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*February*  
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*Address Frank E. Morrison, Advertising Manager*

## **SUCCESS MAGAZINE**

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**NEW YORK**

Chicago Office: Home Insurance Building

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# Success Magazine

Founded by  
Orison Swett Marden  
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February

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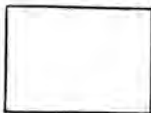
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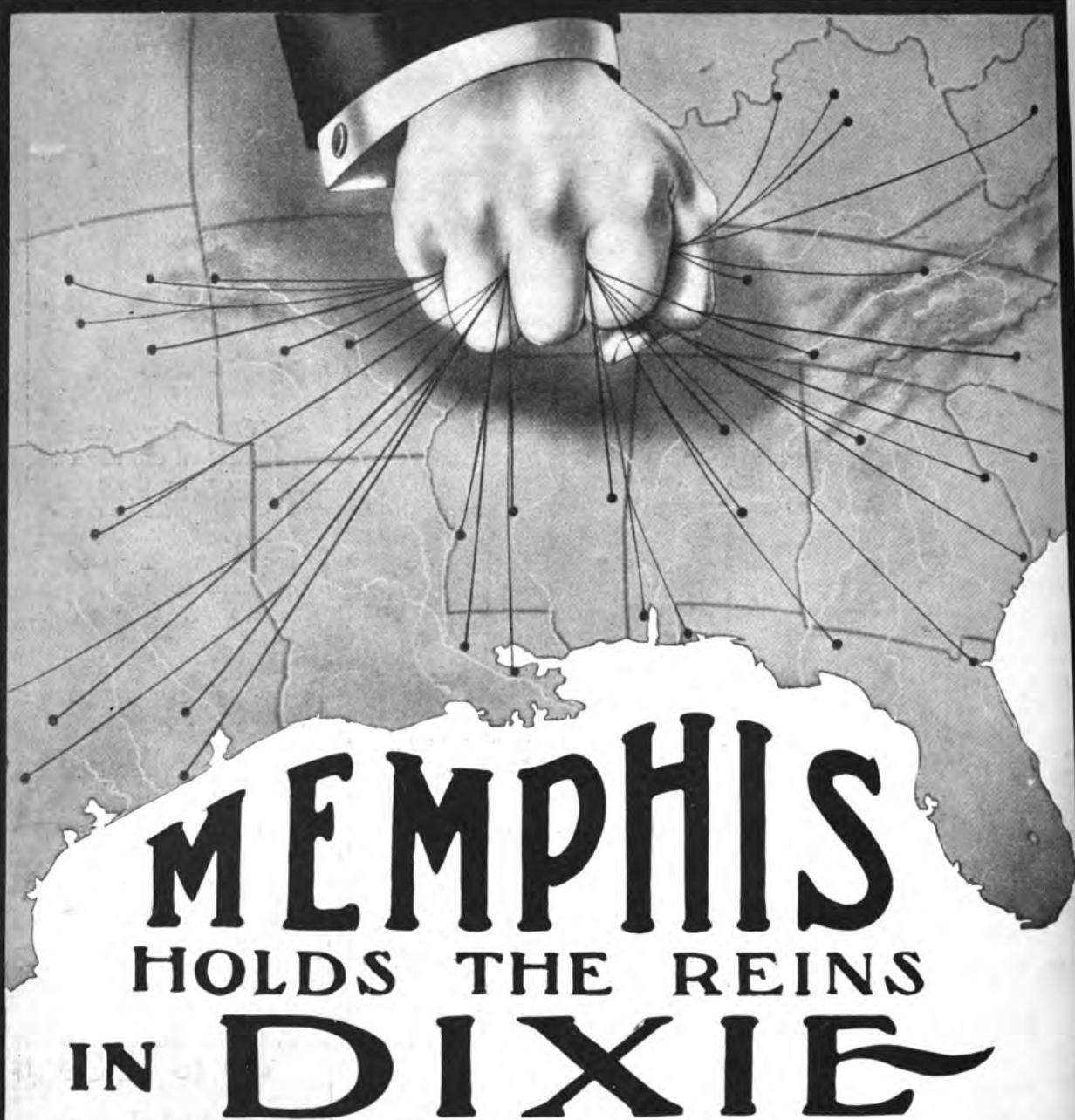
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**Let Us Send You an 30 Days' Trial**

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**A Perfect Wonder**

The Auto Vacuum reaches every crack, corner and crevice of the floor; the cracks in the wall, the ceiling and moldings. It cleans and renovates bedding, comforts, blankets, mattresses and pillows.

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**Most Practical Machine Ever Built**

**The Auto Vacuum House Cleaner**

consists of powerful gasoline engine rated at over 12 Horse Power—4 cycle—two cylinder, 5-inch stroke, made from the best close grain cast metal, bored and reamed to the minutest detail; manganese bronze rods, ballbush pin ends; perfectly adjusted best metal crank shaft. Newest oiling device, positive and perfect lubrication; the carburetor, commutator, spark coil and all other fittings the best on the market.

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**Pay For it out of Your Profits**

**We want you to investigate our more than liberal offer.**

We do not believe there is any business where so small an investment will bring such wonderful returns.

**We have such implicit confidence** in the wonderful power of the Auto Vacuum House Cleaner that we will ship one to any live man, who is honest and willing to work, on 30 days trial and allow you to pay for it in installments, and in such a way that your profit should easily take care of your payments.

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**The Toledo Auto Vacuum House Cleaner Co.**

820 Dorr Street Toledo, Ohio



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doing twice the work

Cover as  
shown in  
picture  
at top

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**This sign on your machine will advertise you and should bring you enough customers to keep you busy all the time.**

**Send the Coupon for FREE BOOK, with full information, pictures and description of the different parts, testimonials and our EASY TERMS.**

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Address .....

City.....State.....

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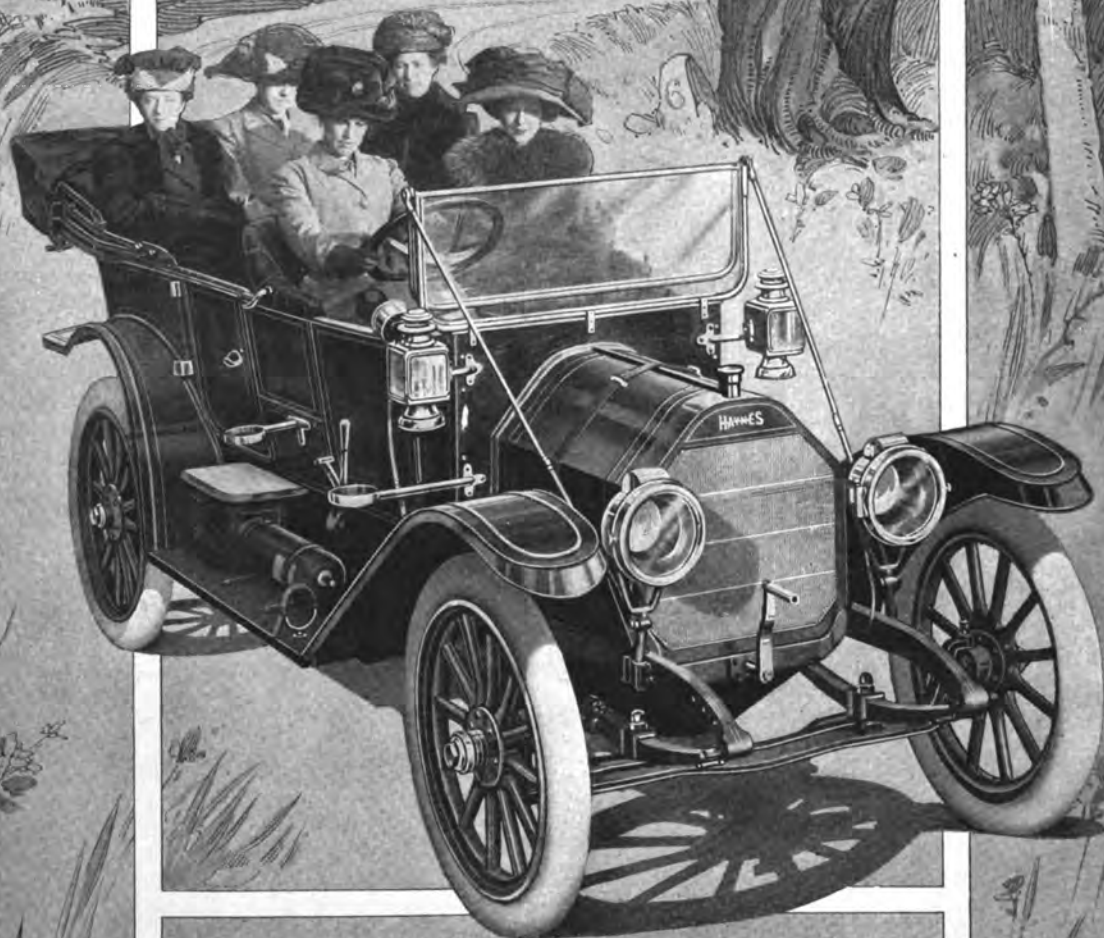
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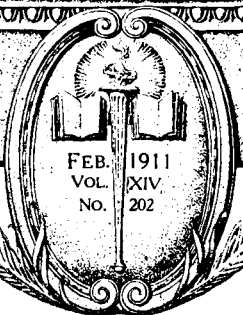
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SUCCESS

MAGAZINE



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## IN THE EDITOR'S CONFIDENCE

**W**E USED not to think closely about the tariff. The currency problem bored us. Banking was technical. The

law was a complicated specialty. The science of governing, if there were such, was a matter for Charlie Murphy and Abe Ruef and Fingy Connors and Hinky Dink McKenna and Mat Quay and Tom Platt and Billy Lorimer.

Curiously, somehow we slid along. Children were born, grew, loved, bred, got, saved or squandered, and died, leaving work for the lawyers. But tradesmen gouged scale-weights; middle-men played producers and retailers; contractors broke laws, scamped materials and killed employees; financiers siphoned out banking, insurance and public service corporations; unnatural monopolies worked rebates, drawbacks and invoice frauds; telegraph and telephone companies taught the Post-Office its place; express companies surmounted the laws and waxed apoleptic; politicians everywhere stole with both hands; until our exploiters, triumphantly "in right," seized the courts, clubbed the daily press, "slanted" the church, pauperized learning, and with the thunderbolts of panic and forced depression flashing from either hand, sat entrenched behind their affiliated banks and glared.

There they sit to-day. And over here we stand, the great awkward squad of salary and wage-earning consumers; now pushing out our hesitant little "Insurgent" wing, now glancing timorously and furtively at the Socialists among us, now begging both to be as "regular" and as ineffective as may be lest "something" happen.

The exploiters have staked everything they had or hoped to get on the belief that a democracy can not understand. Sometimes, in dark moments, it has almost seemed that they were right. For there they certainly are; and there are the currency, the banks, public and private credit, and the tariff-taxing power securely in their grip. We of the magazine world have known only too well that space diverted from these real topics to the portrayal of stage beauties and the frivolities of life was space robbed from the public welfare, yet we had to go on balancing three trivial statements against each serious one if we wished to hold the public attention at all.

Lately there have been unmistakable signs of a change. Four or five years ago, while sensational accusatory articles were read eagerly, it was impossible to interest the public in a sober discussion of the tariff. One of our contemporaries made a brave try at it and achieved a distinguished failure. To-day thoughtful analyses of the tariff and its workings are read with some attention. So recently as two or three years ago it was unwise to give space to the study of our absurdly complicated and wholly unjust taxing system; to-day the same courageous publication that led off in the discussion of the tariff is experimenting with taxation. The science of governing in its lesser phases is beginning to be "interesting" as the commission plan of government for cities grows more popular; but in its larger phases it is still too dry for any but the plump, philanthropic gentlemen who profit by its utter perversion. Banking and the Currency, perhaps the most vitally important topics of all in a nation that is actually ruled through its financial machinery, are of course still beyond us.

Now these subjects derive from the fundamental principles of earthly existence. If we are not "interested" in

### CAN A DEMOCRACY UNDERSTAND?

them, some one else is. While we turn the pages from an article on the tariff to the portraits of stage beauties, the very clothes on our backs represent so pitiful a fraud as to material and so outrageous a swindle as to cost that the wool manufacturer

must chuckle in his imported sleeve as he observes us.

Every voter who fails to study and grasp these basic problems pays for his inattention in cash, since the only possible way for the exploiters to continue rich and powerful is to continue charging us a higher and higher price for the privilege of eating, drinking, sleeping, wearing clothes, raising families, transacting business. And they find it increasingly difficult to "get by" (as they say) with their attacks on the average man's pocket-book exactly in proportion with the growth of the average voter's understanding.

Oddly enough, the possible danger in the situation lies, not as the exploiters have imagined, in the growth of the public intelligence, but in a continuing public ignorance and indifference. Let a careless, happy-go-lucky people suddenly awaken to the fact that the cost of living is reaching a prohibitive point, and very hasty action is likely to be the result. We have seen indications of this tendency during the past few years. The attempts of the Federal Government in enforcing the Sherman Act to destroy the only effective business machinery we have for manufacturing and distributing the necessities of life (and very good machinery much of it is), and to restore the competition of the last century were, as Mr. Russell has pointed out in this magazine, as impossible and undesirable as would be the attempt to tear up railroad tracks and substitute the stage-coach. And our unhumorous Government's more recent policy of fining corporations is still more absurd, since it can result only in raising prices to ourselves or in impairing the quality of what we buy.

Something is, of course, certain to "happen." Perhaps we shall go on turning for relief from the "Republican" party to the "Democratic" party and back, but the present writer doubts it. Already the Democrats in Congress are splitting on the same lines that their opponents have split on. Let this process continue only a little further and we shall without much doubt have the new party that observant ones have been awaiting for some time. And the new party can mean nothing less than a discussion of real instead of imaginary issues. The rest of the world has already come to it; why not we? England, Germany, France, Austria, Italy are to-day looking the facts pretty squarely in the face; and the facts appear to be that modern invention and applied science have carried the world out of the political and military era into an industrial era, and that political freedom untranslated into terms of industrial freedom no longer spells liberty. But the translation of political freedom into terms of industrial freedom promises to be one of the most complicated tasks that has come up for a century or so.

It can not be brought about through moral outbursts or through criminal prosecutions. It can be brought about only through a widespread, sober understanding of the underlying problems and the patient work of men who think economically and act politically.

There is reason to believe that the public is beginning to arrive at an understanding of the magnitude of these problems. On the growth of that understanding rests our hope as a people.



# Why is an Express Company?

By Robert Sloss

Gustavus Myers,  
Collaborator

## A Profitable Business Which is Founded Upon the Failure of the Government and the Railroads to do Their Full Duty

**A**LAW may be a foolish law. There are thousands of laws, which, for good practical reasons, are not enforced. For law is merely an expression of the popular will, and if the popular will is not behind a law, or does not stay behind it, that law should not exist. And if you and I and all of us do not want a law enforced, who is going to enforce it?

The law printed in bold type at the bottom of this page is Section 181, Revised Statutes of the United States, and it was passed March 4, 1909. At that time there had already been in existence for forty years and more a law covering the same point. For forty years and more the express business of this country had been operated in direct violation of the older statute. There is no question about it. In so far as the express companies compete with the Post-office Department in carrying mailable matter—and that is no mean share of the express business—they are breaking the law.

You may wonder why the law has not been enforced against the express companies. Not long ago the United States Circuit Court dismissed a suit brought under this law by Nathan B. Williams, of Fayetteville, Arkansas, on the ground that a private citizen had no right to bring suit against the express companies for operating against the law over the post roads; such suit, said the court, could be brought only by the Government.

Thereupon P. R. Howard, of Cincinnati, brought pressure on the Attorney-General to act against the express companies. The answer was the following statement, issued by the Department of Justice:

### A Little Problem of Construction

**"The department has made a very complete study of the proposition and agrees with Mr. Williams on the law, except as to the one point, namely, that there has been an administrative construction against the proposition for over forty years, and the chances are that a suit will be defeated on that ground."**

Our Government, ignoring the newer statute, takes the position of killing, by "administrative construction," what is supposed to be the popular will.

But perhaps the Government is right. The law may be a foolish law. Do the express companies serve us so efficiently, so economically, so unselfishly that we ought to be glad to have them do work the postal system is supposed to do? Should we even be glad and thankful for the benefits of government by "administrative construction"?

The preparation for answering these questions is to find out first what the express companies really are and how they serve us. If they are beneficent, let us know it. If they constitute a fungoid growth on the trunk of the business tree, let us know that. Especially just now, when the Parcels Post is becoming an insistent issue, the truth about the express business is something we all must know.

Although Davenport and Mason may have antedated him a little, William F. Harnden is generally recognized as the progenitor of the modern express business—as having first applied "the big idea" to the steam railroad. In 1839, holding tightly to his handbag, he traveled four times a week between New York and Boston, collecting and delivering valuables and small packages for his customers in both cities.

William had to pay his fare, and any one else who could afford to do as much could engage in the same business. Others did. Indeed, it looked for a time as if "the big idea" were going to be wasted. None of these hurrying little gentlemen with handbags could make it "vital in a business way." But master minds were calmly figuring out the one thing needful and exactly in the middle of the century the problem was solved—at last we had the big idea appropriated by a big organization. In 1850, the American Express Company



Police guarding express company motor trucks through New York City streets during the most strike of employees

burst full-fledged into being, followed four years later by the Adams Express and the United States Express.

Did the sudden emergence of powerful rivals mean competition? No. These three unincorporated "associations" apportioned the express "territory" in America among themselves. The Triumvirate of the Package had been formed!

Triumvirates sometimes have to admit new members. For years the Adams held on to thousands of miles of railroads in the South where it provided no service. In 1861, we find the Southern Express Company actually operating in this "territory," which had just been "turned over" to it by the Adams, the consideration being a perpetual share in the earnings of the new company. In 1866, Wells Fargo & Company arose and appropriated much "territory" in the West, and in 1879 the Pacific Express Company managed to secure what was left there. In 1895 the American formed a little side "association," the National Express Company, to secure about a thousand miles of "territory," giving it an entrance into Canada.

Even in 1890 the Big Six were doing more than ninety per cent. of the express business of the country. To-day, with the number of express companies grown to more than seventy, these same six continue to get the same lion's share. The secret is that, with the addition of the little National, their "territory" consists of more than 195,000 miles of steam railroads in the United States—very nearly nine-tenths of the country's total railway mileage! In this "territory" these companies maintain the "exclusive right" to operate.

That tells us one thing that an express company is: **It is and has been for sixty years a monopoly.**

But let us not be misguided. A monopoly is not necessarily bad. Presently we shall look at the services rendered by the express companies, and we must not prejudge their value.

It is well to point out now, however, that the express monopoly is profitable.

### There Is Money in This

Turn to the financial page of your morning paper, to the column headed: "Closing Quotations for Government Bonds and Stocks in Which There Were No Transactions." At the very top you will find "Abou Ben" Adams's name, and that \$250 a share—just two and one-half times par value—was offered for its stock. Further on you will see that for American Express stock \$240 was bid per share; for United States Express, \$98; for Wells Fargo and Company, \$162. And yet there were no sales of these stocks on the Exchange.

These prices were offered on November 7, 1910, while these four express companies were suffering from a serious general strike of their employees in New York City and vicinity. At the very acme of the trouble, the stocks stood solid as the Pyramids. You will find them just as "steady" to-day. Consult any reliable Stock Exchange summary and you will see they have always been "steady," with, if anything, an upward movement. The lowest quotation on American Express in 1909 was \$205, and the highest \$300; on Wells Fargo and Company the lowest in 1909 was \$300, and the highest \$650. Fifteen or twenty shares of either of these two stocks may change hands during a week on the Exchange—mostly to settle estates. Compare that with the 100-share and 1,000-share lots of other securities sold daily.

### THIS IS A LAW OF OUR LAND

Whoever shall establish any private express for the conveyance of letters or packets, or in any manner cause or provide for the conveyance of the same by regular trips or at stated periods over any post route which is or may be established by law, or from any city, town or place to any other city, town or place between which the mail is regularly carried, or whoever shall aid or assist therein, shall be fined not more than \$500 or imprisoned not more than six months, or both:

Provided, that nothing contained in this section shall be construed as prohibiting any person from receiving and delivering to the nearest post-office, postal car or other authorized depository for mail matter any mail matter properly stamped.

Any one lucky enough to have secured express stocks anywhere near par is evidently holding on to them pretty tight.

One reason for these high quotations is easily shown. The express companies are paying to the steam railroads every year more than \$56,000,000; yet the best dividends paid on railroad stocks seem paltry when compared with the best dividends paid by the express companies. These are at present: Adams, 12% per annum; American, 12%; Wells Fargo, 10%; United States Express, 6%. Moreover, it has required some ingenuity to make these dividends appear to be even as low as the figures given. Only by special gifts to stockholders in the form of bonds, etc., have the figures been kept down. From figures furnished by the Adams Express Company itself, the Interstate Commerce Commission computes the company's profits as **forty-five per cent upon its investment** including real estate. The American Express Company's net earnings have been computed as 105.6 per cent upon its investment.

What do the express companies do to earn their large incomes? What are those services so valuable that the Government is loath to enforce the law that might deprive us of them? The best way to answer these questions is to tell a few true stories.

### Tennessee Cream and Jersey Flowers

Consider the experience of Mr. George R. Reynolds, retail dealer in cream at Jacksonville, Florida. The locality did not produce enough cream for his needs, and he was obliged to import ten gallons a day. Before 1900 he had this quantity shipped to him by boat from New York. Then he found that there was plenty of fresh country cream every morning in Columbia, Tennessee. If he could only get ten gallons of it down to Jacksonville daily, he could serve his customers with something far superior to the eclectic and antiquated New York cream.

The intervening 646 miles were bridged by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad as far as Montgomery, Alabama, and thence to Jacksonville by the Atlantic Coast Line. The two railroads provided no through rate for such shipments as Mr. Reynolds contemplated. He would have to pay extra for transferring his cream in its tub of ice from car to car at Montgomery, and under the separate tariffs of the two railroads the shipment and the return of the empties would cost him \$4.35.

Here the beneficent express service came to his aid and made him a rate of 15 cents a gallon on his cream, and 25 cents for the return of the empties. Thus for six years the Southern Express Company worked for Mr. Reynolds over the lines of both railroads at a total charge of \$1.75 per shipment.

Then, suddenly, on All Fools' Day, 1906, Mr. Reynolds found that the company had so rearranged and advanced its tariffs that each shipment was to cost him \$3.00 in future. On the thirteenth of the very next

month another change in rates brought the charge up to \$4.05. Two distinctly unlucky days for Mr. Reynolds.

Now let us see how the United States Express Company has benefited the flower-growers of New Jersey.

Twenty years ago the industry was of no commercial importance. Now \$6,000,000 is invested in the greenhouses of the State, whence vast quantities of roses, violets, etc., are shipped daily to New York. When the industry was in its infancy, the express companies encouraged it by offering favorable rates and facilities. Before 1891 the United States Express Company carried cut flowers from the Chatham district of New Jersey, an average of twenty-three miles from New York, for 40 cents per 100 pounds, and returned the empty boxes free.

In 1891 the Company began charging 10 cents for the return of each 18-pound empty. It seemed only fair that they should begin to get some pickings out of a profitable industry which they had helped to build up. In 1902 the rate on the flowers themselves was advanced from 40 cents to 50 cents per 100 pounds. Then suddenly, May 1, 1906, the rates on the flowers went up to \$1.00 per 100 pounds, the same rate to apply on the return of the empties.

Do you think that shippers ought to complain of the doubling of a rate when the traffic has been more than doubled by their own increasing shipments? Reserve judgment a little longer. The Interstate Commerce Commission told us, three years ago, that "the express companies of this country to-day constitute a much more complete monopoly of the business which they transact than the railroads do" of theirs. But in the same breath the Commission warned us that "this subject is new, and we should proceed with caution."

So I will "proceed with caution."

In presenting the cases of Mr. Reynolds, and the New Jersey flower growers, I have not stacked the cards. These cases are not unique, but typical.

### How the Companies Obeyed the Law

To whom do the shippers complain about the kind of benefits we have been describing? Until 1906, they complained unavailingly to each other and to the express companies. Then Congress passed the Hepburn Act to regulate commerce. In it our national lawmakers for the first time tackled the question: "What Is An Express Company?" It is a "common carrier," they said, and must report its tariff and financial condition to the Interstate Commerce Commission, just like the railroads.

Immediately all the express companies were advised by eminent counsel to examine their tariffs and make sure that they contained no

*[Continued on page 65]*

# The Come-Home Yankee

by Seumas Mac Manus

Author of "The Irish Schoolmaster,"  
"Studies of the Old Sod," etc.

Illustrations by THOMAS FOGARTY

IT WAS only when, on the seventh day of your voyage, you were awakened at four o'clock in the morning by such commotion among your fellow second-cabin passengers as if the ship was sinking, and you were routed out of your berth, and swirled up the gangway by a crazy mob, and in the cold gray dawn, swept across the sloppy deck till, with glad eyes, you beheld for yourself the old Head of Kinsale shoving up the clouds of night with his shoulder, and heard Danny O'Flaherty, as if he were at a meeting of the Friendly Sons of Fall River, Massachusetts, reciting to the wide-eyed, tear-dimmed multitudes:

"Oh, *m'anam le Dhi*,\* but there it is! The dawn on the Hills of Ireland!  
God's angels liftin' the night's black veil from the fair, sweet face of my Sire-land!  
Oh Ireland, is n't it grand you look, like a bride in her rich adornin'!  
Sure, with all the pent-up love of my heart, I bid you the top o' the mornin'!"

that you realized you were really and truly that wonderful being on whom, in your

\* My Soul to God.



When your poor mother led the Rosary that night there was a tremble in her voice

earlier days, you used to gaze from afar with awe and admiration—a Come-Home Yankee!

And what a cheer you all raised at sight of the jaunting car at the Customs' House gable, as your tender steamed into the Cove. And what a long, loud and ringing chorus of hearty laughter when you saw the ass and cart driven by a lad of fifty, with legs dangling to the ground, come tearing down the wharf.

"Boys," said Larry Sullivan, "if you saw that sight on Fif' Avenue!" And then again you all laughed long and loud at the real wit of the idea.

"Or on Jackson Boulevard!" said Chicago Pat, causing another outburst.

"Or at Golden Gate Park, by crickey!" said Tim O'Donnell, evoking a laugh not less hearty.

All wit tokens were generously accepted that morning without any boor's pausing to ring them on the counter. And the dullest among you were passing counterfeiters in bushels—and swelled to bursting with the returns.

The jaunting car and ass-and-cart were glimpses into a

Original from

forgone era, an antediluvian world. A world that you, wet-eyed, left behind five years and seven months before while yet you were poor and untraveled and had n't learned to look at a wonder with your mouth closed. That was a lee-and-long time ago, indeed! And you shook your head sympathetically at the vision of the poor shy boy in homespuns and lob-sided cap and hesitating speech, who, in that remote era, masqueraded as you, Dan Mulhearn—you with your independent air and your Nassau Street suit and your ten hundred and fifty-six dollar draft on the Mullingar and Midland Bank in your breast pocket!

You who now knew Brooklyn from the Fulton Ferry to Jamaica and from Flatbush to the confines of Greenpoint; who had learned to cross the Brooklyn Bridge without trembling; had seen the Singer Building; had gone twice through the World's Renowned Waxworks on Fourteenth Street; had marched up Fifth Avenue in a Patrick's Day procession and had seen Boss Croker pass in his automobile one day!

Yes, as you hurried northward on your train, you sat back with folded arms in the corner of your carriage and thought of that poor You of the dark ages and smiled again quite sympathetically. But the boys and girls, your comrades, did not leave you long to your reflections. At every station you had to jam your head out of the same window with thirteen others, help the girls chaff the shy stay-at-home boys who had come down to see the train pass, and help the boys to badger the haughty railway aristocrats—much to the deep alarm and trepidation of the gaping stay-at-homes—who had never before seen anarchists in real life. And when Johnny Moroney who was going to Galway made inquiry of the gold-braided duke who governed Limerick Junction:

"Say, boss, what kind of gol-dingied one-horse shay is this rickety-rackety, dead-march-in-Solomon box of tricks anyhow?" that bloated aristocrat utterly failed to find utterance for his outraged feelings, but blossomed in the face and bloated more and more till it became a toss-up whether he or your laughter-shaken companions should have the first apoplectic fit.

These people deserved a shaking-up anyhow, for the train that carried you North was a slow old cart, sure—at best, going not more than forty miles an hour—and you didn't know how you had put up with it at all, at all, before you left Ireland long ago. Though, of course (you then recollected), you had traveled by train only three times in that far-away former life of yours, and those times, ha! ha! you were saying your prayers all the way! Well! Well! Well! Wonders will never cease!

As yourself, Yankee Dan Mulhearn, with your sister-Yankee, Susie Covenay, and your two big American trunks, found yourself on Terry McGowan's jaunting car driving home to Knockalla from the Mullinad station, and saw each old familiar hill and burn and bush arise before your eyes, a something strange began stirring in your breast that you'd often found struggling and kicking there when you were stoking your engine in the Fulton Street power house or stretching to sleep in your lonely little room on Underhill Avenue. Even amid the roar of revelry on Coney Island these same pictures had, unbidden, arisen before your mental eye.

When, after a while, people in the houses and on the hillsides, noticing the Amerikay trunks, came running out and rushing down to put *Cead Mile Failte* before the Come-Home Yankees—whoever they might be—it dawned on you that, after all, though Ireland was antediluvian and slow and funny, it held a something-or-other that did a man's soul good—a something which the galloping greater world had long ago bumped out of its cart and which you now acknowledged was worth a world in itself. Teague Kennedy, setting potatoes half a mile up the hill, stuck his spade in a ridge and shouted to his neighbors across the march ditch to run, for there was Terry One-Eye driving two Come-Home Yankees from the station! And he ran, and his neighbors beyond the march ditch ran, as if they'd break their necks, all to intercept you and put welcome before you.

And Denis, the tailor, leaping from his table when he got a glimpse of the car rounding the bend of the road, ran out in his stocking soles, followed by Molly and the children, everyone; and Manus Malone, the cobbler, forgetting the angry customers who were storming at him, the arch-procrastinator, threw from him his last and brogue, and, tucking back his apron, ran a race with customers who had forgotten their wrath, the yellow dog at their heels trying to drown their chorused welcomes by its three ha'penny bark. You took their demonstrations with that smiling calm so becoming to a great man and a traveled, and you recog-

nized every individual of them, of course, after the proper few moments' hesitation.

"Why, if this is n't Manus Malone!" Manus straightens himself for pride that a Yankee remembered him. "And I guess this is your wife, Molly?" Adding, to Manus, "Molly we used to call her before I left home."

"Molly herself it is then, sure enough," Manus replied for his overcome better-half. "What an o'jious great mimory ye have entirely, Dan."

"Oh! you bet. And if I don't mistake me, this person I calculate is Denis Connolly who used to spoil my clothes long ago."

"God bliss ye, it's what's left o' me," Denis replies and wrings your hand with both of his. "An' it's right heartily welcome ye are back again to ould Ireland! And it's hale and hearty ye are lookin', God bliss ye, over again! And I'm sure a mortal sight of money ye have in that terrible big trunk of yours, may the Heavens increase it to ye!"

But your poor mother's joy at your unannounced, unanticipated arrival was almost too much for her. And your father was so past himself with delight that he could only smile idiotically, mutter the most ludicrous commonplaces, go trotting round the house lifting everything out of its right place and setting it down in its wrong place under pretense to himself that he was tidying up in honor of the Come-Home Yankee.

And you had n't your coat off till the house was crammed with breathless ones who ran hither from all points of the compass when the news, even, it seemed, before you had arrived, went on the wind's wings that Yankee Dan Mulhearn was home from Amerikay—and your poor confused father was intercepting the welcomes under the temporary delusion that it was he himself who was the returned Yankee.

And when Long John Meehan reminded him that he was only a stick-in-the-mud who had never hardly been out of sight of his own dunghill in his life, he ran to your mother and nearly wrung the arm off her welcoming her home. And your poor mother, as confused as your father, thought for a moment that the big American trunk in the middle of the floor which everyone was fingering and admiring must be hers. But when calm reason resumed its throne in the brains of both, they united in admiring the fine looking boy you were entirely—and praising the grand turn-out, God bless you, you had made—"though to be sure it ought to be in you anyhow from both sides o' the house"—and then they nodded wisely to each other.

Your mother carried around your black overcoat with the near-fur collar for everyone to see and feel and test and admire. And your father made you walk up the floor and down it till the neighbors could see the strong, fine manly shape you'd got to be, and carrying your head like the King of Ireland! And the magnificent Yankee suit of clothes you'd on—particular attention to which he bespoke from Denis, the tailor, who, observing it with critical look which would do credit to Fifth Avenue's greatest clothes-artist, agreed that it was dandy indeed—barrin' a defect in the stomach, a want of proper hang about the trousers, a something-or-other a little awkward about the waist, and just-what-you'd-know-too-much of a fullness in the collar. And the neighbors in chorus agreed that it was a beautiful suit of clothes, beautiful entirely, and a credit to American tailors, but that, to be sure, one could n't expect to find Denis Connollys everywhere.

When your poor mother led the Rosary that night there was a tremble in her voice, but you're sure the Angel never marked it against her; and when she came to the trimmings, and, through force of habit, had begun unthinkingly to call for the usual "Pater-and-Ave for our poor son Dan wanderin' in the Lan' o' the Sthranjer," she suddenly remembered and broke down entirely—and your father raised a whiffalaw! and—and—well—ye were a fool yourself as well as any of them.

All that night and the next day and the night after your father's house was like a market place. To mention that there was no sleep in it would be painting the primrose indeed. The whole townland of Knockalla with numbers of contiguous townlands, slept not. No door was closed for three days and three nights. The neighbors' feet rested never, their tongues seldom. The whole world held jubilee because the Yankee was come home.

All the more joyful was that jubilee, since you had with you—for they all made it their business to know this—a draft for a thousand and fifty-six dollars on the Mullingar and Midland Bank. More than two hundred and sixteen pounds! A fabulous sum that set people's fancies busy



At least a dozen women sat around while you unpacked your trunk



wondering how you ever got it at all and planning whatever you could do with it at all at all! Oh! what estates they could buy! What castles they could build! What new worlds they could create, if Heaven had only put such unimaginable wealth their way.

Not that they envied you your good fortune. Far from it. In the depths of their deep hearts they wished, if such were possible, and if you could bear it without your reason getting unsettled, that the good Lord had doubled your enormous wealth to you. "Sure, God bless him! and bliss the poor old father and mother that he has made proud and happy and independent for the remainder of their days! Sure, it's desavin' of it all he is!" So they with fervent sincerity said. And they made your heart very happy, forgetting for the moment that you were a cold Yankee—and you wished in your soul they were, everyone of them, millionaires like yourself.

At least a dozen women sat around while you unpacked your trunk—not merely those who knew that you bore them presents from their daughters in Brooklyn and New Jersey and Philadelphia, but likewise those few poor ones who had been in attendance at the coming home of every Yankee for the past fifteen years, gambling with the hope that their daughters, from whom alas! they had never heard, might at last have remembered them.

And there were women who had no daughters abroad and could expect nothing, but who, in their woman's way, thirsted to see the wonders. And every dress and pair of boots and bonnet and book and bit of finery, handed out to one or other overjoyed recipient, was accorded a clasp of hands and a turning-up of eyes. Wondering at and enthusing over it, it was handled and tested, viewed before the light and against the light, pronounced perfect, and: "Well, just like what you'd expect out of Amerikay," and the lucky one was overpowered with expressions of envy.

America, its wonderfulness, its greatness, its grandeur, its unimaginable wealth, was the topic of conversation then nightly at every fireside, at every wake, on the way to Mass. With the groups that stood in the chapel-yard, you were the observed of all observers—you and Yankee Susie Covenay. It made you feel still prouder and walk still straighter and throw your head still further back when on passing every group you heard them say: "There goes Yankee Mulhearn!" In fact, you had never quite realized till now how wonderful and how great and how grand and how wealthy America was, and how mighty proud every Yankee like yourself should be.

The boys all envied you. There was sorrow a doubt of it—glory be to goodness! The girls all admired you—still less doubt was there (in your mind) of this. When with your own grand air, but also your own graciousness, you addressed these, they blushed becomingly and cast down eyes that they had little need to be ashamed of, and spoke very soft and low in reply. And if you suddenly turned when you had passed the shawled group of them, you surprised them in the guilty act of casting after you glances of unrestrained admiration. At the dance and at the wedding and at the fair, the stay-at-home boys, knowing their place and their worth, backed away from the girls and left you a free field, and every girl of them found her innocent heart beat with joy when you claimed a walk or a dance with her.

Yes, where all the girls gave you admiration all the boys gave you reverence—except of course, the Satirist. And sure, every country side had its Satirist. He was the one thorn in the Yankee's bed of roses; nothing dazzled, let alone dumfounded, him. The flower of reverence could never be coaxed from the arid soil of that soulless one. By one little word or by one little dry remark uttered in a cruelly casual kind of way from his own remote corner of the dance house, this rascally fellow hurt Yankee feelings considerably. And were not you a person of extraordinarily great faith, he might have undermined your confidence that a Come-Home Yankee was the greatest, the most dazzling thing the world ever knew.

But your great faith was at length justified; for when, on the third Sunday after you had come home you marched down the chapel-yard, not merely linking Cassie O'Connor and helping her pick her steps through the

dirt, but, to crown your audacity, holding her own umbrella over her head, not only were the weak-kneed, whose faith had been shaken by the Satirist, strengthened, but the Satirist himself was in sight of all dumfounded, and, his villainous presence of mind forsaking him, was heard to exclaim despairfully after his speech returned: "Well, Amerikay is the devil, and Yankees bate the devil out and out!"

Yes, Dan, your name was *Audacity* with every letter in it a capital—and the same was the name of every mother's son of your brother Yankees-Come-Home! As cool as a trout in a pool, the astounded boys saw you step up to the Masther in the fair, Masther Gallagher of the Gortmore school, and shake his hand with an ease and familiarity that took away their breath and—ask him to have a drink with you! The thunderstruck ones were hardly surprised—nothing would surprise them after—when the Masther not only smiled on the *l'ère-majesté*, but actually complied!

In that Fair of Glenties the second week after the raft of you Yankees came home, sure you were every man of you kings. And every Yankee girl a queen. Not merely were you the cynosure of all wondering, envying, admiring eyes, but you were the suns round which the Fair rotated. Rather, maybe, you were Jupiters—everyone of you with his little group of satellites revolving round him and turning on your own orbits at the same time. And the gold you threw about! flung abroad like dirt in fistfuls! treated with contempt! till the boys really did believe that you Yankees tramped the glittering thing underfoot on the streets of Philadelphia and Brooklyn! It's a certainty that thirteen shillings did n't excuse you that reckless day.

And when Yankee brother met Yankee sister in the Fair of Glenties, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, had they come, would have sulked unminded in the corner. And when Yankee brother met Yankee brother and spoke offhandedly of Myrtle Avenue and Prospect Park and Coney, you owned the world! Or it was like the conjunction of the suns of two systems. And you didn't seem to mind your greatness at all, at all. You were light-hearted, light-minded, debonaire as ones on whose shoulders lay no load that would sink the Jap navy. Therein, in fact, your dazzling greatness lay. In the Fair that day were scores of poor boys from the mountains in caps and flannel jackets that their mothers had made, who would have pawned their souls to be either of you. And the Yankees at the Fair was the one topic of conversation in the mountain valleys for a month after.

It is true that the soulless satirist of the mountain valley guessed that surely one must have to look at the President of the United States himself through a smoked glass. But the profane fellow was met by a nipping frost which stimulated him to put his pipe in his pocket and go to his neglected home.

Even when the great throng of your reception was over, your home was no night devoid of visitors. Through six and seven and ten and twelve miles of bog and mountain, in rain, hail or sun, poor men and women trudged to inquire with tears in their eyes whether you saw their little Johnny, who was in Galveston, and Annie, in Portland, Maine, and La'rence, in Keokuk, and Neil, who, the last news was from him, was Lord Mayor of Rahway, New Jersey. There was a feeling of disappointment and surprise if you had neither met nor heard of Mrs. Carney's little Peter, who lived at 57½ Stave Street, Chicago, and was boss over a street squad—because, "God bliss ye, there is n't a chile in Jee-cago town but knows Pether, I'm towld." Your sojourn in America has n't profited you as much as Mrs. Carney expected.

Nevertheless, you had yet seen scores and scores of their boys and girls. And to the comforting of their fathers and mothers they learn that they are, every soul of them, doing well and a credit to those who reared them and the country they came from. "All well and doing well like the people in America."

And it was indeed a true pleasure to you, though you do not know Mrs. Carney's Peter even by repute, to be able to tell Mrs. O'Lynn that her son Andy, who picked up his only little learning at the Drimore night school during parts of two hard winters, is

now earning five thousand dollars a year and bidding fair soon to be the biggest man in the biggest dry goods concern in Philadelphia. And to tell Red Conal MacHugh of the Bog that his boy, Patrick, who was

[Continued on page 47]

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UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



The boys all envied you

# The Twilight of Cannonism

By Robert Wickliffe Woolley

Author of "A Soft-Pedal Statesman"

WHEN Champ Clark, who in all human probability is to be the Speaker of the House in the Sixty-second Congress, announced, though ever so reluctantly, that he was for a "Committee on Committees," the Progressives won another great victory. That principle, for which so many Republicans had fought the leaders of their own party, thereby risking their political lives; to which Clark himself had pledged the Democrats of the House far more than tacitly, and for which the people of the United States declared at the polls in November last, passed the final mile-stone of a perilous journey.

There is not a member of Congress, regardless of politics, who does not love Clark and wish him well, but there are few who will deny that he would have retained for the Speakership all the powers which it now has, had he not seen a storm of protest ahead and probable defeat for his party in 1912. Moreover, many a Democrat and practically every reactionary Republican urged him to retain them; the father and perpetrator of Cannonism told him it would be just as well to go slow. It was to learn his opinions on this matter that the writer visited him in November.

Did you ever see Champ Clark? He is worth a visit to Washington. I shall never forget the interview I had with him. It was the first time in many months that he had been in the office of the minority leader in the House of Representatives' wing of the National Capitol, and a miniature mountain of mail was piled on the desk before him. The soft north light of an autumn afternoon played modest kaleidoscopic pranks in his silken gray locks and silhouetted the profile of the man. What a massive head he has! You could well close your eyes and imagine part of it on the shoulders of a Demosthenes or a Cicero of old. The dome bulges with reason, generosity and mental activity. Therein lies the strength of Clark. The chin could be more prominent and it sits none too plumb when the jaws snap. You surmise that though the words hurled forth have the sound of sledge-hammer blows, the steel-like muscles of a smith are not behind them. If you have had aught to do with legislators, you suspect that in neither chin nor nose is indicated enough determination for the man who is to exchange places with and, more than ever before, measure wits with Cannon, the most ruthless presiding officer and the greatest rough-and-tumble debater of his time.

Clark wheeled about in his revolving chair and a broad smile played on his countenance as he caught sight of the writer approaching from the far end of the room. We were friends of some years' standing, and I had come to hear him reiterate his faith in the recently enunciated and widely proclaimed Democratic and Progressive Republican doctrine that the appointment of all committees of the House of Representatives should be taken from the Speaker. But he did not reiterate this faith. Instead he argued that not once in debate had he specifically declared for a "Committee on Committees." Only after the Washington correspondents had literally flooded the country with despatches setting forth his amazing reticence, and only when a storm seemed raging in the Democratic ranks, did he finally go on record.

## CHAMP CLARK AND THE DEMOCRATIC HOUSE PLEDGED TO THE COMMITTEE ON COMMITTEES

THOSE who have faith in democracy will rejoice in the fact that the leaders of the next House of Representatives have bound themselves to take the appointment of all committees out of the hands of the Speaker. Champ Clark, whose election to the Speakership now seems certain, has pledged his support to the establishment of a Committee on Committees. The fact that this pledge of the Democrats was given with some reluctance is the best possible tribute to the strength of the popular will.

In the following article Mr. Woolley shows how this latest and greatest victory over Cannonism was brought about and how Cannon precedents and Cannon-made committees are to be overthrown.—*The Editors.*

But the will of the people proved to be bigger than any man or set of men. The people demanded that the autocratic power of the Speaker be taken from him, and if there was any other way to take it than through placing the right to appoint committees in the hands of the House itself the people had not heard of it.

The plight of the Bourbons at the opening of the present session of Congress was indeed serious and laughable. Their talk was confident enough, but their countenances were glum whenever this matter of shearing the Speaker of his power was mentioned.

"I can truthfully state," said one, "that not once did I touch upon such a ridiculous proposition in any of my speeches, and I know my constituents do not consider that they instructed me to vote for it."

"We are breaking from our moorings and sailing away upon an unknown sea," another wailed,

in the sacred confines of the cloak room.

"With such a man as Champ Clark in the chair, the need for taking the appointing power from the Speaker has passed," was the lament of a third.

In other words, it was fine to cry aloud in behalf of the people before election, but it was wise to ignore or to misinterpret the mandate of the people after election. It was impossible for many of the victors to realize that the day of buncombe had passed and that the day of fair dealing had arrived. Many Democrats seemed to be utterly ignorant of the fact that the flame of Insurgency—call it Progressiveness, if you are a timid soul—burned as blue in their own party as in the Republican. They had followed Clark when he bargained with the rebellious ones in the ranks of the opposition and removed the Speaker from the Committee on Rules; they had supported solidly the resolution which took from the Speaker the power to name the House members of the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation committee and turned it over to the House itself; and yet they flattered themselves that the people had voted confidence in their party regardless of whether it carried out its pledges or not. The real meaning of the overturning of the reactionaries they seemed not to comprehend.

What of all that fight upon the power of the Speaker? Let us recall the history of it for a moment. Under the rules which are really the development of a century and more of legislative activity rather than the work of the more autocratic of the presiding officers, Thomas B. Reed, Charles F. Crisp or Joseph G. Cannon, the sixty-one standing committees are appointed by the Speaker. These committees, of course, rank in importance according to the importance and volume of the business referred to them. Ways and Means

tops the list, because it frames and has charge of all revenue-raising measures; Appropriations comes next, because it deals with many of the appropriation bills considered or passed by the House; third comes the Judiciary and fourth the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. At the bottom of the list are such committees as Ventilation and Acoustics, Coinage, Weights and Measures, and Expenditures in the Treasury Department. The last-named, by the way, has met only once in about



CHAMP CLARK  
He expects to be the Speaker of the next House—but not the Czar



sixteen years, and yet it has a room in the Capitol and employs a clerk and a messenger.

In the first Congress, when Frederic Muhlenberg was Speaker, these committees were selected by a "Committee on Committees," and the man who wielded the gavel was a moderator—nothing more. But later it was decided to strengthen the hand of the Speaker and, presumably, to secure the proper men for important assignments by placing the appointive power exclusively in the hands of the chair. The Senate, it is interesting to note, started off with this appointive power vested in the Vice-President and transferred it to a "Committee on Committees," only upon the retirement of John C. Calhoun, in 1832.

From the opening of that Second Congress until the present day, storms of more or less fury have raged about the Speaker's head. As a rule, the occupants of the chair have been men of exceptional ability and each has been rated as next in importance only to the President. Each, also, has been denounced as an autocrat. Henry Clay, who was elected to this high office the first day he became a member of the House, at the age of thirty-four, and who was chosen seven times in all, is rated as the greatest of the Speakers. Even he knew what it was to deal with insurgents and to listen to exhortations of his alleged abuse of the appointive power. The first really high-handed Speaker was Thomas B. Reed. Yet, those Democrats who served with him and are still in the harness will tell you that Reed was the acme of fairness as compared with Joseph G. Cannon.

### When Autocracy Became Unbearable

It remained for the grizzled gentleman from Illinois to show just how much control over legislation is possible with the rules which reached their apotheosis under him. He would pack a Ways and Means Committee to prevent a favorable report on a bill providing for the revision downward of the tariff. He would pack a Judiciary Committee to prevent anti-liquor, anti-trust or any legislation which seemed to him inadvisable. He would pack an Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee to protect the railroads and express companies. Protest to him, and he would reply that, if the House did not like what he was doing, a majority of the members had it in their power at all times to remove him.

And what a fine job that proved to be! He fought every inch of the way. It was a free-for-all, catch-as-catch-can battle, in which Cannon tried every blow and every hold known to the game. Apparently, he recognized the seriousness of the situation from the start of the insurgent movement in the Republican ranks, back in the Sixtieth Congress. In the present Congress he removed Cooper, of Wisconsin, from the chairmanship of the Committee on Insular Affairs, because Cooper had dared repeatedly to vote against the adoption of the obnoxious House rules. He took from the Banking and Currency Committee, in 1907, the right to frame a financial bill; confided the job to a special committee headed by E. B. Vreeland, of New York, and in due time placed Vreeland at the head of the Banking and Currency Committee instead of Charles N. Fowler, of New Jersey, who had refused to do his bidding. He did other things equally contrary to the spirit and theory of political freedom.

### Cannonism an Important Issue in the Election

As the world knows, the insurgent Republicans and Democrats succeeded in clipping Cannon's wings a bit when they removed him from the Committee on Rules. But he still flew high, and it remained for the people of the land to bring him down by defeating his party at the polls. He who will may call the last election only a victory for the Democratic party; as a matter of fact it was a tremendous protest against the arrogance of an individual—against the impudence of plutocracy and against the ruthless, high-handed methods of privilege.

Now, the splendid fight which Champ Clark has made in recent years for political freedom in the House led those who voted to oust the Republican party from power therein to believe that he would be unwavering in his enthusiasm for and support of the proposition to take from the Speaker the right to appoint any and all committees. He wavered, however, and the reason for his wavering is two-fold. First, he is a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1912, and, being human, has tried to please all factions; second, it is an open secret that Representa-

tive Fitzgerald, of New York, and his band of Democrats who rushed to the support of Cannon when most of the Democrats and the insurgent Republicans combined, on March 15, 1909, in an effort to take from the Speaker the right to appoint, had threatened revolt if the "Committee on Committees" plan was ever made a party measure again.

Since Clark has announced that he is still for shearing the Speakership of its autocratic powers, those who were saying harsh things of him are rapidly forgiving him and those Democrats who never did believe in or advocate such a move are sorely disappointed. Champ is a fighter, once he has passed the wavering point—and he has seemingly passed it. It is only fair to say that he never wished to falter for a second.

Probably the most alarming phase of the situation was the likelihood of formidable opposition to his candidacy. Immediately following the recent election, it looked as if he would have two to fight—Robert L. Henry, of Texas, and James Hay, of Virginia. Both men are friends of Clark, and Henry accompanied him last November from his home at Bowling Green, Missouri, to Washington. Henry has always entertained serious doubts as to the feasibility of the "Committee on Committees" plan; he has served long in the House and fears that fawning and flattery will overcome the better judgment of the members of this committee in making selections for the regular standing committees. He knows that the House has its full share of demagogues and politicians, none of whom should be on the more important committees, and that they will do everything imaginable to be appointed on Ways and Means, the Judiciary or one of the Appropriations committees. But Henry believes the time has come for rebuking autocracy; that the people voted that way. So he besought Clark not to listen to those who pretended to believe that Cannonism was not a leading issue in the recent campaign. To make his position clear, he announced that he would not be a candidate, but would support the Missourian if he stood out for a "Committee on Committees."

### There Were Other Willin' Barkis's

Mr. Hay's candidacy was duly announced. It had been known for some time that he would offer, but it remained for Representative Carlin, of Virginia, to lead him forth. Hay might best be described as a silent force. He has been a member of the House for fourteen years, ranks second among the Democrats on the important Military Affairs Committee, and has twice been chairman of the Democratic caucus. Even Clark's most avowed champions admit that Hay would have made an ideal presiding officer. Like Henry, he took the ground that he would not be a candidate if Champ would only come out avowedly and at once for a "Committee on Committees."

Hay cut more of a figure than the voters of the country at large may suspect. Let us hope that he may receive his due credit.



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**JOHN J. FITZGERALD**  
His desertion to Cannon in 1909 may cost him a good committee appointment in the next House



*Photo by Clarendon*  
**JOHN A. MOON**  
He belonged to Fitzgerald's trained troop of Cannon Democrats and now wants an important chairmanship



*Copyright, Clarendon*  
**JAMES HAY**  
His candidacy for the Speakership helped crystallize the sentiment for the Committee on Committees



*Copyright, Hays (St. Evening)*  
**ROBERT L. HENRY**  
Withdrew candidacy for Speakership when Clark espoused the new system of appointing committees



*Copyright, Hays (St. Evening)*  
**OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD**  
He is slated for Chairman of the powerful Ways and Means Committee which makes tariff bills



*Photo by Clarendon*  
**WILLIAM SULZER**  
A New York City Democrat of the Progressive variety nominated for Military Affairs Committee



*Copyright, Clarendon*  
**HENRY D. CLAYTON**  
He is the ranking member and probably the next Chairman of the Judiciary Committee

explored the seeming vacillation of Clark, but this quiet, unassuming Virginian was the one to announce that if what he regarded as a party pledge was not kept by the minority leader, he would captain those who were bent upon seeing that it was kept. By the way, it is generally believed that Hay will be selected chairman of the Military Affairs Committee. He has been the most active and intelligent worker among the Democratic members—only James L. Slayden, of Texas, may possibly be excepted—and deserves the honor. William Sulzer, of New York, is the ranking Democrat on this committee, but he has never given it serious attention.

The minute Clark came out for a "Committee on Committees"—to be exact, the date was December 16—Hay withdrew from the race. The only thing left now is for the House to ratify the choice of the Missourian.

Never did a candidate for this great office have less trouble in winning,

(Continued on page 62)





# The Cost of Living

A MIRACLE PLAY

By Wallace Irwin

Author of "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy," "A Swap in Physiques," Etc.

Scene—A cross-roads grocery in the State of Indiohiowa. Hi Whillikens and Cy Billikens sit under the kerosene burner reviewing the recent election. Hi chews dried apples, and Cy cleans his pipe with a straw from the cluster of brooms which hang suspended from the ceiling. Nepos J. Budd, the grocer, is behind the counter taking stock.

Cy—Them Politics do beat the world 'n' all—  
Gosh, what a hue an' cry!  
I voted Democrat this fall.

Hi—And so did I.

Cy—I've voted straight Republican, by gar.  
For nigh on twenty year.  
But Corporations must be checked somewhat—

Hi (*absconding another handful of dried apples from barrel*)—Same here!

Cy—Jest see the way they grab the spoil.

Hi—And rob the poor and milk the soil;

Cy—An' while they gambol up an' down  
A-drinkin' Mammon's lovin' cup,

Hi—Our Forestry is fallin' down,

Our price of livin' goin' up.

(Hi takes another helping of dried apples)

Mr. Budd (*leaning over counter menacingly*)—Say, Hiram,  
while ye set and gas

On Policies profound,

Go easy on that apple sass—

The price o' prime dried apples has

Advanced two cents a pound.

Hi and Cy (*chewing sympathetically*) That tariff sure

Do squeeze the poor!



(Their speech is interrupted by a terrible rumbling which seems to originate in a pile of assorted groceries. Great consternation. From a mysterious recess between the flour barrel and a crate of canned soup, a tall and elegant Shape arises. The Apparition, for such it is, is clad in a sable coat richly ornamented with golden trade-marks and pure food certificates. The Specter has the dashing appearance of one who has always lived expensively on credit.)

Ghost—Ho, Oracles of the village!

I see you're still discussing

The Legislative pillage

Which robs the sons of tillage

And keeps T. R. a-fussing.

Mr. Budd—Ye spooky scamp, git out!

What be ye doin' here

With yer air of deadly Doubt

And yer smile of sickly sneer?

Why come ye with yer villain gaze,

Yer snobbish clothes and city ways?

Ghost—I'm waited here from Glory

To take an inventory—

Mr. Budd—If that's yer object, friend, ye fail—

This stock ain't up for Sheriff sale.

Ghost—Who knows? It may be very soon;

Strange things occur beneath the moon.

(turning to Hi and Cy)

When I blew in with words abrupt—

I hope I didn't interrupt—

Ye spoke, I think, of Party Greed,

Now, gentlemen, I beg, proceed!

Hi—Well, Mr. G.,  
In fact, ye see,  
Cy was congratulatin' me  
Upon the way, with votes emphatic,  
We turned old Congress Democratic,  
And handed swift and stern rebukes  
To them there G. O. P. Grand Dukes.

(At these words, Ghost smiles and becomes a trifle taller)

Cy—But now, ye see,

Reform is here;

We'll all be free—

Or somethin' near.

The poor man's shoes

Will cost him less:

The drunkard's booze,

The good wife's dress—

Hi—The price of hams and yams and clams,

The price of turkeys, shoats and lambs,

The rates on rice

And pins and tea

Reduced in price

Will straightway be.

Ghost (*growing suddenly so tall that he has to tie himself in a loop to remain indoors*)—Boys, boys, Utopia don't grow

On this branch line of the B. & O.

Hi and Cy—Go 'way from us,

You cynical cuss!

Ghost—Why do you think a change in Party

Will make the Heart of Stone so hearty,

That Truth must cease to act the clown

And Mammon from his horse come down?

Hi and Cy—Sir, don't you know

That the Democrats

Is the Natural Fox

Of the Pluto Cats?

That they've got a plank

On their Platform true,

Whose words is frank

As the sky is blue?

For it says, by Jink,

And it says, by Jo,

As plain as ink

On a sheet o' snow:

"In strenuous stress or strife or storm,

We stand together for Tariff Reform."

This ain't no chaff—

It's based on fact.

Ghost—Don't make me laugh—

My lip is cracked.

(He lights five-cent cigar marked up to six cents)

Now theory is a lovely thing,

Revered from pole to pole;

It cheers the tramp, inspires the 'ling

And sort of soothes the soul.

But Practise is a gloomy faie

With withered lemons 'rung,

And Pilgrims who its heights attain

Are pretty muchly stung.



for February, 1911

See how the Poet, deep in debt,  
Devotes his blackest ink  
To "Hail! My Dauntless Will"—and yet  
He can't refuse a drink.

See Mrs. Suffrage take the stand  
And puny Man attack;  
Yet, 'tis her Husband's fragile hand  
That hooks her up the back!

Republicans and Democrats  
In theory they stand  
As separate as dogs and cats,  
Or chewing gum and sand.

So separate the Party Lines,  
That during hot campaigns,  
They're guarded by explosive mines  
All damp with blood and brains.

But when Election War's at rest,  
In Washington, O see!  
Like little birdies in their nest  
The Senators agree.

Say, in those recent Tinker games  
With Aldrich on the roost,  
Didst see the Democratic names  
Assisting in the boost?

What Democrat arose to bust  
The inter-corporate pull.  
When the Gargantuan Rubber Trust  
Stuck hands with old King Wool?



A bogie, a pest  
And an unbidden guest,  
For my name—  
All—Yes, your name?  
Ghost—Is the High Cost of Living.

(At these fatal words the Butter screams and climbs out of the ice-box, the Cube Sugar takes on the hue of precious stones, and the Broom whispers to the Bacon, "I raise you ten," the Eggs go up to seventy-five cents a dozen, and the Vinegar turns sourly in the jug crying: "Help me, mother!")

Mr. Budd—Ye varmint!

Hi—Skin!

Cy—Git out o' here!

Ghost—How violent you talk! Dear, dear!

Mr. Budd—Well, ere this Congress Session's through,  
The Country will be rid o' you!

Ghost—Tut, tut, dear friend! Likewise no, no!  
The Parties have arranged it so  
That Congress can not make me go.

For I am the Pet of the Senate,  
While the House of my presence is proud.

As balloons are to Jim Gordon Bennett,

So am I to the Washington crowd.

For I serve as an Awful Example.

In the middle of party debates,

While they pass me around as a sample

Of graft and irregular rates.

What though I rouse raging orations

In rabid and radical men?

I'm backed by the big combinations—

Can Congress object to me then?

Mr. Budd—Do the Parties agree that you ought to stay?

Ghost—They do, say I, in my waggish way.

Cy—Yet, by the daily news, I see

That Parties often disagree.

Republicans? Admit the guilt  
Upon their hands unclean.  
Yet Heaven-on-Earth was never built  
By a Tammany machine . . .

Hi (aghast)—He's boostin' fer Taft and Them Fellers,  
by gar!

Mr. Budd (menacingly)—You're a gol dinged Republican,  
that's what ye are!

Ghost—Thanks for the insult. Nay, my friend,  
I swear no Party's oath.  
Non-partisan unto the end,  
I call myself the Perfect Blend—  
I choose the worst of both.

Cy—O words o' flame and thoughts o' shame!

Why have you come and what's yer name?

Ghost (expanding dreadfully)—I am the bane of the ticket-  
tapes.

I am the cause of the lean Thanksgiving.



Ghost—Yes, Hostile Parties, don't you see,

These ethics give credentials:

On Salient Points they must agree;

Then, for the sake of Decencee,

Debate the Non-Essentials.

Mr. Budd—Well, if they've gone and fixed it thus  
To treat the poor man wuss and wuss,  
Increasin' of our stress an' strife  
For bare necessities of life,  
It looks as if this Nation tall  
Was goin' plum to shucks, that's all!

(Hi, Cy and Mr. Budd weep)

Ghost—Be calm, brave Cy!

Be tranquil, Hi!

And Mr. Budd, pray dry your eye!

For, though your food grows ever dear

And picking harder every year,

Reflect! Adversity's a meat

Whose flavor, Shakespeare says, is sweet.

Prosperity, that bloated oaf,

Who 'round the groaning board doth loaf,

He never could, nor never can

Uplift, exalt the soul of Man.

But in the years of frugal need,

Then Art and Thought may nurse their seed.

In times of want on Fancy's wing

The Poets of the People sing.

No dimes to spend on furbelows

Or games or moving picture shows,

The happy swain, refreshed by toil,

Stays home and learns to paint in oil.

Thus, after years of short supplies,

A Genius in our land may rise,

A Rembrandt deep, a Holbein quaint—

Cy—Too bad I never learned to paint!

Ghost—Rome flourished when her sons were thin:

But when they dined on terrapin

And when their chariots hit the scene

With speedometric gasoline

Then History's darkest chapters tell

What happened.

All—Yes, we know. Rome fell.

Ghost (making a magic sign which causes a ten per cent.

raise in Mr. Budd's entire stock)—So, comrades,

here's good-night to you!

For I must stir my spectral leg

To haunt a butcher shop or two

And hoist the choicest joints a peg.

But, ere I go, I ask you, please,

When your expenses crush you flat,

Ah, turn from grosser groceries

And feed your souls on culture fat.

Cy—I'll go for music powerful sharp

And learn to play the muzzel-harp.

Hi—I'll keep away from surly wretches

And practise water-color sketches.

Mr. Budd—And I'll put down the sights I've seen

And write like Anna Katherine Green.

Ghost—You might do worse—

And now, confess!

You came to cure

And stay to bless.

Behold me now before your eyes!

All—Wonders! An Angel in disguise!

(High Cost of Living casts off his sable cloak, revealing milky robes and seraphic wings. The ceiling of Budd's Grocery parts and the apotheosized Specter floats away in a dazzle of light. Cy stands transfixed and Mr. Budd is so entranced that Hi is able to appropriate three handfuls of dried apples before the curtain goes down.)



# The Path up the Hill

By Michael Williams

Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

AS Dr. Whitman entered the anteroom of his private office in his sanitarium, he sighed with relief. He had succeeded in evading at least half a score of patients. Among those who had tried to secure private interviews that night, were two or three millionaires, a United States Senator and a Governor of a State, but these eminent gentlemen had not been nearly so hard to get rid of as the half dozen women who wanted his own—his very own—his undivided, extra-special attention to their cases, or to their husbands' cases. Especially to their husbands' cases. But this was Dr. Whitman's night for going home early to his family in the house beyond the sanitarium grounds where he rested, now and then, from his eighteen-hour work-days. And millionaires and Senators, and even the anxious wives—for whom he had more sympathy than any other class of patient—could not prevail against his wish to go home.

But John Stimson did.

Just as Dr. Whitman entered his inner office and switched on the electric light, Stimson arose from a chair, quickly got between the physician and the entrance, and stood with his back against the door—almost in the attitude of a holdup man—although his physical characteristics did not aid in carrying out the suggestion.

"What the devil!" began Dr. Whitman angrily. "How did you get in here?"

The man could not possibly answer for a very sufficient reason. Suddenly and explosively he started to cough. He coughed and coughed, deplorably. His emaciated body shook and tottered. Dr. Whitman quickly grasped and lifted him in his powerful arms, laid him in a chair and put a glass of water to his lips.

"I've been holdin' in that there cough for an hour, I guess," whispered the man at last, wiping the sweat from his face with a trembling hand. "I was afraid they'd hear me outside if I let her go."

"Have you been in here for an hour?"

"Yes. I've been tryin' to see you for a whole week. I simply got to see you. To-night I watched for my chance and sneaked in through the offices after you went to the lecture. I've been here ever since. I got to talk to you."

Dr. Whitman sat down at the man's side, looked at his watch and said:

"Very well. You've earned your interview. I'll give you fifteen minutes. Now then, what do you want?"

"I want the straight goods to a few questions."

"You'll get it. Go on."

"And I want you to spend ten minutes of your time in examining me."

"That would be a waste of time, Mr. Stimson."

Dr. Whitman had been looking through a card index, and now was rapidly glancing through a certain report. "You've already been examined by two of my best physicians," he continued.

"I know what they say—that I haven't got much chance—but it's your word that I want."

"Strip!" said Dr. Whitman, reaching for his stethoscope.

Less than ten minutes later, while Stimson slowly dressed, he said:

"I absolutely confirm my physicians' reports."

"Then that's all right—that's sure enough settled for good and all," said John Stimson. "Now for our little talk. Dr. Whitman, I simply got to get well. I want to stay at this here sanitarium and get well—"

"Utterly impossible, sir. This institution accepts no cases of infectious diseases on any consideration."

"But I simply got to live. And when I get better and can work, I'll pay—"

"It's not a question of money," interrupted Whitman sharply.

"I'll pass that by," said Stimson. "Tell me if you think I can get well."

"You may. It is possible. You want the exact truth, so I say that I hardly think you will get well. There is a chance—one out of a thousand. There is always one chance you know. But you should go back at once to your family—"

"I ain't got a family, and I'm not goin' to die," said John Stimson. "I've tried all kinds of medical dope and the quack treatments advertised in the papers, and I've been hill for years. I heard about you, Dr. Whitman, and I hoofed it here, and spent my last cent gettin' here, and found out the right way to live so as to be well—and then here I come only to find out that you won't take cases like mine."

"I believe that I can secure your admittance to the county sanitarium which is a very good one," said Whitman.

"I'm obliged to you, but that won't do. I came here and found that you're the man I've been lookin' for. I've gone down hill just about as far, I guess, as a man can go without touchin' bottom, and now I'm goin' on up the hill! I just got to live, that's all. I got work to do." Dr. Whitman looked almost sternly at the wreck of a man before him, as he said: "Yes, I suppose that you do want to live. I have found out that every man feels that he must live, even when he can give no very good reasons for his belief. What is your work?"

"Well, I've been a porter in a department store for the last ten years, till I got too sick to hold my job; but when I get better I'm goin' to take up another line of work. I'm goin' to be a—well, a sort of a missionary you might call it."

"Oh I see. What is your denomination?" It occurred hopefully to Dr. Whitman that he might interest some local church in this penniless, disease-racked man.

"My denomination? Oh, you mean my religion? Well—well, I sort of guess that you are, doctor."

The startled physician sat bolt upright. Was the man delirious? But there were no obvious signs of a high temperature. Stimson went on:

"What I mean, doctor, is that you represent the religion I want to preach when I get well. I got it from you. I was ready to give up, and you showed me the road I ought to take to get up hill. Now, I ain't religious like church people—but I got a call, just the same. You see, there are thousands, yes, and millions of poor people all over the country, 'specially in the big cities like Chicago, where I live, that don't know the first little thing about takin' care of themselves, and when I get well again, I'm goin' around among them people and tell them the things I've learned from you. Them people don't read books, and they don't understand doctors' talk, but I'll know how to get at them. So it's up to you to get me well again, Dr. Whitman."

The sanitarium superintendent was silent for a long minute or two. He had encountered famous captains of industry and leaders of men, from whom the radiation of will power was much less perceptible than the subtle influence that emanated from this man whose grip on life seemed so insecure.

"As I understand it, you've been sleeping in one of our vacant cottages and getting your meals at the sanitarium kitchen since you came here, have you not?"

"Yes. The young doctor at the dispensary told me to-day that I'd have to pull out of the cottage at the end of the week."

"Do you know where my house is? Come there to-morrow at ten o'clock in the morning."

"All right, Dr. Whitman. I won't begin to thank you now. I guess I'll wait and see if you make good. Good night."

And Stimson went away.

He reached Dr. Whitman's house the next morning at the designated time, utterly exhausted as a consequence of the strain and excitement of his interview of the night before.

Dr. Whitman had already put up a large tent among some pine trees in the rear of his extensive grounds, at the foot of a tall, steep hill that ended the town's growth in that direction. Into this tent Stimson was carried. He smiled up very faintly as he was laid on his cot and murmured: "I'm sure enough at the foot of the hill now, ain't I?"



"Oh, God, please, please help me!"



Well, I don't intend to stay there. It's up to me. You just watch me climb."

"You must not talk," commanded Dr. Whitman.

Stimson's eyes willingly closed, and he went to sleep.

Dr. Whitman gave orders to the nurse to notify him of any change.

As he left his house to go to the sanitarium he said to his wife: "I have satisfied his wish for me to take his case, and if he has to die, he'll die with an easy mind. Poor helpless creature! Poor devil! He has no family, no friends, no money, and very little physical vitality; yet how he believes in life, and how determined he is to live!" A sense of wonder was strong upon the physician.

"Of course he believes in life," said Mrs. Whitman. "Don't you?"

"Yes, I do. Nearly all of us do, yet, why? Why?"

"Don't waste your time by asking silly questions, my dear," said his wife.

By the end of a fortnight Dr. Whitman permitted Stimson to talk now and then. Sometimes the invalid talked to him, but it was to the day nurse that he mostly tried to unburden his mind.

The walls of the tent were kept rolled up high, and through day after day of gracious summer weather Stimson lay in the shade of his tent dome and watched the birds and trees and the towering hill and the higher dome that roofed everything.

Especially did he watch the hill. He would lay for hours at a time staring at it, until his eyelids would fall over his weakened eyes, or until the hill and the sky dome and all the world grew dim and seemed to be wavering and dissolving as he gazed through the moisture which would come into his eyes. He was fascinated by the hill. It dominated all his thoughts.

"Must be a fine view on top that there hill," he whispered one day.

"I suppose so," said the nurse.

"Ain't you never been up?"

"No. Few people ever do go up."

"Why not?"

"Well, it's a very hard climb, and there is n't a good path."

Stimson smiled—a weak, fluttering smile.

"I been up there," he said.

"Yes? A good long while ago, I suppose."

"Oh, not so long ago. I went up there a few nights ago—in a kind of an airship, you see."

"How very interesting," the nurse replied, but she stopped the conversation therewith. Her patient had often been semi-delirious and had babbled queer scraps of nonsense.

Stimson went back to sleep with a dim smile still about his lips. A few days later he spoke to Dr. Whitman, who gave to this brave-hearted waif time and attention which millionaires could not buy nor statesmen command.

"Doctor, wouldn't it be a good idea to make a path up that there hill? There must be a dandy view from the top."

"You are right," said the physician. "I must do so some day. It is too steep for most people. A winding path would do a lot of good. Hill climbing, you see, is one of the very best forms of exercise. It calls all the muscles into play and oxygenates the blood and strengthens the lungs wonderfully, and I am always urging my patients to take to it. I think I'll have a path put up this hill as you suggest."

"See here, now, doc!" said Stimson in a voice hardly stronger than a whisper. "See here—I'll be owin' you a big lot of money by the time I'm on my feet again. Can't you keep that job for me? I'll make that path for you when I get well."

"All right. That's a bargain."

"Shake hands on it, doc."

Dr. Whitman pressed the feeble hand fluttering in his direction and went away to tell his wife that it still looked as if Stimson had a chance.

"By God!" whispered John Stimson to himself. "I know the best way up that hill. I been up kind of surveyin' it in a balloon, and I know the way all right, and I'll put in a path all right to the very top."

Eight months later, in the spring of the year, John Stimson addressed Dr. Whitman: "I guess I'll begin on that there path-makin' job to-morrow. Will you supply the tools?"

"Of course. What will you want?"

"Why, a shovel and a pick and a hoe and a dirt rammer will be enough to start with, I guess. And a camera."

"A what?"

"A camera, or somebody to come and make a picture for me before I start the job. I got a notion—a notion, see?"

"No; I don't see—but I've given up trying to understand you, my friend. I'll send my wife over with her camera, and I'll supply the tools—but don't you forget one important thing. Don't tire yourself. If five minutes' work should tire you, stop right there—wait and rest. Do you understand?"

"You bet I do. I'm goin' up that hill, this time, and not in any little old golden balloon."

"A golden balloon? What are you talking about now?"

"Oh, just a 'sort o' dippy dream I had when I was sick. That's all I mean, doctor."

"When he was sick!" thought Dr. Whitman, surveying the emaciated figure.

It took John Stimson two years to make his footpath up the hill. But he made it. He made it himself, with his own hands, sometimes forgetting the doctor's injunction, and on three occasions relapsing seriously into illness because of his rashness in overdoing it. But he kept on. He asked Dr. Whitman to fence off the space at the foot of the hill so that nobody would use the path until it was completed.

The story of Stimson's roadmaking spread abroad, and the sanitarium guests and many town people often walked out to see him at work or to talk with him. He still lived in the tent, the sides of which he rolled down only in severe rainstorms. By night he could be seen, often wrapped several times his natural size in blankets, studying medical books by the light of a lantern. He absolutely refused to go under a house roof of any kind, at any time, for any purpose.

And at last, one day he came to Whitman's door and told him in a voice that was trembling with a strange excitement that the path was finished.

"I carried it right up to the top, and just quit work. Don't you want to go up with me, doc, and be the first after myself to use it?"

His eyes were shining with eagerness.

"Indeed I will!" cried the physician.

"And don't you think your wife would like to come and bring her camera?" continued Stimson.

Mrs. Whitman was even more anxious than her husband to accept the invitation.

Wondering at Stimson's odd excitement, and deeply moved, and very pleased, the physician and his wife followed their guide. Stimson stopped for a moment by the tent.

"Here's where I had that dippy dream of mine about goin' up the hill in a balloon," he said, "more than two years ago! How much would you have bet then that one day I'd be going up on foot?"

"If I had been in a very sporting mood I might have risked a few buttons," said Whitman, laughing, and winking his eyes rather hard. A sudden tenderness, a wondering, almost reverent tenderness for this bearded, uncouth, and shoulder-stooped man came into Whitman's heart, and its influence radiated to his wife.

As they stood under the tent, the pearly mellow light coming through the roof poured a benedictive glow upon the deeply lined, wasted, yet now vigorous face of John Stimson—and to the Whitmans he seemed like a man standing in the light of a common day, gloriously transfigured.

"And nobody would have wanted to take your bet and make you lose your buttons, I guess, doc. Oh, know! I knew even then! See, here is that there photograph that Mrs. Whitman took of me the day I started to make the path. It looks more like the picture of a man starting to open his own grave, don't it? Well, come on—up the hill."

Without another word, he led the Whitmans to his path, which wound easily up the face of the hill. His companions were breathing harder than the road-maker before they reached the top. Just as they came to a gentle little slope edging downward from the top of the hill, the path came to an end. Stimson turned and stopped.

"Wait a minute, please," he said. "I ain't never put foot on the top myself, as yet. I ain't got no idea what kind of a lookout there is on the other side. I hear that you can see a long way off." He was forced to stop because he was panting so hard; but not from breathlessness;

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Stimson quickly got between the physician and the entrance.

# The Family Clearing House

Georgiana Brings Up a Family on  
\$3,000 a Year—and a Budget

By Martha Bensley Bruere

Illustrations by LAURA E. FOSTER

"I'm the egg beater man," he announced as he came up to the screened porch.

"Thank you, I don't want any," said Georgiana.

"It is the greatest egg beater ever introduced before the world. Can be used with one hand, while putting in sugar or salt with the other. Just break the eggs—"

"I don't wish to buy an egg beater," interrupted Georgiana.

But the agent had swung into his gait and sped along his course:

"—into an ordinary tin pan, then placing this little instrument against the bottom of it—"

"See here," said Georgiana. "I can not afford to buy an egg beater, however good it may be."

"Yes ma'am. This small size I can let you have for twenty-five cents and the guarantee—"

"I can not afford to buy an egg beater which I do not need, no matter how little it costs."

There was something so final about Georgiana's tone that though the man's tongue went on automatically, his more obedient feet carried him down the walk and out through the gate.

"It's a startling change, Georgiana, to find that you know right away when you can't afford a thing," I remarked.

"Is n't it?" she grinned back.

"And yet it was a good egg beater."

"It was—but I've learned my lesson! Time was, while I was still buying egg beaters and things I did n't need, regardless of consequences, when I could n't approach the settling of monthly bills without fasting and prayer. And sometimes I did n't dare face it at all, for no matter if I'd scraped the soup bones and boiled the coffee grounds twice, I never knew, even after I'd seen the bill, whether I had n't spent more than I ought to have spent. What a hard time I've had to learn that it isn't by tight-lacing the dollar bill that one is comfortable, but by making one's needs an easy fit to one's income!"

Georgiana laid down the fountain pen with which she had been writing out checks, and looked happily across the lawn, where her youngest, with three other little boys, seemed to be hatching a Black Hand plot, and Jane, aged fifteen, was listening to the adventures of a young Ulysses with a tennis racquet.

"And just think," she went on. "When I was first married I followed John's instructions to live exactly as I'd been accustomed to at home! I actually tried to do it on John's salary of \$2,500 a year! Began by bucking the accepted fallacy that it is cheaper to own your home than to pay rent! I've kept the advertisement which lured us into it as a reminder."

She opened her account book and there it was, pasted in the debit column.

"Tasteful, commodious and well-built House, beautifully situated, in Montrose; 34 x 36 feet in Dimensions, Eight Rooms; Attic has space for one or more additional rooms. Lot 150 x 150. Less than Five Minutes Walk from the Montrose Station of the Erie Railroad. Commanding view. Elevation about 100 feet above tide water. Locality Healthful. Streets MacAdamized and lighted by Electricity. Property restricted. Running Water, Modern Plumbing; Furnace and Range; bath-room; Stationary Yorkshire Tubs.

"Price \$6,000. Small cash Payment. Balance on Bond and Mortgage.

"Price subject to change without notice."

"That was what got us: 'Price subject to change without notice.' We saw it soaring like a bird, snatched at it, and caught it on the fly! We thought we'd be better citizens if we owned our own home, and I had read a book on house-keeping which assured me that one could safely spend one-fifth of one's income on rent. That

would be \$500, and we figured that the interest on the \$6,000 we owed on the house would be \$140 a year less than that, and that we'd gradually pay off the mortgage out of the money we'd saved. Not till we were moved in and settled did I sit down with pencil and paper to find out just how soon it would be paid for. Then I discovered that if we waited till we got all the \$6,000 together, it would take forty-two years and 312 6-7 days, exactly; and that if we paid some on it every five years, it would take twenty-three years and nearly 308 days; but by reducing it every year, we could get all but \$8.02 paid in twenty years. I never figured out how long it would take us to pay that \$8.02, but I found that it was n't just paying the mortgage that ran up the cost.

"We picked out the house with reference to the view of New York twinkling like a diamond necklace in the distance and the sort of people we thought would be living next door, but we had n't noticed that the mahogany finish and white enamel paint and the mirrors we liked so much really needed two servants to keep them clean. Two servants would mean \$600 a year! I saw that I'd have to be the other servant. Next we found that we could n't afford to give pretty little dinners, nor have things in the chafing dish when people dropped in, nor do any of the things we'd planned when we bought the house. It was only useful to eat and sleep in.

"And then Jane was born. We were so happy that I think John would have hemmed her little flannel jackets himself, if he had known how. We never thought of her as a financial responsibility, but there was a lump sum of a hundred dollars to Dr. Arnold, and I understand now that

he must have under-

charged us, because he knew John; the trained nurse cost twenty-five dollars a week for three weeks, and the price of those same little flannel jackets ran the whole cost up to something like three hundred dollars. Of course I hired a nurse-maid. I took it for granted that she was as much a part of a baby as coats and trousers are of a boy, but after the first month I discharged her. I found she cost just eighteen dollars a month that I did n't have. But you notice that I hired her first and found out afterward that I could n't afford her.

"The lack of a nurse-maid was a small thing, however, for while I was ill there was a flurry in Wall Street and rumors of panic, and by the time I was out again John had to tell me that the Danville Car and Foundry Company for which he worked was an infant member of an infant trust and had closed pending reorganization. It didn't resume; and there we were, posed gracefully under the ax when it fell—debts—no savings—not an asset in the world but that miserable house! Of course, we sold the house as soon as we could and sacrificed nearly everything we had paid on it.

"Oh, we were down! And it was n't the least of my troubles that I had to live in the same town with Antoinette Milton, who prospered on \$1,200 a year! I wonder if you remember her? Her husband is some sort of a cousin of John's, though I never worked out the particular degree. He has been to college and is honest and industrious and good—just the sort of man you'd naturally expect to find in a low salaried position of trust. And there he is, a bookkeeper with two children, on \$1,200 a year!

"Mrs. Milton used to go about a good deal. She belonged to the Montrose Woman's Club, and I met her at teas and card parties and never noticed that she was n't well dressed. She had apparently done more on her \$100 a month than I had done on twice that amount. She was a living reproach to me, and John's family were not blind to that fact. I was so awfully blue that I begged her to advise me, and she explained living on the budget system. I've even forgiven her for the way she wears her hair, for that help!"

Georgiana patted the perfect coils of her own



"I did everything in the garden except the plowing."

bronze hair, lightening a little with gray, and pushed a blown curl back of her ear.

"Antionette Milton made a careful schedule beforehand of the things she was obliged to have, and just what they ought to cost, and then fitted it into her income like the stones in a mosaic brooch. And she never let her expenses get beyond it. Here's the general outline of her budget as I copied it from the original:

#### MONTHLY BUDGET OF THE MILTONS

(Father, mother and two children.)

Annual income \$1,200.	Monthly income \$100.
Rent . . . . .	\$20.00
Food . . . . .	30.00
Heat and light . . . . .	4.00
Clothes . . . . .	17.34
Insurance, savings, church . . . . .	10.00
Carfare (Mr. M.) . . . . .	4.16
Doctor and dentist . . . . .	2.00
Laundry (Mr. M.) per week 54 cents—	
3 shirts with detachable collars, 6 collars, 3 pairs of cuffs—(by occasionally making a shirt "go over" another day he brings it from \$2.16 to \$2.)	2.00
Recreation (including 1-12 of Mrs. M.'s club dues at \$10 a year), books, amusements . . . . .	3.00
Repairs and replenishing . . . . .	3.00
Lunches (Mr. M.) . . . . .	4.50
	\$100.00

"Antoinette Milton began her economy where I began my extravagance—with her rent. The interest on our mortgage had been fourteen per cent. of our income; her rent *plus* Mr. Milton's carfare, which is the way you have to count it, was nearly twenty-five per cent., but she showed me that small quarters are in themselves a means of economy, because you do not have so many things to take care of. You never need repair a chair if you haven't one. You don't have to heat the room that is n't in your house, nor put rugs in it, nor furniture, and the cost of redecorating it will be very low indeed.

"Of course, with their allowance for rent they could n't get a really good house, though it was just around the corner from Union Street. It was an old-fashioned left-over frame one. The plumbing was rather feeble; in fact, the only running water was in the kitchen, and there was n't any gas. But people have lived and died by candle-light before now. They did n't have a furnace, but they had a great big kitchen range and a Baltimore heater, and they used only six tons of coal a year—think of it! Mrs. Milton told me that by using an ash sifter—it was perched like a giant flour sifter above their ash pile, and young Dwight Milton presided over it every day after school—they got as much heat from six tons of coal as most people get out of eight.

"There was an apple tree and a cherry tree and a lettuce bed in the back yard, and these helped Mrs. Milton to cut down her food bill to thirty dollars a month—pretty fine work for four people living in a New York suburb and paying New York prices!

#### MRS. MILTON'S DAILY FOOD BULLETIN

(Father, mother and two children.)

Meat (1½ lbs. at 30 cents) . . . . .	\$ .30
Bread (2 loaves from baker) . . . . .	.10
Cereal (½ package at 10 cents) . . . . .	.05
Vegetables . . . . .	.15
Butter (at 30 cents a lb.) . . . . .	.18
Fruit . . . . .	.10
Coffee (2 lbs. at 17 cents per month) \$ .34	
Cocoa shells for children's lunch . . . . .	.30
Sugar (10 lbs. for 50 cents per month) . . . . .	.50
	\$1.20
Eggs . . . . .	.04
Milk (not certified) . . . . .	.10
	.10
	\$1.00

"Now, with the recent drop in prices of four or five cents a pound in all markets dependent on New York, thirty cents daily would give



Rugglesville was not in his grade of civilization

the Miltons this amount of meat per week:

Roast leg of mutton (5 lbs. at 12½ cents) (three dinners) . . . . .	\$ .63
Round steak (2 lbs. at 24 cents) . . . . .	.48
Chicken (3 lbs. at 20 cents) (two dinners) . . . . .	.60
Pork chops (2 lbs. at 18 cents) . . . . .	.36
	\$2.07

"Mrs. Milton kept a few chickens in the back yard to help out the egg supply and occasionally furnish a fowl. No broilers—oh, no! Could one either destroy the potential egg supply or eat cockerels at twenty-eight cents a pound? Good, unmarketable, well developed hens, whose usefulness as egg-layers was past and who had developed the last ounce of meat, might be sacrificed for a fricassee. Mrs. Milton admitted that it cost her more to buy her bread



"It was perched like a giant ash sifter"

than to bake it; but, on the contrary, it saved her some five hours of time a week: fifteen minutes to mix it at night, thirty minutes to knead it in the morning, an hour to wait while it raised in the pans, an hour to bake it in a slow oven. This twice a week. And to save not more than fourteen cents!"

As I looked at this budget it seemed that half a package of cereal a day was accounted for by the absence of other things. A family that gets through the first half of its day on oatmeal is apt to absorb a good deal of it, and as for the lighter minded cereals, not so filling at the price, is there any limit to the number of times the young Miltons would come back like open-mouthed young robins for another dish?

"Mrs. Milton used to thank heaven for her family's taste in vegetables," said Georgiana. "They liked cabbage and turnips and other inexpensive things with a lot of taste to the square inch. In the summer, when her garden was growing, she actually got ahead on her green vegetable account, but in the winter she

sometimes had to cut down her meat allowance to get vegetables enough. In fact, when she had to cut the food at all she did it on meat. When eggs went up, for instance (and you know they aren't often down to thirty cents), she bought them out of the meat money. She used to say that her chickens were like that hen in the child's verse. Do you remember it?

"Once I had a little hen—  
She was feminine and queer;  
When eggs were cheap she laid  
like smoke—  
And stopped when eggs were  
dear!"

But no matter how eggs went up, Mr. Milton always had one for his breakfast. It was cheaper than a heavy lunch in New York. When Mrs. Milton could n't afford eggs for the children, she took an extra quart of milk for them instead.

"You will notice that nothing is said about tea. Well, it just happened that Mrs. Milton did n't drink it. She always had a cup for a friend who dropped in, however, and a pound a year at fifty cents was all she needed for that. Not many people could have put a rigid curb on the desire for a second cup of coffee, but Mrs. Milton allowed the family three heaping table-spoonfuls a day—two large cups in the morning; two small ones at night. Coffee runs fifty table-spoonfuls to the pound, so two pounds left them ten cups to the good in a month.

"Mrs. Milton had a pile of Government reports from which she learned just what foods gave the most 'fuel value.' Absolutely no edible food was thrown away; even the bread crumbs were saved to use in griddle cakes and omelettes. The amount of nourishment she could get out of a dollar was quite wonderful, and they must have had good food, too, for Mr. Milton got on with four dollars and a half a month for lunches, fluctuating between fifteen and twenty cents a day, and you know what that means—cheap restaurants with stew at ten cents a bowl, or two sandwiches and coffee at fifteen cents; or baked apples and cream, or griddle cakes for a dime.

"Where Mrs. Milton saved was in running charges. By doing the work herself she not only saved the wages of a maid which she could n't have paid anyhow, but she economized as one can't under the critical eyes of a hired girl. I've tried it in times of drought and I know.

"Being the provider, Mr. Milton had to have clothes up to a certain grade. Two ready-made business suits a year at \$20 each did it; and besides that, to keep up with the social position the family were fighting to maintain, he had to have a decent overcoat, good hats and evening clothes which would pass by candle-light—and all this he had to manage on less than a hundred dollars a year! Mrs. Milton never had a dressmaker. What she could n't make herself, she bought ready-made and always out of season after the prices were reduced. Winter and summer she stuck to dark blue so that everything would go together, and her one evening dress was black crêpe with an adjustable yoke to make it available for afternoons.

"And the children? I never knew children to put on sandals so early in the spring," continued Georgiana. "Young Dwight Milton pranced about in khaki suits which gave him quite an air of frivolous fashion, but on Hor-tense I recognized the maternal garments of the season before last, recut, turned and refashioned."

[Continued on page 55]



# A Good Woman's Heart

by S. B. Lancaster

Author of "His Big Picture," "The Spur," and "Sons o' Men"

Illustrations by CHARLES SARKA



Meg stepped out to him with the pure glow of love on her small, ugly face

HARRINGTON came down a side street on Sunday afternoon to find a score of men flung on the burnt grass of it and Meg in the center, bareheaded and barelegged, with a song taught by Rob on her lips and a dance taught by Rob in her feet.

Rob Lascelles was stableman at Brantley's hotel in the desolate West Australian township; Harrington was bank manager and Rob's firm friend.

In this game Harrington was an onlooker only, but he learned much in watching it played; among other things, that a good woman's creed is narrow as Heaven's gate itself, and that the man who lets his careless feet carry him down the broad path pays for it to the hilt and a little over. Rob had loved Rosemary Lyle when the broad path first called him as it calls the young men of all the earth while the hot blood is quick in their veins. From the narrow door of her father's church and her Sunday-school she had judged him, and sent him out to face his life, and to fall or to fight as his mad spirit bade him.

And Black Charlie's Meg, who was ten years old and ugly as a native gin, was the one earthly power that could hold Rob when the devil of drink was in him—and not even Rob himself knew why.

The air prickled with heat. The Bangalo palms drooped their split leaves to the sun. The red dust rose, thick as steam, to spread the backs and the slouch hats of the men who watched. Astride a kerosene can Baltic Johnny sawed his violin with energy, and Meg's child-voice, thin and high as the wind in the wire-grass, made fewer false notes to the line than he did. But the words and the pitiful remnant of the music-hall dance snatched at Harrington's heart-strings and held them.

"Lon-don, Lon-don; good ole London city,  
Good for those as has fine clothes an' plenty o' L. S. D.  
But Lon-don, Lon-don, don't show me much pity,  
It must a' been built fur people wif' cash—  
It never were built fur me."

Round in the red dust went Meg's naked feet to the lilt of it. Her ragged skirts were held wide as Rob had shown her; the black shock head and pinched face were flung back, and the little intricate steps gave Harrington amazement. Of what was the man made who

could remember such things out of a dead past, with such years between as Rob knew?

Up in a gray gum by Baltic Johnny's elbow a kookaburra laughed harshly and a white cockatoo screamed back with his crest up. Meg's song snapped to silence. She halted, shut up her thin body in a jack-knife bow, and righted, vivid with pride and delight.

Her audience rose at her with a roar. From the fence shade of the prickly pear, from the dead logs felled by men long dead and forgotten, from the brown grass and the gate into Baxter's right-o'-way, coarse voices cheered her and hard hands clapped. Teeth showed grinning on the pipe-stems, and men spoke with heaven knows what memories quick in their eyes.

"Good on yer, gell." "My, that's the tickut!" "Megsy, Megsy, darlint; who tould ye the way to set the hearts in us achin' fur the strates agin?"

"Rob," cried Meg, and her little body shook with her breaths. "Rob, of course. Is there a mother's son else o' all o' yer in the township cud do it? Hey?"

She set her hands on her hips and tossed her head at them. Something moved in the hedge-shadow, and Harrington saw Rob sit up and rub the sticks out of his hair. He was blinking, and his hands shook, but his eyes fell on Meg with the swift smile in them for which any woman will forgive a man much.

"Been showing them round?" he asked. "That's my girl. Come here, Meg."

Meg wriggled her bare toes in the dust. Excitement and the first bite of applause tingled her flesh.

"Come 'ere yerself," she cried. "Come an' guv 'em that there reel wot we 'ad yes'day. Come along wif' yer, Rob."

"Ah, shut that, Meg," said Larry Keegan. "Sure the man's feet ain't fur standin' jus' now."

"You shut up," said Rob cheerfully. "Get your old wire-scraper started, Johnny."

He sprang to his feet, swaying; jerked his belt-strap in place, and came out from the shadow to the light that was merciless on the face where the clean lines were blurred, on the puffed eyes and the unsteady lips.

"Put some pace in it, Johnny," he cried. "Now, my girl."

Meg stepped out to him with the pure glow of love in her small ugly face and Rob set his feet to the reel-time; lightly and gaily, with a wasted life behind him, a sinner's death before, and the dull riff-raff of a back-country township gathered to see.

A couple of goats cropped the tufty grass of the side-street. In a shanty door a dirty child played with a battered pannikin. The scream of parrots and mynahs sounded in the tall gums and the mallee and under the tightening heat of the day the timber of a new-built humpy near-by warped with an audible "crick-crick." The haze of distant smoke and direct sunshine dulled earth and sky and man's senses. Harrington sat on the dog-leg fence, smoking and digging into past memories until a girl came up the side-street and stopped short just within distance of speech. But Harrington had no thought of speech.

His eyes sprang to the girl's face and fastened there as a ferret fastens on its kill. He drew his breath sharply.

"She cares, by Jove," he told himself. In the next instant he doubted, for the wave of color that swept over her quivering mouth and up to the strained eyes carried anger and disgust with it. She moved back a pace, and Rob wheeled in the dance and saw her. Harrington slid down off the fence with his heart bumping in his throat. The girl made no sign. A quick, wicked laugh tipped Rob's mouth. He caught Meg's hands, swung her around, and watched as her glance met the girl's.

"Snakes!" cried Meg, quivering. Scarlet blood stung the little pinched face to flame and her hand jerked in Rob's close grasp. "Lemme go," she said in quick whispers. "Lemme go. There's Miss Rosemary. Lemme go, Rob."

"Why? Stand still, Meg. What's wrong?" Meg flinched at the tone. She looked away.

"I—I guess she'll be mad. She telled me ter kip—ter kip Sunday holy."

"And I tell you to dance. Come on, Meg."

"I—I don't want ter."

"Why?" The old ring held his voice yet at times. Harrington glanced at the girl. She was slim and tall and fair-haired. Her face was white as her dress, and her gray eyes were wide with something like dread. "She cares," Harrington interpreted, "but she'll never forgive. A saint is not human enough to mate with men—nor to understand."

"Come, Meg," said Rob, and the red dust lifted as his feet moved.

"I—I can't," muttered Meg, her eyes burnt with tears.

Rob flung one look at her, then he laughed and turned on his heel. "Oh, go to her," he said. "I don't want you, you little turn-coat."

Harrington saw swift agony whiten Meg's face. Such wild passion as her childish soul knew for love she had given Rob with a strength that shamed him when he remembered. But under those gray eyes that had judged and sent him out unshriven to the end of time the brute in him was quickened.

"Rob," said Meg, half choked. Then she sprang at him. "I don't care," she screamed. "I don't care. She can do anythin'—she can

lam me ef she wants ter. I dun't care. I love yer the best."

Rob caught her as she sprung. He pulled the shock head close to his breast and looked over the top of it full at the girl whose own head had once touched him as Meg's touched him now. There was mockery in the look, in the twist of the fine lips where self-control was loosening, in the man himself with his gay half-drunken challenge of defiance.

Rosemary went red to her hair, turned swiftly and passed up the street, her pale dress drawing the light about her. Rob took his breath between his teeth.

"The salute," he said low. "And she dipped her colors to me. Now, Meg."

He dropped on a log and pulled the child between his knees. Harrington nodded to Larry Keegan and Larry slouched to his feet with a grunt. Each man there knew the times when Rob's nature was that of a boy who sets a beetle to twirl on a pin.

Meg brought her hand under her nose with a loud sniff. Her eyes were dark—afraid—and the tears dried in the dirt of her cheeks. Her passion was spent and the balance swung level again. Meg's ten years had made her over-wise in knowledge of life's naked realities. Then Rosemary had come with soft hands and painted words to open the locked doors of her soul and lead her into the land of Childhood with its rosy delights, its thoughts vague and white as the clouds. Rosemary was all that Meg knew of heaven. Rob had many times showed her hell, but she would have chosen for Rob had the choice been to make.

"Meg," he said, and something in his voice made her shiver. Sound was dead as the men waited, uncertain and uneasy. The sun was hot and bare as a copper pan in the white sky. The haze palpitated along the straight street that ran through the distance of stunted gray mallee. From Brantley's "pub" at the corner came the snatch of a drunken song.

"You're going to do as I tell you," cried Rob in a sudden spurt of fury, and Meg's spindle arms winced under his grip. Then Larry caught the shoulder where the loose shirt was hot to the touch.

"Lave the kid alone, ye owl," he said placidly.

Rob slung the child aside and came upright with flame in his eyes, the red blood fast in his veins. For the instant he faced Larry, tense and trembling, but the spur of anger just pricked him and dropped. His grip was shattered and he laughed foolishly. Then he spun round, gathered Meg's little bird-like body up in his arms, and laughed at the men over the head of her.

"Drawn blank, Larry, my lad," he cried gaily. "The Irish terrier showed fight, but the yellow dog was n't taking any. Come along, my girl. We're going for a smoke up in the bush."

He staggered into the street and Harrington heard his strong, sweet tenor lifting with Meg's tin-whistle trill:

"Lon-don, Lon-don; you don't show me much pity;  
You must have been built for people with cash—  
You never were built for me."

Baltic Johnny drew the bow quivering over the strings.

"It's hisself as don't show Rob much pity," he said, "nor will neither. No, nor won't let anyone else, what's more."

Harrington went home and meditated. Then he said to the wattle-bird upside down in the grape vines:

"Meg is the Korea those two are going to quarrel over, and as anything is better than an armed truce, I have hopes. But a saintly woman is—the very mischief."

Up in the bush Rob lay flat on the wire-grass with the long jointed she-oak spines fingering him, and Meg thrust her hands through her shock hair, dividing it over the mother-tenderness of her eyes.

"Ain't there nothin' as fellers can take ter kip 'em straight?" she asked.

"Nothing but a coffin," said Rob grimly.

Meg wriggled nearer, rubbing her hot, dirty hands over his forehead. "It's all right, my own boy," she said pitifully. "P'raps yer'll pull up sometime. Tell yer, Rob, Miss Rosemary might know what'd help a feller."

Here Rob laughed, and the laugh stung Meg's skin again.

"She might," he said, "but I suspect she's more likely to know of something that won't help a fellow, my girl."

This was truth and on the next mid-day Rosemary proved it. She sent for Meg, and in the pretty white bedroom that had, in Meg's eyes, some vague connection with Sunday and fairies, she laid before the child a suggestion that brought her out to the room-center with black eyes blazing and skinny hands clenched.

"I won't," she gasped, "I won't. I'll never give him up—never. 'E can't 'elp it. I tell yer 'e can't. What do you know about it? I tell yer when a feller gits the cravin' like Rob does, 'e can't 'elp it. An' 'e do try! My Crissofer, you don't know 'ow 'e do try!"

Rosemary's hand shut slowly where it lay on the dressing-table. She used to feel the pressure of a ring there once when the fingers met on the palm.

"That is nonsense," she said coldly. "Any man can help it if he tries. That is his business, Meg, not yours. I am going to train you as a nice little servant, and you are to forget all about the horrible low life of the township. I saw Black—I saw your father and he is quite willing, so you will come to me to-morrow, Meg, and I will make you very happy."

Her smile had quickened Rob's pulses once. It brought the heat of fury to Rob's champion now.

"That's boodle," said Meg fiercely. "That's tommy-rot. I tell yer, Rob 'e can't 'elp it. Think as yer knows more about fellers than I does? An' me lived in the township all me life? Bunkum!"

Rosemary was too sore for humor. She had

a wakeful night of sorrow and searing shame behind her and a heavy dread before.

"I will not have you speak to me like that," she said. "I want to help all the neglected children in the township, and you need more than most, but I will have civility—obedience from you, Meg. You are not to speak to any more of the drunken men. I shall punish you if you do. I mean to be kind to you, little Meg, but I always keep my word."

Meg stared at her blankly. Rosemary held the keys of fairyland and all delight, but she held the keys of her heart. She shrugged small shoulders after the manner of Rob himself and a flash of his own spirit bit in her words.

"Snakes!" she said. "You're a hot 'un, right, but I won't be yer little gel fur a millipede. I'll stick ter Rob if I bust fur it."

Then she fled out into the stagnant heat of the day with hot lead on her heart and eyes burning with grief.

In the white bedroom suggestive of Sunday, Rosemary dropped on her knees by the dressing-table and sought in vain for dutiful prayer.

"Rob," she said with stiff lips, a hundred times and again. "Rob, oh Rob!" She turned to her Bible but found no help there.

"I can't forgive him," she whispered. "I can't, and I can't forgive him for making me love him still."

After that she hid her face from the confession her lips had made, and went out in humility of spirit to read prayers to the sick.



"You are making Meg pay for my sin"

It is on record that Black Charlie beat Meg more than usual that night, and that Rob, hearing of it, went to Black Charlie and forced an explanation.

What he heard took him up the bush-track setting obliquely to the township, and here he met Rosemary coming home from a walk, with her arms full of the wattle-bloom that was no more yellow than her hair.

She saw him coming and felt chilled to the finger-tips, for she loved this man well, but by the tenets of her teaching she could not forgive him.

Rob wrenched the impatient filly back into the honeysuckle scrub, dropped off, and bared his head in silence. She was the Rosemary of other days still, and the smirch was on him alone, but his love was bitter in his heart and on his lips. He looked at her straightly.

"You are making Meg pay for my sins," he said. "Is that also in accordance with your religion?"

He struck clean through the joints of her armor as he was used to do in the old days for jest, and she had no speech in answer. She looked at his gentling hand on the filly's crest, and her throat swelled. The memory of their parting hour five years back was too keen.

"I am waiting to know," said Rob. "What are you taking her for?"

"I mean to make her realize the difference between vice and virtue," she said, striking him with all the pain in her heart to give strength. "I mean to make her understand that when a man says he can't he means that he won't. I mean to show her that a man who gives way to disgrace and dishonor is not a fit friend for any child—or woman."

Rob lifted his head and looked at her. There was more in the grave eyes than any but the man who has found out for himself may know. He spoke quietly:

"When you know half as much of life as Meg does you may begin to try and teach her something. But you will never know—you will never understand. That doesn't matter now. You are right in one thing. The life she has is n't fit for her. Take her and teach her what you like. I won't interfere, but don't say too much against me at the first or I'm afraid she'll rebel."

Rob ran Meg to earth in her little, low lean-to behind Black Charlie's shanty. The place was dark, smelling evilly of the refuse leather from Black Charlie's trade and the dregs of gin bottles from Black Charlie's carousals. Rob stooped over the heap of sacks that made her bed.

"Come here, you bunch of tricks," he said, and he let her cry her heart out in the close grip of his arms. It is possible that at the moment he would have given much for power to cry out his own.

Meg's hot hands came round his neck.

"What did she tell yer, Rob?" she whispered.

"She told me that you were better without me, my girl, and it's a true bill. She's going to teach you to be a real decent little woman, Meg, and you've got to give me the go. We're not keeping company any longer, you and I. See?"

"Rob—Rob—yer dun't mean it. Rob, I swear—"

"Stop that, Meg! Hush, my girl; hush, dear. It's all right. I want you to go to her, and so you will go. You're not meaning to play dog on me now, are you, Meg?"

"No, n—no, but—oh, I can't, I jes' can't."

Meg's straight slit of a mouth was not made for kissing, but Rob stooped his own to it tenderly, and the sweat of the struggle that came after was on his forehead still when he walked into Harrington's room, nodded a greeting, and settled into a chair behind a smoke cloud. Harrington knew how to wait, but after twenty minutes he looked up from his papers.

"Put a name to it, Rob," he said.

"A long-sleever," said Rob, "the longest ever I drank in my life, and no heel-taps. Harrington, a good woman is the hardest thing God has made. Hard as flint and cold as ice. She can't understand."

Harrington could use his tongue with brutal directness when he chose. He chose now, and Rob stood up presently with his eyes sane.

"I know I'm inside the ropes," he said. "I've seen poor devils strip and go in for certain punishment before now. I've taken my punishment. I've been a regular glutton for it, but there'll be a round one day that'll knock me out and I won't come again. I am not sure that day is n't now."

"That girl of yours is inside the ropes, too," said Harrington. "She is in with her saintliness as you're in with your sins. She has got to give a fall to some of her beliefs before she's the woman God meant her to be, and you've got to give a fall to some of your weaknesses before you are the man God meant you to be. And there's more than one round left in you yet."

"She's not fighting," said Rob. "She is content in her beliefs."

Harrington had a way of seeing common daylight broken into prisms. "She won't be for long," he said. "Meg will alter all that. She knows the component parts of a man, and I fancy she'll teach them to Miss Rosemary. And then—?"

Rob laughed with a swift light in his eyes.

"And then," he said, "I'll make her suffer as she's made me suffer."

Harrington turned to his papers again, but in the turning he called Rob by a direct and simple name that sent him out, cursing, into the stagnant night. Then Harrington smiled a little.

"I bank on Meg," he said.

Teaching, nor dogmatism, nor a stern silence could break into Meg's heart the faith that she kept with Rob. Rosemary tried them all, but Meg cradled Rob's name in the middle of her daily prayers, loved dearer than herself the Galah parrot Rob had caught for her, and slept always with an old cap of Rob's under her pillow. Rosemary found it one day, and knew it, and took it up in hands that trembled. Then she carried it out and flung it on the dust-bin. Half-hour later Meg came to her like a whirlwind with the old torn thing crushed to her breast.

"I bin ter tell Rob as I'd shook yer," she cried, "an' 'e sent me back. 'E sent me strite back. An' I hates yer. What'd yer put this out fur? Hey? It's mine. It's my own

boy's cap. Oh—strike me pink, but I does hate yer!"

Rosemary's fingers stumbled over her sewing. "Meg," she said, "how are you going to say, your prayers to-night with hate in your heart?"

"You does. You hates Rob, an' you says prayers—long ones—an' Rob's better'n you! He ain't touched nothin' fur five months, an' he's doin' it. 'Ow's he goin' ter git along without me? An' you've took me away! By Crissosfer, I don't think much o' you! You thinks too bloomin' much o' yerself!"

She was gone to the kitchen with the dart of a wild animal, and Rosemary sat stunned with each word of Meg's pelting her—cruel, and vivid, and distinct. Outside the rung gum-trees grew skeleton-white in the coming dusk. The hum of mosquitoes sounded from the swamp beyond the empty section; the cry of a boobook owl sounded from the hill; the stumble of unsteady feet sounded up the street beyond, but Rosemary sat still in the gathering twilight, with strained eyes and white lips. Then Harrington came in suddenly, and Rosemary spoke to him out of her shaken heart, unweighing her words. She had learned to know Harrington as a man whom women could trust.

"Is it wrong to judge?" she said. "I did n't mean to judge. Only—surely right is always right and wrong is always wrong. It must be so."

Through the dark Harrington walked to the window, staring out at the last gold bar of the day's minting laid on the edge of night. The wind blew hot in his face and across the section the flicker of a bar-lamp was beckoning men.

"Meg, my love," he said inwardly, "you've opened the door, but I don't know yet if it's a fool who is going to rush in."

Then he grasped life in the bulk with both hands and flung it before her as a picker-up flings fleece in the sheds. He told her something of the earth as he knew it; of the Never, Never land of dead men and broken hopes and of courage that does not die. And then he slid into direct mention of Rob, giving her in curt words some understanding of his eternal fight to find himself, to grip his manhood in hands that would not tremble, to so splice his broken will that he might break out the flag of his freedom from its foretop.

"He's a battler," he said. "I've seen men in this ring before, and I haven't seen many put up a better fight than Rob puts up, time after time. But I'm getting afraid of him now."

There is the waiting look in his eyes that a man gets who is always on the lookout for a wild beast that he knows will spring some day. And when the beast of drink springs at Rob it springs quick—quick as the jump of a cat. And—I never feel that I have the right to judge him if sometimes he goes down before it."

Silence dropped, and the white blur on the sofa gave no sign. In his heart Harrington laid long odds on the belief that he was the fool.

Three nights later he tried again. It was ten o'clock of a white-moon evening, and Rosemary answered his knock herself.

"I want Meg," he said quickly. "Rob's been strung up to breaking point all day, and he won't stand the night out. She can stop him if anything can. Where is she?"

A sudden wave of contempt and disgust and jealousy swept over Rosemary. "That is impossible," she said. "Meg is in bed and asleep. A man who is a man does not need a child to help him."

"Meg is Rob's fetish," said Harrington. "You have n't the least idea what that ugly little child means to him. She tackled him once when men were afraid to handle him, and since then he has thought more of her than of anything on earth—pretty nearly."

[Continued on page 52.]

## With All Your Speed

By EDITH M. THOMAS

WITH all your speed of whirling tire,  
That dims the face, as ye pass by,  
What is the goal that ye aspire,  
Do ye approach it as ye fly—  
With all your speed?

WITH all your speed are ye more near  
Than ye were wont in other days,  
To blessed bourns the heart held dear,  
Inwrought in fancy's purple haze—  
With all your speed?

WITH all your speed do ye o'ertake  
That bravest dream that signaled youth  
Toward high emprise; or do ye break  
Your heart on flying wheels, in sooth—  
With all your speed?

WITH all your speed ye Speed pursue—  
Your goal the vortex of unrest!  
Drive on! I dare to say to you  
I envy not your soulless quest—  
With all your speed!





# The Mad Race for Souls

WASTEFUL COMPETITION OF  
SMALL TOWN CHURCHES

By Charles Samuel Tator

Author of "The Fate of Old Ministers"



**D**OWN in Massachusetts there is a place which we will call Overdone. It has a population of about one thousand people,

composed largely of mill employees. This place has six churches: Roman Catholic, English Lutheran, Methodist Episcopal, Congregational (Swedish), Episcopal and Lutheran (Swedish). The place could support one minister and one Protestant church in addition to the Roman Catholic church, and a splendid work could be done. The inhabitants of the town did not hesitate to tell me that they considered Overdone the wickedest place in Massachusetts. Carefully investigating this situation, I found that it was generally agreed in the village that the condition was caused, mainly, by too many churches. Churchanity has crowded out Christianity. Multiplicity has destroyed effectiveness.

## New Brands of Theology on the Market

Another place in Massachusetts, of five hundred inhabitants, has a Roman Catholic and three Protestant churches. There is a Congregational church with a membership of twenty-seven. This church pays its minister a salary of \$500 a year, and is aided by the Home Mission Board of Massachusetts to the amount of \$250 in this expenditure. There is a Methodist Episcopal church with a membership of thirty which pays its pastor a yearly salary of \$408, part of which is received from sources outside the parish. There is also an Episcopal church with a membership of forty-five. This last-mentioned church has a fine memorial building and an endowment which enables it to pay its rector a salary of \$1,000 a year. The village is a good prospect for strong church work. I asked a citizen what the churches were doing to improve the morals of the place, and he replied: "Not a thing but fighting among themselves." I learned later that he was an officer in one of the churches.

Not many miles from Boston there is a village of five hundred and forty-five inhabitants. It is not a wealthy village, neither is it a paradise. This place has a Roman Catholic church and four Protestant churches: Congregational, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist and Episcopalian. About eight miles away there is a new village of about eighteen hundred foreign population; this last village has one small church. I suggested

WE IN America have noted with growing concern that the rural village church is failing in its full duty toward its community. The result is too often empty pews, underpaid ministers and a sluggish spiritual life. The author of this article finds this condition largely due to the multiplicity of churches. His article is searching, careful and fearless, but it brings a message of hope. The movement for church unity is showing increased strength and vitality. The Protestant Episcopal, Congregational and Methodist Churches and the Disciples of Christ have all recently appointed committees to confer with other denominations looking toward closer relations and a remedy for the evil of overlapping.—THE EDITORS.

that one or two of the churches in the smaller village take their money and workers, go over by trolley, and do real mission work by working with the small church in the new and larger village. One man asked: "And give up our God-given work here?" Before leaving I was told that the small church of which this man is a member was started as a spite church against another in the village.

These are typical examples of overchurching the small towns, taken at random from the results of our investigation, and these will undoubtedly suggest others to the mind of the reader. That this condition is general is a too well-known fact. People in a vague way realize the condition and think that the country church is passing; that is, if they think of the subject at all. The country church is not merely passing; it has been dismembered, and the several parts are dying. If it is to be rehabilitated it must be reunited; in fact, reconstructed to meet the needs of the new rural life.

Churches like individuals like to herd, and since the church is a human institution, all the characteristics of the individual are manifested in it in magnified form. Individuals herd where the feeding is rich and abundant, and they generally overdo the herding act; likewise, wherever the prospect looks good, you will find a multiplicity of churches, and in nearly all cases, struggling churches. In other places, where there is apparent need, you will find no churches, nor will you find the material promise that lures the denominational idea. One church may fight its way in the community until that community gets an upward start, when that one church can no longer be trusted to save souls. New brands of theology are introduced and the race for souls begins.

## An Uneven Distribution of Churches

Every State and Territory has the same story to tell. In Colorado, within seventy miles of Denver, there is a promising village of twelve hundred inhabitants. In that village there are eight churches. Round about in the mountains are communities that have from thirty to ninety pupils in the public school, and can muster one hundred and fifty adults at an all-night dance. This population is scattered, the pupils go to school on burros and on horseback. For some reason these people have no church nor Sunday-school. Bishop Anderson, of the Episcopal



diocese of Chicago, says that there are forty towns in Illinois, ranging from two hundred to eight hundred in population, without any church. Yet the three examples given from Massachusetts could easily have been found in the State of Illinois. It rather looks as if some of the lean churches should be cut out of the herd and led to pastures new.

That the once prosperous rural communities are overchurched is a general fact too obvious for detailed comment. The Rev. E. Talmadge Root, of Providence, Rhode Island, an authority on country churches, told me that in his State, based upon the ratio of one Protestant church to six hundred and seventeen Protestant people, there is a surplus of two and a half churches to a town. In the same State, the Roman Catholics have one church to every three thousand, two hundred and ten of the Catholic faith. Mr. Root further said: "Congregations of a certain size are required to make worship dignified and organization effective. The country churches must choose between gratification of denominational and local pride, and adequate church organization."

### *The Unfortunate Effects of Overchurching*

In New Jersey, as in all of the Eastern States, you will find communities helpless in the face of spiritual defeat because they have denomination added to denomination, keen rivalry, bitter feelings and inadequately supported churches and ministers. In the Protestant church, denominations grow from more to more. In the United States in 1890 there were one hundred and forty-five denominations, and in the sixteen years between 1890 and 1906 twenty of these denominations went out of existence, by death, consolidation or change of classification. During that period, however, sixty-one new denominations sprang into existence, so that we now number one hundred and eighty-six denominations. Each of these denominations tries to convert the world to its idea of Christianity, and the result is that communities are overchurched.

The effects of this overchurching are not only disastrous to the church, but detrimental to the community, and have a greater influence for religious and moral indifference than any other one factor in our present-day life. The editor of the Providence (R. I.) *Journal* said: "An oversupply of country churches here in Rhode Island helps to increase strife among rural church-goers, and has a strong influence in keeping many men and women from all the churches." Wherever we find this multiplying of churches, we find a keen competition, in which jealousy, misrepresentation, and the spirit of "Our church first and the devil take the rest" enters so largely that the moral loss to both the church and the community is great.

### *The Struggle to Make a Statistical Showing*

In these communities, men and women who are in accord with the teachings of Jesus Christ, but are not in agreement with the rivalry of the denominations, and are consequently classed with the unchurched, have told me that they do not care to mix in the petty quarrels and assist in the catch-penny devices to raise money to support a multiplicity of denominations which claim they are all working to the same end, but refuse to unite and make their work effective.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE in the past two years has shown the suffering of country ministers and their families. Overchurching is the big cause of this trouble. There is money enough in the country to support the churches, but as a rule the people in the churches do not have it, and to get it they resort to all kinds of methods, from guessing the number of beans in a jar, to fishing in the soup plate for the elusive oyster, all of which is destructive to the Christian mission and humiliating to ministers. The churches seem to be so blinded by the terrific fury of the race that they fail to see what they are losing by following the pace, and when they stop for breath, instead of taking stock, they lift their voices and sing, "We live at this poor dying rate," without appreciating the humor of their song.

Ministers know that they are expected to make a good statistical showing in the year books of their denominations,

so, unconsciously, in this keen competition for souls, churches have lowered the standard of admission. Excellent rules of conduct, written in the church disciplines, become dead letters, and a member is rarely, if ever, disciplined for unchristian conduct. Serious minded church members are regretting the fact that there is but little difference between the conduct of the members of the churches and the citizens of "the world."

### *Eleven Churches Within a Radius of Three Miles*

Because of this lack of support, the rivalries of Protestantism empty and close churches in the struggling communities. Divided salaries make hungry and ill-clad ministers' families, and in addition to this, the rural churches do not get the highly trained men as leaders. The strong churches attract the strong men, and yet how do we know how many Beechers are mute, because buried beneath the ruins of a blasted hope in some overchurched community.

Here is a young fellow with the light of hope and love setting his face aglow, telling a blushing girl of the great sermons he will preach and the great work he will do—some day. Here he is to-day, in a village of six hundred people, in a beautiful valley in New York State. Within a radius of three miles are eleven churches. The great sermons are unwritten, for the minister has been doing carpenter work and mowing lawns and other odd jobs to eke out an existence; when night comes, physically tired, he sits at his desk, and, confronted by bills unpaid, he turns to the once blushing girl, who now sits sewing patches on the babies' clothes, and tells her that if these eleven churches would unite and form two or three, the ministers could live and preach and the churches themselves would radiate an influence for good in the community.

Three years in the preparatory school, four years in college, three years in the theological seminary to learn how to mow a lawn or worry about an unpaid bill. No wonder that in a recent conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, held in Poughkeepsie, New York, when a resolution was offered requiring all future applicants for admission to the conference to be college men, it was defeated on the ground that university men could not live in the rural charges.

### *The Community is Obligated to Carry the Weight*

The economic burden on the community is an important factor to be considered in connection with this subject. For an example, let us take a village in New York State that has a population of two thousand people. It has five churches. These churches cost the community three hundred dollars a week. Fifteen thousand, six hundred dollars a year. A per capita of seven dollars and fifty cents for every man, woman and child in the village. The average income of the wage and salary earner is seven hundred and fifty-six dollars a year. Rents cost one quarter of this income; the cost of living is outrageous; doctor's and other bills of like nature have to be paid. Of course, this three hundred dollars a week includes money contributed to the Boards of the churches. But even then, when you figure out the cost of overchurching in dollars and cents, do you wonder that churches resort to all kinds of methods to raise money?

The Rev. George E. Wells, until recently the research secretary for the Federation of Churches in the State of Vermont, said: "More than ten thousand dollars a year of the domestic missionary funds are expended in the Vermont fields where there are two or more churches. Such is the missionary cost of church rivalry. And too many ministers are living on starvation rates in continuing this unchristian strife. Do you wonder that more than two hundred thousand of the people of the State are outside of the membership in any one of the twenty-four religious sects represented among us?"

The economic burden on the community and the financial struggle of the ministers are closely allied to the loss in soul statistics to the church itself. Yet a favorite argument in favor of multiplying churches is that it increases the number of church members. I put this question to the Rev. E. Talmadge Root,

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UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



and he gave me the following statement based on actual figures of a study of the question in the State of Massachusetts:

"The membership of the churches is increased thirty per cent. by duplicating and forty per cent. by tripling the churches; the cost per town, including Home Missionary aid, increases forty and forty-seven per cent. respectively, while the aid called for per town is three and a third and ten times as much! At the same time the salary declines forty per cent., showing at what cost to the ministry multiplication takes place."

In studying the subject further I found that in Massachusetts, in 1890, 14.2 per cent. of the population was in the Protestant churches; in 1906, 14.8 per cent. were in the Protestant churches, showing that with an increase in population of about a million people in sixteen years, the Protestant churches have just about held their own. Again, in regard to the increase in the membership of competing churches: From figures gathered north and south and east of the Mississippi River, I find that sixty per cent. of the membership in two or more church towns is drawn from each other. It is a well-known fact that any institution has only so much energy to use.

Energy used in competition can not be used in progression. The tug-boat captain who put an ocean liner's whistle on his boat used so much steam in blowing the whistle that he stopped the boat.

And it would seem as if the churches in competition use so much energy in tooting their horns that they stand still. In fact, it was found in Massachusetts that the energy used in two church towns was nearly seventy-seven per cent. and in three church towns about ninety-three per cent. That the tooting of the horns is slowing down the Protestant churches is proven by the figures of the United States census. Between the years 1890 and 1906, the percentage of gain in church membership in proportion to the increase in population was 6.4 per cent. In that period the Protestants had a net gain of sixty-one denominations, but their gain in church membership was 1.8 per cent., while the Roman Catholics gained 4.4 per cent. in membership.

#### *Unity of Interest Protects the Catholics*

The prosperity of the Roman Catholic church is largely due to its putting all the eggs in one basket and then watching that basket. The Romanists have larger congregations in their churches, not because there are more of them, but because they are together. For all the Protestant bodies in the United States combined, the average membership per organization is 104, and the average seating capacity per organization is 317. For the Roman Catholics, the average membership per organization is 969, which is two and one-fourth times the average seating capacity of the Roman churches.

The causes of overchuraching are not hard to find. The methods of some denominations are more congenial to certain temperaments than those of others; nevertheless, there could be an extensive cutting down of these one hundred and eighty-six denominations if the people would set about the effort in earnest.

Another reason for division is the doctrinal test. "The Federation of the Churches of Christ in America" has thirty-nine denominations on its list of membership and would have had more, but some of the denominations could not measure up to the test as being "of Christ."

Looking back, we find that the historical reasons for division are dead and that the denominational churches stand as monuments above their graves, and that the denominational propaganda from the pulpits is as a voice from the tomb. As to the dogmatical fundamentals, the major part of the denominations are agreed. In matters of church government it is a matter of name rather than of kind. Doctrinal differences adjust themselves.

Each age has its storm center of theological war. That of to-day is being waged around the person of Christ, and it would seem that this is the last battle-ground. More often causes that have nothing to do with either church doctrine or

government have resulted in division. For example, at the time of the Civil War, many denominations split North and South over the issues of that war, and to-day the North and South are united in every respect *save* their churches. Then again, the overchuraching of communities often results from quarrels of individuals, who, being the members of the same church, carry the bitterness into church matters and a division follows, and spite churches are dedicated to God in the name of the Prince of Peace.

#### *Overchuraching Due to Denominational Pride*

Nor must we forget that the denominational idea is kept green by the denominational publishing houses and the denominational newspapers, for they have a name to make live, and by that name to make a living. The sword may make divisions, but here is a case where the pen is mightier than the sword. Furthermore, in the older parts of the country where we find churches two hundred years old, the reasons for the multiplying of churches may be various, but in the newer parts it is denominational pride. More than half of the churches in the West were started or aided by Home Mission Boards. Regardless of churches already in the field, new denominational churches were started. One of the aggressive denominations prides itself on completing a church a day. Denominational Boards must make good, and it would seem as if the bane of all church work must be the demand for statistical showing.

While this question of overchuraching is being discussed in church councils, it should also be a matter of earnest thought on the part of the people. Let them think of the overchurached communities in the East, of the churches which are struggling for an existence, yet, under the pleading of agents and ministers, each contributing money to the Home Mission Board of its denomination to perpetuate the same church problems and unchristian rivalry and ineffectiveness of divided strength, in the newer settlements of the West and the insular territory. It is for the Christian layman to decide whether or not this is good business, and it is for the Christian clergyman to determine its ultimate value to the cause for which he has given his life.

The obstructions put in the way of the unifier of churches, run the whole gamut of human loves and hates, some of which are, in addition to denominational and local pride, family associations, old grudges and new ambitions. The churches that split at the time of the Civil War are still divided, and a recent attempt at re-union of two of the bodies of the same family may illustrate the obstacles that the churches confront when they try to get together. Now and then men are found North and South who keep the crow-bar of prejudice in the cleavage between the churches.

#### *A Mundane Court to Settle Spiritual Disturbances*

The Cumberland Presbyterian Church and the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., which latter is the northern branch of the Presbyterian family, voted to unite. When the two General Assemblies merged into one, they made the welkin ring, but the ringing awakened an echo in Tennessee that sounded like a threat from between clenched teeth. There were just a few men back of the echo, but their shrill treble could be heard above the joyous sound. The matter was carried to the courts because of the church property involved and Kentucky and Missouri were two of the three States that decided against the union. When the courts of Tennessee were about to take the question up, the Cumberland echo, to be sure that the union welkin should be silenced in that State, carried the matter into the State politics.

Down there I learned that the opponents to union entered the campaign of one of the Supreme Court judges, and in speeches, as well as in the public press and printed circulars, declared that if that judge were elected, the court's decision would be favorable to the anti-unionists. It was, and this is but another illustration of the fact that if you get the right

[Continued on page 53]



# Big Print

"Average" Jones, Ad-Visor, Meets  
With an Adventure in Alliteration

by Samuel Hopkins Adams

Author of "Open Trail," "The Fire-Blue Necklace,"  
"The Man Who Spoke Latin," Etc.

Illustrations by M. LEONE BRACKER

THREE walls of Average Jones's inner office are crowded with freak advertisements of wide diversity. "Lost—A Tin Nose" neighbors the "Work Wanted" of an applicant who gives as reference a man two thousand years dead. Two red-ink dots on a dated sheet of paper, framed with the card of a rising young chemist and a published notice of a sale of epidopterae are flanked on one side by the exploitation of a lure for black bass, the print being disfigured with many little perforations (a man's reason hung on those pin-pricks), and on the other by a scrawled legend (two men's lives were sacrificed to that) which seems to spell "Mercy"; while opposite, the call for a B-flat trombone player, which gave New York a reform administration, overhangs the funeral notice of a dog worth a million dollars. All these and many others have led the expert of advertising by devious trails to strange conclusions.

One decoration holds the fourth wall of the Ad-Visor's sanctum alone. It runs full across, above the windows, shouting its adjectival exploitation in huge black letters against red. Average Jones prizes it as unique in the annals of his craft. It is the sole extant proof of an advertisement which never has appeared and never will. Through it runs the thread of the mystery of young Bailey Prentice.

Bailey Prentice's disappearance was the lesser of two simultaneous phenomena which violently jarred the somnolent New England village of Harwick from its wonted calm. The greater was the "Harwick meteor." At 10.15 on the night of December 12,

the streets being full of people coming from the moving picture show, there was a startling concussion from the overhanging clouds and the astounded populace saw a ball of flame plunging earthward, to the northwest of the town, and waxing in intensity as it fell. Darkness succeeded. But, within a minute, a lurid radiance rose and spread in the night. The aerial bolt had gone crashing through an old barn on the Tuxall place setting it afire.

Bailey Prentice was among the very few who did not go to the fire. Taken in connection with the fact that he was fourteen years old and very thoroughly a boy, this, in itself, was phenomenal. In the excitement of the occasion, however, his absence was not noted. But when, on the following morning, the Rev. Peter Prentice, going up to call his son, found the boy's room empty and the bed untouched, the second sensation of the day was launched. Bailey Prentice had, quite simply, vanished. Some one offered the theory that, playing truant from the house while his father was engaged in work below stairs, he had been overwhelmed and perhaps wholly consumed by a detached fragment from the fiery visitant. This picturesque suggestion found many supporters until, on the afternoon of December 14, a coat and waistcoat were found on the seashore a mile north of the village. The Rev. Mr. Prentice identified the clothes as his son's. Searching parties covered the beach for miles, looking for the body. Preparations were made for the funeral services, when a new and astonishing factor was injected into the situation. The following advertisement, received by mail from New York, with stamps affixed to the "copy" to pay for its insertion, appeared in the local paper:

RANSOM—Lost lad from Harwick not drowned nor harmed. Returned for ransom. Safe and sound to parents for \$50,000. Write, Mortimer Morley, General Delivery, N. Y. Post Office.

All strange advertisements find their way eventually to Average Jones through the agency of his clipping bureau. This one was so far out of the ordinary in several respects that the Ad-Visor had about decided to undertake an investigation for the pure sport of the thing, when a telegram from the Rev. Peter Prentice, begging his advice, settled any further hesitation. Within a few hours Average Jones was rubbing his hands over an open fire in the parsonage, whose stiff and cheerless aspect bespoke the lack of a woman's humanizing touch, for the Rev. Mr. Prentice was a widower. Overwrought with anxiety and strain, the haggard clergyman, as soon as he had taken his visitor's coat, began a hurried, inconsequential narrative, broke off, tried again, came to an inextricable confusion of words, and, dropping his head in his hands, cried:

"I can't tell you. It is all a hopeless jumble."  
"Come!" said the younger man, encouragingly. "Comfort yourself with the idea that your son is alive, at any rate."



"It was him  
gummed the  
whole game."

concern was inside the room. bits of shining mechanism. Near at hand were a small screw-driver and a knife with a broken blade.

"Were things in this condition when you came to call Bailey in the morning and found him gone?" asked Average Jones.

"Nothing has been touched," said the clergyman in a low voice. Average Jones straightened up and stretched himself, languidly. His voice when he spoke again took on the slow drawl of boredom. One might have thought that he had lost all interest in the case—but for the thoughtful pucker of the broad forehead which belied his drawing accents.

"Then—er—when Bailey left here he had n't any idea—of—er—running away."

"I don't follow you, Mr. Jones."

"Psychology," said Average Jones. "Elementary brand. Here's your son's new reel. A normal boy does n't abandon a brand-new fad when he runs away. It isn't in boy nature. No, he was taking this reel apart to study it when some unexpected occurrence checked him and drew him outside."

"The meteor."

"I made some inquiries in the village on my way up. None of the hundreds of people who turned out for the fire remembers seeing Bailey about."

"That is true."

"The meteor fell at 10.15. Allow half an hour for taking apart the reel. I don't believe he'd have been longer at it. So, it's probable that he was out of the house before the meteor fell."

"I should have heard him go out of the front door."

"That is, perhaps, why he went out of the window," observed Average Jones, indicating certain marks on the sill. Swinging his feet over, he stepped upon the roof of the porch, and peered at the ground below.

"And down the lightning rod," he added. For a moment he stood meditating. "The ground is now frozen hard," he said, presently.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"Bailey's footprints where he landed are deeply marked. Therefore the soil must have been pretty soft at the time."

"Very," agreed the clergyman. "There had been a three-day down-pour, up to the evening of Bailey's disappearance. About nine o'clock the wind shifted to the northeast, and everything froze hard. There has been no thaw since."

"You seem very clear on these points, Mr. Prentice."

"I noted them specially, having in mind to write a paper on the meteorite for the *Congregationalist*."

"Ah. Perhaps you could tell me, then, how soon after the meteorite's fall, the barn yonder was discovered to be afire."

"Almost instantly. It was in full blaze within a very short time after."

"How short? Five minutes or so?"

"Not so much. Certainly not more than two."

"H'm! Peculiar! Ra—a—a—ather peculiar," drawled Average Jones. "Particularly in view of the weather."

"In what respect?"

"In respect to a barn, water-soaked by a three-day rain, bursting into flame like tinder."

"It had not occurred to me. But the friction and heat of the meteorite must have been extremely great."

"And extremely momentary except as to the lower floor, and the fire should have taken some time to spread, from that. However, to turn to other matters—" He swung himself over the edge of the roof and went briskly down the lightning rod. Across the frozen ground he moved, with his eyes on the soil, and presently called up to his host:

"At any rate, he started across lots in the direction of the barn. Will you come down and let me in?"

Back in the study, Average Jones sat meditating a few moments. Presently he asked:

"Did you go to the spot where your son's clothes were found?"

"Yes. Some time after."

"Where was it?"

"On the seashore, some half a mile to the east of the Tuxall place, and a little beyond."

"Is there a roadway from the Tuxall place over there?"

"No; I believe not. But one could go across the fields and through the barn to the old deserted roadway."

"Ah. There's an old roadway, is there?"

"Yes. It skirts the shore to the Boston Pike about three miles up."

"And how far from this roadway were your son's clothes found?"

"Just a few feet."

"H'm! Any tracks in the roadway?"

"Yes. I recall seeing some buggy tracks and being surprised, because no one ever drives that way."

"Then it is conceivable that your son's clothes might have been tossed from a passing vehicle, to the spot where they were discovered."

"Conceivable, certainly. But I can see no ground for such a conjecture."

"How far down the road, in this direction, did the tracks run?"

"Not beyond the fence-bar opening from the Tuxall field, if that is what you mean."

"It is, exactly. Do you know this Tuxall?"

"Hardly at all. He is a recent comer among us."

"Well, I shall probably want to make his acquaintance, later."

"Have a care, then. He is very jealous of his precious meteor, and guards the ruins of the barn, where it lies, with a shot gun."

"Indeed? He promises to be an interesting study. Meantime, I'd like to look at your son's clothes."

From a closet Mr. Prentice brought out a coat and waistcoat of the "pepper-and-salt" pattern which is sold by the hundreds of thousands the whole country over. These the visitor examined carefully. The coat was caked with mud, particularly thick on one shoulder. He called the minister's attention to it.

"That would be from lying wet on the shore," said the Rev. Mr. Prentice.

"Not at all. This is mud, not

sand. And it's ground or pressed in. Has any one tampered with these since they were found?"

"I went through the pockets."

Average Jones frowned.

"Find anything?"

"Nothing of importance.

A handkerchief, some odds and ends of string—oh, and a paper with some gibberish on it."

"What was the nature of this gibberish?"

"Why it might almost have been some sort of silly secret code, though it was hardly decipherable enough to judge from. I remember some flamboyant adjectives referring to something three feet high. I threw the paper into the waste-basket."

Turning that receptacle out on the table, Average Jones discovered in the debris a sheet of cheap, ruled paper, covered with penciled words in print characters. Most of these had been crossed out in favor of other words or sentences, which in turn had been "scratched." Evidently the writer had been toilsomely experimenting toward some elegance or emphasis of expression, which persistently eluded him. Amidst the wreck and ruin of rhetoric, however, one phrase stood out clear:

"Stupendous scientific sensation." Below this was a huddle and smudge of words, from which adjectives darted out like dim flames amidst smoke. "Gigantic" showed in its entirety, followed by an unintelligible erasure. At the end of this line was the legend "3 Feet High." "Veritable Visitor" appeared below, and beyond it, what seemed to be the word "Void." And near the foot of the sheet the student of all this chaos could make out, faintly but unmistakably, "Marvelous Man!—(the rest of the word being cut off by a broad smear of black) Monster 3 Feet." The remainder was wholly undecipherable.

Average Jones looked up from this curio, and there was a strange expression in the eyes which met the minister's.

"You—er—threw this in the—er—waste basket," he drawled.

"In which pocket was it?"

"The waistcoat. An upper one, I believe. There was a pencil there, too."

"Have you an old pair of shoes of Bailey's?" asked the visitor, abruptly.

"Why, I suppose so. In the attic somewhere."

"Please bring them to me."

The Rev. Mr. Prentice left the room. No sooner had the door closed after him than Average Jones jumped out of his chair, stripped to his shirt, caught up the pepper-and-salt waistcoat, tried it on, buttoned it across his chest without difficulty; then thrust his arm into the coat which went with it, and wormed his way, effortfully, partly into that. He laid it aside only when he had determined that he could get it no further on. He was clothed and in his right garments when the Rev. Mr. Prentice returned with a much-worn pair of shoes.

"Will these do?" he asked.

Average Jones hardly gave them the courtesy of a glance. "Yes," he said indifferently, and set them aside. "Have you a time-table here?"

"You're going to leave?" cried the clergyman, in sharp disappointment.

"In just half an hour," replied the visitor, holding his finger on the time-table.



"One of the limbs was shakin' and thrashin'!"



"Mr. and Mrs. Farley came almost under me. He says 'Is Tuxall all ready?'"

"But," said Mr. Prentice, "that is the train back to New York."  
"Exactly."

"And you're not going to see Tuxall?"

"No."

"Nor to examine the place where the clothes were found?"

"Have n't time."

"Mr. Jones, are you giving up the attempt to discover what became of my boy?"

"I know what became of him."

The minister put out a hand and grasped the back of a chair for support. His lips parted. No sound came from them. Average Jones carefully folded the paper of "gibberish" and tucked it away in his card case.

"Bailey has been carried away by two people in a buggy. They were strangers to the town. He was injured and unconscious. They still have him. Incidentally, he has seriously interfered with a daring and highly ingenious enterprise. That is all I can tell you at present."

The clergyman found his voice. "In the name of Heaven, Mr. Jones," he cried, "tell me who and what these people are."

"I don't know who they are. I do know what they are. But it can do no good to tell you the one until I can find out the other. Be sure of one thing. Bailey is in no further danger. You'll hear from me as soon as I have anything definite to report."

With that, the Rev. Mr. Prentice had to be content; that and a few days later, a sheet of letter paper bearing the business imprint of the Ad-Visor, and enclosing this advertisement:

WANTED—3 Ft. type for sensational Bill Work. Show samples. Delivery in two weeks. A. Jones, Ad-Visor, 580 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

Had the Rev. Mr. Prentice been a reader of journals devoted to the art and practise of printing, he might have observed that message widely scattered to the trade. It was answered by a number of printing shops. But, as the answers came in to Average Jones, he put them aside, because none of the seekers for business was able to "show samples." Finally there came a letter from Hoke & Hollins of Pearl Street. They would like Mr. Jones to call and inspect some special type upon which they were then at work. Mr. Jones called. The junior member received him.

"Quite providential, Mr. Jones," he said. "We're turning out some single-letter, hand-made type of just the size you want. Only part of the alphabet, however. Isn't that a fine piece of lettering!"

He held up an enormous M to the admiration of his visitor.

"Excellent!" approved Average Jones. "I'd like to see other letters; A, for example."

Mr. Hollins produced a symmetrical A.

"And now, an R, if you please; and perhaps a V."

Mr. Hollins looked at his visitor with suspicion. "You appear to be selecting the very letters which I have," he remarked. "Those which—er—would make up the—er—legend, 'Marvellous Man-Like Monster,'" drawled Average Jones.

"Then you know the Farleys?" said the print man.

"The Flying Farleys?" said Average Jones. "They used to do ascensions with fire-work trimmings, did n't they? No; I don't exactly know them. But I'd like to."

"That's another matter," said Mr. Hollins, annoyed at having betrayed himself.

"This type is decidedly a private—even a secret order. I had no right to say anything about it."

"Still, you could see that a letter left here for them reached them, I suppose."

After some hesitation, the other agreed. Average Jones sat down to the composition of an epistle which should be sufficiently imperative without being too alarming. Having completed this delicate task to his satisfaction, he handed the result to Mr. Hollins.

"If you haven't already struck off a proof of that line, you might do so," he suggested. "I've asked the Farleys for a print of it; and I fancy they'll be sending for one."

Leaving the shop he went direct to a telegraph office, whence he despatched two messages to Harwick. One was to the Rev. Peter Prentice. The other was to the local chief of police.

On the following afternoon Mr. Prentice stood trembling in the ante-room of the Ad-Visor's suite. With the briefest word of greeting Average Jones led him into his private office, where a white-faced, clear-eyed boy, with his head swathed in bandages, sat waiting. As the Ad-Visor closed the door after him, he heard the breathless, boyish "Hello, father," merged in the broken cry of the Rev. Peter Prentice. Five minutes he gave father and son. When he returned to the room, carrying a loose roll of reddish paper, he was followed by a strange couple.

The woman was plumply muscular. Her attractive face was both defiant and uneasy. Behind her strode a wiry man of forty. His chief claim to notice lay in an outrageously fancy waistcoat, which was ill-matched with his sober commonplace "pepper-and-salt" suit.

"Mr. and Mrs. Farley; the Rev. Mr. Prentice," said Average Jones in introduction.

"The strangers in the wagon?" asked the clergyman quickly.

"The same," admitted the woman, briefly.

The Rev. Mr. Prentice turned upon Farley. "Why did you want to steal my boy away?" he demanded.

"Did n't want to. Had to," replied that gentleman succinctly.

"Let's do this in order," suggested Average Jones. "The principal actor's story first. Speak up, Bailey."

"Don't know my own story," said the boy with a grin. "Only part of it. Mrs. Farley's been awful good to me, takin' care of me an' all that. But she would n't tell me how I got hurt or where I was when I woke up."

"Naturally. Well, we must piece it out amongst us. Now, Bailey, you were working over your reel the night the meteor fell, when—"

"What meteor? I don't know anything about a meteor."

"Of course you don't," said Average Jones, laughing. "Stupid of me. For the moment I had forgotten that you were out of the world then. Well, about nine o'clock of the night you got the reel, you looked out of your window and saw a queer light over at the Tuxall place."

"That's right. But say, Mr. Jones, how do you know about the light?"

"What else but a light could you have seen, on a pitch-black night?" counter-queried Average Jones with a smile. "And it must have been something unusual, or you would n't have dropped everything to go to it."

"That's what!" corroborated the boy. "A kind of flame shot up from the ground. Then it spread a little. Then it went out. And there were people running around it."

"Ah! Someone must have got careless with the oil," observed Average Jones.

"That fool Tuxall!" broke in Farley with an oath. "It was him gummed the whole game."

"Mr. Tuxall, I regret to say," remarked Average Jones, "has left for parts unknown, probably foreseeing a charge of arson."

"Arson?" repeated the Rev. Mr. Prentice in astonishment.

"Of course. Only oil and matches could have made a barn flare up, after a three-days' soaking, as his did. Now, Bailey, to continue. You ran across the fields to the Tuxall place and went around—let me see; the wind had shifted to the northeast—yes; to the northeast of the barn and quite a distance away. There you saw a man at work in his shirt."

"Well—I'll be—jiggered!" said the boy in measured tones. "Where were you hiding, Mr. Jones?"

"Not behind the tree there, anyway," returned the Ad-Visor with a chuckle. "There is a tree there, I suppose?"

"Yes; and there was something alive tied up in it with a rope."

"Well, not exactly alive," returned Average Jones, "though the mistake is a natural one."

"I tell you, I know," persisted Bailey. "While Mr. and Mrs. Farley were workin' over some kind of a box, I shinned up the tree."

"Bold young adventurer! And what did you find in the tree?"

"One of the limbs was shakin' and thrashin'. I crawled out on it. I guess it was kind o' crazy in me, but I was goin' to find out what was what if I broke my neck. There was a rope tied to it, and some big thing up above pullin' and jerkin' at it, tryin' to get away. Pretty soon, Mr. and Mrs. Farley came almost under me. He says: 'Is Tuxall all ready?' and she says: 'He thinks we ought to wait half an hour. The streets 'll be full of folks then.' Then he says: 'Well, I hate to risk it, but maybe it's better.' Just then, the rope gave a twist and came swingin' over on me, and knocked me right off the limb. I gave a yell and then I landed. Next I knew I was in bed. And that's all."

"Now I'll take up the wondrous tale," said Average Jones. "The Farleys, naturally discomfited by Bailey's abrupt and informal arrival, were in a quandary. He was stunned. He might be dead. They got off his coat and waistcoat, perhaps to see if his back was broken (Farley nodded here), and finding him alive, tossed his clothes into the buggy, where Farley had left his own, and completed their necessary work. Of course, there was danger that Bailey might come to at any moment and ruin everything. So they worked at top speed, and left the final performance to Tuxall. In their excitement they forgot to find out from their accomplice who Bailey was. Consequently, they found themselves presently driving across country with an unknown and undesired white elephant of a boy on their hands. One of them conceived the idea of tossing his clothes upon the sea-beach to establish a false clue of

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A huddle and smudge of words from which adjectives darted out like dim flames amidst smoke



# THE STORY OF WENDELL PHILLIPS

(Final Instalment)

# The Man That Kept Faith to the End

by Charles Edward Russell

Author of "The Break-up of the Parties," "The Power Behind the Republic," etc.



SOME men view the human cause with congenital indifference; some serve it spasmodically and at the touch of an intermittent conscience; some view it, I should judge, as a kind of diversion; some seek it for their own preferment.

To Wendell Phillips it was a sublime religion whereof he was the conscientious devotee, serving without remission and performing with equal fidelity and in a spirit of joyous zeal all rites great or small. Liberty he loved with a kind of passion and a fervent loyalty that never wavered nor doubted; for unlike so many others of her followers, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Burke and the rest, the years never chilled the fire in his breast. Out of his religion he made a creed broad enough for all aspects of life. For all public affairs he worshiped justice as the cure for evil; and it seemed to him that every victim of injustice anywhere in the world had an infallible claim upon the utmost service of every true man. For the private walk, apart from the world, mercy, kindness and purity were the sure guides.

He did not only the charity that came in his way to do, but sought abroad for occasions to practise the faith that was in him. For the most unfortunate victims of the present system of society, he had the genuine sympathy and broad personal tolerance that seems to come only to those that, like Phillips, have worked out for themselves the economic bases of all social ills. He felt no repugnance toward criminals and outcasts, understanding that these are merely the products of a system that darkens the whole earth with countless miseries. He knew that men are chiefly what their environments make them, and he turned his resentment upon the environments, not upon the stricken creatures that were sent out thence to prey upon the world.

## His Charity Knew no Social Boundaries

When he was in Boston, it was his custom to go about in the mornings unostentatiously from court to court and from prison to prison looking for unfortunate persons, first offenders and those that had plainly erred from necessity, with purpose to help and rescue them. Many a young man that had started wrong found his path reversed for him and never knew whose hand was reached out to him in the dark; and it was these ventures in practical charity, too little celebrated, that kept his purse lean and compelled him, in his own phrase, to spend his winters battling with snow-drifts as he toured the country delivering lectures.

As a general rule, in this world of ours, the men that have been the great and enduring artists have been also lovers of Liberty, and the lovers of Liberty have been also of a full heart of compassion. If you are a follower of Shelley, the poet of Liberty, you have no doubt paused often (not always with undimmed eyes, very likely) above that story of Shelley at Great Marlow when he alone befriended and championed the wretched girl that had been led astray. Note then its companion piece in the life of the orator of Liberty.

Going home across Boston Common one night

Mr. Phillips was accosted by a courtesan. She looked in his face and then apologized for speaking to him. "You are not of my kind," she said, "but for the love of God, give me some money." He stopped and talked with her; he was not ashamed, bearing in mind his Master and the Magdalene, to take her arm and walk with her while he questioned her; and he ended by providing her with shelter and employment until he had the satisfaction of seeing her emancipated and reformed. This is the one incident of the kind of which we have positive record, but we may be sure that it was not alone in his experience.

## "The Red Cross Knight of His Times"

In all this he makes one think of such a knight as dear old Edmund Spenser dreamed, going about with unmixed devotion to do loyal service for some noble conception of duty. Indeed, I have stumbled here upon the very word that best describes him. "Sir Galahad," a great poet named him in one of the fairest of all the tributes to his fame, and upon every one that saw him for the first time there was always, I think, an impression made of a something knightly about the man. "A courteous, kindly, but most courageous warrior," another observer calls him, "the very Red Cross Knight of his times."

In the world of profits, employers and business, he continued to be the Ishmael, for without hint of turning, he went his way denouncing the system that bulwarked profits on one side and multiplied poverty on the other. Labor first and all the phases of its cause, and all the forces that preyed upon it, then temperance and woman suffrage were more and more the favorite themes of his addresses. I ought to give you a few specimens from these vigorous appeals. Here, for instance, is one on the burning economic issue of our day as well as his:

"Let me tell you why I am interested in the labor question. Not simply because of the long hours of labor; not simply because of a specific oppression of a class. I sympathize with the sufferers there; I am ready to fight on their side. But I look out upon Christendom, with its three hundred millions of people, and I see that out of this number one hundred millions never had enough to eat. Physiologists tell us that this body of ours, unless it is properly fed, properly developed, fed with rich blood and carefully nourished, does no justice to the brain. You can not make a bright man nor a good man in a starved body; and so this one-third of the inhabitants of Christendom, who have never had food enough, can never be what they should be.

## Plain Talk for Complacent Prosperity

"Now I say that the social civilization which condemns every third man in it to be below the average in the nourishment God prepared for him did not come from above; it came from below, and the sooner it goes down the better.

"Come on this side of the ocean. You will find forty millions of people, and I suppose they are in the highest state of civilization; and yet it is not too much to say that out of that forty

millions, ten millions, at least, who get up in the morning and go to bed at night, spend all the day in the mere effort to get bread enough to live. They have not elasticity enough, mind or body left to do anything in the way of intellectual or moral progress."

Since that time, of course, all the evil conditions that Mr. Phillips perceived and decried have vastly increased upon us.

"That is why I say, lift a man, give him life, let him work eight hours a day, give him the school, develop his taste for music, give him a garden, give him beautiful things to see and good books to read, and you will starve out those lower appetites." "So it is with women in prostitution. Poverty is the road to it; it is this that makes them the prey of the wealthy and the leisure of another class." "Give a hundred women a good chance to get a good living, and ninety-nine of them will disdain to barter their virtue for gold."

He saw that poverty was the source of social evils and that poverty was unnecessary. Observe how clearly he saw, also, the threat of the autocracy of wealth.

## A Visit from a French Reformer

"I hail the Labor movement for two reasons; and one is that it is my only hope for democracy. At the time of the anti-slavery agitation, I was not sure whether we should come out of the struggle with one republic or two; but republics I knew we should still be. I am not so confident, indeed, that we shall come out of this storm as a republic unless the Labor movement succeeds. Take a power like the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central Railroad, and there is no legislative independence that can exist in its sight. As well expect a green vine to flourish in a dark cellar as to expect honesty to exist under the shadow of those upas trees. Unless there is a power in your movement, industrially and politically, the last knell of democratic liberty in this Union is struck; for, as I said, there is no power in one State to resist such a giant as the Pennsylvania road."

Colonel Thomas Scott, of the Pennsylvania, was the J. Pierpont Morgan of his day, and of him Mr. Phillips said:

"We have thirty-eight one-horse Legislatures in this country, and we have a man like Tom Scott, with three hundred and fifty million dollars in his hands; and if he walks through the States, they (the Legislatures) have no power. Why, he need not move at all. If he smokes as Grant does, a puff of the waste smoke out of his mouth upsets the Legislature."

About this time he received a visit from Lucien Sanial, who had been one of the early republican patriots of France and was then a leader of the International, one of the first working men's alliances. Mr. Sanial explained the scope and purposes and platform of the order in which he was so much interested. Mr. Phillips listened until his visitor made an end and then reaching into his desk produced writings and speeches of his own in which he had advocated the identical principles of the Inter-

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Original from

# Put Beauty into Life

By Orison Swett Mardon

WHEN the barbarians overran Greece, desecrated her temples, and destroyed her beautiful works of art, even their savageness was somewhat tamed by the sense of beauty which prevailed everywhere. They broke her beautiful statues, it is true; but the spirit of beauty refused to die, and it transformed the savage heart and awakened even in the barbarian a new power. From the apparent death of Grecian art Roman art was born. "Cyclops forging iron for Vulcan can not stand against Pericles forging thought for Greece." The barbarian club which destroyed the Grecian statues was no match for the chisel of Phidias and Praxiteles.

"What is the best education?" some one asked Plato many centuries ago. "It is," he replied, "that which gives to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable."

The life that would be complete; that would be sweet and sane, as well as strong, must be ornamented, softened and enriched by a love of the beautiful.

There is a lack in the make-up of a person who has no appreciation of beauty, who does not thrill before a great picture or an entrancing sunset, or a glimpse of beauty in nature.

Savages have no appreciation of beauty. They have a passion for adornment, but there is nothing to show that their esthetic faculties are developed. They merely obey their animal instincts and passions.

But as civilization advances, ambition grows, wants multiply, and higher and higher faculties show themselves, until, in the highest expression of civilization, we find aspiration and love of the beautiful most highly developed. We find it manifested on the person, in the home, in the environment.

The late Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard University, one of the finest thinkers of his day, said that beauty had played an immense part in the development of the highest qualities in human beings; and that civilization could be measured by its architecture, sculpture and painting.

A remarkable instance of the elevating, refining influence of beauty has been demonstrated by a Chicago school-teacher, who fitted up in her school a "beauty corner" for her pupils. It was furnished with a stained glass window, a divan covered with an Oriental rug, and a few fine photographs and paintings, among which was a picture of the Sistine Madonna. Several other esthetic trifles, artistically arranged, completed the furnishings of the "beauty corner." The children took great delight in their little retreat, especially in the exquisite coloring of the stained glass window. Insensibly their conduct and demeanor were affected by the beautiful objects with which they daily associated. They became more gentle, more refined, more thoughtful and considerate. A young Italian boy, in particular, who had been incorrigible before the establishment of the "beauty corner," became, in a short time, so changed and softened that the teacher was astonished. One day she asked him what it was that made him so good lately. Pointing to the picture of the Sistine Madonna, the boy said, "How can a feller do bad things when she's looking at him?"

Character is fed largely through the eye and ear. The thousand voices in nature of bird and insect and brook, the sighing of the wind through the trees, the scent of flower and meadow, the myriad tints in earth and sky, in ocean and forest, mountain and hill, are just as important for the development of a real man as the education he receives in the schools. If you take no beauty into your life through the eye or the ear to stimulate and develop your esthetic faculties, your nature will be hard, juiceless and unattractive.

Beauty is a quality of divinity, and to live much with the beautiful is to live close to the divine. "The more we see of beauty everywhere; in nature, in life, in man and child, in work and rest, in the outward and the inward world, the more we see of God (good)."

There are many evidences in the New Testament that Christ was a great lover of the beautiful, especially in nature. Was it not He who said: "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these?"

Back of the lily and the rose, back of the landscape, back of all beautiful things that enchant us, there must be a great lover of the beautiful and a great beauty-principle. Every star that twinkles in the sky, every flower, bids us look behind it for its source, points us to the great Author of the beautiful.

The love of beauty plays a very important part in the poised, symmetrical life. We little realize how much we are influenced by beautiful people and things. We may see them so often that they become common in our experience and fail to attract much of our conscious attention, but every beautiful picture, every sunset and bit of landscape, every beautiful face and form and flower, beauty in any form, wherever we encounter it, ennobles and elevates character.

There is everything in keeping the soul and mind responsive to beauty. It is a great refresher, recuperator, life-giver, health promoter.

Our American life tends to kill the finer sentiments; to discourage the development of charm and grace as well as beauty; it over-emphasizes the value of material things and under-estimates that of esthetic things, which are far more developed in countries where the dollar is not the God.

As long as we persist in sending all the sap and energy of our being into the money-making gland or faculty and letting the social faculty, the esthetic faculty, lie dormant, and even die, we certainly can not expect a well-rounded and symmetrical life, for only faculties that are used, brain cells that are exercised, grow; all others atrophy. If the finer instincts in man and the nobler qualities that live in the higher brain are under-developed, and the coarser instincts which dwell in the lower brain close to the brute faculties are over-developed, man must pay the penalty of animality and will lack appreciation of all that is finest and most beautiful in life.

"The vision that you hold in your mind, the ideal that is enthroned in your heart—this you will build your life by, this you will become." It is the quality of mind, of ideals, and not mere things, that make a man.

It is as essential to cultivate the esthetic faculties and the heart qualities as to cultivate what we call the intellect. The time will come when our children will be taught, both at home and in school, to consider beauty as a most precious gift, which must be preserved in purity, sweetness and cleanliness, and regarded as a divine instrument of education.

There is no investment which will give such returns as the culture of the finer self, the development of the sense of the beautiful, the sublime, and the true; the development of qualities that are crushed out or strangled in the mere dollar-chaser.

There are a thousand evidences in us that we were intended for temples of beauty, of sweetness, of loveliness, of beautiful ideas, and not mere storehouses for vulgar things.

There is nothing which will pay so well as to train the finest and truest, the most beautiful qualities in us in order that we may see beauty everywhere and be able to extract sweetness from everything.

Everywhere we go there are a thousand things to educate the best there is in us. Every sunset, landscape, mountain, hill and tree has secrets of charm and beauty waiting for us. In every patch of meadow or wheat, in every leaf and flower, the trained eye will see beauty which would ravish an angel. The cultured ear will find harmony in forest and field, melody in the babbling brook, and untold pleasure in all Nature's songs.

Whatever our vocation, we should resolve that we will not strangle all that is finest and noblest in us for the sake of the dollar, but that we will put beauty into our life at every opportunity.

Just in proportion to your love for the beautiful will you acquire its charms and develop its graces. The beauty thought, the beauty ideal, will outpicture themselves in the face and manner. If you are in love with beauty you will be an artist of some kind. Your profession may be to make the home beautiful and sweet, or you may work at a trade; but whatever your vocation, if you are in love with the beautiful, it will purify your taste, elevate and enrich your life and make you an artist instead of a mere artisan.

There is no doubt that in the future beauty will play an infinitely greater part in civilized life than it has thus far. It is becoming commercialized everywhere. The trouble with us is that the tremendous material prizes in this land of opportunity are so tempting that we have lost sight of the higher man. We have developed ourselves along the animal side of our nature; the greedy, grasping side. The great majority of us are still living in the basement of our beings. Now and then one rises to the drawing-room. Now and then one ascends to the upper stories and gets a glimpse of the life beautiful, the life worth while.

(Continued on page 41)

# Aladdin and the Tenement Trust

(Another Wall Street Fairy Story)

by John Kendrick Bangs

Author of "Jack and the Check Book," "Puss in the Waldorf," etc.

Illustrations by ALBERT LEVERING

NIGHT had fallen over the city, but the work in the little tailor shop on the Bowery still went on. The toiling widow of Mustafa, the incorporated valet of the Bachelor's Aid Society, who had died the winter before, leaving his family with nothing but a few debts and his ironing-board, was wearily struggling with the last batch of undarned socks received that morning from the association. She sighed deeply as she labored, for her fingers were sore with many stitches.

"Heigho!" she murmured sadly. "Why don't these bachelors get married and have this sort of thing done at home, I wonder? This is the ten thousandth sock I have darned since Christmas, and as for the suspender buttons, the good Lord only knows how many of those I have sewed on. There ought to be a law compelling men to marry on penalty of having to do their own mending."

Poor woman! In the weariness of her spirit she little dreamed that she was growing petulant with her bread and butter. Suddenly she heard the door of the little shop without open, and her son Aladdin entered, a great, buoyant lad of twenty, cheerful of spirit and a good deal of a giant physically.

"Well, Worthless," she said, with an affectionate glance into his fine eyes, "where have you been all day?"

"Looking for work, mother, as usual," said the young man, throwing a small package on the table. "And you?"

"The same old drudgery, dear," she replied, with a sigh. "Did you have any luck?"

"No, mother dear, not a bit," replied Aladdin.

"Do you mean to tell me that in all this great city there is no work of any kind that a hale, hearty, hungry boy like you can get to do?" she demanded.

"Plenty of it, mother," replied the boy. "Plenty of it, but nothing in my special line. Lots of snow-shoveling jobs, and a position as guard on the Subway were offered me, but I can not demean myself by taking anything of that sort, Mummy dear. Father in the last days of his life spent too many hours teaching me how to raise mushrooms under glass for me to dishonor his memory by undertaking labor that is beneath that in artistic quality, and just at present I can not find anybody in all this city who wants a helper in mushroom culture."

"Then we shall have to go supperless to bed," sighed the poor woman. "Not a penny in the house and the pantry bare. O, Aladdin, Aladdin, why will you not give up this false pride of yours and get some kind of a job that will at least feed yourself and help me pay the rent?"

The boy was silent. He had had this same argument with his mother time and time and again, and he was quite aware of the futility of speech in trying to overcome her objections to what she termed his incorrigible idleness.

"What have you in the package?" the woman asked, after a prolonged silence.

"I don't know," replied Aladdin. "I picked it up outside the stage door of the Helicon Theater. I saw it lying in the snow and I brought it along with me. It is probably some kind of a make-up box belonging to one of the performers. If there is any reward offered in any of the morning papers for its return, maybe I shall earn a few honest pennies by taking it back to its owner."

His mother busied herself with the string, and in a moment it came untied and a small brass lamp rolled out of the brown paper covering. It was very dirty and much battered,

the wind was in one of its most violently rampageous moods.

"How would you feel if your little Aladdin had a job as a chauffeur on a night like this?" the lad went on.

The poor woman shuddered and was about to reply, when a terrific crash from without drove all thought of words from her mind. Hastily running to the window, she, too, peered out into the street for a moment over Aladdin's shoulder, but only for a moment, for in an instant the boy was up and making for the door of the little tailor shop. A heavy limousine car lay overturned upon its side upon the walk, its wheels having skidded on the slippery, snow-covered pavement, and striking the curb, toppled completely over. Aladdin, with the agility of a small monkey, soon mounted to the upper side of the overturned vehicle, and opening the door had assisted a beautifully arrayed young woman, possibly a year or two younger than himself, from within, and after her, fuming and condemning his luck and the world in general, a gray-haired and apparently irascible old gentleman.

"Mother!" cried Aladdin, as the girl fainted in his arms, "come quickly. The young lady has fainted."

The good woman needed no second bidding. She hastened to his side, and the limp form of the young girl was carried in her strong, motherly arms into the little back room behind the tailor shop, which formed their only home. Shortly afterward the old gentleman came also, ushered in by Aladdin.

"She is safe?" cried he, with an anxious glance at the prostrate form of his daughter.

"Perfectly so, sir," replied Aladdin's mother. "She has only fainted. Won't you sit down, sir?" she added. "You look a little shaken up yourself."

"Thank you," said the old gentleman, gazing around the room vainly in search of a chair. "Ah—what shall I sit down on, madame?"

"Try the stove, sir," laughed Aladdin. "It may warm it up a bit."

The old man gazed frowningly at the boy, not relishing such levity at so serious a moment, and Aladdin, slightly embarrassed by his own frivolity, tried to cover his confusion by seizing the lamp that had fallen from the package, and polishing its highly oxidized surface by rubbing it on the patched knee of his trousers. And then a strange thing came to pass. At the moment of the first attrition between his knee and the little brass lamp, the room seemed to



"Humph!" said she, scornfully gazing at the homely little object. "I don't think anybody will be foolish enough to offer a reward for a trumpery little thing like that."

"Ah, well," said Aladdin, gazing out of the shop window at the scurrying crowds on the sidewalk, "it might be worse, Mummy dear. We at least have a roof over our heads this night, which is more than some of those poor wretches have, and unless I am very much mistaken, this storm that is upon us is going to be a blizzard."

In very truth a blizzard had descended upon the city. All the transportation lines were blocked and over on Broadway all traffic had been tied up for hours. Thanks to the elevated railway structure, this portion of the Bowery still remained passable. Even this was momentarily piling higher and higher with the snow, and



ALBERT LEVERING

"You rubbed the lamp, I believe?"



fill with a gray mist and in its gathering depths Aladdin perceived the huge figure of a blackamoor gradually taking shape.

"What the dickens!" muttered the lad to himself as the strange apparition rose up before him, rubbing his eyes to make sure that he saw clearly. "What do you want?" he added, springing to his feet as the genie approached him.

"I have come in response to your summons," replied the blackamoor. "Give your orders, sir."

Aladdin grinned broadly at this. The idea of his ever giving orders to anybody seemed so very absurd. Nevertheless, he fell in with the spirit of the hour.

"All right, Sambo," he returned. "Get this gentleman a chair. There may be an extra one up-stairs in the music room."

The blackamoor disappeared for an instant and shortly returned bringing with him the desired piece of furniture.

"Thank you," said the old gentleman, as he took his seat with an uneasy glance around him. The situation was not altogether without alarming features. As for Aladdin, you could have knocked him over with a palm-leaf fan, so astonished was he at this unusual development.

"I wish I'd asked for something to eat," he muttered to himself.

"So do I," observed the old gentleman. "I'd give five hundred dollars just now for a boiled egg."

"You ought to get one studded with diamonds at that price," laughed Aladdin, and then just for a joke he turned to the blackamoor. "Get this gentleman five hundred dollars' worth of boiled eggs, Sambo," he said.

"Hard or soft, sir?" asked the genie.

"Three minutes," said the old gentleman.

Sambo made a low salaam to Aladdin, and departing, he returned four minutes later followed by seven other blackamoors just like him, each carrying a large wicker hamper on his shoulders. These they deposited in various parts of the room, and gravely opening them, disclosed to the astounded gaze of Aladdin and his unknown guest hundreds of eggs, steaming as though freshly taken from the pot.

"This is a half-portion, sir," said Sambo, addressing Aladdin. "We will return with the remainder in a minute, sir."

"Just wait a second," said Aladdin, scratching his head in bewilderment at the sight of so many eggs obtained with such ease. "It may be that these will be enough for the time being. I'll ask the old chap. Excuse me, Mr.—er—Mr.—er, I did n't catch your name, sir."

"I am Major Bondifeller, president of the United Mints of North America," replied the old gentleman. "A person not to be trifled with, young man, as you probably know very well."

Aladdin gasped, as well he might. Here was old Rufus Bondifeller, reputed to be the richest man in the world, a guest in his mother's fast-failing little remnant of a tailor shop.

"Gug-glad to mum-meet you, sir," stammered Aladdin. "Do you think there's enough eggs here to satisfy your hunger? There appears to be \$250 worth here now, but if you wish the rest served immediately—"

"Great heavens, no!" roared Bondifeller.

"When I said I'd give five hundred dollars for a boiled egg I was merely speaking figuratively. A rich man can't eat any more boiled eggs at a sitting than a poor man; fact is, half the time he can't eat as many without a bad attack of *angina pectoris*."

"All right," said Aladdin, resolved to carry



off the extraordinary situation with an outward nonchalance, in spite of the inner turmoil that kept his brain whirling. "You need n't bother about the rest of those eggs now, Sambo. Major Bondifeller can get along on these."

The blackamoor and his companions disappeared even as they had come, apparently irrespective of doorways, and utterly regardless of walls. They seemed merely to melt through whatever solid substances there might be between themselves and annihilation. As for Major Bondifeller, as he observed these strange developments, his face grew set and rigid. He eyed every movement of the blackamoors with uneasy attention until they had vanished from sight, and then his flashing eye was riveted upon Aladdin. Finally he spoke, sharply and to the point.

"Well," he snapped, "how much?"

Aladdin started. The icy tone of the speaker's voice chilled him, and it was so peremptory that he felt for the moment as if he had been stung by the lash.

"How much what?" he said finally, summoning up all his courage to face the apparently angry millionaire.

"Don't try to evade the point," retorted the

major, coldly. "Let's get through with the business as quickly as we can. It is plain as a pikestaff to anybody having half an eye that, taking advantage of our mishap, you have lured my daughter and myself in here for your own profit. No man keeps such a villainous-looking gang of niggers on hand with an honest purpose. So what are your demands?"

Aladdin laughed in spite of his disturbed frame of mind at the major's suspicions. It was such an absurd idea that he could be at the head of a badger-gang, and yet, after all, he could not deny a certain sort of reasonableness in the notion from Major Bondifeller's point of view. Again taking the lamp casually in his hand, more as an outlet for his embarrassment than for any other reason, he gave it a second rub and started to answer the major's question, but as before, the mist again appeared, and from its misty depths the blackamoor took shape and salaamed before him.

"Well, what is it now, Sambo?" demanded Aladdin, frowning at the intruder.

"Your orders, sir," said the blackamoor. "You rubbed the lamp, I believe?"

Aladdin's heart leaped into his mouth. *He had rubbed the lamp twice, and twice had it brought him aid!* Surely, there must be some magic about this.

"What if I did rub the lamp?" he queried in a tremulous voice. "What's that got to do with you?"

"I and my comrades are slaves of the lamp, as Your Highness very well knows," replied the blackamoor. "Whatever your commands, the United Order of Amalgamated Genii must obey."

"Hooray!" cried Aladdin, dancing a wild fandango about the room. "Who wants the handsome waiter?"

As the full import of his new-found treasure dawned upon his mind, the lad's ecstasy bade fair to surpass all bounds, but the chilling voice of Bondifeller served to calm his effervescent spirit.

"I want nothing but your proposition, so that I may get out of this den as speedily as possible," he was saying. "I am not a man to



beat about the bush, and I realize that you have got me. What is it you demand?"

"First and foremost, civility," said Aladdin boldly, a sense of his own power sweeping over him and giving him confidence. "I guess you'll find that harder to negotiate than a check for a considerable sum, Major Bondifeller, cash being a commoner commodity with you than civility. Now, as a matter of fact, sir," the lad went on, "I had your daughter carried in here out of that raging blizzard so that my mother could give her the attention she needed. You I brought in also with no more knowledge of who you were, and with no more idea of financially profiting by your accident, than if you had been one of those unfortunate tramps out on the Bowery there. But now that you have put the idea in my mind that, perhaps, after all, nobody ever does anything unselfishly in this world, I will make certain demands of you. To begin with, you may pay me \$250 for those eggs, and as a mere act of ordinary generosity, you may tip the handsome waiter fifty dollars. I understand too, sir, that you are the proprietor of these ten city blocks in which I and about twenty thousand of my neighbors are housed?"

"I believe I do own considerable property hereabouts," said the millionaire, sullenly, "though I can't say off-hand whether I do or not. My agents look after my smaller investments."

"Well," said Aladdin, "it don't make any difference to me whether you remember what you own or not. The results so far as you are concerned will be the same. You will have these ten blocks of houses torn down and replaced by model tenements, turning the alternate blocks into city parks for the children to play in."

"But suppose I don't own 'em?" protested Bondifeller.

"What you don't own, Major Bondifeller," returned Aladdin, "is too trifling a detail for us to worry over. So long as you don't own me I don't care a pickled herring what you do own. If it turns out upon investigation that any of these piggens on these ten city squares belong to anybody else, buy 'em."

"Buy 'em?" snarled Bondifeller. "How can I buy 'em if the other man won't sell?"

"With money," said Aladdin; "the same stuff you always use to buy anything else you happen to want, from an oil-painting or a Japanese porcelain up to a State Legislature or a man's conscience."

"And if I don't agree?" demanded the old man, a truculent glare in his eye, an eye before which the so-called powerful men of the earth had trembled more than once in the past.

Aladdin returned the gaze unflinchingly. Once more he rubbed the lamp, and the genie appeared as before.

"Sambo," said the lad, calmly, with a wink at the slave, "is dungeon number thirty-seven on the fifteenth tier below the Subway occupied to-night?"

"No, sir," replied the blackamoor, with a grin.

"Very well, then," said Aladdin, coldly. "You may provide a special escort of fifteen of your best and most reliable genii and have them take this young lady to her home at Zoocrest, Central Park East, taking care that nothing shall occur either to frighten her or to make her uncomfortable in any way. Meanwhile, you yourself, with five of our biggest huskies, will file this gentleman here away for the night in dungeon number thirty-seven, as aforesaid."

"As Your Highness directs," replied the obedient blackamoor.

In a moment the still prostrate form of Miss Bondifeller was borne gently from the room and placed in a large touring-car that suddenly materialized without, and shortly Bondifeller, sitting ruefully alone in the little back room, could hear it chugging up the snowbound street at as lively a pace as any racer ever struck upon the smoothest of boulevards. It was indeed an illuminating exhibition of the remarkable resources of this extraordinary young man,

and, strange to say, a contemplation of it gave the old gentleman a curious sense of pleasure. To be sure, he appeared to be in rather a bad predicament, but all the same it was a novel sensation to him to encounter somebody who apparently did not fear him. This was an emotion that he had not enjoyed for many years, and it was not without its titillation.

"I guess you've got me, young man," he said, rather meekly, when Aladdin returned.

"I guess that's a good guess," retorted Aladdin, nonchalantly. "There's only one answer to the question that confronts you, and you've lit on it the very first time. I don't intend to be at all vindictive, Major Bondifeller," he continued, "but a little lesson in arbitrary power is n't going to do you a bit of harm, so just make up your mind to take your medicine, and let's save our breath to talk of more important things. First thing, I'm hungry. Mother, please lay covers for three—"

"But, my son," began the poor woman, who, in caring for the unconscious girl, had seen nothing of what was going on, "we haven't a morsel of food in the—"

"Do as I say, mother," said Aladdin quickly. "Sambo will attend to the rest."

"Gone clean out of his head, poor laddy!"

## Change

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

A FLUTE-NOTE, high and fine,

A lily of delight,

A star-fleck in the night,

A trail of passion-vine,

A rose of flame,

Love came.

A FOND beatitude,

A singing through the night,

A never-dimming light,

A choral of the blood

By happy heart-beats played,

Love stayed.

A THIN and ragged ghost

Within a closing door,

Daring to look once more,

Yet daring not the frost,

White, o'er the world bespent,

Love went.

murmured his mother, hastening, nevertheless, to fulfil his commands, merely as a means of keeping him quiet. Meanwhile, Aladdin, seizing the faithful lamp, gave it another rub, and when the blackamoor appeared he ordered a royal repast—so royal, indeed, that old Major Bondifeller's eyes nearly popped out of his head as he ran over the order. A few suppers of that sort would have bankrupted even so flourishing a concern as the United Mints of North America.

"Any favorite dish you'd like to add, major?" asked Aladdin genially.

The old man's eyes filled with tears at this exhibition of kindness, even at this moment when they were practically enemies at swords' points. He could not remember in his own line of effort in many years that he had himself ever extended any consideration to a fallen foe.

"Why, I don't know," said he, his voice growing husky with emotion. "Sometimes in the midst of all the luxury I am enjoying to-day my mind runs back to those early days on the old farm when my mother's apple pies seemed to be the perfection of culinary art."

"Say no more, major; you shall have your wish," laughed Aladdin. Then turning to the

waiting attendant, he added, "Sambo, you may add to that order one full portion of pallid pippin pie for pale people, with a glass of butter-milk on the side."

An hour later the happy little party—for Major Bondifeller had warmed up considerably under the exhilarating influence of his strange surroundings—broke up with a sense of repletion that neither Aladdin nor his poor mother had enjoyed for many years. Indeed it is doubtful if the young man himself had ever had so square a meal as that in all his life before. Over the cigars, Bondifeller tried to take up the thread of their before-dinner discourse.

"As for that business suggestion of yours," he began, flicking the ash airily from the end of his cigar, but Aladdin stopped him.

"I make it a rule never to talk business at or immediately after dinner, major," he said, reprovingly. "The hour is late and dungeon number thirty-seven awaits you. I trust you will sleep well. Sambo, show this gentleman to his room."

"But—" began Bondifeller.

"On your way, Sambo," said Aladdin. "And remember, that if this gentleman turns up missing in the morning you lose your union card. Good-night."

When Aladdin awoke the following morning it was only natural that he should regard the events of the night before as nothing more than a fantastic dream, and he was chuckling softly to himself over its manifest absurdities, when all of a sudden he spied the lamp on the table of his humble little room. He eyed it keenly for a few minutes and then springing from the bed he seized it in his left hand and began rubbing it feverishly with his right. As had invariably happened before, the genie responded on the instant.

"Your orders, Your Highness," he said.

Aladdin scratched his head in sheer bewilderment, but pulling himself together by a strong effort of will, he answered, somewhat haughtily:

"Send a maid to my mother's room immediately," said he, "with instructions to replenish her wardrobe at once with whatever things she may choose to ask for, and you may yourself bring me my new frock coat, with the lavender trousers and the white piqué vest. You may lay out my best shirred-front shirt and my mauve tie, and see that my silk socks match the latter. I shall wear my patent-leather shoes this morning, and if my silk hat shows any signs of wear, get me a new one."

"Yes, Your Highness," said the blackamoor. "And will Your Grace breakfast?"

"Yes," said Aladdin. "Have breakfast on the table in one hour from now—fried eggs, buckwheat cakes, tenderloin steak and a little salt fish. I desire also to have Major Bondifeller at breakfast with me, and mind you tell him not to keep me waiting."

"As Your Highness wills," said the blackamoor, retiring.

Aladdin's orders were fulfilled to the letter, and after the breakfast was over he summoned the genie with a considerable flourish, which deeply impressed his guest.

"Now, Sambo," said he, "I want you to take the limousine, go up to the St. Gotham Hotel and inform the proprietor that Monsieur, Le Duc di Lumiere, will arrive there with his mother, the Countess de Bougie and suite, precisely at noon, and desires the best accommodations the house can provide. To inspire confidence, you would better take a few diamond necklaces with you and deposit them for safe keeping at the office; and while you are about it, I'd like a couple of thousand dollars for pocket-money."

As he gave these orders Aladdin scarcely dared look at the genie, for fear of rebellion, but they seemed to make no impression at all upon the blackamoor, who merely bowed his acquiescence and handed Aladdin a bag full of gold pieces. As for the major, who had passed a

[Continued on page 45]

## THE PULSE OF THE WORLD



## The Month in America

THERE'S nothing like getting word from the people. Congress had hardly been called to order when Senator Aldrich announced that he was for a tariff-commission plan. Senator Lodge joined him, and it developed that the standpatters generally had completely surrendered on this proposition. They had heard from home. Democrats, however, are very widely opposed to the plan on principle. They want a tariff-for-revenue revision, and insist that a tariff commission is undemocratic and probably unconstitutional.

## On Hearing from Home

IN less than four years President Taft has named four justices of the United States Supreme Court, and in addition has promoted Associate Justice Edward Douglass White to be Chief Justice. His appointments are Horace H. Lurton of Tennessee, Charles E. Hughes of New York, Willis Vandevanter of Wyoming and Joseph Rucker Lamar of Georgia. As now composed the court includes these as named, with Justices Harlan, McKenna, Holmes and Day. Much speculation has endeavored to determine whether the court is more nearly "progressive," but with small success. Justice Vandevanter helped the eighth circuit bench decide the Northern Securities and Standard Oil cases in favor of the Government, but has been decidedly conservative in some other interstate commerce and anti-trust actions. Justice Hughes is commonly set down a Progressive and Justice Lurton decidedly a reactionary. Justice Lamar is an unknown quantity, save that association and affiliation justify expectation of distinct conservatism. It is not easy to find much hope that the court has been greatly modernized in its social and economic perceptions. The elevation of Justice Harlan to Chief Justice would have been a peculiarly gracious and deserved tribute to the greatest Federal judge of his time, and an evidence of the purpose of President Taft to line the court up with present-day thought. Instead of making that appointment, Mr. Taft seems to have practically promised the Chief Justiceship to Mr. Hughes, and then failed to keep the promise, greatly to the disaffection, it is said, of Mr. Hughes.

## Supreme Court Reorganization

The reorganized court has awaiting it a long list of the most important cases since reconstruction days. Their decisions will be the conclusive word on pretty nearly the entire constructive program of the Roosevelt era—the interstate commerce laws, the anti-trust prosecutions, the employers' liability act, etc. Its disposition toward the big questions of the day can not very long be kept uncertain.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL WICKERSHAM asks more money to enforce the Sherman and other laws for regulating corporate business, and ought to get it. He has been getting value out of the money he has spent thus far. The justice department was never so busy in attacking trusts—the biggest and most powerful of them, too. Mr. Wickersham, it must be said, has sadly fooled people who thought his department was going to be the first friend to the octopus. It has scared the life out of half the octopi, and is after more.

## The Cabinet Reports

Secretary of War Dickinson made a sensational report that this country is in a scandalous state of unpreparedness for war, liable to be invaded on the Pacific side, and demanded more money for defense. The Navy Department asks \$23,000,000 for increase of the navy, and Secretary Meyer recommends important plans for improving business and administrative methods.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock has brought the post-office department more nearly to a paying basis, and wants magazine postal rates raised and a rural parcels post established.

Secretary of the Interior Ballinger favors leasing of oil and gas lands belonging to the public domain. Secretary of Commerce and Labor Nagel strongly recommends the establishment of a civil pension list, to take care of superannuated employees in the civil service.

WHEN Congress met, House Democrats promptly began dodging the question of whether, when they came into control, they would establish a committee on committees, and take the power of committee appointment away from the Speaker. It developed that many of them opposed this reform. Immediately the country began to make itself heard. Bonfires were lighted under balky statesmen, and before a fortnight had passed all the leaders had issued announcements that, in deference to the manifest wish of the people, the Democrats would, when they came into control, amend the rules so as to provide for naming of committees by the House rather than the Speaker. It was a striking victory for public sentiment, won in short order. It means that the House is now well on the way to effective reform of its procedure.

## House Democrats See A Great Light

THE vindication of Secretary Ballinger was a serious draft on the made-up stock of whitewash. The investigating committee, after taking thousands of pages of testimony in the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, brought in three reports. The majority or Tory report completely exonerated Ballinger—and indorsed all the Pinchot policies. The Democratic minority found Ballinger unfit for his office. Mr. Madison, insurgent Republican, found much the same but in different words. The most cynical comment on the whole proceeding was the observation by Mr. Pinchot that "on the very day when the committee was appointed, the newspapers accurately forecast its division, and the substance of the reports!" Another suggestive appraisal of Mr. Ballinger's public services was afforded by President Taft, who in his message announced that he entirely disagreed with Mr. Ballinger's policy for handling the coal lands of the public domain.

## The Ballinger Whitewash

IF the supply of whitewash holds out, Senator Lorimer of Illinois will probably get his coat. The Senate elections committee after much investigation reported that it had not found that enough votes were bought for Mr. Lorimer to justify throwing him out of his seat, and anyhow, that it was not convinced that Mr. Lorimer in person bought them!

## Some Left for Lorimer

A minority of Beveridge and Frazier ventured disapproval of the whole business of buying votes for Senators. There is promise of a big fight by insurgents, who propose to force the Senate on record in this case. Desperate efforts were made to prevent any minority report. In that event, no record vote of the Senate would have been necessary to give Lorimer his seat. Plans are framing to make a big issue of the case, and to fight the reelection, on high moral grounds, of every Senator who votes to keep Lorimer in the Senate. Fine situation we are coming to, if a Senator is to have his seat challenged merely because a few people who voted for him confess that they were paid to do so!

WHETHER anything comes of the Lorimer investigation or not, there is going to be a real investigation in Wisconsin. It seems that the anti-La Follette committee spent \$114,000 trying to beat La Follette. It polled 42,000 votes against him in the primaries. La Follette spent \$6,200, and got 144,000 votes. Now the La Follette Legislature is going to investigate whence that \$114,000 came, who collected it, how it was spent, and all about it. Report is that big interests which were anxious to defeat La Follette because he favored corporation regulation and downward revision of the tariff raised the money. The Taft administration took an active part in the effort to beat him, withdrawing all patronage and sending Vice-President Sherman to Wisconsin to speak against La Follette, and to tell the people that Taft didn't want the "pony" Senator re-elected.

## Expensive Anti-La Follette Votes

LAST summer Senator Aldrich was accused of being financially interested in the rubber trust, and flatly denied it. From the books of the corporations now comes the positive information that the Senator is a considerable stockholder in the United States Rubber Company, and a very heavy holder in the International Rubber Company.

## Why Not Impinch Aldrich?

Senator Aldrich increased the duties on rubber manufactures in the tariff bill, but left raw rubber on the free list. That is, his raw-rubber company continues to get its materials free, but his manufacturing company gets its monopoly strengthened and profits raised by a boost in the tariff. All this Senator Aldrich denied when it was charged against him last summer.

It is worth while to recall here that the original discoverer of the Aldrich rubber scandal was the late Senator Dolliver. He dug up the facts and used them in a speech which attracted small attention. Then Senator Bristow used them and caused a sensation, forcing Aldrich to the disavowal latterly proved false. A fair survey of all the facts surrounding this affair of Statesman Aldrich working for the pocketbook of Financier Aldrich, inspires wonderment whether the process of impeachment would not stand an application in such a case, and teach a useful lesson.

THESE various Senatorial election scandals, plus the serious probability of reactionary Senators, being sent up from various States where "reform" won at the polls, have greatly strengthened the demand for a constitutional amendment to permit direct election of Senators. The Senate may even pass the resolution to that effect. A poll has shown the body very evenly divided, and such men as Root, Gallinger and Aldrich have been working hard to prevent the resolution getting favorable consideration.

## Hope For Direct Election

"THE way to be strong in war," said a British admiral, "is to save in peace a nation's money."

This expressive statement of a profound truth might well be the motto of the trustees of Andrew Carnegie's munificent donation to the cause of peace. It is a business man's gift in a business age; its management is to be in the hands of business men. To what better use could the income of Mr. Carnegie's ten-million-dollar fund be devoted than to the collection and dissemination of information as to the money cost to the world of war and preparation for war.

It has been said that no nation, even the victorious one, can afford the financial cost of war. Germany paid a fearful toll for her victory over France; Japan to-day is facing the dire consequences of her victorious conflict with Russia. Yet it is scarcely less true that no nation can afford to be prepared for war. Lloyd George, the British Chancellor, says the world is spending two and a quarter billion dollars per year in armed peace. Britain is navy-poor, Germany's war bill is intolerable, Italy and Turkey, suffering for schools, groan under the cost of armies and navies. America, more fortunate on the military side, spends vast millions in battle-ships that are junk to-morrow and for pensions that seem to go on forever.

Carnegie's ten million dollars look trivial beside this sum, but if the business men of his new "peace trust" will only help to make these facts known, the common man who pays the bill will put the everlasting quicquid upon the doctrine that the surest guarantee of peace is preparedness for war.

IN at least four cities of the country the holiday week was not a time of unmixt happiness. Disaster seemed for a time to be epidemic. A mysterious explosion in a New York Central power house in New York City killed upward of ten people, injured over one hundred and cost a great loss of property. Disastrous fires took place in three cities, resulting in the loss of the lives of thirty-one firemen in Chicago, of three in Cincinnati and of seven in Philadelphia. A boiler explosion near Pittsfield, Massachusetts, resulted in the death of sixteen men. The month was marked also by several disasters abroad, notably the coal mine explosion in Lancashire, England, in which three hundred and eighty lives were lost, and a steamship wreck off the coast of Sweden, resulting in a dozen deaths.

## Fire and Sudden Death



## THE PULSE OF THE WORLD



EVERYTHING points to victory for the public in the matter of proposed increases of freight rates. The Interstate Commerce Commission, sweepingly reorganized, is hearing arguments on the matter and is expected to give rather prompt decisions.

#### Commerce Commission Changes

A few weeks ago the outcome seemed dubious. But the changes in the Commission's personnel make forecasting easier. Commissioner Cockrell has retired and has been replaced by B. H. Meyer, a La Follette economist from Wisconsin. Chairman Knapp has been promoted to the Court of Commerce, and his place filled by C. C. McChord of Kentucky, a distinctively Progressive former member of the railroad commission of that State. Indications are that on the general principle of permitting the increase in rates, the Commission will have at least five members to announce a negative, and gossip of Commission circles is that the ruling will more likely be unanimous.

The promotion of Chairman Knapp is altogether fortunate. He has long been too much of a pro-railroad thinker for the Commission. On the other hand he is thoroughly committed to the view that the Court of Commerce must give the narrowest review to the decisions of the Commission; therefore he is a desirable Chief Justice of the Commerce Court.

IN THE famous suit of the Government to dissolve the anthracite coal railroad trust, the Supreme Court rendered a sort of double-edged verdict. It held that the coal railroads were not guilty of doing anything wrong, but ordered that the Temple Iron Company be dissolved as a combination in restraint of trade. The Temple Iron Company is the clearing-house through which the anthracite trust has operated, exactly as the packers' trust has operated through the National Packing Company. The Government not only claims a big victory over the anthracite trust, but declares that the precedent assures victory over the packing trust.

#### Anti-Trust Cases Progress

When on the heels of this decision the Government dismissed its suit to dissolve the National Packing Company, there was much wonderment. It looked like a backward step just when victory was assured. It was explained, however, that the civil suit was getting complicated with the criminal actions against the packers. There was danger that the civil action would be forced to trial first, and that the indicted meat barons, by giving testimony in it, would render themselves immune to criminal prosecution. So the civil case was dropped in order to increase assurance of getting convictions in the criminal actions.

In the cases of indicted sugar trust officials, the Supreme Court declined to allow the indictments to be dismissed under the statute of limitation. It held that the conspiracy for which indictment was secured was a continuing offense, and that the limitation had not run against it.

THERE is something rather impressive in the idea that the population of the United States can be stated in the exact terms recently put forth by the Census Bureau. The average American, tradition to the contrary, notwithstanding, is rather fond of statistics and to be even a humble part of them is a pleasure indeed. While the accuracy of the census figures can not be vouched for, it seems probable that the zeal of some of our cities to make a good showing by the padding process is counterbalanced by the number of people who were not at home when the enumerator called or who had no home in which to be. The number probably represents a fair approximation of the actual population of the country at the time of the census taking.

91,972,266

The total of 91,972,266 represents the population of continental United States, while Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico swell the number to over ninety-three millions and the Philippines raise the total to over one hundred and three millions.

What is more important than these incomprehensible figures are the facts that the population has increased about twenty-two per cent. in ten years as compared with twenty per cent. in the previous decade; that the cities, of which nineteen now have over a quarter of a million people, have grown faster than the country; that the excess of births over deaths is thirteen per cent. as compared with nineteen per cent. in the preceding ten years; that immigration has almost trebled, that the East and Far West show the largest gains while the center of population has moved only thirty miles west and two miles north since 1900.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT is always interesting, and never more so than when, nowadays, he appears at the vortex of a discussion of Presidential possibilities for 1912. There has recently been confident claim from the Taft camp that the Ex-President has "made up" with Mr. Taft, and will favor a Taft renomination for 1912. There is no doubt that the Administration is trimming all sails to this hope.

#### With the President-Makers

On the other hand, there is circumstantial report, from more than one source, that Mr. Roosevelt has promised friends of Senator La Follette that he will support the Wisconsin man for the next Republican nomination. Both La Follette and Cummins are frankly aspirants. If they will pull together rather than apart, and if the Roosevelt influence will be cast in with their purposes, it is not impossible that one of the trio might be nominated instead of Taft. The general opinion of political sharps is that only such united effort can prevent Taft's renomination.

A most interesting suggestion is that Justice Charles E. Hughes is disappointed because he was not made Chief Justice, and that Eastern Progressives, anxious to keep New York's big delegation away from either Taft or Roosevelt, are organizing to claim it for Hughes. That would decidedly muss up Taft's plans. It would almost certainly break the majority for Taft, and throw the nomination into the convention, with every probability of some other than Taft being nominated.

Two hospitals in America are now equipped with what may be called heart-testing stations. Marvelously delicate instruments for the measurement and recording of the electrical waves given out by the heart have lately been brought to America and installed in Johns Hopkins University Hospital, Baltimore, and the Presbyterian Hospital, New York.

#### Heart-Testing Stations

By means of this device, the faintest possible trace of irregularity may be detected and recorded in the form of accurate diagrams. This is, of course, of infinitely greater value than the present methods of testing heart-beats by ear. Another feature of the new device is that the observation may be taken over a wire of considerable length, thereby suggesting the possibility of some day having every physician's office connected by wire with a central heart-testing station.

THE Carnegie foundation has attempted to apply standards of industrial efficiency to our American colleges and universities, and judging from Morris Llewellyn Cooke's report, recently issued by the above organization, the colleges fall considerably below the grade of efficiency found in an up-to-date steel mill or shoe factory. Mr. Cooke regards the modern college as to a considerable extent a business institution which is nevertheless managed in a woefully unbusinesslike manner. Among the abuses which he points out are waste of time of students and teachers, inefficiency of committee management, research at the expense of teaching, careless auditing, lack of cleanliness and care of the plant including the laboratory apparatus.

#### College Management Scored

The charge made by Mr. Cooke is worthy of serious consideration. Granting that the care of students is a very different function from the manufacture of rails, we can see no reason why the management of a "culture factory" should be less efficient than that of a steel mill.

This is a hard winter for traditions, for institutions, for ancient landmarks. It is an idle and profitless day in which some antique theory is not exploded, some illusion shattered. Here are a few of the fatalities of the month:

Cheese is not indigestible. It was acquitted of this charge by the Department of Agriculture after a year's careful experiment in which the subject was confined in a sort of cage and fed on cheese. A bulletin is to be issued upon cheese as a substitute for meat.

There is no such thing as catching cold. Dr. Brady, who writes on the subject in the *Medical Record*, does not deny the existence of colds, but maintains that they come not from cold air and drafts, but from excessive heat, bad ventilation, unhygienic clothing and diet. The reader who is careful of his phraseology will no longer "catch cold."

The iconoclasts do not stop here. One of them claims that whiskers are no longer a prominent Kansas crop and displays Governor Stubbs, Victor Muddock, William Allen White, Walt Mason and old Ed. Howe as exhibits; the campaign cigar is obsolete, says another, showing that \$679.74 was the total cigar bill in a recent campaign in a great and prosperous State, while a third shows us that wheelbarrows are going out of style.

ASHEVILLE, North Carolina, claims to be the only city in the country authorized by law to spend money to advertise itself. It is coming to be quite a common thing for cities to buy space in newspapers and magazines to call the attention of manufacturers and the public generally to their advantages for industrial and residence purposes. Heretofore, this has always been financed by public-spirited private citizens, but Asheville pays the money out of the city till. Perhaps the day will come when the city press agent will be one of the essentials of every town.

#### Cities in the Vanguard

Modesto, California, steps into the limelight by being the first town to provide for the construction of municipal aviation landings. When the use of the aeroplane becomes common it will, of course, be necessary to have open spaces for landing and starting machines—a sort of air-dock, as it were. The small California city wisely regards this as a municipal function.

Norwich is the first city in Connecticut to adopt the commission form of government which thus far has had its greatest success in the West. The list of commission government cities has grown phenomenally, the latest count showing that ninety-seven cities have adopted the new rule.

ARIZONA and New Mexico constitutional conventions have completed drafts of proposed constitutions, and the people have now to decide whether they shall be adopted. After that, Congress will determine whether the constitutions are satisfactory and whether the communities shall finally come in as States.

#### Two Applicants for Admission

Arizona has prepared a radical, New Mexico a conservative constitution. Arizona provides for initiative and referendum, easy amendment of the constitution, recall of all elective officers and of judges, direct primaries, direct advisory vote on Senators, non-partisan judiciary, physical valuation of railroads as a basis for rate-making, employers' liability and strong regulation of corporations.

New Mexico, in contrast, has a good, old-fashioned, safe and sane constitution. The President and Congress are rather expected to approve New Mexico's, and let the State in, but to hold up Arizona and keep it out. We guess that if they are kept out while New Mexico gets in, the resulting protest will give real Progressivism in this country an impetus quite shocking to the conservative forces that just now are determined to dam up the current of progress at any cost.

SOCIALISTS are having a difficult time concealing their satisfaction over the conviction and sentence of Fred. D. Warren, editor of *The Appeal to Reason*, to six months in jail and \$1,500 fine for sending "scurrilous, defamatory and threatening matter through the United States mails." It will be remembered that Warren once sent out circular letters containing this offer: "One thousand dollars reward will be paid to any person who kidnaps ex-Governor Taylor and returns him to the Kentucky authorities."

#### A Dangerous Precedent

Mr. Warren maintained that the kidnaping of a Republican charged with murder would be regarded by the courts in a very different light from the kidnaping of Socialists charged with crime during the Moyer-Haywood trial and then pronounced legal. The United States courts now very kindly support Mr. Warren's contention—hence the ill concealed satisfaction of the Socialists.

Lovers of justice, regardless of their attitude toward Socialism, or toward *The Appeal to Reason*, will protest vigorously against the execution of this sentence; they will not regard it as of great importance whether or not Editor Warren was technically guilty of the charge of circulating defamatory matter. He was convicted for what comes very near being a "political crime." A precedent of this sort is dangerous to free speech and a free press.

## Same Old Job for 1911?



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## The Pulse of the World



## The Month Abroad



THE election in England resulted in a majority for the Liberals and their allies, the two Irish Nationalist parties and the Labor Party, of 126 over the Unionists. As the majority of the coalition was 124 in the Parliament which was recently dissolved

### Liberals Win Third Victory

because of its inability to carry through its reform of the House of Lords, the British people may be regarded as once more affirming their belief in this reform. In fact, the mandate is clearer this time than at the election one year ago, as it is not confused by the tariff issue which the Unionists with more haste than grace withdrew from the campaign. No English party in modern time has ever before carried three successive elections. The probable results of the new election may be considered under two heads:

When Parliament reassembles on January 31, the House of Commons will no doubt repass its bill abolishing the veto power of the House of Lords over financial legislation. That stronghold of privilege and aristocracy will probably reluctantly swallow its medicine, especially after the King has made the threat to create three hundred or more new peers to carry out the will of the people. If they still decline to agree to their own undoing, the King will be compelled to go through this swamping process, with the possible consequence that once started on the work of reforming, the people will reform the hereditary chamber out of existence and substitute an elective assembly. In the second place, the present Parliament will doubtless indulge in legislation on the Irish question. The Liberals are so dependent upon the support of the Nationalist parties that it is difficult to see how they can refuse to grant Ireland a substantial measure of home rule.

It appears, therefore, that without any appreciable change in public opinion, Great Britain is to be congratulated on at least maintaining her progress toward democracy over the almost united opposition of the aristocracy, the big business interests, the London press and the clergy.

TWENTY-SIX Japanese Socialists and Anarchists have been sentenced to death because of an alleged plot against the life of the Mikado. Up to this time, however, the Government of Japan has refused to disclose the evidence of their guilt, thereby giving color to the charge that the sole crime of these men and women, who come from a variety of trades, arts and professions, was that of translating and circulating such works as those of Marx, Tolstoy, Kropotkin and Bakunin—all of which are sold freely in England and America. Whatever the facts may be, the civilized world has a right to a little more than Japan's statement that the trial, though secret, was fair.

### Japan's False Step

It begins to look as though Japan, with her low wages and industrial tyranny, her fearful condition of women's and children's labor, her high taxes and constantly increasing expenditures for the army and navy, and her despotic treatment of Korea, is copying what is worst in our western civilization without acquiring much of its enlightenment. It is no longer good form in the Occident to put people to death for their opinions. The Japanese must have been taking lessons from their late enemies, the Russians.

It is not entirely a new idea that a man who works requires more food for his body than a man who does not, but for the first time this truth has been reduced to scientific proportions. A French scientist, Imbert, found by a series of experiments that about one-fifteenth of a laboring man's wages goes into the purchase of food which would be unnecessary if the man were idle.

The investigator made his experiments upon a messenger whom he divided up into heat-units and subjected to other indignities, including compulsory work during part of the inquiry.

It was found during a prolonged strike in an English city not long ago that the general health of the community showed marked improvement. Apparently it is both cheaper and healthier to loaf than to work. Stevenson's delightful essay, "An Apology for Idlers," is quite out of style. Idleness requires no apology; it has become a duty.

### In Defense of Idleness

THE closing days of 1910 brought renewed assurance from the scientific world of the marvelous progress made during the year in chemotherapy, the treatment of internal parasitic diseases with poisonous drugs without injury to the patient's tissues. Dr. Paul Ehrlich, the German physician and chemist, is the foremost representative of this group of scientists. There is testimony from physicians the world over of the success of his treatment of syphilis, recurrent fever and sleeping sickness. His chemical, known as 606, a coal tar compound which is fatal to the germs of the loathsome and dangerous blood disease, has been put on the market for the use of physicians. It may prove to be the greatest contribution of the year 1910 to the welfare of the human race.

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### Ehrlich's Great Discovery

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A THOUSAND Northwest Canada farmers invaded Ottawa, the Canadian capital, recently by special train, to demand reciprocity—practically free trade—with the United States. They got small comfort from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the premier.

### The Tariff Wall Doomed

Sir Wilfrid is playing the game another way, and doesn't want his hand forced by his over-enthusiastic constituents. He is as anxious for real improvement of trade relations with the United States as any Alberta farmer; but he knows the matter must be handled carefully. His game has been for many years to get just as much as the American Congress would permit, and he knows by sad experience that our standpatners will reject anything that looks too good to the Canadians. He is right now negotiating for just what the far-Westerners want, but he knows better than to brag about his excellent chance of getting it. So he sent the invaders home disgusted, promising them nothing.

None the less, Sir Wilfrid is bringing reciprocity nearer every month. He has forced the hand of Uncle Sam, and will win before long, with the assistance of our American tariff Progressives, if only the Canadians will continue their confidence in him. On both sides of the line the people want closer trade relations, and they are going to get them. President Taft is sincerely favorable to the move, and the waning power of the Chinese-wall tariff advocates can not much longer effectively oppose the inevitable.

THE White Star liner *Olympic*, which was lately launched in Belfast, is larger by nearly a hundred feet than any steamship now doing business, being 882 feet long, 92 feet beam and 175 feet from keel to funnel top. It will carry 45,000 tons and 2,500 passengers, and will contain all the modern and ultra-modern luxuries and conveniences, putting more stress on comfort than on speed. The *Titanic*, to be launched soon, will be a duplicate. There is some anxiety now as to whether New York has docks big enough for the new giants.

### Full-grown Steamships

THE Cunard company, not to be outdone by a boat one-sixth of a mile long, now solemnly proposes to build a fifty-thousand-ton boat one thousand feet long.

SPAIN continues to be the scene of a most interesting drama in which the question of religious liberty and in all probability the very existence of the kingdom is involved. Interest centers in the efforts of Premier Canalejas to secure the backing of his people in the effort to secure a greater measure of religious liberty for Spain. A notable victory for the premier was the passing of the "padlock bill" by the Chamber of Deputies by a large majority. This action strengthens the hands of the premier in his conflict with the Vatican and paves the way for further liberalization of Spain's laws on religious questions. The bill puts a ban on new religious orders for a period of two years. The premier has also scored a victory in the settlement of the Moroccan difficulties by which Spain is paid an indemnity of thirteen million dollars. The premier and his achievements are popular in Spain and he may succeed in saving his royal master, Alfonso, from the fate of the king of Portugal. At least there does not seem to be immediate prospects of a republican uprising.

### The Troubles of Spain

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# The Pulse of the World

## Women Everywhere

MARGUERITE AUDOUX, whose book "Marie Claire" won the one-thousand-dollar prize presented by the "Women's Academy" for the most noteworthy French book written during the year, is the new sensation of the literary world. The author is a poor seamstress forty-five years old who, threatened with an attack of blindness which made her work impossible, was inspired to write a book as a new means of livelihood. The book has met with unusual success both on the Continent and in this country, despite the fact that neither is the subject fresh nor the author's mind abnormal. It owes its worth entirely to its literary merits. "Marie Claire" is the autobiographical annals of a waif. It is devoid of morbidity or moral intention—merely the story of a life told simply and interestingly, and throughout with the exquisite touch of the artist.

The remarkable feature of Miss Audoux's brilliant literary debut is that her training consists only of reading the translated novels of Charles Dickens and Charles Reade and the Bible. She confesses to total ignorance of French literature.

The State of Washington has again manifested its advocacy of equal rights for both sexes by giving women jury privileges. In a damage case tried in Olympia, the jury consisted in part of the wife of a physician, a Supreme Court stenographer, the Governor's private secretary, the wife of a minister, and a woman candidate for the Legislature.

The despatch and intelligence with which the decision was reached won a tribute from the presiding judge. There are many attorneys and litigants who would be grateful for a male jury of like caliber to pass upon their cases.

We are a practical people living in a scientific age. If we dare show sentiment we acknowledge ourselves weak. Wise men say it is wrong to have babies when we are poor; wise women say it is wrong to play with babies when we do have them—yet now and then one finds a woman foolish enough to defy economics and science, who wants both to have a baby and to play with it. There is so much room in her foolish heart—lots of room to be filled by little pink toes and baby prattling—that she sends an advertisement to the New York Foundling Asylum: "Wanted: a baby to have Christmas for, and for the joy of the little thing, is willing to face the censure of the 'State Mothers' Club' of Texas, which objects to the wholesale importation of babies."

Fifty-two babies were sent to homes in Texas as Christmas presents, and it is rumored that in the fifty-third home, the tree was lit, the little toy dog was there and the little tin soldiers stood in a row, but when the father learned that only fifty-two babies were shipped, he hid in the barn, and, well, just blubbered. As for the baby—even a little kiddie wants to be loved, and the love of a make-believe father and mother is much better than no love at all.

ONE of the most interesting and important enterprises undertaken by the Russell Sage Foundation is the establishment of an ideal city, where families of moderate means will be able to own their own homes at a minimum cost. With an initial investment of \$2,500,000, one hundred and forty-two acres of land have been purchased on Long Island, nine miles from New York City. It is planned to accommodate 1,500 families.

According to popular belief, this proposed model suburban town promises to be a great success, since a community in which the families are united by a common interest in its property, is usually endowed with a vitality and power of resistance which makes possible unique cooperative plans among the families, as well as the carrying through of unusual plans for municipal improvement. Besides, the comforts of a country home situated within easy reach of the city are eminently more desirable than the closeness of the city flat. The establishment of garden towns will greatly relieve the crowding of cities and stop the depopulation of rural districts, and the Foundation prophesies an increasing demand for similar home-building schemes.

Building an Ideal City

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DR. HARVEY W. WILEY, the nation's most renowned pure food advocate, has decided to marry—what is more, has decided to marry a suffragette, and thereby ratify the modern progressive theories of family evolution.

### A Pure Food Suffrage Dish

Miss Anna Kelton, the lady in the case, is known as the leading suffragette in the District of Columbia, while Dr. Wiley is fortified with such a knowledge of benzoate of soda, germs and children as is possessed by no woman in the land.

EVER since Mme. Marie Sklodovna Curie and her husband discovered radium, scientists all over the world have been vainly endeavoring to obtain the substance free from other chemical properties. After her husband's death, Mme. Curie took to the task of isolating the pure metal radium, and now she has announced to the French Academy of Science that in collaboration with Professor de Bièvre she has been successful in securing the pure element. Scientists are greatly excited over the discovery, but in view of the present cost of living it has been difficult to arouse the layman's enthusiasm, since the price of radium is \$24,000 a gramme—the one hundred and tenth part of an ounce.

### A Woman's Discovery in Chemistry

By a vote of eighty-six to fifty-two, Mme. Curie has been debarred from membership in the Institute of France, for the reason that to admit a woman would be contrary to immutable tradition. It does not, however, forbid the five learned academies which comprise it to take independent action on this question.

## PERSONS of the MOMENT

SIR VESSEY STRONG, new Lord Mayor of London, is a strict prohibitionist and a total abstainer. It is promised, however, that London will not go dry under his rule.

THEOPHILUS BRAGA, President of Portugal, is a native of the Azores, and was a school-teacher and writer on public questions for many years. His first publication was a little book of poems.

THE colonization of the Jews in Palestine is not proving very successful thus far, but Joseph Fels, American Jewish millionaire, offers to finance the enterprise and assure its success if the colony will have the Henry George land tax system written into its charter.

PRINCE ARTHUR of Connaught used often to take the place of King Edward on ceremonial occasions, and now he carries the proxy of King George even more frequently. "They ought to print a line on my visiting card, 'monarchs understudied on shortest notice,' once suggested the prince.

A NEW national daily newspaper is to be published for children by Mrs. Ida Clark of Nashville, Tennessee. The news of the world will be given in simple language so that very young children may keep in touch with current events. News of crime and other objectionable matter will be left out entirely.

HALADJIAN EFENDI, Turkey's Minister of Public Works, declares that he is planning a national system of over twenty thousand miles of the best highways; a great extension of railroads, irrigation and drainage works, river and harbor improvements, etc. Many thousands of miles of provincial roads will also be built, connecting the railroads and national pikes in a complete transport system.

CHAMP CLARK, who will probably be Speaker of the Democratic House, was a college president at twenty-five, and before he was thirty was threatened with becoming a multi-millionaire. He escaped that fate by firmly refusing to invest his savings in a piece of West Virginia mountain land which soon afterward turned out to contain one of the most valuable coal deposits in the State.

## CHEATED FOR YEARS

Prejudice Will Cheat Us Often If We Let It

You will be astonished to find how largely you are influenced in every way by unreasoning prejudice. In many cases you will also find that the prejudice has swindled you, or rather, made you swindle yourself. A case in illustration:

"I have been a constant user of Grape-Nuts for nearly three years," says a correspondent, "and I am happy to say that I am well pleased with the result of the experiment, for such it has been."

"Seeing your advertisement in almost all of the periodicals, for a long time I looked upon it as a hoax. But after years of suffering with gaseous and bitter eructations from my stomach, together with more or less loss of appetite and flesh, I concluded to try Grape-Nuts food for a little time and note the result."

"I found it delicious, and it was not long till I began to experience the beneficial effects. My stomach resumed its normal state, the eructations and bitterness ceased and I have gained all my lost weight back."

"I am so well satisfied with the result that so long as I may live and retain my reason Grape-Nuts shall constitute quite a portion of my daily food."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

There's a Reason.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## About Remembering

By ELBERT HUBBARD



HENRY DICKSON

America's Foremost Authority on Memory-Training and Principal Dickson School of Memory.

Every little while I meet a man who has a memory, a TRAINED MEMORY, and he is a joy to my soul.

The manager of a great corporation never misses a face. If he sees you once the next time he will call you by name. He told me how he did it. He studied memory-training with Prof. Dickson. He said a lot of nice things about Prof. Dickson, that I hesitate to write here lest my good friend Dickson object.

This Dickson system of memory-training is very simple. If you want to enlarge your arm, you exercise it. The same with your mind. You must put your brain through a few easy exercises to discover its capacity. You will be surprised, how quickly it responds.

You do not know when you will be called upon to tell what you know; and then a trained memory would help you.

To the man or woman whose memory plays tricks, I recommend that you write to Prof. Dickson, and if his facts do not convince you, you are not to be convinced.

Write today for FREE booklet and facts. Address

PROF. HENRY DICKSON  
796 Auditorium Building, Chicago

# Pears'

"A cake of prevention is worth a box of cure."

Don't wait until the mischief's done before using Pears' Soap.

There's no preventive so good as Pears' Soap.

Established in 1789.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA





# My Advice Should Make You Rich

## For The Man Who Is Willing To Listen, I Have A Wonderful Message of Good Fortune

Yes, my Friends, I come to you today through the columns of this famous magazine, "SUCCESS", whose very name is at once an inspiration and an augury of good fortune, with what I sincerely believe to be the greatest land investment offer ever submitted to the American people. I will stake my reputation as a man upon it! And I know whereof I speak because for over 35 years as a citizen and a Senator of the great state of Florida, I have been in close touch with its amazing agricultural development. I have seen fortunes made from the cultivation of Florida soil, and the rise in value of its acreage. I, myself, have acquired a competence through my faith in just such investments as that in which I now, as President, invite you to join me. The fact that my money, time and many years of practical experience are back of this splendid enterprise, should convince any fair minded reader of "SUCCESS" that

## I Have Absolute Faith In Celery Farms Colony

**5 Acres \$1.00 Down \$1.00 Per Week**

**No Interest—No Taxes—No Commissions**

**For Investors or Settlers**

This wonderful undertaking is prospering beyond my highest expectations. The absolute success of CELERY FARMS COLONY is now assured beyond any reasonable doubt. Very substantial progress has been made since I recently moved on to the land. Thousands of inquiries have swept in upon us from cities, towns and farm dwellers in the North and West.

### You Will Not Be Alone Here

Many Settlers have arrived. Improvements are going forward by leaps and bounds. During the past 90 days between 50 and 60 farm houses have been built. A hotel has been erected, and portable houses provided to accommodate the overflow of visitors to CELERY FARMS COLONY. The general store is now prepared to supply all necessities. A 75 horse power traction engine—the only one in the state—has been provided to break land for our settlers.

### School and Church Building

We now have on the land a sufficient number of children of school age to present a petition to the School Commissioners for the establishment of a school and a movement for building a church is under way. Remember, I live right here on the ground and know personally from day to day just the exact progress that is being made. And I tell you of these things because it is your right to know them before making up your mind. I do not want you to act on mere blind faith, but with your eyes wide open.

Knowing what I do of the actual conditions surrounding the CELERY FARMS COLONY—familiar as I am with every detail of its development—I am able to say, with a sincerity born of absolute conviction, that this in my opinion is destined to be the greatest opportunity yet offered to investors in this magnificently prolific land of sunshine and quick profits, where fortunes are being made from Mother Earth. Whether you come down here now and cast in your lot with us, or remain at home, paying for your farm on easy terms, I tell you that you will never regret owning five or ten acres of this amazingly fertile Celery Farms Colony Land.

### Independence For Life

Do you question for one moment the splendid opportunity to achieve independence for life offered you by the CELERY FARMS COLONY? After considering the amazing natural fertility of the soil, the variety and value of crops raised, the great and growing demand for Florida fruits and vegetables at fancy prices, the splendid transportation facilities and easy access to both home and Northern markets, the delightful and healthful climate of CELERY FARMS COLONY, the improvements already completed and those now under way, will you hesitate to make application for some of this magnificent land at the low price of \$35 per acre on the special easy terms of \$1.00 down and \$1.00 per week for 5 acres?

## Senator A.S.Mann

**Pres't, The Florida Homeland Company,  
Says: "Trust To My Judgment"**

Now I am going to ask you to follow my advice in this matter, for I am confident that you will thank me later for giving you this chance to join me, and hundreds of other readers of this great magazine, in making a glorious success of the CELERY FARMS COLONY. You know who I am, what I represent and my standing in Florida, the wonderful State that I am proud to call my home. And, therefore, you must know that it would be impossible for me, knowingly to give you bad advice. For the benefit of those who desire to know how my Company stands right at home in its own section, where it is best known, I refer to the following: First National Bank, Sanford; Atlantic National Bank, Jacksonville, and Mr. F. W. R. Hinman, Pub., "Times-Union", Jacksonville.

**A. S. MANN, President,**

**Florida Homeland Company**

**Dept. S, SANFORD, FLORIDA**

**Senator A. S. MANN,**

**Pres't Florida Homeland Co.**

NOTE—No man in the State of Florida is better known than Senator A. S. Mann, President of the Florida Homeland Co., who, by reason of his labors in behalf of the agricultural interests of the State, is better known as "Farmer" Mann, and throughout the Nation as "Good Roads" Mann. For forty years he has been, and is now, one of the State's leading citizens. He was one of the earliest to develop the orange business, and for many years was manager of the Florida Home Market, which handled through the Jacksonville gateway practically all of the citrus fruit shipments out of the State. He was for many years President of the Florida State Agricultural Association. He has occupied many official positions of trust, and is a man of wealth whose word is relied upon in all matters concerning the development of Florida.



From photographs of portable houses used for overflow of settlers coming to Celery Farms Colony.



Quite a contrast between this winter scene in Florida and the severe Northern climate, isn't it?



A good hotel has been built to accommodate visitors to the Celery Farm Colony.

A. S. Mann, Pres't, Florida Homeland Co., Dept. S, Sanford, Fla.  
Enclosed find \$1.00 as temporary deposit. Please send me map and full description of a 5 acre Celery Farms Colony Tract. My \$1.00 is to be returned to me promptly if I am not satisfied with your selection.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Mail This Now!

# In Florida, the Land of Big Money Crops!

## Sanford Land, 7 Miles West of Us, Worth \$3.00 an Acre 16 Years Ago, Now Sells for \$1000

Note the location of the Celery Farms Colony Tract, seven miles east of Sanford, the famous Florida celery center, which has wrested the celery crown from Michigan. Then consider these significant facts: Land not under cultivation immediately adjoining our CELERY FARMS COLONY TRACT is being sold from \$50 to \$150 per acre, and land near Sanford—not cultivated—for \$250 per acre. Lands under cultivation near Sanford, naturally possessing no better soil properties than the land I now offer you at \$35, are selling today as high as \$1000 per acre, yet sixteen years ago this \$1000 per acre celery land sold as low as \$3.00 per acre! In view of these facts, is it not entirely reasonable to assume that the Celery Farms Colony Lands which you can now buy for \$35 per acre on easy terms, will sell at from five to ten times the present prices within the next two or three years? Can we not duplicate at Celery City the splendid success that has become a matter of history at Sanford? I think we can!



## Advantages of Celery Farms Colony

Every known Northern crop can be produced on our CELERY FARMS COLONY lands abundantly and with far less labor than in the North—and at seasons when they bring the very highest prices in the Northern markets. There is no killing frost and four or five crops can be raised yearly.

### The Richest Celery Region in the World

For the harder crops this land does not require flooding or irrigating, but upon the installation of a simple system, at small expense, Celery and Lettuce can be grown so as to yield enormous profits.

### Fruits and Nuts Yield Big Profits

Pecans, Persimmons, Oranges, Plums, Pears, Grapes, Figs, Pomegranates, Strawberries and Melons are exceedingly prolific in their yield and assure big profits.

The profits from Pecans and Oranges are enormous, and while the fruit and nut groves are growing to their full bearing maturity the same

land can be used for growing an abundant <sup>SPRING</sup> crop, so that the Celery Farms Colony land is earning money even from the first year.

### Splendid Railroad And Water Transportation

CELERY FARMS COLONY Lands are easily accessible, being only a few hours ride South from Jacksonville and are particularly favored as regards transportation, having not only railroad but water facilities as well—being at the head of navigation of the St. Johns River. A reference to the map at upper right hand corner will show you that the Florida East Coast line runs through Maytown and Celery City in the heart of this Celery Farms Colony Tract. The rivalry between railroad and steamboat assures cheap and efficient transportation service for CELERY FARMS products to the Atlantic Seaboard where prompt connections are made with ocean refrigerator steamers for the Northern coast cities and railroad refrigerator car service to all parts of the United States and Canada. This gives Celery Farms Colony Truck Gardens and Fruit Raisers a big advantage over those of Texas, Colorado, California and the Northwest.



The Northern Farmer spends in Winter, feeding stock, etc., the money he receives from his one Summer crop—at Celery Farms Colony crops grow all the year 'round.



This reproduction from the actual photograph shows me in one of the greatest joys of my life—picking luscious oranges from trees on the Celery Farms Colony tract.



When you locate on the Celery Farms Colony land, you will have splendid shipping facilities (both by rail and water) for your fruit and garden truck.

## Soil, Climate, Water

The ability to raise four or five crops a year and the fertile soil makes it possible for ten acres of our CELERY FARMS COLONY LAND to produce more than 100 acres of Northern land, no matter how good it is.

Elevation is about 50 feet above sea level—high enough above streams to furnish perfect drainage—no stagnant pools—swamps or sand ridges.

Plenty of pure water is easily obtainable—surface wells to be pumped at 15 to 24 feet and ever flowing wells of sparkling artesian water, every drop fit to drink, may be had by going deeper.

The climate is simply delightful. You can always be free from fear of long frosts, that "bugaboo" of the Northern fruit raiser, nor need you fear the heat of Summer, as even during the warmest months the nights are always cool. You will be surprised and delighted with climate conditions every month in the year.



Breaking ground on the Celery Farms Colony land with 75 H. P. Case Traction Engine—the only one of its kind in the State of Florida—brought here for the exclusive use of settlers on this land.

## Our Easy Payment Terms

No matter who you are, or what your occupation or income may be, you can own one of these 5-acre Celery Farm Tracts. Our credit payment plan makes it so easy to pay for the land that you will not miss the \$1.00 per week saved in this way. \$35 per acre—\$175 for 5 acres, \$1.00 down, \$1.00 per week until paid; \$350 for 10 acres, \$2.00 down, \$2.00 per week, etc. Title guaranteed absolutely clear. Contract for deed given on first payment.

One offer is not only a good thing for Farmers and Actual Homeseekers, but is a splendid opportunity for Clerks, Bookkeepers, Stenographers, Factory Workers, Lawyers, Ministers, School Teachers—any one who can put aside a few dollars each month to secure prosperity and absolute independence for the future. If you want an investment that cannot fail you, put your surplus money to a Celery Farms Colony Farm, the only form of security that cannot be lost by fire, theft, speculation or poor management.

## MAIL THIS COUPON

In order to avoid delay and possible disappointment, it is better to send us \$1.00 with your name and address on the coupon on the right, and we will at once forward you a selection of 5-acre Celery Farm Land marked plainly on a map and fully described. If you are not pleased with this choice, your \$1.00 will be returned at once. This land is selling so rapidly that we cannot hold any particular tract subject to decision unless a small deposit is sent as an evidence of good faith. But please remember that this deposit is your money, not ours, and that it is simply to be held by us merely as a deposit, subject to your order. If you decide to buy a farm from us, it can be applied to your credit, and you can make your regular weekly payments of \$1.00 thereafter.

A. S. MANN, President,  
Florida Homeland Co., Dept. S, Sanford, Fla.

**If You Want More Proof, Mail This Coupon**  
I want more facts and figures before I decide. Please send me Free Book, Map and full details of your Celery Farms

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

No Letter Needed

## FAMILY OF FIVE

### All Drink Coffee From Infancy

It is a common thing in this country to see whole families growing up with nervous systems weakened by coffee drinking.

That is because many parents do not realize that coffee contains a drug—*caffene*—which causes the trouble.

"There are five children in my family," writes an Iowa mother, "all of whom drank coffee from infancy up to two years ago."

"My husband and I had heart trouble and were advised to quit coffee. We did so and began to use Postum. We are now doing without medicine and are entirely relieved of heart trouble."

(*Caffene* causes heart trouble when continually used as in coffee drinking.)

"Our eleven-year-old boy had a weak digestion from birth, and yet always craved, and was given, coffee. When we changed to Postum he liked it and we gave him all he wanted. He has been restored to health by Postum and still likes it."

"Long live the discoverer of Postum!"

Read "The Road to Welville," in pgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## The Incubator of Quality



**World's Best Hatcher**  
The Essex Model 1911 Incubator and Brooder comes as the result of many years' experience by Mr. Robert H. Essex. They are the latest improved machines made. They mean better poultry, more certainly, larger and more certain profits. Start right. Poultrymen everywhere. Mr. Essex's story of the new earnings with money where others fail in poultry. Book Free. May we send you a copy now? Address  
**ROBERT H. ESSEX INCUBATOR CO.**  
185 Henry Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

## DINGEE Roses

thrive and bloom everywhere. Sixty years' experience is back of them. They are the best grown, the strongest and most beautiful. They are the only roses on their own roots. We pay all express charges under a special plan, and deliver growing plants free to your door, no matter where you live, and we guarantee them to be the best. Write today for the greatest book on roses ever published, entitled  
**"Dingee Roses"**  
or, 1911 New Guide to Rose Culture, FREE! Magnificently illustrated in color, this beautiful book of 100 pages gives you all the latest and best information on roses. It is a complete guide to the growing, planting, and care of all the desirable plants and shrubs, and is a great help. Established in 1850. 70 Greenhouses.  
**THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.,**  
Box 616, West Grove, Pa.

## Success Magazine

Will give absolutely FREE  
a \$1,000 Automobile, a Player Piano or  
**\$750.00 CASH**  
a \$500.00 Trip to Europe, or any other part of the world or,  
**\$450.00 CASH**  
Two years' Tuition at any School or University or,  
**\$250.00 CASH**  
and any other cash prizes from \$150.00 to \$35.00 in cash or its value in suitable prizes as may be selected by the winners.

To the twenty "SUCCESS" salesmen who do the most consistent, steady work during 1911, Winter, Spring and Summer.

All in addition to Good Pay and other cash bonuses for work done.

Briefly—the work is securing Renewals and New Orders in your territory.

For full information write

**THE SUCCESS COMPANY, E. 22nd St., N. Y.**

**\$3 a Day Sure**  
Send me your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure. We furnish the work and teach you the free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely free. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1614, Detroit, Mich.

## EDITORIAL

## CHAT

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

### Laughter, a Health and Happiness Promoter

Dr. Hillis describes a man whose laughing muscles had been so paralyzed that his laugh was degenerated into a sepulchral chuckle that smote on the ears like a voice from the tombs. Everywhere we see people who seem to have lost the power to laugh heartily, or even smile. Their laughter muscles have been paralyzed from disuse so that they can only chuckle. They do not know the luxury of the good, old-fashioned, side-shaking laughter, and are unable to see the ludicrous side of things. They look upon laughter as frivolous and inconsistent with the dead-in-earnest life. They regard life as a thing to be taken seriously. It is not a laughing matter with them. It is too serious for frivolity.

Such people seem to feel the weight of the sins of the world and are loaded down with this responsibility. They can not understand how anybody can take such light, flippant views of life as to spend so much time in frivolity, in fun-making.

No matter where they are, these too-serious people seem to think it is no place for laughter. We always feel suppressed, suffocated in their presence.

If there is any one thing needed in this strenuous, nerve-goaded age, more than another, it is optimism, cheerfulness, happy laughter—plenty of lubricant to keep life's machinery well oiled.

We have no time to laugh any more. Life has become such a serious matter in this strenuous age that we can not afford to smile. We must count every bit of energy into money-making and place-making. We have no longer time for making a life; it is all used up in making a living.

"What a delicious man Fénelon is," said Lord Peterborough. "I had to run away from him to prevent him making me a Christian." We have all met these sweet, delicious characters; people who seem to turn to sweetness all that was sour and disappointing in our lives. There is an indescribable charm about these personalities which is irresistible. We are spellbound whenever they appear. No matter what they ask of us, we grant it; we can not refuse. They seem to get inside of us. They are more than welcome to everything we have. We open the door of our minds and bid them enter. We give them the keys to our treasures and bid them take whatever they will. Indeed, we feel the richer for giving; that we receive more for what they take away, for they always leave a rainbow in the place of storm, sunshine where there was shadow, and hope where there was despair.

Oh, how rich we feel when these gifted personalities enter our lives! We want no other wealth. Money seems poor indeed compared with such precious, gracious souls.

There is wonderful recreation in cheerfulness. The man who laughs often and heartily need have little fear of dissipation, insomnia or insanity. Those who laugh are not only, as a rule, healthy people, but they are also longer lived and more successful. They get rid of a thousand and one trifles which perplex and upset the nerves and make others disagreeable, morose and melancholy.

When we lose the power to smile, what hideous images arise in the mind! How soon the imagination becomes morbid! The mind becomes infested with doubts and fears and hallucinations when its activity ceases. When the purpose is gone, disorder comes in; when joy goes out, melancholia enters.

Take joy with you; when to her; never part with her, no matter where you go or what you do. It is your lubricating oil which will prevent the jars and the discords and shut out the worries of life. If there is anything we need in this too-serious civilization of ours, it is men and women who smile always.

"The cheerful heart makes its own blue sky." Some one has said: "It is the fashion to flatter cheery people by comparing them to the sun. I think the best way of praising the sunshine is to say that it is almost as bright and inspiring as the presence of cheery people."

"I just like to let her in at the door," said an Irish servant of a lady caller. "The very face of her does one good, sure!"

How glad we all are to welcome sunny souls! We are never too busy to see them. There is nothing we welcome so much as sunshine.

Why this serious, suppressed, anxious, sad expression on the American face? Why do we have a more gloom and melancholy, advertising that hope is faded out of life—faces that never express a particle of humor? Is there any religion in it? Any common sense in it? Any success in it?

### The Danger in Slackening One's Efforts

ONE of the most insidious enemies of enlarged and continuous achievement is the temptation to slacken one's efforts after he has met with a little success. The ambitious young man, while uncertain as to his future, while trying to make a name for himself, while there is a doubt about his strength and practicability, will struggle tremendously; he will never let up in his effort. But it is a rare character that will push on with the same persistency and make the same strenuous endeavor after he has once felt the thrill of success and believes that his position is assured. This is why the artist has sometimes been disappointed because he has never been able to match his first great masterpiece; why the lawyer has been chagrined because he has not been able to sustain or add to the reputation he gained by his first great trial, when he was doubtful about his position and read and studied night and day for months in preparation of his case; why the author has felt keenly the disappointment of not surpassing his first book. It is often the struggle to redeem oneself from possible ridicule, mediocrity or failure that brings out the greatest effort.

Shrewd, long-headed employers, who are students of human nature, do not look so much to the actual accomplishments of a candidate for promotion as to his probable future. They want to see how much growth there is in him, how large he is likely to become; whether or not he has nearly reached his limit of expansion. An experienced reader of character learns to measure this possibility. Young men have often been promoted when everybody was surprised that some others who were known to possess more skill and more experience were not; but the shrewd employer put his measuring line around the possible man, around his probable expansion, rather than around his actual accomplishment.

### The Culture of Pain

THERE is a power which comes from the silent mastery of grief, a chastening, softening culture which comes from the patient struggle with, perhaps, a fatal disease. The noblest qualities are thus called out in people and the most beautiful characters developed.

Suffering has ever been a great revealer of character. Distress in some people seems to bring out their worst qualities while with others pain or grief seem only to develop the purer, sweeter qualities; qualities which perhaps would never have been made manifest but through suffering, for the tendency of those in robust health, those who have never suffered, is toward selfishness.

It is often through the pain or suffering of illness, sorrow or misfortune that the virtues which we regard as the very bulwark of character are brought out. Where would patience come from if it were not developed in the long, weary waiting amid disappointments, or in the struggle against great odds?

We pride ourselves upon our great examples of heroism, but these would never have existed but for the dangers, the risks and the suffering that brought them forth. No great character can be built up without courage, and yet we can not separate this quality from suffering.

It does not seem necessary that "virtue should always be bound up with pain," that we should be obliged to suffer in order to develop virtues, that discord should necessarily precede harmony. It is very hard for us to see how any good can possibly come from the discords, the pain and the suffering of life. Yet many of our sweetest and noblest characters have come out of great tribulations.

### Running Into Debt

I KNOW of nothing out of crime which has caused so much suffering in this world as debt.

There is nothing which ages one more than the worry and anxiety of debt. The constant fear of lawsuits, the terror of possible want, of losing one's business and home, of not being able to care for those dependent upon one—these are the things which sap the juices of life and dry up the very sources of enjoyment.

Everywhere we find men in middle life and later who have no homes, no property, and practically no savings; and not because of laziness or incompetency but because they have spent the very best years of their lives in paying out debts in trying to get out from under business complications of many years' standing. Every dollar earned is money paid.



for February, 1911

## Put Beauty Into Life

[Continued from page 30]

There is nothing on earth that will so slake the thirst of the soul as the beauty which expresses itself in sweetness and light.

An old traveling man relates that once when on a trip to the West he sat next to an elderly lady who every now and then would lean out of the open window and pour some thick salt—it seemed to him—from a bottle. When she had emptied the bottle she would refill it from a hand-bag.

A friend to whom this man related the incident told him he was acquainted with the lady, who was a great lover of flowers and an earnest follower of the precept: "Scatter your flowers as you go, for you may never travel the same road again." He said she added greatly to the beauty of the landscape along the railroads on which she traveled, by her custom of scattering flower seeds along the track as she rode. Many roads have thus been beautified and refreshed by this old lady's love of the beautiful and her effort to scatter beauty wherever she goes.

If we would all cultivate a love of the beautiful and scatter beauty seeds as we go through life, what a paradise this earth would become!

What a splendid opportunity a vacation in the country offers to put beauty into the life; to cultivate the esthetic faculties, which in most people are wholly undeveloped and inactive! To some it is like going into God's great gallery of charm and beauty. They find in the landscape, the valley, the mountains, the fields, the meadows, the flowers, the streams, the brooks and the rivers, riches that no money can buy; beauties that would enchant the angels. But this beauty and glory can not be bought; they are only for those who can appreciate them—who can read their message and respond to them.

Have you never felt the marvelous power of beauty in nature? If not, you have missed one of the most exquisite joys in life. I was once going through the Yosemite Valley, and after riding one hundred miles in a stage-coach over rough mountain roads, I was so completely exhausted that it did not seem as though I could keep my seat until we traveled over the ten more miles which would bring us to our destination. But on looking down from the top of the mountain I caught a glimpse of the celebrated Yosemite Falls and the surrounding scenery, just as the sun broke through the clouds; and there was revealed a picture of such rare beauty and marvelous picturesqueness that every particle of fatigue, brain-fag and muscle weariness departed in an instant. My whole soul thrilled with a winged sense of sublimity, grandeur and beauty, which I had never experienced before, and which I never can forget. I felt a spiritual uplift which brought tears of joy to my eyes.

## The Inspiration of Natural Beauty

No one can contemplate the wonderful beauties of Nature and doubt that the Creator must have intended that man, made in His own image and likeness, should be equally beautiful.

Beauty of character, charm of manner, attractiveness and graciousness of expression, a godlike bearing, are our birthrights. Yet how ugly, stiff, coarse and harsh in appearance and bearing many of us are! No one can afford to disregard his good looks or personal appearance.

But if we wish to beautify the outer, we must first beautify the inner, for every thought and every motion shapes the delicate tracings of our face for ugliness or beauty. Inharmonious and destructive attitudes of mind will warp and mar the most beautiful features.

Shakespeare says: "God has given you one face and you make yourselves another." The mind can make beauty or ugliness at will.

A sweet, noble disposition is absolutely essential to the highest form of beauty. It has transformed many a plain face. A bad temper, ill nature, jealousy, will ruin the most beautiful face ever created. After all, there is no beauty like that produced by a lovely character. Neither cosmetics, massage nor drugs can remove the lines of prejudice, selfishness, envy, anxiety, mental vacillation, that are the results of wrong thought habits.

Beauty is from within. If every human being would cultivate a gracious mentality, not only would what he expressed be artistically beautiful, but also his body. There would indeed be grace and charm, a superiority about him, which would be even greater than mere physical beauty.

We have all seen even very plain women who, because of the charm of their personality, impressed us as transcendently beautiful. The exquisite soul qualities expressed through the body transformed it into their likeness. A fine spirit speaking through the plainest body will make it beautiful.

Some one speaking of Fanny Kemble, said: "Although she was very stout and short, and had a very red face, yet she impressed me as the supreme embodiment of majestic attributes. I never saw so commanding a personality in feminine form. Any type of mere physical beauty would have paled to insignificance by her side."

Antonie Berryer says truly: "There are no ugly women. There are only women who do not know how to look pretty."

[Continued on page 63]

## 400 OLIVER TYPEWRITERS

## At Half Price

As dealers in accumulated stocks of Typewriters, we offer this month a lot of 400 of these Standard No. 3 Oliver Typewriters at a tremendous money saving to you.

**\$50** Easy payments—\$5 down and \$5 per month, no interest; or 5% less for cash.

Every machine complete with Cover, Tools, Instruction Book, etc. Not shop worn or damaged machines, but each and every one guaranteed to be absolutely perfect—like new. **Guaranteed for one year—which is the manufacturer's guarantee.** Shipped anywhere on approval, without deposit—subject to five days' trial and examination in your own office with the understanding that if you find the slightest thing to criticize—if you think you can get greater value for your money—if for any reason you do not wish to keep the machine, send it back at our expense.

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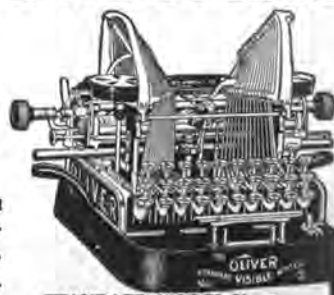
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We have sold half a million Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires—the hookless tire—the tire with our patented braided wire base. We have run them deflated in a hundred tests—as far as 20 miles. In all this experience there has never been a single instance of rim-cutting.

It is utterly impossible to rim-cut these tires, no matter how far one runs after a puncture. We figure that this feature, on the average, saves 25% on tire bills.

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That extra size, with the average car, adds 25% to the tire mileage. It saves blow-outs. It cuts another fourth from one's tire bills.


These two features together are saving motor car owners millions of dollars on tires. Last year thousands of men paid 20% extra to get them. This year—because of multiplied production—they cost no extra price.

Our new Tire Book tells a myriad facts which motor car owners should know. And they are told in a fascinating way. Please send us your address for it. Make a note so you don't forget.

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## MRS. CURTIS'S HOME CORNER

By Isabel Gordon Curtis



### Eternal Vigilance in Market and Kitchen

A CLUB in our town suggested last year that its members start the New Year with certain housewifely resolutions and take a pledge to live up to them. We formulated them carefully, and in this household they have been most religiously carried out.

I will acknowledge, however, that it took months of strenuous, personal attention to small details; the sort of details to which a busy woman grudges giving time. Some of these details seemed to me at first perilously like snooping and petty fault-finding, but as soon as I discovered how I was being cheated in all directions, I began to take courage.

#### Keep Your Eye on the Iceman

I had always imagined our ice bill was ridiculously big for all the cold comfort it afforded us. The first time I asked our iceman to weigh a chunk he was shoving into the refrigerator, he objected strenuously. "It weighs every ounce of twenty-five pounds," he asserted. "I hefted it down-stairs on the scales before I came in." I insisted on seeing the figures with my own eyes. When he laid the ice on our scales, they refused to move a hairbreadth past seventeen pounds. Still he demanded the two tickets for which I ought to have received twenty-five pounds of ice. I refused them and that night wrote the ice company a letter stating the case. I also returned a dollar's worth of tickets I had bought and told them I preferred some other arrangement than the ticket plan.

The darkey who "toted" in our ice looked fierce enough to bite for a few moments, when he found scales on the floor beside the refrigerator, and a card, with each day of the month registered on it, tacked to the pantry door. Opposite each date I insisted that he set down the amount of ice I received that day. It varied from seventeen to twenty-three pounds; never once did it touch the twenty-five figure which it was alleged I had been receiving for years. At the end of the month I sent this card to the ice company with a check to pay for the amount received. It was in the driver's own figures so there was no dispute. I discovered on comparing my bill with that of the former January that I had saved \$1.40.

The task of watching the iceman is a nuisance for I can not devote it to a servant. Occasionally, when on a scorching day in summer he skipped me, I appealed to the office and the next day he appeared, but with his most ungracious mien. About that time the investigator of weights and measures got busy about town. Half a dozen icemen were arrested and fined on short weight charges, and I had only to threaten a complaint to the authorities to get decent treatment. When I did my reckoning I found I had saved \$15 on our ice bill in one year.

#### Look Out for Leakage

For twelve months I have done my own marketing, and have seen to it that I receive what I order. I do not go to the extreme resorted to by a friend of mine, who carries a rubber stamp to market and leaves her name on everything she purchases, from a chicken to a basket of grapes. I have yet to find a perfectly honest marketman who will not try to palm off, whenever he can, something which a critical housewife will not accept. I see the meat cut up, and the chickens dressed and everything I have bought wrapped, and with my name written on it, before I leave a stall. I jot down the price of everything, watch it weighed and know to an ounce what I am being charged for. Then I pay cash. No bills for me! I have seen too often how the lordly marketman tucks on a cent or two here and there, taking it for granted that your memory is poor or that you are careless and do not save marketing slips or check off bills.

When inferior goods of any sort are delivered in my kitchen, I send them back. After a few experiences of that sort the grocer or butcher palms off his discards on a less watchful housewife, but one must constantly practise that brand of vigilance we call eternal.

After the marketman, iceman, grocer, milkman and every other purveyor of food had been forced into line, the girl in the kitchen had to be watched. It is the steady drain of wasted food, and the "toting home of a bit of something" which every colored girl considers her time-honored perquisite, that helps to make the cost of living higher far than is necessary. Thousands of women feel, as I once did, that it is beneath one's dignity to spy on the contents of her own refrigerator and pantry. I was completely cured of such a fool notion one day when I saw our maid start for home

with a paper bundle in her string bag. While she stood talking with me, a brown stream trickled from the parcel down her white skirt. She declared that it was a lot of stockings she had been washing and which were not quite dry. "Let me see these stockings," I ordered. After much demur, she laid the bundle on the kitchen table. It was the remains of our Sunday roast for which I had paid thirty cents a pound. She left that night carrying a grip instead of the remains of a dinner, and I started all over again with a new girl, who was duly warned that not a solitary thing was to be carried home.

It is not pleasant, I know, to face this sort of situation, but we are saving money. We have lived as well as we ever did, and during a year when living has been extraordinarily high, I have spent \$140 less on the table than we did last year. I do not know whether I could have kept it up or not without that New Year's resolution. It was a promise which had to be kept. Some of the other housewives in our club have achieved better results than I, and the Eternal Vigilance Auxiliary has grown wonderfully in numbers.



### A Ten-Minute Cooking Lesson

DURING a summer spent at an unfashionable shore resort, where a marketman's visit is a rare event, I learned a good deal about various foods. When I returned to the city I was an expert on how to feed a family at the least possible cost; not poorly, but well—for many a cheap dish may be made as appetizing and nutritious as meat and poultry that costs twice as much. In fact, the experience taught me that for a good dinner the expensive piece of meat is not an essential. In millions of households to-day this sort of economy is a necessity.

First of all, try my plan of a "menu suggester." It is a dozen sheets of thin card looped together, on which I have written the names of dishes suitable for breakfasts, dinners, luncheons and suppers. Roast beef, steaks, chicken, turkey, veal and pork roasts do not figure in these lists. When they can be afforded, I use them, but I find that cheaper meats, carefully and intelligently cooked, are quite as good. Oddly enough, I find that the dish which costs the least is sometimes the most popular. My family prefer creamed codfish to boiled salmon, and a roasted, stuffed round of beef to tenderloin. In the menu suggester, I list vegetables and fruit according to season; also varieties of fish which are obtainable only at certain times of the year.

#### How to Treat the Salt Fish

Good salt fish, however, on which men and women of the New England coast have grown brainy and lusty, is an all-the-year-round possibility. How to make the best use of it in a variety of ways can easily fill out a short cooking lesson. The best varieties of salt fish are mackerel and codfish. One is preserved in brine; the other is dry salted. The value of these dishes depends not only on the way they are cooked but on the quality of the fish, for there is a great difference in brands and invariably you will save money by letting the cheaper grades alone.

In a large, dried codfish which you purchase entire, there is much waste—skin, tail, fins and bones. These have been discarded when you buy the fish in white solid blocks. It sells for about twenty cents a pound in this shape. There are brands and brands of this commodity, but if you wish the best, get the codfish which comes straight from Gloucester, Massachusetts, the home of the salt cod. The fish which comes from Gloucester is caught by single hand lines on the Georges bank which has a clean, sandy, bottom with a strong tide flowing over it. They are large, plump and white-fleshed and when trimmed and cured by the best methods make the finest salt cod to be found.

#### The Best Kind of Cod

By purchasing the fish packed in the wooden box with its lining of waxed paper, you get not only the largest, thickest, choicest portions of the fish, but it costs less than when bought by the pound. It keeps perfectly in a cool place, if air-tight. It comes in five, ten and twenty-pound boxes, but the five-pound package is large enough for an ordinary family. When a supply of codfish comes to our kitchen, I sort over a boxful to be ready for creaming, broiling or fish balls. Fine meaty chunks, perhaps four or five inches thick, can be torn layer from layer into strips. When these

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*John Wanamaker*

New York



are soaked, dried, broiled, buttered and served with boiled potatoes they make a very savory meal. Thinner pieces may be clipped with a pair of scissors into cubes or picked apart in flakes for creaming. The discard of a box, broken odds and ends, thin bits or edges are just the thing for fish balls, fish cakes or that delectable dish, a codfish omelet.

When prepared in this fashion and ready to be converted into an emergency meal, it is a good plan to pack each sort by itself in a glass jar and seal it tightly. When stored in a cool place it will keep perfectly for months.

#### Some Ways of Cooking Cod

If the fish is to be creamed or broiled, soak it over night in cold water. I have seen it freshened by scalding for a few minutes but that toughens salt fish and gives it a poor flavor. Drain off the water when ready to cook and dry in a towel. Meantime, make the sauce by scalding one cup of milk in a double boiler. Thicken with a tablespoonful of flour mixed with cold milk, add two tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat till smooth and creamy, then add the soaked fish. Taste before serving to make sure that it is salt enough, for sometimes soaking leaves it with too little salt. Add a dash of pepper. This dish may be served from the chafing dish with a few poached eggs on top. It is good with either toast or boiled potatoes.

To broil codfish soak over night and dry, then brown delicately between the wires of a gridiron or under the gas. Lay on a hot plate and spread with butter, creamed with a little lemon juice and a dash of pepper.

The best way to mix fish and potato for codfish balls is to boil the potatoes and fish together. The proper quantity necessary to insure a really tasty dish, is one cup of flaked fish to two cups of raw potato cubes. Pour boiling water over and cook till the potatoes begin to soften. Drain and put through a meat chopper, using the coarsest knife. Add a half tablespoonful of butter, a dash of pepper and one well beaten egg. Take up the mixture by tablespoonfuls, round slightly, then drop in boiling fat. Lift in a wire spoon as soon as delicately browned and drain on brown paper. Send to the table on a napkin.

The same quantity of fish and potato, boiled as above, is used for cakes or omelet. Leave out the egg, beat in with a fork one-third of a cup of cream and one tablespoonful of butter. Make into small round cakes and fry in dripping until browned on each side. For an omelet, melt a tablespoonful of butter in the pan, turn in the mixture and over a moderate fire brown delicately. Turn, omelet fashion, slip out on a hot platter and garnish with parsley sprigs.

Another nice codfish preparation is made by taking the soaked cubes cut as for creaming. Dry them thoroughly, then fry light brown in butter. Serve sprinkled over poached eggs on toast.

#### Mackerel May be Palatable

If you can purchase salt mackerel by the ten-pound bucket you will find it an economy. You get finer fish, it remains in the brine until ready for use and it costs much less than when bought singly. The best mackerel also comes from Gloucester and is caught in the fall, when in fine, fat, tender condition. I have heard people say salt mackerel is not fit for human food; probably they had never tasted a really, fine fish.

To prepare for cooking lay the fish, flesh side down, in a wire basket and suspend it in a clean sink with the cold water faucet running over it in just a mere trickle all night long. This gradual washing away of the salt and bitter flavor of the brine gives an entirely different flavor than is derived from simply soaking it in the same water over night. If it is wanted for breakfast, scald in boiling water, dry with a towel, broil under the gas or over a clear fire, spread with butter and a few drops of lemon juice and serve with boiled potatoes.

To bake a salt mackerel after it has been soaked, put it into a baking pan, dust lightly with pepper, pour over it a half-tablespoonful of melted butter with a sprinkling of lemon juice, and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

Occasionally I plank a salt mackerel, keeping a special plank for that purpose as the flavor is not an addition to any other fish. When soaked and dried, lay it skin side down on the plank, which has been made quite hot in the oven. Lay it under the gas broiler and cook till brown. Cover with melted butter and sprinkle with lemon juice. The plank is taken to the table and laid upon a folded napkin. To boil mackerel, cover the soaked fish with boiling water, using a flat saucepan or spider. Boil slowly for twenty minutes, drain and serve with egg sauce or plain melted butter and lemon juice. The proper thing to serve with mackerel, however you choose to cook it, is plain boiled potatoes.

A good general rule when baking fish of any kind is to cut salt pork into inch-square pieces and stick them all over the fish with toothpicks. This bastes excellently and improves the flavor.

Sometimes when I cook white and sweet potatoes and need so few that it seems ridiculous to use two saucepans, I boil them together, putting on the white potatoes ten minutes before the sweets which boil more quickly than Irish tubers.

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### The Artistic Temperament

DAVID BISHAM was undergoing the ministrations of  
the ship's barber.

"I 'opes," said the barber, "that we shall 'ave the  
pleasure of 'earin' you at the concert to-night."

"No," explained the famous singer, "I've had a  
long and exhausting season in America and within a  
few days I am to open in London. I have decided not  
to do anything on this voyage."

"It's the same way with me," said the barber,  
understandingly. "When I'm ashore I never looks at  
a razor."—EMMETT C. KING.

### A Literary Home

A MONTH or so after Nat Will's recent marriage, Mrs.  
Wills, nee La Belle Titcomb, the bareback rider,  
was in the kitchen overseeing the breakfast prepara-  
tions. "Nat," she called to her husband. No answer.  
"Nat!" she repeated. Again no answer. Five times,  
five no-answers. Entering the dining-room, Mrs.  
Wills saw her husband at table, absorbedly reading a  
copy of the New York Journal.

"My Gawd!" she sighed. "To think that I mar-  
ried a bookworm!"—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

### An American Saviour

A SCHOOL-TEACHER in a foreign tenement district was  
coaching his pupils concerning the Father of his  
Country, and discovered considerable ignorance.  
"And what did Washington do for the American peo-  
ple?" he asked; and a shrill-voiced girl cried, "He  
died for us."

### To J. J. Hill, Pessimist

Oh, say,  
J. J.,  
Why don't you try to roll the clouds away  
Instead of piling them up as you do?  
Quite true,  
The era of prosperity  
'Won't last forever, still  
You need n't feel you're called upon  
To point the end out till  
It comes a little closer.  
What good is it to run  
Our time out in the shadows  
As long as there is sun?  
Say,  
J. J.,  
You're a rainy day.

—W. J. LAMPTON.

### It is Just a Habit

"I SUPPOSE, Eileen," she remarked to the new girl,  
with feigned indifference, "that you overheard my  
husband and me conversing rather earnestly this morn-  
ing. I hope, however, that you did not think anything  
unusual was going on?"  
"Niver a bit, mum. Oi wanst had a husband  
meself, an' niver a day passed that th' neighbors did n't  
belave one or th' other uv us would be kilt entoirly."

### Possibly So

AFTER staring at the minister straight through the fish  
course, Adeline inquired: "Mamma, why is that  
man's hair so black when his beard is white?"  
She was hushed by the stricken family, and stayed  
hushed until the salad was brought in.  
Then she saw her chance. "I know," she said,  
"it's 'cause he uses his jaw more 'n he does his head."  
—ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

### A Grand Climax

IT WAS the cub reporter's first assignment—the obitu-  
ary of a prominent city man who had been fatally  
injured in an automobile accident.  
In his write-up he vividly described the tragic circum-  
stance, referring to the bereavement sustained by the  
family. "The widow," he concluded, "is almost  
grief-stricken."—L. R. ROBERTS.

### Could Anything Be Worse?

MARIE M. was visiting when she saw a neighbor go  
past. "There goes Mr. W—," she said. "I  
wouldn't speak to him for anything. He chased us  
out of his sand-pile and talked awful to us."  
"Why, Marie, what did he say?" asked the hostess.  
"Oh, I would n't dare repeat the things he said. He  
talked just awful! He scooped us like a mother!"

### Women and Suffragettes

ON HIS visit to America, Father Vaughan of London  
(called by Chesterton "the Mayfair priest who  
makes the comfortable classes feel uncomfortable")  
was asked: "Would you give votes to women?"

"I would make no difficulty about giving votes to  
women," he answered. "But you understand," he  
added with twinkling eye, "once you gave votes to  
women the suffragettes would be wanting them, also!"  
—FRANKLIN CLARKIN.

### Already Provided

THE minister was shaking hands with a new member  
of his congregation, a girl fresh from Sweden, and  
said, cordially: "I would like to know your address  
so I can call on you."

"Oh," said the girl, innocently, "I haf a man."—  
MRS. W. C. KOHLER.

### Education vs. Instinct

JACOB WENDELL, JR., who plays the part of the dog in  
Maeterlinck's drama, was dining in a restaurant  
recently when a man, recognizing him as the actor,  
approached and said:

"Pardon me, but you take the part of the dog in  
'The Blue Bird' do you not? Of course, you don't  
know it, but I can really bark lots more like a dog  
than you."

"Well, you see," answered Wendell, "I had to  
learn."—BROCK PEMBERTON.

### Others Have Noticed It

TWO negro men came up to the outskirts of a crowd  
where Senator Bailey was making a campaign  
speech. After listening to the speech for about ten  
minutes, one of them turned to his companion and  
asked:

"Who am dat man, Sambo?"

"Ah don' know what his name am," Sambo replied,  
"but he certainly do recommen' hisself mos' highly."—  
E. V. COLE.

### Small Change

AT the recent dinner given by Andrew Carnegie, an  
eminent lawyer, seated half-way down the table,  
was deeply immersed in conversation with his neigh-  
bor when the host opened up the subject of the British  
coinage system and showed signs of wishing undivided  
attention.

"Every other civilized nation," he declaimed, "has  
the decimal system, while England adheres to the  
absurd and cumbrous table of pounds, shillings and  
pence." Rap-rap-rap.

The raps were for the lawyer, who remained absorbed  
in his own conversation. "And even farthings," con-  
tinued the iron-master. "Is there anything else in  
finance so ridiculous as the farthing?" Rap-rap.

The lawyer glanced around somewhat impatiently.  
"Judge G—," Mr. Carnegie called out, "why do  
the British continue their coinage of farthings?"

"To enable the Scotch to practise benevolence,  
Mr. Carnegie," retorted the lawyer.—SAMUEL HOPKINS  
ADAMS.

# Aladdin and the Tenement Trust

[Continued from page 33]

sleepless night, he merely blinked amazedly at these astounding occurrences. Finally, he found his voice. "You are the Duc di Lumiere?" he asked.

"At your service," said Aladdin.

"And may I ask what you are doing here in these squalid quarters?" continued the old man.

"I am conducting a personal investigation into the lives of the unfortunate," replied Aladdin. "By some extraordinary good chance the Fates have thrown you, who are largely responsible for the awful conditions I find here, into my hands, with power to control your movements. Within a radius of ten city blocks, Major Bondifeller, there are enough human souls living in squalid misery to populate a New England city, and yet you pay no more attention to them, nay, not as much, as you pay to a fly that enters your house and buzzes around your pate. You give the fly some personal attention, but in this matter of your tenements you do nothing whatsoever—leaving it to an agent to care for your smaller interests—I believe those are your own words. Now, sir, it is in my power to keep you here for as long a time as I wish, but I don't want to make a prisoner of you. I want to give you a chance to do something for your fellow men, especially those who can never hope to repay you save in gratitude. You heard my views last night. I ask nothing for myself, for as you see, I do not need anything for myself. I have but to order what I wish, and it is here."

"Your model tenements are a useless ideal," retorted Bondifeller. "Only last year, at enormous expense, I put bath-tubs in all my tenements, and my agent reports that the tenants use them to store their coal in."

"And do you know why?" demanded Aladdin.

"Ignorance, I presume," said Bondifeller, "allied to a love of squalor."

"Nothing of the sort!" retorted Aladdin, pounding the table with his fist. "It is because you spent all your appropriation on bath-tubs and never even thought of putting one penny into the construction of coal-bins."

Bondifeller was silent. He had never thought of that before.

"Well," he said, ruefully, "I suppose I must agree, but it will cost twenty millions of dollars."

"What's twenty millions to a man who controls the United Mints of North America?" demanded Aladdin.

"But if you keep me here I shall not control the United Mints of North America!" shouted Bondifeller, pounding the table just a little on his own account.

"George Midas and Silas Reddymun have combined against me, and if I am not at the board meeting at ten o'clock this morning, I am down and out."

"Phew!" whistled Aladdin. "By Jove, major, I'm glad you mentioned it in time. It gives me an opportunity to show you just what this power of mine amounts to."

He rubbed the lamp and the genie appeared.

"I desire the immediate presence here of Colonel George Midas and Mr. Silas Reddymun, Sambo," said Aladdin.

"To hear is to obey," replied the slave, making off.

"You don't mean to say—" gasped Bondifeller.

"Major Bondifeller," said Aladdin, "I am not the saying kind. I am a plain, common garden doer. I admit that this time I am stretching things a point, but you'll find my orders are obeyed."

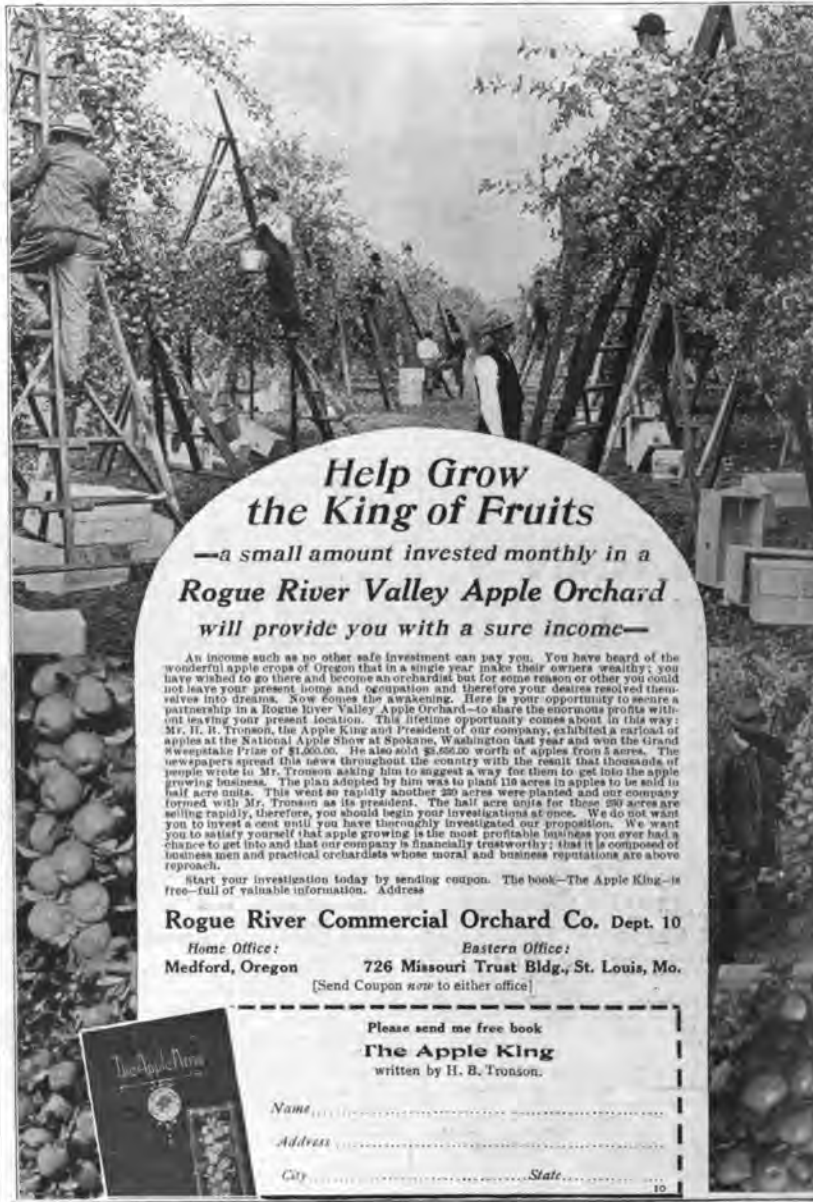
As indeed they were, to the astonishment of all concerned, not even excepting Aladdin himself, who trembled at the audacity of his last command. Within forty minutes the two gasping financiers whose presence had been commanded sat before them. The geni had apparently taken them just as they found them, for Reddymun still wore his bath-robe and Midas was in his shirtsleeves, with only one side of his face shaved.

"What the devil does this mean?" they demanded, in scarcely varying terms.

"It means," said Aladdin, calmly, now very sure of himself—as he had every right to be, considering the already successful manifestation of his powers—"it means, gentlemen, that the United Mints of North America have passed into the control of a dark horse, who is familiarly known to himself as Aladdin, Duc di Lumiere, and that unless you magnates get together inside of one hour and do something to clean up the squalor and misery of this city as represented by these cesspools of humanity termed the tenement districts, you will spend the balance of your days in something worse. It is now twenty-seven minutes past eight. You may go into executive session at half-past eight, and at half-past nine I shall be ready to escort you either to your board-room at the office of the United Mints of North America, or to the dark but wholly secure safe-deposit vaults that I have designed for your accommodation in the subterranean suburbs of this little burg."

With these words Aladdin departed.

At noon that day, Monsieur, Le Duc di Lumiere, with his mother, the Countess de Bougie, and suite, arrived at the St. Gotham Hotel.



## Help Grow the King of Fruits

—a small amount invested monthly in a

### Rogue River Valley Apple Orchard

will provide you with a sure income—

An income such as no other safe investment can pay you. You have heard of the wonderful apple crops of Oregon that in a single year make their owners wealthy; you have wished to go there and become an orchardist but for some reason or other you could not leave your present home and occupation and therefore your desires resolved themselves into dreams. Now comes the awakening. Here is your opportunity to secure a partnership in a Rogue River Valley Apple Orchard—to share the enormous profits without leaving your present location. This lifetime opportunity comes about in this way: Mr. H. B. Tronson, the Apple King and President of our company, exhibited a carload of apples at the National Apple Show at Spokane, Washington last year and won the grand sweepstake prize of \$1,600.00. He also sold \$100,000 worth of apples from 5 acres. The newspapers spread this news throughout the country with the result that thousands of people wrote to Mr. Tronson asking him to suggest a way for them to get into the apple growing business. The plan adopted by him was to plant 110 acres in apples to be sold in half acre units. This went so rapidly another 200 acres were planted and our company formed with Mr. Tronson as its president. The half acre units for these 290 acres are selling rapidly, therefore, you should begin your investigations at once. We do not want you to invest a cent until you have thoroughly investigated our proposition. We want you to satisfy yourself that apple growing is the most profitable business you ever had a chance to get into and that our company is financially trustworthy; that it is composed of business men and practical orchardists whose moral and business reputations are above reproach.

Start your investigation today by sending coupon. The book—The Apple King—is free—full of valuable information. Address

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Home Office: **Medford, Oregon** Eastern Office: **726 Missouri Trust Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.**  
[Send Coupon now to either office]

Please send me free book  
**The Apple King**  
written by H. B. Tronson.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## A Sock that Satisfies!

Put on a pair of **Iron Clads 188** and see how comfortable they are. No seams to rub and chafe—no knotty "ends" to annoy you—the inside is as smooth and perfectly made as that of hose selling for twice its price. You'd be surprised that 25c. could buy a hose that feels so fine, looks so lustrous and wears so well.

### IRON CLAD No. 188

is made of the best combed Sea Island yarn, with soft, silky finish and comes in seventeen beautiful colors—Burgundy, Corn, Ecru, Light Grey, Heliotrope, Light Tan, Smoke, Hunter Green, New Tan, Dark Tan, Oxblood, Dark Blue, Copenhagen Blue, Dark Grey, Navy Blue, New Cezile and Black. Sizes 9 1/2, 10, 10 1/2, 11, 11 1/2.

Try one pair of this splendid hose and see how satisfying they are. Your dealer has it—if not, send 25c. to us for each pair wanted—we mail prepaid.

Our beautiful catalogue shows this and other Iron Clads in FULL COLOR—write today for your free copy.

## Iron Clad

COOPER, WELLS & CO.  
216 Vine Street - - St. Joseph, Mich.

Not Iron but lots of hard wear in them



Ten  
Chips  
5c

When you  
chew gum  
chew "Chips"  
the new gum  
in the handy

round metal box—

## COLGAN'S Mint or Violet CHIPS

"the gum that's round"

—different from all other  
brands. They make dinners  
pleasant memories and your  
breath agreeably fragrant.

"Chew Chips and Cheer Up"

### Mint Chips

are flavored like good old  
peppermint candy

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like the fragrant perfume  
wafted from sweet violet  
meadows.

They're sold everywhere.  
If not sold near you, send  
30 cents in stamps for a  
full box of each.



COLGAN GUM CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

**FIELD  
STREAM**

**\$1500.00**

**WORTH OF  
PRIZES**

**BIG GAME FISHES**

BOTH FRESH AND SALT WATER  
CAUGHT IN SEASON 1911

SECURE A COPY FOR  
LIST OF PRIZES  
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ON ALL MEMBERSHIP TO COVER \$1.00 A YEAR

**MAKE  
MONEY  
WRITING**

SHORT STORIES—1c. to 5c. a Word  
We sell stories, plays and book reviews on commission;  
we criticize and revise them and tell you where to sell them.  
Story-writing and Journalism taught by mail.  
Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit," tells how.  
THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION, 69 The Hallway, Indianapolis, Ind.

"There is a telegram for Your Grace," observed the proprietor, as he entered the royal salon. He handed over the little yellow envelope. Aladdin tore it open hastily and read:

M. L. E. DUC DI LUMIERE, Hotel St. Gotham:

The Board of Directors of the United Minors of North America have secured control of sixty blocks in the heart of the tenement district of New York and will begin at once the erection of thirty first-class model tenement houses, costing two millions apiece, each building fronting on all four sides upon a complete city square to be devoted to public parks for the people and playgrounds for the children. Can you supply janitors? Answer, collect.

(Signed.) SILAS REDDYMUN  
GEORGE MIDAS  
RUFUS BONDFELLER.

A year later, while Aladdin and Mr. Bondfeller were returning from the opening ceremonies of the wonderful new tenements of lower New York in the latter's motor, the aged financier gave his young friend's hand a quick and affectionate pressure.

"Duke," said he, his voice trembling with happiness, "you have made me the happiest man in the world. When I looked out upon the sea of faces of those tenants of our new houses, as you made your address, and saw the look of hope in eyes that a year ago were filled with threatening and despair, it gave me such a thrill as I never had before. Is there anything else you can sug-

## Big Print

[Continued from page 28]

drowning, until they could decide what was to be done with him. In carrying this out they made the mistake which lighted up the whole trail.

"Well, I don't see it at all," said Farley, glumly. "How did you ever get to us?"

Average Jones mildly contemplated the mathematical center of his questioner.

"New waistcoat?" he asked.

Farley glanced down at the outrageous pattern with pride.

"Yep. Got it last week."

"Lost the one that came with the pepper-and-salt suit you're wearing?"

"D—n!" exploded Farley, in sudden enlightenment.

"Just so. Your waistcoat got mixed with the boy's clothes, which are of the same common pattern, and was tossed out on the beach with his coat."

"Well, I didn't leave a card in it, did I?" retorted the other.

"Something just as good."

"The ad, Tim!" cried the woman. "Don't you remember, you could n't find the rough draft you made while we were waiting?"

"That's right, too," he said. "It was in that vest pocket. But it didn't have no name on it."

"Then, that," put in the Rev. Peter Prentice, "was the scrawled nonsense—"

"Which you—er—threw into the waste-basket," drawled Average Jones with a smile.

"Those were not Bailey's clothes at all?"

"The coat was his; not the waistcoat. His waistcoat may have fallen out of the buggy, or it may be there yet."

"But what does all this talk of people at work in the dark and arson and a mysterious creature tied in a tree lead to?"

"It leads," said Average Jones, "to a very large rock, much scorched, and with a peculiar carving on it, which now lies imbedded in the earth beneath Tuxall's barn."

"If you've seen that," said Farley, "it's all up."

"I haven't seen it. I've inferred it. But it's all up, nevertheless."

"Serves us right," said the woman, disgustedly. "I wish we'd never heard of Tuxall and his line of bunk."

"Mystification upon mystification!" cried the clergyman. "Will someone please give a clue to the maze?"

"In a word," said Average Jones. "The Harwick meteor."

"What connection—"

"Pardon me, one moment. The 'live thing' in the tree was a captive balloon. The box on the ground was a battery. The wire from the battery was connected with a firework bomb, which, when Tuxall pressed the switch, exploded, releasing a flaming 'dropper.' About the time the 'dropper' reached the earth, Tuxall lighted up his well-oiled barn. All Harwick, having had its attention attracted by the explosion, and seen the portent with its own eyes, believed that a huge meteor had fired the building. So Tuxall & Co. had a well-attested wonder from the heavens. That's the little plan which Bailey's presence threatened to wreck. Is it your opinion that the stars are inhabited, Mr. Prentice?"

"What!" cried the minister, gaping.

"Stars—inhabited—living, sentient creatures."

"How should I know!"

"If proof could be adduced, you would undoubtedly go far and pay money to see it. So would millions of others. It would mean big money. Now Tuxall and our friend here worked on that basis. Tuxall planted a big rock under the barn, fixed it up appropriately with torch and chisel and sent for the Farleys, who

gest wherein a man can use a few more millions for the benefit of humanity?"

"Yes," said Aladdin. "Now that you have done something for the poor, a few millions spent for the amelioration of the habits of the rich would be a great boon."

"And how would you go about it?" asked the old man.

"I don't know, major," replied Aladdin. "It is a much harder proposition than the other."

"And meanwhile," said the old man, tremulously, "how can I show my own gratitude to you personally, for all you have done for me?"

Aladdin looked across the car at the fair face of Marjorie Bondfeller, whose lovely eyes fell as they caught his glance.

"Well," said Aladdin, blushing a rosy red, "you might make me your son."

"Ah, my boy," sighed the major, as he shook his head sadly, "I am afraid that is impossible. I don't think your mother would marry a cross-grained old curmudgeon like me. I've been a widower for so many years now that I have become set in my ways, and—"

"But there's another way round, ain't there?" cried Aladdin.

And there was, and that is how, my dear children, Marjorie Bondfeller happened to become the Duchess di Lumiere.

are expert firework and balloon people, to counterfeit a meteor."

"Amazing!" cried the clergyman.

"Such a meteor, furthermore, as had never been dreamed of before. If you were to visit Tuxall's barn, you would undoubtedly find on the boulder underneath it a carving resembling a human form—a hoax more ambitious than the Cardiff Giant."

"And you discovered all that in a half-day's visit to Harwick?" asked the Rev. Mr. Prentice, incredulously.

"No, but in a half-minute's reading of the 'gibberish' which you threw away."

Taking from the desk the reddish roll which he had brought into the room with him, he sent the loose end of it wheeling across the floor, until it lay, fully outspread. In black letters against red, the legend glared and blared its announcement:

## MARVELLOUS MAN-LIKE MONSTER!

"Those letters, Mr. Prentice," pursued the Ad-Visor, "measure just three feet from top to bottom. The phrase '3 feet high' which so puzzled you, as combined with the adjectives of great size, was obviously a printer's direction. All through the smudged paper there run alliterative lines, 'Stupendous Scientific Sensation,' 'Veritable Visitor Void' and finally 'Marvellous Man-Like Monster.' Only one trade is irrefragably committed to and indubitably hall-marked by alliteration—the circus trade. Therefore I had the combination of a circus poster, an alleged meteor which burned down a barn in a highly suspicious manner and an apparently purposeless kidnapping. The inference was as simple as it was certain. The two strangers, with Tuxall's aid, had prepared the fake meteor with a view to exploiting the star-man. Bailey had literally tumbled into their plot. They didn't know how much he had seen. The whole affair hinged on his being kept quiet. So they took him along. All that I had to do, then, was to find the deviser of the three-foot poster. He was sure to be Bailey's abductor."

"Say," said Farley, with conviction, "I believe you're the devil's first cousin."

"When you left me in Harwick," said the Rev. Peter Prentice, before Average Jones could acknowledge this flattering surmise, "you said that strangers had done the kidnapping. How could you tell they were strangers then?"

"From the fact that they didn't know who Bailey was, and had to advertise him, indefinitely, as 'lost lad from Harwick.'"

"And that there were two of them?" pursued the minister.

"I surmised two minds: one that schemed out the 'planting' of the clothes on the shore; the other, more compassionate, that promulgated the advertisement."

"Finally, then, how could you know that Bailey was injured and unconscious?"

"If he had n't been unconscious then and for long after, he'd have revealed his identity to his captors, would n't he?" explained the Ad-Visor.

There was a long pause. Then the woman said, timidly:

"Well, and now what?"

"Nothing," answered Average Jones. "Tuxall has got away. Mr. Prentice has recovered his son. You and Farley have had your lesson. And I—"

"Yes, and you, Mr. Detective-man," said the woman, as he paused. "What do you get out of it?"

Average Jones cast an affectionate glance at the sprawling legend which disfigured his floor.

"A unique curio in my own special line," he replied, "and the cheerful experience of having once met a meteor and come out first best, in the course of my quest for the adventure of life."



for February, 1911

# The Come-Home Yankee

[Continued from page 12]

the swiftest shearer of corn that the Parish of Inver ever knew, was made Appellate Judge in Boston the Wednesday before you sailed. And to tell Maurice Fitzsimmons that Michael, his boy, is the whole Law and the Prophets to the Brooklyn Ninth Ward.

An easy and pleasant task it was to you to tell Sheila McGrady all about her little Norah whom her employer on Long Island would n't part with for gold—Norah, who is a model to the American girls, and who, by the work of her little hands in American kitchens, had paid all the rent and lifted a cart load of debt off her father's farm, built her father and mother a new house, stored and stocked it warmly within and without, and had her parents go the best-dressed, warmest-clad, lightest-hearted pair that walked to Frosses chapel on a Sunday morning.

Yet to be sure, it was hard and very hard on you when the Widow Conaghan, unexpectedly dropping in, besought you to tell her how the child of her heart, Corney, was making out in the States, and that you, taken off your guard, had to hem and haw and spar for wind till you found words to inform her that "oh, yes, yes, Corney? To be sure, Corney—yes—Corney. Oh, Corney! He's making out bravely, I guess. Yes, Corney, he's—you see, Mrs. Conaghan, the times in America are n't what they used to be—that is, for a little while—they're going to pick up again immediately, though—and Corney, meanwhile, is doing as well as can be expected, all things considered—Corney, the reason you didn't hear from him, of course—he was just out of a job for a little while and was lazy to write, till he'd have more cheery news—but—but—there's no telling how soon a job will turn up—maybe, please God, he has one now—and you'll—maybe—get a good letter from Corney very soon."

For a Yankee so audacious as you, it was a poor blundering effort, and you despaired yourself as you tried to swallow your spittle at the conclusion, even though the pathetic eyes of the neighbors who sat around the wall looked pride on you for what they thought was a situation well saved. And as you looked into the beautiful, patient, sweet, deep-lined face of the Widow Conaghan, framed in its white cap, you cursed the wastrel Corney in your heart. And you had to lie like the Father of Lies again when old Manny Mahony came in from Edgemoor Mountain to ask how was his poor boy Farrell down—and what was the reason he would n't write his poor old father. Farrell who had been killed by a trolley-car six years before! And the black tidings hidden from his father ever since. The Come-Home Yankee's bed was n't all of roses.

Tea parties galore from the top to the bottom of the parish you were, of course, invited to. Tea parties especially in your honor, or in honor of all the Yankees. Tea parties to the decking of which came, in rushing streams, tributary loaves—spoons and forks and knives and linens and china—the pick of the parish. Tea parties where you were treated not merely to cappered old bread, but white bread from the town also and currant bread and bread with raisins in it. Tea parties where Nabla MacMullan made her husband Teddy, nick-named "The Rooshian" because of his roughness, reverse the usual order of things with him and sit down to table with his hat off and his coat on, letting the saucer go to waste too while he drank his tea from his cup—and that too, without daring to blow into it unless, of course, on occasion, when he saw Nabla's attention otherwise absorbingly occupied.

You brought, of course, your choicest Yankee accent to these parties. To be sure, it is not suggested that your Yankee accent was not at all times choice, for, indeed, it ever fascinated all hearers. But there are degrees even in perfection, and you talked Pennsylvania which you had acquired from a seamstress under Hill and Park at tea parties for the delectation of the company. And you talked the wonders of America too.

When you told how American trains went so swiftly as to make the mile-stones like palping posts, Teddy MacMullan, opening both mouth and eyes, absorbed it fascinatedly. Yet when you said there were houses in New York twenty-three stories high, "more than your house, Teddy, which is seven feet to the eave, piled twenty-three times on top of itself." Teddy closed his mouth firmly and looked at you out of very narrow eyes indeed. And when you capped the climax by saying that the Dutchmen could speak to each other in Dutch and understand! Teddy, utterly ignoring the rain of deadly daggers that Nabla's eyes were hurling at him, clapped his hat hard down upon his head, gave a savage grunt and took his departure—mad, of course, but yet with morals unsmirched!

To the credulous ones who remained at the Arabian Nights Entertainment, you told of bridges above the tops of the houses, trains flying over your head as you walked the streets, horses and wagons and their loads, and carriages and cars, driving right straight into a boat and being boated across rivers, and railroads not only under the foundations of houses, but under the beds of

[Continued on page 50]

# A Texas Orange Orchard Will Pay You Over \$2,000 Yearly

We Plant and Care for the Trees While You Make Easy Monthly Payments on Your Orchard

Owners of orange and fig orchards in the Texas Gulf Coast country are becoming wealthy on small acreage.

Mr. N. E. Stout sold \$6,363 worth of oranges from 6½ acres last year. His 1,500 fig trees brought him \$1,893.86—over \$1.25 per tree.

Mr. Boicourt sold \$480 worth of oranges from three-fourths of an acre. Mr. Gill made \$800 per acre in 1908 and \$1,000 per acre in 1909.

## Great Demand for Oranges and Figs

The famous Satsuma Orange has an unusually delicious flavor that makes it an instant favorite wherever introduced. It is sold even in Houston for \$4.00 to \$4.50 a box, while Florida and California Oranges bring only \$2.05 to \$3.00 per box (market quotations from Houston Post, December 22, 1909).

The Magnolia Figs are so popular that preserving companies will make contracts with growers five years ahead. The fruit is practically seedless and skinless, and the trees mature with amazing rapidity, commercial crops being the rule the third year after planting.

## Our Standard Five-Acre Plan

Our Company is capitalized at \$1,500,000, fully paid. We own 30,000 acres of rich land on Chocolate Bayou, in Brazoria County, Texas. Our finances are provided for development work for ten years ahead.

A part of this tract will be planted to the immensely profitable Satsuma Oranges and Magnolia Figs and sold as developed orchards in five and ten acre tracts. You can buy a Chocolate Bayou Orchard now for a small cash payment and easy monthly payments, that should return one-half of your purchase price the first year after delivery of your orchard.

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# The Man That Kept Faith to the End

national. Mr. Sanial was delighted and urged him to take up the cause and lead it and make it popular in America. Mr. Phillips sadly shook his head.

"I am too old," he said. "I must no longer think of doing the work of you young men. I can give you all my sympathy, and do, but the day for new causes has passed from me. Do you young men take it up and carry it through to success."

This is the first acknowledgment I have found from him anywhere that he was beginning to feel the burden of years and of labors. For nearly forty years these had been incessant. Except for that one excursion to Europe in his youth, he had not known, since he stepped upon the platform of Faneuil Hall at the Lovejoy meeting, one day of rest. Some friends now urged him to take the repose that he had earned, but although Mr. Phillips did not feel equal to embarking upon new and arduous movements, he was still less willing to keep silent upon the issues to which he had given his faith. He foresaw that his part was to die in the harness, not to rust in idleness, and he continued to give unequivocal testimony in their behalf.

### A Noble Advocate of the Cause of Women

His arguments for woman suffrage remain to this day among the most powerful and most logical ever uttered in that cause. In his lecture, "Suffrage for Woman," occurs, for example, this delightful specimen of his method:

"Then, again, men say: 'She is so different from man that God did not mean she should vote.' Is she? Then I do not know how to vote for her. One of two things is true: She is either exactly like man—exactly like him, mentally like him—and if she is, then a ballot-box based upon brains belongs to her as well as to him; or she is different, and then I do not know how to vote for her. If she is like me, so much like me that I know just as well how to vote for her as she knows how to vote for herself, then—the very basis of the ballot-box being capacity—she, being the same as I, has the same right to vote; and if she is so different that she has a different range of avocations and powers and capacities, then it is necessary she should go into the Legislature, and with her own voice say what she wants, and write her wishes into the statute-books, because nobody is able to interpret her. Choose which horn of the dilemma you please, for on the one or the other the question of the right of woman to vote must hang."

Fifty years have passed since the first delivery of this great lecture and no one has yet arisen to controvert its arguments.

Men called Napoleon the Sword of the French Revolution. Phillips was the perfect son of the American Revolution and the embodiment of its idea. All its achievements and its great intellectual leaders he viewed with a peculiar reverence, and his favorite line of thinking was that what they were to the monarchists of their day the true American ought to be toward the reactionaries of his. So much as was gained for progress by the generation of the Revolution ought to be gained for progress by every generation; for there should be no such thing as standing still, no such thing as contentment with what had been inherited from the past. Every age should have its Samuel Adams, its James Otis and its Patrick Henry.

The places that these men had made famous by their deeds or speeches were sacred to him; in his walks about the city he was fond of visiting them and recalling the memories attached to each; and none was dearer to him than the Old South Meeting House, the oldest building in Boston. In 1870, business threatened to destroy this interesting relic, for it had been sold by the Society that owned it and the ground space was demanded by profits. Mr. Phillips took part in a movement that, appealing to the patriotic pride of Boston, raised a fund large enough to preserve the historic building. In behalf of this movement he delivered on June 14, 1870, in the church itself, one of the most famous of his orations.

"These arches," he said "will speak to us, as long as they stand, of the sublime and sturdy religious enthusiasm of Adams; of Otis's passionate eloquence and single-hearted devotion; of Warren in his young genius and enthusiasm; of a plain, unaffected but high-souled people who ventured all for a principle, and to transmit to us, unimpaired, the free life and self-government which they inherited. Above and around us unseen hands have written, 'This is the cradle of Civil Liberty, child of earnest religious faith.' I will not say it is a nobler consecration; I will not say that it is a better use. I only say that we come here to save what our fathers consecrated to the memories of the most successful struggle the race has ever made for the liberties of man. Think twice before you touch these walls. We are only the world's trustees. The Old South no more belongs to us than Luther's or Hampden's or Brutus's name does to Germany, England or Rome. Each and all are held in trust as torchlight guides and inspiration for any man struggling for justice and ready to die for the truth."

Among those that listened to and applauded him on this occasion was Dom Pedro, then Emperor of Brazil. Great as it was, Mr. Phillips surpassed three years

later by his wonderful and moving tribute to William Lloyd Garrison, whose life of service came to an end on May 23, 1879. "Serene, fearless, marvelous man! Mortal, with so few shortcomings! Farewell, for a very little while, noblest of Christian men! Leader, brave, tireless, unselfish! When the ear heard thee, then it blessed thee; the eye that saw thee gave witness to thee. More truly than it could ever heretofore be said since the great patriarch wrote it, 'the blessing of him that was ready to perish' was thine eternal great reward."

All these years he continued upon the lecture platform throughout each winter season. The range of his subjects was phenomenal; no other orator has ever attained to so wide a variety. He had a most unusual gift by which he made interesting every topic he touched upon, so that whether his lectures were upon phases of science, history, biography, reform, political economy, law, religion or politics, the listener was always charmed and always carried away a new thought or a memorable phrase. Sometimes he wove together into one his discourses upon "Labor," "Temperance" and "Woman Suffrage," his three favorite reforms; and once he accomplished the seemingly impossible feat of uniting into one lecture addresses so far apart as "Toussaint L'Ouverture" and "The Lost Arts." This latter achievement was to relieve the embarrassment of a rural lyceum association that could not decide which of the two it would prefer.

### The Memorable Speech at Harvard

There is courage for the battle-field and another order of courage that stands squarely before the hostile ranks of one's own order, and deliberately speaks home the most unpalatable truths. When in 1861 mobs pursued him across Boston Common and besieged his house, Mr. Phillips looked upon them with absolutely unshaken fortitude. "All this time," said Colonel Higginson, a witness of the scene, "there was something peculiarly striking and characteristic in his demeanor. There was absolutely nothing of bull-dog combativeness; but a careless, buoyant, almost patrician air, as if nothing in the way of mob-violence were worth considering, and all the threats of opponents were simply beneath contempt." So he was in 1861 when his life was incessantly in peril.

In 1881 he gave, of many, the most conspicuous illustration of the still nobler courage that speaks conviction disregarding aught else. Although he was a graduate of Harvard, and the most distinguished living graduate, the institution had never paid to him the slightest token of regard or appreciation, but had stood aloof, looking upon him with cold disapproval as a mere agitator. But in 1881 he was invited by his own literary society to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa oration. Colonel Higginson testifies that "an unwilling audience" assembled on this occasion, and assuredly it was not without reason unwilling, for there is not of record another such terrific arraignment as reactionary scholasticism received that day.

"The Scholar in a Republic" was the title Mr. Phillips chose for his address. He had prepared it with great care, recognizing that at last he had an opportunity to strike one great blow at the traditional enemy of democracy in America. He had known only too well in his own career how doggedly the American college sets its back against every democratic advance; how cowardly the educated class had been in the slavery issue; how persistently it had clung about the feet of the Abolition movement; how it had sneered and was then sneering at every mention of the labor question, more momentous than chattel slavery. He must have made up his mind to say this to his hearers in words they could not possibly forget. The men he was to address were the very Brahmins of that social order into which he himself had been born. He was, therefore, doubly affronting them, for in their eyes he was here again, as so often before, a traitor to his caste; but now with offense peculiar and redoubled.

Into the very face of the cold and intellectual aristocracy he hurled the unadorned truth. He minced no words, he disguised nothing, he drove home his bare convictions and spared none. Colonel Higginson, who heard it, says that this was the most remarkable effort of Mr. Phillips's life. "He never seemed more at ease, more colloquial and more extemporaneous." Yet in form, construction, compact utterance, lofty and well considered ideas, it is the most perfect specimen of American eloquence. A kind of noble passion vibrates in every word of it, as paragraph by paragraph it tears from the reactionary scholar the veil of hypocrisy and leaves him naked and contemptible.

### Lack of Democratic Spirit in the Scholar Class

"Timid scholarship either shrinks from sharing in these agitations or denounces them as vulgar and dangerous interference by incompetent hands with matters above them. A chronic distrust of the people pervades the book-educated class of the North; they shrink from that free speech which is God's normal school for educating men, throwing upon them the grave responsibility of deciding great questions and so lifting them to a higher level of intellectual and moral life. Trust the people—the wise and the ignorant, the good and

the bad—with the gravest questions, and in the end you educate the race. At the same time you secure not perfect institutions, not necessarily good ones, but the best institutions possible while human nature is the basis and the only material to build with. Men are educated and the State is uplifted by allowing all—every one—to broach all their mistakes and advocate all their errors. The community that will not protect its most ignorant and unpopular member in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how false or hateful, is only a gang of slaves!"

It seems to me that the foundation of the democratic faith has never had an equal expression.

"I urge on college-bred men," he went on, "that as a class they fail in republican duty when they allow others to lead in the agitation of the great social questions which stir and educate the age."

He then reviewed American scholarship in its relation to the great issues in the country's history. What had it done in the great movement against chattel slavery? He instanced as typical of its spirit one of the greatest of American scholars that in Congress quoted from the New Testament to uphold slavery and offered to bear a musket in its defense. For forty years, the men that had urged Abolition had been obliged to combat first of all the opposition of the highly educated class. What had that class done for other just and worthy causes? In the movements for prison reform and criminal law reform it had never taken the slightest interest. It had allowed the work of mitigating the barbarous criminal code to be done by men outside, by members of another class. What had it done for woman suffrage, for temperance, for political regeneration? In all these movements its attitude had been one of cold hostility because each movement represented something democratic and the fixed position of the educated class was against democracy.

**His Severe Arraignment of His Audience**

He turned to other problems and confronted his hearers with the record of their indifference to such a cause as that of Ireland. What educated man had ever lifted his voice against the further oppression of the Irish people? And yet, their cause was the cause upon which the American nation had been founded.

"We ought to clap our hands at every fresh Irish 'outrage,' as a parrot-press styles it, aware that it is only a far-off echo of the musket-shots that rattled against the old State House on the fifth of March, 1770, and of the warwhoop that made the tiny spire of the Old South tremble when Boston rioters emptied the three India tea ships into the sea."

He passed next to a subject still less palatable to his Brahmin hearers—the attitude of educated Americans toward the revolutionists in Russia.

"Every line in our history, every interest of civilization, bid us rejoice when the tyrant grows pale and the slave rebellious. We can not but pity the suffering of any human being, however richly deserved; but such pity must not confuse our moral sense. Humanity gains. Chatham rejoiced when our fathers rebelled. For every single reason they alleged, Russia counts a hundred, each one ten times bitterer than any Hancock or Adams could give. 'Eschew cant,' said the old moralist. But of all the cants that are canted in this canting world, though the cant of piety may be the worst, the cant of Americans bewailing Russian nihilism is the most disgusting." And again:

"I shall bow to any rebuke from those who hold Christianity to command entire non-resistance. But criticism from any other quarter is only that nauseous hypocrisy which, stung by threepenny tea-tax, piles Bunker Hill with granite and statues, prating all the time of patriotism and broadsword, while, like another Pecksniff, it recommends a century of dumb submission and entire non-resistance to the Russians, who for a hundred years have seen their sons by thousands dragged to death or exile—no one knows which in this worse than Venetian mystery of police—and their maidens flogged to death in the market-place, and who share the same fate if they presume to ask why."

Colonel Higginson says that "many a respectable lawyer and divine felt his blood run cold" when he realized the significance of these utterances.

One may perceive clearly from this and other similar specimens that democracy was with Wendell Phillips much more than a passing belief; it was the active principle of all healthy public life that he would apply in large measure whenever any of our institutions seemed to be at fault. In this Phi Beta Kappa oration, he made some slighting reference to civil-service reform, which was bitterly resented. This inspired him to a fuller exposition of his views. He objected, he said, to civil-service reform as urged by the recognized reformers, because it was not democratic. Instead of creating an office-holding caste, as they proposed, he would solve the whole difficulty by applying democracy to it. He would have all the postmasters, custom officers and the like elected by the people instead of being appointed; for by this change both power and responsibility would rest in the people's hands, where alone it should rest.

**His Support of Butler Won Him New Enemies**

Mr. Phillips still further alienated business and the middle class by his support of General Benjamin F. Butler, who now returned to politics and succeeded in

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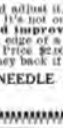


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being elected, on an independent nomination, to the governorship of Massachusetts. Butler was in bourgeois eyes the very political devil. He was believed to win his power in politics by what are called "all the tricks of the demagogue," and his success was believed to herald some kind of proletarian uprising that imminently threatened profits. Mr. Phillips gave his support to Butler because Butler represented a protest against existing conditions and stood for the emancipation of labor. But no reasons, however good, could have excused the act in the eyes of those that hated Butler. They did not forgive Mr. Phillips; they have not forgiven him yet; and their class will never forgive him. In the long lists of grievances this class has against him, his support of Butler is not the least ponderable.

For all this Mr. Phillips cared even less than he had cared in his younger days for the wrath of the slave-owning interests. The world and its opinions meant very little; few things concerned him now but the causes to which he had given his life, and his constant care for Mrs. Phillips. He felt that his part in the fight was almost done.

At the beginning of 1882, he was obliged to move from the old house at No. 20 Essex Street, in which he and his wife had lived so comfortably for forty years. The city had decided to widen Harrison Avenue and the work would involve the demolition of the house. Mr. Phillips was beyond seventy; he had for his old home a very great attachment; to leave it was a genuine hardship. He found new quarters at No. 37 Common Street, but the charm was broken. Once after the Essex Street home had been destroyed he went back and stood for a time looking at the vacant site. "It is no matter," he said; "I am almost through with it all."

One that knew him well and recalls much about him that throws light upon his character, tells me of seeing him about this time walking slowly up Beacon Hill and examining all the sights of the place with such interest as a stranger might show. His tall figure was perfectly erect, his hair was white, there was about every movement a certain authoritative and still graceful significance; he gave the impression of a man perfectly sure of himself. At the top of the hill he stood for a long time carefully observing the State House, as if he had never seen it before. Then he turned and looked out over the city, and my informant says that the image that came into his mind was that of St. Genevieve watching over her city of Paris, as depicted in the Pantheon.

That fall and early winter he was out lecturing as usual and apparently in good health. On December 3, 1881, he, with William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., was a speaker at Old South Church upon the occasion of the unveiling of Anne Whitney's statue of Harriet Martineau. He spoke with great feeling, directing his remarks, as was his usual custom, to bear upon the question that was always uppermost in his thoughts.

"Harriet Martineau saw, not merely the question of free speech, but the grandeur of the great movement just then opened. This great movement is second only to the Reformation in the history of the English and the German race. In time to come, when the grandeur of this movement is set forth in history, you will see its proportions and beneficial results. Harriet Martineau saw it fifty years ago, and after that she was one of us. She was always the friend of the poor. Prisoner, slave, wage-serf, worn-out by toil in the mill, no matter who the sufferer, there was always one person who could influence Tory and Liberal to listen."

**He Was Faithful to The End**

It was his last public address. On January 1, 1884, he wrote to Patrick Collins, then a member of Congress from Boston, begging attention to the condition of Alaska, which was then without a territorial government and apparently in a state of anarchy. I think this was his last letter on public affairs. On January 20, he was seized with an acute form of heart disease. He lingered a week, suffering great agony and perfectly aware of his doom, but always calm and cheerful. His extraordinary power of self-control that had borne him unmoved through so many trying scenes did not desert him now. "I have no fear of death," he said to his physician, who was also his friend. "I have long foreseen it. My only regret is for poor Ann. I had hoped to close her eyes before mine were shut." To another friend he declared his absolute Christian faith and confidence. His faculties remained perfectly clear; he talked cheerfully with the watchers and tried to prevent them from taking any trouble on his account. About six o'clock on the evening of Saturday, February 20, 1884, he sighed, closed his eyes and passed away like one sinking into sleep.

The immediate cause of his death was ascertained to be angina pectoris; but an eminent medical authority declared it was something else. In his judgment the incessant attacks of more than forty years had worn down the warrior's heart; under the brave and unflinching front that he presented to the world, the arrows had taken effect at last.

The funeral, in accordance with Mr. Phillips's known preference, was most simple. From the church the body was borne, escorted by colored troops, to Faneuil Hall, where it lay for three hours, and a long procession of the poor and of the colored population passed the coffin. The tears that were shed by these were the

dead man's true eulogy and even more eloquent than the great tribute that, three months later, George William Curtis paid to him at the memorial meeting in Tremont Temple, when the community made recognition of the loss it had sustained.

Ten years after Mr. Phillips's death, the city of Boston, somewhat belatedly, affixed to the wall of the post-office building, which now rises on the site of the old home in Essex street, this tablet:

**HERE**  
WENDELL PHILLIPS RESIDED DURING FORTY YEARS,  
DEVOTED BY HIM TO EFFORTS TO SECURE  
THE ABOLITION OF AFRICAN SLAVERY IN THIS COUNTRY.

**THE CHARMS OF HOME, THE ENJOYMENT OF WEALTH AND LEARNING, EVEN THE KINDLY RECOGNITION OF HIS FELLOW CITIZENS WERE BY HIM ACCUDED AS NAUGHT COMPARED WITH DUTY.**

**HE LIVED TO SEE JUSTICE TRIUMPHANT, FREEDOM UNIVERSAL AND TO RECEIVE THE TARDY PRAISES OF HIS OPPONENTS. THE BLESSINGS OF THE POOR, THE FRIENDLESS AND THE OPPRESSED ENRICHED HIM.**

**IN BOSTON**  
HE WAS BORN 20TH NOVEMBER, 1811, AND DIED 20TH FEBRUARY, 1884.

**THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED IN 1894 BY ORDER OF THE CITY COUNCIL OF BOSTON.**

I can not help noticing that this tribute contains no mention of that greater cause of emancipation to which Mr. Phillips devoted the latter half of his life and which, in his judgment, included the abolition of chattel slavery. So far, I believe, this is the only public memorial to the greatest American orator.

**America Has Never Done Him Justice**

His fame has suffered sorely and most unjustly because of the nature of the reforms that he espoused and for no other reason. If he had confined his eloquence to academic subjects or to pleading at the bar, there would now be of him a greater number of statues and memorials than perpetuate the name of Daniel Webster. The substantial truth of all that he urged against American scholarship is verified by the record in his own case. Mention of him is carefully excluded from all school books, school children are never told anything of his marvelous story, the next generation after his own grows up in practical ignorance that he ever lived. The reason for all this is solely the fact that he was enlisted in causes unpopular among the prosperous element that controls and directs American education. He was an agitator; what that element desires is peace and silence upon the very topics that Phillips perpetually stirred; and upon this ground his name is slighted and his services forgotten.

Yet, from a purely artistic point of view, how barren would be any account of oratory that did not dwell upon his unequalled achievements! And from the point of view of historical accuracy, how worthless is any account of the Abolition movement that does not tell of his great labors and great influence! For reasons of convenience or of unthinking sentiment we have chosen to award the first honors for the abolition of slavery to men that had no convictions on the subject and were only the tools and implements in the hands of an aroused public opinion. Yet every man that goes beneath the surface of these records must know perfectly well that the true honor is due to those men and women that, persisting in the face of hatred and danger, created and aroused that public opinion. And of that band, the two great names are Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison.

But, aside from this, what better or more inspiring lesson can be drawn from all history than this life of unswerving devotion to conscience and duty? Other men have flashed into fame by the sacrifice of one movement on some altar of patriotism. This man's sacrifice was of all the years of his life—all that comfort, leisure, peace, culture, study, learning, friendship, achievement and honor can mean to one endowed beyond almost all other men for the enjoyment of these.

In the life of Wendell Phillips, alone of all the famous men whose careers I have ever encountered, the biographer can find nothing that tarnishes the luster of the consistent whole. No excuses are demanded for him and no allowances; there is nothing about him to conceal. In public life and in private life he walked without deviation from the loftiest standards. Cautious friends sometimes deplored what they called the violence of his utterances; they never had the slightest cause to regret a lapse in his conduct, not one surrender to temptation, not one instance of paltering in duty. I know not where in history there shines another such character, nor any other study so rich in satisfaction as the record of his life. For in the words that he himself applied to Washington he was "the bright consummate flower of our civilization" and in all ways the incarnation of the highest American ideal.

Swinnburn might have applied to him the tribute he wrote for Mazzini:

Thou knowest that here the likeness of the best  
Before thee stands.  
The head most high, the heart found faithfullest,  
The purest hands!

The Path Up the Hill

[Continued from page 17]

It was a strange excitement that was shaking him. "No, I ain't never been up on top. I swore I'd wait until I carried the path right slap bang up to the edge, and here she be! Now, Mrs. Whitman, you please draw a bead on me with that there camera. See! And snap me when I get on the top. My job is done in this place, and now I got to move on and go to work."

"Nonsense, Stimson!" said the doctor. "You know there is plenty of work at the sanitarium."

"That ain't my work no longer," said Stimson, gravely.

"I believe that this here road up this hill ought to settle my bill with the sanitarium."

"It certainly does," said Dr. Whitman.

"All right, then. I'll be sorry to leave you, doctor, and you, Mrs. Whitman, and all my friends here; but I got to do my work. I'm goin' out among the poor, ignorant, careless people—the kind that don't read and can't understand doctor talk—the kind I belong to. Don't you remember I said I was goin' to be a sort of missionary if I got well? Well, that was no josh. That still goes. You can bet your life on that. So, here she goes for the top of the hill, and you take the snapshot, Mrs. Whitman, and I'll have the picture showing me when I started, and one showing how I looked when I got here."

He stepped forward and was bathed in the rays of the western sun, which he faced. Mrs. Whitman almost forgot to snap the camera, so absorbed was she in gazing on John Stimson's face.

To Stimson, with a suddenness which seemed to take his breath away, like a flood of water, the whole wide world appeared to be unrolled before and beneath him. Far and wide lay plains, and woods, and hills, and lakes, and streams glittering in the afternoon sunshine, with here and there the scattered towns and villages, and—far off—a dim, crouching, shapeless, smoky something—the City! For a moment or two he stood there, drawing in slow, quivering breaths; then all at once, John Stimson fell upon his knees, the hot tears streaming from his closed eyes, his sunken breast rising and falling under the disorder of his beard, and his awed companions heard him hoarsely and brokenly say:

"Oh, my God—it's a big, big job that I got to tackle—God help me! Oh, God, please, please help me—help me!"

✠ ✠

The New Man on the Desk

THERE is nothing like a lift from the outside for the man who goes into an office as a stranger. The man in this story had made his peace with the manager, but the manager did not go around among his "boys" and tell them that the new man was all right, or a good fellow, or that he had made good where he came from.

As this was not the stranger's first "stunt," he did not take hold as a cyclone tackles his job, but buckled to his work with quiet earnestness.

The second day he came to speaking terms with the office boy, but that personage, like the majority of his class, was waiting to see how the "boss" and some of the "old men" took to the new man before he got familiar.

The third day an unknown man walked into the office. The boy on the door did not get in his way. The unknown was the sort of man who would walk into the White House and be shown in ahead of the waiting line; the sort that would make a bull turn tail. Not a blusterer—just a man who knew his strength and knew how far to go. Every one in the office took notice of him when he entered. He walked straight to the desk where the strange young man was bending to his work.

"Hello, Pete," he said, as he slapped the young man on the shoulder. There was a reflection in the young man's face of the sunshine and courage that beamed from the caller's manner. "Just thought I would run in and see where you were located. No, I won't stop. I'll see you at home to-night. Hold her down." With this he walked out as he had walked in. Before he had gone far, however, the young man called out: "Thank you, Dad, for dropping in," and bent himself quickly to his work.

"So his name is Pete, and that was his dad," said a nearby clerk to his side-partner. And it was not long before it was known at every desk that the fine looking man was "Pete's dad," and that he had called in to see his boy. Something in the atmosphere of the office melted the ice under the big inverted bottle faster than that than usual. And the office boy asked "Pete" if there was anything he wanted.

There is nothing like a boost from the outside for the strange young man who takes a desk. It is something like the quality of mercy. If you are the friend of the young man drop in on him. If you are his dad, so much the better.

✠ ✠

THE Golden Rule applies to opportunities as well as to men and women; we should treat opportunities as we would have them treat us.



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UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA







for February, 1911

# The Mad Race for Souls

[Continued from page 25]

hold of the tail, the tail will wag the dog. The churches are beginning to see the folly of this, however, and are saying that the churches and the community shall not be sacrificed to the waving of the tail.

The Presbyterians, the Reformed Church, and the Congregationalists have an agreement by which they refuse to enter a field covered by any of the others except by general consent. The Home Mission Boards of the leading denominations have a Home Mission Council by which they hope to put an end to the multiplication of denominations on the home mission field. Many States are following the example of North Dakota, in which State four denominations have united their State organizations in a determination to banish from the State that type of denominationalism which is more sectarian than Christian.

## The Churches Are Getting Together

The purpose is "to promote cooperation in organization and maintenance of churches in North Dakota; to prevent waste of resources and efforts in smaller towns, and to stimulate work in destitute regions." This article of the North Dakota constitution is taken bodily from the constitution of "The Interdenominational Commission of Maine." Maine is the pioneer State in this kind of work. Her church problem is wholly rural and she is meeting it in a splendid way. The following extract from her "Commission's" statement of principles is worth our attention, to show the constructive work that is being done to solve this great problem of over-churching:

1. No community in which any denomination has any legitimate claim should be entered by any other denomination through its official agencies without conference with the denomination or denominations having such claims.

2. A feeble church should be revived, if possible, rather than a new one established to become its rival.

3. The preference of a community should always be regarded by denominational committees, missionary agents and individual workers.

4. Those denominations having churches nearest at hand should, other things being equal, be recognized as in the most advantageous position to encourage and aid a new enterprise in their vicinity.

5. In case one denomination begins Gospel work in a destitute community, it shall be left to develop that work without other denominational interference.

6. Temporary suspension of church work by any denomination occupying a field should not be deemed sufficient warrant in itself for entrance into that field by another denomination. Temporary suspension may be deemed abandonment when a church has held no meetings for an entire year or more.

It is rather elementary to say that you can add like and like. Among the Protestant bodies the five leading denominations are the Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, Presbyterian and Disciples, which, in point of membership, stand in the order named. These five denominations combined include eighty-one and three-tenths per cent. of all the members of the Protestant church in the United States. Now, the Methodist have fifteen divisions, the Baptist fourteen, the Lutheran twenty-four, the Presbyterian twelve and the Disciples two. It rather looks that if like and like could be added, it would give an impetus to the church union idea.

A trip through Vermont will show you what the rural villages are doing. In Williston, the Congregational and Methodist churches worship together under one pastor; the Methodist building is used for morning worship throughout the year and the Congregational church is used for evening worship in summer. At Randolph Center, the Methodists and Congregationalists are worshipping together under one pastor, with a union Sunday-school. Over at Randolph, the Congregational, the Baptist, the Methodist and the Christian churches have formed an organic union and have federated for work and worship, with one Sunday-school and one pastor, using buildings alternately. At Proctor they have a union church of Christians of different denominations. They pay their pastor fifteen hundred dollars a year. New Hampshire is doing a similar work.

At Breakabeen, New York, the Lutheran and Reformed churches have given up their names and formed an organic union, and the new church is giving promise of a great work in the village. The job is more difficult in Rhode Island and Massachusetts because of the cities and the alien population. Bishop McVickar, of the Episcopal diocese of Rhode Island, is a useful ally of the church unity men. He will not sanction the starting of a church of his denomination where another denomination has a better right to the field. The Federation of the Churches of Christ in America is doing a splendid work in getting a better understanding between the denominations. The younger men in the ministry are rising like Young Turks asking for better conditions, and some of the fellows on the Western fields are resigning their pastorates to relieve the situation.

The Protestant Episcopal Church is making efforts to bring about a spirit of unity. The Church Research Bureau recently endowed by J. P. Morgan will, if conducted on an impartial basis of scientific study of the

# A Good Time to Paint

This spring will be a good time to paint, because it is now almost certain that prices will be less favorable later on. The flax crop is short again. Linseed oil will go no lower; it may go higher.

The thing to remember is that, though high, paint materials are not nearly so expensive as the repairing of a neglected house. Even oil at \$1.00 or \$1.25 makes the painting of the average house cost only \$4 or \$5 more than it used to cost. That isn't enough more to justify letting a \$10,000 house, or even a \$2,000 house, go to ruin. Paint it this spring. It will cost you less than later.

And use "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead and genuine linseed oil. People are tempted sometimes, when standard materials are high, to employ something inferior. A great mistake, because not true economy.

Moreover, the first cost of genuine "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead paint is not so great as you may have been led to believe. It may surprise you if you do a little figuring for yourself. Get from your local dealer prices on the following ingredients:

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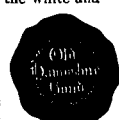
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overchurching problem, be of untold value in showing the different denominations their common meeting ground. A new mark has been set in church federation by "The General Council of Churches and Religious Societies of Columbus (Ohio)," which organization is composed of twenty churches including ten denominations. The Edinburgh Missionary Conference was a big church union affair. The "Laymen's Movement" is breaking down fences and bringing the men of the sects together. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are two kindred bodies that are educating young men and women of different denominations to work together. College men like Professor Tuck, of Cornell, and President Butterfield are teaching us that the country life movement needs the concentration of the rural moral and religious forces to be a complete success.

**The Problem is Largely Up to the Community**

The Home Mission Council in New York City is determined to eradicate the overlapping and overlooking problem, but it has a voice only where aid is needed. Where a new church can be started without Home Missionary aid, the sentiment of the community alone can prevent the overchurching. The splitting of congregations and the formation of spite churches should be discouraged. Denominational churches mean denominational Sunday-schools, and this means the perpetuation of unchristian prejudices in future generations. The public school is the melting pot in which we gather the children of various color, race and creed, and fuse them into American citizens, so should the Sunday-school be a means of making Christians and not sectarians.

Another thing for our consideration is that splendid American institution, the small college, which becomes a blight when you find an unnecessary number of colleges grouped in one State as a convenient place on which to paste a sectarian label. Every denomination contributes to its College Board, and the saving here could be put into more efficient and better paid professorships, the religious centers in the towns of the State Universities could be strengthened, and community leaders could be trained for our rural centers. A national bureau for the education of candidates for the ministry, or the amalgamation of the Boards of Education of the churches will mean to the church what West Point means to the Army; highly and specially trained men for a highly effective service. Thus could the benefits of unity be marked out in all the ramifications of church work. The administrative and executive officers of the church boards now have a life tenure of office; to consolidate would be to vote themselves out of a job. Splendid men they are, but for the sake of unity, these should be term rather than life offices.

Here is the radiant vision of the community church. In the center of the community stands the church, by its side the parish-house; here the grange meets, and the farmers hold their institute; the young people fill its social rooms, lectures are heard, and nearby the tennis-courts and the baseball field speak eloquently of the reason the boys prefer the country to a stuffy city bedroom. On Sunday the church is filled with people from hillside and valley who join their voices in saying: "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

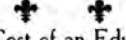
### The Cost of an Education

"How much did it cost you to get your education?" asked Jones.

"Well," said Smith, "let's see. My primary education was cheap—say, five hundred dollars. My secondary training was about twice as much, while my college course amounted to something like a thousand a year, or four thousand in all. Then I had three years at a technical school, at about the same rate—so, all in all, my education came to about eight thousand five hundred, or nine thousand, at the outside. What do you figure yours cost?"

"Well," replied Jones, reflectively, "I guess mine was rather more expensive. I went through college, but I didn't have any technical training. Up to that point we're about equal. Then I went West and got interested in a gold mine. That bit of knowledge cost considerable. Next, I tried stock-raising, and found that a pretty expensive school. Before I was finally graduated from that, I took a hand at the theatrical business, and learned a lot at fairly high rates. There was a little girl in the company, though, seemed to think I hadn't got all the knowledge that was coming to me, so she put me in the matrimonial school. Not having graduated from that yet, I can't give any final figures, but I can tell you this: the higher up you get the more it costs. After a while the kids came along, and they taught me a whole heap, but the bills were high. For twenty years or so I worried along on this kind of schooling, and then my eldest girl got married. Her husband thought he'd like to try farming, and I learned a lot about that in the next few years, at the cost of about five thousand a year. Then pretty soon they had a couple of kids, and what my own children hadn't taught me they did. The fact is—Hey, there! where are you going? I've only just begun to tell you about my education."

But already Smith was far down the street, with his fingers in his ears, fleeing as though from the wrath to come.



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# The Family Clearing House

[Continued from page 19]

Here are some of the Milton clothing budgets for a year:

## MRS. MILTON'S CLOTHES FOR A YEAR

Tailor suit (bought out of season and worn two years—\$25)	\$12.50
Silk waist	3.00
2 white waists at \$1	2.00
1 pr. high shoes, 1 pr. low shoes, at \$3 and \$2.50	5.50
1 pr. rubbers	.75
6 pr. stockings	.50
2 work dresses (8 yds. percale each at 12½ cents)	2.00
1 crepe evening dress (10 yds. crepe at 60 cents, \$6; 6 yds. lining at 50 cents, \$3; trimming, \$2; lace, \$1; waist-lining and findings, \$1—\$13—worn three years)	4.33
1 white muslin (10 yds. at 35 cents, \$3.50; embroidery and lace, \$1.50—\$5—worn two years)	2.50
1 winter hat (bought out of season—worn two years—\$6)	3.00
1 summer hat (worn two years, \$6)	3.00
1 mohair petticoat (5 yds. at 50 cents)	2.50
2 winter combination suits at 98 cents	1.96
4 summer undervests at 12½ cents	.50
1 pr. kid gloves	1.00
1 pr. silk gloves	.50
Material for underwear, aprons, night-gowns, etc.	3.00
2 veils at 25 cents	.50
1 dark blue silk for street in summer (10 yds. at \$1—\$10; trimming, \$1)	11.00
Umbrella (two years, \$2)	1.00
Long coat (three years, \$8)	2.66
Furs (worn four years, \$12)	3.00
Collars, ruchings, etc.	2.30
	\$70.00

## HORTENSE MILTON—AGED 9

Winter dress and coat (made from mother's, with new trimming)	\$1.50
2 school dresses at \$1.50 (ready-made)	3.00
3 white aprons (8 yds. at 15 cents, \$1.20; embroidery, 38 cents)	1.58
1 winter hat (none in summer)	1.00
2 summer dresses at 75 cents	1.50
2 winter combinations at \$1	2.00
Skirts, drawers, handkerchiefs, hair ribbons, etc.	5.00
Rubbers	.40
Shoes and stockings	4.00
	\$19.98

These budgets are so wonderful because they were worked out beforehand. Think what it must mean to plan your summer hat to last two seasons, and fashion your best dress to be cut out of ten yards! But by this means Mrs. Milton had bought a sort of freedom for herself, and was keeping her family up in the middle class on working man's wages. They were comfortable and out of debt because of the amount of executive ability she had added to her husband's salary.

I could not help wondering if it would not have been better for them to quit Montrose and live in New York like working people. But what could Mrs. Milton get for her \$100 a month there? For twenty dollars either a four-room flat in a crowded east side tenement, or a five-room one far in upper New York where the slums have begun to creep out into the country. Milk and vegetables would cost her more. There would naturally be no chance for cherry trees and lettuce beds; and chickens raised either on the roof or in the kitchen are apt to be unpopular with the Health Department. On the whole, her food bill would go up. Mr. Milton would have to pay only ten cents a day in carfare, but if they lived in the outskirts of Harlem he would have to spend almost as much time as in going and coming from Montrose, and that in the crowded subway instead of in the open-air train.

Perhaps they could cut down on clothes. Mrs. Milton might adopt the cotton wrapper for street wear without remark, dispense with the third of an evening gown she bought yearly and save \$4.33. But Mr. Milton, holding the same position, must have the same \$100 a year as before. He could not conform to the standards set by his new neighbors as his wife could.

The little Milton would have to take their chance of being among the fifty thousand New York school children who can go to school only part time, and their playground would be the crowded streets. Mr. Milton would still have some social intercourse among his business acquaintances, but Mrs. Milton would have to find her friends among the Italian or Jewish mothers of the neighborhood whose background and interests are generations away from hers. She and her children would slip back four generations into the class of wage earning immigrants.

"Was it after seeing Mrs. Milton's budget that you tried the system yourself?" I asked Georgiana. She shook her head. "Not yet! I had to try out another fallacy first—the 'ten acres and liberty' one. John and some of his friends who wanted to be independent business men



**TOMATOES**—Red, ripe, carefully selected, washed in clean water, then cooked just a little, that the natural flavor is retained, delicately seasoned with pure spices, put up in sterilized bottles, that is

## BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

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Blue Label Ketchup keeps after it is opened.

Contains only those ingredients recognized and endorsed by the U. S. Government.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.







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**All Blooming first year from seed**

The following 5 Hardy Perennials bloom freely in 2 to 3 months from seed, making sturdy plants which flower in the garden year after year in great profusion. When once planted they are permanent for many years. The most satisfactory of garden flowers.

**Early Garden Pinks**—Magnificent, large double blossoms of rich spicy fragrance, and a great variety of colors running from white to deep crimson through all intermediate shades, tints, bleedings and variegations. Many blossoms are beautifully fringed, surpassing Carnations. They are everblooming from early spring to late fall, often one plant will show 100 or more blossoms at one time. Begin blooming in 3 months from seed.

**Tritons, Mint Queens**—Gorgeous spikes of flame colored flowers, 4 feet tall. Nothing more showy.

**Butterfly Violet**—These bloom quickly from seed and continue through spring, summer and fall in great profusion.

**Early Delphinium**—Blue and white. Flowers freely first season, hardy, robust and very showy.

**Perpetual Linum Perenne**—One of the most charming of hardy plants with a profusion of sky blue and white blossoms all summer.

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John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, N. Y.

organized the Cuban Import Company, to buy sugar and tobacco on the Cuban plantations and sell them in New York. I hated Montrose as the scene of our fiasco, and unfortunately remembering a story read when young in St. Nicholas about a family who were 'Driven back to Eden' as they called it, I persuaded John to go to Rugglesville.

Georgiana didn't have to tell me about Rugglesville, I remembered it so well! It is a regular "Micawber" of a town, perpetually waiting for something to turn up. Thirty years it has waited for good transportation and it hasn't got it yet. Every year there is a rumor that the Erie will cut through the Montrose Mountain or that the D. L. and W. will send a branch over the hills, or that a trolley will come across from Esterly, and every year people like John and Georgiana go and look at the soft valleys and gentle streams and at the blue bluffs in the distance, and pick out the spot for their house and quarrel a little as to whether they would rather have the river or the hills in front; and then they find that there is no sewerage in the place, and that an artesian well may cost them a thousand dollars, and they look at the dark, dirty little red school house, like that where mother used to go, and think of the price of a governess; and the hills don't look so blue, nor the valleys so green, and the years until the railroad comes through stretch out indefinitely, and they go back to New York and rent a flat in the Bronx a block from the subway.

But John and Georgiana thought they knew better than this and they had stern ideas as to their duty to little Jane in the matter of fresh air and sunshine. They had had enough of the fashionable suburb life Montrose, so they ignored the sagging frame buildings lounging around Rugglesville Center, and the local store which looked as though it might still keep hoop-skirts in stock, and bought ten acres of ground and an old house just outside the village.

"No," continued Georgiana reminiscently, "I didn't go on a budget then. I thought that since John was not on a salary I didn't have to. I had the greatest faith that, being unhampered by that unappreciative Car and Foundry Company, and left to his own discretion, he'd be able to earn whatever we required. But I economized—oh, yes, indeed! I even grudging myself dish towels. But there was no system in it and my scrimping pinched us in such tender spots as our not being able to have screens—and in New Jersey, too—because I'd spent the money in buying coal early to avoid the fall prices.

"I think we might have made the farm pay if John hadn't had anything to do but work it. Families as large as ours—Italians and Dutch who know the business—do make a decent living on ten acres. I've seen 'em! Perhaps if I'd been a field-working peasant woman myself, and had put the children at the onion crop instead of at school, it might have been different. What we did was to hire a farmer who lived near by to work our place for \$40 a month. He didn't seem to have any trouble in raising all the vegetables and fruit we wanted, and taking care of the cow and the chickens. According to my present estimate, that saved us \$4.80 a month for chickens (you can't eat them happily more than twice a week, you know); \$6 for eggs; \$10 for milk; \$7.50 for vegetables, and \$6 for fruit—\$37.30 all together. But the problem wasn't just the simple one of paying \$2.70 more in wages than we saved on food; there was the cost of fertilizer and seed, and the cow and the horse, and all the farm machines which I don't yet know the names of. That \$40 wages should have brought us in a profit, but we didn't know how to put things on a business basis. But even at \$40 we couldn't keep, a farmer, for in the busy season when there is a crisis in the crops, the wages in New Jersey go up to \$2.50 a day. And why should a man work a month for \$40 when he can earn it in sixteen days? Nobody would stay on that farm in the busy season but John and me!

"I did everything in the garden except the plowing and every night when John came home after an hour and a half in the train, he had to go out and weed the onions, pull the beets, or transplant the lettuces or something, and as he had to get up at half past five to catch his train, he was tired out all the time. He didn't dare neglect the office and he didn't want to neglect the tomato crop, and between them he got down sick and we had a heavy doctor's bill.

"I had just as hard a time to get a good girl as to get a man for the vegetables. Theoretically, help was cheap in Rugglesville; but first there wasn't any, and then what there was didn't fill my requirements. I had to import it from Newark which was the nearest seat of civilization.

"There were long intervals when I struggled with the work alone, when beginning with John's breakfast at five-thirty, I spent at least six hours a day in cooking and two in cleaning; another doing odds and ends, and all the rest of the time taking care of the children, who had increased by John Jr. since we came to Rugglesville. At these times the washing had to go to the laundry in Esterly at an average cost of \$5 a week and the sewing for the children had to be sent to a seamstress. The kitchen garden, which I usually tended, committed suicide in a sea of weeds and I had to buy vegetables for the table. So what I saved in wages on the premises I paid for extra help outside."

It was after one of these self-serving intervals, when the Cuban Import Company was flourishing and it seemed that the time for penny counting might be past

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that Georgiana threw prudence to the wind and hired a man for the house. He asked \$35 a month, but she was desperate.

I was there the day he arrived—a trim, dapper little man in a stiff hat, who changed noiselessly into white linen and slid around the kitchen putting things in wonderful order. He served our dinner that night in courses and a Tuxedo, everything perfect, everything that ought to be hot, sizzling; everything that ought to be cold, frozen. And we sat by the fire and held hands as we drank our black coffee because Rugglesville had suddenly become a happy, restful place, just through the advent of civilization, personified by one little, quiet slant-eyed man. But the next morning we relapsed into barbarism, for the Jap explained to Georgiana that this was not the sort of place she was accustomed to, and he could not think of staying beyond the lunch hour. Rugglesville was not in that grade of civilization and he was Georgiana's last resort for the refinements of service.

"That cheap suburb," said Georgiana, "was the most expensive thing I ever bought. Commutation for John alone was \$6.75 a month and what we saved on evening clothes we spent on extra transportation. And just as I had pounded a little system into things and John's business was looking up, little William seized his voice in his first lusty cry, and the Spanish war came on. When the Peace was signed, all the Cuban sugar and tobacco had been bagged by the trust, and the Cuban Import Company had disappeared. We had n't anything more to invest in business ventures; we had barely enough to tide us over for a few months, and there was nothing for John to do but to become manager of the buying department of a wholesale coffee house on a salary. And he's there now."

"It was necessary for him to be at the office at nine o'clock, so he left the farm at half-past six. He could not leave the office until five, so he got home at fifty—if he did not miss the train—and when you're working for other people, you don't feel at liberty to take occasional days off, even if the corn does need weeding and the melons are dying of drought. And y'know, I'd learned my lesson too well to sacrifice time to the carrot crop."

"It resulted in our letting the farm go on the mortgage when it came due, and coming here to Foxbrooke. I was up against the cast-iron salary again, and I began to see that just paying the bills after the things I bought doesn't fit the modern situation at all. You've got to know beforehand, because a salary of three thousand dollars will not stretch to order. There is nothing John or I could do to earn any more money and if we wanted more things it was up to me to manage so we could get them. It was necessary to know just where I could turn if I needed an extra, where the budget could be squeezed, and where it was likely to expand without warning. And, moreover, I had to keep things in proportion. So I began to live on a budget planned after the one Mrs. Milton had made for herself in Montrose, but stretched and altered and added to our family. It has picked more thorns from our pathway than any unknown uncle who ever left a fortune to his relatives:

#### GEORGIANA'S MONTHLY BUDGET

(Father, mother and three children.)

Annual income \$3,000. Monthly income \$250.	
Rent	\$50.00
Food	70.00
Heat and light	7.50
Clothes	43.34
Insurance, savings, church	20.00
Carfare	4.16
Doctor and dentist	2.52
Laundry (John's) per week 62 cents—	
4 shirts with attached cuffs, 7 collars	2.48
Recreation—Club dues (Georgiana)	
\$10 per year; children's dancing school, \$30 per year; books, papers, theaters, etc.	10.00
Repairs and replenishing	10.00
Lunches (John)	15.00
Help	15.00
	\$250.00

"I spend just twice what Mrs. Milton does on food and two dollars and a half for milk besides. I give my men more meat and vegetables and I don't think my milk has the self-denying flavor which clings about the eating of beef heart and fish. There are six to feed, including the maid, though for a long time William didn't do much but run up the milk bill—bless him!

#### GEORGIANA'S DAILY FOOD BUDGET

(John, Georgiana, three children and a maid.)	
Meat, 3 lbs. at 20 cents	\$ .60
Bread, 2 loaves, made at home	.16
Cereal and rice or macaroni	.05
Vegetables	.25
Butter	.15
Fruit	.30
Coffee (4 lbs. a month at 30 cents)	\$1.20
Tea (½ lb. a month at 70 cents per lb.)	.35
Cocoa (twice a week instead of milk)	.20
Sugar, 18 lbs. at 6 cents	1.08
	\$2.83
Eggs	.09
Milk (2 qts. at 10 cents, 1 pt. cream at 12 cents)	.20
Condiments, cheese, pickles	.32
	.20
	\$2.32



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In selling you an Oliver Typewriter we meet you more than half way. You secure the machine in advance. We willingly wait while you pay at the rate of Seventeen-Cents-a-Day. We don't want a cent of security. Just your promise to pay is enough.

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This model has captivated the public by its wealth of exclusive features which save time and effort, add scores of new uses and give tremendous gains in efficiency. The new "cost of mail" protects important working parts from dust, gives added strength and stability. The Disappearing Indicator shows exact printing point and ducks when type strikes the paper. The Vertical and Horizontal Line-Ruling Device is a wonderful convenience. The Automatic Tabulator and the Line-Ruler are Twin Devices. Each supplements and completes the other, in tabulating, invoicing and all kinds of statistical work. The Balance Shifting Mechanism, the Automatic Paper Fingers, the Paper Register, the Back Spacer and other innovations put the finishing touch of perfection to this incomparable writing machine. You get all these immensely valuable improvements, without additional cost, when you buy the Oliver Typewriter for Seventeen-Cents-a-Day!

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*T. H. Brown*  
No. 14 Secretary.



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SOLD EVERYWHERE

The three pounds of meat a day which Georgiana bought were usually distributed as follows:

Roast of beef (6 lbs. at 26 cents, 2 dinners)	\$1.56
Sirloin steak (2 lbs. at 26 cents)	.52
Fish (3 lbs. at 10 cents)	.30
Fowl (3 1/2 lbs. at 21 cents)	.74
Cutlet (2 lbs. at 20 cents)	.40
Ham (2 lbs. at 22 cents)	.44
Soup meat at 9 cents	.36
Dried beef, etc., extras for lunch.	

\$4.32  
Or 61 5-7 cents a day.

In the weeks when she bought a mutton or pork roast instead of beef, her expenses would drop a little below her allowance.

"I pay Mary \$15 a month," resumed Georgiana. "She's just the sort of prehistoric drudge to be satisfied with the isolation and the pay. She can't speak English, but she can clean and wash and bake bread and is too homely to marry the butcher. One of the hardest things I have to do is to keep my light and heat bill down to \$250 a year, for there's no way of keeping tab on how much I'm using, if it is gas, and I must keep the house warm and cook the food, no matter how much coal it takes.

"John can't seem to do his work on the kind of lunches that satisfy Mr. Milton. He has to have a chop or a slice of roast and vegetables, and he needs the rest which comes from eating in a comparatively quiet place, so, with the tip, he rarely gets off with less than sixty cents; \$15 a month he counts his luncheons. Here is John's personal budget. He isn't a ready-made man like Mr. Milton, but he's had to get himself standardized.

### JOHN'S CLOTHES ACCOUNT

2 suits at \$45	\$90.00
2 extra trousers at \$8	16.00
2 hats at \$3	6.00
3 pr. shoes at \$5	15.00
6 shirts at \$1.50	9.00
Overcoat	35.00
2 suits winter underwear at \$2	4.00
2 suits summer underwear at \$1	2.00
12 socks at 25 cents	3.00
Ties, gloves, collars, etc.	10.00
	\$190.00

"Of course, he didn't need a new overcoat every year, but there was always something to take its place: new evening clothes every few years, or a frock or a raincoat, or new flannels, or something. John had to have clothes up to a certain grade as a business proposition. There was a cash value in the cut of his shoes and in being able to invite a man out to lunch that a bookkeeper like Mr. Milton didn't have to consider.

"My own clothes account was like this:

### GEORGIANA'S OWN CLOTHES

Tailor suit (made after the season)	\$50.00
Waist to match	12.00
4 white shirtwaists at \$1.50	6.00
Fancy white waist	5.00
2 pr. street shoes at \$5	10.00
Pr. house slippers	2.00
Pr. dress shoes	7.50
Pr. rubbers	2.00
White duck skirt	6.00
Muslin dress	10.00
Silk petticoat	5.00
House dress (made at home)	10.00
1/2 evening dress (worn two years)	25.00
2 hats at \$8	16.00
Pr. evening gloves	2.00
Pr. silk gloves	1.00
2 pr. street gloves at \$1.50	3.00
Stockings, material for underwear (made at home), ruchings, veils, etc.	11.25
	\$180.00

"I learned from Mrs. Milton to buy out of season and stick to one or two colors. By having my tailor-suits made in the slack season I got \$75 ones for \$50; and \$15 hats were down to \$7 or \$8 when I bought them. There is a lot in never wearing your street suits or gowns in the house, and I learned to pick up at sales pretty house slippers and ready-made muslins to wear evenings. I manage to dress the children for \$150 a year—\$70 for Jane, \$50 for John Jr. and \$20 for William, with \$10 'scattering.'

"I never want to feel again the sensation of curling up my toes inside my shoes when the financial automobile slews around a corner. I'm content to go slow and get back a little of the blessed security of my childhood when I didn't know there was such a beast as Financial Anxiety. And I know that if we hadn't learned to live on a budget, I might be breaking Jane in as second house-maid instead of planning to introduce her into society."

"Georgiana," I said solemnly, "are you, too, getting standardized?"

"No, but I've learned Mr. Micawber was right. Do you remember what he said?"

"Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings and six—result, happiness! Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure twenty pounds, ought and six—result, misery!"

"And an egg beater bought out of season may make the difference between the two!"

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The millenium may  
never come  
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Rub a little "3 in One"  
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leather becomes soft and  
pliable; draw razor blade  
between thumb and finger  
moistened with "3 in One";  
then stop. The razor cuts  
5 times as easy and clean;  
holds the edge longer. "A  
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scientific reasons, and a  
generous trial bottle sent  
free. Write to-day:  
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New York.

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# The Come-Home Yankee

[Continued from page 47]

nivers also! Jimminy Heggarty from the Long Bog gave vent to the suppressed feelings of the tea party when he said: "Thank God, children, that we have Ireland to live in!"—"And," said Black Patrick MacGrath, "that we're allowed to die natural deaths."

Which latter remarks suggested to you, who knew how the news of a child's death was, here, immediately flashed over twelve miles square, and drew to wake and funeral representatives from all families, that you tell them of hearses driving up to houses in the same street with you—once actually to the house next door—and taking away one, whose death, let alone whose life, though you lived in that street for three years, you had never heard of! And you recollect how a thick silence, which one might have turned with a plough, thereupon fell on the company, and Black Patrick, to save your feelings, asked Mrs. Nabla to please give him a cup o' tay strong enough for a duck to walk on, adroitly turned the conversation to politics, and, marveling that a human was permitted to shake hands with the President, inquired "What's the reason anyhow, your President o' the United States does n't order the London Parlyment to free Ireland?"

You may as well confess that when you came home, you had, in the back of your head, the idea that you might settle down with yellow-haired Bridie Brennan and be happy ever after, like they are in the stories. But to the dashing of your Yankee audacity, you found that Bridie preferred Taigue Dornan who had never traveled farther than to Donegal in his life, except once that he went to Ballyshamy eleven miles beyond, with a load of plenishing for Minister Stewart. And the little shock steadied you.

You re-roofed your father's house while you were at home and put slates on it instead of straw and limed it and added a new room. And you put extra stock on his land and employed men to drain it and bought fresh seed and artificial manure for it, and put up a new hay-barn and a pump, till people, in despair, stopped straining their imaginations vainly trying to conjecture what was the next thing the Yankee would take it into his head to do, anyhow.

You paid off all the debt, of course. And you laid in a fine supply of meal and flour and slitches of bacon. And you had a carpenter for three weeks making chairs and tables and doors and putting up a ceiling. And you gave a tidy little sum, indeed, to your father and mother and put a nice penny in the bank. And you then said in God's name you'd face the water again and wouldn't think of settling down till you'd come back in five years more with your little pile increased. Your father and mother were both silent when they heard this but they didn't like to ginsay you, so you took your passage to sail from Derry on Friday-come-erigh-days. And then you began at leisure to travel all the country side, saying good-by again, just as you did at the first going-off long ago to every man, woman and child, from the top to the bottom of the parish. And of the band of seven of you that had come home, you found that three were going back. Susie Covenay and another of them had married and found happiness and content and never wanted to leave Ireland more. Two of them had n't married, but hoped to and had their eye upon likely mates—and had opened country shops meanwhile.

There was a convoy, of course. The three of you, for the convenience of your mutual friends, who otherwise would have found it too strenuous to enjoy three convoys in the one night, blended your convoys into one which was held in John McGinty's big barn. There was eating and dancing and revelry galore—the very best way to beguile sad hearts at parting—to lift your mind off your going and your father's and mother's and friends' minds also.

Your poor mother, excited by the gaiety, danced with your poor father a break-down that made every soul of the three hundred there marvel, and drew plaudits and cheers that nigh cracked the rafters and evoked from Donal the Fiddler the pronouncement that though he had been fiddling in five baronies for four and forty years, he had "never seen a nater or a handier or a better-stepped pair upon the floor—God bliss them as fast you are doing) once more and soon to be again, and evermore to remain, till the Day of the Dark Harvest, a Come Home Yankee.

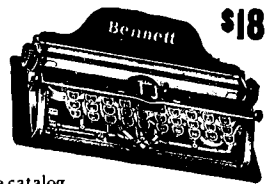
But that heartrending cry of your mother's that you stuffed your two ears against, as, in the cold gray dawn you hurried up the hill on your way to Derry, till rings in your ears, as you now rush your car down Vanderbilt Avenue, and crash with it through Fulton street, or sweep with it like a bird over the Bridge—rings in your ears and calls in your heart, and gives you peace, no night nor day, till you make up your mind as fast you are doing) once more and soon to be again, and evermore to remain, till the Day of the Dark Harvest, a Come Home Yankee.

The average laborer of to-day has a much larger income than Shakespeare had, and many times as much to live upon as Socrates had.

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## THE INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR



## How to Judge a Bond

If you had bought one or more of a series of bonds, represented to you as being a first lien on all the property of the issuing company, and had put them away in your strong box, confident that they would always remain a first lien, and two years afterward you were informed that the company was planning to place a first mortgage bond issue on the same property, and you were told that your bonds were nothing but "debentures," what would you think?

Would it be necessary for you to go then to some authority to learn that "debentures" were just plain promises to pay, and to be informed that according to the terms of something called an "indenture," under which your bonds were issued, there was really nothing you could do to prevent the company from issuing new securities, which should take precedence over yours both in the matter of principal and of interest? And would you then go to your bankers and complain that you had been tempted into buying something vastly different from what you thought you were getting, or from what you really wanted?

### The Proper Selection of Bonds

That was what was done by a certain investor, whose experience recently came to the attention of the writer. His case is cited here with the idea of emphasizing how desirable, and, at times, even how necessary it is for one to be always more or less independent of the banker when it comes to the choice of means for the investment of one's savings.

Those who have been looking regularly to these columns for suggestions to secure safety in their investments must have been impressed with the importance which the editors have attached to the proper choice of a banking house. It can not indeed be repeated too often or too emphatically that, particularly for the investor of moderate means, this question is by far the most important for initial consideration.

Having once established relationship as a client with a firm of investment bankers of high standing in the financial world, with a reputation for handling only securities of the highest class, and with a long record of satisfactory dealings with the public, the prospective investor may be said to have taken out some pretty sound insurance against either the loss of his principal or the interruption of his income. But having done this, he should seek to inform himself on the fundamental principles governing the selection of the securities themselves; in other words, he should know, in a general way, at least, how to judge bonds—for it is in that class of securities that we assume he will desire first to interest himself.

Ignorance of these principles may not, of course, result disastrously. The mere fact that only the strongest and most experienced bankers are recommended for the small investor presupposes that it will be necessary for him to rely very largely upon the bankers' judgment, but there are a good many pertinent questions which he should be able to ask regarding his purchases, if for no other reason than to avoid unpleasant misunderstandings. Take the case of the investor above referred to, for example. His "debentures" will probably turn out to be safe enough in all respects, but the disagreeable fact remains that he feels he has been deceived, and he is worried.

### What is an Indenture?

There is at least strong circumstantial evidence that our disturbed investor had never heard of an "indenture." Have you? If not, suppose you ask your banker to show you one the next time you are buying bonds. Examine it carefully, and although you will probably not be able to understand all of the fine legal phraseology with which it is adorned, you will, at least, be able to see that it describes in minute detail the bonds issued under it; that it tells just what the company agrees to do in return for the money it has borrowed—whether, for instance, it mortgages anything to secure the bonds, and, if so, what; or, whether, if there is no mortgage, it agrees that it will not later on issue securities which will stand ahead of the present ones. These are some of the essentials. Ask your banker to point out others for you. You will find in the indenture the basis for your entire judgment of the merits of your bonds.

If the investor whose experience furnished the text of this article had asked his banker just what it meant

when it was stated in his bonds that they were a "first lien" on the property of the company, he would have found in the beginning that the indenture stated there was no mortgage, but that the stockholders, or partners of the company, simply agreed that the bonds should be a first lien, or a first charge, ahead of the shares of capital stock; but, furthermore, that, in case it was desired later to place a first mortgage on the property they could do so, and without including the debenture under it. He would not then have had his unfortunate misconception of his investment—he might not have purchased the bonds at all.

Enough has been said regarding the indenture to indicate that to investors must look for the general definition of the safety of the principal of their bonds. It is to it that the banker goes to get the facts which form the basis of his judgment in the first instance, and from it he summarizes in the literature which he prepares for investors the essential details of the bonds he is trying to sell.

### Industrial Bonds Should Be Carefully Considered

A question which the investor, taking his first steps along the pathway of finance, is frequently heard to ask is: "How am I to know whether the A. B. Company, whose bonds I have had offered to me as a safe investment, can continue to pay the interest?" He has probably been satisfied as to the means which have been taken to safeguard the principal of the bonds, but his second serious concern is naturally about the certainty of his income.

If the bonds are those of a railroad company—and it may be added that, especially as conditions stand to-day, that kind of securities affords the best material out of which to build the foundation of one's invested surplus—he will have little difficulty in answering the question for himself, perhaps in as satisfactory a manner as his banker could answer it for him. If the bonds are those of a public service corporation, such as a street or interurban railroad company, a gas or electric light company, he will have but little more difficulty. But if they are the securities of an industrial corporation, he will find the answer not so easy.

Very early in their history, the railroads adopted the practise of making full and frequent reports of their condition. Such reports are even now required by the National Government and by many of the State Governments. They are now obtainable for the asking in most cases from the companies themselves. Without attempting to lead the investor through the bewildering maze of figures contained in one of those reports, it may be pointed out that the "income statement" and "balance sheet" will tell a great deal, even to those who are inexperienced and untrained in the examination of accounts. Every buyer of bonds ought to familiarize himself with those two parts of a corporation's report. The final test of the merits of a particular bond issue can not always be found there, but enough may be gleaned to enable one to command the most complete enlightenment from one's banker.

The writer recently asked a man, to whom a certain large investment banking house gives the credit of having a finer sense of discrimination in purchasing bonds than almost any other of its thousands of clients, what his standards of judgment were. He said:

"In the selection of a bond into which to put my first thousand dollars, I took the standards set up by the New York State savings-bank laws. I don't mean that I merely selected a bond that the bankers said was 'legal' for those institutions; I got one of them to explain to me why such bonds always commanded better prices, and were apparently so much better than other railroad bonds; I wanted to know just what their distinguishing characteristics were. He told me briefly of the rigid requirements which such bonds had to meet, and when I found that I might have my choice, as, indeed, I might have to-day, of a number of them, meeting those requirements, and which would give me, as some one very aptly expressed it once, 'Four per cent. and peace of mind,' I decided to make a beginning in that way.

"I have not confined myself entirely within such narrow limits of judgment. The more I studied the investment field, the more opportunities I saw to make my money earn more than four per cent., and the more I became convinced that I could increase its earning power with nothing near a proportionate increase in

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risk. More or less intuitively I have been able to determine for myself just how far it was safe for me to depart from those standards which I adopted as a beginner. I have yet to make my first mistake."

## An Outline of These Standards of Judgment

The New York State savings-bank laws carefully prescribe first what shall be the underlying security for the principal of "legal" bonds; it has to be a first mortgage, or the equivalent, on at least seventy-five per cent. of a minimum of five hundred miles of railroad, owned outright—a percentage to actual assets, which no bond issue ought to fall below. Then, here are some of the things which the laws insist the income account shall show, to the end that the company's ability to pay interest on its bonds shall be established beyond peradventure:

First, that for a period of at least five years, the company shall have had an unblemished record in respect to the payment of all its debts secured by mortgage. Second, that it must have distributed during an equal length of time profits to its stockholders at the rate of not less than four per cent. per annum. Third, that its annual gross earnings for the same period shall not have been less than five times the amount necessary to pay interest on all its outstanding indebtedness.

If you, as a buyer of bonds, had had before you a list including securities issued by railroads like the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Atchafalaya, Topeka and Santa Fe, Chicago and Northwestern, New York Central, Pennsylvania, Louisville and Nashville, Baltimore and Ohio, Union Pacific, and Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, many of whose bonds are owned by institutions holding in trust the savings accounts of the people, and you had examined the reports of these companies, you would have been able, by a few simple calculations, to tell that after paying all expenses incidental to the conduct of their business, year after year they had balances out of which to pay their interest charges, equal to from two to four times the amount of those charges. As a matter of fact, in the case of railroad securities, and even more in the case of public-utility or industrial securities, it has been pretty well established that a corporation should show a margin over all its interest charges equal to at least one hundred per cent. of the annual requirements in order to insure the safety of its bonds to that degree which should be demanded for the small investment fund.

It was suggested in a previous paragraph that the investor would probably have more difficulty in applying any set of simple rules of judgment as a final test to bonds issued by industrial or public-service corporations. With most of both of these classes of enterprises the income statement and the balance sheet will be available, and the underlying security for the bonds can be determined in the usual way; but there are many other things, materially affecting the safety of principal and interest, which the investor will ordinarily have neither the means nor the expert ability to find out. It will be necessary for him, therefore, in buying such bonds, to depend to a greater extent upon the banker's judgment. When he learns how that judgment is reached—that it is based upon an investigation which cost a great deal of money and took a great deal of the time of trained and experienced accountants and engineers, he will not be lacking in faith.

## Questions and Answers Department

**HOBOKEN**—How do you regard irrigation bonds at the present time? Is your opinion of these bonds still unfavorable?

**A.**—You have evidently misunderstood our articles dealing with irrigation bonds. Our object was simply to show that all irrigation bonds are not good. We intended to have our article explain the weak points of irrigation securities in order that the investor might know how to select only the most desirable. We suggest that you read the articles in the March and April, 1910, issues.

**R. T. A., MISSOURI**—I intend to invest some money in good stocks. Which are better for the small investor—listed or unlisted stocks?

**A.**—A great number of high-grade stocks are not listed simply because the issues are so small that it would not be advisable to have them placed on the New York Stock Exchange. The market for such stocks is, of course, inactive, but the interest returns usually compensate the investor for the lack of an active market. On the other hand, stocks listed on a large exchange can, of course, always be sold quickly but their yield is usually small. In other words, when you buy comparatively low-yield listed securities, you should realize that you are paying for the privilege of being able to negotiate them quickly and not entirely for their safety. This applies to bonds as well as stocks.

**SMALL INVESTOR**—I have noticed, in looking over the quotations on some of the exchanges, that bonds are sometimes designated as "stamped," and that they sell at a higher price than bonds of apparently the same

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**5 to 6 per cent**  
**6 to 7 per cent**

There are some investors who should seldom go outside of the first section; others might properly have an interest in the first two sections; while still others might select the best that each section has to offer.

Write for our Pamphlet No. 935, "Judicious Investment." It treats this subject briefly and to the point.

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If you don't know who I am or whether I am a responsible broker with whom to do business, ask your bank, or write yourself to any of the following well-known New England banks and trust companies with whom I carry deposits and do business, and ask what they think of me and of the kind of securities I sell.

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Bangor, Maine, Eastern Trust and Banking Co.  
Boston, Mass., American Trust Co.  
Boston, Mass., First National Bank  
Bridleboro, Vt., Vermont National Bank  
Bridgewater, Conn., City Bank  
Bristol, Conn., Bristol Trust Co.  
Danbury, Conn., City National Bank  
Derby, Conn., Birmingham National Bank  
Fitchburg, Mass., Safety Fund National Bank  
Hartford, Conn., Aetna National Bank  
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Hartford, Conn., Fidelity Trust Co.  
Hartford, Conn., American National Bank  
Hartford, Conn., Hartford Trust Co.  
Hartford, Conn., City Bank  
Hartford, Conn., Hartford National Bank  
Hartford, Conn., Riverside Trust Co.  
Hartford, Conn., River Banking Co.  
Holyoke, Mass., Home National Bank  
Meriden, Conn., Home National Bank  
Middletown, Conn., First National Bank  
New Britain, Conn., New Britain National Bank  
New Haven, Conn., National Tradesmen's Bank  
New London, Conn., National Bank of Commerce  
North Adams, Mass., North Adams Trust Co.  
Norwich, Conn., Thames Loan and Trust Co.  
Pawtucket, R.I., Slater Trust Co.  
Pittsfield, Mass., Berkshire Loan and Trust Co.  
Portland, Maine, Portland National Bank  
Providence, R.I., Atlantic National Bank  
Providence, R.I., National Exchange Bank  
Providence, R.I., Union Trust Co.  
Springfield, Mass., Springfield National Bank  
Springfield, Mass., Third National Bank  
Springfield, Mass., Life Deposit and Trust Co.  
Springfield, Mass., Union Trust Co.  
Stamford, Conn., Stamford Trust Co.  
Seymour, Conn., Seymour Trust Co.  
Waterbury, Conn., Colonial Trust Co.  
Westfield, Mass., First National Bank  
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Worcester, Mass., Worcester Trust Co.

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**THE** great difficulty with the average investor is how to inform himself as to the best stocks to buy and where to buy them.

I am a specialist in the best dividend-paying New England manufacturing stocks; and the man or woman with one hundred dollars to invest has just as good a chance as one with ten thousand. It makes no difference where you live, you can do business with me by mail to your entire satisfaction.

Three of the best New England manufacturing stocks to be bought today, in my judgment, are as follows:

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75 Guaranteed Preferred Stock.

The Uswoco Mills are leased to the United States Worsted Company, one of the largest and most prosperous textile manufacturing companies in New England. Present price, \$110 per share, to net 6.36%. Send for circular A.

**THE HENDEE MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
of Springfield, Mass.

75 Convertible Preferred Stock.

This old established company shows remarkable earnings. The convertible feature of this stock is very valuable. Present price, \$110 per share, to net 6.36%. Send for circular B.

**THE WHITCOMB-BLAISDELL MACHINE TOOL CO., of Worcester, Mass.**  
7 to 10% Preferred Stock.

One of Worcester's oldest and most prosperous manufacturing companies, whose product has the highest reputation in the trade. Present price, \$105 per share, to net 6.67%. Send for circular C.

issue which are not so designated. Will you kindly explain the meaning of this?

A.—"Stamped" bonds are those which have had their position altered by some change in the conditions under which they were originally issued. Whenever such changes are determined upon by the directors of the issuing company, holders of the bonds are asked to turn in their securities and have the new conditions defined by being written or stamped on the face of the bonds. The stamped bonds, which you have noticed as selling higher than those of the same issue not designated as stamped, are for the most part those which have been rendered free of personal taxation through the company's having itself paid the tax on a part of the authorized issue. An illustration would be of bonds of a company whose properties had been sold to another company, the latter agreeing, as one of the terms of the sale, to guarantee the principal and interest of the outstanding obligations of the former. The guarantee would be stamped on the bonds, giving them additional security and hence causing them to command a higher price in the market.

IGNORANT INVESTOR—I have never clearly understood just what commercial paper is. Please explain to me.

A.—Suppose wholesale house A sells some goods to jobber B and takes B's notes in payment. Then if A endorses these notes and sells them to a reliable broker and the standing of A and B is of the best, these notes may be considered as commercial paper worthy of consideration.

N. Y. TRUSTEE—Having been appointed trustee of a small estate, I shall soon have available a fund of \$5,000, which I desire to invest in bonds where there will be absolutely no question as to the safety of the principal, but where a fair return is at the same time one of the important considerations. Can you advise me how to go about making a selection of bonds under New York State laws?

A.—In New York State, the laws provide that only bonds which are legal investments for the savings-banks shall be legal for trust funds. In the list of legal savings-bank issues of railroad bonds there are few which sell at a price to return more than 4½ per cent. on the investment, although by careful selection you could probably find five bonds on which the average return would be close to 4½ per cent. We suggest that you first consult with some banking house of high standing, asking for an offering of such bonds. If you desire, we shall be glad to advise with you later on regarding specific issues.

W. K., PENNSYLVANIA—Do you think the stocks of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central are attractive at present prices?

A.—We know no more than anybody else just what the market will do but we are inclined to believe that if these stocks are bought outright and held, they will ultimately advance materially in value. At present prices they yield a satisfactory return on the money invested.

FARMER—I have been bombarded of late with literature offering for sale stocks in California oil companies. Are any of these stocks good purchases?

A.—In general, no. There are undoubtedly many California oil properties of great value which are now, or will be in time, making money for their owners, but few of them are owned by companies engaged in stock-selling campaigns at the present time. The successes of the few good companies are being used, on the other hand, to exploit the bad ones. You should beware of all this literature, describing properties in glowing terms, and offering stock promising fabulous profits. Not more than one in ten of such propositions can be said to be even a good gamble.

WOMAN INVESTOR—Will you kindly explain for me the difference between the "corporate stock" and the "bonds" of New York City.

A.—There is practically no difference, so far as general investment considerations are concerned. The term "corporate stock" is used in New York to designate the city's long-term (usually fifty-year) obligations, as distinguished from the short-term (usually ten or fifteen-year) obligations, which are known for the most part as "assessment bonds," issued for improvements along specified streets and being in effect a lien on the taxes assessed against the particular property benefited by the improvements. The "corporate stock," in other words, is issued more against the general credit of the city. New York also has another form of obligations known as "revenue bonds" or "revenue warrants." These are of still shorter terms, ranging from three months, and even less, to three years. The latter are used by the city to provide money for current needs in anticipation of the collection of taxes. For the most part, they do not find their way into the hands of the general investing public, but are taken by the large bankers, both in this country and abroad, who lend money to the city from time to time as it is needed.

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# Put Beauty Into Life

[Continued from page 41]

The highest beauty—beauty that is far superior to mere regularity of feature or form—is within reach of everybody. It is perfectly possible for one, even with the homeliest face, to make herself beautiful by the habit of perpetually holding in mind the beauty thought, not the thought of mere superficial beauty, but that of heart beauty, soul beauty, and by the cultivation of a spirit of kindness, helpfulness and unselfishness.

The basis of all real personal beauty is a kindly, helpful bearing and a desire to scatter sunshine and good cheer everywhere, and this, shining through the face, makes it beautiful. The longing and the effort to be beautiful in character can not fail to make the life beautiful, and since the outward is but an expression of the inward, a mere outpicturing on the body of the habitual thought and dominating motives, the face, the manners and the bearing must follow the thought and become sweet and attractive. If you hold the beauty thought, the love thought, persistently in the mind, you will make such an impression of harmony and sweetness wherever you go that no one will notice any plainness or deformity of person.

There are girls who have dwelt upon what they consider their unfortunate plainness so long that they have seriously exaggerated it. They are not half so plain as they think they are; and were it not for the fact that they have made themselves very sensitive and self-conscious on the subject, others would not notice it at all. In fact, if they could get rid of their sensitiveness and be natural, they could, with persistent effort, make up in sprightliness of thought, in cheerfulness of manner, in intelligence, and in cheery helpfulness, what they lack in grace and beauty of face.

We admire the beautiful face, the beautiful form, but we love the face illumined by a beautiful soul. We love it because it suggests the ideal of the possible perfect man or woman, the ideal which was the creator's model.

It is not the outward form of our dearest friend, but our ideal of friendship which he arouses or suggests in us that stirs up and brings into exercise our love and admiration. The highest beauty does not exist in the actual. It is the ideal, possible beauty, which the person we object symbolizes or suggests, that gives us delight.

Everyone should endeavor to be beautiful and attractive; to be as complete a human being as possible. There is not a taint of vanity in the desire for the highest beauty.

## The Spiritual Significance of Beauty

The love of beauty that confines itself to mere external form, however, misses its deepest significance. Beauty of form, of coloring, of light and shade, of sound, make our world beautiful; yet the mind that is warped and twisted can not see all this infinite beauty. It is the indwelling spirit, the ideal in the soul, that makes all things beautiful; that inspires and lifts us above ourselves.

We love the outwardly beautiful, because we crave perfection, and we can not help admiring those persons and things that most nearly embody or measure up to our human ideal.

But a beautiful character will make beauty and poetry out of the prosiest environment, bring sunshine into the darkest home, and develop beauty and grace amid the ugliest surroundings.

What would become of us if it were not for the great souls who realize the divinity of life, who insist upon bringing out and emphasizing its poetry, its music, its harmony and beauty?

How sordid and common our lives would become but for these beauty-makers, these inspirers, these people who bring out all that is best and most attractive in every place, every situation and condition!

There is no accomplishment, no trait of character, no quality of mind, which will give greater satisfaction and pleasure or contribute more to one's welfare than an appreciation of the beautiful. How many people might be saved from wrong-doing, even from lives of crime, by the cultivation of the esthetic faculties in their childhood! A love of the beautiful would save children from things which encoarsen and brutalize their natures. It would shield them from a multitude of temptations.

Parents do not take sufficient pains to develop the love and appreciation of beauty in their children. They do not realize that in impressionable youth, everything about the home, even the pictures, the paper on the wall, affect the growing character. They should never lose an opportunity of letting their boys and girls see beautiful works of art, hear beautiful music; they should make a practise of reading to them or having them read very often some lofty poem, or inspirational passages from some great writer, that will fill their minds with thoughts of beauty, open their souls to the inflow of the Divine Mind, the Divine Love which encompasses us round about. The influences that moved our youth determine the character, the success and happiness of our whole lives.

Every soul is born responsive to the beautiful, but his instinctive love of beauty must be fostered through the eye and the mind must be cultivated, or it will die. The craving for beauty is as strong in a child of the

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Many people of small means are neglecting the opportunities for safe investment offered by approved \$100 bonds. The small investor has looked upon owning bonds as rather beyond him—thinking only of bonds as being in \$1000 denominations.

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slums is in a favorite of fortune. "The physical hunger of the poor, the yearning of their stomachs," says Jacob A. Riis, "is not half so bitter, or so little likely to be satisfied as their esthetic hunger, their starving for the beautiful."

Mr. Riis has often tried to take flowers from his Long Island home to the "poors" in Mulberry Street, New York. "But they never got there," he says. "Before I had gone half a block from the ferry I was held up by a shrieky mob of children who cried for the posies and would not let me go another step till I had given them one. And when they got it they ran, shielding the flower with the most jealous care, to some place where they could hide and gloat over their treasure. They came dragging big, fat babies and little weazened ones that they might get a share, and the babies' eyes grew round and big at the sight of the golden glory from the fields, the like of which had never come their way. The smaller the baby, and the poorer, the more wistful its look, and so my flowers went." Who could have said them no?

"I learned then what I had but vaguely understood before, that there is a hunger that is worse than that which starves the body and gets into the newspapers. All children love beauty and beautiful things. It is the spark of the divine nature that is in them and justifies itself! To that ideal their souls grow. When they cry out for it they are trying to tell us in the only way they can that if we let the slum starve the ideal, with its dirt and its ugliness and its hard-trodden mud where flowers were meant to grow, we are starving that which we little know. A man, a human, may grow a big body without a soul; but as a citizen, as a mother, he or she is worth nothing to the commonwealth. The mark they are going to leave upon it is the black snudge of the slum."

"So when in these latter days we invade that slum

to make homes there and teach the mothers to make them beautiful; when we gather the children into kindergartens, hang pictures in the schools; when we build beautiful new schools and public buildings and let in the light, with grass and flower and bird, where darkness and foulness were before; when we teach the children to dance and play and enjoy themselves—alas! that it should ever be needed—we are trying to wipe off the smudge, and to lift the heavy mortgage which it put on the morrow, a much heavier one in the loss of citizenship than any community, even the republic, can long endure. We are paying arrears of debt which we incurred by our sad neglect, and we could be about no better business."

There are many poor children in the slums of New York, Mr. Millionaire, who could go into your drawing-room and carry away from its rich canvases; its costly furnishings, a vision of beauty which you never perceived in them because your esthetic faculties, your finer sensibilities, were early stifled by your selfish pursuit of the dollar.

#### Beauty or Ugliness at Will

The world is full of beautiful things, but the majority have not been trained to discern them. We can not see all the beauty that lies around us, because our eyes have not been trained to see it; our esthetic faculties have not been developed. We are like the lady who, standing with the great artist, Turner, before one of his wonderful landscapes, cried out in amazement: "Why Mr. Turner, I can not see those things in nature that you have put in your picture."

"Don't you wish you could, madam?" he replied.

Just think what rare treats we shut out of our lives in our mad, selfish, insane pursuit of the dollar! Do you not wish that you could see the marvels that Turner

saw in a landscape, that Ruskin saw in a sunset? Do you not wish that you had put a little more beauty into your life instead of allowing your nature to become encased, your esthetic faculties blinded and your finer instincts blighted by the pursuit of the coarser things of life, instead of developing your brute instincts of pushing, elbowing your way through the world for a few more dollars in your effort to get something away from somebody else?

Fortunate is the person who has been educated to the perception of beauty; he possesses a heritage of which no reverses can rob him. Yet it is a heritage possible to all who will take the trouble to begin early in life to cultivate the finer qualities of the soul, the eye, and the heart. "I am a lover of untainted and immortal beauty," exclaims Emerson. "Oh, world, what pictures and what harmony are there."

A great scientist tells us that there is no natural object in the universe which, if seen as the Master sees it, coupled with all its infinite meaning, its utility and purpose, is not beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting. Just as the most disgusting object, if put under a magnifying glass of sufficient power, would reveal beauties undreamed of, so, even the most unlovely environment, the most cruel conditions, will, when viewed through the glass of a trained and disciplined mind, show something of the beautiful and the hopeful. A life that has been rightly trained will extract sweetness from everything; it will see beauty everywhere.

Situated as we are in a world of beauty and sublimity, we have no right to devote practically all of our energies and to sap all our life forces in the pursuit of selfish aims, in accumulating material wealth, in piling up dollars. It is our duty to treat life as a glory, not as a grind, or a purely business transaction, dealing wholly with money and bread-and-butter questions. Wherever you are, put beauty into your life.

# The Twilight of Cannonism — [Continued from page 13]

though as a matter of fact few minority leaders have ever been elected following a victory of their party at the polls.

Barely second in importance to the question of who shall name the committees is that of whether seniority should be seriously considered. In the days when John Sharp Williams was minority leader, he selected the Democratic members of all committees, Speaker Cannon overruling him only once or twice. When, in return for the winning fight which he and twenty-two other Democrats had made to save the appointing power to the Speaker, Cannon assigned Representative John J. Fitzgerald, of New York, to the Committee on Rules, and his followers, Representatives Robert F. Broussard, of Louisiana, and Francis Burton Harrison, of New York, to the Ways and Means Committee, Clark refused to make any more appointments. He has since said that in relieving him of this responsibility Cannon had done him a real favor. Eminent Democrats have maintained that no great leader would have abrogated this right without a contest, and, at all events, would have named as many of the minority members as was possible.

"In the selection of committees either by the Speaker or a Committee on Committees," I asked Clark: "Do you believe that the rule of seniority should be followed?"

"Length of service should be an important consideration," he replied.

"Follow it," I said, "and you will have Oscar Underwood, who is suspected of being none too much of a downward revisionist, at the head of the Ways and Means Committee, which will have charge of the new tariff bill. Fitzgerald, who rushed to the assistance of Speaker Cannon at the very moment when his party needed him most, will head Appropriations; and Adamson, who has always been regarded as a partizan of the railroads, will be chairman of Interstate and Foreign Commerce."

#### His Geniality is Not An Acquired Habit

A most remarkable feature of the situation was that no one wished to oppose the Missourian for the Speakership. He has been a member of the House for twenty years, and is one of the most beloved men ever in public life. He is blunt and picturesque in debate and sometimes loses his temper over trivial matters; but he forgives and remembers only with charity toward all.

"Governor Dockery once told me that no man in politics could afford to bear malice," said Clark. "He who is against you to-day may be your best friend and supporter a year hence. I have had a hard time doing it, but I have lived up to that precept. I bear not the slightest resentment toward Mr. Fitzgerald for the support he gave Speaker Cannon, or toward any one else."

Clark is second not even to "Uncle Joe" himself as a nithmaker. He tells a good story on the slightest provocation. Friend and foe alike are content to listen to him many minutes at a time, and no greater evidence of esteem could be given. He abounds with tales about tomtoms, rattlesnakes and Missouri mules, and can trap a Dalzell or a McCall on quotations from the classics. Some people say that his homely ways and manner of speech were acquired to suit the people he chose to live among. That is not so. He is as free

from veneer as a fence-rail. Born sixty years ago and educated in Kentucky, he became president of Marshall College, in West Virginia, when he was only twenty-two, and for just that many years he held the world's record for being the youngest of college presidents. Pointing the way for the youthful idea was not entirely to his liking, so he went out to Missouri, where he has lived ever since, except when he has been in Washington.

Champ Clark is an even-tempered man. Victory flushes him not, nor does defeat abash him. If he had the determination and spunk necessary to keep schemers at arms' length, and sufficient insight to separate always the meritorious from the adventitious, he would be, after a fashion, a great man. As it is, he is fairly big. But he has not made a good minority leader. Allowing twenty-three Democrats to desert him in favor of Cannon, as he did on March 15, 1900, when Fitzgerald and his crowd voted not to elect a special committee to revise the rules, was an egregious blunder.

At a meeting of the Democratic members of the present House, just before the Christmas holidays, it was decided that a caucus of the Democratic members-elect of the Sixty-second Congress should be held in Washington on January 10, about the date of publication of this issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

It was further tacitly agreed that a Committee on Ways and Means should be selected at that caucus and that this committee should select the other standing committees for the next Congress. As a consequence, log-rolling on a tremendous scale immediately began. Also, there were boot-licking and hypocrisy aplenty. The real leaders among the Democrats, however, seemed to realize the importance of the task before them, and the lick-spittlers and trucklers bade fair to be ignored or to land where they ultimately belong. This danger of extraordinary activity on the part of political mountebanks and false prophets was duly discounted, of course, from the very outset by those who have advocated the "Committee on Committees" plan. They believe that merit and experience would have a better chance of recognition from the House itself than from one man, who, however indifferent he might pretend to be, is ambitious to continue himself in power and, as a rule, is the servant of pernicious interests.

No matter how greatly the Progressive Democrats may lament the fact, Oscar Underwood, who represents the Birmingham (Ala.) District, where the Steel Trust is king, will be the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. At the time this article was written, that fact was admitted by all Democratic members. The choice is peculiarly pleasing to Clark, who admires Underwood extravagantly; it is displeasing to many of those who wish to see a genuine downward revision of the tariff.

#### Personnel of the Ways and Means Committee

The Democratic make-up of this Ways and Means Committee, by the way, is interesting. At present, Clark is the ranking Democratic member. Following him come Underwood; Pou of North Carolina; Randall of Texas; Broussard of Louisiana; Harrison of New York, and Brantley of Georgia. Pou owes his place to the geographical position of his State; he is doing

his best to remain on the committee and is backed by certain stand-pat Democratic Senators. Randall's position is due, of course, to the fact that Texas has long had a member and that he was the choice of his State delegation. Broussard, Harrison and Brantley were all placed there because of services rendered to Speaker Cannon when the fight for a "Committee on Committees" first came up in March, 1900. Harrison and Randall alone of these men have a clean tariff-for-revenue-only record. Broussard is an out-and-out protectionist, having voted for the Payne bill in the House before it went to the Senate and for the Payne-Aldrich bill later on. Brantley, brilliant, and one of the best lawyers in Congress, showed himself much of a protectionist by his vote on the lumber schedule of this bill. It seemed likely at the time of writing that only Underwood and Harrison and Randall would be retained. There was a decided disposition in the Democratic ranks to be charitable, but keeping protectionists on a committee that is to carry out the party declaration for tariff-for-revenue-only was regarded, apparently, as beyond the limit. It seemed probable that the committee would be selected on geographical lines, so far as was consistent with merit.

#### Other Interesting Personalities

The most important committee to be chosen by this committee, of course, is that on Appropriations. The ranking Democratic member at present is Leonidas F. Livingston, of Georgia, who was defeated for reelection. Following him come John J. Fitzgerald of New York, Albert S. Burleson of Texas, Sherley of Kentucky, Bowers of Mississippi, and Keihler of Massachusetts. Bowers and Keihler will not be in the Sixty-second Congress. Of the three remaining Democrats, Sherley is unquestionably the most able, Fitzgerald the most adroit and the best politician, and Burleson is the most fiery and progressive. Clark admires Fitzgerald's ability tremendously—and sometimes his attitude toward him would seem to indicate that he feared him. Clark and Sherley "set horses" most awkwardly. Sherley is so profound that at times he is impatient with those who reason less accurately than he and who think less quickly. However, it is generally conceded that he would make an admirable chairman of the Committee on Appropriations.

It is interesting to study the make-up of the other committees and to speculate on just what will happen. Henry D. Clayton of Alabama is the ranking member of the Judiciary. Some say he is a greatly overrated man, full of bluster and short of logic. That is a poor estimate. Clayton has remarkable ability and would undoubtedly make a much better chairman of this important committee than some who aspire to the job pretend to believe he would. Next to Clayton on the Judiciary, is Henry of Texas, who has been a member of seven Congresses and is a lawyer of experience and ability. At the head of the Democratic column on Banking and Currency is Arsene P. Pujo, of Louisiana, one of the most accomplished members of his party in the House. Pujo, by the way, was one of those who had misgivings as to the feasibility of the "Committee on Committees" plan, but who argued that it was a



party pledge and that its adoption came before support of any individual candidate for the Speakership.

The ranking member of the Rivers and Harbors Committee is Stephen M. Sparkman, of Florida, but it is generally conceded that Joseph E. Ransdell, of Louisiana, who ranks second, would be a better choice for chairman. This committee, by the way, is one of the most important in the House, inasmuch as it frames the annual "pork barrel."

A strange assignment would be Lemuel P. Padgett of Tennessee to the chairmanship of the Committee on Naval Affairs. He is at present the ranking Democratic member and undoubtedly expects to be selected. With the exception of Robert B. Macon, of Arkansas, he is the only Democratic member of this important committee whose district does not border upon the sea coast. Padgett studies hard and does the best he knows how, but he would never be accused of expert knowledge as to battle-ships or shipyards.

Morris Sheppard, of Texas, is the ranking member of the important Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, in view of the fact that Charles R. Thomas, of North Carolina, the present senior, is not to be a member of the Sixty-second Congress. When Sheppard succeeded his father, the late John L. Sheppard, over eight years ago, he was one of the youngest men ever elected to the House. He has been known ever since as the boy orator of Congress. He is easily the finest word painter who ever arose from his seat in "general debate," but he has yet to earn his spurs as a real committee worker, or as a good debater, which, after all, is the true test of the value of a Congressman.

It is hardly likely that John A. Moon, of Tennessee, who bolted his party with Fitzgerald in March, 1900, and who was always at war with the late minority leader, John Sharp Williams, will succeed to the important post of chairman of the Post-Office and Post Roads Committee, though he is at present the ranking Democratic member. It is equally unlikely that David E. Finley, of South Carolina, who is second to Moon, will be named. The third man is James T. Lloyd, of Missouri, who, as chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee in the recent campaign, won a lot of glory, the credit for which he is not altogether entitled to, though many who are seeking important committee appointments would have him believe he is. Stripped of all the power which the most radical demand it shall be, the Speakership is still a most important office—more important than the Vice-Presidency. The rules of the House still leave to it considerable power and Champ Clark is not likely to abuse it. "There is an old man out in my country," he has often said, "who declared that a bird in the hand is the noblest work of God."

Clark has the power. The people of the United States hope he will use it as he should. May he realize that the recent victory was a victory of the Progressives of both parties rather than of the candidates of one party.



## Why is an Express Company?

[Continued from page 9]

discriminatory rates. They found many and remedied them by raising them.

Note the date of the advances on the cream shipments and cut flowers. It was April-May, 1906—just after the passage of the Hepburn Act.

Then there was a simultaneous and harmonious rush of all express companies to raise rates. Hitherto, in the eyes of the law, they had been merely "associations," or private concerns answerable to no one. Now they foresaw a rush of shippers to the Commission trying to force down rates that had not been lowered in forty years. So these newly christened "common carriers" doubled all the rates they could and awaited the attack.

It came. And then how touchingly childlike and bland were the explanations of the express companies. As to the raise of more than 100 per cent. on Mr. Reynolds's cream shipments, the Southern Express Company argued that the original rate of 15 cents a gallon was intended to apply only to the weight of the cream and its can, and did not cover the tub and ice necessary to preserve it. Yet they have been carrying the cream July-iced for six years, and bringing back the empty can and tub. It was certainly careless of them not to notice in all that time that the tub full of ice on the out-shipment was going through free of charge.

In further explanation, Vice-President Loop of the Southern Express Company said: "The object of bringing that special rate (\$1.75), and putting cream into the commodity tariff and charging what our rate now is (\$4.05) from Columbia to Jacksonville, is not to get any more money out of the consumer or the dealer, but it is to make a consistent tariff."

In other words, Mr. Reynolds and other shippers must be sacrificed to logic and consistency. They could either pay the new rate, or use freight, or go out of business.

Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," pointed out that the ferryman who meets no competition can charge you whatever he likes, if you have to get across.

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the river. The treatment accorded the New Jersey flower-growers is consistent with that theory. But the florists complained that other express companies, bringing cut flowers to New York from up State, Connecticut and Long Island, had not raised rates. They also pointed out that the United States Express Company was still willing to carry many other commodities as light and difficult to handle as flowers at rates ranging from 35 cents to 50 cents a hundred pounds. A raise of more than double was too much for the florists and they protested.

The florists were able to show that since the advance of rate to 50 cents in 1902, a wagon express had begun business in the Chatham district, calling at the green-houses daily, picking up the flowers, and delivering them in the city at least an hour earlier than did the rail express. The wagon service still continued to charge 60 cents per 100 pounds, including the return of the empties.

Then the express company set forth elaborate tables to prove how unreasonable the 50-cent rate had been to them. This was the proof:

#### A Quer Argument

"We have to pay the railroads for hauling these flowers from 40% to 45% of what we charge the customer. Then we have to pay each of our local agents 20% of the receipts at his office as a return for his work. Thus on a consignment of 100 pounds at 50 cents the railroad would get 22½ cents and the agent 10 cents, leaving but 17½ cents for us, which is not enough for our superior service. It would do us no good to raise the rate merely to 60 cents, since, of the additional 10 cents charged to the customer, we ourselves would get only 3½ cents while in accordance with our contracts the railroads would get 4½ cents and the agents 2 cents of the advance. Not till we raise the rate to \$1.00 do we get 35 cents per 100 pounds which is a reasonable compensation for our services."

The railroads and the agents were to perform no additional service under the advanced rate. Yet the express company could figure out no more equitable way of compensating itself for its alleged additional service than by making the customer pay double to all concerned in the movement of the goods.

And how were complaints of exorbitant express charges from Maricopa County, Arizona, answered? These complaints were made by local merchants and shippers, and at the hearing, the traffic manager of Wells Fargo & Company testified that express rates are determined by freight rates; and that in the territory in question, express charges, as compared with freight charges, were lower than in any other section of the country, and in his opinion too low.

This statement was calmly made in the face of the fact that the Interstate Commerce Commission had but a short time before declared that railroad freight rates west of the Missouri River were too high and had ordered their general reduction.

In a general way it is quite true that express rates are determined by freight rates. The railroads furnish and haul the express cars, which, however, are loaded and unloaded by employees of the express companies. For this service the railroads receive from forty to sixty per cent. of what the express company charges you. The railroads, moreover, in their contracts with the express companies, are careful to provide that the express rates shall not be less than several times the freight rates. But they make important exceptions—some of them seemingly inconsistent and some of them consistent with a deadly consistency. Notably, there is the permission to charge lower rates on "matter that may be transported in the United States Mails."

The express rate question is too elaborate and too technical to be expounded here in full detail. Salient points, however, must be brought out.

The rates are quoted at so much a hundred pounds on different classes of merchandise from point to point. But there are curious complications and discriminations. Some of them arise out of arbitrary arrangements under which the express companies theoretically divide traffic at stated points—the frontiers of their "territories."

The express companies themselves say that the chief service they render is the terminal service. In the words of the president of the Adams: "The collection, care and delivery of packages constitutes the science of the express business."

You can send a 100-pound package of Christmas presents from New York to Yonkers, just outside the city limits, collect, for 50 cents—if you want to. Of this 50 cents the railroad receives 21 cents for hauling the package. The longer the haul, the more the railroad's share. But if 27 cents compensates the express company for picking up your package in New York and delivering it to your family in Yonkers, why should the same service bring the company, as its share of the charges, 87½ cents if you send the package to your brother in Buffalo; or \$2.70 if you send it to your aunt in Lincoln, Nebraska; or \$4.07 if you send it to your uncle in Salt Lake City, Utah; or \$7.70 if you send it to your grandmother in San Francisco?

Is the terminal service so many times more arduous when you send your package to a distance?

For shipments of less than 100 pounds, the express companies charge in accordance with "the graduate scale." This system is calculated from the rate per 100 pounds between the given points; in other words, the "base rate." It does not cover every weight; and

whenever your package is a little more than any of the actually specified weights, you are charged for the next higher weight. It produces some most astonishing inconsistencies.

#### Graduates and Double Graduates

George J. Kindel, a Denver manufacturer, first vigorously attacked the inconsistencies and injustices of the graduate scale. Although he accomplished little more in 1908 than to show up the indefensible practices of the express companies, he has returned to the attack again this year, and at this writing his complaints are being argued before the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The extreme finesse of express rate making is the "double graduate." This is applied to packages of eight pounds or more, when the express company which is to make the ultimate delivery has no receiving office at the place from which the package is sent. Its method is to apply the graduate, first, according to the base rate between the receiving point and the point at which the package is theoretically to be transferred to the second company, and again according to the base rate between the transfer point and the delivery point. This may mean nearly a double charge.

If the package be prepaid, the express company, competing with the mail service, charges much less.

Moreover, for packages weighing from one to seven pounds the rates are particularly low. In explanation, it may be pointed out that the express companies shrewdly extend these cheap rates to packages three pounds heavier than the weight limit allowed in the mails.

An express company will buy goods for you at any store in any town where it has an office. It will file legal documents for you; get your goods out of pawn, or enter them and clear them at the Custom House, and transport them in bond to any port of entry. It will even pay your gas bill, and attend to any legitimate business that an agent could perform for you. In addition, it transacts what amounts to a general banking business.

Money orders, letters of credit, and foreign exchange came not within the purview of William Harnden and his handbag, but to-day the total value of all financial paper issued by express companies is pretty close to \$170,000,000 a year. Nine-tenths of it is in the form of money orders; about one-third as much as the entire business in that line done by the Federal Government, and three times as much as was done by all express companies twenty years ago.

On money orders the charges of the express companies are made to compete with the Government. Collections for customers are a different matter. A bank will take your draft, and if it is returned unhonored, no charge is made. If the money comes through, the bank charges you less than a third of what the express company charges whether it is able to collect or not.

Is the express collection service worth the difference in cost? The following testimony from a large firm is typical:

"We find from our records that at times we have hundreds of dollars outstanding in C. O. D. shipments that are not returned to us before five or six months after the goods leave our hands, and we are frequently obliged to go to great inconvenience to get our money. The holding up of C. O. D. money for an indefinite period practically takes the aspect of a forced loan, and the claims against the express companies to-day are assuming large proportions."

Such is the testimony of shippers all over the country and the complaint relates not only to collections. It is almost impossible to get anything like satisfaction out of the express companies when goods are lost or damaged—and this in the face of the fact that the companies seek to justify excessive express charges on the ground that their liability for the safe delivery of the goods involves a heavy expense in their business. Upon their own reports we find that the expense involved in loss and damage is but 1.21% of the total earnings of the American Express Company; Adams, 1.01%; Pacific, .61%; United States, 1.00%; and so on down the line.

#### Have You Ever Tried to Get Satisfaction?

Upon articles for which the company is kind enough to assume liability, your express receipt limits it to \$50 for 100 pounds and 50 cents a pound over that weight. The clerk carefully stamps your receipt, "Value asked but not given," but he never asks you how much the goods are worth. If you yourself insist upon placing a valuation upon the shipment, an extra charge is made for each \$100, varying from 5 cents to 20 cents. Then if the goods are lost or damaged, the company refuses to pay more than \$50, taking refuge behind the interstate law, and claiming that they would be breaking it if they paid more.

The only resort of the shipper is to go to law about it, and there are already thousands of suits pending against the companies on this \$50 clause. It is the settled policy of the express companies not only to be negligent, careless and unaccommodating to the shipping public at large, but to tire out the shipper who makes a claim for loss, and, especially on small values, to put him to such expense that he finds it cheaper to drop the claim.

Instances of this kind pile up from all over the country. Moreover, many other injustices are regularly practised.

Do you think that such instances of discrimination are exceptions, arising merely from the necessary application of red tape in an intricate industry? Then let us pass from these petty injustices complained of throughout the country, and see whether the express companies are skilled in more masterly methods of fooling the public.

Here is a case in point. Its importance is due to the hearing it has on the real significance of the express business. We recognize that one of the greatest opportunities of the express business lies in the West, where magnificent distances between manufacturing centers frequently make it imperative to bring shipments of seasonable goods as quickly as possible from the East. The express companies make special rates upon shipments of miscellaneous merchandise in bulk from 500 pounds to 20,000 pounds, just as the railroads make special carload rates. They will gather a quantity of small packages from different consignors and deliver them at the bulk rate to some one consignee, such as a large department store, jobber or commission merchant.

The California Jobbers and Manufacturers Association, assuming that the rule should work both ways, employed a forwarding agent in New York to purchase various sorts of merchandise intended for different consignees, and to bulk the separate packages into one shipment to San Francisco for distribution to various purchasers. When the shipment was offered to Wells Fargo and Company it was refused at the bulk rate on the ground that the forwarding agent was not the owner of the goods, and that they were intended for ultimate delivery to more than one consignee. The graduate scale was applied to each package in the shipment, and \$676 was collected over and above the bulk rate.

When the case was brought before the Interstate Commerce Commission reparation was awarded. The decision held that any shipper was entitled to take advantage of the bulk rate offered by the express companies without their inquiring as to the ownership or the ultimate disposition of the shipment.

A simple case, justly settled, is our first thought. But there are deeps to be sounded; and we reach them through the dissenting opinion of Commissioner Harlan.

He pointed out that "a person engaged in any kind of business may refuse his services and the use of his facilities to a competitor" as "a principle of common right." He saw no reason why this rule of self-protection should not be available to "common carriers," and he urged that the forwarding agent of the California association is in all respects a common carrier.

A forwarding agent a common carrier?

#### Keeping the Rates Up

"Whatever," says Commissioner Harlan, "be the form under which the business is conducted, he makes his income out of transportation. He steps in between the express company and its patrons and collects express matter and delivers it at destination and fixes and receives a rate that will compensate him for his services. To call him a shipper and accord him the rights of a shipper, under the act to regulate commerce, is to ignore the fact that he has nothing of his own to ship, but is simply selling transportation to those who have. He is a mere trafficker in freight rates, just as a ticket scalper is a trader in passenger fares. To give to forwarders the status and the rights of shippers is to make the business of forwarding a permanent feature in our commerce. This is to be regretted, not only because there seems to be no real general need of forwarders in this country, but because no advantage can come through them to the general public. It is not economically a sound proposition to interpose a new factor in transportation between the shipper and the carrier, a middleman who must make his living out of transportation."

There we have it. The learned Commissioner, son of a Supreme Court Justice, has unconsciously defined in precise terms the status of an express company. As he properly concludes "the ultimate result will be to require the shipping public to support both the carrier and the forwarder."

That is exactly what you and I and our fathers have been doing for more than half a century. We have been paying both the railroads and the express companies excessive sums for a service in which the express company can only be regarded reasonably as the forwarding agent of the railroad, which does the actual hauling of the goods.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has already held in a certain case, that discrimination in express rates is unlawful.

But what good does that do? Do you suppose that the "orders" of the Interstate Commerce Commission are immediately observed by any one? They ordered a general reduction of freight rates west of the Missouri. According to law their orders may not be in force for a period exceeding two years. Did the railroad companies reduce trans-Missouri rates? No. They fought the order up to the United States Supreme Court. The Court handed down a decision sustaining it, about two weeks after the expiration of the two-year period of the order. The only recourse is for the Commission to issue another order operative for two years and have that again fought through the Federal courts, in the hope that the decision of the highest court may be rendered before the order again expires.

The express companies manage to maintain rates in exactly the same way. All the reductions ordered are still subject to litigation. Possibly this winter, if we get our new Commerce Court working, decisions may be expedited. Only a few years ago one of our most competent investigators asked one of our most honored railroad presidents: "What will happen if Congress does give the Interstate Commerce Commission power to fix rates?" He replied: "The Commission will have to be controlled, that's all."

When this was quoted to a member of the Commission, he said: "That's true; I always said the railroads would own the Commission as soon as it was worth owning."

"The express service," says one of the Interstate Commerce Commissioners, "is unlike any other service performed by that company (railroads in general) unless it may be the handling of the mails." According to the "intervening" Santa Fe's statistician, we must conclude that the transportation of the mails on passenger trains is more profitable than the hauling of express matter. Yet both the railroads and the express companies make rates that enable the private citizen to ship mailable matter by express for less than the Government is charged for haulage. The result is that freight and express get the short haul, and the long haul is left for the post-office and piles up its annual postal deficit.

In twenty years the express business has more than doubled, and yet there are not over 80,000 express employees in the country to-day—only three-quarters more than twenty years ago. If we took the total annual sum paid by all express companies in salaries and wages and divided it up evenly among all employees, each would receive \$500 for his year's work. They would get less than that if we did not include the fat salaries of presidents and other general officers.

The best wage paid to drivers of money wagons, who must risk their lives if necessary, is \$100 a month. The recent strike was started by the helpers, who demanded a raise of \$5 a month and an eleven-hour day with an hour for dinner. Helpers are getting from \$40 to \$50 a month. Time out of mind, their day has run from six o'clock in the morning till they get through with the last load at night, often eleven or twelve o'clock. They snatch a bite to eat whenever they get the chance, but the deliveries have to be made.

On a ridiculously small equipment and cost of operation, the income of the express companies is immense. With the increase of the business the cost of haulage increases and the cost of labor decreases. If, as the express companies say, the terminal service were the root of the business, increased business would bring an increasing labor cost and a decreasing cost of haulage.

A foolish thing, this express business! Its promoters have lifted one function from the railroads and one from the postal service.

If you, in your home, have a butler and a waitress to serve you at table, do you want a third servant, who is neither butler nor waitress, to take from the waitress's hands the lighter dishes and from the butler's hands the heavier dishes and place them before you? Do you want the express companies illegitimately to continue to perform the legitimate functions of the railroad and the Government? In so-called benighted monarchies of Europe the work is better done.

Unnecessary service means unnecessary cost to those served.

State Senator Sundberg, of Minnesota, has presented charges to the Interstate Commerce Commission. You will shortly hear those charges argued. He is prepared to show that the Fargos are the heads of both the American and the United States Express Companies; that all express tariffs are made in the same way, and that the rates of all are precisely alike; and that they are fully fifty per cent. too high. He alleges that the express companies "have systematically and successfully controlled legislation and regulation to a degree in the past that has enabled them to maintain generally their unreasonable rates and hold such firm control and monopoly as to become a menace to the transportation interests of the country and a heavy burden to the producers of its wealth."

#### The Remedy

There is an easy remedy. This is not a case in which we need amend the Constitution or establish a new commission with special powers.

Consider that the United States and China are the only two nations in the postal union without a real parcels post.

You can send an 11-pound package anywhere over Great Britain for 24 cents; France, 10 cents; Germany—Austria, 12 cents; Hungary, 15 cents; Italy, 20 cents. If you could use the mails in that way here, down would topple, like a house of cards, the fat pickings of percentages on gross receipts, the graduate scale, and general special rates. Those pickings depend absolutely on the small package which makes up much more than half of all express business. Both the express companies and the railroads know that only too well. Hence we have "railroad Senators" and "express Senators" at Washington. You remember the reasons former Postmaster-General Wanamaker gave for his failure to get a parcels post bill introduced in Congress? They were the four leading express companies.

Isn't it time to shout loudly and persistently to Congress for a parcels post that doesn't have to hire an express company?

## Traveling or Resident Managers Wanted

IN CITIES AND TOWNS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

The undersigned desires to open correspondence with one man in each city and town in the United States and Canada with the view of making permanent engagements to represent an old established concern, well and favorably known throughout the United States.

We prefer young men between the ages of 22 and 35 and incline toward men who have a business connection, part of their time unoccupied. Only reputable men with Bank references or strong letters of endorsement need answer this advertisement.

Insurance men, real estate men with good connections or traveling salesmen now covering other towns or states, who have part of their time free, might easily represent us.

We do not want canvassers or house to house agents, but instead live energetic business men with initiative, who really know how to select, handle, and train bright hustling boys and young men.

The service is pleasant and profitable and payment will run from \$6.00 to \$72.00 per week for the work. The amount depends upon ability and the population and territory covered.

Anyone interested in this advertisement must write at once enclosing references, as it is our desire to make permanent engagements during the month of January, and naturally the young men writing the most forcible letters and enclosing the strongest references, will earn the preference.

Address for full information, application forms, etc.,

E. H. LAWSON - 29 East 22d Street, New York City

### Use this Typewriter 10-Days Free

Not a toy or rebuilt machine, but simplest, most durable standard typewriter made. Does all any \$100 machine will do and just as well. Been sold for fifteen years to business and professional men who do their own typewriting. The

#### Wellington Visible Typewriter

is low in price, high in quality. We save you money by dealing with you direct.

Mechanical features of the "Wellington" are correct. They mean permanent alignment, powerful manifold qualities and long life. Our records tell of machines in constant use for 7 years without repairs. Machine has 28 keys, 4 characters and weighs 17 pounds complete. Stands 3 inches high.



Price \$60 Guaranteed 1 year

We will ship machine for 10 days free trial and let it prove our claims. Write for full particulars.

THE WILLIAMS MFG. CO., LTD., 54 RIVER STREET, PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

### SIDE LINE SALESMEN

to sell Bank and Merchants as advertising canvassers. Good men make \$2000 a week in commission. Territory open. Sample FREE. C. ROFF & SONS, 539 Lakeside Building, Chicago.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
CURLS AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR  
PROMOTES A LUXURIOUS GROWTH  
Restores Gray Hair to its Youthful Color  
Prevents scalp Itches and Hair Falling  
50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists

**U.S. METAL POLISH**  
Highest Award, Chicago World's Fair, 1893.  
Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904

### BE CAREFUL

in ordering by mail from our advertisers to write your name and address plainly. A little care in this will save all much trouble.

Better mention Success Magazine, too.



MOST REMARKABLE ADVERTISEMENT EVER PUBLISHED

# 50 Free Round Trips to New York

## The "Success Magazine" Club

WE are thoroughly annoyed with one problem we continually meet while selling our New York lots to people living outside of New York City. Every month we receive many letters, which read about like this one:

"I am much impressed with your New York property and with the reliability of your concern, but I dislike to buy land I cannot see for myself or get some responsible friend to examine for me."

We know our \$700 lots are selling at one-fourth their value, based on prices prevailing in cities one-half the size of New York. We also know they are selling at one-fourth the prices they will bring a few years hence. This is also the cold-blooded opinion of some of the ablest real estate experts in America. These men are constantly coming to our office from every city in the country. They come to get information to use in their own business and, almost without exception, they leave the city enthusiastic purchasers.

Our great problem is to put the solid and undeniable facts of New York's marvelous growth and the remarkable cheapness of our own property before you in such a way that you will accept them absolutely and completely, and we have decided on a plan that ought to settle every question for you and every doubting investigator. We propose to organize "The Success Magazine Club of Fifty," composed of the first fifty responsible persons who respond to this advertisement. We in-

vite you to become one of this number. We propose to bring these fifty members to New York, pay all their expenses, asking them in return only one thing and that is to record in writing their honest convictions regarding our Brooklyn lots. Not one will be urged to buy. The property must sell itself, if it is sold to any member of this club. The testimony of the members will be printed without modification or amendment and mailed to every inquiry which comes through Success this winter. Thus, every prospective investor will have the benefit of it. The guarantee of honesty

which goes with every ad that appears in SUCCESS. Second, The testimony of fifty disinterested readers of this periodical. Third, The array of facts and figures shown in our interesting literature.

Now write, and write now, merely stating your name and address and get full information regarding our \$700 Brooklyn lots at \$6 per month and details of this remarkable offer. If you can come to New York, we will be delighted and will send you complete transportation accommodation at such time as will suit your convenience. If you cannot come, write us anyway, and we will supply you with the most interesting and independent evidence that any firm ever dared publish in the History of Business. WE KNOW that we are offering the best realty bargains on earth, and we are willing to back our knowledge with our money.

(The distance from New York where we pay entire expense must not exceed 1,000 miles.)

**WOOD, HARMON & COMPANY, Dept. F-8 261 Broadway, New York**

Please send full particulars about your lots and your Free Trip to New York.

Name.....  
Address.....

**"BUSINESS POWER"** New Member of Haddock's Power of Financial Ability and Commanding Business Personality. A practical analysis and instruction book in the underground factors of present-day fortune building, with actual directions for those who seek commercial, citizenship. The greatest book on business power and success ever formulated. Nothing like it in literature. An encyclopedia of rare, scientific rules, methods and tested producing plans for every successful business man, for the leaders in money-making, for those who are big men—or wish to be. This volume is brand new, in a virgin field never before entered; and mark this—it will be the buying thing in business literature for years to come. Get the book at once. If you don't see \$10.00 in value for each dollar you paid—in short, *Real Deal—Money Back*. Send for circulars. Price \$3.00. Postpaid. **THE POWER-BOOK LIBRARY**, Amburudale Ma., Boston, Mass.

**LIBRARY IN POULTRY AND SQUABS**  
**POV'S BIG BOOK** tells how to start small and grow big. Describes World's Largest Pure-bred Poultry Farm; gives great mass of poultry information. Lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed \$6. in stamps. **P. POV, Box 0, Des Moines, Iowa**

**Class Pins**  
Why not get the right kind? We make them. Catalog free.  
**FLOWER CITY CLASS PIN CO., 650 Central Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.**

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## Form the Success Club

FOR Young Men and Young Women

Its only idea is to EARN MONEY.

It will give you an education without any investment in cash FROM you.

It will help you to take that vacation you can't plan now because of THE COST.

You will earn money by becoming a member.

Address letter for further particulars to the Manager.

**THE SUCCESS CLUB**

29 East 22nd Street New York

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Right in your own home, through my illustrated correspondence lessons and personal criticism. If you are interested in art and will write me now, I will give you one full month's instruction in

**Drawing, Illustrating, Cartooning, Designing, Water-Color and Oil Painting or China Decoration**

at my expense

without one cent of cost to yourself

I make this special offer in order to introduce my Famous Art Course into every community. If you have the beautiful you possess artistic talent. Let me develop that talent. I can give you a training that not only better your position socially but may also enable you to

**Earn from \$25.00 to \$50.00 per Week,** even more, as an artist, illustrator, designer or cartoonist. Write me today and I will send you my Free Prospectus and full particulars as to how you can obtain 30 days' instruction in art at my expense.

**J. Jan Dvorak, Pres., Fine Arts Institute**  
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## Thought Force FOR SUCCESS

**ELIZABETH TOWNE'S** own experiences. Shows how to use energy and power to advantage; how to get most from personal environment; how to work for better conditions; how to conserve energy. A booklet for \$1.00 today to set your desire on fire in the way of success now. For 10¢ "Thought Force for Success" and a three months' trial subscription to "NAUTILUS." Address Elizabeth Towne, Dept. 137, Holyoke, Mass.

**6% NET**

Best Estate First Mortgage Bonds secured by productive farm lands of Kansas City, Missouri, well improved property.

**Municipal Bonds** yielding 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 percent, available on the program "Mile West" - Securities based on experience and capital. See the "Success" and "Money" 10¢ magazine.

**COMMERCIAL TRUST COMPANY,** Capital One Million Dollars Kansas City, Mo.

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at home—during spare time. New system—very simple—anyone can learn. Few hours each week completes course. Diploma given. Knowledge of bookkeeping necessary in success. Bookkeepers get good pay—have short hours. Special offer to first student in each town. Send for booklet "Key to Success." Lincoln Commercial School, 619 N. 3rd Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

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Write at once for the most interesting proposition ever made to the typewriter purchaser. **STANDARD TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE** 28 Park Row, New York

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All the Standard machines sold or REBUILT at 1/2 PRICE. Applied to APPLY ON PRICE. Shipped with full examination, REPAIRS for the Unimpaired Catalogue. TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, 28-31 Lake St., CHICAGO

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**BUILD YOUR OWN INCUBATOR**

My free plans will show you how simple and easy it is. My plans are the finest in the world. Best results—water thermostat—trays, etc. Write for free book today.

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is a 16-page hand book—FREE. Home study domestic science courses. For home-makers, teachers, and for well-paid positions. American School of Home Economics, 526 W. 69th Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Better than electricity or city gas, cheaper than kerosene or candles. Steady, white, brilliant, like day light. Burns 97% air. Lighted or extinguished by pull of chain. No smoke, no soot, no color, no grease, no wicks to trim. **Helios Light** Absolutely Safe

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