget!" Patrick answered very low.

"Biddy, hear me!" Roger cried out again.

"Hear you?" Mistress Bridget blazed. "You, that would wed, to leave your wife a widow. You, that would die content, to know your brother cheated in the last hour?" She stood before them, a silver flame—not ghostlike now, but living, with eyes alight and cheeks burning.

To the view of an old priest, entering at that moment, unheeded in the tumult, she seemed not so much a girl, slim and frail, as a woman proving herself in some crucial hour.

"Well, Roger! Timothy tells me you have need of me? I hope I have not come untimely."

All three turned, to see an old man garbed in rusty black, with white hair and shoulders stooped from study, who looked with a gentle human tolerance from one face to the other, while he turned a shabby prayer book about between his hands.

He looked at Roger, looked at Patrick, looked again at Mistress Bridget Carden. Something in her young face drew from him a smile of kindness, and something in his smile made her step forth, her cheeks crimson, her head high.

"'Tis a runaway match, father!" she said, bravely, with never a tremor of the voice. "I am Bridget Carden, daughter to Sir Richard Carden of the County of Wicklow. I have left my father's house this night, and would fain be wed with all dispatch—to Master Patrick Trale!"

She blushed still deeper; she curtsied low after the manner taught her: then, with a little laugh that held close resemblance to a sob, her eyes sought Patrick's, her hands were caught in his.

A Soft-Pedal Statesman

[Continued from page 25]

Murray is the first to hear of it and he is the first to call. There is no want in Cranesville and there hasn't been a strike in the Crane mills in the one hundred and nine years of their existence.

Even the lawyers of Pittsfield have been known to complain that the wiry Senator interfered seriously with their business. It is a usual thing for a would-be client to say: "Well, I guess I'll go out to Dalton and talk with Murray before I decide to do anything."

One day three years ago, Crane was glancing over an afternoon paper at the Hotel St. Regis, New York. A three-line paragraph stated that the Arnold Print Works of North Adams, Massachusetts, had gone into the hands of a receiver and would be closed. He summoned a taxicab and in a very few minutes was closeted with the president of the company, A. C. Houghton, in the latter's office far down town. In a few minutes more a call for a meeting of the creditors had been sent out by telephone.

"Gentlemen," said Crane, frankly and softly, "there are twenty thousand people in North Adams, one half of whom are dependent upon this factory for their bread and butter. If it goes to the wall, half the houses in town will be for rent, grass will grow in the streets, and there will be poverty and misery. Moreover, the banks will be closed by a run. If they go under, the merchants will be ruined."

"I'll tell you what we will do, Senator," replied one of the creditors. "If you will be the receiver, we will back you up."

Crane didn't sleep much that night; he had no spare time; and yet there were the workingmen! The next morning he met the creditors again and told them he would act. The glad tidings were telegraphed to panic-stricken North Adams; the Arnold Print Works didn't close down. Moreover, when he had made a splendid job of his stewardship and turned the property back to the owners, he refused to accept a cent of pay.

Murray Crane was flushed from the political underbrush in 1892, when he was a delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention at Minneapolis, and was there selected as the Massachusetts member of the Republican National Committee. These honors were his again in 1896. But his grand opportunity to be forced into a real public office came in 1897, when Colonel Samuel Winslow wished to be nominated for Lieutenant-Governor and intimated that Crane couldn't be. Moreover, he gently charged that in becoming a candidate Murray was a wee bit guilty of bad faith.

That settled it. Crane went over Massachusetts with a fine-tooth comb. For every male he had a whisper and for every female a quiet smile. Emblazoned upon his invisible banner, which rode the breeze as proudly in Boston's Back Bay as in Fall River's mills, was the shining campaign motto "Hist!" The whole State learned in a muffled few words from Murray himself that he was all right, and voted accordingly; Winslow talked out loud, but he discovered on the quiet it was just too bad—for him. All opposition to Crane in Massachusetts died then and there. Even Winslow took a front seat on his band-less wagon.

Murray has been Exalted Ruler of the Select Order of Political Reluctants ever since. Any of his high-brow constituents will gladly take an hour off to show a stranger how he loses money every day he remains in the Senate. All one has to do is to believe half he is told and he quickly concludes that here is a Crœsus doomed to beat out Andrew Carnegie in the die-poor-though-rich stakes.

Well, there is an unwritten law in Massachusetts that a Lieutenant-Governor shall serve three terms of one year each, provided, of course, his party continues to cast the most votes, and that he shall then move up front for three years more. Such was the lot of Crane. The ways were greased and he did the rest—softly. He didn't even deviate perceptibly from the line of least resistance when the deal by which the Boston and Albany Railroad was sold to the New York Central was at its most obstreperous stage. His official bed was not of roses, but no act of his betrayed the fact. The water of capital and the oil of labor frequently met with no prospect of harmonizing; Crane invariably did the noiseless act—and with dispatch.

His Persuasive Ways Make a Hit With the Press

As for the press, probably no man in public life ever handled it so well. He had a subtle way of calling upon the editors, Democratic and Republican alike, for advice. For instance, if some Boston paper criticized an act of his, no matter how savagely, he would telephone to the editor about as follows:

"Hello! that you Mr. Taylor? This is Murray—Murray Crane. Have you an engagement for dinner this evening? No? Delighted to hear it. Well, won't you dine with me at the Touraine at seven? I wish to go over that matter you are discussing to-day and to see what you think about several things I have in mind for the near future."

Did he win? The breastworks of no sanctum held out long against this insidious tickling of the editorial vanity.

Crane became a private citizen once more on January 1, 1903, and Roosevelt promptly tried to claim him for his very own. The Treasury portfolio was dangled before his eyes, but he pleaded ownership in that paper mill. Then our strenuously covetous President hung up the Postmaster-Generalship for inspection, but there was another excuse—stamps are made of paper. Finally the plush-footed Murray turned a deaf ear to the suggestion that he accept the Secretaryship of Commerce and Labor, and thereby set a record which no other "reluctant" may ever equal—three Cabinet jobs declined in two years.

To cap the climax, in 1904 he refused the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee for a second time, the first offer having been made upon the death of Senator Mark Hanna. Thus he demonstrated noiselessly that it was possible to pass up everything George B. Cortelyou had achieved or was working for—and then some. When, however, the latter, as chairman, formed his flying squadron of "fat friers" in the campaign of 1904, Crane agreed to see that the plutocrats of New England contributed their full share. They did.

Then came the great sacrifice hit of his muffled (rather not) career. Full of years and honors, Senator Hoar passed away, and Governor Bates placed his mantle upon Murray's shoulders. Everybody in Massachusetts wished it to stick, but they just didn't see how it could. There was the Government paper mill gathering in the shekels so fast that the right sides of the balance sheets read like fairy stories. But it was easy. Winthrop Murray Crane, Jr., having acquitted himself creditably at Yale—not Harvard, mind you—and passed through the elementary stages of the ordinary paper-maker, and having taken unto himself a wife, should be given to understand he was working for himself while working for the family. So, the thoughtful little father transferred to him his interest in the one Crane mill over which Uncle Sam insists the Stars and Stripes

loat, and struck the trail for Washington—
tly!
rst appearance in the Senate was on December
at the opening of the second session of the Fifty-
Congress. Appearance is hardly the proper
man who has to stand twice before he makes
hadow doesn't altogether appear—he intimates.
y a majority of the Senators gazed for the first
on this unconventional looking person of none
y inches and small diameter. Only the Repub-
heel-horses used to attending National Conven-
d seen him before. As the successor of Mr.
e drew the gaze of every eye.
is hard to describe. When you regard him
y, you are struck with the fact that he is a wee
r than first impression makes him; he measures
t seven or possibly eight inches. The trouble is,
ps. His torso has about the shape of a rough
and his legs and arms look as if they were so
egs joined to it, doll fashion. Don't despise
ad. It has plenty of substance above the ears
forehead worth while. There is generally a
n the countenance, but the well-defined nose,
mouth and fairly plumb-set chin indicate deter-
n and decisiveness. Those eyes seem to beam
kindness; look deep and you know nothing
s them. Regarded in the whole, from a distance,
Crane presents the appearance of an ex-jockey
trying to live down a checkered career; at close
he is a human puzzle.
any wonder he has declined to sit for a portrait to
g in the State House at Boston? This display
iesty, by the way, is causing the mural decorator
t imposing edifice no end of embarrassment. It
law of Massachusetts that $1,000 shall be
ded on the painted likeness of each Governor,
his retirement from office. Crane was the first to
His successors, John L. Bates, W. L. Douglass
Curtis Guild, Jr., have followed suit, all refusing to
an artist within hailing distance until the reluc-
Murray consents to pose. He says he won't—ever.
cares little for appearances; at times he is almost
hy. He invariably allows his hair to reach the
caressing stage before visiting a barber and his
iche is usually in need of a clipping. In the
er of costume, he is a daily protest against the
nal traditions of the Senate. Let all the Aldriches,
ss, Hales who will, clad themselves in frock coats;
ack suit of quiet hue—in the spring it frequently
quiet at all—is good enough for him. He cares
for formal social functions; he loves his home—his
g wife and babies. He smokes, but doesn't
. He is a devout member of the Congregational
rch.
ver since the Populists, realizing their days were
, amused themselves by upsetting Senate precedents,
owl-like leaders of that deadly serious body have
ely mistrusted each new member.

His Six Speechless Years

or a while they worried over the possibility of Crane
ng to make a speech; he has been among them six
s and they have about concluded he never will.
re are no doubts in Murray's mind; he knows he
n't. His tongue was rusty from lack of use when
ntered their midst, and now it is out of business
gether—on the open floor. It is generally suspected
t he was pushed forward to the chairmanship of the
mmittee on rules, as the successor of Philander C.
ox, in the forlorn hope that, keeping precedents and
ditions in mind, he would devise some method of
ailing debate to be submitted for august considera-
n in executive session. They are doomed to disap-
intment. If Murray Crane has one rule of life which
adheres to more rigidly than to "keep the other
llow guessing," it is "let the other fellow talk his
ad off."
The late Senator Allison, in particular, viewed the
dvent of Crane with alarm. For years he wore the
nny-foot championship belt. In the long ago, Tom
ed had said a cat wearing plush slippers and treading
n a velvet carpet made more noise than Allison walk-
g down the center aisle of the Senate chamber.
he venerable Iowan watched the new man from
assachusetts for a while and rated himself as a clap of
under by comparison.
But, s-s-y and sh-h-h! In the cloak room and
der the rose, nothing was ever so busy as Murray
ane. The day he was sworn in he resolved to know
s well the right ear of every member—be he Republi-
n or Democrat—that it would wag howdy-do to him
whether its owner wished it to or not.
Whenever he is after information or legislation—he
generally seeking both—he is unusually affable and
strikingly confidential. He hadn't been in Washing-
ton a week before his colleagues agreed unanimously
that politics was the great passion of his life; he had
been there barely a month when he was classed as a
friend of the trusts; a tremendously rich representative
of the sacred interests, bent upon becoming powerful.
By the way, just how wealthy he is no one seems to
know exactly. Twenty-five millions is said to be a
conservative estimate.
When he became a Senator he did not divorce him-
self from one giant concern, the American Telephone
and Telegraph Company. He is generally conceded
to be the largest individual holder of stock in this

Dealing Iron Destruction 50 years ago

This photograph (one of the 3,500 taken by Lincoln's orders) is a glimpse of war as it really is.

$500,000,000 corporation. As a member of the board of directors, he takes an active part in the management of its affairs.

His Heart to Heart Attitude Toward His Fellow Senators

He is also a director of the Western Electric Company, which is owned by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and of the United Bank-Note Corporation, which recently acquired all the stock of the American Bank-Note Company. This concern has few, if any, dealings directly with the Government.

Blessed with such a sunny disposition as Crane's, making friends comes about as easy as the traditional rolling off a log. For the two remaining years of the Hoar term—the Massachusetts Legislature duly ratified Governor Bates's act in January, 1905—the little Senator allowed that sunniness to have full play. He quickly decided practical politics could be played in the Senate as well as in Dalton. He would chat pleasantly with Democrats and Republicans alike, spring little jokes on them and frequently do a thoughtful act calculated to warm the cockles of a heart chilled for years by the impressiveness of tradition. Pretty soon he was on terms of intimacy with every member, regardless of party affiliations; Lodge had been in the upper House for twelve years, and yet there were Senators whom he didn't even know by sight. Sitting in the gallery and keeping tab on the movements of Crane was about as easy as checking up on a mouse playing peekaboo with a cat. And that holds good to-day. While the other fellow is talking aloud, he is whispering to a neighbor, buttonholing a member of the opposition or is on a lounge in one of the cloak rooms holding a tête-à-tête with a friend or foe of the business before the Senate.

When the crucial moment arrives he knows exactly what is going to happen—how and why. He has learned for which side each Senator is to cast his vote; he knows who is firm and who is workable ground. There are many harder committee workers than Crane, but none more practical. Lodge was much perplexed over the Philippine tariff bill in 1906; he was eager to have it reported by the committee on the Philippines, of which he is the chairman, but was uncertain as to the attitude of all the members. He confided in Crane.

"Whom do you wish to know about?" asked the latter.

"Well, I would like to know how Mr. Nixon feels on the subject," replied Lodge.

"Why don't you ask him?"

"I don't know him well enough."

"Leave that to me," said Crane.

In a few minutes Lodge learned that Nixon would vote not to report the bill.

The Speech That Was Never Delivered

When the Hepburn rate bill was under consideration in the Senate four years ago, Crane learned that Piles of Washington, a new member, was about to make a speech for it and he didn't wish him to. He took Piles aside and whispered:

"You know Senator Flint pretty well, don't you?"

"I do," replied Piles.

"Well, I hear he is about to make a speech. He is a new man and he must n't do it. We new Senators must stand together. We are not expected to talk, and if we do, what we say is ignored and we are looked upon as jokes. By all means, see that Flint saves his face."

Piles turned scarlet. He promised to see Flint—and he kept that speech to himself.

Crane settled down for a sure enough Senatorial engagement when, in 1907, he was reelected for a full six-year term; fourteen Democratic members of the Massachusetts Legislature voted for him. About the date of this pleasing occurrence, the senior Senator from the Bay State offered an amendment to the Foraker resolution of inquiry into the Brownsville affair. It stated that President Roosevelt acted under his constitutional and legal authority in dismissing the negro troops from the army. To his amazement, Lodge saw his new colleague marshal a majority of Republicans and Democrats to Foraker's support and defeat it.

For a year or so, the senior Republican Senators were inclined to look upon the maneuverings of Murray Crane as they would the fussiness of an old maid; they did n't regard him seriously a bit. When they were in trouble over the court-review clause in the Hepburn rate bill, however, and beheld the effect of the strategy of this beaver in human form, they began to take real notice. They invited him to their inner councils when the Payne tariff bill was being dissected and patched; never will they forget his yeoman service in behalf of the paragraph providing for a tax on the earnings of corporations, enacted as a sop to those who demanded the passage of an income tax. Aldrich was frankly opposed to both proposals, but accepted the corporation impost as less objectionable to the rich; those to whom Crane had whispered said it was his attitude also.

A Resourceful Political Manager

In the presidential campaign of 1908, Crane showed himself one of the most resourceful political managers this country has produced. At the outset, he was opposed to Taft because Taft was Roosevelt's candidate. Roosevelt had taken up the cudgels in behalf of the people as against the trusts, and Crane was for the trusts. He was for them because he had grown up in an atmosphere of monopoly. A kindly disposition and a certain warmth of heart—possibly, also, a burning ambition—made Crane solicitous of the welfare of the humble and the poor about him, but that a day might be coming when the oppressed of the land would call a halt seems never to have occurred to him, even though he is on record as having introduced a bill to increase the pay of mail carriers and another to give the supervision over the care of children to the Federal Government. In fighting under the banner of Cræsus, Crane is conscientious; he is simply the creature of environment. He went to the Chicago convention as he went to the Senate several years before—to fight the battles of Massachusetts—of New England—whose chief industries are mills and the conservation of millionaires.

Crane took charge of the candidacies of the "Allies." Senator Knox was his personal choice, but Vice-President Fairbanks, Speaker Cannon, Governor Hughes, all appealed to him because Roosevelt was against them; also, because there is a good deal of the Warwick in this little Solon. Defeat only whetted his desires. He had scored a partial victory in preventing the incorporation of Samuel Gompers's anti-injunction plank in the platform which Taft was to run on, and the next move was to get control of the candidate himself. As a peace offering to the defeated "Allies," a number of Taft leaders proposed that Crane be made chairman of the Republican National Committee. Frank H. Hitchcock was slated for the job. Crane didn't like him and does n't like him now. But he was not after control through this channel; so Hitchcock was named.

The Noble Aggregation of Steam Rollers

Then the smiling, softly-moving Murray took it easy for a time. Two weeks passed and he dropped down to Hot Springs, Virginia, to call on his quarry. He found Taft playing golf and prescribed baseball as a better game in a campaign year. Taft held out his uncalloused palms and referred to his 325 pounds, but Crane ordered a ball and a couple of bats and organized the "Steam Rollers" as follows: Catcher, Congressman James Francis Burke, of Pittsburgh; pitcher, Senator Crane; first base, John C. Eversman, of Champlain, Illinois; second base, Congressman (now Senator) T. E. Burton, of Ohio (a negro boy assisted him); short stop, Frank B. Kellogg, of St. Paul; third base, Congressman George Lawrence, of Massachusetts; left field, Senator A. J. Beveridge, of Indiana; center field, Congressman W. B. McKinley, of Illinois; right field, W. H. Taft. The opposing team was composed of newspaper correspondents. Crane pitched eight innings and the Steam Rollers won, eight to five.

In a little while Crane was gone again. There was as much mystery as ever about his movements and for a time he practically dropped out of view. The dog days of the campaign passed and Taft moved his camp to Cincinnati. Hearst began to read Standard Oil letters; Foraker was exposed; Taft was sick at heart. The candidate and the discredited Senator were billed to speak from the same platform in the Music Hall at Cincinnati. Crane arrived in town on September 19. He conferred with Taft and then took luncheon with Foraker, whom he had assisted so ably in the Brownsville controversy. Whereupon, Foraker wrote his now famous letter to Taft, stating it was his wish not to embarrass the candidate in any way and that he had cancelled his engagement to speak.

In the early part of October it became apparent that there was an awful snarl at the top in the Republican ranks. Taft sent for Crane. Hitchcock retained the nominal leadership, but Crane ran the campaign until the close.

As President, Taft has consulted Crane constantly. Many times a day did he call him to the Senate 'phone when the tariff fight was on, and again, when the so-called Taft program was being amputated out of recognition a few months ago. Now we see the little Senator from Massachusetts sitting at the presidential right hand and actually guiding that hand.

Aldrich is to retire in March next; so is Hale. Burrows will not be returned; Frye is old and content with the title, president *pro tem;* Cullom is very feeble. The reactionaries will still be in the majority on the Republican side. A new leader must be chosen and the Interests will name him. Will he be Crane?

✤ ✤

"Good manners," said Archbishop Temple, "demand three things: self-control, self-denial and self-respect."

▲ ▲ ▲

Some are thoughtless, some can't think; there is hope for the former.

▲ ▲

Let us gossip of one another's virtues; then will the vices take care of themselves.

▲ ▲

In looking back over our lives at the moments that have been worth while, how many of them did money buy?

The Great Within

[*Continued from page 30*]

trouble, when overwhelmed with sorrow and failure! "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Think what this invitation from the Almighty means! Peace that passeth understanding; immunity from all discords; freedom from all the enemies that have hitherto dogged our steps through life, blocking our progress, and destroying our happiness!

True prayer comforts us and repairs the broken wires of our divine connection in the Great Within of us, reassures the heart's spoken or silent longings, brings us into harmony with the Infinite. This is the secret of all mental healing.

Think of the ridiculousness of any inert drug taken into the system competing with the immortal creative principle of all life! This creative principle does not inhere in any drug or any physical remedy. *Mind is the only creator. Nothing ever was or ever will be created or re-created except through the mind.* It takes the Creator of the original tissues of our body to restore these tissues when diseased or destroyed. In the final analysis, all cures are self-cures, all healing is self-healing. The potency resides in the Great Within of us, in our God connection, in our oneness with Divinity.

What a boon to the race, what a blessing to humanity if every one knew this one truth, that the only healing possible must come through the rousing of the recuperative, restorative forces *within himself*, and that this healing power is that which heals all his hurts and wounds, and which is perpetually renewing every cell in the body, and that it is the same power which created him, and keeps him alive every instant of his existence!

The coming physician will teach the patient that the creative processes are always going on within him, that the same power which has created him is in the perpetual act of re-creating, restoring him all his life—as is shown the moment he breaks a bone or lacerates his flesh, when the healing processes begin immediately—and if our education, prejudices and convictions did not antagonize this creative process, but were trained to aid it, the healing would be quickly, perfectly done.

We are all conscious that there is a current deep within us which runs Godward, that this current carries unlimited supply. The poorest of us are in the very midst of plenty and in touch with Omnipotent Power, but we do not know it. If, with open mind and heart, we put ourselves in the success current, the current of good, of abundance, the supply will flow to us naturally, abundantly. The mind that is open to its inflow will never want.

It sometimes happens that men who purchase farms on the prairies find that several of their predecessors had attempted to drive wells, and, failing to find water, had sold out. But the more enterprising purchaser drills down deeper and strikes the living stream.

Multitudes of people go through life without ever going deep enough into their inner consciousness to strike the great living stream of supply. Hence their lives are parched, dry and unproductive. But if we dip deep enough into the Great Within of ourselves, we will strike the stream of living water which, if we once drink, we will never thirst, never lack or want again.

When man feels the mighty principle of truth, of justice, pulsating through him, he knows that even with all the world against him he and this principle are a majority.

Lincoln was a mighty power in the world. It was not merely what was in his brain; it was the mighty principle behind the man, back of the flesh. It was Truth and Justice acting through him that made him such a power.

Lincoln was conscious that there was something in him, something back of him which was more than human, a force which carried divine authority and which, if he disobeyed, would instantly rob him of his power and peace of mind. He felt that truth and justice were speaking through him; that he was simply a medium.

Did you ever realize that you are a part of the universal intelligence that underlies all things; the intelligence that furnishes the pattern for the rose before it pushes out into objective reality; the intelligence which shapes every flower and plant and tree and blade of grass; and that this great ocean of intelligent energy that fills the universe exists in the Great Within of us, is at our disposal to produce what we will?

One man reaches out into this sea of intelligent activity and shapes from it a statue or a book which enchants mankind; another into an architectural wonder; another into a railroad; another into a telephone or sewing machine; another into hideous forms which contaminate and demoralize every beholder.

Most people do not half realize how sacred a thing a legitimate ambition is. What is this eternal urge within us which is trying to push us on and on, up and up? It is the God urge, the God push in the Great Within of us, which is perpetually prodding us to do our best and bids us refuse to accept our second best.

When we come into the realization of that great silent, vital energy within us which is equal to the satisfaction of all the soul's desires, all its yearnings, we shall no longer hunger or thirst, for all the good things of the universe will be ours. No life can be poor when enfolded in the Infinite Arms, and living in the very midst of abundance.

THE INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR

A Business Surplus

By David Graham Evans

IDLE money is one of the most useless among articles which have a general distribution. It has no value for decorative purposes, it is difficult to fit into the average color scheme, and if so fitted, the effect would be regarded by less fortunate mortals who do not possess it as vulgar. Children are not permitted to play with it. A child has little or no control over a worn ten-cent piece after it reaches the mouth. Many of those regarded as authorities on the habits of the germ family will have it that our currency is unsanitary. Even the money worshipers must confess that idle funds are as worthless as a watch without hands.

"What about its influences?" you ask. Its only value can be found there. It is comforting to know that we have it, even if it is in the way. It is among our first loves, this thing called money, and it will, if we are not careful, become our master. The influences of idle money are rather evenly balanced between the good and the bad, so that for the purposes of this article—even if the moral point has not been proved—it will be fair to eliminate influences, and to consider the practical value of the thing itself, if turned from idleness to activity.

What One Firm Did With Its Surplus

A firm, after some eight years of rather unusual success from a standpoint of earning capacity, became somewhat disturbed during our last money panic over the fact that their business cash surplus, amounting to something over twenty thousand dollars, was unsafe. The junior partner was one of the many anxious depositors who formed the long line before one of our large New York National banks during those very trying days in October, 1907.

The demands on the bank became too great. It was stripped of its cash. The junior partner was among those who returned to their offices with the hideous thoughts of heavy loss if not utter ruin filling their minds. Fortunately, the receiver of the bank cleared up its affairs in due time, without financial loss to its depositors, and our firm found its surplus unharmed and again subject to their check.

In relating their unpleasant experience to a friend, the bankers were met by the question, "Why not invest your surplus? This money has been a non-interest bearing, checking account in your bank for several years—idle money so far as you are concerned."

"Ah, but we may have urgent need of it at any time, and our check takes care of the demand. An opportunity may be offered to extend our business. We are now earning twenty per cent. on our capital. Can we afford to consider this suggestion?"

"Yes."

They did so, and through the following method of reasoning: They drew up a list of bonds which, for several years, had shown an average earning capacity of five per cent. and which possessed a reasonable amount of market ability. They learned that any of our national banks would gladly lend up to eighty per cent. of the market value of the bonds, so that the owners of these bonds would be in a position to convert their holdings into cash, almost as quickly as they could their own checks. The results of this investigation were very pleasing to the firm. Their idle twenty thousand dollars was converted from idleness to work, its earnings being one thousand dollars annually. Furthermore, it was amply secure, and ready at short notice for any other work that might be required of it.

The Problem of the Surplus Is New

If a business surplus of cash is a modern annexation to our already numerous business problems, as it seems to be, we hardly require a financial panic to bring the need of its proper care forcibly to our attention. In the early development of our country, when the surplus wealth was confined to financial institutions and to a few wealthy capitalists, our business men, whose only concern was their own business, were habitual borrowers of money. Capital could not be had fast enough to keep pace with growth.

Fifteen years have brought about great changes. The business men who possess funds in excess of their business requirements are far more numerous than they were fifteen years ago, and they are rapidly increasing. Hence this modern annex to the business man's cares. There are, of course, many ways of safeguarding the business surplus and taking it out of idleness. But if we consider the purchase of bonds, or short term notes, or, in fact, any form of investment that demands quick convertibility, we must be sure of our banker, sure that he thoroughly understands our requirements, or else we ourselves must have a knowledge of investments.

This is rarely true of the average business man. He is too engrossed in his own chosen field—his inclination generally is to "put all his eggs in one basket"—he will find a place for his surplus in the enterprise, he knows.

In search of information concerning the conveniences offered by banking firms to encourage the practise of buying bonds with idle business funds, we found that several have a system of receiving weekly remittances from business houses equal to ten per cent. of the weekly pay-roll. If the weekly amount is not large enough to purchase a bond, it is applied toward the original cost of a bond, until a sufficient amount has been accumulated. Then a bond is selected to fit the requirements of the house, and placed in their vaults.

This system is a splendid one on account of the obligation on the part of the business firm to make weekly savings, whether there is a surplus or not, and it is generally regarded by those who practise it as another good form of business insurance. Again, securities of this kind, appearing on the asset side of a balance sheet, have influences that are obvious to any business man.

The advantages of having a surplus of any kind are many, but to a creditor it has not the attractiveness in liquid form as it has in the form of some well-known, marketable bond. A cash item on a balance sheet usually means money for current cash needs, and only the owners know the demands against it. If it is a real cash reserve fund—one over and above the financial needs of the firm—it should be in the form of some good, easy-to-sell security. This is just what the banks do with such a fund, and in this way they make money. When you need money temporarily, simply pin your interest-bearing note to your bond, and any banker will be happy to give you cash for it. That is how he makes money, too.

Should the whole of the market value of the security be needed for indefinite or permanent investment in your business, your investment banker will sell your security for you. That is why a reasonable market should be shown on every bond that is to be purchased with a business surplus.

Good Bonds of Three Classes

It is unwise to select bonds that are susceptible to the influences of the market. In such cases, you are subjected to the unpleasant sensation of a possible loss of one or more points should your requirement demand a quick sale. This suggestion, however, must not be taken too seriously; all bonds are subject to more or less of these influences. Its meaning is that one should, as far as possible, avoid that class of bonds which is daily having its ups and downs. Good short-term notes, those issued by our railroads, offer some attractions for the business funds. A reasonable market can be found, and the earning capacity is, of course, greater than bonds of the character required for proper protection. But if one is conservative he will use these only for the purpose of bringing up his average of earnings by putting some part of his surplus in notes of this kind. Investment bankers are finding among business men an increased interest in securities of the low yield type, and they are apparently showing a preference for this class for the employment of their business funds.

The following list of bonds in three classifications—railroad, public utility and industrial—are mentioned merely as typical, and the list might easily be extended so as to include those of many other corporations.

Railroad Bonds	*Yield About*
Union Pacific Bonds 1st & Rfd. 4s	4.10%
Cleve., Cin., Chic. & St. Louis Gen. 4s	4.20%
Atchison Transcontinental 1st 4s	4.30%
Chic. Burl. & Quincy Joint Otd. 4s	4.50%
Southern Ry. 1st Consol. 5s	4.60%
Western Maryland 1st 4s	4.75%
Chic., R. I. & Pacf. Ry. 1st & Rfd. 4s	4.75%
Public Utility Bonds	
N. Y. Telephone Co. 1st & Gen. 4½s	4.60%
Laclede Gas Light Co., St. Louis, 1st 5s	4.70%
Cleveland Elec. Illum. Co. 1st 5s	4.80%

N. Y. Gas & Elec. Lt. Ht. & Power. Co. Pur. Money 4s	4.85%
Detroit Edison Co. 1st 5s	4.90%
Niagara Falls Power Co. 1st 5s	4.90%

Industrial Bonds

Am. Agr. Chemical Co. 1st 5s	4.75%
U. S. Steel Sinking Fund 5s	4.80%
Virginia Carolina Chemical Co. 1st 5s	5.00%
Armour & Co. 1st 4½s	5.00%
Central Leather Co. 1st Lien 5s	5.00%

There are also to be had various issues of underlying railroad, equipment and municipal bonds that could properly be regarded as good investments for business surpluses. As can readily be seen, this list gives one a splendid opportunity to diversify in making an investment. This should always have serious consideration in handling moneys of this kind. The best of bonds have been known to get into trouble during their life; therefore, if your investment consists of several kinds, your whole fund can not be seriously affected.

Should the fund amount to $2,000 or $20,000, spread it out among all the classes named above, if possible. If the amount should be $1,000, and a railroad bond should be the selection, purchase a public utility or industrial with the next $1,000. If real conservatism is to be practised, be mindful of diversification. This is very important.

In the strong boxes of some of our successful business houses—those who go almost to the extreme in all matters pertaining to the safeguarding of the firm's intefest—will be found Government bonds. But a mere glance at the history of the bonds mentioned in the above table will convince one that such care is an extreme measure, and has the effect of bringing down the average earning.

Nevertheless, this kind of a fund should be regarded with the same kind of guardianship as that of a trust fund, even if it is not subject to the dictation of our laws. In the list submitted one may select five or ten bonds that will yield a return of about five per cent. As is seen, the yield ranges upward from Union Pacific 1st & Rfd. 4s at 4.10% to Central Leather Company's 1st Lien 5s at 5%.

Convertible Into Cash Without Delay

No better market can be found than that which is afforded for these bonds. Almost every item is listed on all the exchanges of this country, and many of these bonds are actively traded on foreign exchanges. This fact alone argues well for this type of security for the employment of funds that may at any time demand quick convertibility. These bonds, by reason of these facts, must be regarded by the whole banking fraternity as assets almost as prompt as currency itself. They can be turned into actual money in an hour's time in any part of the land where banks can be found.

The president of one of our large national banks was asked to give his opinion of the practise of buying bonds with business funds.

"It's a good practise," he said. "A business house with a bond reserve asset invariably finds the greatest degree of consideration from bankers. Such a reserve as this affords a certain measure of protection against unforeseen contingencies, by reason of its ability to demand credit. If more business firms would adopt such a system, the cares and responsibilities of the commercial bankers would be greatly reduced."

Our federal banking laws force the national banks to take care of their surplus in a way that safeguards their customers and themselves. It is natural, therefore, for our bank presidents to strongly endorse for the business man something very much akin to his own methods. But he sees further than that. His vision carries him on to a better and sounder system of credits and improved condition of business in general, should this system become generally adopted by the commercial world.

Time for Improvement

IT WAS on the day of Colonel Roosevelt's arrival in New York, after his triumphant progress abroad. The enthusiasm for "the man of the hour" had been imparted even to the boot-blacks, and two sons of Italy were excitedly vieing with each other in extolling the colonel while they polished shoes.

"Roosavelt he da greata da man in da world," declared one of the bootblacks, waving his shining-cloth.

"You don't really mean that, do you?" asked the man who occupied his chair.

"Sure I do. Roosavelt he da greata da man in da world," the Italian answered with conviction, and then he added: "He da greata da man ever lived."

"Come, come, you don't mean to say that Roosevelt is a greater man than Lincoln," his patron said.

"Yes, greata da man dan Linc. Roosavelt he da greata da man in da world."

"You wouldn't say that he is greater than George Washington, would you?" pursued the amused patron.

"Yes, greater da man dan Georga Wash."

"Well, would you say that he is greater than Garibaldi?"

The Italian hesitated and scratched his head. Then he answered, "Well, Roosavelt he da younga man yet."

The Everyday Mikado

[*Continued from page 17*]

all, with sharply defined and intensely individual views on all the great measures of State. They carried vigorously worded resignations in their pockets almost every time they attended the Council of State. If their views and measures did not carry, they would resign; that was all there was to it. But if the great work of building the New Nippon were to succeed at all, these men had to work in harmony. And to drive them in a team, a man who could command their confidence, respect, admiration, enthusiasm was required. That they did work in harmony is a matter of record. If we have no other proof of the greatness of the emperor than this, he should be ranked very high as a commander of men. Moreover, may we not be permitted to ask a rather pertinent question right here. If Saigo, Okubo, Kido were great builders of the New Nippon, then, pray, who chose them out of some forty millions of people? Can the blind see the stars even if they shine very brightly?

Another thing about the emperor which must never be forgotten is the way he virtually forced constitutional government upon his people. It was original on a monarch's part; absolutely without precedent. Elsewhere, even in the homes of Christian enlightenment, blood has ever been the price that a people paid for their charter of liberty—witness the struggle with King John, the American War of Independence, the French revolution. When our emperor wished to limit his own absolute powers and give us constitutional liberty, the people did not want it; they did not understand it; they were utterly indifferent about it; they accepted it out of respect to His Majesty's wishes. On February 11, 1880, the Constitution of the Empire was promulgated. It passed into history as the first and the only bloodless Magna Charta known.

What manner of man, then, is this emperor?

The Daily Life of the Mikado

The emperor is a plain, hard-working monarch in these crowded days of national expansion. Immediately after the morning toilet, he calls for all the leading newspapers of Tokio and not a few of those of other cities. It is not a careless glance that he gives to them. Keeping in touch with the heart throbs of the nation and the world and with the fast-pacing race of affairs is not a matter for carelessness, especially on the part of the ruler of a growing country. Some one has said that the Mikado's keen sense for news would surprise the editor of a great daily.

Precisely at eight he sits down to his breakfast of a few pieces of buttered toast and a cup of coffee. At the morning meal, as a usual thing, no rice or any native dish is served.

The time was, to be sure, when every imperial meal was as complicated as any other court function. That was all very well when the sovereign had little else to do but to eat and drink and fight a daily and sometimes an hourly duel with *onnui*, but this is quite impossible in the reign of the emperor who wishes to rule "with the toil of my own flesh and bones and with my own heart and mind," and who takes it as a grave crime "if even a single one of the millions of my people fails to get his own place" in life.

At midday is served what is called *hi-ju san-sai*—that is to say, two soups and three more substantial courses. His Majesty's evening meal consists of *ni-ju go-sai*—two soups and five other courses. The prophecy of simplicity spoken in the imperial breakfast is fulfilled at luncheon and dinner, for of the three and five principal courses of the two meals, one of them is always of simple vegetables. Foreign dishes do not find an enthusiastic favor at the imperial table. His Majesty partakes of them at public dinners given to the guests of distinction from abroad, but rarely at other times. He is fond of that princely fish called *ayu*, which is of the salmon family but even smaller than the mountain trout, and to the Japanese taste, infinitely more delicate and choice. With his dinner he sometimes takes a little wine or the choice saké called *Masamune*.

His Clothing is Simple and Severe

In raiment as in food, the emperor's taste is simple to the verge of severity. At public functions he appears in his uniform of commander-in-chief of the army. In the privacy of palace life he wears a frock coat. No imported goods are used in the making of his garments. It is his wish that he should be clothed with the products of the industry of his own people. In striking contrast to the flaming neckties and astounding checks and remarkable waistcoats seen so often in American cities on Japanese gentlemen traveling abroad, the emperor dresses invariably in plain black. In the evening he wears the native costume made of kaiki silk of pure white. The articles of clothing which come in touch with the august person are never worn twice by him. Such garments are handed over to the officers of the palace and to different members of the royal family. Such is the rigorous economy of the imperial household that rarely do the young princes at Takanawa Palace receive new garments ordered for themselves. Those of the officers who are fortunate enough to receive the gift of the emperor's clothes use the materi-

for various purposes. Sometimes it is made over into a cushion, a spread or a coat, or it is preserved as a precious heirloom.

About three years ago, when His Majesty reviewed the ships of the imperial navy in the harbor of Yokohama, he wore for the first time the official costume of an admiral.

Up to recent years, all the imperial dresses were made by outside tailors, but, at the suggestion of the palace physicians, a special tailor shop is now fitted out in the palace compound, so there may be no danger of even the slightest chance of the introduction of contagious diseases from outside through the medium of clothing.

The Emperor's Work Day

Precisely at ten o'clock in the morning, Mutsuhito is at the large table in his study called *Go-za-sho*, the Salon of the August Seat. Every morning he finds the table groaning with heaped documents of all sorts —memorials from the Premier and other cabinet ministers and petitions from all over the empire.

The emperor is enthusiastic about system. The great American corporations can not practise it in more up-to-date manner than he. How else could he be master of the ever crowding affairs of the empire!

At noon, it is his pleasant wont to lunch in the company of the empress. At two in the afternoon, he is back at the large table, and, according to the testimony of some of the palace officers, it is no unusual thing to find him at work far beyond six o'clock in the evening. And, as if all that were not enough, quite frequently he returns to the library after the evening meal and the midnight tolling of distant temple bells finds him still at his duties.

If a great painter were to illustrate the history of the New Nippon—which, of course, is to be written sometime—he would put as the frontispiece the portrait of His Majesty, Mutsuhito, Emperor of Japan, sitting at his library table under the midnight lamp; it would be as true a picture of the ruler as one could get—silent, ambitious, called upon to fight a great and up-hill fight, and, above all, not afraid of work.

His Majesty at Play

In his younger days, the emperor devoted himself whole-heartedly to the art of riding. He gathered together a number of the famous horsemen of the empire and spared himself no pains under their tutelage. But to-day—in fact, since the epoch-making days following the Chinese war—the favorite horse of the emperor is rarely used. The call of the State is ever louder in his ears.

In his younger days, also, His Majesty was fond of wrestling. In those far-gone days, when the writer was a mere child at school in Tokio, the capital was filled with the more or less exaggerated talk of and fame of the late Count Kuroda, who, as the awed whispers had it, was the only one who dared throw His Majesty without ado or ceremony. The emperor, so the aforementioned awed whisper said, liked the count for it much more than for all the admirable services rendered to him and the State as the Premier of the empire. And you have no idea how this little human touch raised the emperor into the ninth heaven of the young and enthusiastic adoration of the student class.

He is the one poet sovereign living. I believe there is no monarch upon a throne of Europe or of the East who can even pretend to dispute the title with him. I know something of those distortions which are going the rounds of American newspapers and magazines as English translations of the emperor's poems. Some things can be translated, even improved upon a little. Other things there are, though, which simply can not be translated.

Years ago some of us at school were called upon to translate Poe's "Annabel Lee" into Japanese. Of course we did it. We were even proud of our efforts. We were too young to know any better. You know the original:

"And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind flew out of a cloud chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea."

And we translated it into Japanese something after the following fashion:

For the reason stated, in the old days,
In this king's country bordering the sea,
A wind flew from a cloud giving a bad cold to
My beautiful Annabel Lee.
For that reason, her aristocratic male relative came
And took her away from me
In order that he may shut her up in a grave
In this king's country bordering the sea.

And I really think that the above is an infinitely more graceful and just rendering of Poe's fine lines than are almost any of the English translations of Mutsuhito's poems.

Japan's is an old civilization. In many things she is particular, finicky. And in nothing more so than in her literary art. The people of Japan ask their poets to give them either a beautiful picture, a profound thought, a touching sentiment, an epitaph to a buried passion, an echo of childhood or a peep into Heaven—all within the compass of thirty-one syllables. Yet this discriminating people ranks its emperor among the first poets of his time.

The Story of Wendell Phillips

[Continued from page 29]

divide my fee with you," and he finally persuaded her to let him put into her purse a roll of bills. When she arrived at home and examined the money she found that it was one hundred dollars.

This lady is said to have been a niece of Jefferson Davis.

I have run a little ahead of my story. To Mr. Phillips, after the war closed, the work before him seemed perfectly clear. All that had been gained was no more than a beginning. Part of a great evil had been abolished; the achievement merely revealed the greater task. Others might be willing to sit with folded hands; he fought right on. He saw about him a nation cursed with poverty in the midst of abounding wealth; afflicted with intemperance, the product of poverty; afflicted with a foolish, medieval superstition that excluded women from the ballot; denying education and opportunity to the greater part of its children. At the same time its toilers were overworked and underfed, its free institutions were threatened by an abnormal aggregation of riches in the hands of a few, and the process steadily grew under which the rich must grow richer and the poor poorer. Here, it seemed to him, lay a great field, demanding the ceaseless labors of any man that believed in democracy and the rise of the race.

Turning over the records of these ten or twelve years, his activities seem prodigious. He carried on the *Standard*, fought with almost savage pertinacity for the rights of the negro and against the policies of the Johnson administration, argued for the cause of Ireland against England, the cause of Crete against Turkey, the cause of the Indians against the United States, for woman suffrage, for the outcasts of the street, and in and out of season for the cause of labor. To all this there is no companion record, for he had nothing to gain from all this campaigning; not even applause.

The First Great American Socialist

Few persons in this country have any conception of the advanced nature of his views on the economic problems that only in the present day have become acute. He was, in fact, the first prominent American to adopt the doctrine now become the first plank in the program of the Socialist party. We should not go far astray if we were to call him the first great American Socialist. In 1871, he was instrumental in bringing about a Labor Reform Convention held at Worcester, Massachusetts. He was its chairman and wrote its platform, which was unanimously adopted. The very first sentence contains the substance of the modern Socialistic creed:

"We affirm, as a fundamental principle, that labor, the creator of wealth, is entitled to all it creates."

I do not know how there could be a more explicit declaration. But listen to what follows:

"Affirming this, we avow ourselves willing to accept the final results of the operation of a principle so radical—such as the overthrow of the whole profit-making system, the extinction of all monopolies, the abolition of privileged classes, universal education and fraternity, perfect freedom of exchange, and best and grandest of all, the final obliteration of that foul stigma upon our so-called Christian civilization, the poverty of the masses."

All this in 1871—think of it! The Socialist platform makers of to-day have hardly gone beyond most of it.

"Resolved, that we declare war with the wages system, which demoralizes alike the hirer and the hired, cheats both and enslaves the working man; war with the present system of finance, which robs labor and gorges capital, makes the rich richer and the poor poorer and turns a republic into an aristocracy of capital; war with these lavish grants of the public lands to speculating companies, and whenever in power, we pledge ourselves to use every just and legal means to resume all such grants heretofore made; war with the system of enriching capitalists by the creation and increase of public interest-bearing debts.

"We demand that every facility and all encouragement shall be given by law to cooperation in all branches of industry and trade, and that the same aid be given to cooperative efforts that has heretofore been given to railroads and other enterprises."

At that time the employees of mills and factories were worked twelve and sometimes fourteen hours a day and few persons could see anything wrong in the system. On this subject the resolutions of Mr. Phillips declare:

"We demand a ten-hour day for factory work, as a first step, and that eight hours be the working-day of all persons thus employed hereafter."

He even recognized, so far in advance of his times, the principle of equal pay for equal work.

"We demand that whenever women are employed at public expense to do the same kind and amount of work as men perform, they shall receive the same wages."

He saw clearly that interest-bearing bonds are a bulwark to the exploiting classes. In the next sentence he said:

"We demand that all public debts be paid at once in accordance with the terms of the contract, and that no more debts be created."

And he foresaw the evils of contract labor, for almost twenty years in advance of legislation on this subject, he said in his platform:

"Viewing the contract importation of coolies as only another form of the slave-trade, we demand that all contracts made relative thereto be void in this country."

When he presented this platform, Mr. Phillips said, addressing the convention:

"I regard the movement with which this convention is connected as the grandest and most comprehensive movement of the age. And I choose my epithets deliberately; for I can hardly name the idea in which humanity is interested that I do not consider locked up in the success of this movement of the people to take possession of their own."

In the forty years that have passed since that utterance, there has not appeared a better statement of the nature of the proletarian inspiration.

His Steady Decrease in Public Popularity

Renewed clamor broke out when this platform and his speech thereon appeared. The newspapers called Phillips a nihilist and a dangerous person; they had not yet learned the word anarchist, that in later years they applied indiscriminately to every man that protested against existing conditions. From this time Mr. Phillips's reputation steadily declined. Many persons viewed with sorrow the sad failure of the promise of the war period. He might have been sensible and successful; he might have gone to Congress or been a Senator or a judge. Instead, he insisted upon casting in his lot with this handful of rag-tag and bobtail. And who were they? Nothing but common working men! Sad was the case, and attention was once more directed to the fact that in his earlier days his family had tried to lock him up in an insane asylum because he attacked African slavery. Perhaps there was something in that. Certainly any man that aligned himself with a lot of greasy mechanics could hardly be right in his mind.

In the previous year he had accepted from the Labor and Temperance parties a nomination for Governor, knowing, of course, that his election was impossible, but seizing the opportunity to gain audiences for his two favorite causes. He received in the State about twenty thousand votes. In 1871 he intensified the feeling against him in the better classes by giving his support to General Benjamin F. Butler, who was making an active canvass for the Governorship. This incident has grievously afflicted his courtly biographer, who has adopted the current explanation that Phillips supported Butler because of the old friendship begun at Lowell when both were youths. All his life Phillips had sacrificed his personal preference to his sense of duty, and his friendships and even his family ties to his convictions. He had been bound to Garrison by tender ties of affection and admiration; yet even from Garrison he had parted for the sake of principle. He had never been intimate with Butler; the two had little in common; yet the comical explanation is still urged that some excess of personal friendship brought him to Butler's support.

I suppose that for an act so inexpressibly offensive to the social and political Brahmins of Massachusetts some unusual reason was demanded, but the truth is that Phillips applied to Butler the same standard he applied to every other public man. What ideas did he stand for? For justice to labor, for the plain people and for the cause of temperance. That was enough. Phillips supported him.

Butler was defeated in the Republican convention, but we are to hear more of him in this story.

Upon every possible occasion Mr. Phillips continued to call the attention of his countrymen to the growing peril of corporation supremacy in their affairs and to the demands of labor. Some of his utterances at this period, because of their astonishingly accurate forecast of coming conditions in America, are likely to startle any present day reader. Investigators of the modern situation have done nothing more than to verify his predictions. Thus in October, 1871, he said this:

"The land of England [meaning the great estates] has ruled it for six hundred years. The corporations of America mean to rule it in the same way, and unless some power more radical than that of ordinary politics is found, will rule it inevitably.

"I confess that the only fear I have in regard to republican institutions is whether, in our day, any adequate remedy will be found for this incoming flood of the power of incorporated wealth. No statesman, no public man yet, has dared to defy it. Every man that has met it has been crushed to powder; and the only hope of any effective grapple with it is in rousing the actual masses, whose interests permanently lie in an opposite direction, to grapple with this force."

And again:

"To me the Labor movement means just this: It is the last noble protest against the power of incorporated wealth, seeking to do again what the Whig aristocracy of Great Britain has successfully done for two hundred years. Thirty thousand families own Great Britain to-day."

In a speech delivered in April, 1872, he said:

"I rejoice at every effort working men make to organize; I do not care on what [illegible] they do it. Men sometimes say to me: 'Are you an Internationalist?'

I say, I do not know what an Internationalist is; but they tell me it is a system by which the working men from London to Gibraltar, from Moscow to Paris, can clasp hands. Then I say 'Godspeed, Godspeed, to that or any similar movements.'

"So I welcome organization. I do not care whether it calls itself Trades-Union, Crispin, International or Commune; anything that masses up the units in order that they may put in a united force to face the organization of capital; anything that does that, I say amen to it."

Compromise on Any Issue Was Impossible To Him

No mincing of words. Now, as in the Abolition days, he accepted the full measure of faith and stood squarely upon that, never flinching. And here I take occasion to point out another of his traits, well worth the attention of a nation so overfond of compromise. With Wendell Phillips it was either one thing or the other; either support or no support. If he believed in a cause, he stood for the whole of it and to the end. He would waste neither time nor effort in half-hearted advocacy of any cause, since all about him were so many conflicts to which he could give unreservedly the limit of his enthusiasm and strength.

But when individual public men were to be considered he had a different feeling. His idea was to take the good in every man and make the most of it but never to acquiesce in the evil. At all times he set his back against the hysteria of hero worship that seems to possess Americans above any other people. Because a President has done one good thing, that did not mean that he was a divinity. Phillips knew men well enough to know that the differences of ability and intellect were not great enough to warrant canonization, and that the only really important differences were in moral purpose and in service to the race. His attitude toward President Grant was typical. He praised Grant for upholding the rights of the colored people but condemned his treatment of Sumner and his policy about Santo Domingo.

One more instance of his extraordinary powers occurring in these days ought not to be omitted from this chronicle. It was in 1875. Grant, with the aid of Federal troops, was trying to restore order in Louisiana, where former Confederates had risen against a Governor elected by enfranchised colored men. Southern sympathizers in Boston called a meeting at Faneuil Hall to denounce Grant's course in this regard. Mr. Phillips attended, sitting in the gallery, and with no intention of speaking. Men on the floor below, noting his silent figure, began to call for a speech from him. He sat quite still, his arm resting upon his cane and his chin upon his arm while he grimly watched the proceedings. The clamor for him becoming so great that the meeting could not proceed, the chairman was obliged to invite him to speak. He slowly arose in his place and in a profound hush began an address. Then, in the old place, the familiar old scene was reenacted. At the first sentence arose hisses and violent outcries; then ensued a gradually diminishing clamor; then silence; then applause; and the meeting that had been called to denounce Grant adopted a resolution in his support.

It was about this time that I first heard him. He was lecturing on Charles Sumner. When he came upon the stage a curious feeling of involuntary respect swept over the audience, for a presence so noble and an attitude so manifestly sincere. From the instant his marvelous silver voice began to sound, every mind in the audience hung upon each word that fell from his lips. His tall, powerful figure seemed to be the embodiment of strength in repose and gave an impression of intellectual authority, the like of which I have never known. His hair was quite gray, his eyes were keen and kindly, his complexion ruddy and eloquent of health and right living. His expression was tinged with a certain melancholy, such as I have observed in the faces of most men to whom life means more than lust and gluttony, but was wonderfully strong and as if the man within saw only fine and beautiful things not known to the rest of us. I doubt if any person that heard him ever quite lost the mental effect he created.

The Sadness of His Latter Days

Something pathetic pertains to his life in these years. His private charities and his support of the Anti-Slavery *Standard* had strained his little means, so that he was obliged to go about the country lecturing, although he had long hoped to be able to spend his winters in quiet and comfort and the company of Mrs. Phillips. His lecture seasons began in November and lasted until April. They took him on long tours through every Northern State, sometimes entailing great hardship and exposure. He was long past sixty, his life had been one ceaseless struggle, he was beginning to feel the strain. The lectures, too, failed somewhat in popularity after he had come to be regarded as a maniac and dangerous person on the labor question. Yet he must needs go the weary round year after year. Something pathetic pertained also to his own view of himself. He recognized fully the utter isolation he had made. With a kind of smiling sadness, infinitely moving, he used to refer to himself as "that Ishmaelite," and once he wrote that his home was a sleeping car and his only friends were the brakemen and porters. The health of Mrs. Phillips continued to be, in her own opinion, most precarious, and gave him ceaseless concern. Thousands of adherents that on the slavery issue had stood by him loyally, turned from him as soon as he took up the cause of labor. Others were old and retired, the fire gone out, the spirit sitting in the ashes. Many others had died. The generation before which he had played so great a part was passing; he was being left alone. Many another man so situated would have abandoned a cause utterly unpromising and retired to his fireside for peace and enjoyment in his closing years.

Wendell Phillips went straight on.

Midas Marries a Gold Brick

[*Continued from page 32*]

The unhappy man gazed long and anxiously at the pale face before him, and then his heart softened as it always had done.

"All right, my child," he sighed, as he tossed the exact amount to her across the table. Then his face grew stern.

"Gasmerilda," he said, "your extravagance having brought us to this, I may as well inform you now as at any other time that it is up to you to get us out of trouble, and I have to-day been forced to enter into negotiations with the Pactolean Trust Company by which you are to be capitalized. Hereafter, my child, you are to become a dividend paying investment instead of third cousin to a sinking fund."

"What can you mean, father?" cried the girl, her face blanching with fear.

The Miller thereupon recounted to her in full detail the incidents of the morning, and revealed to her astounded mind the preposterous claims he had made on her behalf.

"But father," she protested, "I have no such gift."

"You will excuse me for refusing to discuss the matter further with you, Gasmerilda," he replied, coldly. "If it so happens that you have no such gift you must devise some method of getting it. I have given my word, and as a dutiful daughter you must make good."

Turning to the butler the Miller asked:

"James, has a bale of straw arrived here to-day from Colonel Midas?"

"Yes, sir," said the butler. "It is down-stairs in the cellar, sir."

"Good," said the Miller. "You will have it carried up to Miss Miller's dressing-room at once."

Rising from the table he kissed his unhappy daughter affectionately, and bidding her good-night, he went to the club where he paid his delinquent dues and house charges and set out once more upon a tolerably care free existence for five days at least.

"A short life and a merry one," he muttered to himself, as he paid in a hundred dollars for a supply of red and blue chips.

Meanwhile, poor Gasmerilda sat white-faced, and eyes wide with fear and perplexity, staring at that horrible bale of straw that occupied the middle of the floor of her dainty boudoir. She had no more idea of how to spin it into gold than she had of making over her last year's gingham bath-robe into a this year's panne velvet opera gown. Hourly her distress grew until finally the flood-gates of her tears broke, and she burst into a passionate convulsion of weeping. But, even as the tears began to flow, there came a faint golden tinkle on the jeweled 'phone that stood on her escritoire. At first she paid no attention to the unexpected tintinnabulation, but the tinkling soon became more pronounced, and so persistent that she finally answered it.

"Is that you, Gasmerilda?" came a quaint little voice over the wire.

"Yes," she sobbed. "Who is this?"

"There are tears in your voice, Gasmerilda," came the quaint little voice.

"They are all over the place," wept the unhappy girl.

"And I know why," said the little voice, sympathetically. "I am your Fairy Godmother, Gasmerilda, and I have not ceased to watch over you. Your father has negotiated a loan on your remarkable gift of spinning straw into gold, has he not?"

"Yes," sobbed Gasmerilda, "and I have no such gift."

"Well, don't worry, my child," said the little voice. "When you were a baby you once offered a part of your school orange to a starving kitten, and she has not forgotten it. I was that kitten and I have kept my eye on you ever since, and now I am going to help you out. If you will do exactly what I tell you to do all will be well."

Gasmerilda, with a great sigh of relief, promised to be faithful to her Fairy Godmother's instructions.

"Oh, you dear!" she cried impulsively.

"Go to-morrow, the first thing in the morning," said the Fairy Godmother, "to the United States Assay Office on Wall Street, taking with you the money your father gave you this evening at dinner, and buy a one thousand dollar bar of gold."

"But Fairy Godmother," Gasmerilda interrupted, "I—I must use that money to pay off my bridge I. O. U.'s to-morrow."

"I have arranged for all that," laughed the Fairy Godmother. "Those I. O. U.'s will never be presented. Transforming myself into a mouse, I have entered the escritoires of the ladies holding your notes of hand, and have eaten every single one of them."

Gasmerilda's heart leaped with joy.

"Oh, Fairy Godmother," she cried. "Can't you get rid of father's note in the same way?"

"No, my dear," sighed the little voice. "That note, unfortunately, is stored away in a steel vault, and my teeth are not strong enough to nibble through that. I have a more business-like method to get you both out of your troubles. After you have purchased the bar of gold, take it home with you and devise some convenient means of getting rid of the straw without anybody seeing you do it—the best way to do this will be to carry an armful of it at a time up on to the roof of your house and let it blow away; and then, when next Monday comes, and your father is required to deliver the first consignment of the precious metal to Colonel Midas, go with him to the colonel's office, yourself, taking the gold with you, and see that it is really delivered. Wear your most bewitching hat, and don't fail to remember what a woman's eyes were given her for."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!" cried Gasmerilda, a great wave of happiness sweeping over her. "If I could get at you, dear Fairy Godmother, over the 'phone, I should hug you to death."

"That is all right, child. My reward will come later," replied the Fairy Godmother. "When your profits begin to come in you may pay me a commission of ten per cent. on all you get."

"Gladly. I'll make it fifteen per cent," cried the grateful girl. "But how shall you be paid?"

"By check, dear, drawn to the order of The Fairy's Aid Society of America, of which I am the president," was the answer. "The address is just Wall Street, New York. And now, sweet dreams, my beloved ward. The sun of your troubles has set, and the dawn of prosperity is here."

With a happy smile Gasmerilda wished her kindly friend good-night, and retired to her couch and slept the sleep of a weary child. Bright and early the next morning, with her little gold-chain purse containing the necessary funds dangling from her chatelaine, she appeared at the Assay Office, and purchased there a shining bar of the lustrous metal, returning to her home in time for luncheon.

"Well, daughter," said the Miller, as he met her in the hallway, "how does the good work proceed?"

"Very well, indeed, father," she said, with a cheery smile. "I'm a little out of practise, but I managed to spin about ninety-eight dollars' worth last night before going to bed."

The Miller blinked amazedly at his daughter. This answer was indeed the most extraordinary substitute for the floods of tears he had expected to greet his question.

"You—you—you dud—don't m—m—mean to sus—say—" he stammered.

"Father dear, did you ever try to cut calves-foot jelly with a steel knife?" she asked.

"Yes, child, yes—but what of that?" he demanded, completely nonplussed.

"Well, dear," she answered, kissing him on the tip-end of his nose, "that is hard labor compared to spinning gold out of straw."

She ran from him, laughing merrily as she hurried up the stairs to her room, while he, staggering back against the newel-post of the staircase, leaned on it, breathing heavily.

"If that's the case," he said, as with trembling hands he took a set of false whiskers and a steerage ticket for Naples from his pocket, "I shall not need these."

Nevertheless, prudence bade him wait until he had seen the gold before destroying the paraphernalia of his possible flight, and oh, the joy that Saturday morning, when Gasmerilda, having by an almost superhuman effort rid herself of the straw as her Fairy Godmother had bade her to do, led her trembling father into her boudoir and showed him the glittering bar!

"Are you sure it's real?" he quavered.

"I have had it stamped at the Assay Office, father," she replied. "See!"

And she showed him the stamps of the authorized Government test.

"My child!" he cried, dancing about the room in a delirium of joy. "My beloved, my beautiful daughter—was ever Miller so blessed as I! Wait!"

Rushing madly to the jeweled 'phone, he rang up Colonel Midas.

"Excuse me for bothering you, colonel," he said excitedly, "but this is Miller. I thought you would be interested to know that my daughter has turned the trick a little sooner than I expected. If you want to see the gold to-day instead of waiting until Monday, all you've got to do is to say so."

The wire fairly sizzled with the reply. Of course, Colonel Midas would not wait. In fact, he'd be right up. How much did the Miller think the gold would pan out?

"Oh, about a thousand dollars," replied the Miller.

"What?" roared Midas. "A thousand dollars' worth of gold from a seven dollar bub—bale of straw?"

"That's the Assay Office estimate," said the Miller with a smile. "You can't very well go behind that."

The answer was a long, low whistle, and within twenty minutes the great financier's car came chugging up to the door, and he entered the house, bringing with him a chemist.

"By Jingo, Miller," he cried, after the chemist had applied every known test to the bar and declared it to be, beyond all question, the real stuff, "by Jingo, old man, our fortune is made. This is the greatest cinch in the history of finance."

"Looks that way," said the Miller, calmly, leaning forward and tossing the steerage ticket into the waste-basket.

"We—er—we must keep it in the family, Miller," the colonel added, slapping the proud father familiarly on the knee—for Gasmerilda had remembered the Fairy Godmother's injunction as to the use of her eyes.

"I intend to, colonel," said the Miller drily. "I'll keep it in *my* family if you don't mind—"

Midas gasped, and then he laughed sheepishly.

"To think that I, a hardened old bachelor, should be a victim to love at first sight!" he said.

"Very funny indeed," laughed the Miller.

"What would you say to me as a son-in-law, eh?" Midas went on. "You know I'm a decent chap, old man. No funny business about my private life—it's a good chance to get your daughter settled in life, and—"

"Well, I don't know," said the Miller, coolly. "You are generally considered to be a fairly eligible sort of person, Midas, but my daughter can afford to marry for love as long as the straw crop holds good."

A glitter came into Midas's eye.

"What if I were to corner the market?" he demanded.

"That would be bad for Gasmerilda and me," the Miller agreed. "Mind you, I have n't said I disapproved of the match, but let's be perfectly frank with each other. I'm not going to sell my daughter to you or to anybody else, but you know how things run these days. A man's a millionaire to-day and a member of the Down and Out Club to-morrow. Now I don't know the first blessed thing about your prospects. You are rich now, but who knows that before nineteen-twelve you won't be in a Federal jail somewhere, without a nickel?"

"I see your point," said Midas, "and I'll settle five millions on her to-morrow."

"Real money?" he demanded.

"Real money," said Midas.

And so the papers settling five million dollars in approved securities upon the Miller's daughter were executed, and three months later that invincible old bachelor, John W. Midas, for whom countless widows had set their caps in vain, was led to the altar by the blushing and happy Gasmerilda. The groom's gift to the bride was a princely one, consisting of ten million dollars' worth of the preferred stock of the newly organized American Straw and Hay Trust, of which Colonel Midas was president, a concern controlling all the leading straw industries of the United States and some said of foreign lands as well. The papers called it the most brilliant match of the season, but, none the less, the bride had some misgivings. She knew, and somehow or other in the perspective of the vista of wedded bliss ahead of her, no larger than a pin-head, she seemed at times to see the first faint symptoms of a cloud which might sooner or later obscure the whole heavens; aye, even that vast stretch of blue that reached from the easternmost part of New York to the westernmost boundaries of Reno, South Dakota. Still, back of this was a silver—nay a golden lining, for Gasmerilda was now the possessor in her own right of five million dollars in real money, and with such a possession in hand, one can stand a good deal of domestic misunderstanding.

And even then there was the chance that the sporting instincts of Colonel Midas would prove to be such that he would admire the genius back of the transmutation that had originally won him—in addition to which was the other fact that already, without a bale in sight, he had sold the public over fifty millions' worth of the common stock in the United States Straw and Hay Trust at 97¾.

The first check out of Gasmerilda's new account was as follows:

New York, January 17, 1909

No. 1

Pay to the order of The Fairy's Aid Society of America

Seven hundred and fifty thousand..... Dollars

$750,000.00

GASMERILDA MILLER MIDAS

And she lived extravagantly forever afterward.

Glass That Will Not Break

BACCARAT, France, has the honor of producing the first glass that is unbreakable. The new process has been successfully applied to the manufacture of lamp chimneys for use in coal mines containing much fire damp. The glass makers of Baccarat have also succeeded in increasing the elasticity of the glass. This they accomplished by adding magnesia and oxide to the ordinary crystal glass.

The Man Who Spoke Latin

[*Continued from page 49*]

"FOUND—Old book in foreign language, probably Latin, marked 'Percival.' Owner may recover by giving satisfactory description of peculiar and obscure feature and refunding for advertisements.—FICHTEL, 27 Jasmine Street."

"What is the peculiar and obscure feature, Jones?" asked Warren.

"I don't know."

"How do you know there is any?"

"Must be something peculiar about the book or Enderby would n't put in four months of work on the chance of stealing it. And it must be obscure, otherwise the auctioneer would have spotted it."

"Sound enough!" approved the other. "What could it be? Some interpolated page?"

"Hardly. I've a treatise in my pocket on seventeenth century book-making, which I'm going to study to-night. Be ready for an early start, to meet Bertram."

That languid and elegant gentleman arrived by the first morning train. He protested mightily when he was led to the humble shoe-shop. He protested more mightily when invited to don a leather apron and smudge his face appropriately to his trade. His protests, waxing vehement and eventually profane, as he scarified his daintily-kept fingers, in rehearsal for giving a correct representation of an honest artisan cobbling a boot, died away when Average Jones explained to him that on pretense of having found a rare book, he was to worm out of a cautious and probably suspicious criminal the nature of some unique and hidden feature of the volume.

"Trust me for diplomacy," said Bertram, airily.

"I will, because I 've got to," retorted Average Jones, drily. "Well, get to work. To you the outer shop: to Warren and me this rear room. And, remember, if you hear me whetting a knife, that means come at once."

Uncomfortably twisted into a supposedly professional posture, Bertram wrought with hammer and last, while putting off, with lame, blind and halting excuses, such as came to call for their promised foot-gear. By a triumph of tact he had just disposed of a rancid-tongued female who demanded her husband's boots, a satisfactory explanation, or the arbitrament of the lists, when the bell tinkled and the two watchers in the back room heard a nervous, cultivated voice say:

"Is Mr. Fichtel here?"

"That 's me," said Bertram, landing an agonizing blow on his thumb-nail.

"You advertised that you had found an old book."

"Yes, sir. Somebody left it in the Post-Office."

"Ah; that must have been when I went to mail some letters to New York," said the other, glibly. "From the advertised description, the book is without doubt mine. Now as to the reward—"

"Excuse me, but you would n't expect me to give it up without any identification, sir?"

"Certainly not. It was the '*De Merite Libror*—"

"I can't read Latin, sir."

"But you could make that much out," said the visitor with rising exasperation. "Come; if it 's a matter of the reward—how much?"

"I would n't mind having a good reward—say ten dollars. But I want to be sure it 's your book. There 's something about it that you could easily tell me, sir, for anyone could see it."

"A very observing shoemaker," commented the other with a slight sneer. "You mean the—the half split cover?"

"Whish—swish; whish-swish," sounded from the rear room.

"Excuse me," said Bertram, who had not ceased from his pretended work. "I have to get a piece of leather."

He stepped into the back room where Average Jones, his face alight, held up a piece of paper upon which he had hurriedly scrawled:

"Mss. bound into cover. Get it out of him. Tell him you 've a brother who is a Latin scholar."

Bertram nodded, caught up a strip of calf-skin and returned.

"Yes, sir," he said, "the split cover and—what 's inside."

The other started. "You did n't get it out?" he cried. "You did n't tear it!"

"No, sir. It 's there safe enough. But some of it can be made out."

"You said you did n't read Latin."

"No, sir; but I have a brother that went through the Academy. He reads a little." This was thin ice, but Bertram went forward with assumed assurance. "He thinks the manuscript is quite rare. Oh, Fritz! Come in."

"Any letter of Bacon's is rare, of course," returned the other impatiently. "Therefore, I purpose offering you fifty dollars reward."

He looked up as Average Jones entered. The young man's sleeves were rolled up, his face was generously smudged, and a strip of cobbler's wax beneath the upper lip, puffed and distorted the firm line of his mouth. Further, his head was louting low on his neck, so that the visitor got no view sufficient for recognition.

"Lord Bacon's letter—er—must be pretty rare, Mister," he drawled thickly. "But a letter—er—from Lord Bacon—er—about Shakespeare—*that* ought to be worth a lot of money."

Average Jones had taken his opening with his customary incisive shrewdness. The mention of Bacon had settled it, to his mind. Only one imaginable character of manuscript from the philosopher-scholar-politician could have value enough to tempt a thief of Enderby's calibre. Enderby's expression told that the shot was a true one. As for Bertram, he had dropped his shoemaker's knife and his shoemaker's rôle.

"Bacon on Shakespeare! Shades of the departed glory of Ignatius Donnelly!"

The visitor drew back. Warren's gaunt frame appeared in the doorway. Average Jones's head lifted.

"It ought to be as—er—unique," he drawled, "as an—er—Ancient Roman speaking perfect English."

Like a flash, the false Livius caught up the knife from the bench where the false cobbler had dropped it and swung toward Average Jones. At the same moment the ample hand of Professor Warren, bunched into a highly competent fist, flicked across and caught the assailant under the ear. Enderby, alias Livius, fell as if smitten by a cestus. As his right arm touched the floor, Average Jones kicked unerringly at the wrist and the knife flew and tinkled in a far corner. Bertram, with a bound, landed on the fallen man's chest and pinned him.

"Did he get you, Average?" he cried.

"Not—er—this time. Pretty good—er—team work," drawled the Ad-Visor. "We 've got our man for felonious assault, at least."

Enderby, panting under Bertram's solid knee, blinked and struggled.

"No use, Livius," said Average Jones. "Might as well quiet down and confess. Ease up a little on him, Bert. Take a look at that scar of his first though."

"Superficial cut treated with make-up paint; a clever job," pronounced Bertram, after a quick examination.

"As I supposed," said Jones.

"Let me in on the deal," pleaded Livius. "That letter is worth ten thousand, twelve thousand, fifteen thousand dollars—anything you want to ask, if you find the right purchaser. And you can't manage it without me. Let me in."

"Thinks we're crooks, too," remarked Average Jones. "Exactly what's in this wonderful letter?"

"It 's from Bacon to the author of the book, who wrote about 1610. Bacon prophesies that Shakespeare, 'this vagabond and humble mummer' would outshine and outlive in fame all the genius of his time. That's all I could make out by loosening the stitches."

"Well, that *is* worth anything one could demand," said Warren in a somewhat awed tone.

"Why did n't you get the letter when you were examining it at the auction room," inquired Average Jones.

"Some fool of a rebinder had overlooked the double cover, and sewed it in. I noticed it at the auction, gummed the opening together while no one was watching, and had gone to get cash to buy the book; but the auctioneer put it up out of turn and old Graeme got it. Bring it to me and I'll show you the 'pursed' cover. Many of the Percival books were bound that way."

"We've never had it, nor seen it," replied Average Jones. "The advertisement was only a trap into which you stepped."

Enderby's jaw dropped. "Then it 's still at the Graeme house," he cried, beating on the floor with his free hand. "Take me back there."

"Oh, we 'll take you," said Warren, grimly.

Close-packed amongst them in a cab, they drove him back to Carteret Street. Colonel Ridgway Graeme was at home and greeted them courteously.

"You've found Livius," he said, with relief. "I had begun to fear for him."

"Colonel Graeme," began Average Jones, "you have—"

"What! Speech!" cried the old gentleman. "And you a mute! What does this mean?"

"Never mind him," broke in Enderby Livius. "There 's something more important."

But the colonel had shrunk back. "English from you, Livius!" he cried, lamentably, setting his hand to his brow.

"All will be explained in time, colonel," Warren assured him. "Meanwhile, you have a document of the utmost importance and value. Do you remember buying one of the Percival volumes at the Barclay auction?"

The collector drew his brows down in an effort to remember.

"An octavo, in fairly good condition?" he asked.

"Yes, yes!" cried Enderby, eagerly. "Where is it? What did you do with it?"

"It was in Latin—very false Latin." The four men leaned forward, breathless. "Oh, I remember. It slipped from my pocket and fell into the river as I was crossing the ferry to Jersey."

There was a dead, flat, stricken silence. Then Average Jones turned hollow eyes upon Warren.

"Professor," he said, with a rueful attempt at a smile, "what 's the past participle, passive, plural, of the Latin verb, 'to sting'?"