



SUCCESS MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
Founder and Contributing Editor

CONTENTS FOR MARCH

Cover by B. CORY KILVERT

The Argument of the Heiress	Cleveland Moffett	6
<i>Illustrations from Postcards</i>		
The Snapshot (A Story)	Ernest Poole	10
<i>Illustrations by Howard V. Brown</i>		
Possession (Verse)	Arthur Stringer	11
The Next President	Gilson Gardner	12
Peg of Limavaddy (A Story)	Robert McCheyne	13
<i>Illustrations by Arthur Little</i>		
The Common Sense of the Parcel Post	Bannister Merwin	15
Boughten Pants (A Story)	Mary Heaton Vorse	17
<i>Illustrations by Arthur Hutchins</i>		
When Doctors Disagree (A Story)	P. G. Wodehouse	19
<i>Illustrations by A. D. Rahn</i>		
Poverty on the Farm (A Letter)		21
A Slump in Chanteclers (A Story)	Hyman Strunsky	22
<i>Illustrations by B. Cory Kilvert</i>		
Over the Salary Wall	Martha Bensley Bruere	24
<i>Illustrations by Harry Linnell</i>		
A Deserter (A Story)	Martha McCulloch-Williams	27
<i>Illustrations by Howard Heath</i>		
Why So Many Women Deteriorate	Orison Swett Marden	29

DEPARTMENTS

The Pulse of the World		30
Point and Pleasantry (10-Cent-a-Word Department)		37
Editorial Chat	Orison Swett Marden	38
The Individual Investor		52

Copyright, 1934, by THE NATIONAL POST COMPANY. Entered as second-class mail matter, Dec. 14, 1905, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March, 1879; and also entered as second-class mail matter at the Post-Office Department of Canada. Copyrighted in Great Britain.

Our Advertisements

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

Expirations and Renewals

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

Subscriptions to begin with this issue should be received by March 15; to begin with April, should be received by April 15. Subscription price: \$1 a year; in Canada \$1.20; foreign countries, \$2 a year; all invariably in advance. On sale at all news-stands for 10c. a copy.

A Watch
of Efficiency

Ingersoll-Trenton

7 and 15 Jewel Models

\$5 to \$15



THE Ingersoll-Trenton watch stands right up among those few leaders which vary only by seconds.

Jewelers pronounce it a remarkable timekeeper, regardless of cost. Those who carry it consider it the equal of any watch. It has built a sound reputation for close timing.

Its movement is the bridge model construction like the finest of the highest priced makes. You can buy this watch at such moderate prices for three main reasons:

Our entire Trenton factory is concentrated on manufacturing one size and type of watch in immense quantities at low costs. Efficient marketing excludes the middleman and allows the legitimate jeweler to buy direct from the factory.

Moderate profits to manufacturer and jeweler secures large sales for both.

There is no handsomer watch than the Ingersoll-Trenton. It will give a generation of service.

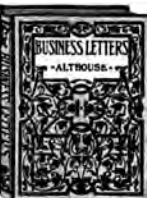
For the sake of making your money buy its utmost ask to examine the Ingersoll-Trenton before buying. Responsible jewelers everywhere sell it at our advertised prices.

The \$5 "1-T" is in a solid nickel case. The \$15 "1-T" is in the best quality gold-filled "1-T" case, guaranteed for 25 years.

We have the most informing watch book ever published. Write for a copy of "How to Judge a Watch."

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
30 FRANKEL BUILDING NEW YORK

Useful Books for Everybody



FIFTY-SIX crisp, compact hand-books, that tell how to write and answer letters and invitations, how to dress for all occasions, how to respond to toasts, how to entertain a company with games, cards, dancing, or fortune-telling, how to act in sudden illness or accident, how to avoid law suits, and how to do promptly and well a thousand important things which few persons have been trained to do. Written by experts, reliable, up-to-date, interesting. They will make you **COMPETENT** and **EFFICIENT**. They average 200 pages, size 4½ by 6 inches, handsomely bound in green cloth; with heavy paper wrapper in color to match the book.



EACH 50 CENTS

ETIQUETTE. By Agnes H. Morton. Success in life is often marred by bad manners. A perusal of this work will prevent such blunders.

LETTER WRITING. By Agnes H. Morton. This admirable book shows by numerous examples just what kind of letters to write for all occasions, and teaches the reader to become an accomplished original letter writer.

BUSINESS LETTERS. By Calvin O. Althouse. An expert here shows by numerous complete examples from real business, how to write business letters effectively. Every letter a business man needs. The book includes also a full list of business forms.

QUOTATIONS. By Agnes H. Morton. A clever compilation of pithy quotations, selected from a great variety of sources, and alphabetically arranged according to the sentiment.

SHAKESPEAREAN QUOTATIONS. By C. S. Rex. Here are more than one thousand subjects, arranged alphabetically. It is Shakespeare condensed, in a form for practical and universal use.

EPITAPHS. By Frederick W. Unger. This volume is full of quaint pieces of obituary fancy, with a touch of the gruesome here and there for a relish. It is the most carefully made collection of the kind.

PROVERBS. By John H. Bechtel. A representative collection of proverbs, old and new; and the indexes, topical and alphabetical, enable one to find readily just what he requires.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING. By John H. Bechtel. Here is information for everybody, whether it pertains to health, household, business, affairs of state, foreign countries, or the planets, all conveniently indexed.

A DICTIONARY OF MYTHOLOGY. By John H. Bechtel. The average person won't take the time to look up mythological subjects. This book tells at a glance just what is wanted.

SLIPS OF SPEECH. By John H. Bechtel. No necessity for studying rules of rhetoric or grammar, when this book can be had. It teaches both without the study of either.

PRONUNCIATION. By John H. Bechtel. Over 5000 words pronounced in the clearest and simplest manner, and according to the best authority.

PRACTICAL SYNONYMS. By John H. Bechtel. Any one with the least desire to add to his vocabulary should have a copy of this book.

READY MADE SPEECHES. By George Hapgood, Esq. A book of carefully planned model speeches to aid those who, without some slight help, must remain silent.

AFTER-DINNER STORIES. By John Harrison. Nothing adds so much zest to a dinner as a good story well told. Here are hundreds of them, short and pithy, and easy to remember.

TOASTS. By William Pittenger. What would you not give for the ability to respond to them? No need to give much when you can learn the art so easily from this little book.

THE DEBATER'S TREASURY. By William Pittenger. Here are directions for organizing debating societies, and suggestions for all who desire to discuss questions in public.

PUNCTUATION. By Paul Allardice. Few persons can punctuate properly. A perusal of this book will remove all difficulties and make all points clear.

ORATORY. By Henry Ward Beecher. This volume contains a famous address of Mr. Beecher in which he gives a masterly exposition of the fundamental principles of true oratory.

CONVERSATION. By J. P. Mahaffy. Some people are accused of talking too much. What to say, just how and when to say it, is the general aim of this work.

STORIES WORTH TELLING. By Herbert Leonard Coggins. Illustrated by Claire Victor Dwiggin. Here is the cream of all the funny stories, and not an objectionable one among them. Mr. Dwiggin's one hundred pictures add to the fun.

READING AS A FINE ART. By Ernest Legouve. The directions and suggestions contained in this work will go far toward the attainment of this delightful and valuable accomplishment.

SOCIALISM. By Charles H. Olin. Socialism is "in the air." This gives in a clear and interesting manner a complete idea of the economic doctrines taught by the leading socialists.

JOURNALISM. By Charles H. Olin. What is news, how is it obtained, how handled, and how can one become a journalist? These questions are all answered in the book.

VENTRILLOQUISM. By Charles H. Olin. This book exposes the secrets of the art completely and shows how almost anyone may learn to "throw the voice" both near and far. Fully illustrated.

CONUNDRUMS. By Dean Rivers. An excellent collection of over a thousand of the latest and brightest conundrums, to which are added many Biblical, poetical and French conundrums.

MAGIC. By Ellis Staunon. This complete volume contains full and intelligible descriptions of all the well known tricks with coins, handkerchiefs, hats, cards, flowers, etc. Illustrated.

HYPNOTISM. By Edward H. Eldridge, A. M. By following the simple instructions in this complete manual anyone can readily learn how to exercise this unique and strange power.

PARLOR GAMES. By Helen E. Hollister. This complete volume contains an excellent collection of all kinds of games for amusement, entertainment and instruction.

BRIDGE, AND HOW TO PLAY IT. By Boston. An expert here explains how to play a game and win it, with every principle and play fully illustrated. The book also gives the complete Laws of Bridge.

WHIST. By Cavendish. Twenty-third edition. No Whist player, whether a novice or an expert, can afford to be without the aid and support of Cavendish.

SOLITAIRE AND PATIENCE. By George Hapgood, Esq. With the aid of this book and two decks of cards anyone, anywhere, can make a lonely hour pass quickly.

ASTRONOMY: THE SUN AND HIS FAMILY. By Julia McNair Wright. Can you tell what causes day and night, seasons and years, tides and eclipses? These, and a thousand other questions, are here answered. Illustrated.

BOTANY: THE STORY OF PLANT LIFE. By Julia McNair Wright. The scientific subject of Botany is here made as interesting as a fairy tale. Illustrated.

FLOWERS: HOW TO GROW THEM. By Eben E. Rexford. This volume treats mainly of indoor plants and flowers, those for window gardening, all about their selection, care, light, air, warmth, etc.

DANCING. By Marguerite Wilson. A complete instructor for all dances. A full list of calls for square dances and roo figures for the german. Illustrated.

FORTUNE TELLING. By Madame Xanto. All the approved ways of piercing the future, by cards, dominoes, dice, palmistry, tea or coffee grounds, are given here in convincing form.

ASTROLOGY. By M. M. Macgregor. If you wish to know in what business you will succeed, or whom you should marry, you will find these and many other vital questions solved in this book.

DREAM BOOK. By Madame Xanto. This book presents the old traditions proved by time and the experience of famous Oriental, Celtic and early English observers.

PHRENOLOGY. By Charles H. Olin. With a little study of this fascinating science you can analyze your friend's character, give useful advice, and find a way to success for yourself and others.

PHYSIOGNOMY. By Leila Lomax. Physiognomy as explained in this book shows how to read character, with every point explained by illustrations and photographs.

GRAPHOLOGY. How to read character from handwriting, by Clifford Howard. Anyone who understands graphology can tell by simply examining your handwriting just what kind of a person you are.

CURIOUS FACTS. By Clifford Howard. Why do you raise your hat to a lady? Why do you always offer the right hand? These and many other questions find answers here.

PRACTICAL PALMISTRY. By Henry Frith. This volume furnishes full and trustworthy information on the subject, and by means of it anyone will be able to read character. Illustrated.

CIVICS: WHAT EVERY CITIZEN SHOULD KNOW. By George Lewis. Contains complete information on such topics as the Monroe Doctrine, Behring Sea Controversy, Extradition Treaties, and hundreds of other equally interesting subjects.

LAW, AND HOW TO KEEP OUT OF IT. By Paschal H. Coggins, Esq. This book furnishes to the busy man and woman information on just such points as are likely to arise in every-day affairs.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW. By Paschal H. Coggins, Esq. This is parliamentary law in a nutshell for people who need plain rules, and the reasons for them, arranged for quick use.

CLASSICAL DICTIONARY. By Edward S. Ellis, A. M. All the classical allusions worth knowing, and so ready of access as to require little or no time in looking up.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES. By Edward S. Ellis, A. M. The lives of the leading Greeks and Romans of ancient times in concise and condensed form.

THE DOG. By John Maxtee. All the essentials of dog keeping are here, from kennel to showbench, and from biscuits to flea-bane. Illustrated.

CHICKENS. By A. T. Johnson. Illustrated. A book that tells all about chickens, how to combat disease and vermin, how to feed and otherwise care for the growing brood.

GOLF. By Horace Hutchinson. A complete history of the game, together with instructions for the selection of implements, and full directions for playing.

RECEIPTS AND REMEDIES. By Louis A. Fleming. A thousand and one "best ways" to preserve health, comfort and appearance. It has something for every member of the family.

HEALTH: HOW TO GET AND KEEP IT. By Walter V. Woods, M. D. This book tells what Health is, what makes it, what hurts it, and how to get it.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED. By F. J. Warwick. What to do in all kinds of accidents as well as in the first stages of illness, with a brief and simple statement of the human anatomy. Illustrated.

NURSING. By S. Virginia Lewis. The fullest particulars are given for the care of the sick, not only in the simple, but also in the more serious ailments.

ELECTRICITY. By George L. Fowler. If you wish to install an electric door-bell, construct a telephone, or wire a house, this volume will furnish the required information. Illustrated.

Our 150-page Catalogue is sent with every order, or will be mailed to any address for the asking. The books mentioned are for sale at all bookstores or will be sent to any part of the world upon receipt of price.

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO., 924 Arch Street, Philadelphia



FORTUNES FOR FARMERS IN THE HOUSTON DISTRICT OF TEXAS

"ASK THE MAN FROM TEXAS"

TWENTY years of successful experiment and three years of energetic exploitation, have made it known throughout the Nation, that the Gulf Coast Country of Texas, buying and selling through Houston, offers more and better opportunities for FARM INVESTORS than any other portion of the continent.

For these reasons:

FIRST—Fertile lands at from \$25.00 to \$100.00 per acre can be purchased throughout the district.

SECOND—These lands intelligently cultivated, produce incomes ranging from \$25.00 to \$500.00 per acre according to the crop grown. Rice \$25.00; Sweet Potatoes \$75.00; Irish Potatoes \$75.00 to \$100.00; Peanuts \$50.00 to \$100.00; Cotton \$25.00 to \$75.00; Alfalfa \$25.00 to \$100.00; Strawberries \$200.00 to \$500.00; Canteloupes \$75.00 to \$300.00; Watermelons \$50.00 to \$300.00; Sugar Cane \$25.00 to \$75.00; Figs \$75.00 to \$300.00; Oranges \$100.00 to \$500.00. Sworn statements by growers show that a revenue of \$1000.00 per acre on oranges is not uncommon, the income being governed by the age of the orchard. And so on down a list of more than one hundred products of Houston district farms, orchards and gardens.

THIRD—Farm and orchard values in the Houston district, while advancing rapidly, are still held at prices lower than similar lands elsewhere, and their earning power will pay handsome returns on values far in excess of present prices.

To illustrate: Raw lands in Southern California orange districts and in the Oregon and Washington apple districts sell for \$250.00 to \$500.00 per acre. In the Houston district adjacent to orchards and gardens earning \$300.00 to \$500.00 per acre per annum, raw lands of identically the same kinds, can be bought

from \$50.00 to \$100.00 per acre, and equally good lands a little farther back for \$25.00 and upwards. And this in the RAIN BELT with 40 inches of precipitation annually, and distributed during the growing period, when most needed by the crops.

The Explanation: The upward tendency of farm and orchard land values in the Houston district of Texas is just beginning. Investors who come now get in on the ground floor.

Is it surprising that more well-to-do farmers and orchardists are buying lands and settling in the Houston district than in any other section of the continent?

Here is the fact of first importance. The Houston district produces crops as valuable, and at lower cost, than California, and it is 2,000 miles nearer the great central and eastern markets of the United States.

Houston, besides being the center of the world's greatest and richest farming districts, is the industrial center of the Southwest.

Seventeen great railroads, converging at Houston from all points of the compass, meet the Sea via the Ship Channel, assuring, on account of water competition, cheap transportation rates to all parts of the world.

The bond issue guaranteeing \$2,500,000.00 to complete Houston's Deep Sea Channel, was recently voted upon and carried by an overwhelming majority.

At Houston the hum of industry prevails. There are scores of factories, but room for more. In almost every line the demand exceeds the supply. Climatic conditions are ideal, with sunny days and cool breezes from the Gulf at night.

A letter stating positively just what particular information is wanted, will bring complete data by return mail. Address

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, HOUSTON, TEXAS



Success Magazine Guide to Advertisements and Advertisers

Architects		Food Products		Publishers	
	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Keith, W. J.	63	Colgan Gum Co.	31	Bankers' Publishing Co.	53
MacLagan, P. G.	65	Crescent Mfg. Co.	46	Book Supply Co.	36
Automobiles, Bicycles, Motor Cycles, Motor Boats, Etc.		Crystal Domino Sugar	47	Farm Journal	67
America Cycle Mfg. Co.	56	Grape Nuts	33	Florentine Art Co.	36
American Motor Cycle Co.	66	Huyler's Candies	50	Marden Book Department	48-50
Consolidated Mfg. Co.	37	Peters's Chocolate	31	Motor Boating	51
Gile Boat & Engine Co.	42	House Furnishings		National Post, The	42-50-64
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.	41	Campbell Co., William	59	Nautilus Magazine	58
Gray Motor Co.	44	Olson Rug Co.	46	Penn. Publishing Co.	3-4
Mead Cycle Co.	61	Oriental Importing Co.	62	Power Book Library	66
Mullins Boat Co.	55	Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co.	58	Power and Poise Publishing Co.	62
Wright Engine Co.	50	Regina Vacuum Cleaner	63	Puritan Publishing Co.	62
Banking and Investments		Robinson Mfg. Co.	64	Recreation	49
Bache, J. S. & Co.	52	Sanitary Supply Co.	64	Review of Reviews	68
Calvert Mortgage Co.	53	Heating and Lighting		Suburban Life	47
Halsey, N. W. & Co.	52	Best Light Co.	66	University Society	59
Industrial Savings & Loan Co.	53	Home Supply Co.	46	Western Newspaper Association	2d Cover
Kleybolte Co., Rudolph	53	Jahant Heating Co.	64	Woolson & Co., George B.	42
Lamson, William A.	53	Kalamazoo Stove Co.	46	Real Estate, Land, Etc.	
Mills Novelty Co.	66	Peck-Williamson Co.	63	C. & O. Ry.	54
Muir & Co., John	53	Standard Gillett Light Co.	64	Canadian-Pacific Irrigation Co.	67
New York Realty Owners	42	Household Supplies		Lang, Edwin B.	67
Otis & Hough	53	Hartshorn Shade Rollers	50	Northwest Townsite Co.	69
Perkins, Thomas C.	55	Magic Solderine Co.	62	Rogue River Commercial Orchard Co.	57
Rollins, E. H. & Sons	52	Pyle's Pearlina	39	Seaboard Air Line Ry.	44
Security Savings & Loan Co.	53	Three-in-One Oil Co.	48	Security Building Co.	44
Straus & Co., S. W.	66	U. S. Metal Polish	56	Western Realization Co.	65
Trask & Co., Spencer	53	Jewelry and Silverware		Seeds, Plants, Poultry, Squabs, etc.	
Building and Construction		Baroda Co.	56	Barton, Hiram	62
Gordon-Van Tine Co.	62	Bastian Bros. Co.	63	Biltmore Nursery	40
Cameras, Photographer's Supplies, Etc.		Flower City Class Pin Co.	64	Buckeye Incubator Co.	40
Eastman Kodak Co.	61	Grouse Co.	66	Childs, John Lewis	48
Community Advertising		Ingersoll, Robt. H. & Bro.	3	Davey Tree Expert Co.	66
Brooksville, Fla., Board of Trade	67	Remoh Jewelry Co.	42 & 50	Dingee & Conard Co.	40
Houston Chamber of Commerce	3b	Miscellaneous		Essex Incubator Co.	40
Jacksonville, Fla., Half Million Club	53	Achfeldt, M.	62	Fairview Seed Farms	66
Portland, Oregon, Commercial Club	70	Aerio Vacuum Co.	64	Foy, F.	66
Turlock, Calif., Board of Trade	64	Allen Mfg. Co.	61	Green's Nursery Co.	40
Cutlery and Straps		American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	41	Greider, B. H.	31
Gibford Specialty Co.	54	Automatic Jack Co.	56	Hill Nursery Co.	66
Griffon Cutlery Works	43	Burt Mfg. Co., Philo	51	Holt, Mrs. Frank	62
Williams Co.	58	Consolidated Portrait	65	Jackson Mushroom Farm	57
Educational		German Registry Co.	62	Lippincott, Miss C. H.	57
American Photo Text Book Co.	58	McClure Co., Fred H.	50	National Spawm Co.	40
American School of Home Economics	64	McLain Sanitarium, L. C.	49	Neubert, R. F.	66
American Training School for Nurses	62	Metallic Sign Letter Co.	64	Obermayer Co., S.	66
Bogue School for Stammerers	64	Morley Co.	47	Plymouth Rock Squab Co.	66
Bradley Polytechnic Institute	66	Murray Mfg. Co., Wilber H.	44	Rich Land Nurseries Co.	57
Bryant School of Piano Tuning	66	National Press Association	50	Wisconsin Incubator Co.	66
Chicago School of Elocution	64	Novelty Cutlery Co.	64	Sporting Goods	
Cortina Academy of Languages	50	Ohio Carriage Mfg. Co.	66	American Box Ball Co.	55
Dickson Memory School	50	Ohio Electric Works	64	Daisy Mfg. Co.	62
Pine Arts Institute	63	Pent Print Co.	65	Gregory, J. F.	57
Gregg Publishing Co.	66	Perfect Sales Co.	56	Toilet Articles	
Goodwin, J. H.	56	Permanent Needle Sales Co.	48	Crocroft, Susanna	62
Illinois College of Photography	48	Royal Mfg. Co.	48	Florence Mfg. Co.	50
International Cornet School	64	Thomas Mfg. Co.	64	Lifebuoy Soap	38
International Correspondence School	37	Vapo-Cresolene Co.	62	Lorimer Institute	62
International Realty Corporation	56	Ward Fence Co.	40	Parker's Hair Balsam	51
Landon School of Illustrating	66	Western Union Telegraph Co.	43	Pompeian Massage Cream	4th cover
LaSalle Extension University	64	Office Supplies, etc.		Travel, Hotels and Resorts	
Lewis School for Stammerers	64	Bassett & Co., J. H.	64	Cumberland Hotel	51
Lincoln Commercial School	66	Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co.	47	Typewriters	
National Salesmen's Training Ass'n	57	Gunn Furniture Co.	61	Bennett Typewriter	55
Northwestern School for Stammerers	66	Press Co.	66	Oliver Typewriter	3-d
Page-Davis School	65	Stafford Mfg. Co.	63	Rockwell-Barnes Co.	66
Practical School of Salesmanship	66	Weis Mfg. Co.	36	Standard Typewriter Exchange	64
Ransom, C. W.	44	Pianos and Musical Instruments		Typewriters Distributing Syndicate	32
School of Applied Art	49	Kranich & Bach	65	Typewriter Emporium	64
Sheldon School	49	National Phonograph Co.	34-35	Williams Mfg. Co.	44
Sprague Correspondence School of Law	58	Phono-Harp Company	58	Wearing Apparel	
Standard Correspondence School of Law	64	Paints, Varnishes, Etc.		American Woolen Co.	39
Success Shorthand School	65	Boyle & Co., A. S.	45	Capitol Tailors	66
Tamblyn, F. W.	36	Glidden Varnish Company	4	Colonial Worsted Mills	66
Titus, Prof. H. W.	54	National Lead Co.	45	Exchange Clothing Co.	54
Tulloch School of Touch Typewriting	62	Sherwin-Williams Co.	2d cover	Kahn Tailoring Co.	61
U. S. School of Music	61			Levy & Marcus	65
Universal Business Institute	50			South African Importing Co.	38
				Wanamaker, John	38

GET EXCLUSIVE CONTROL of Oliver Typewriter Sales in Your Locality!

*File Your Application Immediately
Territory Going Fast*

The Oliver Typewriter Company is rapidly extending its Agency System to 100,000 towns and villages throughout the United States and Canada. *Your town is on the list.* Investigation costs nothing. It may result in securing for yourself the local agency for the fastest-selling typewriter in the world. We make an Exclusive Agency Contract that carries with it the absolute control of all sales of Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned. Hundreds who hold these contracts make thousands of dollars a year. The agency is a *business asset* worth *real money*.

Oliver Typewriter Local Agency Contract Is a Highly Profitable Franchise

To understand the money-making possibilities of an Oliver Local Agency, just bear in mind that it is an *exclusive franchise*—a legal document, officially signed by this Company—that allows you a profit on every Oliver Typewriter sold in the specified territory during the entire life of the arrangement, *whether the sale is closed by yourself or by one of our traveling salesmen.* If you were offered a franchise giving you a share of the tolls on every Telegram or Telephone Message sent or received in your territory—*wouldn't you cinch it?*

The Telegraph, the Telephone and the Typewriter are three great agencies of public service. If your application is received *in time* and your qualifications are satisfactory, you get the profit on all local sales of the greatest typewriter in the public service today. A typewriter on which the patents alone are worth several millions of dollars.

A Giant Industry

The Oliver Typewriter works are the largest in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of typewriters. Here are seen *acres* of machinery, manned by *hundreds* of experts, turning out a *finished typewriter every 3½ minutes.* This stupendous rate of production, ever on the increase, is necessitated by the never-

ceasing *demand* throughout the entire world. Our manufacturing facilities have increased every year since our incorporation. We invest a *fortune* in new machinery and new buildings *every year.* The secret of this amazing growth is in the *machine itself.*



17 Cents a Day Purchase Plan

This convenient Plan of Purchase puts the Oliver Typewriter within the reach of *everybody.* It makes a smooth path for the Local Agent. *It rings the door bells* of possible buyers—it actually *opens the doors!* Think of being able to offer the *biggest hundred dollars' worth in America for SEVEN-TEEN CENTS A DAY!*

The Agent can *buy—and sell—* Oliver Typewriters *for pennies!* It's the most attractive Purchase Plan ever applied to typewriters. Its success is shown by the record-breaking sales rolled up by our Local Agents.

The earnings of some of these agents exceed those of many merchants.

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

The Oliver Typewriter has no counterpart. It is absolutely unique. It came into a blaze of glory, beating about a track the words of "MIDNIGHT SONGS." Today, because of the money, all standard typewriters are "old-fashioned." The Oliver Typewriter delivers the word of efficiency. It has a wider range of practical uses, a more extensive battery of special conveniences than any other typewriter.

Practicality and speed is the key note of this "Symphony in Steel." It has hundreds of less parts than its rivals. This freedom from complication is the secret of its greater speed and endurance. It works with the smooth precision of an automatic. It is a true "four-minute" writer.

Work One Hour or Ten Hours a Day

In larger towns and cities, the Local Agency for the Oliver Typewriter demands one's *exclusive time.* In smaller towns and villages the work can be done in *spare time.* Clerks, telegraph operators, accountants, cashiers of banks and other salaried men can retain their positions and take on this work in addition.

Clergymen, doctors, lawyers, teachers—can easily make extra money out of the Local Agency. Merchants, tradesmen, real estate and insurance agents, printers, newspaper editors, proprietors of hotels, stationery stores and others will find the Local Agency for the Oliver Typewriter an extremely profitable adjunct to their regular business.

We don't want anyone to apply for the agency solely to secure a \$100 typewriter at our wholesale price, but only where, if the agency is given him, the applicant intends not only to use and endorse the Oliver Typewriter but to co-operate with us in placing other machines in the territory assigned him.

Send Coupon or Letter for "Opportunity Book"

We are establishing Local Agencies just as fast as we find the *right men.* We have printed the "Opportunity Book" in order to give each inquirer the

most accurate and adequate information. The book will tell you just what we know about the opportunity that awaits your grasp. It points out alluring pictures of success to be won without effort. It will not appeal to idlers. It's meant for those who mean business. Its message is to virile, aggressive men who fully understand that splendid rewards in money and glory must all be honestly earned. Opportunity is looking you right in the eye. What are you going to do about it? Send for the book *immediately.* Cast your fortunes with our 15,000 Local Agents while the way is open. (79)

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
244 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago
(Gentlemen: Please send "OPPORTUNITY BOOK" and details of your AGENCY PLAN.)

Name.....
Address.....
Address Agency Department

The Oliver Typewriter Co. 244 Oliver Typewriter Building Chicago

It Took Me 54 Years To Write This Advertisement



F. H. GLIDDEN, Pres.
The Glidden Varnish Co.

WHEN I started the Glidden factory, I don't suppose that one person out of three who reads these lines was alive. It was back in the days when there were no street cars, when the electric light was undreamed of, when the idea of the telephone would have been laughed at. Your grandfather and I used to have our hats and our shoes, as well as our clothes, measured to order.

When we wanted to communicate with Denver, we sent our letters by the pony express. There were no trains across the plains. Chicago was a village. The tallest skyscraper in New York was six stories high.

It was a neighborly period, an era of personal contact. Merchants knew all their customers by name; goods were sold on personality—an honest man succeeded, and a dishonest

man couldn't hide his record; therefore, he had to hide his face.

I was trained in a strict, rigorous school of integrity. I had one principle dinned into my memory—that a business man should no more sign his name to a bad article than to a bad check. I have not outgrown these theories of my youth. I'm still an old-fashioned manufacturer. I don't know how to make anything but goods fit to put my name on. My goods are for sale, but my good name is not.

I made the first can of Jap-a-lac with my own hands—I KNOW it's RIGHT.

I prepared the formula myself. The experience of a varnish lifetime is in every tin that you buy. There is no secret to Jap-a-lac quality, so I am going to explain the reasons why Jap-a-lac is superior.

To begin with, a varnish must have a "body." We use gums for this purpose. There are some native gums, such as rosin, but the best gums are found in the far East, and the islands of the Pacific.

Rosin is only used in the very cheapest varnishes. The Philippines supply the next lowest quality, but neither rosin nor Manila gums were up to the standard that I had set for Jap-a-lac, so out of my years of experience I selected a fine quality of gum from New Zealand, known as Kauri. It is expensive, four times as much as the Philippine gum and ten times as much as rosin.

When I made up my mind to manufacture Jap-a-lac, I made up my mind that its reputation should need no varnish.

I could have saved a fortune in profits by using aniline colors, but in my heart of hearts I knew that anilines would never wear; that they were bound to fade, and so I kept on experimenting with different colors, until I found some German chemical colors which stood every test.

They're expensive, but Jap-a-lac must be right, and so I send clear to Germany for pigments.

That's why I don't hesitate to give you my personal word that Jap-a-lac is sun-proof and time-proof.

JAP-A-LAC

Made in 18 Colors and Natural (Clear)
Renews Everything from Cellar to Carrot.
"You Can't Keep House Without It"

I thought at first I would use linseed oil, but after trying different blends I found that a combination of linseed oil and wood oil gave better service and more enduring results, and, although it means sending all the way to China for this wood oil, the expense isn't spared.

I mean that you shall get in Jap-a-lac, the best article that can be made at any price.

The name Jap-a-lac is a trade mark; there is only one Jap-a-lac, only one quality.

I want you to try it. You need no experience.

Jap-a-lac is a liquid Jack-of-all-Trades.

It is a varnish and a stain and an enamel, all in one.

It comes in every color, as well as white, black and gold.

It will restore old furniture.

It will polish a hardwood floor and never show heel marks or nail prints. You can apply it to any kind of wood and any kind of woodwork.

You can use it for your pantry shelves and do away with the bother of constantly recovering them with paper or oil cloth—because Jap-a-lac can be washed every day as readily as you can wash a piece of crockery. It's just as water-proof and just as lasting.

A kitchen can be made absolutely sanitary by enameling the chairs, table, refrigerator and the tops of the wash tubs with white Jap-a-lac. This keeps the kitchen sweet and wholesome.

With Jap-a-lac you can varnish the shelves in the closets, repaint your iron bedsteads, turn your old tin or zinc bathtub into an enameled one, and do a thousand and one things, such as gilding your frames and silvering your radiators. But it takes a little book to tell all the wonderful possibilities of a little bit of Jap-a-lac, a little bit of time and a little bit of intelligence. Send me your name and I will have the book sent to you.

You can buy Jap-a-lac everywhere.

F. H. Glidden

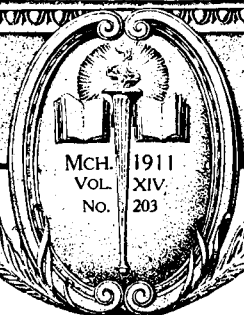
THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO.

Cleveland, O.

Toronto, Ont.



SUCCESS MAGAZINE



Published Monthly by The National Post Company, 29-31 East 22d Street, New York.

E. E. Garrison, President and Treasurer; David G. Evans, Vice-President; Samuel Merwin, Secretary.

In the Editor's Confidence

THE CHANGES IN THE MAGAZINE WORLD

THE present number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE is published by The National Post Company instead of by The Success Company, as formerly. Within a few months, the first number of a new fortnightly, THE NATIONAL POST, will be issued by the same house; and thereafter the two publications will appear regularly.

This change marks the beginning of an epoch in the history of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. It was not to be expected that the tendency of all modern industry to combine and cooperate should fail to make itself felt in the publishing world as in other departments of human activity. It has long been evident that a printing plant and a circulation and advertising organization competent to handle a single great magazine could with very little added cost handle two or more publications.

A few months ago Messrs. David G. Evans and Samuel Merwin, who had for six years been identified with the building up of SUCCESS MAGAZINE and its policies, left The Success Company, and in company with Messrs. E. E. Garrison and Nathan A. Smyth, prepared to launch THE NATIONAL POST, a fortnightly magazine designed to focus and, if possible, lead the progressive spirit of the American people.

It soon became evident to Dr. Marden and his associates in The Success Company that a combination with the new fortnightly would enable each magazine to secure all the advantages and economies of cooperation, while it would also insure the continuance of the editorial freedom and vigor of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. For The National Post Company represents the first consistent effort to vest the ownership of a group of outspoken, public-spirited magazines in the hands of the American people, where it belongs.

This page is not the place for a statement of the plan of National ownership which underlies and is the animating spirit of The National Post Company. Many of you who read this have already entered your names as partners in this, to us, inspiring plan for safeguarding the ancient right of publishing the truth; others who wish to inform themselves regarding the plan can easily do so through correspondence with this office. It is enough to say at present that The National Post Idea, expressed editorially, is simply a clearer, more definite crystallization of the idea we have long been trying to work out in SUCCESS MAGAZINE—"Keep your temper. Trust the people. Dig for the truth, and print it."

There have lately been thousands of columns of newspaper talk regarding the supposed attempts of "Big Money" to get control of the independent periodicals. The New York Press started the discussion with this startling headline: "Morgan Gets a Strangle Hold on Big Magazines." Other papers leaped at the "story." The Associated Press functioned automatically and carried into every corner of the land the information that the magazines were being headed off or crushed.

There is some fire-back of all this smoke. Whether Morgan is personally active in the campaign or not, we do not know, and frankly, we do not care. Of the exact truth back of the Press's assertion that Morgan men are taking over the American News Company in order to control the distribution of the magazines, we are ignorant. But that there is a strong tendency toward centralization of magazine control, we think we can see; and that "Big Money" does visit punishment on publications of an independent spirit, we know from our experi-

ence here with SUCCESS MAGAZINE—during the recent fight on Canonism, for example.

The deeply regrettable aspect of the present discussion is that it should have centered on the recent alliance of the *American Magazine*

with the Crowell Publishing Company. We have no special information as to the details of this alliance. Strictly, it is none of our business, for the *American Magazine* is supposed to be a competitor of ours. But the *American* has been a potent and righteous educator and guide during the troublous five years just past. On its staff of regular editors and contributors are several of the soundest and clearest thinkers in the whole field of American journalism. The notion that John S. Phillips, Ida M. Tarbell, Finley Peter Dunne, William Allen White and Ray Stannard Baker can be "muzzled" is a notion extremely difficult for us to entertain.

Whatever the reporters may guess or infer regarding the business arrangements of the *American Magazine* appears to us as of simply no consequence at all in the light of what the magazine does. The time when you see it ceasing to do good will be the time to withdraw your support.

We venture to speak out thus openly about our "competitor" because we feel that the half-dozen leading progressive magazines should be supported, and supported as a group. They form in their spiritual alliance the one interstate, national force, which has been and is strong enough and, if we may say it, able enough to oppose with some success the other dominant interstate, national force, "Big Money." *Everybody's Magazine* was accused of going into a trust at the very moment when it was carrying Judge Lindsey's inspiring story straight into the hearts of a million or more American readers. *Collier's Weekly* has been a power for right of splendid strength and persistence. *McClure's* has rarely failed in vision and courage. *Pearson's* and *Hampton's* have spoken out in a clear voice.

We of SUCCESS MAGAZINE have done our best; and now in the alliance with THE NATIONAL POST we should be able to exert a double influence for the bringing about of a better organized system of life and thought in a better managed and kindlier nation. And we urge your support for all of us, so long as we may deserve it, on the ground that there is need for us all. No one or two publications can possibly cover all the ground, can extend their limited space to include all the facts that the public should know from week to week and month to month.

There is a great work for the magazines to do. The nation is bubbling with ferment. The time set for the "reform wave" to subside passed three years ago and still the ferment goes on. To still this ferment is now impossible. To attempt to still it by force is insane.

The American people are groping and experimenting. They are crying out in a semi-articulate but mighty effort at self-expression. The church has not risen to fill the need. The newspaper press has fallen far short of accepting its great opportunity. But the magazines, a little group of them, are making an intelligent effort to interpret and express this elemental force.

It is in the firm faith that Mr. Morgan himself is not big enough to hinder materially the expression of this force that THE NATIONAL POST and SUCCESS MAGAZINE purpose going straight ahead in the effort to do their share of the work of expressing it.



The Duchess of Marlborough, who was formerly Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt



The Countess of Tankerville. She was formerly Miss Leonora Van Meter, of New York



The Countess of Orford, who enjoys unusual social distinction in London. Daughter of D. C. Corbin, of New York



The late Lady Curzon. She was a daughter of Levi Z. Leiter, of Chicago



Lady Arthur Paget, formerly Miss Stevens, of New York

The Argument of the Heiress · by Cleveland Moffett

Author of "The Shameful Misuse of Wealth," "The Battle," etc.

A Consideration of Various Faults in American Life and American Men That Lead Many of Our Rich Young Women to Marry Titled Foreigners

WITH all the patriotism in the world; *because* of that patriotism, I feel that there is something different to be said on the subject of international marriages. There are much more serious reasons than have been advanced to account for the large number of unions between American heiresses and foreign noblemen; reasons having to do with faults and evils in our American life that may as well be discussed frankly. In other words, it is through graver considerations than those of foolish vanity that hundreds of our finest and richest young women have deliberately chosen foreign husbands and foreign life, in preference to American husbands and American life.

As indicating the extent of these international unions, I may mention that, as far back as 1890, a book was published called "Titled Americans—a list of American ladies who have married foreigners of rank." The list was at that time over two hundred pages long and it has grown amazingly since then. Let any one run over in his mind the names of our conspicuous multi-millionaire families—the Astors, Vanderbilts,

Goulds, Leiters, Huntingtons, Singers, Drexels, etc., and he will find that they all have intermarried with titled foreigners. Year after year such unions have increased until, to-day, there are American countesses, duchesses, princesses, in every capital and corner of Europe.

I am not in the confidence of these ladies, but I venture the statement that the argument of the heiress, in favor of international marriage, has not as yet been fairly presented. She is by no means the silly, head-turned young person that the Sunday newspapers would have us think. In the main she knows perfectly well what she is doing and what to expect. She weighs one thing against another—what she will lose in America, what she will gain in Europe. She makes a carefully considered choice, knowing the facts, and she abides by the result. I do not say that if the thing were to be done over again she would decide the same way. I doubt that, but I see many excellent reasons for her original choice.

Before coming to the argument of the heiress, let me emphasize the fact that I personally have no sympathy whatever, no approval whatever, for these international marriages. Let me quote from my notebook some lines inspired by the sight of the most notorious of our present crop of foreign husbands. I was sitting in the Café de la Paix, in Paris, when he happened to pass. Listen!



Princess Hazfeldt, daughter of Mrs. C. P. Huntington, of New York



The Duchess of Manchester, formerly Miss Zimmerlin, of Cincinnati



The Countess of Suffolk. She was Miss Margaret Hyde Leiter, of Chicago



The Countess of Yarmouth, formerly Miss Alice Cornelia Thaw, of Pittsburgh



The Duchess of Roxburghe, formerly Miss May Goelet, of New York

"A little pampered, pretty man! Short blond curly hair, parted up the back! Oiled hair! Perfumed hair! Clothes fitted by a dress-maker! And corsets under the smooth fitting coat! There is the indenting crease of their waist line.

"And so he struts along on his little legs! A prince! A duke! A count! He stares at you haughtily with his pale-blue eyes—pop eyes! and swings his little cane! He passes windows full of flaunting gold purses and pearl necklaces. He knows that he can buy them all; he can buy anything he sees for any woman he fancies, with the money of the poor little American girl who thought it nice to be a princess and have children by a perfumed gentleman in corsets!"

But that side of the case has been dwelt upon. What I would do now is to point out things that have not been dwelt upon except by the little American girl herself, the clear-eyed heiress who inherited from her daddy a lot of sound sense and a deep determination to get what she wants out of life.

Here, then, is the argument of the heiress: In the first place, life in Europe is more interesting than life in America. You get more for your money. If this is not true, why do American tourists by tens of thousands crowd the great liners every spring and summer for a few months abroad? Year after year, in increasing hordes, we, practical Americans, sweep over Europe, leaving behind us a trail of gold. Four hundred million dollars—a nice bit of money—is said to be the total of our annual spendings there. Always Europe! Not South America, not Canada, not Mexico, but Europe!

Long before we know our own vast continent want to know it—most of us never know more than odd corners of it—we have "done" the Italian lakes and the castles on the Rhine; we have seen the midnight sun in Norway (why not in our own Alaska?), the somber towers of London and the boulevards of Paris. Why?

Is it historic memories that draw us? And the craving for instruction? Nonsense! America is full of historic memories, straight down from the mound builders; full of museums, libraries, educational institutions, and we take them very calmly. The Tower of London thrills us because it is in London! We would not look at it in Philadelphia. The *Champs Elysées* delights us because it is in Paris. If the Alps were in Colorado nobody would go near them, but if the Yosemite Valley, which we now neglect, were moved to Switzerland we would bankrupt ourselves going to see it. For the simple reason that *after* we have seen these things we have something else to do!

There is the real reason why Americans go to Europe whenever they can afford it—and often when they can not. European life, in its everyday aspects, offers much that is more pleasing than American life. You and I, ordinary Americans with modest purses, feel this, as our acquaintance prove when we travel abroad instead of at home, why should we wonder if our millionaires and their daughters feel it also? Are they less discerning than the rest of us?

If any one asks why European life is more pleasing than American life the answers come rapidly. It is more varied; it abounds in inexpensive pleasures and general joyousness; it has less hypocrisy, and, wherever you go, you get good food. It is a fact that many Americans recover from indigestion simply by living abroad!

Consider variety which gives spice to life. A dweller in Germany can reach, within twenty-four hours, ten great cities quite different from home, and different from one another. To-day he is at home; to-morrow he may be in St. Petersburg, Budapest, Stockholm, Brussels, Christiania



Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman. It is rumored that she is to marry Lord Rothschild



Mrs. William B. Leeds, a rich widow whose engagement abroad has been reported



Miss Katherine Elkins, daughter of the late Senator Elkins



Miss Dorothy Wilde, daughter of Mrs. Henry Siegel



Lady Leigh, formerly Helen Beckwith

Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Paris or London. Ten different countries! Ten different languages! Everything different—customs,

dress, amusements! Isn't that very interesting?

American cities are all alike. A man dropped from a balloon could n't tell Detroit from Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Paul, Omaha, Denver, Pittsburgh, Chicago or Philadelphia. They all have the same shops, trolley cars, high buildings, electric signs, hustling crowds and noise. They look alike and are alike.

I might detail the simple pleasures of Europe, the universal cafés, the music, the cheap cabs, the spirit of gaiety, but these attract the great body of us rather than the rich. Still, I must say a word about the cafés, for they, with the beautiful wide streets lined with trees, do more than anything else to make continental cities agreeable dwelling places. Every one in Europe, rich or poor, has his favorite café and goes to it regularly; reads the papers there, writes letters, meets his friends, and in the evening, accompanied by his wife or sweetheart, listens to spirited music. In Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna you might as well take a man's dinner out of his daily life as to take away his café. Forms of government change, fashions change, but the café goes on as a permanent social necessity.

"If we could replace New York's vile saloons," says a discerning friend of mine, "with bright, clean cafés, where a man would be glad to bring his wife and daughter, we should do more to increase the city's general happiness and raise the standard of good citizenship than in any other way."

European cities certainly have a laughing, contented air, people seem to take life easily, they have time for pleasures, if it's only a chair hired for two cents on one of the broad, shaded boulevards to watch the crowds pass of a Sunday afternoon. What smiling, care-free faces! One remembers with a shiver the faces in a New York crowd—grim, anxious, frowning, self-centered.

No doubt this atmosphere of joyousness, along with the external beauty and picturesque-ness of European cities, has its attraction for our heiresses, but, of course, that alone would not make them live abroad and marry foreigners. There are other considerations which bring them to this important decision.

What are these other considerations? Chief among them, in its appeal to a rich American woman, is the fact that Europeans admire and encourage success in other lines than money making, while Americans do not. With us the mere spending of money is not much thought of; it is assumed that any fool can spend his money but it takes a great man to make it. Now an heiress can not make money, does not wish to. Her difficulty is to spend her immense income. She *must* spend it somehow, so, evidently, she will be happier in a country where the art of merely spending money is not regarded with contempt, but on the contrary, has been seriously practised for centuries by a rich leisure class; often a highly cultured class. This class, which includes the nobility, exists in all European countries. It has its time-honored traditions, duties, varied activities and receives universal respect and approval, whereas our rather insignificant "smart set" has no traditions or duties and only helter-skelter activities, following the whim of some amiable wine agent or real estate broker who constitutes himself an authority on the grand life.

The grand life! That is what our heiress really longs for and would shine in, but, alas, there is no grand life in America. No one has learned to live it; no one has time to learn and few have the desire. We are a nation of hustlers, tired out when evening comes. We cheerfully *buy* as many of the pomps and vanities as can be bought, but there is the trouble—the grand life must be *lived*!

So it is a choice for our heiress (she is ambitious just as her father was) between hustlers here, always tired, and non-hustlers abroad, always at her service. She casts her lot with the non-hustlers, especially when she learns that they include the best people in Europe—really the best—great statesmen, great artists, diplomats, thinkers, along with the counts,



Lady Decies, formerly Vivien Gould



Mrs. John Jacob Astor, whose engagement to Lord Curzon is one of the rumors of the season



Miss Hope Hamilton, bridesmaid at the recent Decies wedding



Widow of the Duke de Chaulnes, formerly Miss Theodora Shonts



Miss Bessie Yeakum, for whom an international marriage is predicted

viscounts, dukes, earls and princes. She thrills at the thought of it. Here is a worthy field for papa's millions! What dinners she can give! What grand receptions! And no odious reporters to cheapen everything with vulgar notoriety! No "monkey dinner" gadding, but solemn and respectful mention in the *Figaro* and *Morning Post* along with the last court ball!

So our heiress goes to Europe, seeking a broader and more brilliant social life. And she finds it. In the salons of London, Paris, Berlin, Rome and Vienna she meets really interesting people, the most distinguished men and women of those capitals, and finds them honored for what they have done and for what they are; not for their money.

Here is a former prime minister, a man of compelling eloquence. He drives up in a cheap cab and his dress suit is badly cut, *but he is the lion of the evening!* Here is the widow of a great diplomat. Her mind is stored with delightful memories. It is a joy to hear her talk. But she is poor. In New York she would be living in a Harlem flat, pitied and neglected. In London she is welcomed everywhere, knows everybody. Here is a member of the French Academy. He lives in a little apartment up five flights of stairs and keeps one servant, *but he is a member of the French Academy*, he has written a great history or a great play and every door swings wide at his approach. Back money-kings, barterers, schemers! This is one of the immortals!

I would like, very respectfully, to ask the autocrats of our "Smart Set," why, following this European fashion, they do not try to brighten and broaden their gatherings with the presence of Americans really worth while—famous inventors, witty speakers, successful novelists and playwrights, distinguished artists, versatile editors? We have such in plenty and some of them, no doubt, could be induced to leaven with their presence the trivial functions of our not very glorious "Four Hundred." Whose fault is it if our "best society," so far as the men go, is a meeting place of inconsiderables, dawdlers, bores, who stand for nothing but garrulous talk, who are utterly lacking in such manly and forceful attributes as our rich young women very properly expect in their husbands?

Another potent influence in drawing the American heiress to Europe is the fact that there her vanity is constantly and delightfully flattered by respectful homage from the multitude. This respect is born of centuries, during which the idea has been deeply implanted that God made two kinds of people: one to serve, the other to command.

This, of course, is a European idea, not at all American. In Europe the laboring class, the peasant class, the servant class are reconciled to their station in life and regard it as permanent. Their fathers before them were servants, peasants or laborers; their children after them will be the same. The rich are so far above them that envy is out of the question. As well might they envy the king.

So our little American heiress, transplanted from democratic Chicago, Denver or New York, finds herself suddenly in an atmosphere of caressing adulation. Tradespeople, hotel keepers, doctors, lawyers, full of smiles and bows, declare themselves (and mean it) the humble and obedient servants of Madame, the Countess. Villagers and farmers throughout the whole region surrounding her chateau stand with bare heads as the carriage or automobile of Madame, the Duchess, sweeps by. And as to housemaids, butlers, cooks, gardeners, coachmen, she finds, to her amazement, that their ambition in life, beyond modest wages, is that Madame, the Princess, will graciously allow her light to shine upon them.

All of which, it must be admitted, is naturally pleasing to a young woman fresh from a land where everybody is notoriously and aggressively as good as anybody else; where there is no contented servant class; where there is no such thing as respect for one's betters (since there are no betters); where the driver of the village 'bus talks to the great lady between chews of tobacco, as if she were his long lost sister Jane.

[Continued on page 8] from

The Snapshot

By Ernest Poole

Author of "America's Young Men,"
"The Vegetable Factories of Paris," etc.

Illustrations by HOWARD V. BROWN

MACCREADY EVANS, newspaper photographer, stood in his dark-room at work on a negative, straining his eyes in the dim ruby light. He was intensely excited. He moved the tray gently, the liquid flowed back and forth over the plate and the outlines of a familiar figure were beginning to appear. A huge, frock-coated figure with both arms uplifted. Then a bare head with the hair in disorder and immense muscles drawn taut down the neck. The lines grew swiftly harsher. The whole pose of the body grew menacing, tense; the fists of the uplifted arms were clenched; the wide-open jaws seemed roaring defiance. Eyes glaring through glasses, veins swollen at temples, face wrinkled and knotted and grinning with rage! A Gargantuan burlesque of a man—ugly, terrific, bellowing mad! Evans chuckled softly and nervously. His limp hands were cold as ice.

He was just twenty-two. He was slim, a bit stooped and slightly near-sighted; his clothes were cheap and worn out of shape. But in his sallow, freckled face was a kind of tough resolution that added strength to the snap in his eyes. On his home paper in Dayton, Ohio, he had quickly made his place. But he was ambitious, had come to New York, and here at the end of a year and a half he was still barely making a living by doing odd jobs for the Sunday editions. He was on no regular staff.

But now! As a cub reporter gloats over his first big front-page story, so Evans gloated over his picture. He had been after it doggedly day and night for the past two weeks.

Marcus had put him on the trail. Marcus wrote political specials for one of the biggest dailies in town. He was a Jew. Somebody had said of Marcus that he had a soul like a keg of nails. This from the grin on his thin, swarthy face. And yet men liked to play poker with Marcus. At various times in his hard, shrewd, cynical career, Marcus had done uncynical things; he had helped men out of trouble, had helped others get a start. Five months ago he had taken young Evans in as a roommate, letting him pay but one-fourth of the rent, and ever since then had taken great pains to coach the intense young photographer as to how and when and where to snap-shot politicians, financiers, divorcees, murderers, opera singers and such.

"Youngster," he had said two weeks before, "I want you to come with me up state. We will follow a certain great politician like two faithful little dogs. I will write stories against him—my paper likes such stories—and you will do nothing but watch him and wait for a certain look on his face. This look has been done by men in your line, but never as it should be done. There should be such a face in your photo as will make the staid American citizen drop his coffee cup with a crash, forget to eat his grapefruit, and wonder whether such a face should rule our common destinies. This is the picture my paper wants."

And this was the picture that Evans had taken. It was a face to damn a man. He struck off a print and showed it to Marcus. And even Marcus, newspaper wise, with a soul as hard as a keg of nails, was for the moment dumb and still. His beady black eyes never moved from the picture.

"The sun," murmured Evans, "shone in the hall in the nick of time, from a window over the balcony—hit him square—gave me my chance." "God bless the sun," said Marcus. His voice was low and husky. "They'll run it," he added, "on the front page—the day before election. They'll pay about two hundred plunks—they'll take you on the regular staff. It's the ugliest picture I've ever seen."

Evans was walking nervously. He had never been on the front page before.

Marcus looked up with a sudden idea. He glanced at Evans, then at the picture, then back at Evans. And over his lean, dark face there spread a curious, quizzical grin.

"Say, youngster," he said softly, "you're as intense as the devil. I



Straining his eyes in the dim ruby light. He was intensely excited

wonder what would happen if you took this to the Big One and let him have a look at his face. I wonder what he'd do to you."

"Do to me?" Evans turned sharply, scowling. Then his face cleared. "Pshaw," he said, "he would n't see me."

"Oh, yes he would," said Marcus, "if I gave him some idea of what you have to show him. He'd be interested." Again Evans scowled.

"But what would be the use of it?"

"Use of it?" Marcus was still grinning in that same quizzical fashion. "Why, youngster, you're a comer. Photographers don't often grow like you. You're intense, you're a kind of a genius, you're to take big pictures all your life. And you ought to meet your future victims—know 'em some. It'll help you in your work. Not scared, are you?"

"No!"

"Then I'll see what I can do."

A few days passed.

"It's on," said Marcus. "He'll see you for ten minutes Friday at four-thirty sharp."

On Friday at four-thirty sharp, MacCready Evans sat on the edge of a chair in an anteroom, scowling nervously at the door. So he had sat for the last ten minutes. Twice he had heard a voice from within. Twice he had glanced at the photograph. He was not scared but nervous. It was an appallingly ugly face.

The door flew open:

"Mr. Evans? Come in. Glad to know you. Sit down." Evans found himself in and down. He was dazed. A warm, powerful hand had gripped his and had sent a little thrill down his spine. The Big One was smiling over the table. "Marcus said you had something to show me. What is it?"

"This," said Evans.

The other took the envelope, jerked out the picture, and gave a kind of a startled "Hu!" It seemed to strike up like a blow in his face, but instead of flinching he bent closer, grittily showing his teeth at himself. And there was something big about this. Evans felt small. He was watching intently.

"By George, this is tough!" The voice was low. Then louder: "When did you take it?"

"At the convention."

"At what point in my speech? What was I saying?" Evans reddened.

"I did n't hear," he said bluntly.

"You did n't hear!" The great politician shot a keen look, then he grinned. "I thought I spoke loud enough," he said. Again he perused the picture and scowled. "For what paper is this?" Again Evans felt small.

"I don't know, sir. The fact is—I have no regular job."

"This will get you a job!"

"So Marcus says."

"Queer fellow, Marcus." The big man smiled and leaned back in his chair. "He knows just what his paper wants. All that he writes about me is unfriendly, most of it lies. And yet—I'll tell you a story. Two years ago one of my boys was ill and came near dying. I was there—it was out in the country—I had some terribly anxious nights. About a mile off, in a village hotel, a number of newspaper men were waiting. Well, sir, as soon as those chaps heard that the danger was passed, they sent me two dozen American Beauty roses! Decent, wasn't it? I took the trouble to find who had started it. Marcus!"

Evans felt suddenly quite at his ease. "I heard about that," he said; "Marcus told me. He said you hot-footed it across fields to thank the crowd."

"I was touched," said the Big One. "Deeply touched. They're good fellows. If the papers of this country were as square as the men who write, the American people would get better news. Have you any other pictures of me?"

"No, sir."

"How long were you getting this?"

"About two weeks."

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"You mean you followed me for two weeks, never listening to a word that I said, just waiting till I looked like that?"

"Yes sir!" said Evans, sharply.

The great politician gave a low whistle.

"I've felt the same way," he said, "hunting big game." He looked at it again. "This is quite a shot," he added. "The worst picture of me that I've ever seen. You must give me this print. I'll have a look at it now and then. It'll be good for me."

The telephone rang and he took the receiver.

"Senator who? . . . Ask him to wait! I want five minutes more."

Evans felt a kind of electric shock. The Big One turned abruptly back.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"You've had a hard fight?"

"Yes."

"It's over now!" His fist came down with a bang on the picture. "You've got your start. What kind of work are you going to do?"

"I had n't thought."

"Think for five minutes. It's worth it!" The Big One drew a breath of deep and abundant vitality. "You've forty years of work ahead. I envy you. I've ten—no!—twenty, by George! Interesting times, Mr. Evans. These ninety millions of people are to do things they'll be proud of. They're going to win in some stirring fights. And you'll be right in the thick of 'em all! You're no common youngster. Marcus was right. You're intense; you're a kind of genius; you'll be given important jobs. In meetings that will go down into history you'll be given a front seat. You'll see men close—strong men making the fight of their lives. And I want you to see these men, Mr. Evans; see 'em way in under their skins. And make your snap-shots tell the truth."

"Yes sir," said Evans, tensely. The Big One was close to him, pounding his knee and jerking out words through gritted teeth.

"Bully! I say you're important. Why? Because you'll have a million eyes focused right behind you, by George! And the pictures you take will mold their views. These American people are rushed for time. Less than half of the voters have ever seen me; less than half will ever take time to read speeches; *but the picture hits 'em all!* It shapes their impressions of the future, helps to decide 'em how to vote. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, look at *this!*" He snatched up the picture. "A dangerous face; enough to make any sane man stop and think if it's safe that this chap be intrusted with power. But is it the truth, the whole truth, or even the main part of the truth about me? You had to follow me for two months—I mean weeks—before you could get it. How about all the looks you let go by? And what of the things that *caused* this look? You say you heard nothing in the convention. You *should* have heard, you should have listened, you should have turned, looked back at the mob and seen *what I was facing!* Howls, hisses, curses, yells—and dollars right behind 'em. You'd have seen *why* I was looking like this."

"Yes, sir," said Evans.

"Now, understand me. This picture is taken. I want you to sell it;

consider it sold. But I'm speaking now of your future work. In fights, in mass-meetings, conventions, God grant you'll see honest men stronger than I, fighting hard for the people's rights. When the fight rises, you'll see 'em get angry. What then? Are you going to wait for that one angry look, deaf and blind to the things they are trying to do? Or will you get way in under their skins, study 'em, study the problems they're facing, and then make your pictures tell what you see?"

He rose. Evans rose. The Big One gripped both his shoulders and spoke low from between set jaws:

"We want the truth, Evans, my boy. We want these issues photographed for the people as they are."

MacCready Evans took a long walk—an absorbed, excited walk. From time to time he scowled to himself, as though somebody big were clutching his arm and snapping short speeches into his ear:

"Bully! I say, you're important. No common youngster—you'll have a front seat. A million eyes behind you, by George! And the pictures you take will mold their views. . . . This picture is taken, consider it sold—consider it sold—consider it sold—sold for two hundred dollars. Sold for a job; a good fat, steady job on one of the biggest papers in town. Sold? No. Doggone it—not yet. Will I or won't I?" On he walked.

MacCready Evans was just twenty-two. Slim, a bit stooped and slightly near-sighted. His clothes were cheap and worn out of shape. But in his sallow, freckled face, as at last he wearily turned toward home, was a kind of tough resolution that added strength to the snap in his eyes. "Sold? Not by a jugful! Make your snap-shots tell the truth!"

When Marcus came back to the rooms that night he found the place in chaos. Evans, with disheveled hair, was turning his dark-room inside out. "What's wrong?" asked Marcus, innocently.

"Wrong? I've lost that negative!"

Marcus grinned, picked a pipe from the table and knocked out the ashes.

"Oh, no you haven't," he said.

"You've sold it."

"Sold it?"

"Sure," said Marcus, coolly. "I mean I have."

Evans came close, with wrath in his eyes.

"Why?" he snapped.

Marcus carefully lit his pipe.

"Because," he said, drily, "I was kind of afraid you would smash it—after a certain great politician had fired your soul with high ideals. Easy now—stop walking around. I've nothing against the Big One; I'm for him, just as you are now. That's why I sent you to him, so he could tell you how to take pictures. I thought it would help in your future work. But in the meantime, youngster, seeing as you've slaved so hard, I did n't propose that you fire away this big chance to get your start. So I've sold the picture and got you a job." He puffed his pipe with a wicked complacency. "My people are simply delighted," he added. "They think it'll lose him thousands of votes. They say it's the ugliest human face that has ever yet appeared in print."

"Oh, they do!" sneered Evans. "The plutocrats!" he added. And Marcus grinned some more.



He found the place in chaos

POSSESSION—By ARTHUR STRINGER

I

I CAGED me wanst a lark and let him go!
I caught me wanst a squir'l and set him free!
I left a Galway colleen sobbin' low,
And off I wint to sea!
Aye, off I wint to sea!

II

I'VE HAD me turn at things, and now I'm old;
But those I've lost shtand most bewilderin' near!
And those I loved and niver dreamed to hold,
I've kept this many a year,
In faith, this many a year!

The Next President

THE Presidential campaign of 1912 has begun.

It will be about fifteen months before any national conventions are held, and twenty months before election day; but that makes no difference. The important happenings in a Presidential campaign are those which have become history when the conventions meet.

If you doubt this statement look at some of the recent conventions. Was there any doubt that Taft would be nominated when the Republican National Convention met in Chicago in June, 1908? Was there any doubt that Bryan would be the candidate chosen at the Democratic Convention? Was there any doubt that Parker would be the choice of the convention at St. Louis in 1904? Or that Roosevelt would be nominated that year to succeed himself? I was present at all of these conventions, as well as at the McKinley convention at St. Louis in 1896, and I assure you there was not a particle of uncertainty on the subject of the Presidential nominee at any of these conventions.

Why was this? What has happened to conventions? If conventions do not determine nominations, who does?

Fifteen months have passed—let us suppose. You pick up your morning paper and you read: "The nomination of William Howard Taft, long since a foregone conclusion, will take place at the big convention hall in the presence of a distinguished audience to-morrow. The principal nominating speech will be made by Henry Cabot Lodge. Some uncertainty still prevails as to who will be Taft's running mate, but," etc., etc., etc. A few weeks go by and the Democratic convention date has come along. Again you read in your morning paper:

"Judson Harmon's nomination, which was made certain several months ago, will take place," and so forth. This is no fantastic supposition. The chances are nine in ten that this very thing will take place. Harmon will be nominated by the Democrats and Taft by the Republicans; and the conventions which do the nominating will merely register a determination previously made.

By whom? Where? What will happen during the next fifteen months to remove all doubt as to what the national conventions will do?

The boy on the front seat thinks he knows.

"Taft will get the delegates," he says.

Yes; and Harmon will get the delegates in his convention. And when each candidate gets enough delegates, that settles it. The vote is taken and the candidate is nominated.

But how do the candidates "get" the delegates?

There Are Four Ways to Get Delegates

Here is the answer: Under our political system there are four ways in which delegates are secured. They are:

- (1) By purchase for cash.
- (2) By purchase for patronage.
- (3) By the influence of business acting on the professional politician who controls the delegate.
- (4) By the influence of public sentiment acting on the professional politician who controls the delegate.

The first and second methods play a secondary part; the big factors at work in determining the control of a national convention are Big Business and Public Sentiment.

The wishes of Big Business relative to candidates and platforms are not the wishes of the people. Public Sentiment makes demands which Big Business looks upon as dangerous. The enactment of more stringent laws, more rigorous execution of laws now on the books, Government activities in behalf of human rights with less concern for mere rights of property, the general welfare as opposed to Special Privilege; these are the demands made by Public Sentiment.

To these demands Big Business is opposed. Its opposition is for the most part silent and its most effective work is accomplished with a long-distance check-book; but it has its formal argument. It favors "party regularity," and "a reverence for the Constitution and the Courts." It demands the "safe and sane," and has much to say about the "menace of the unthinking mob." It warns against the "demagogue" and

And the Bi-Partisan Conspiracy of Special Privilege that is Already, More than a Year in Advance, Acquiring Control of the Nominating Machinery

By Gilson Gardner

Author of "The Fable of the Cheese, the Gander and the Fox"

"THE situation, then, is this: The issue is Special Privilege vs. The People. The organization of the Republican party is controlled by Special Privilege. The organization of the Democratic party is controlled by Special Privilege. The Republican candidate of Special Privilege is William Howard Taft. The Democratic candidate of Special Privilege is Judson Harmon. Opposed to these nominations is a diffused, unorganized Public Sentiment. The candidates of this Public Sentiment are Robert M. La Follette, Theodore Roosevelt, and perhaps Woodrow Wilson, Champ Clark, A. J. Beveridge, Gifford Pinchot, Joseph Folk and A. B. Cummins.

"Do you see how the candidates divide? It is no longer Republican and Democrat. It is Special Privilege and the People's Interests."

"agitator." It asks that no course be followed which by any chance "will interfere with business." The reformer is a "dreamer." A change is "revolution." And, if you believe this argument, the only wise course is to "stand-pat" beneath some constitutionally judicial shelter, "strongly buttressed by the law."

These two forces, Business and Public Sentiment, contend for the control of delegates. Business drags the man in one direction; Public Sentiment in the other. Public Sentiment says: "Come on." Business says: "Stand still." Business says: "Be my attorney." Public Sentiment says:

"Be popular." Business says: "Keep on good terms with your banker." Public Sentiment says: "Keep on good terms with your conscience." Business says: "This is the easier way. It is the way traveled by the comfortable and well dressed." Public Sentiment says: "We like a man who fights, who is not defeated when he is down, who fights for the under dog and for what he considers right and who goes on fighting until he dies." Business says: "What exists is right. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. What is, is what has been and what will be. It is a waste of strength to kick against the pricks." Public Sentiment says: "The world grows better every day. In seeming failure are the seeds of victory. The individual goes down, but the cause goes on." Business says: "The people are ungrateful. Serve us and we do not forget. You may give your life to serve the people and you will get no gratitude. Popular favor is a fickle breeze. To-day it wafts you on; to-morrow it drives you on the rocks." Public Sentiment says: "The people in the end are sane and kind and right. If we are to solve the problems of self-government we must believe that the people's voice is the voice of God."

These are the arguments which contend for delegates; and as one prevails or the other, the character of the convention is determined. Conventions are either "Popular" or "Business." They can not be both.

Take the Democratic convention of 1904. This was the convention which nominated Alton B. Parker. It was "Business." The Parker nomination originated in New York among a group of financiers of whom August Belmont was the leader, and was accomplished by the expenditure of a large fund which passed through the hands of Thomas Taggart of Indiana, Guffey of Pennsylvania, John P. Hopkins and Roger Sullivan of Illinois, together with other representatives of Standard Oil, gas and traction interests. These were the forces which secured control of the national organization of the Democratic party and finally rounded up a majority of the delegates. There was no popular clamor for Alton B. Parker. In fact, his name was not known to the country until this financial coterie had worked a highly paid publicity bureau for several months. There was no public sentiment crying for Dave Hill to step forth and defend the Constitution. Only Special Privilege was troubled about the "menace to our liberties" involved in the enforcement of the Sherman law and the other Roosevelt policies. But "safe and sane" was passed out as the countersign, and armed with this, these money brigands crept upon the citadel of Government.

The plan failed because its authors neglected to control the convention of the other party also. Public Sentiment had its way with the Republican convention and the Roosevelt landslide followed.

Business Has No Party and No Principles

Glance at some of the other conventions of recent years. The first McKinley convention in 1896 represented "business." The story of Hanna's rise and the nomination of McKinley as the "advance agent of prosperity" is too well known to need repetition. The Democratic convention that year represented "People." Bryan was its nominee. The second nominations of Bryan and McKinley were unopposed. Roosevelt's second nomination was opposed by "business," whose spokesman and manager was Senator Hanna, and his renomination was assured only after he had appealed to public opinion in his famous challenge: "Whoever is not for me is against me." Even Hanna was obliged to bow to the sentiment in favor of a second term. Which brings us to Taft's nomination.

Who nominated Taft?

"Roosevelt," comes an answering chorus.

Wrong. It was Public Sentiment. True, Roosevelt stirred and guided Public Sentiment, but there was nothing in Roosevelt's management of the Taft nomination similar to the campaign carried on by August Belmont and his Wall Street friends. It was Roosevelt's popularity—the confidence which the public placed in him, together with their willingness to follow his advice—that made Taft's nomination possible. It was not Brother Charles's check-book, nor Frank Hitchcock's work in rounding up the Southern delegates that made the nomination certain. It was not the aid of the party politicians—those machine men who stand between Big Business and the delegates. These were all opposed to Taft. (They are not now, but that is another story.) Foraker offered an opposing candidacy in Taft's own state. Senator Dick and the Ohio machine were antagonistic. All "regulars," like Crane, Penrose, Fairbanks, Cannon and Aldrich were openly warring on his candidacy.

Why? Does anyone need to be reminded that the group of men above named represents Big Business? Is it necessary to recall the fact that Crane is one of the heaviest stockholders in the telephone, telegraph and electric trust? Is it necessary to speak of Aldrich's connection with the rubber and sugar trusts? Of Cannon's open championship of Standard Oil? Of the notorious association of Senator Penrose with the Pennsylvania Railroad? Of Fairbanks's record as jobber for Harriman? And so on?

The story slipped out when Penrose, having dined too well, told Secretary Loeb how Wall Street was prepared to spend five million dollars to keep Roosevelt from naming a successor who should carry on the Government in the Roosevelt way. Seven years had convinced Big Business that a People's President ought to be followed by a Business President.

And Business spent a good-sized sum of money in an effort to sidetrack Taft and give the nomination to some man like Foraker, Cannon, Fairbanks or Knox.

But Taft was nominated. Public Sentiment was irresistible. The country liked a People's President and they wanted a continuation of that performance. Roosevelt said that Taft was honest and progressive, and the country believed Roosevelt. The professional politician, the Business politician, bent to the storm. Men like Senators Tom Carter of Montana and Francis E. Warren of Wyoming did not want a Roosevelt candidate, but the sentiment of their states was too strong to be resisted. All that Hitchcock had to do was to write them letters saying that they would be expected to deliver delegates for Taft, and that if they were not minded to promise immediate support for Roosevelt's candidate, steps would be taken to secure some other leadership in their states looking to this end.

Grudgingly, but almost unanimously, came the answers to these letters, promising support for Taft. And immediately, by public interviews and in other ways, delegates and bosses were put on record. In some states delegates were instructed by the conventions at which they were chosen. And thus, when they met in Chicago, the delegates had all been counted, and it was certain that the majority was Taft's. The issue had been joined between Public Sentiment and Big Business, and Public Sentiment had won.

It is true that a third of the delegates, those from the states of the Solid South, had, in part, been persuaded by post-office patronage and the Charles P. Taft check-book. It is true also that the prestige of the Presidential office is sufficient to swing some delegates. But with all

[Continued on page 41]

Peg & Limavaddy

by Robert McCheyne

Illustrated by Arthur Sitle

MY LOVE affair is no more important than that of other men perhaps—only different.

I was a stranger in the town of Limavaddy as I walked along the elm-shaded street that spring morning, and yet my mind was full of many things other than the rare charm of the scene.

Uppermost was the image of Lady Farley. She was a belle among the belles of Dublin—beautiful, accomplished, enormously wealthy, and I hated her devoutly. Just how much she loved me, I had no means of knowing. That she had been courting my attentions for several months past, there was no denying; and that she had expected me to propose to her on the preceding evening I firmly believed. I do not at all know that she would have accepted me, but I am certain she would in any event have contrived to let all Dublin know that I had done her the honor of asking her to become my wife.

I am not boasting. Men everywhere were seeking to make my acquaintance; women waited for me to make love to them. Yet my head was not turned. My heart was hardened—that is all.

Fortune had not always smiled on me. Now I was a social lion; it seemed but yesterday that I had been an embittered alien. In university days I had longed for friends—how I had longed! Yet those days were spent in a solitude more benumbing than that of any Crusoe, for my island was the monotonous treadmill of my own plodding personality set in the midst of a boundless sea of life. After college came five years of incessant toil, day and night—then success; a success more complete, more brilliant than I had dared dream of. A stream of gold that would have satisfied Midas and all his heirs poured in from my inventions. Honor followed wealth, and I was elected Fellow to every scientific society in all Europe. My table was piled high with the cards of Exclusiveness itself and the doors of Royalty were open to me. But the smiles of women and the overtures of men merely recalled the days when I had lived unknown, unfriended, unloved. Once I had longed

for friendship and yearned for love; now I would accept neither.

This feeling of aversion was raised to its climax by the advances of Lady Farley. That is why I had come down the Derry road from Dublin. I cared for no one; no one cared for me. I

repeat it: no one cared for me. It was my name women loved; it was my success men admired. What I wanted was to be loved for myself—my visible, tangible, lovable self.

With the image of Lady Farley in my mind then and bitterness in my heart, I turned from the broad avenue of Limavaddy elms into a grassy by-lane. Just ahead of me was an old orchard, a perfect bower of blooms, and beneath the bending boughs of a gnarled old russet stood Missy. She was the fairest blossom there, and as she stood, tiptoe, pulling the flowered branches down and filling her apron with a fragrant billow of blooms, the dew drops shaken from the leaves sparkled in her hair, and I had time to note only that the pink of her pretty cheek was the same as the tint of the flowers; then her great blue eyes looked confidently into mine.

"Will you please reach this branch for me?" she said.

I must have frowned—thinking of Lady Farley as I was—for the maid dropped her lashes and immediately her face and throat were suffused in a succession of blushes of the purest modesty. I saw at a glance how I had embarrassed her and so much the more I made haste to bring the coveted branch within her reach. My ardor brought down upon our heads a shower of silver dew, at which Missy laughed gaily like any child.

From that instant the trend of my thoughts was changed. Lady Farley was no longer uppermost in my mind, and I passed slowly down the lane to the edge of the town, humming the ballad of Peg of Limavaddy and swinging my black-thorn cane in the manner of a man content.

The White Gull is a gentlemen's hostelry. Everyone who knows Limavaddy knows where it stands at the end of a shady lane amid a bower of trees and vines and flowered shrubs,



its white walls peeping out through latticed windows to drink in the fragrance of wild honey-suckle and listen to the contented flutter of building birds, and the humming, droning sounds of summer.

It was a month before the season, and the old servant scowled ominously at the mention of a guest at that time of year. But Madame—she called herself "Madame" though her name was Doone and her accent delicious—smoothed the creases out of her white apron with her chubby little hands, and out of old Marcy's forehead with her coaxing words, until it was finally agreed that I might stay if I would be satisfied to eat in the kitchen, for the great dining hall could never in the world be thrown open for one gentleman, and him of such questionable gentility. I was deeply indebted, and said so as I drew a chair under a vine-covered gallery. Then the gate clicked and up along the arborescent path, her arms filled with blossoms, came Missy—Peggy she was to me—Peg of Limavaddy, the Peg of the ballad. Her sun-hat dangled at her shoulders, and the ties about her throat added I know not what to the witchery of her chin—that defiant, tremulous, little chin.

As I rose from my seat, she dropped me the slightest sign of a formal curtsy, at the same time giving me a momentary glance of recognition, and, so I thought, of friendliness from her pretty blue eyes.

We lunched together, all four of us, about a little deal table in the Dutch kitchen, old Marcy getting up at intervals to fetch the tea or a fresh plate of toast, and never had I been in such spirits. For my youth had been friendless and poor and my recent years friendless and rich, and of the two I know not which is the worse condition. But Missy's presence made up for everything I had ever lost, and the sight of her drove the bitterness from my heart as a May breeze drives the cloud-shadows over the hills.

That last week in May was a happy one. Every day found us together, exploring the hills and vales of Limavaddy, and we made a picture to be stared after by many a traveler who met us on the highway—I in my sober-suited black, sallow face bearded with a week's growth of black stubble, swinging along in contented silence, and that dainty bit of dimity tripping gaily by my side, chattering and laughing with the merry voice of a linnet.

But it is the last afternoon of that week that remains ever in my mind. We were walking by the bank of a garrulous little creek, when Missy, catching my hand and drawing it under her arm in a pretty way she had fallen into of late, cried:

"There are those pretty pink posies again on the other side."

You see I am able to tell it without a tremor, and you think it as commonplace as it sounds. And, to be sure, what should a sober old fellow like me have experienced that was not commonplace?

But think what my life had been, what my longings were, how artless was Missy's daring. It was not the first time she had caught my hand on a sudden impulse, and it was not the first time my heart had started wildly at such a caress; but when, now, she suddenly caught sight of the pink flowers I had been pleased with, and drew my hand quickly under her arm and pressed it firmly and fearlessly to her breast, something swept through me that made me close my eyes and take my breath hard through my parted lips, while the blood pounded at my temples and my knees almost gave way.

In an instant I gained control of my senses and I knew I had done wrong to come off without my breakfast. Missy was still drawing me toward the pretty pink flowers.

"Please, please, please!" she said under her breath.

"Where can we cross, then?" I asked, stifling my heart.



"Right here—if you—if you will carry me." Her hesitation was out of consideration for me, not Mrs. Grundy; and she spoke without dropping her eyes or showing anything but the simplest innocence in their wide gaze.

I took her up in my arms, rumpling that dimity gown and all her swirling torrent of skirt laces in my great ugly hands, and started across the rough bed of the stream. I could feel the water rippling about my ankles and as nearly as I can describe it, the same feeling was in my heart.

Away above our heads the Derry pike wound along the ledge of rocks that marked the course of the stream; and through an opening in the trees I saw the figure of a horsewoman, dressed in a habit of parrot-green and mounted on a great raw-boned black. My heart closed like a man's fist.

Then I felt Missy's fingers in my bearded chin. "Never mind the pretty lady on the black horse," she said.

Alas, we were both to mind the "pretty lady" before we were through.

It was dusk when we reached the White Gull, and Lady Farley was there before us. I recognized her as we came up the path. The great black-plumed hat and the black gauntlets had been laid aside and the green riding habit had given place to a light robe of some clinging stuff much affected by her in those days. I saw her as we came through the arbor, but Missy was a step or two behind me, swinging her little bonnet by one string and singing—tired perhaps but apparently happy. Then she caught sight of the stranger, and gave a little gasp as her feminine mind comprehended the grandeur of it all.

The grandee took me in at a glance, then turned a slow searching gaze upon poor trembling Peggy.

"I have been awaiting you, child," she said, coldly. "My maid has not yet arrived." I could not but note the wild-rose tint of Missy's cheek as she stood before the noblewoman of Dublin.

"You may go in."

Peggy curtsied deeply and Lady Farley extended her hand imperiously toward me. As I bent over it, I happened to glance under my arm and caught a glimpse of the maid of Limavaddy, turning to look back at us over her pretty shoulders as she went in.

When we were alone, Lady Farley assumed a playful mood that seemed grimly out of place.

"John Clayton," she cried, flashing her beautiful teeth in an affected smile. "John Clayton, we are not going to lose your society. I am having a great party of your friends down from Dublin to-morrow. You must shave your chin."

The subject being distasteful to me I excused myself and entered the inn. Missy had found no fault with my chin and I could feel the touch of her pretty fingers there still.

Dinner was served an hour later in the dining hall, Lady Farley sitting alone in great state and served by Marcy. From my seat in the kitchen, I could look out upon miladi's back, and it was easy to see, even in her neck and icy shoulders, the chagrin she felt at having to dine alone.

But she was not a woman without resources; otherwise she would scarcely have been in Limavaddy that night. No sooner had she finished her dinner than she settled herself in the great chair before the fire and sent, post-haste, for Missy to wait upon her. It was a pair of slippers she wanted and she thrust a well-booted little foot out into the firelight as she gave her orders. Old Marcy was starting off to save her "darling," when Missy—and on my life I believe she did it out of pure feminine maliciousness—Missy kicked off her own tiny slippers at Lady Farley's feet. They were pale blue with bright silver buckles, and large enough for an honest man's two fingers. Lady

[Continued on page 40]

Why It Will Pay and How We Can Make It Work

The interests promptly **buried** themselves. Under pressure, Congress doubled the rate, making it **sixteen** cents a pound, as at present. Book publishers, however, and **certain** other special groups, secured favorable discriminations, the eight-cent rate being **awarded** to their products. Thus was inaugurated the **preposterous** double standard of third-class and fourth-class mail **matter**, under which have ever since existed such

For one I am convinced that the enforcement of the Government's



Vans being loaded with parcels for local distribution



The yard of the general post-office in Berlin



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Parcels piled in the Berlin post-office ready to be distributed

WHY GERMANY HAS NO EXPRESS COMPANY PROBLEM

postal monopoly is essential to a satisfactory parcel post. Otherwise the express companies will simply scale down their rates, meeting with rate reductions of their own every Government reduction, until the lowest limit of profitable business is reached. Then the Government will be permitted to do the unprofitable part of the business. For that matter the express companies would see to it that the Government, as now, would continue to bear the burden of the long hauls.

Is it not true that to permit private competition in the carriage of mail matter, the exercise of a Governmental function, is equivalent to permitting counterfeiters to ply their trade without molestation, or to winking at sugar frauds or other import frauds, which are frauds upon the revenue duly levied by act of Congress? All of these laws—post-office, customs, counterfeiting—are based upon distinct grants of power in the Federal Constitution, and these grants must be protected if the Government is properly to do its duty to the whole people.

And yet I do not believe that the mere enforcement of a Government monopoly will solve the parcel post question. The effect would be to cause the people so much inconvenience and to put them at such great expense that there would be a nation-wide howl to Congress to lower rates and increase the weight limit. If we want a parcel post, why put ourselves to so much trouble? Why not go right after the thing we want—if it is practical?

The parcel post plan that has the endorsement of the Postal Progress League is expressed in the bill introduced in the House of Representatives by William Sulzer. This bill (H. R. 26581) was printed in full in *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* for January, but its essence must now be restated. It raises the weight limit to eleven pounds—"the common limit of the Postal Union"—and reduces the rate of fourth-class matter to the third-class rate—one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. This means eight cents a pound up to eleven pounds. "The rate on local letters or sealed parcels posted for delivery within the free-delivery services" is determined at "two cents on parcels, up to four ounces, one cent on each additional two ounces; at non-delivery offices, one cent for each two ounces." All the matter collected and delivered within the different rural routes is determined to be in one class, "with rates, door to door, between the different houses and places of business and the post-office or post-offices on each route, as follows:

"On parcels up to one twenty-fourth of a cubic foot, or one by six by twelve inches in dimensions and up to one pound in weight, one cent; on larger parcels up to one-half of a cubic foot, or six by twelve by twelve inches in dimensions and up to eleven pounds in weight, five cents; on large parcels up to one cubic foot, six by twelve by twenty-four inches in dimensions and up to twenty-five pounds in weight, ten cents. No parcels shall be over six feet in length, and in no case shall a carrier be obliged to transport a load of over five hundred pounds." There is

also provision for the insurance of mailed matter.

The Sulzer bill represents the best judgment of men who, strongly in favor of an extended parcel post, nevertheless are deeply concerned in providing a law that will prove practical. The bill, at this writing, is still in committee.

The plan at present attracting the most general attention is the one put forward for a rural parcel post.

Here is the storm center.

In his annual report, for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1910, Postmaster-General Hitchcock said: "It is believed that as soon as the postal savings system is thoroughly organized, the Post-Office Department should be prepared to establish throughout the country a general parcel post. As the preliminary step in the development

of such a service, it is hoped that Congress will authorize the delivery on rural routes of parcels weighing as much as eleven pounds. . . . This form of service can be conducted with little if any additional expense to the Government. It will not require the appointment of more carriers, for those already employed have the necessary equipment in the way of horses and wagons to distribute the parcel as well as the ordinary mail. . . . A rural parcel post of the kind proposed, if successfully conducted, would probably lead to a more general system."

Mr. Hitchcock goes on to urge his experiment as a preliminary step to be taken while definite information is being secured as to the practicability of a general parcel post.

The war-cry of the present Postmaster-General is "Economy." He is carrying his policy to the point of driving postal employees to the limit of their endurance, and in many cases has curtailed the service at the cost of quickness and reliability in order to save money. Naturally, then, he thinks of parcel post with the mental attitude of a money-lender.

We must remember, however, that while we do not want a parcel post that will pile up the annual deficit in the Post-Office Department, there is something besides profit to be considered. We want a thorough, cheap postal service. We will pay for it what we have to pay. If it is a money-maker rather than a money-loser, so much the better—but we want a general parcel post.

How can we judge the effect of a general parcel post by a cautious experiment in the rural districts? How can we determine general traffic on the basis of local delivery trade? This half-hearted proposal has the weakness of all half-hearted proposals.

But the enemies of all parcel post plans—the express companies, the jobbers, and the wholesale houses—have attacked the rural parcel post idea with all their energy. If they can frighten this feeble plan to death the general parcel post idea will, they think, also die. So they are erecting the bogie of the mail-order houses before the eyes of the small-town merchants. And this brings us to our second question about the parcel post:

Will it favor any particular class and injure any other particular class?

(Continued on page 54)

Boughten Pants

By Mary Heaton Vorse

Author of "The Mercy of the Lord,"
"They Meant Well," etc.

Illustrations by ARTHUR HUTCHINS



"I got on my war clothes; that's what I got on!"

ON THAT morning of September which is as important for children as the opening of Congress is for the politicians, Daniel Crafts arose and stuck his tousled red head forth from the door of the room and bawled:

"Ma, where's my pants?"

On the floor behind him the twins were tumultuously dressing. Daniel raised his voice again. A little figure, its far too-short petticoats at right angles, its hair in a braid, dashed down the narrow hall.

"Don't you dare say a word, Daniel Crafts!" she hissed. "Don't you dare say nothing! She thinks they're lovely."

"What you mean, Dora?" asked Daniel. "What you talking about?" He tried to throw into his voice that disdainful quality with which a boy should always address his sister.

"Your pants," whispered Dora.

"Didn't she buy 'em?" he faltered. "I thought she was going to buy 'em. I thought that's what she went up town for."

"She got an idea," hissed Dora, "that she could make nicer ones than she could buy. Don't you dare say a word, Daniel Crafts! She sat up 'most all night making 'em. She's putting some last stitches on now."

As she said these words Dora's eyes failed to meet her brother's. Alas! The many times their mother had had these inspirations for the construction of garments! The many times that the children had waited for those few last stitches!

A brilliant thought struck Daniel:

"Ma!" he bawled. "It's late! I'll wear my old crash pants." These garments, ruinously torn, he had left upon his pile of clothes upon going to bed and in the night they had been abstracted.

"Oh, no, you can't," came his mother's voice, "because I tore them up for mop cloths this morning."

"My other old pants then," said Daniel, catching at a straw.

"They're in the wash," responded his mother. "I'm almost through—just a stitch." Happiness was in her voice—the happiness of one about to give pleasure to another—the happiness that comes from finishing a piece of work conceived in love and joy.

Dora's eloquent eye again sought her brother's:

"You see," she whispered; her little fists clenched themselves, the little meager pigtail bristled. "If you dare, Daniel Crafts, if you dare say boughten pants—"

The door of a room opened and there emerged from it the plump figure of their mother. Of build she was matronly, as suited a woman of her years, her round little body guiltless of the artifices of the makers of new-style figures. Indeed, she had the aspect of one who had never had time to look at herself in the glass below her sleek, blond little head; and this same little head, perched on those motherly, even middle-aged shoulders, gave the effect of having forgotten to grow up. Its round contour was that of a little girl—a most intelligent little girl—but, taken by itself, too young for the mother of six children. Dora's face was more anxious; Dan's more acute.

Now, with love and pride radiating from her, Mrs. Crafts held up an amorphous garment:

"Here they are, son," said she cheerfully. "Here are your new pants."

Heart of stone could not have resisted it. He didn't need Dora's warning eye upon him. Even a small boy can't hit a child that brings him a flower trustingly; no, not even though the child is your mother, and the flower a pair of blue flannel pants. But there's a limit to all things, even to chivalry! He could not admire them; he could not rise to what her attitude demanded. She expected praise as she stood there before him, smiling and blinking in her funny little near-sighted, peering way that made one think of a fledgling looking over the edge of a nest.

He gulped out a "Thank you" and managed to mutter: "It's late!" snatched the garments and closed the door on them and himself. Once in his room he gave himself up to bitterness as he looked at the offending garments. "Pants! did she call them? They weren't any more pants than a hen!"

There was nothing about them of the uncompromising masculine garment; in their cut was something vaguely fantastic, like the gentle little

absurdities of his mother's wit. It was all very well to laugh at things like that, but when it comes to wearing witticisms on your legs—!

His mind's eye went back over the different casings—he refused to consider any of them by their proper names—of his legs; garments cut over from his father's; cut over always, too, at the last moment, when there was no other garment between him and the outer world and it was that garb or bed; garments too small and garments too large, sent to them from the more prosperous branches of the Crafts family; garments even made over from his mother's clothes. These for winter; summer things were better. Then a veritable over-all for twenty-five cents, or crash breeches upheld his tottering self-respect. But now, here was school and he was eleven. Boughten pants had been promised him, and this was what he got! He would not wear them! He would not go! He would tell her what he thought about his pants.

Purpose writ all over him, he rose from the edge of his bed, casting the offending garments aside. Then he stopped. *She thought they were lovely!* She had sat up that night making them. The struggle that went on occurred somewhere below the spot where live the thoughts that have words to them.

He tramped down-stairs, a surly hero, with not so much as a suspicion of his own heroism to comfort him. To his mother's pleasant "Stand up, son! I want to see how they look!" he only grunted something surly about the lack of time, wound his feet around the leg of the chair, and shoveled down his breakfast, wondering the while what special blindness it was in her that would not let her see that these pants were unlike all other pants, subtly different from anything of the name that a boy had ever put on his legs before.

And there it may be that one strikes the roots of what it was that ailed the Crafts family. I mean that conformity did not represent to the mother of the house the sum and total of all virtue. Variations from type pleased her; she thought things pretty because she thought so, and not because others had them. A certain originality in her attitude toward garments might, in more favorable circumstances, have been developed into a unique taste. Who can tell?

It was this elusive trait in Mrs. Crafts that had always disturbed her well-to-do sister, Mrs. Stratton, who spent long hours in discussing with her husband just what it was ailed Susan. It was this anxiety that made Mrs. Stratton see her own immaculate offspring, one boy and one girl, off to school, put her bonnet on, and go around to see with her own eyes that Susan's young ones went to school on time.

It seemed to her as she turned her back upon her own residence and walked down her own grounds—"residence" and "grounds" were the words that were always employed in Freemansville, in speaking of Mrs. Stratton's abode—that she was leaving behind her all the orderly decencies of life, and turning her face to a mad, indecent chaos.

It was not, she reflected, all Susan's fault, for the chaos in the Crafts household had for primary cause too many children and too little money. "But," thought Mrs. Stratton severely, "things might be better. Don't tell me! If Susan was not so ca'm—"

Here her reflections were cut through by an odd figure that scurried across her path and dived into a hole in the hedge like a rabbit into a burrow. If he had thought to elude the eye of his aunt he had been mistaken.

"Daniel!" called the lady. "Daniel, I saw you! Daniel, come here to me!"

Daniel's flaming red head poked itself reluctantly through the hole in the hedge.

"What d'you want?" he inquired, sulkily.

"I want to see," replied his aunt, "what you've got on your legs."

"Pants, Aunt 'Gilly," he responded. "What d' you suppose?"

"Don't look to me like pants," responded his aunt. "Stand out there!"

Reluctantly Daniel emerged through the hole and stood up before his aunt, outwardly with a swagger, but inwardly with a hideous shame. All the agonies that Lady Godiva had ever suffered, all the phantasmal

horrors that we have ever felt in our dreams when we find ourselves indecorously clad in a public place, surged over the spirit of Daniel Crafts as his aunt's sharp eye traveled over his costume, and she pronounced:

"Those are n't pants you're wearing! I know what they are; those are your Cousin Fannie's bloomers; her gymnasium bloomers; the ones that got a little moth-ett. Little did I think," pursued the lady, "when I sent 'em over to your house thinking your mother might get enough for a blouse or a flannel petticoat for one of the children, or maybe a whole suit for the baby, that all she would do would be to take a piece off the belt and take 'em in. What's your ma thinking of to let you go out such a sight?"

Here Mrs. Stratton took up her majestic walk, while Daniel disappeared again through the hole in the hedge. His heart was aflame with injustice. Wasn't it enough, he wondered, that he had to be ridiculous, without his clothes having sprung from such a source? He had gone to bed trustingly the night before. His father was late at the office, and was to come home with the money necessary for the purchase of the pants. And now, instead of that, he wore on his person the reconstructed moth-eaten gymnasium bloomers of his cousin Fannie. Shame and anger filled his whole being, and as he got through the hole, a titter struck his ears and a voice shouted at him a derisive refrain:

"Rose in bloomers! Rose in bloomers!" it went, while the owner of the voice capered derisively up and down. It was the new boy that had lately come to live in the Fields's place. Between this boy and Daniel had been a rivalry. The newcomer was a quiet youngster who did things without much fuss, and with this same quiet he had arrogated to himself the leadership of "the gang" that had been Daniel's, both by power of fists and by virtue of a strategic mind.

At this cry of "Rose in bloomers!" (Daniel's red head had earned him the nickname of "Rose" in the gang) a concentrated fury arose in his breast, maiming the feeling of shame. He no longer wanted to skulk on the inner sides of hedges and fences, duck into school at the last moment, and hide his legs beneath a desk. He wanted to strut abroad for all the world to see—strut abroad and lick any boy that dared smile at him. And first he would begin with Carleton James.

On him he now rushed with devastating fury. They fought grimly, silently; and though there was no unseemly noise of combat, little boys schoolward bound appeared from nowhere and watched this spectacle of the strife of heroes, awestruck.

Though Carleton James fought bravely, from the beginning there was no doubt of the outcome. The wild fury of Daniel had added emphasis to his strength. He was fighting not merely for a disputed supremacy in the gang, but for his entire hope of happiness. The fight was to decide whether life would be bearable during that period



"Here they are, now," she said, cheerfully.

when he must wear bloomers for pants.

He was on top of his antagonist, hammering his head on the ground and muttering the concentrated words—"Holler 'nuff?"

"Nuff!" came the voice of Carleton James.

But Daniel was n't through.

"Have I got on bloomers?" he asked, thumping the head of his adversary to jog his memory.

"No!" responded Carleton.

"Well, just you remember that!" said Daniel as he arose and faced the rest of the crowd.

"Do you fellers know what I got on?" he demanded, turning to them. "I got on my war clothes; that's what I got on! When I got on these clothes I'm dangerous. No one can lick me when I got on these clothes."

"That's right," agreed Carleton James.

"If any of you don't like the looks of my pants, tell me now," said Dan. "Is there any one who don't like the looks of 'em? Because I'll lick him if he don't!"

"I'll help him," said Carleton James. He was a simple-minded lad, and it was evident that if he was the strongest boy in the gang and could n't make fun of Dan's breeches, it was offensive to his

dignity that any minor person should. "They're his war clothes," he asserted.

In this fashion it is that the real leader of men makes his very limitations lend him strength.

Well, life is n't made up of high points, and the trouble of going up on the mountaintop is that one must descend again into the valley.

By the time school was over and Daniel arrived home, his early joy of battle had vanished. He met his mother's "Why, son, what have you done to your nice new clothes?" with a lack-luster "nothing," and kicked his new shoes against the door-sill.

"Have you been fighting, Daniel?" questioned his mother with some spirit; for fighting was the one thing upon which Mrs. Crafts was severe.

She followed the movements of the Peace Conference with eagerness; she believed ardently in the disarmament of all Europe. "Brutal fighting" was one of the things she would n't permit her children. She often declared with much spirit that if they had been brutal enough to fight they were brutal enough to receive corporal punishment. This being the case, one must n't blame Daniel too much if he responded, "No 'm."

Dora, who had heard this evasion, turned a shocked eye on him when their mother went out of the room.

They ate in silence a moment, and then from the depths of Daniel came a mighty resolve. He had n't been thinking about it at all; the words seemed to come of themselves:

"I'm going to buy myself some store clothes! I'm going to get a three-dollar-and-a-half suit!" Not just pants, mind you, but a real suit of store clothes—the kind of thing that you see in Dave Warton's window on the little mannikin with the shiny shoes and new stockings on its feet, marked variously \$3.50 or \$4.75.

As he said these words, Dan could see the very suit, for he had a trick of visualizing things. He saw it not in daytime but under the transfiguring glow of the arc light. It was dark blue and had a chaste little line of white in it. These clothes were to be his! As he saw this vision evoked by his words he felt it so keenly that he even smelled the smell of peanuts from the fruit-store next to Dave's. A heady feeling of adequacy swept over him. He knew he was going to get those clothes, just as he had known he was going to lick Carl James.

"I know," he replied darkly to Dora's round-eyed inquiry: "Where will you get all that money?" He had the while as little idea as Dora herself where the funds were to come from. "You wait and see!" They had to be! That was the end of it!

He swaggered out into the street, bent on taking from the world the \$3.50 it owed him. When the boys called to him, "Hi, Rosy! Come on an' play basket-ball!" he replied with an abstracted air:

"Can't!"

"Aw, come on!" they urged.

"Can't; I have to work," responded Daniel.

He felt vividly that he had a job—a job at fifty cents a day—for that, in one week, provided the job held out Sunday, would give him the \$3.50. But a week was

[Continued on page 56]

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



His aunt's estimate as to the price he found entirely wrong

When Doctors Disagree

By P. G. Wodehouse

Author of "Love Among the Chickens," "The Intrusion of Jimmy," etc.

Illustrations by A. D. RAHN

IT IS possible that, at about the time at which this story opens, you may have gone into the Hotel Belvoir for a hair-cut.

Many people did, for the young man behind the scissors, though of a singularly gloomy countenance, was undoubtedly an artist in his line. He clipped judiciously. He left no ridges. He never talked about the weather. And he allowed you to go away unburdened by any bottle of hair-food.

It is possible, too, that being there, you decided that you might as well go the limit and be manicured at the same time.

It is not unlikely, moreover, that, when you have got over the first shock of finding your hands so unexpectedly large and red, you felt disposed to chat with the young lady who looked after that branch of the business.

In your genial way you may have permitted a note of gay (but gentlemanly) badinage to creep into your end of the dialogue.

In which case, if you had raised your eyes to the mirror, you would certainly have observed a marked increase of gloom in the demeanor of the young man attending to your apex. He took no official notice of the matter. A quick frown. A tightening of the lips. Nothing more. Jealous as Arthur Welsh was of all who inflicted gay badinage, however gentlemanly, on Maud Peters, he never forgot that he was an artist. Never, even in his blackest moments, had he yielded to the temptation to dig the point of the scissors the merest fraction of an inch into a client's skull.

But Maud, who saw, would understand. And, if the customer was an observant man, he would notice that her replies at that juncture became somewhat absent, her smile a little mechanical.

Jealousy, according to an eminent authority, is the "hydra of calamities, the seven-fold death." Arthur Welsh's was all that, and more. It was a constant shadow on Maud's happiness. No fair-minded girl objects to a certain tinge of jealousy. Kept within proper bounds, it is a compliment; it makes for piquancy; it is the vinegar in the salad of devotion. But it should be a condiment, not a fluid.

It was the unfairness of the thing that hurt Maud. Her conscience was clear. She knew girls, several girls, who gave the young men with whom they walked out ample excuse for being perfect Othellos. If, like Jane Oddy, she had ever flirted openly with a dashing photographer, she could have excused Arthur's attitude. If, like Pauline Dicey, she had talked in whispers with a black-mustached stranger at the ball game, while her fiancé sat gloomily at her side, she could have understood his frowning disapproval. But she was not like Pauline. She scorned the coquetties of Jane. Arthur was the center of her world and he knew it. Ever since the rainy evening when he had sheltered her under his umbrella to the subway station, he had known perfectly well how things were with her. And yet, just because, in a strictly business-like way, she was civil to her customers, he must scowl and bite his lips and behave generally as if he had suddenly become suspicious that he had been nurturing a serpent in his bosom. It was worse than wicked. It was unprofessional.

She remonstrated with him.

"It isn't fair," she said one morning when the rush of customers had ceased and they had the shop to themselves.

Matters had been worse than usual that morning. After days of rain and grayness, the weather had turned over a new leaf. The sun glinted among the bottles of Unfailing Lotion in the window, and everything in the world seemed to have relaxed and become cheerful. Unfortunately, "everything" had included the customers. During the previous few days they had taken their seats in moist gloom, and, brooding over the prospect of coming colds in the head, had had little that was pleasant to say to the Divinity who was shaping their ends. But to-day it had been different. Warm and happy, they had bubbled over with tiny small-talk.

Arthur, who was stropping a razor and whistling tunelessly, raised his eyebrows. His manner was frosty.

Digitized by Google

"I fail to understand your meaning," he said.

"You know what I mean. Do you think I didn't see you frowning when I was doing that gentleman's nails?"

The allusion was to the client who had just left; a jovial individual with a red face, who certainly had made Maud giggle a good deal. And why not? If a gentleman tells really funny stories, what harm is there in giggling? You had to be pleasant to people.

If you snubbed customers, what happened? Why, sooner or later it got round to the boss and then where were you? Besides, it was not as if the red-faced customer had been rude. Write down on paper what he had said to her, and nobody could object to it. Write down on paper what she had said to him, and you could not object to that either. It was just Arthur's silliness.

She tossed her head.

"I am gratified," said Arthur ponderously. In happier moments Maud had admired his gift of language; he had read a great deal—encyclopedias and papers and things. "I am gratified to find that you had got round to bestow a glance on me. You appeared absorbed."

Maud sniffed unhappily. She had meant to be cold and dignified throughout the conversation, but the sense of her wrongs was beginning to be too much for her. A large tear splashed on her tray of orange-sticks. She wiped it away with the chamois-leather.

"It isn't fair," she sobbed. "It isn't. You know I can't help it if gentlemen talk and joke with me. You know it's all in the day's work. I'm expected to be civil to gentlemen who come in to have their hands done. I should look silly, sitting as if I'd swallowed a poker. I do think you might understand, Arthur, you being in the profession yourself."

He coughed.

"It isn't so much that you talk to them, as that you seem to like—"

He stopped. Maud's dignity had melted completely. Her face was buried in her arms. She did not care if a million customers came in all at the same time.

"Maud!"

She heard him moving toward her, but she did not look up. The next moment his arms were around her and he was babbling.

And a customer, pushing open the door unnoticed two minutes later, retired hurriedly to get shaved elsewhere, doubting whether Arthur's mind was on his job.

For a time this little thunderstorm undoubtedly cleared the air. For a day or two Maud

was happier than she ever remembered to have been. Arthur's behavior was unexceptionable. He bought her a wrist-watch, light-brown leather, very smart. He gave her some candy to eat in the subway. He was, in short, the perfect lover. On the second day the red-faced man came in again. Arthur joined in the laughter at his stories. Everything seemed ideal.

It could not last. Gradually things slipped back into the old routine. Maud, looking up from her work, would see the frown and the bitten lip. She began again to feel uncomfortable and self-conscious as she worked. Sometimes their conversation on the way to the subway was almost formal.

It was useless to say anything. She had a wholesome horror of being one of those women who nagged; and she felt that to complain again would amount to nagging. She tried to put the thing out of her mind, but it insisted on staying there.

In a way, she understood his feelings. He loved her so much, she supposed, that he hated the idea of her exchanging a single word with another man. This, in the abstract, was gratifying; but in practise it distressed her. She wished she were some sort of foreigner so that nobody could talk to her. But then they would look at her and that probably would produce much the same results. It was a hard world for a girl.

And then the strange thing happened. Arthur reformed. One might almost say that he reformed with a jerk. It was a



The next moment his arms were around her



She worked on his robust fingers as if it were an artistic treat to be permitted to handle them

parallel case to those sudden conversions at negro camp meetings. On Monday evening he had been at his worst. On the following morning he was a changed man. Not even after the original thunderstorm had he been more docile. Maud could not believe it at first. The lip, once bitten, was stretched in a smile. She looked for the frown. It was not there.

Next day it was the same; and the day after that. When a week had gone by and still the improvement was maintained, Maud felt that she might now look on it as permanent. A great load seemed to have been taken off her mind. She revised her views of the world. It was a very good world. Quite one of the best, with Arthur beaming upon it like a sun.

A number of eminent poets and essayists, in the course of the last few centuries, have recorded, in their several ways, their opinion that one can have too much of a good thing. The truth applies even to such a good thing as absence of jealousy. Little by little Maud began to grow uneasy. It began to come home to her that she preferred the old Arthur of the scowl and the gnawed lip. Of him she had at least been sure. Whatever discomfort she may have suffered from his outbursts, at any rate they had proved that he loved her. She would have accepted gladly an equal amount of discomfort now in exchange for the same certainty. She could not read this new Arthur. His thoughts were a closed book. Superficially he was all that she could have wished. He still continued to escort her to the subway, to buy her occasional presents, to tap, when conversing, the pleasantly sentimental vein. But now these things were not enough. Her heart was troubled. Her thoughts frightened her. The little black imp at the back of her mind kept whispering and whispering, till at last she was forced to listen: "He's tired of you. He doesn't love you any more. He's tired of you."

In times of mental stress not everybody can find ready-to-hand among his or her personal acquaintances an expert counselor, prepared at a moment's notice to listen with sympathy and to advise with tact and skill. Every one's world is full of friends, relatives and others who will give advice on any subject that may be presented to them; but there are crises in life which can not be left to the amateur. It is the aim of certain evening papers to fill this void.

Of this class the *Evening Chronicle* was one of the best-known representatives. In exchange for one cent, its five hundred thousand readers received every evening the latest news, a serial story, humorous sketches of New York life, caricatures of celebrities, hints on dress, chats about baby, funny pictures, poems, a column and a half of editorial Great Thoughts, and—the journal's leading feature—Advice on Matters of the Heart. The daily contribution of Laura Mae Podmore, the advice-specialist of the *Evening Chronicle*, was made up mainly of answers to correspondents, and probably gave a good deal of comfort. At any rate, Miss Podmore always seemed to have plenty of cases on her hands.

It was to Laura Mae that Maud took her trouble. She had been a regular reader of the paper for several years; and had, indeed, consulted the expert once before as to whether it would be right for her to accept caramels from Arthur, then almost a stranger. It was only natural that in this graver dilemma she should go to her again. The letter was not easy to write, but she finished it at last; and, after an anxious interval, judgment was delivered as follows:

"A girl signing herself M. P. writes me:
"I am a young lady and until recently was very,

very happy, except that my fiancé, though truly loving me, was of a very jealous disposition, though I am sure I gave him no cause. He would scowl when I spoke to any other man, and this used to make me unhappy. But for some time now he has quite changed and does not seem to mind at all, and though at first it made me feel happy to think that he had got over his jealousy, I now feel unhappy because I am beginning to be afraid that he no longer cares for me. Do you think this so, and what ought I to do?"

"Well, I should like to be able to reassure M. P., but I am afraid it has been my experience that when Jealousy flies out of the window, Indifference comes in at the door. In the old days a knight would joust for the love of a lady, risking physical injury rather than permit other to rival him in her affections. I think that M. P. should endeavor to discover the true state of her fiancé's feelings. I do not, of course, advocate anything in the shape of unwomanly behavior; but I think that she should certainly try to pique her fiancé, to test him. At her next ball, for instance, let her refuse him a certain number of dances on the plea that her program is full. At lawn-parties, receptions and so on, let her exhibit pleasure in the society and conversation of other gentlemen, and mark his demeanor as she does so. These little tests should serve either to relieve her apprehensions, provided they are groundless, or to show her the truth."

Before the end of the day Maud knew the whole passage by heart. The more her mind dwelt on it, the more clearly did it seem to express what she had felt but could not put into words. The point about jousting struck her as particularly well-taken. She had looked up "joust" in the dictionary, and it seemed to her that in these few words was contained the kernel of her trouble. In the old days, if any man had attempted to rival him in her affections (outside of business hours), Arthur would undoubtedly have jostled—and jostled with the vigor of one who means to make his presence felt. Now, in similar circumstances, he would probably step aside politely, as who should say: "After you, my dear Alphonse."

There was no time to lose. An hour after her first perusal of Laura Mae's advice, Maud had begun to act upon it. By the time the first lull in the morning's work had come and there was a chance for private conversation, she had invented an imaginary young man, a shadowy Lothario, who, being introduced into her home on the previous Sunday by her brother Horace, had carried on in a way you would n't believe, paying all manner of compliments.

"He said I had such white hands," said Maud.

Arthur nodded, stropping a razor the while. He appeared to be bearing the revelations with complete fortitude. Yet, only a few weeks before, a customer's comment on this same whiteness had stirred him to his depths.

"And this morning—what do you think? Why, he meets me as bold as you please, and gives me a cake of toilet soap. I like his nerve!"

She paused, hopefully.

"Always useful—soap," said Arthur, politely sententious.

"It was lovely," went on Maud, dully conscious of failure, but, like an artist, stippling in the little touches which give atmosphere and verisimilitude to a story. "All scented. Horace will jolly me about it, I can tell you."

She paused. Surely he must— Why, a clam would be torn with

[Continued on page 44]



Crouching in his professional manner, he moved forward and



Poverty on the Farm

A LETTER

THERE is a widespread belief that to live in the country and be a farmer means to be wealthy, or if not wealthy, without question, to be prosperous, and prosperity is next door to riches. I have lived on a farm all my life, and hope to spend my remaining days on one. There is much pleasure and profit to be derived from living in the country, and I fully appreciate the many privileges of such an existence, but all this does not blind me to the fact that there is a class of poor folks living in the rural districts just as surely as there are poor to be found in the cities.

Beginning Married Life on a Speculative Basis

Nine farmers out of ten have bought farms, paying cash as far as possible and giving a mortgage as security for the remainder. The earnest intention is to secure a home and also a means of livelihood. The outcome of this action is very uncertain. Much depends upon the man and his wife as to whether they can finish paying for the farm; again, conditions over which man has no influence may cause failure. Farming is at best a precarious business—floods, drought, frosts and all sorts of bugs and insects, as well as numerous plant diseases and disorders must be contended with. Last, but by all odds not least of the farmer's handicaps, is lack of capital.

We have put our little all into what we hope to make our home, thereby leaving ourselves without ready cash to conduct our farms. Of course this is not exactly good business policy, but nothing ventured nothing won and, thank God, our farmers and farmers' wives are of the most courageous, ambitious people on this earth.

If our young people waited to acquire funds enough to purchase a farm before marrying, they would perhaps be better off; but if you realize that the dollars come in very, very slowly on the farms, and that years must elapse before the home can be purchased outright, you will not blame the young farmer and his sweetheart if they decide to join forces and take up the struggle together.

What Two Bad Crop Years Meant to This Family

There are many causes for the poverty found in some farm homes. May I tell you of one family I know? A young farmer and his bride bought a farm, putting into it their ready money and giving a mortgage for one thousand dollars, payable in sums of one hundred dollars yearly and interest at six per cent. They set bravely and happily to work, and slowly, year by year, bought the necessary farm tools and household fixtures—but *only* necessities, mind you. Each year the interest, the hundred-dollar note, taxes, and often doctors' bills were paid in money. These items drained away all the actual cash, thereby hampering farm operations and making it necessary often to do without needed clothing and conveniences; however, on the whole, they prospered in a quiet way for five years and then came reverses. First a bad season caused the crop yield to be cut off, barely paying for time and expense of growing. The following winter work was so scarce that spring found them with some of the previous summer's bills yet unpaid, and no cash for the coming farm work. To hire help was impossible, so the wife (now a mother of five children), in addition to her own work, put her shoulder to the wheel and spent the summer helping her husband. Drought and early frosts again spoiled the season's labor, so again no profit was realized. The husband obtained employment in the fall, only to be called home by the illness of his wife. The weeks of labor in the fields were now the indirect cause of many days of suffering. Help could not be obtained for love or money, and in the country there are no free hospital beds and no district nurse to call in, so the husband had to leave his work and fill the breach while the bills remained unpaid and other items of expense accumulated.

Once more, spring found them behind financially. They went without clothing and other necessities, hoping to make good. When I visited them there was but one pair of shoes in this family, where there should have been seven pairs, and

the entire family wardrobe was almost as badly off, yet you would never have guessed the actual condition of things without becoming a member of the household.

Courage is one of our farmer's most notable characteristics, and those who are most worthy and who most need help are usually the most reticent when things go from bad to worse. They have a way of shutting their teeth a little harder, smiling a bit more resolutely, and going bravely forward with whatever can be done. It is a nerve-racking, disheartening, health-breaking process, this battle with privation which must be fought year after year.

The city's poor have the best of schools and church privileges; they have the helping hand of church and individual charities; they have the use of libraries and Sunday-school books. In many cities an effort is made to send many of the children, and sometimes the women, to the country for a time. At Christmas and Thanksgiving the children and their parents are feasted and entertained and provided, oftentimes, with fuel, food, clothes and gifts.

What One Week's Vacation Would Do for the Farmer's Wife

The poor in the country have none of the helps and privileges accorded their city brothers and sisters, although they are, in many instances, as poorly clad, and in the worst cases, are not much better fed; yet who ever heard of an organized effort made to relieve and brighten the lives of the poor to be found in rural districts?

Suppose, for instance, one were to send a ton of coal or a barrel of flour to the family I have told you about; or the parents were to receive a card entitling them to a pair of shoes for each of the children by calling at a certain shoe store; or the husband should receive notice, during the dull season, of work he could obtain. Why, any one of these acts of kindness is unknown to ninety-nine country people out of one hundred.

Of course, the country children are blessed with pure air and the absence of many of the harmful influences of city life, but they need access to good books, to church and social gatherings. The mothers and fathers need a change and vacation just as surely as do those in the city. Do you know what a week or two of rest, away from cares, children and responsibilities, would mean to the country woman who has toiled all through the heat of summer, cooking, washing, sewing, caring for children, calves and hens, and doing numberless other things undreamed of by the city housekeeper? I know because I have experienced it all but the vacation; because I know more than a dozen other women in similar conditions.

Are country people less worthy of help than those in the city? Do they feel the grind of poverty less keenly? Do they get sick or tired less easily? Are the burdens of overwork and lack of recreation less heavy in the country than elsewhere? I say, No! No! No!! The only reason one does not see more evidences of poverty in the country is because it is not so thickly populated as the city.

When sickness comes, there is no district nurse to call in, no dispensaries to go to, no spare money to hire help, no open hospital to receive them, so they drag around until compelled to go to bed; then get up again just as soon as possible, often before it is wise to do so, and again take their places in the same old treadmill, with its round of never-ceasing, monotonous work.

I know how loud will be the protest to this from certain ones among farmers, but remember, I have spoken of the *needy* class of rural folks. What I have written is as true as the brighter and pleasanter fact that there are many, many farm homes free from want and overwork and ill-health. It is but right for the public to see both sides of the picture—to know that there are others outside the city limits who need and deserve a helping hand.

DELIA GLINES GROVER.

A Slump in Chanteclers

By Hyman Strunsky

Illustrations by B. CORY KILVERT

"SAY, Minnie, this is going to be a crackjack season and it ain't very long before you and I are on Easy Street; bet your sweet life it ain't!"

Phil Markson, star drummer for the Vogel & Lazinsky Hat and Trimming Manufacturing Company, was discussing his last trip, while Minnie Rosenbaum, the red-cheeked, black-eyed, chubby-faced little stenographer watched the duplicate order-slips as he turned them, one after the other, in corroboration of his boast.

"These here houses are the biggest in the country," he continued, "and I got my share of their trade. I tell you, I have some gab in me, and when I see a customer it comes out, surest thing you know. The others ain't in it with the business I've done—got them all skinned a mile. It's a cinch!"

"Is n't it grand!" exclaimed the girl.

"Grand? I should say so. Do you know what it means, Minnie?"

He threw the book on the desk and thrust his hands in his pockets, swinging his well-formed and well-attired body with the characteristic swagger of the traveling salesman. His frank face beamed with satisfaction and his bright eyes sparkled with self-appreciation.

"It means that it ain't going to take long before I'll get into the firm; that's what it means. And there ain't going to be any more excuses, either. Take it from me; I know what I'm talking about."

At this, Minnie's face became serious. The promise to enter the firm, though made a long time ago and repeated whenever Phil had shown special skill in selling goods, collecting bad bills and helping his employers out of commercial difficulties, was still unfulfilled. To Minnie's intuitive sense it was clear that Mr. Vogel's marriageable daughter was passively responsible for this breach of promise. For this reason, Minnie had kept secret her engagement to Phil Markson.

"I hope so," she said. "But when they find out that you are not going to marry Dora they will not let you become a partner."

"Dora nothing!" shouted Phil. "There is only one girl in this world for me, and you know it as well as I do. Just say the word, Minnie, and we'll marry before the month is out, and before an hour is over this little finger will sparkle with the biggest diamond that ever—that ever—"

At a loss for the right simile, he touched with his lips the particular part of the finger set aside for the expected, dreamed-of solitaire.

"Come now, be sensible," urged the conscientious little stenographer. "We have already taken too much of the firm's time. Let's go to work."

This call to duty met with a loyal response. Phil went to see his customers and Miss Rosenbaum returned to her machine.

Later in the day, while Jacob Vogel and Abraham Lazinsky, the two heads of the firm, were congratulating themselves on Phil's abilities as a traveling salesman, Samuel Smolnick, the proprietor of the Empire Headgear Company, entered the office.

"I looked in here to see whether you and us can't do a little business together," he said. "I got such a fine season and took so many orders that I can't attend to it all. Maybe you can make some of the orders for me? Of course, you let me have a good margin, no?"

"Is it a fact, Smolnick?" asked Vogel, the senior member of the firm, "that you got it so many orders that you can not attend to them already? I do n't want to say that you are a liar, Smolnick, but

I don't believe if you could have so much business."

"What do you mean you don't believe it, Vogel?" protested Smolnick. "I have a regular rush this season, and anyhow, what do you care? Ain't I paying you as well as the others? I'll give you ten per cent. profit above what it costs you to make up the orders."

Smolnick's pale face was wrapped in a shadow of a smile; his gray eyes winked in a manner to show that he was merely feeling his way.

"You will give us ten per cent., Smolnick?" asked Lazinsky.

"You mean you will give it to us twenty per cent.," said Vogel.

"You don't want to murder me, Vogel," protested Smolnick. "Remember the orders will amount in the thousands—twenty thousand dollars, maybe."

"And if it will amount in the thousands is what?" asked Vogel. "Must I do it for nothing? If I wanted to murder you, Smolnick, I would ask twenty-five per cent., I assure you."

"Twenty per cent. is too high, Vogel. You want to get rich on me, ain't it?"

"It ain't all profit and it ain't exactly twenty per cent., because we pay it union wages already."

This was delivered in the form of a "dig" at the rival concern, which had several times been in conflict with the union over a dispute in the scale of wages.

Smolnick attempted to bargain off five cents but Vogel & Lazinsky would not come down more than two and a half, and finally Miss Rosenbaum was called upon to place on paper a long list of various kinds of headgear, trimmings, flowers, silks, plumes, quills, birds and an assortment of ribbons and feathers at seventeen and a half per cent. above the cost of manufacturing. Prominent among the hats were *Le Chapeau Chantecler*, and the Inverted Shape, the proclaimed leaders in style for the coming season. Vogel and Lazinsky examined the order carefully and noted whatever additional instructions Smolnick gave them.

"Now, you will give it to us a thousand dollars deposit and the thing is settled," said Vogel.

"Ain't I good enough?" asked Smolnick.

"Sure, you are good," replied Vogel, "but ain't it a check better?"

"Well, if you want to be sure," said Smolnick, "then I, too, want to be sure; ain't it but natural? Give me a little piece of paper in which you will say black on white that the goods must be ready in a month."

"Not a month, Smolnick," responded Vogel. "An order what is as big as what you gave it to us may take longer to make up than a month already, because our own orders comes first, Smolnick. I will give you a paper that it will be ready in six weeks, maybe."

The time for the delivery was finally fixed at five weeks. Miss Rosenbaum made two neat copies of the agreement and Smolnick and Vogel affixed their signatures. The transaction was definitely settled when the proprietor of the Empire Headgear Company made out a check for a thousand dollars in favor of Vogel & Lazinsky, as deposit on the order.

"We made it a good sale already," said Vogel after Smolnick had gone, and the two heads of the firm began a tender scrutiny of the check.

"The loafer must have taken lots of orders, Mr. Vogel, no?" said Lazinsky, who never failed to affix the "Mr." before his partner's name, a respect inspired by the father's wealth and



Miss Rosenbaum continued to regard the situation with a heavy heart



"The loafer! He gives the orders to us and now we have the headaches!"

II



"Can't you think of some way out of it?"

"And what is it such a thing as unfair?" asked Lazinsky, weakly.

"It means that the union informs everybody that you are not fair to the working men."

"It means that, is it?" exclaimed Vogel.

"Why, yes; that is, I think so," stammered the girl.

For a short moment there was a pause. Then the senior member of the firm struck the desk with his fist.

"The loafer!" he shouted, hammering at the innocent piece of furniture. "The loafer! He wants he should have no troubles with the union, so he gives the orders to us and now we have the headaches."

"Ain't I always said Smolnick he is a crook?" asked Lazinsky.

"When a man does it a trick like this, ain't he a thief and a swindler already—no?"

Then followed ejaculations, denunciations, reproaches and wringing of hands. Both men realized that they had been entrapped.

When Phil arrived, the faces of his employers assumed the expression of drowning persons approached by brave life-savers.

"Oh, Philipe! you have a head on your shoulders; can't you do something, mightel be?" pleaded Lazinsky.

With his body erect, his legs apart, one hand in his pocket and hat moved backward, the drummer perused the lines of the letter. He whistled a tune which to the unmusical heads of the firm sounded like a cross between a curse and a rebuke. When he finally looked up, it was to say: "The fellow's got us skinned a mile. It's a cinch."

In a tumultuous consultation it was decided that Phil should attempt to straighten out matters. He received instructions to visit the secretary of the union, to talk to Lawyer Rosenthal, and also to see how far Smolnick was determined to press the fulfillment of the agreement.

It was little comfort, however, that he received at any of these places. At the headquarters of the union he was treated politely but with decisive directness. The secretary explained that the union could never win while Smolnick had his goods manufactured for him by other firms, and repeated the threat to call a strike within three days if work on the order were continued. The lawyer was no less discouraging. Phil was told that the contract was valid and that Smolnick had a good case should he carry it to court.

"Of course, I can fight it," said Attorney Rosenthal, "but the chances

is now going on. You understand that by doing this work you are scabbing on us and are helping the company break the strike. Unless you will stop work immediately on that order we shall be compelled to call out all your hands and declare a strike in your place. Yours truly,
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, H. M. AND T. U.
HARRY WEINSTEIN, Secretary.

"A strike?" asked Vogel and Lazinsky with staring eyes and open mouths.

"Yes, a strike," answered Miss Rosenbaum, looking at the letter again.

While the term unfair was seldom used by the East Side employers, the word strike was only too well understood. It meant weeks of idleness, spoiled seasons, loss of trade, compulsory payment of higher wages, and a forced reduction of hours; it meant employment of strike-breakers, money paid to guards and policemen; it meant fights, arrests, courts, troubled days and sleepless nights and horrible dreams of ruin and bankruptcy. The very mention of the word sent a shiver through their bodies and struck terror to their hearts.

"And what is it such a thing as unfair?" asked Lazinsky, weakly.

"It means that the union informs everybody that you are not fair to the working men."

"It means that, is it?" exclaimed Vogel.

"Why, yes; that is, I think so," stammered the girl.

For a short moment there was a pause. Then the senior member of the firm struck the desk with his fist.

"The loafer!" he shouted, hammering at the innocent piece of furniture. "The loafer! He wants he should have no troubles with the union, so he gives the orders to us and now we have the headaches."

"Ain't I always said Smolnick he is a crook?" asked Lazinsky.

"When a man does it a trick like this, ain't he a thief and a swindler already—no?"

Then followed ejaculations, denunciations, reproaches and wringing of hands. Both men realized that they had been entrapped.

When Phil arrived, the faces of his employers assumed the expression of drowning persons approached by brave life-savers.

"Oh, Philipe! you have a head on your shoulders; can't you do something, mightel be?" pleaded Lazinsky.

With his body erect, his legs apart, one hand in his pocket and hat moved backward, the drummer perused the lines of the letter. He whistled a tune which to the unmusical heads of the firm sounded like a cross between a curse and a rebuke. When he finally looked up, it was to say: "The fellow's got us skinned a mile. It's a cinch."

In a tumultuous consultation it was decided that Phil should attempt to straighten out matters. He received instructions to visit the secretary of the union, to talk to Lawyer Rosenthal, and also to see how far Smolnick was determined to press the fulfillment of the agreement.

It was little comfort, however, that he received at any of these places. At the headquarters of the union he was treated politely but with decisive directness. The secretary explained that the union could never win while Smolnick had his goods manufactured for him by other firms, and repeated the threat to call a strike within three days if work on the order were continued. The lawyer was no less discouraging. Phil was told that the contract was valid and that Smolnick had a good case should he carry it to court.

"Of course, I can fight it," said Attorney Rosenthal, "but the chances



"If you talk like this I will tell you what happen"

Original from

in our favor are small. It's hard to go against a contract. If he can prove losses, he will collect heavy damages. But if he is on friendly terms with you he may be lenient."

"Friendly," shouted Phil. "Why, counselor, he and us are bitter rivals, and there ain't a firm he hates more than he hates Vogel & Lazinsky, and there ain't a drummer he would rather see hanged, quartered and cremated than he would me. You see, counselor, I am the star drummer for our firm and it's many orders that I have taken away from him. He's a good talker, that's true, but I've got some gab in me, and I ain't the kind of man that is going to take a back seat for anybody, when it comes to business."

In spite of a reluctance to lose a case, Attorney Rosenthal had to advise Phil to see Smolnick before allowing the firm to face a heavy suit for damages.

Phil found the shop of the Empire Headgear Company surrounded by a score of strikers who were doing picket duty. He had to fight his way to the entrance, and into the office of the firm. Smolnick greeted him with a forced smile.

"What do you say to these loafers? They declare a strike already," he exclaimed, pointing to the large loft, where a few hundred machines stood in the gloom of unaccustomed inactivity.

"Look here, Smolnick," began Phil, "you got the best of the old folks this time; it's a cinch. You and me understand each other and there ain't no need for talk. But no matter what I feel at this moment, I am ready to listen to terms, provided they are rational. You put us in a hole, and now I want to know what you'll take to let us out of it."

"I put you in a hole?" asked Smolnick, assuming an expression of innocence. "What do you mean I put you in a hole, Philip? I give you the orders like everybody else gives you their orders, no?"

"No, and you know it," shouted Phil. "You didn't tell about the strike. But we ain't going to waste any time in talking about it. The question is will you release us from the contract? We can't afford to have a strike on our hands this time of the year, and if you insist on having us do your work, we will have one; surest thing you know."

"Release you from the order! You talk like a child, Philip Markson," said Smolnick. "And how will I supply my trade? Don't you know that if I don't fill my orders I am a ruined man already? You are crazy, Philip; that's all I got to say."

"Well, to be frank," said Philip, "I care little whether you are a ruined man or not. In fact, I would much rather see you ruined—and it ain't nothing new to you, either, is it? What I want to say to you is that we can't and we ain't going to make your order, no matter what happens!"

"No matter what happens!" cried Smolnick, getting red in the face with anger. "If you talk like this I will tell you what happens. My lawyer he says I could get twenty thousand dollars from you if you don't do what the contract it says you should do. That's what it happens!"

"All right, Smolnick," answered Phil, "you better go ahead and sue us, and be quick about it, too. No use losing good time, Smolnick."

"If you don't want to make my orders you don't have to," cried Smolnick. "I could afford to lose my trade and not to ship any orders this season, Philip, I assure you. The Vogel & Lazinsky Hat and Trimming Manufacturing Company is good enough, ain't it? And if you think I am a greenhorn, you make a mistake—the biggest mistake in your life, Philip. My lawyer is just as good a lawyer as your lawyer is, I assure you, Philip."

Three dejected, gloomy and miserable persons were awaiting Philip's

[Continued on page 42]

GEORGIANA lives in Foxbrooke, which is a New Jersey suburb of New York City, and her occupation is to personally conduct a family consisting of one husband named John, and three rambunctious children, Jane, John Jr., and William. How she solved the problem of living in comfort on John's salary of \$3,000 a year, by working out an expense budget like any city government, was told last month in "The Family Clearing House." That ordering of her expenses, however, Georgiana considers the smallest and easiest part of her work.

"Shall I allow my family to be limited either in happiness or usefulness because we have only \$3,000 a year? Decidedly not," cries she. "They shall have everything that is for their advantage. It is their right."

Georgiana, speaking on her favorite theme, is apt to grow vehement and refuse to be cramped or limited except by things which are not discovered yet, like telegraphic communication with Mars. And she absolutely will not consider that the price of beefsteak ought to limit the number of pounds her family consumes. That, she insists, shall be determined only by what it is for their best good to have. As John's salary is as fixed as any object in nature, I am aware that this looks irresponsible and incoherent, but it's really as easy to put together as a puzzle picture—when you know how.

Georgiana's efforts seem to divide themselves like an old sermon into a firstly, secondly, thirdly and fourthly. Her "firstly" might be called "Stretching the House," and it was amusing to see the outward and visible sign of this inward and spiritual grace of Georgiana's hit a new "in-law" of ours, the second husband of our second cousin Annette.

The Professor had come out to spend Sunday at Foxbrooke, and when we left him to smoke a good-night cigar with John, Georgiana said with a thankful sigh which brought to mind Annette's late lamented "first": "Annette has learned by experience!"

But as we trailed up-stairs to bed, John came running after us: "Why don't we have a rarebit?" he cried.

The Professor emerged beaming from the library,

Over the Salary Wall

Georgiana Secures for Her Family Health, Happiness and Education on \$3,000 a Year

By Martha Bensley Bruere

Author of "The Family Clearing House"

Illustrations by HARRY LINNELL



"Why don't we have a rarebit?" he cried

"Can your cook make one?" he asked eagerly. "Ours can't."

"I never tried to teach her," answered Georgiana from the landing. "My own rarebits are too bad. They string or curdle always. But it's a good idea, John; I feel just like a rarebit."

The Professor ceased to beam. His powers seemed to concentrate in that inward eye which watched impotently while a curdled, stringy rarebit invaded his defenseless interior.

"It'll be a lovely walk up there in the moonlight," said Georgiana, turning to come down the stairs. "But it's growing cold and we'll need wraps."

"But—I—you said—a rarebit—"

"Oh yes—we're going up to the Country Club for one."

The Professor looked resigned and a little relieved, but somewhere in the mixture of his emotions I detected disapproval. Clubs cost money!

It was a delectable rarebit, served in a tiny alcove overlooking the frost-silvered hillside. The toast crisped just right, and as for the jelly—well! Joy sat on the Professor's brow; there were actually shadows of vine leaves in his hair, and disapproval faded to envy as he said:

"I wish there was a club like this in Duquesne that I could afford to belong to."

Georgiana looked from under her extraordinary eyelashes.

"We could n't afford *not* to belong to this one," she said. "It saves us about five hundred a year besides an addition to the house."

The Professor looked as though he were wondering whether Annette could have deceived him about there being no insanity in the family, and Georgiana went on:

"Every extra I have has to be squeezed out of John's \$3,000 a year, and out of that I can't hire a cook who is able to make, rarebit, nor furnish such service as this, nor build a ballroom for the dance we're going to give here at the club after Easter. I'll show you in figures."

And Georgiana slid her hand into John's pocket with wifely dexterity and abstracted an envelope and a pencil. On the ba-

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Club dues per year	\$ 40.00
Rent of club house for dance	10.00
Tips to attendants at dance	5.00
Punch and lemonade at dance	10.00
Entertaining guests (estimated)	35.00
	\$100.00

Against this she balanced:

Rent of house with ballroom at \$25.00 a month more than we pay now	\$300.00
Competent cook at \$25.00 a month	300.00
	\$600.00

"Oh, yes, it's over five hundred dollars a year we save by belonging to this club, for I have n't yet counted what it would cost us to entertain guests at home. The only room for question is whether rarebits and dances are necessary luxuries. Personally, I believe that such luxuries are good for my soul. And, besides, that dance is a problem in human conservation—the conservation of John's youth and mine. That may be sentimental, perhaps, but it has its business side. When John's employer sees him dancing with a debutante, how can he think of the gray at John's temples as a sign of approaching uselessness? I'd rather give a dance than dye John's hair—yes, or make him wear a wig and ride a bicycle, as a certain gentle pastor of my acquaintance does, lest his congregation should think him superannuated."

The Professor looked interested, but a little awed. This light playfulness on so serious a subject as an income was new to him. How had bankruptcy been avoided when Georgiana's irresistible demands met John's immovable salary? I enjoyed his evident perplexity so much that I led the conversation on to the "secondly" of Georgiana's creed, which might be called "Reduced Rates on the Arts and Sciences."

"I'm not looking for any bargain-counter education for my children," explained Georgiana, severely, "not for any of the machine methods of instruction still to be found in the rural districts. I don't want them to get down to the level of bare intellectual subsistence. I want them to learn amply, to be intellectually rich. They've a right to it."

"See here, Georgiana," protested the Professor, "you're using the wrong word. When you say they've a right to it, you imply that it's somebody's duty to give it to them."

"Well, is n't it?"

"Why, not if you can't pay for it."

"But I'm paying for so much more than I'm getting already."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I stand ready to furnish a hydraulic engineer in John, Jr.; a trained housewife in Jane; and so far as the symptoms go, an aviator in William. Now, society needs all these things. It's got to have them, and yet it is n't willing to do even what the big corporations do—help me to fit them for their jobs. I won't stand it to have society parasite on me like that!"

"How are you going to prevent it?" he asked, incredulously.

"I'm doing it already, and in its blind way society is beginning to let go. Oh, the way I've got myself disliked makes me feel quite prominent and successful!" And she laughed as only a much-loved woman can.

But it was true that Georgiana was making enemies. I suppose it is inevitable that an unfit form of life should dislike the higher form which eliminates it. Georgiana had become a scourge to the old order, and they knew it. Mr. McCann, brother of the Foxbrooke contracting carpenter, had driven me over to Esterly the week before, and not knowing who I was, had treated me to the countryside gossip about Georgiana.

"Oh, she's a terrible woman—a terrible woman! Went talkin' 'round that our school wa'n't good enough for her children! I guess if it was good enough fer my children it was good enough fer her'n. An' then she got the county superintendent to say we'd gotta hev a new school-house! Yes'm, thet's what she done! An' seein' we'd gotta hev it, my brother Jake, he wrote up there that we didn't want none o' them stylish buildin's—only just a plain schoolhouse, an' he sent in the plans like he allus done fer town buildin's. An' if them city fellers at Trenton did n't up an' send 'em back to Jake again, sayin' they wa'n't right! Well s'm, you can bet Jake would n't stan' fer that. An' him a-backin' out, there wa'n't nothin' but to use them plans they sent down from Trenton. An' not a soul in this hull town got a thing out o' it!"

"An' it was just 'cause that woman thought our schools wa'n't good enough fer her children. I don't see nuthin' about her children that's better'n any other people's children. Why could n't she send her children over to Mis' Dacy's school at Esterly like the other high-toned people done?"

Georgiana laughed when I told her.

"I don't believe in sending young children away to school," said she. "And besides, I can't afford it. If I took the cost of private schools out of John's salary I'd have to make the children go without something they ought to have. Anyway, the community wants educated men. Theoretically, the public schools are provided for the purpose of producing them. All the finances of the state are there to pay for the best



"I've found out why you can't get cocoanut pie at cheap table d'hotes any more"

education to be had, so why should I pay for it out of our little three thousand a year? I did n't believe in it, so I just got five other women to help me, and we found that the state would give us practically as much of the things we insisted on having as they had in stock. They did n't have everything so we compromised on a teacher of singing and a course in Applied Art and they threw in German of their own accord. Do you notice that since the schools are better, not so many people send their children to Esterly?"

The "stock and bond" people had been used to treat Foxbrooke like a great nursery. They came there with their babies to get them out of the New York streets, and filled the place with perambulators. It resounded with infant voices. A private kindergarten was established on the hill, to which processions of trim little boys in Russian blouses and girls in mushroom hats were led every morning. But until Georgiana took hold of the public school question, there was no good instruction beyond the kindergarten, and the same sense of parental responsibility which drove people to Foxbrooke with their babies, drove them away with their school children.

Georgiana had not only helped to make Foxbrooke something more than a brief episode in people's lives; she had saved money for every parent in the town as well as for herself. To her own income she had practically added the \$150 a year which the tuition for Jane in Miss Dacy's Collegiate Preparatory Department would have cost; \$40 a year for William's tuition in the Primary; \$150 a year for Junior in the Technological Institute in the city; thirty cents a day for carfare for the three, and whatever the special teachers in music and art would have cost over and above the tuition. A very perceptible addition to John's salary!

Georgiana's achievements in the matter of schools are only unique in that it is unusual for our little middle-class woman to buck the community single-handed, for that was what Georgiana had done. In New York, when the people wanted their children to learn stenography and dressmaking and cooking, these things marched right into the curriculum of the public schools. And in Chicago they've got carpenter work and plumbing, and one school, at least, goes in enough for real advancement to buy pictures at the American Artists' Exhibition and the Water Color Show for its schoolrooms, and to offer courses in illustrating and embroidery. It may sometimes be a little hard to lash a school-board into the vanguard where it naturally belongs, but if you can do things like that in Chicago, I guess if you want any simple little thing like dancing or singing put in anywhere else you can get it.

"No one has any right to blame the schools, though," concluded Georgiana, truculently. "It's like casting the bantling on the rocks and then blaming the rocks. It's perfectly possible to have any sort of school you want. The whole meager life is harder on the children than it is on us, because it limits them earlier in the game. It gives them cheap accomplishments and cheap tastes and establishes a regular class wall around them, over which their own inbred limitations prevent their climbing. And I'm so certain that this is bad for all of us that I simply will not submit to it!"

The Professor retired from the ring with the dignified air of a prize-fighter who lays his defeat to his opponent's ignorance of Queensbury rules. Georgiana denied the simple economic tenet that one should limit his wants to his income, and that, he felt, was n't fighting fair. He walked very softly during the rest of our rarebit party and it was only by an inadvertence that he ran into the third part of Georgiana's dogma, which I call her "Theory of a Maximum Wage," while we were having tea the next day.

"I've found out why you can't get cocoanut pie at cheap table d'hotes any more," he said cheerily to Jane, who was curled up on the window-seat.

"Why?" asked that young woman detaching her mind automatically from the mere claims of art as represented by the sofa cushion cover she was trying to stencil, and fixing it on the more vital claims of the stomach.

"According to the consular reports, coconuts are high because coconut oil is being used as a substitute for lard, which has doubled in price in two years.

"I don't think food will ever be very cheap again. I don't see how it can be when freight and labor are so high; but in the case of pork—"

And then the Professor went on to explain how the price of pork depended on whether Somebody & Company's notes were negotiable in the money market; how during the panic of 1907 these packers could not get credit and could pay only a small price for hogs. Then the hog-raiser said to himself:

"Does it pay to raise hogs at this price? Shall I keep these hogs and feed them costly corn all winter just to have them produce more unprofitable hogs next year? A little money in the bank is worth many pigs in the pen!" And he rushed them into the market.

This was in 1907. In the spring of 1908 there was not any visible supply of little pigs to speak of. And that fall there were not many hogs for packers to buy, and up and up went the price of roast pork till the shipper said:

"Will hogs ever be worth so much as this again? No!"

And he sold his few hogs to the packers at a great price and again there was a comparatively pigless spring. So it's only now, three years after the panic, that the price of pork has begun to drop and we may hope for cheap coconut pie again.

"You see," he concluded, "that where the food supply is low the price must be high, and as we approach the limit of subsistence there is little chance of food ever being cheap again. The productivity of the land—"

"Humph!" sniffed Georgiana, so sharply that the Professor fetched up on his hind legs, like Brer Rabbit. "Umph! I don't see that. Didn't the panic come because somebody wanted somebody's coal and iron stock? Or somebody's line of boats? Must we go without coconut pie for three years because somebody took away somebody else's boat? There's no sense in panics.

We don't have to have them any more than we have to have the measles."

The Professor was obviously unhappy. Here was one of his new relatives-in-law requiring the most sacred law of supply and demand to prove itself. The very fastnesses of economics shook in their shoes! There seemed nothing for a philosopher to do, but cling to the surface of his own little potato patch till the storm blew over; and the Professor cuddled right down behind his pet solution, which was to make the hen lay two eggs where she laid only one before. But it was no great protection to him, for we all arose at this point and threw the whole Jersey peach crop of 1910 at him.

"There were so many we could n't eat them."

"We could n't give them away!"

"We asked in all the little boys and still those peaches rotted on the ground."

"I put up peach butter by the gallon."

"I had a stomach-ache all the time!" cried young William.

"Well?" questioned the Professor.

"Well! Why at that very time they cost forty cents for a basket of eighteen in New York, only thirteen miles away! There!"

Now, the Professor being intelligent underneath his training, saw that you could not controvert a fact like that any more than you could controvert the Mississippi River, and he helped us fall upon the freight and express companies, who by high rates prevent our enjoying the benefit of plentiful crops in other parts of the country.

"Why on earth should we stand it?" cried Georgiana. "Is there any reason why we should not say to our servant, the post-office, what the people of Europe have said to their post-offices: 'Carry these peaches and potatoes for me at a cost within reason'? There is not. Can we make them do it? Of course! Even the Supreme Court would back us up. Look how it backed up the people of New York City when they said they would n't pay more than eighty cents a thousand feet for their gas. They decided that a public service corporation has a right to make only a reasonable profit on its investments, and that six per cent. is a reasonable profit.

"In Cleveland, too," Georgiana continued, "the people have decided

that they won't pay the ninety cents the gas company wants, and the mayor has given the company the choice between furnishing gas at the people's price or tearing up their pipes. Now, is n't an express company a public servant, too? Only one of the last annual dividends of the six great companies was as low as six per cent. Remember that Wells-Fargo dividend of three hundred per cent.? It is the Wells-Fargo that runs to Foxbrooke, so I helped pay that dividend out of John's salary, and it makes me mad! John helped to give that company its franchise, and it robs him in return.

"And then, if the gas company which furnishes fuel to cook beefsteak is a public service corporation and only entitled to the reasonable profit of six per cent., why is n't the firm which furnishes the beefsteak a public servant, too, and amenable to the same law? It is providing something quite as necessary as gas. And how about flour and cotton cloth and telephones? Don't we have to have them? I won't go back to the savage state where these things were n't necessities, to please anybody!"

Georgiana was shooting the chutes of her argument at such a speed that we could only hold our breaths till she struck the water.

"I suppose there's a certain bottom price that we'll always have to pay for things; but why, oh, why," stamping her foot vigorously, "should n't I add everything over that to John's three thousand a year

and enjoy it myself? I've got it through my head that anything which hurts so large a class of us as these unreasonable profits do, must be due to social causes and so can be cured by some social remedy. What a great many of us dislike does n't have to be, because we have nobody to reckon with but ourselves. John heard somebody at the Manufacturers Association say that capital was a timid bird which a loud noise would scare away. Well, I'm not up on the habits of birds, but it seems to me more like a thieving cormorant, hunting the whole world over for places to lay nest-eggs and growing fat to the roasting on six per cent."

Georgiana had shot down this final slope at a terrible speed, and now said, tranquilly, as though dipping up and down in the placid pool at the bottom:

"I would much rather face my own image in the looking-

glass after I'd taken away the excess gains from a corporation than after I'd let them take away the necessary comforts from my children."

Georgiana certainly need not fear any black looks from her mirror on the score of having helped the public service corporations. She goes about industriously pointing out how easy it is to make them do a little more public serving for less pay, and using the refusal of the New York and Cleveland people to pay an unreasonable price for gas as an illustration of what can be done.

"Why should we pay a dollar and ten cents for gas when the Supreme Court of the United States says that eighty cents is enough?" says she. "Why should I pay a dollar a month for electric wires in my house whether I use the light or not? If we all decide we won't, we won't have to."

When Georgiana heard what the residents of Forest Park, a Chicago suburb, are doing to the Consolidated Traction Company, she made a special series of calls through Foxbrooke, to spread the good news that the citizens were turning all the company's cars back at the town line because the village authorities had decided that in charging two fares instead of one to Chicago, the company had violated its franchise and could not run upon their streets. She works continually to make her idea of the Maximum Wage for Corporations popular. She has n't actually got much addition to her income from cutting down the corporation profits, as yet, but in her one little bout with the railroad she decreased her expenses by the cost of a summer trip to Cape May.

It was all on account of the mosquito. There is a pretty stream flowing into Foxbrooke, which in the lower part of the town widens into little estuaries and back eddies, stagnant ponds and tiny morasses where great, lush, blunt-topped weeds make a shade for the careful mother mosquito to lay her eggs in the comforting assurance that every one of them will become an active, happy, full-fed little mosquito in its turn.

"They say they are not the malaria kind," wailed Georgiana as the innumerable cohorts settled down upon us. "That sort have striped legs. But I've looked at these till it seems to me that they are not only striped, but speckled and plaided as well. I will not take the chance.

[Continued on page 47]

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

A Deserter

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Illustrations by HOWARD HEATH



PRIVATE ANDREW JACKSON ROSS, sometime hill-farmer of English yeoman stock, was coming home on furlough after three years' absence. One of that last draft, which very late in 1861 had answered the call of Tennessee and gone out to fight for state rights and Southern independence, he had been taken prisoner at Fort Donelson, had spent weary months at Camp Douglass, then after exchange had reenlisted "for the war"—his regiment did it to a man—and fought and marched with the best, all the while eagerly hopeful; all the while firm in the faith of ultimate triumph.

He had not come home to see Milly and the babies, the two boys and the girl born after he went away, because home lay in a very debatable land; moreover, north of "the rivers," Tennessee and Cumberland, upon which a strict gunboat patrol made crossing parlous. Further, there was the danger of capture out of uniform that meant punishment as a spy. Men taken in Confederate gray went straight to a military prison, unless they could be prevailed on to forsake their cause and swear allegiance to Uncle Sam.

Jack Ross had had no mind to do either. The fighting engrossed him, and he was at ease about Milly. She was in her father's care—not in the house with him and her stepmother, but at the Hewlett place which Pap Hill had bought only the spring before. Not much of a place, to be sure; fifty acres of thin land, with a double log house, rather out of repair, on it. Still it had a good orchard and the finest cold spring in the country, and it lay broadside to the Hill homestead. Thus Milly, who was slight and delicately pretty, would have independence along with protection. Jack had been sure of that; so had Major Overton, who was, in a sort, the oracle of the hill-farm folk, and, occasionally, their special providence. He had sighed a bit over Jack's going, though he felt the need of fighting men. "Don't be risky and frisky lad," he had cautioned. "Remember it's hard lines on a woman bringing up children without a man to help her."

Jack had agreed, his heart the while misgiving him. He was a tremendous worker when he worked, but much too fond of play. Clean play always, fox hunting in especial, had appealed to him. He had been so proud to own Black Hawk, a horse that could go in the first flight with the best in the field. Now he thought it would have been better, much better, to have owned a span of mules and a brood mare. Then he might have been able to leave Milly a handful of money, instead of a bare twenty dollars. She would be looked out for, of course—all the orators calling eloquently for volunteers had pledged that a soldier's family should be the sacred and special charge of the whole community. No doubt they had been so, Jack told himself as he strode along, if the Yankees had come in to upset all creation. More than that, Milly was with her very own. He went forward at a half-run, singing softly as he went. It was two years since he had heard a word from her—letters went and came, only underground. He was sure, though, he would find her in easy comfort—and oh, so glad, so glad, to see him.

He had skulked, walking mainly by night, ever since he left the Confederate lines. Now he could not restrain himself. He was marching on in the face of day light of a low new-risen November sun.

He would have ten days with her—ten days of heaven though they would have to be cautious. That would give him time to get back to camp. If he did happen to be a day late, the colonel would overlook it. He laughed as he thought of the colonel. Promotions had been queer as the ranks thinned; this particular colonel was no bigger body than plain Jim Sayre with whom he had had many a friendly tussle, and whom, from boyhood up, he had held his guide, philosopher and friend.

Jim had even fancied Milly—but then who had n't? Milly had had the chance to take her pick of the district and she had taken Jack. Beautiful, of course; the softest, loveliest creature, made for nothing but to be kissed and cuddled, she was wholly happy in her husband and babies. Jack's heart leaped—soon he would see her, kiss her, cuddle her—with the children crowding about them. And if Joe-Anna, Milly's sister, came bulging in to rail at them for sillies, he would taunt and tease her for an old maid. She could n't have beaux, all the home boys gone, and her head much too high to contemplate a widower. A cross-grained thing, that Joe-Anna, yet Mam Hill, her stepmother, loved her dearly. And she had never loved anything else. Folks even said she had married Pap for the sake of mothering the girl. Anyhow, she had paid off the mortgage with her dower money and later had taken title to the farm. Pap owned in fee no more than the Hewlett place, which was probably the reason he doted so upon it.

Jack stopped short, looked hard at the road, and then began to run his best down a cross-track. He remembered it as but lightly traveled. Here it ran cupped and rutted, with bits of corduroy every little way where there had been mud-holes. Jack knew the trail. An army corps, at least, had marched down the big road and had turned off heading for his home; for the spring on his home, rather, since good water was scarce on that stretch of road. He sensed rather than thought it. All his strength, all his purpose was to get forward. He came almost breathless to the hilltop whence he could see the house, and looked at it with eyes so blurred he could barely make out that it stood unscathed and was

evidently still tenanted. A thin thread of smoke rose from one big stone chimney. As he dashed down hill he saw that neither gate nor fence was left; that the stripped orchard was a tangle of broken boughs and hacked trunks through which a starveling yellow dog nosed eagerly.

Ashen blotches still marked the line of camp fires. Jack noted them as he noted all else, unheedingly. "They—they've took—everything," he said soundlessly. "But thank God—my gal's been nigh her own. She—she ain't been hungry."

The door stood ajar. He pushed in noiselessly and saw what made him reel, covering his face. Milly crouched at the hearth-side, half-clad, ragged, wasted, trying to hush the child in her arms. "Dixie ain't goin' to keep cryin'," she said. "She's mammy's lady, and ladies don't cry. She'll wait till Unc' Israel brings us more taters. Mammy's done give her and Buddy the very last two."

Jack's throat tightened so he could only gasp: "Milly!" as he knelt beside her to gather her to his breast. Dixie cried out shrilly. Milly shrank fearfully from his clasp. "Honey! Little gal! Don't you know me?" he questioned. His hands lay upon her shoulders; he could feel her shaking like a reed in a wind. He could feel something else—how all the soft roundness had vanished. Above the baby's loud wails he cried: "It's Jack; your own husband. You shorely ain't 'fraid of him?"

"Must be I'm—I'm dreamin'," Milly murmured, hugging the child closer, her



He saw what made him reel

fingers threading its mop of tangled curls. Jack's arms went round both. "If—if it is a dream, please, good Lord, never let me wake up no more," Milly ran on. The child's face was hidden in her breast. It had sunk from screaming to gusty sobbing. Jack drew back Milly's head, which sat like a flower upon her long white neck, and kissed her lips reverently. "No need to tell me you've missed me," he said, his voice breaking. "Milly! Milly! I never dreamed—how could they all let you come to this? Why, you look starved—"

"Hush!" Milly whispered, putting her hand over his lips. "We are starved—almost. But don't tell—"

The words stopped. She sank insensible upon his breast. He lifted her to the bed, marveling at its disorder—at the dirt everywhere. Milly had always been daintily clean. It must be she had had no strength. As he bent over her, chafing her hands, he felt a feeble blow across his neck and heard a faint, piping voice cry: "You—you—let 'lone my mammy. She—she's blind."

Turning about, his face ashen, he saw his two lads, even more ragged than their mother, but with faces wet with washing at the spring branch. He caught them up, sobbing the sobs that speak a man's heartbreak. "So! You'll fight for mammy—even a big man?" he asked, when he could speak, setting them on their feet. "Don't you know daddy?"

Little Jack shook his head. "Our daddy is a soljer," he said gravely. "You! Why, you're ragged. Most as ragged as we."

"But oh, he is your daddy—home—alive!" Milly panted, weakly, trying to sit up.

Her husband laid her back upon the dirty pillow, saying huskily: "Don't talk yet. I was wrong to come in like a thief, so—when you can—tell me—how comes it—"

He could go no further. Little Jack picked up something and scrambled upon the bed. "You done lost your sock-shoe, mammy," he said, trying to cover a bare foot with a strip of old quilt which had been bound over it. Jack watched him as though fascinated. His own hands shook so, he knew he could not do it as well. Milly patted the child's head and sat up to nestle against her husband's breast and feel his face and hair. "Hold me! Tight!" she entreated. "Then I'll know it ain't all a dream. Remember, I can't never see you again."

When at last she could prevail upon herself to let her husband free, he fell furiously to work, building a fire, sweeping the littered hearth, taking out the heaped ashes, heating water to bathe Milly's eyes and wash Dixie's face, making the two beds and gathering soiled rags and tatters for washing. Soldiering had taught him rude skill in the work. There was nothing to cook—not a dust of meal; not even a pinch of salt. Little Jack presently fetched in a broken gourd half full of persimmons. Big Jack could not taste them, but he stopped to feed Milly with a few of the most luscious. "Frost had n't fell when the soldiers come, else the 'simmons would be gone with all the rest," she said, her voice little beyond a whisper. Jack had asked no explanation. His slow mind was yet dazed with what he had found. Besides, Milly was in no state to do more than lie quiet, now and again calling him to her to stroke his face and put his hand to her cheek.

The boys made friends with him instantly. Dixie stood aloof, fretting and whining. Even in rags and half starved, she was beautiful, elfin and wilful, the very image of Joe-Anna. Dully, Jack wondered how Joe-Anna and Mam and the Squire could have left Milly to suffer so. But he would not ask her anything until he had done all he could to make her comfortable. Presently he heard the dog bark, not angrily but in joyous welcome. The children rushed together to the door and through it, to return the next second clinging about the knees of a squat, grizzled, puffing person who carried over his shoulder a meal-bag bulging auspiciously at both ends.

"Uncle Israel!" Jack cried, springing half across the cabin to welcome him. The newcomer almost dropped his sack, but clutched it just in time, crying: "Lordy! You nigh skeered me inter wastin' a whole jug o' molasses, Jack Ross. But God—He knows I'm glad ter see ye—right whar ye b'long."

Milly stood up trembling. "You—you-did n't bring no meat, Unc' Israel?" she asked, her hands locked tight together, hope struggling with despair in her voice. Uncle Israel turned, fished a square something from his pocket, and laid it in her hand, saying slowly: "Yes I did, child! But I had ter git it from the

Fort—and go right up ter the high colonel 'fore they'd let me fetch it through the pickets. They know me thar, ye know, Jack. I'm nigh erbout the only man that stood fer the Union back when you-all was 'listin'. When I told the colonel-man what I wanted, and why, he blowed his nose hard, and told me to go ahead. And he says if I'll come Saturday with er wagon, he'll gimme er whole passel more things—er side o' meat and sugar and coffee—and the like er that. Said the Gov'ment was n't in favor of starvin' nobody—least of all er blind gal and her little children—"

"The Lord bless him!" Jack sobbed, covering his face with his hands. Uncle Israel said "Amen!" in his best church manner, but fell instantly from it to every-day concerns. "I had the meal sifted, honey. That's whut made me late," he explained to Milly, as he set upon the table the various contents of his sack. "Not so many taters as last time—I reckoned you was maybe er little tired on 'em—but here's er red apple apiece for all o' ye, and a head o' cabbage ter b'ile with yer meat. I did allow ter stay and cook it fer ye. Jack'll do it instid, and lemme git on furdur. I'm comin' agin Sunday, right shore. Ain't no better use fer God's own day 'an ter do God's own work in it."

After a little more talk his mule commenced to bray uneasily. He rose to go, saying: "Polly smells folks on the road. Unless I go ter her, she'll likely leave me afoot." Jack also rose. "I'll walk with ye a little piece," he said. "You must tell me everything. I ain't heard a word in two years."

"No. We'll stand and talk whar Milly can hear the noise o' it," Uncle Israel said, patting Dixie's head. Outside in the wan low sunshine Jack heard the whole story—the simple iliad of woes over which his Milly had literally wept herself blind. Simple as it was, it was curiously interrurn with Titanic public happenings. Uncle Israel had no eloquence—a simple-minded bachelor, missionary aforetime to the slaves, brighter folk had occasionally found him comic, but while they laughed at him, they loved his good heart. Even his Union sentiments had not lost him his people's liking. The fortunes of war had made him oftentimes appear a special providence. Only those who have lived through war can know the heart-break, the inevitable cruelty of it. The utmost possible to the most humane is a little softening of its rigors, a slight alleviation of its hard conditions.

"Did n't ye hear how they made all the white folks take the oath of allegiance?" Uncle Israel asked. Jack nodded. "'Twas do it or be sent South, I heard," he said. "And a hard thing—I will say that." Uncle Israel went on. "Makin' men and women with sons and husbands away fightin', swar not to give 'em food ner shelter ner clothes—why! It's clean aginst human nature. But folks done it—had to. You never'll know what it is to be skeered untel you live whar thar's nothin' but bayonet law and drum-head courts. Squire Hill took the oath, so did yer pap, so did nigh onto everybody except them that signed the parole—non-combatants' parole, they call hit. Major

Overton was one of 'em; he said they might shoot him, but he'd never swar ter support the Gov'ment. That ain't here ner thar, though. You know Joe-Anna—pore foolish gal! I do n't reckon she thought whut she was doin'. But she would go to town, and go to town and presently hit come out; she had a Yankee captain nigh crazy erbout her. She wanted him to come see her at home. The Squire would n't have that, would n't let her go to town agin. So she informed on him, her own pappy, how he'd broke his oath, feedin' a soldier, a prisoner that had got away and was makin' South agin. The upshot was soldiers sent ter arrest the Squire. His heart was weak, ye know; when he found out whut they come for, and how they happened to do it, why, he jest flung up both hands and fell down—stone dead. Everybody in ten miles round come to the buryin'; but Milly, soft as she is, made Joe-Anna go 'way. Thar was a big scandal, of course, so Mam Hill rents out the farm and takes Joe-Anna up North. They weren't gone a month before bushwhackers shot at a foraging squad of blue-coats down in the holler jest beyond the Ross place—in retaliation, as they call it. Yer pap had ter go ter jail. They turned him a-loose soon as ever I could tell the general the straight o' it. But that was n't fer a week, and he got sech cold and rheumatism he ain't been able ter go high-low since. Yer sister Mary lives with him, and ye know she's near and scrimpin'; besides, with five young

[Continued on page 50]



The group was disturbed by the entrance of a man

Why so Many Married Women Deteriorate

By Orison Swett Marden

A WOMAN writes me: "You would laugh if you knew the time I have had in getting the dollar which I enclose for your inspiring magazine. I would get a pound less of butter, a bar less of soap. I never have a cent of my own. Do you think it wrong of me to deceive my husband in this way? I either have to do this or give up trying at all."

There are thousands of women who work harder than their husbands and really have more right to the money, who are obliged to practise all sorts of deceit in order to get enough to buy clothing and other things essential to decent living.

The difficulty of extracting money from an unwilling husband has been the beginning of thousands of tragedies. The majority of husbands are inclined to exert a censorship over their wives' expenditures. I have heard women say that they would go without necessary articles of clothing and other requirements just as long as possible and worry for days and weeks before they could summon courage to ask for money, because they dreaded a scene and the consequent discord in the home. Many women make it a rule never to ask for money, except when the husband is leaving the house and in a hurry to get away. The disagreeable scene is thus cut as short as possible, as he has not time then to go into all the details of his wife's alleged extravagances and find out what has become of every cent of the money given her on some similar previous occasion.

The average man does not begin to realize how it humiliates his wife to feel that she must ask him for fifty cents, a dollar, or five dollars every time she needs it, and to tell him just exactly what she is going to do with it, and then perhaps be met with a sharp reproof for her extravagance or foolish expenditures.

Men who are extremely kind and considerate with their wives in most things are often contemptibly mean regarding money matters. Many a man who is generous with his tips and buys expensive cigars and orders costly lunches for himself and friends at the club because he wants to be considered a "good fellow," will go home at night and bicker with his wife over the smallest expenditure, destroying the whole peace of the household, when perhaps she does not spend as much upon herself as he does for cigars and drink.

Why is it that men are so afraid to trust their wives with money when they trust them implicitly with everything else, especially as they are usually much more economical than men would be in managing the home and providing for the children? A large part of the friction in the average home centers around money matters and could be avoided by a simple, definite understanding between husband and wife, and a business arrangement of household finances. A regular advance to the wife for the household and a certain sum for personal use which she need not account for, would do more to bring about peace and harmony in the majority of homes than almost anything else.

To be a slave to the home, as many women are, and then to be obliged to assume the attitude of a beggar for every little bit of money she needs for herself, or to have to give an accounting for every cent she spends and tell her lord and master what she did with her last money before she can get any more, is positively degrading.

Some one says that a man is never so happy as when he has a few dollars his wife knows nothing about. And there is a great deal of truth in it. Men who are perfectly honest with their wives about most things are often secretive about money matters. They hoodwink them regarding their incomes and especially about any ready cash they have on hand.

No matter how much the average man may think of his wife, or how considerate he may be in other matters, he rarely considers that she has the same right to his cash that he has, although he may be boasting to outsiders of her superior management in matters of economy. He feels that he is the natural guardian of the money, as he makes it; that he has a little more right to it than has his wife, and that he must protect it and dole it out to her.

What disagreeable experiences, unfortunate bickerings, misunderstandings and family prejudice could be avoided if newly-married women would insist upon having a certain proportion of the income set aside for the maintenance of the home and for their own personal needs, without the censorship of their husbands and without being obliged to give an itemized account of their expenditures!

It is a rare thing to find a man who does not waste ten times as much money on foolish things as does his wife, and yet he would make ten times the talk about his wife's one-tenth foolishness as his own tenths.

On the other hand, thousands of women, starving for affection, protest against their 'husbands' efforts to substitute money for it—to satisfy their cravings, their heart-hunger, with the things that money can buy.

It is an insult to womanhood to try to satisfy her nature with material things, while the affections are famishing for genuine sympathy and love, for social life, for contact with the great, throbbing world outside. Women do admire beautiful things; but there is something they admire infinitely more. Luxuries do not come first in any real woman's desires. She prefers poverty with love to luxury with an indifferent or loveless husband.

How gladly would these women whose affections are blighted by cold indifference or the unfaithfulness of their husbands, exchange their liberal allowance, their luxuries, for genuine sympathy and affection!

One of the most pathetic spectacles in American life is that of the faded, outgrown wife, standing helpless in the shadow of her husband's prosperity and power, having sacrificed her youth, beauty and ambition—nearly everything that the feminine mind holds dear—to enable an indifferent, selfish, brutish husband to get a start in the world.

It does not matter that in her unselfish effort to help him she burned up much of her attractiveness over the cooking stove; that she lost more of it at the wash tub, in scrubbing and cleaning, and in rearing and caring for their children during the slavery of her early married life; it does not matter how much she suffered during those terrible years of poverty and privation. Just as soon as the selfish husband begins to get prosperous, finds that he is succeeding, feels his power, he often begins to be ashamed of the woman who has given up everything to make his success possible.

It is a sad thing to see any human being whose life is blighted by the lack of love; but it is doubly pathetic to see a woman who has given everything to the man she loved and who gets in return only her board and clothes and an allowance, great or small.

Some men seem to think that the precept, "Man does not live by bread alone," was not meant to include woman. They can not understand why she should not be happy and contented if she has a comfortable home and plenty to eat and wear. They would be sur-

prised to learn that many a wife would gladly give up luxuries and live on bread and water, if she could only have her husband's sympathy in her aspirations, his help and encouragement in the unfolding of her stilled talents.

I know a very able, promising young man who says that if he had had a rich father he never would have developed his creative power; that his ambition would have been strangled; that it was the desperate struggle to make a place for himself in the world that developed the real man in him.

This young man married a poor girl who had managed by the hardest kind of work and sacrifice to pay her way through college. She had just begun to develop her power, to feel her wings, when her husband caged her in his home, took away her highest incentive for self-development. He said that a man who could not support a wife without her working had no business to marry. He dressed his wife like a queen; gave her horses and carriages and servants. But all the time he was discouraging her from developing her self-reliance, taking away all motives for cultivating her resourcefulness and originality.

At first the wife was very eager to work. Her ambition rebelled against the 'gilded chains' by which she was bound. She was restless, nervous, and longed to use her powers to do something for herself and the world.

But her husband did not believe in a woman doing the things she wished to do. He wanted his wife to look pretty and fresh when he returned from his business at night; to keep young and to shine in society. He was proud of her beauty and vivacity. He thought he loved her, but it was a selfish love, for real love has a tender regard for a person's highest good, for that person's sake.

Gradually the glamour of society, the lethe of a luxurious life, paralyzed her ambition, which clamored less and less peremptorily for recognition, until at last she subsided into a life of almost total inaction.

[Continued on page 39]

THE PULSE OF THE WORLD



The Last Days of the Present Congress Are Marked by an Orgy of Plunder and Loot

LAST call for dinner in the dining-car," observed a cynical government official at Washington as he walked through the men's café of one of the Capital's great hotels at the lunch hour and looked over the cosmopolitan aggregation of representatives of special interests gathered there for mid-day refectation.

At one table sat a group of professional Alaskans; men who may never have seen Alaska, but who are experts in the devious business of getting away from the people the riches of our Northwestern empire. If their mission in Washington is successful, some kind of joker will be written into some bill before March 4th that will confirm the Morgan-Guggenheim scheme for the ownership of Alaska.

At another table sat an ex-Senator, now known as a common lobbyist, and a group of lawyers, who, according to common report, are interested in getting a few potent words into the Indian appropriation bill that will turn over a vast area of rich coal lands to a great railroad system.

Over in a corner, heads close together, is gathered a group of ship-subsidy boosters, planning how their particular raid on the Treasury may be carried through in the last days of Republican control.

Over there at the left, near the big pillar, is a little company understood to be in Washington in behalf of a private irrigation project—provided the necessary clause can be deftly inserted in the appropriation bill.

They are all there, like buzzards at the feast of carrion. After fifteen years of absolute and uninterrupted control of all departments of the government, the Republican party is about to divide its power and responsibility with Democracy. Everybody who has been patiently, deviously, quietly working, burrowing, mining and counterming, for years and years perhaps, in the effort to "get through," a "little proposition" in Washington is now preparing for a last desperate raid. The committees that Cannon made for the House and that Aldrich made for the Senate will soon lose their all-powerful grip on the destinies of legislation.

Ahead is uncertainty: right now are the last golden hours of opportunity for "pulling off" jobbery.

It is said that if one joker goes into the United States Steel Corporation will seize upon a huge deposit of low-grade iron ore in the Minnesota Indian Reservation. Common report is that if another joker gets into a certain other bill, the Rock Island Railway will presently turn up as the owner of the most valuable tract of Indian coal mines in Oklahoma. There is one lobby in town whose purpose is said to be to get officers of a great trust summoned before a committee of Congress to be examined about certain matters concerning the conduct of their business in the hope that such an examination can later be pleaded as an immunity act when these gentlemen are brought to the bar in the Sherman antitrust act.

If a tithe of the jokers and grabs that are now being planned for insertion in bills during the last hours of the session should slip through, this country would be twenty years in finding out the full extent of the raid that had been perpetrated upon it. The scandal of the Credit Mobilier would look like a retail transaction in peanuts compared with the scandal which would in the end be charged against the short session of the Sixty-first Congress.

President Taft and the honest men of both parties in Congress have an unprecedented responsibility in these last days of the session. The appropriation bills, carrying a billion of dollars, are commonly held back in conference along with other matters of general legislation, and then crowded to the floors of the two Houses so late that careful scrutiny is impossible.

President Taft ought to sign no appropriation bill this year until he has thoroughly examined it. The acid test should be applied to every sentence, clause, phrase, word or punctuation point that suggests new legislation. The Republican President can far better accept the responsibility for a veto and an extra session than he can impose upon himself and his party the responsibility for the raid upon the treasury which the captains of corruption are now planning.



The Month in America



THE movement to take government away from machine bosses and interests is making progress which the most sanguine forecaster of two years ago would not have believed possible. It is necessary to pinch ourselves occasionally to be sure we are not dreaming.

Triumphant March of Democracy Cannon and Cannonism are overthrown. The new Speaker will not name the House committees nor boss them. He will not name the committee on rules nor belong to it. No Speaker will ever again hold these powers.

But this is only the beginning. Would anybody have imagined, a year ago, that men able to get votes enough to be elected governors would now be urging upon a dozen or more states such measures as initiative, referendum, recall, the short ballot, primary nominations, primary designation of Presidential preferences, and drastic laws against ballot corruption? Yet these are the proposals pressed by the governors of California, Washington, Michigan, Wisconsin, Nebraska, and Kansas. Even the new governor of Pennsylvania, Mr. Tener, though elected by the gang, has sent a message so progressive that three years ago it would have frightened even Radicals outside of Wisconsin and Oregon. He asks laws opening the way to commission government in cities. Pittsburg, erstwhile reproach of the whole nation, will probably adopt commission government, including initiative, referendum and recall. Even "corrupt and contented" Philadelphia is reported fast ripening for such a move.

JOSEPH FELS, the single-taxer, tells of studying a trick picture of a landscape which, on inspection, was found to present an excellent portrait of a cat. After he discovered the cat, he could never see any landscape again.

Aldrich's Central Bank Scheme Senator Aldrich's proposal for a central reserve association recalls the story. The Senator's press agent put out the plan with the explanation that there was no central bank in it. People who studied it discovered, in everything except name, a central bank of issue. The bank was the cat, and after folks had seen it once they could n't see anything else.

To oppose an Aldrich central bank does not imply objection to some other central bank. The Aldrich plan would make a bank of \$500,000,000 capital, owned by the national banks, the sole custodian of the gold reserve, the fiscal agent of the Government, the sole institution authorized to issue notes, and the guardian of all international exchange dealings. It would receive deposits from all banks holding its stock, and would be the sole depository of the Government.

The plan provides a board of forty-five directors, but the real management would be in an executive committee of nine, five of whom would inevitably be nominated by that interesting force which we are wont to refer to as the "money power." Senator Aldrich has too much money power control and too little of the people's rule in his plan, and its reception has indicated that while the central bank idea arouses no such

terrors as formerly, any plan which receives the country's approval must be more amenable to public opinion and Governmental regulation than this one.

THE organization of the National Republican Progressive League marks the projection of the people's rule movement into national politics. The League is a development of the insurgent movement in the Republican party. Its initial members include: most of the Congress insurgents, six Progressive governors of states, and a rapidly increasing group of publicists of national note. Theodore Roosevelt declined to become a member, but published an article endorsing the entire program of the League.

Insurgency Enters National Politics

This program includes direct election of Senators; direct primaries; direct election of delegates to national conventions, with opportunity to express choice for President; initiative, referendum and recall; and corrupt practices acts. The organization is regarded as the opening of a fight against President Taft's renomination. Progressive Republicans believe that if they can get presidential preference laws passed in enough states, it will be possible to prevent Taft's entering the national convention with votes enough to nominate. The President has been reported to be much perturbed about the movement.

The League has opened headquarters in Washington and is organizing subsidiaries all over the country. Funds are being raised by popular subscription. Speakers are provided for meetings in furtherance of the movement. Senator Jonathan Bourne, president, and others prominent in the organization, have been swamped by letters and telegrams giving assurance of popular approval. Before the League was a week old the national reception of it had already assured it a large place in the direction of political affairs.

THE PULSE OF THE WORLD



THE movement toward the people has not been confined to one party. On the Democratic side, a very similar organization, headed by such men as Senators Owen and Gore of Oklahoma, Newlands of Nevada and Shively of Indiana, had been floated even before the Republican League started. In this case also, the purpose is to assure that the people shall be heard in the convention which nominates a candidate for President. It is noteworthy that, as administration Republicans consider the Republican League hostile to Taft, so the boomers of Harmon account the Democratic League unfriendly to their candidate. One thing is certain. The movement as a whole, in both parties, is growing at a tremendous rate and bodes no good to bosses.

Similar Organization Among Democrats

DEMOCRATS of the next House of Representatives have voted to take the committee-appointing power from the Speaker. They elected a committee on ways and means, and instructed it to appoint the other committees. These will not be announced till shortly before the opening of Congress in November, unless a special session be called in the meantime.

Plans for Next Session

The committee on committees contains seven Northern and seven Southern Democrats. It wants to distribute the chairmanships and important assignments equitably between the Northern and Southern wings of the party, to overcome Northern protest against Southern domination. Most of the veteran House Democrats are Southerners, and by seniority entitled to the best places. The Democratic managers realize, however, that chances in the Presidential election would be lessened if they gave the country a distinctively Southern administration.

The caucus voted also to take up tariff revision on the schedule-by-schedule plan. While the House Democrats favor this method, dominating sentiment among Democratic Senators seems to prefer general revision, through an omnibus bill. Senator Bailey particularly prefers the omnibus plan. In general, Democrats who want no revision at all, or at least a revision which would do the minimum of harm to special interests, lean toward the omnibus plan as having much less chance in a Senate pretty equally divided among Democrats, regular Republicans and Insurgents, than a series of "popgun bills" designed to end the graft without killing the protection principle.

ADAMS COUNTY, Ohio, shocked the country with its revelations of something like universal corruption of voters. In one township every voter has been disfranchised for selling his vote, and unless there is immigration before the next election, nobody will be able either to vote or to hold office. Comes now Vermilion County, Illinois, home of Joseph G. Cannon, and enters the contest for unenviable distinction. It is alleged that in Vermilion County the buying and selling of votes has for many years been conducted almost as openly and freely as if it were legitimate, and a grand jury investigation has been started with the promise of uncovering a state of affairs quite as bad as in Adams County.

Corruption of Rural Voters

Other counties in various states, notably in rural Pennsylvania, are credited with parallel conditions. It appears that outside the great cities which have been popularly supposed to be the habitat of our civic corruption, some very bad conditions have existed for a long time. The introduction and passage of corrupt practices acts in many state legislatures is a natural and altogether desirable antidote.

LAWs guaranteeing bank deposits, passed in Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska, were held constitutional in a rather unexpected opinion of the Supreme Court. The subordinate Federal courts had been unfriendly to the plan. The Supreme Court decision emphasizes the disposition of the last tribunal in recent years to interfere as little as possible with efforts of the state governments to exercise the fullest sovereignty. The tendency has been observable in many of the Court's decisions involving regulation of corporations and carriers. The decision is important in itself as permitting a fair trial of this interesting device.

Bank Guarantee Upheld

exercise the fullest sovereignty. The tendency has been observable in many of the Court's decisions involving regulation of corporations and carriers. The decision is important in itself as permitting a fair trial of this interesting device.

PRESIDENT TAFT's reciprocity pact with Canada has been submitted for the ratification of Congress. The proposed treaty which makes sweeping reductions in duties of the common products of the two countries proved to be popular with the country. President Taft has strongly intimated that if it is not passed by this Congress he will call a special session to consider it. If it should be ratified in advance of the coming revision, it would pave the way to sweeping reductions throughout the schedules, because the Canadian arrangement takes away from the agricultural Mid-West most of the protection of its products; and Mid-Western members of Congress who have heretofore opposed radical downward revision would insist, if their protection were taken from them, that corresponding reduction in the schedules on manufactures be made.

Excellent Reciprocity Plan

On the other hand, the protest of the agricultural states against surrendering their protection may line them up, when revision comes, against all important reductions, and thus strengthen the hand of the stand-patters. These latter have been chuckling at the fashion in which the President "put the Insurgents in a hole." The states represented by Insurgents are the ones hit hardest, and most disposed to protest against the tentative pact. Most of the House Democrats will support the measure.

Not being very fearful that free trade with Canada would injure our agricultural interests, and firmly believing that free trade between Saskatchewan and Florida would be as good for both as free trade between Maine and Florida has been for them, we would like to see the agreement ratified. Its ratification would wear the agricultural communities from whatever devotion they yet entertain for Chinese-wall protection and align them with liberals everywhere in favor of real downward revision that would eliminate the graft. That is what the country needs and what most of it wants.

PEOPLE interested in Alaska and the problem of saving its resources for the nation and the future are coming to accept the idea that the Government must build, own and operate Alaska's railroads. An influential Progressive Senator has declared his purpose to press legislation for this purpose. Advocates of Government ownership insist that there are only a few routes by which the interior may be brought into communication with ice-free ports, and that privately owned railroads controlling these would give their owners power to lay the entire domain under tribute. It is charged, and also denied, that the Morgan-Guggenheim Alaska syndicate is already in control of the routes, and that unless the Government takes them over and provides transportation on reasonable terms for all comers, the copper, lumber, coal and agricultural resources of Alaska must fall into the hands of the men who control the transportation.

Government Ownership for Alaska

To the suggestion of Government ownership there is, of course, the objection that it would be a case of the camel getting his nose under the tent; but even that suggestion does not frighten so many people as it did once. The number of perfectly sane Americans who nowadays discuss Government ownership as a practical and desirable answer to our transportation problem is growing all the time.

A MORE immediate question is whether the Alaska syndicate is to get the Cunningham coal claims. Gifford Pinchot and his attorneys have filed a convincing brief, arguing that the Cunningham claimants have proceeded from the beginning over a fraud-paved route, and that they ought to be denied patent. As everybody knows, this group of claims practically controls the Katalla coal field, and to control that field substantially means to control Alaska coal. To control Alaska coal, in turn, is to control industrial Alaska.

The administration has pressed for legislation to submit the Cunningham claims to the courts, both as to law and facts. In opposition, it is urged that Secretary Ballinger would be able to make up a record of fact altogether favorable to the claimants, to clear his own skirts by refusing the title, and then to send the cases to court, where, on his statement of facts, the final decision would be in favor of the claimants.

Cunningham Claims in Danger

The administration has pressed for legislation to submit the Cunningham claims to the courts, both as to law and facts. In opposition, it is urged that Secretary Ballinger would be able to make up a record of fact altogether favorable to the claimants, to clear his own skirts by refusing the title, and then to send the cases to court, where, on his statement of facts, the final decision would be in favor of the claimants.

When the curtain is down—



Once you know the delicious flavor and fragrance of

Colgan's Mint or Violet Chips

"The Gum That's Round"

You won't wonder why the fellow with the little round box in his pocket always has "only one chip left." Colgan's Chips are never pasty, never lumpy or crumbly. Pure delicate mint and dainty violet flavors.

Ten Chips 5c.
In a handy metal box

If they're not sold near you, send us 10 cents in stamps for a full box of each.

COLGAN
GUM CO., Inc.
Louisville,
Ky.



Greider's Fine Catalogue

of purebred poultry, for 1911, over 200 pages, 57 large colored pictures of fowls, calendar for each month, illustrations, descriptions, photos, incubators, brooders, information, and all details concerning the business, where and how to buy fine poultry, eggs for hatching, supplies, etc. at lowest cost, in fact the greatest poultry catalogue ever published. Send 15c for this handsome book. B. N. GREIDER, Box 91, Rome, Pa.



When the curtain is down—

Peters's Chocolate is the best candy to give your friends.

Act NOW and save \$50 on this Standard Visible Writer



ORIGINAL Model No. 3 Olivers for \$50 on time—\$5 after trial and \$5 a month. No interest. Shipped on approval without deposit. Protected by standard guarantee.

These typewriters are flawless. In no way damaged, shop-worn or inferior.

VISIBLE WRITING—Every letter is in plain sight as soon as printed—a necessity now.

UNIVERSAL KEYBOARD—All standard typewriters have adopted the universal keyboard—you would waste time learning any other. The Oliver has 84 characters.

QUALITY OF THE WORK—The beautiful work will give your letters distinction. The type are exceedingly hard—they make a clean-cut impression. **CARBON-PAPER COPIES**—An excellent manifold because of the down stroke of the type-bar—twenty copies, if you like. Cuts a perfect stencil for mimeograph work.

RULED LINES—The simple variable-spacing device is instantly adjustable to write on ruled lines—draws horizontal or vertical lines with type and ribbon.

WRITES IN COLORS—The Oliver originated the two-color writing.

CARDS, BILLS, STATEMENTS, LABELS AND ALL MEMORANDUMS written with ease and dispatch on this handy machine.

EASY TO OPERATE—So simply any one can earn in a few minutes; elaborate instruction book sent with every machine.

LIGHT ACTION—The down stroke of the typebar gives the Oliver an action that is the lightest found on any typewriter. It is a pleasure to strike the keys.

WILL LAST A LIFETIME—Simplicity is the keynote of Oliver construction. Less than one-third as many parts as the other machines. There is practically no wear out on this sturdy typewriter.

PORTABLE, COMPACT, EFFICIENT—The lightest of all standard machines. It will do any practical thing that any typewriter will do.

COMPLETE—Metal case and baseboard, tools, instructions, etc., accompany each machine—nothing extra to buy.

EASY TO OWN—You can have one of these splendid typewriters for your own. Merely a few cents a day—\$5.00 after you have tried the machine, and then \$5.00 a month for nine months—only \$50 in all—this is just half of the regular price and there is no interest to pay on the installments. You use the machine while paying for it. Think of it! The best typewriter that money can buy.

ORDER IT ON TRIAL—You are welcome to use this splendid machine for five days without paying any deposit or obligating yourself in any way; no salesman or agent will call upon you, and you will be the sole judge.

All you have to do is to send your shipping instructions on the attached coupon blank. If you are not established in business just name a couple of references. All we want to know is that you are responsible.

A pencil will fill out the coupon. Mail it to-day.

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
825-57 State Street

TRIAL ORDER COUPON

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE,

825-57 State Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Ship me an Oliver Typewriter, Model No. 3, on approval, F. O. B. Chicago.
If entirely satisfactory, I agree to remit \$5.00 within five days from date I receive machine and \$5.00 each month thereafter for nine months, until the full purchase price of \$50 is paid. Otherwise I will return the typewriter to you at my expense. It is understood that the title will remain in you until the purchase price is paid in full.

Name.....

Address.....

Business.....

Reference.....

Reference.....

Reference.....

Reference.....

Reference.....

Reference.....

Reference.....

Reference.....

Reference.....

Reference.....

Reference.....



The Pulse of the World



THE National House has passed and it is probable the Senate will endorse a bill adding about forty-five million dollars a year to the pension roll. Back of this generosity to the volunteers who wore the blue lies a story of mixed motives. Democrats say, and some Republicans admit, that huge increases in appropriations for pensions and for rural mail salaries would probably not have been permitted but for the fact that the incoming Democrats must pay the bills. They must find the money. A better guarantee against important reduction of tariff taxation could hardly have been devised.

Generosity and Parsimony

Representative Weeks of Massachusetts tried to amend the pension bill, providing that none of the appropriation should go to any soldier already possessing an annual income of one thousand dollars. He was not even permitted to get the amendment before the House.

The country favors generous pensions, but such lavishness, especially when there is suspicion of an ulterior purpose, is not approved even by the veterans themselves. Meanwhile, civil service employees—more than two hundred thousand of them—are very generally underpaid. The Civil Service Commission and executives of the Government agree that the civil service is in a critical condition because the best qualified people will not enter it at the salaries now paid. There has been no revision of the salary schedules since 1883; the salary average is several hundred dollars lower, in clerical employment, than when the Civil War began. A determined effort is making among civil service people to secure fair treatment from Congress. It ought to succeed.

THOSE excessively American people who demand grand opera in the English language always have been met with the objection that our language is unsingable. Our tongue, they say, is poverty-stricken in words that combine beauty of sound and sense. A recent prize contest for the selection of the most beautiful words in the language revealed a surprising number of melodious English words. The prize winner, a New York lawyer, had only four out of twenty-five words rejected. His successful list was: adoration, divine, eloquence, faith, heaven, honor, hope, harmony, happiness, innocence, joy, liberty, love, melody, modesty, nobility, purity, radiance, splendor, sympathy and virtue. Many other melodious words were brought to light.

Obviously, the difficulty has been, not in the language, but in the opera; the language of opera must correspond with the theme and spirit of the story. Wagner requires the substantial, ponderous German; so in a different way, does the new-born "Königskinder." "Pagliacci" could scarcely be anything but Italian and "Louise" would have to be French. Is there any good reason why the American-Japanese story, "Madame Butterfly," or this season's notable success, "The Girl of the Golden West," should not be sung in English? We have a suspicion that we can have opera in English whenever we take the trouble to make it, but we must make it of home grown materials.

The English Language and Opera

HERE is a story of exploration that has all the adventurous romance of a quest for the North Pole—and a substantial balance in the way of practical utility to mankind. The book is published by that well-known firm, the Department of Agriculture. It is the record of the achievements of the Department's agricultural explorer, who spent the year investigating the plant resources of southwestern Asia.

The following is a partial list of his discoveries: a variety of alfalfa from Erivan which is said to be longer lived than that from Turkestan; a plant called medicago, from an altitude of four thousand feet, useful for creating a new hybrid alfalfa for our Northwest; a wild almond from a dry mountain side six thousand feet above sea level; a drought-resistant cherry; a sweet kernel apricot from Samarkand; Afghanian apples and pears for the Gulf States; olives for a zero climate; Caucasian peaches for the Southwest; seeds of the true paradise apple; a new crab apple superior to ours; a strange creature called the slew abrikose; an apricot with a smooth skin; a drought-resistant poplar for the Middle West; a wild strawberry fruiting in February on dry, stony cliffs in the Caucasus.

These plants were obtained at the cost of exhausting labor and incredible hardship in cold, desolate lands, often with the hostility of semi-barbarous people. Many or all of these immigrant plants will prove adaptable to use in America and will enrich and diversify our agricultural output. The agricultural explorer stands high on the roll of the world's most valuable citizens.

Immigrant Fruits and Vegetables

ONCE more America has declared her independence of the mother country, the tea has been dumped into the harbor—they spill it tee—and defiance has been hurled into King George's teeth. It is not surprising that the instigator of the revolt was that well-known agitator and firebrand, William Howard Taft. Tyranny stalked into our midst in the disguise of a middle aged well-fed golf player. It seems that the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews, which makes the rules for the entire golf world, recently put the ban upon the Schenectady putter. Now, Walter J. Travis used that instrument when he took the championship away from the Britishers and its use is popular in America. The St. Andrews decree aroused the righteous indignation of every liberty loving American golf player and several caddies. The President did not hesitate or falter.

The Schenectady Tee Party

"I think," he wrote upon the firmament in letters of flame, "the restriction imposed by St. Andrews is too narrow."

As a result of these defiant words, the American Golf Association is proposing to set up an independent government. Every one who knows the difference between a Schenectady putter and a curling iron pronounces it a burning issue.

CHICAGO'S health department head, Dr. Evans, has recently given out a free recipe for the avoidance of pneumonia. If all men and women who weigh over 140 pounds will reduce their consumption of food and drink one-half for four months, he guarantees that there will be a saving of five hundred lives in Chicago during that period.

Free Health Insurance

Presumably the same general rule would apply to residents of other places. Whether 130-pounders are immune from the disease or beneath consideration does not appear from the record.

The idea is—and it is a sound notion—that temperance in food and drink is the surest safeguard against almost any kind of disease. Between the old time over-feeding school of hygiene and the latter day starvation faddists, there is fortunately a middle ground of comparative safety and comfort. We shall never know whether or not Dr. Evans's advice would have saved five hundred lives, because that is one of the many kinds of advice which people regard as more blessed to give than to receive.

PENNSYLVANIA, shameless at the thought of her thirteen million dollar capitol graft, lowers her eyes in modesty before the figure of a naked man. Workmen are now engaged in fitting plaster of paris trousers upon the statue of Adam, the inspired work of America's great sculptor, George Grey Barnard. The defacement of a great work of art in a country where beautiful sculpture is all too rare seems almost criminal.

At the same time, there is a certain disgusting consistency about this whole affair. Upon the massive bronze door of the Pennsylvania capitol where this statue stands, are engraved the names of men who represent all that is worst in our political life. Politicians who were capable of that orgy of graft and corruption would be unable to look without prurience at the beautiful figure of a God-like man. Barnard's rare genius should have been devoted to modeling the frock-coated figure of Matthew Stanley Quay.

HIS friends and neighbors here in New York and a host of admirers throughout the country were profoundly shocked at the tragic death of David Graham Phillips at the hand of a demented man. A musician, Fitzhugh Coyle Goldsborough, apparently under the delusion that the novelist had libeled him and his family in a recent book, shot Mr. Phillips in front of the Princeton Club in New York and then ended his own unhappy life. Mr. Phillips made a brave struggle for life but the six bullet wounds were not to be overcome.

In the death of Phillips, America loses not only one of the most promising of the younger generation of novelists, but also a pioneer in the field of the militant public service magazine article. His notable series, "The Treason of the Senate," widely criticized in its day as overstatement and exaggeration, has been largely vindicated in the light of later knowledge.

As a novelist Phillips dealt with modern life's serious themes, and though a prolific writer, his work showed a constantly improved quality. In fact, critics generally rate his last book, "The Husband's Story," highest in the list of nineteen published novels. **SUCCESS** MAGAZINE readers will remember him best as the author of "The Second Generation," which they received so enthusiastically upon its serial publication.

David Graham Phillips



The Pulse of the World



The Month Abroad



BY REASON of a recent understanding between Russia and Germany in connection with the proposed Bagdad railway, the European balance of power is said to be threatened and the so-called triple entente of Russia, Great Britain and France in serious danger of dissolution. Europe is deeply concerned over this possible shifting of balance and many profess to see in it serious menace to the peace of Europe.

Balance of Power Threatened

Several years ago a German company secured a franchise to construct a railroad from the Levant to the Persian Gulf and sought cooperation. Great Britain and France declined to assist in the project, but Russia has agreed to cooperate, probably as the result of the meeting of the Czar and the Kaiser last November. Great Britain and France see in this friendly arrangement designs of Germany upon Persian territory and regard Russia's action as a breach of good faith. On the other side of the fence, Turkey, which is in more or less close harmony with Germany, is frightened at the prospect of having the land-hungry Russians admitted to the family. Everybody is now engaged in looking suspiciously at his neighbor, as is evidenced by the fact that when little Holland recently proposed to fortify the city of Flushing, she received protests from England, Russia, Germany, Belgium and France.

OUT of a mass of conflicting statements and rumors, it is evident that the new government of Portugal is making a brave fight against almost insuperable difficulties. Industrial, political, financial and military troubles have combined to render the course of the young republic an extremely perilous one. From the beginning of the new government, Portugal has been disturbed

Portugal Fighting On

by strikes culminating in the complete paralysis of the railway system, with sympathetic strikes in many industries. The railroad strike has been settled by a slight increase in the meager pay of the employees, but industrial conditions are still far from tranquil. The government's new legislation has not tended to produce loyalty, the liberal divorce law causing disaffection among the Catholics and the house-rent law being bitterly opposed by landlords. National bankruptcy, a legacy of the Manuel regime, has made the situation extremely difficult, and poor pay has caused serious dissatisfaction in the army and navy. On the other hand, there seems not to be any immediate danger of a Royalist uprising.

If little Portugal pulls herself safely through this crisis and adopts the social program she has outlined, she will have justified belief in popular government, even under the most unfavorable conditions.

WITHIN a year the entire telephone service in the British Isles will be owned and controlled by the national government and conducted through the post-office department. The government, in taking over the business of the National Telephone Company, which has almost a complete monopoly, has retained Professor Dugald C. Jackson of Boston to help estimate the value

England Buys Her Telephones

of the property. The British government very wisely turns to America for expert advice upon the telephone business and rejects America's plan of permitting a nation-wide private monopoly.

UNHAPPY China is facing famine, plague and political unrest. Two populous provinces are stricken with famine and flood with a million people in danger of starvation. The bubonic plague is raging in Manchuria with appalling fatality. The general ignorance of sanitation and the superstition which prevents the cremation of bodies make the government powerless to stamp out the disease, though American and European doctors and missionaries are working valiantly to prevent its spread.

China's Painful Progress

The National Assembly, recently dissolved after a stormy session of three months, was significant of the remarkable impulse for self-government that has taken possession of the Chinese people. The assembly forced the throne to advance the date of the first national parliament from 1915 to 1913. It demanded the abolition of the Grand Council and the substitution of a cabinet responsible to the people's representatives.

This reform was refused and the assembly was disbanded, but a later edict from the throne shows a disposition to make even this remarkable concession. Altogether, the assembly has greatly advanced political thought in China and prepared the way for the first parliament. Significant of the progressive movement is the widespread tendency toward cutting off the queues and adopting European dress.

AMERICANS and Englishmen are both prone to find fault with their political institutions, to entertain morbid worries about their futures. In later years, for instance, there has been a disposition among Americans to assume that the British system of immediately responsible and responsive parliamentary government is superior to our own plan of fixed periodical elections. It is good, therefore, to be reminded by the late British election that at least our American system could hardly force us through so bootless and excuseless a campaign as the one just concluded in the tight little kingdom.

Weakness of the British System

For months the world looked forward to this election as certain to come about when it did, and certain to have highly significant results. It came—and had almost no results. It is plain that Britain is lined up in close division, and that convictions are deep-seated and likely to be lasting.

Anglo-Saxon nations don't do fool things. It can be figured out that Mr. Asquith's Liberal government can not possibly make good, and that if it should retire and a Unionist ministry should be called in, it would be turned out inside of three days. But the end of the world is not coming. There will be some sort of compromise on the Lords question, and Ireland will probably get home rule because of the great strategy which, established by Parnell, has at last brought the Irish into control of a balance of power in a time of national crisis.

THE world dug less gold in 1910 than in 1909. The 1909 output was four hundred and fifty-four million dollars, while that of 1910 was about three million dollars less. For fifteen years prior to 1910, every succeeding year has shown a large increase in the world's gold output. Since the free silver campaign of 1896, the production has considerably more than doubled. Economists

Decrease in Gold Production

generally have attributed the universal high prices to the excessive gold production, which by increasing the volume has reduced the value of money. It is said the production is likely to shrink or remain about stationary for a long time, because with commodities at present high prices, it is unprofitable to work many low grade ores. Optimists even predict that the decreasing supply of primary money will presently bring about an era of falling prices, to the advantage of the ultimate consumer.

Africa now produces more gold than any other continent, with North America second. Among the states of the Union, California led in 1910, for the first time in about twenty years, Colorado falling to second place. Nevada is a close third and experts believe before many years will take first place.

HONDURAS, the turbulent Central American republic, may soon be on exhibition in J. Pierpont Morgan's well-known pawnshop. Our State Department is negotiating a treaty with the Government of Honduras, whereby Uncle Sam guarantees the payment of a loan of ten million dollars to be made by the Morgan syndicate. The outstanding debt of Honduras is about one hundred and twelve million dollars in bonds, the market value of which is twenty-five million dollars. These are to be retired by a payment of four million dollars in real money, the rest of "our" ten million being used in completing an interoceanic railway. The new treaty is expected to put the Honduras finances on a sound basis if it is ratified.

Honduras is Morganized

Meanwhile the country continues in her normal condition of revolution, now personally conducted by ex-President Bonilla and General Lee Christmas. Our Government already has been compelled to seize the rebel gunboat *Hornet* for supposed violation of neutrality laws. We may look forward now to the unedifying spectacle of a sort of American protectorate over Honduras in the interest of peace, prosperity—and J. P. Morgan's dollars.

[Continued on page 26]



Ruddy Health—

A priceless possession, and generally the result of right living.

With the knowledge that healthful vigor depends largely upon proper nutrition, the selection of food becomes of great importance.

People who fail to supply their bodies with food of the kind to nourish nerve and brain tissue will likely be crowded aside in the race for pre-eminence.

The ones who are properly fed are usually the winners.

Grape-Nuts food is specially prepared to meet the natural requirements of body and brain. It is easily digested, quickly assimilated and evenly balanced for the upbuilding of mental and physical vigor.

Those who would make their lives tend toward the best possible health and happiness can know by a personal test.

"There's a Reason"
for

Grape=Nuts

Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario

Just loud enough for the home

The Edison Phonograph has just the right volume of sound for the home—*your* home. It is not brassy, strident or bold, not loud enough to be heard in a concert hall or in the house across the street. When you go to hear the Edison demonstrated, remember, it will not echo from one end of the salesroom to the other as some instruments will. The Edison reproduces *sound*—not noise.

There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit everybody's means, from the Gem at \$15.00 to the Amberola at \$200.



The only TALKING MACHINE made by EDISON

Amberol Records

Thomas A. Edison made his greatest improvement on sound reproducing instruments when he invented the Amberol Record for the Edison Phonograph—the record that plays more than twice as long as the ordinary record (4 to 4½ minutes). The Amberol Record renders *all* of every character of entertainment, *completely* as in the original, and opens the way to a vast amount of the very best of music and other entertainment hitherto impossible to obtain in record form. But with its ability to play Amberol Records, the Edison still retains its ability to play Edison Standard two-minute records as well. Remember, the Edison is the instrument that plays *both* kinds.

Amberol Records, 50 cents; Standard Records, 35 cents; Grand Opera Records, 75 cents to \$2.00





The Sapphire Reproducing Point

This is the secret of the Edison Phonograph's lifelike purity of tone. The highly polished, rounded, button-shaped sapphire exactly fits the groove or thread on the sensitive wax record in which it travels. It does not wear, does not scratch or wear the record and never needs to be changed. It is one of the most important features worked out by Mr. Edison, in perfecting a *true* sound reproducing instrument.

The sapphire point is a feature of both
Amberol and Standard Reproducers.

is the

PHONOGRAPH

Making Records at home

The Edison Phonograph is the instrument on which you, *anyone*, can make records right in your own home—talk, sing or play—and reproduce them immediately, just as clearly as the records which you buy. With this great feature, in addition to all its other points of superiority, the Edison gives more than double the entertainment that any other sound reproducing instrument affords.

Ask the nearest Edison dealer to demonstrate this feature of the Edison Phonograph. Also ask your dealer for the latest catalogs of Edison Phonographs and Records, or write us.

National Phonograph Company, 14 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.



Books by Harold Bell Wright

The Uncrowned King

Mr. Wright's Allegory of Life
"The Cameo of Literature"

New York Tribune—"It embodies the aspiration, civic and moral, of the present day."
Chicago News—"Beautiful both in language and in sentiment."
Buffalo Evening News—"It represents dreams of artistic magnificence."
Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch—"The secret of his power is the same God-given secret that inspired Shakespeare and upheld Dickens."
Grand Rapids Herald—"It is the greatest story since Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress'."
Omaha World-Herald—"It is a classic in nature and spirit and rendering."

Frontispiece and Ten Illustrations in Color by John Rex Neill. Over 100 pages, size 4 1/2 x 7 inches. Cloth, Net 75 Cents—Full Leather, Boxed, Net \$1.25

The Winning of Barbara Worth

Ready in August

A story of the Great Colorado Desert. Full of action, big incidents and the Spirit of the West. Mr. Wright's first novel since "The Calling of Dan Matthews," and the greatest of his life work. Pictures by Cootes—made on the scenes of the story. Uniform in binding and price with Mr. Wright's other novels.

Other Novels by Mr. Wright

Over One Million Copies Sold

The Calling of Dan Matthews

Illustrations in Color by Arthur I. Keller. 364 pages. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50

The Shepherd of the Hills

Illustrations by Cootes. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50

That Printer of Uddell's

Illustrations by Gilbert. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50

Sold by All Booksellers
Or by the Publishers, The Book Supply Company

CATALOG

Size 8 1/2 x 5 1/2
Big Savings
FREE Books of all the Publishers
WRITE US FOR IT TODAY

Our mammoth catalog advertises books of all publishers. Bibles, Periodicals, etc. Bargains on every page. Books on all subjects. Hundreds of Fine Sets and Fine Bindings for your library. Every book carried in stock. Orders filled promptly. Great reductions. Big savings. Catalogue sent postage prepaid, free on request. A quarter million buyers testify to the advantages we offer. Every purchaser a satisfied customer. We want your orders. Our prices are convincing. Unequaled service for handling Public, Private and School Library orders.

The BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY

Publishers and Bookellers

P. W. RYLANDS, President

Established 1895 220-222 Monroe St., CHICAGO

Weis COMPACT FILING SECTIONS

You can select the sections you need now, add as your business grows. We have 27 styles. Have your files assorted, yet concentrated and compact. No waste space—simple capacity. Ask your dealer:

Elegance Combined with Stability
Beautiful Golden Quartered Oak or Birch Mahogany, velvet finished, 4 sides. Dull brass trimmed.
FREE—Catalog "D"—64 page filing and office book saving device.
Books "Filing Suggestions" solve filing problems.
Cabinet "D" shows handsome, expensive sectional bookcases (12x30x12).
The **WEIS** MAN'F'G CO.
60 Union St., Monroe, Mich.
New York Office—105 Fulton St.

12 Art Panels 50c.

Reproductions of Famous Paintings
"Of Woman Beautiful"

FLORENTINE ART COMPANY
Dept. A-8, 3909 Francis Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.
FREE Order slip now and get "FREE" a beautiful reproduction of a famous painting.

I TEACH BY MAIL. Write for my free book, "How to Become a Good Painter," and beautiful specimens. Your name elegantly written on a card if you inclose stamp. Write today. Address: F. W. TAMBLYN, 402 Meyer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



The Pulse of the World



Women Everywhere



(Continued from page 33)

NEW YORK CITY has been permitted the strange new spectacle of an immense armory, prison-like in its grimness and solidity, turned over to an exhibit upon the welfare of children. Strong men in khaki,

Childhood on Exhibition

trained to the arts of war, directed visitors to the model playhouse, pointed out statistical diagrams on infant mortality, and announced lectures on child hygiene and education. It is doubtful whether Mars, even at his advanced age, ever looked down upon a more discouraging spectacle.

Statistics were everywhere; charts, diagrams, pictures, models, lectures and demonstrations. These exhibits and conferences brought forth in a hundred different ways the idea of the responsibility of society for the welfare of the child, showed the child's need for scientific help through its perilous first year, for wholesome, nutritious food, pure milk, warm clothing and fresh air; for kindergarten training, for the educational entertainment of clubs, Sunday-schools, social settlements, play centers, recreation grounds. The child's school years were given attention, questions of the proper furnishing, ventilation and lighting of schools, the character and manner of instruction, the quality of reading, and finally the criminal social wastefulness of child labor. On the whole, it is the rights, not the wrongs, of childhood that were emphasized.

This was probably the most ambitious exhibit of social work ever held. The building was crowded day and evening with earnest women studying the problems of the mother, the teacher and the social worker. The exhibition made it quite clear that mother love is a very poor substitute for information.

IN FACT, this has been a winter of unprecedented activity among women throughout the country along social and educational lines. The Home Economics Association meeting in St. Louis brought together from all over the country women interested in the science of housekeeping and baby-raising. In this gathering, emphasis was laid upon the club and the university extension lecture as means of education in the science of home-making, and the extent of their activities proved a great surprise. The American Civic Association in session at Washington considered such questions as fly extermination, town cleanliness and town planning, forest preservation and school gardens. New York women have launched a great campaign for baby-saving through supervision of the milk supply; in Washington an International Pure Milk League is being formed with similar purposes.

Era of Social Usefulness

Clubs and associations of women are at work everywhere upon the problems of motherhood and childhood. Philadelphia's babies' club for the instruction of mothers is in successful operation. Texas clubwomen are demanding mothers' pensions; a Georgia community has formed a voluntary birth insurance association which pays families one hundred dollars upon the birth of a child and one thousand dollars upon the death of a father. A Pittsburgh church announces a nursery where babies are entertained during services. In Chicago a three months' trial of an open-air roof school for tubercular children, with carefully kept records, showed steady progress in health and studiouship.

OF A somewhat different character, though scarcely less valuable, is a movement toward the organization and education of buyers. So much has been printed upon the psychology of salesmanship, so much emphasis has been put upon effective methods of separating the housewife from her dollar that the housewife is compelled in self-defense to study the psychology of buying. The merchants are hereby served notice that psychology is a game that two can play at. A New York high school, the one, by the way, where girls wear one-dollar graduation gowns, now has a course in scientific shopping conducted in the city's stores. Several colleges are giving instruction in cloth testing and the detection of the adulteration of fabrics. Indianapolis is forming a housewives' association for vigilance on the accuracy of weights and measures.

The need of militant purchasers' organization is shown by the recent exposure of the cold storage conspirators. It seems that the amiable industry of buying up eggs, butter, cheese and poultry, holding it in cold storage for years and manipulating the price, has fallen upon

hard times. The idea has reached its fullest perfection—and fragrance—in Chicago. It seems that an open winter, a general scarcity of ready money and a growing dislike of state chicken have combined to reduce prices, and the "food trust" has been compelled to throw their products on the market at a great sacrifice. There is urgent need for the passage of Senator Lodge's cold storage bill and for eternal vigilance on the part of women's organizations.

SO MUCH for the housekeeper and the profession of motherhood. The working women are having their struggles too—and their victories. The Oregon and Illinois laws creating a ten-hour day for working women and the Supreme Court's verdict upholding them, are well known. Michigan has passed a similar though more far-reaching statute and its State Supreme Court has just sustained its constitutionality. It prohibits more than fifty-four hours' work for women in any one week, or ten hours' work in any one day, not only in factories and laundries but in stores and clothing, dress making and millinery establishments. This law is thoroughgoing and valuable, its only defect being the fact that canneries, during the rush season, are exempt from its operation. The work of Attorney Brandeis and others in fighting for the Illinois law is now bearing its good fruit.

Working Women Win Again

THE Suffrage cause continues to show great vitality in the West, where most new movements find their heartiest welcome. A notable gathering was the first "National Council of Women Voters" at Tacoma, Washington. The meeting was called by Governor Brady of Idaho and was composed of delegates from the five suffrage states, Washington, Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming and Utah. Four hundred thousand women voters were represented and a permanent organization was formed with Mrs. Emma Smith Devoe as president. With the formation of this council the suffrage movement of America passes into a new phase—that of active agitation for women's legislation.

Suffragists may be excused for a feeling of grim satisfaction over the situation in Adams County, Ohio. In the school district of Biltown every male voter has been disfranchised for vote selling. None but women are eligible for the position of school trustee and the wives and mothers of disfranchised voters have chosen candidates for the office. The idea that women are not fit for the ballot is not a popular one in Adams County these days.

Women Voters Organize

THERE are encouraging signs that the craze for wearing false hair has about run its course. A decree from abroad, from that mysterious region where such things are managed for the feminine world, announces that fashionable ladies are henceforth to wear their hair flat, parted in the middle and low in the back. The command spells ruin to the "rat" and "puff" industry which is already bowing to the inevitable and preparing for the last sad rites. The false hair industry has a certain amount of stability because of a fairly constant demand for switches and the like, but the unusual prosperity of the last few years is apparently at an end.

The deceased puff business will have few mourners. As an industry it is not a success. Workers in hair factories are underpaid, overworked and subject to disease. On the other side, the practice of wearing large quantities of other people's hair is unhygienic, unattractive and dangerous in its possibilities. The Mona Lisa style of hairdressing will be a welcome change.

THE question whether a gown is a work of art or is to be classed as clothing, has recently engaged the attention of a Paris court. One customer accused another of reproducing one of his artistic creations mentioned \$4,000 as the extent of his injury. He maintained that his were artistic creations and hence subject to copyright. The defendant argued that the article under debate were dresses, not pictures, books or statuary, and that imitation is quite within the rights of any dressmaker in a free country like France. The judge thought so, too, and hence new styles are not to be subject to copyright.

The Passing of the Puff

THE question whether a gown is a work of art or is to be classed as clothing, has recently engaged the attention of a Paris court. One customer accused another of reproducing one of his artistic creations mentioned \$4,000 as the extent of his injury. He maintained that his were artistic creations and hence subject to copyright. The defendant argued that the article under debate were dresses, not pictures, books or statuary, and that imitation is quite within the rights of any dressmaker in a free country like France. The judge thought so, too, and hence new styles are not to be subject to copyright.

THE question whether a gown is a work of art or is to be classed as clothing, has recently engaged the attention of a Paris court. One customer accused another of reproducing one of his artistic creations mentioned \$4,000 as the extent of his injury. He maintained that his were artistic creations and hence subject to copyright. The defendant argued that the article under debate were dresses, not pictures, books or statuary, and that imitation is quite within the rights of any dressmaker in a free country like France. The judge thought so, too, and hence new styles are not to be subject to copyright.

Gowns Are Not Art

THE question whether a gown is a work of art or is to be classed as clothing, has recently engaged the attention of a Paris court. One customer accused another of reproducing one of his artistic creations mentioned \$4,000 as the extent of his injury. He maintained that his were artistic creations and hence subject to copyright. The defendant argued that the article under debate were dresses, not pictures, books or statuary, and that imitation is quite within the rights of any dressmaker in a free country like France. The judge thought so, too, and hence new styles are not to be subject to copyright.

Gowns Are Not Art

THE question whether a gown is a work of art or is to be classed as clothing, has recently engaged the attention of a Paris court. One customer accused another of reproducing one of his artistic creations mentioned \$4,000 as the extent of his injury. He maintained that his were artistic creations and hence subject to copyright. The defendant argued that the article under debate were dresses, not pictures, books or statuary, and that imitation is quite within the rights of any dressmaker in a free country like France. The judge thought so, too, and hence new styles are not to be subject to copyright.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

POINT AND PLEASANTRY



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

If we consider a contribution to be not quite up to the stand-
ard of this column, but still available for our pages, we will retain
it for another department at our current rates.
NO CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE RETURNED
UNLESS STAMPED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED.
Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

Those Women

"MISS TILLY," said George Washington Johnson at
the swell colored ball, "hit 'pears lak I heah
twittin'."
"Ah, gwan, Mistah Johnson," said Miss Jones, "you
don't heah no twittin'."
"Pears lak ah does." A pause. "Miss Tilly, ah
sho' do heah twittin'."
She turned haughtily and swept indignantly away.
"For de Lord's sake, Mandy," she whispered in an
agonized breath, clutching the back of her hair, "yoh
forgot to tak de bird out o' dat bird cage!"—HELEN
SHAFER.

No Enforced Inebriety

A PROFESSOR in the Cornell Law School was lecturing
on the question of intoxication as a defense to
criminal prosecution.
"Professor," asked a freshman, "suppose a man
should be seized, carried into a saloon and forced to
become intoxicated, and then should go out and com-
mit a crime. Would intoxication be a defense?"
"We won't go into that," replied the professor. "I
don't believe a man can get very drunk without a cer-
tain amount of contributory negligence."—FRANK RIDER.

The Easiest Way

A STEAM-HEATING plant had been installed in the house
of the new president of a small, conservative college.
The president, startled by a break in the steam pipes,
went in search of the college janitor. Being unfamiliar
with his new surroundings, he entered the library.
"Dr. So-and-so," he inquired, his breath coming in
gasps, "how can I find the janitor?"
"Well," the librarian replied in a slow drawl, "I
find the surest way is to send him a postal card."—C.
D. MEAD.

The Unevadable Account

WITH each decade, Time sends a bill to me
Demanding pay in full for all I've had
Of earthly good, also of earthly bad.
I pay in wrinkles and infirmity.
Time does not write: "One limp for overfeed;
One crow-foot wrinkle for a sleepless night;
One shortened wheeze for liquefied delight;
One paunch for walking less than was your need."
He sends but totals; and I am surprised
To see how much it foots. But yet I may
Not toss my head and swear: "I shall not pay
The score until the bill is itemized."
—STRICKLAND GILLILAN.

Dick in a Crowd

WHEN a certain mild-mannered Representative from
a Middle Western state went to Congress, he left
behind a body of constituents who fancied that great
personal benefits would come to them through their
powerful statesman. A farmer, with political designs
bowed the great man to Washington.
"Well, Tom," a friend asked him on his return, "did
you see Washington and Dick Blank, and did
you get what you went after?"
"Yes, I seen Washington, and I seen Dick Blank,"
he replied, "but Dick could n't do nuthin' for me. He
has havin' a hard time to keep from gittin' tromped
on hisself."—EDWIN TARRISSE.

Showing Signs

WILMINGTON woman recently reached the conclusion
that the attachment of a certain policeman for her
ok must be investigated, lest it prove disastrous to
domestic discipline.
"Do you think he means business, Mary?" she
asked.
"I think so, mum," said Mary. "He's begun to
complain about my cookin', mum."—GEORGE MOORE.

Merely a Test Case

A BURLY negro came to the doctor of a West African
missionary settlement, dragging his reluctant wife
with him.
"Doctor, pull one of my wife's teeth out," said he.
The doctor examined the woman's mouth and found
only sound teeth.
"Oh, that makes no difference," said the interested
negro. "Pull one anyway. If it does n't hurt too
much you can pull my tooth that is aching."
—R. B. HUMMEL.

Odious Comparison

A BOSTON woman, who attained much prominence in
the campaign for woman's suffrage, once said at a
public meeting that she thought T. B. Aldrich was
effeminate.
The remark was repeated to Aldrich as a joke, where-
upon he very drily remarked:
"Yes, so I am—compared to her."—R. M. WINANS.

At the Lunch Counter

SAID a bald-headed man to a waitress bold:
"See here, young woman, my cocoa's cold!"
She scornfully answered: "I can't help that,
If the blamed thing's chilly, put on your hat!"
JAMES S. BOYD.

He Might Have Earned a Vote

LITTLE Johnnie stood gazing solemnly on the decrepid
form of an old countryman. Noticing the boy's
attention the old man asked: "Well, what is it, son?"
"Say," the inquisitive youngster asked, "did the
politicians kiss you when you was a baby?"—BERT
WILLARD.

On 'Change

I.
Buy a peer, lady fair,
Buy a peer!
Here's a dinky little thing,
Seventh cousin to a king,
Just a vacuum tied with string,
Such a dear!
True, his belfry works are faked,
And he's only partly baked.
But his title is all here—
Viscount Bilklet Beer de Beer!
Buy a peer!

II.
Buy a prince, lady fair,
Buy a prince!
Here's a giddy old roué,
Family ages old, they say,
Castle windows stuffed with hay,
And he squints!
He has pawed the family plate,
But you bet his crown's on straight!
You could be, with all my hints,
Princess Maundring Mint de Mince!
Buy a prince!

III.
Titles here, lady fair,
Titles here!
Titles run down at the heels,
Titles always prompt at meals,
Titles young and titles old—
Don't be left out in the cold,
Hump yourself—they'll all be sold!
Get your go!
Bum de Bum or Booze de Boozee,
Marquis Blawsey, Baron Screws,
Von-der-Deadbeat-on-der-Snooze—
Come and choose!
—ZOE HARTMAN.

1911 YALE MOTORCYCLES



1911 4-H.P. YALE, \$200
With Bosch Magneto, \$235
1911 7-H.P. YALE TWIN, . . \$300

Note the straight line frame and low, easy
saddle position. All the splendid character-
istics of the 1910 models are retained, and in-
creased power gained by offsetting the cylinder
and increasing the length of the stroke.
We could build more motorcycles if we were
more easily satisfied—if we didn't build them
so well. YALE means QUALITY—the proof
is in the records of every big endurance and
reliability contest.

Write for the 1911 literature today.

The Consolidated Mfg. Co.
1740 Fernwood Ave., TOLEDO, OHIO

Here's Your Opportunity



Your opportunity to get ahead in the
world—to qualify for a good position—
to gain a good salary.

Just mark the coupon to show what
occupation you like best—mail it to-day
—and the I. C. S. will come to you and
explain how easy it is for you to gain
advancement and increased pay—just
as thousands of others have done.

More than 300 students as a monthly
average voluntarily report advances in
pay gained through the I. C. S.

405 in December.
You, too, can get in the vanguard of
the prosperous. START NOW!

MARK THIS COUPON

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
Box 1172 SCRANTON, PA.
Please explain, without further obligation on my part,
how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession
indicated which I have marked X.

Automobile Running	Architect	Spanish
Mine Superintendent	Chemist	French
Mine Foreman	Gas Engineer	German
Plumbing, Steam Fitting	Banking	Italian
Concrete Construction	Building Contractor	
Civil Engineer	Architectural Draftsman	
Textile Manufacturing	Industrial Designing	
Stationary Engineer	Commercial Illustrating	
Telephone Expert	Window Trimming	
Mechanical Engineer	Shoe Card Writing	
Mechanical Draftsman	Advertising Man	
Electrical Engineer	stenographer	
Electric Lighting Supt.		
Electric Wireman		

Name _____
(Please Print)
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

EDITORIAL CHAT

His Motto Was "Thank You"

A New York business man who has been eminently successful in establishing a large number of stores says that "Thank you" has been the motto on which he has built up his enormous business. He once sent a telegram to every one of the firm's thousands of clerks, which read: "Did you say 'Thank you' to every customer you waited upon to-day?"

He says that he has spent fifty thousand dollars in trying to impress this motto and all that it means upon salesmen, and that it has proved a great investment.

The clerks are required to try to make every customer feel that it is a real privilege to wait upon him; that they are there for that purpose.

They are urged to establish the friendliest possible personal relations with their customers, to advance to meet them when possible, never to wait for a customer to walk up to them, to always look a customer in the eye, to greet him with a smile and to talk *with* him, not at or to him. In short, they are urged to try to make such a pleasant impression upon every customer that he will not only come again but will also bring his friends.

"Always think of what the customer will say when he gets out of the store," is also impressed upon the minds of clerks.

The cashiers are not allowed to put change down upon the counter, but must place it in the customer's hand, or on the mat provided for that purpose, from which it can easily be taken up.

All clerks are obliged to make a study of the business and its goods and thus avoid the necessity of saying "no" to a demand.

Another rule of this concern is to employ only sound, healthy, cheerful men. The alert, up-to-date man at the head of the concern says that people do not want to buy goods from clerks who look ill or cross. Hence his managers take no chances in hiring those who are unattractive or not in good health. Every applicant for a position in his chain of stores must be examined by one of his staff of physicians. They even have chiropodists to examine and treat the feet of employees, because it is difficult for a man who has trouble with his feet to keep in good humor.

The Penalty of Idleness

IDEAL people do not realize the penalty they pay for the violation of one of the fundamental laws of their being. They ignore the fact that action is the very law of growth, that idleness weakens the brain-power; that they can retain only what they constantly use.

Labor is imperative for one's mental health and integrity. A musician can not hold his skill without constant practise. We can not retain our mental powers without their healthful exercise.

Every human being should contribute his part to the progress of the world. The penalty for those who shirk responsibility is the loss of power; a penalty as real as to be deprived of one's liberty; as to be confined in a penitentiary.

The idle mind loses its grip. It becomes less and less resourceful. The inventive power is lessened and the power of concentration weakened until it is difficult for the victim to focus his mind upon anything. All the mental processes are so weakened that he finds himself doing little, mediocre things instead of the strong, vigorous things accomplished during his active career.

There is nothing upon which a man prides himself so much as his ability to do things. When he shuts down his mental machinery he feels conscious of a loss of power, just as he would during the development of paresis.

One reason why the retired man is usually unhappy and discontented is because of his consciousness of deterioration, of a cessation of vigorous activity; he has a growing sense of inferior thinking and production. And when a man ceases to do things, he soon loses his confidence that he can do them.

There is no place in the universe for the idler; everything was planned and fitted for the dead-in-earnest worker. The best evidence that the idler is out of place everywhere is that he fits in nowhere. Nature begins to take away from him what he has because he does not use it.

What pitiable apologies of real men and women are found among the idle classes! These people have scarcely any initiative and practically no executive ability, and their minds are flabby from lack of exercise. A man can no more get power from an idle life than an athlete can get physical strength by sitting in a gymnasium and looking at the apparatus.

Self-Coddling and Health

THERE is nothing that will cripple one's creative power quicker than the self-pitying habit, the habit of coddling oneself. It paralyzes the faculties because it destroys self-confidence, shuts off power, courage.

The moment you begin to coddle and pity yourself and to think that you can not do this or that, your faculties will quickly sympathize with the condition of your mind, and your producing power will be weakened and cut down.

When you thus restrict your output of power, you cripple the normal exercise of your faculties and strangle your possibilities. If you desire to get force and vigor into your efforts you must have a free avenue of self-expression. There must be no restriction anywhere.

I know a naturally able man who, by constant self-analysis and dire conviction about his physical and mental condition, has become quite morbid and has so cut off his confidence in his ability to do things that he is rapidly reducing himself to a state of helplessness and uselessness.

He has ruined his digestion by constantly thinking about his food, what he can or can not eat, and what will or will not agree with him. He swallows a mouthful of dyspepsia with every mouthful of food he eats.

He must have certain brands of this or that. Whenever he goes away from home he takes his own tea and coffee and a certain kind of breakfast food with him, and must have special dishes cooked for him at hotels, or wherever he happens to be. When others are uncomfortably warm, he wants to have the windows closed in order to keep out draughts.

He is constantly studying patent medicine advertisements and medical books, trying to find descriptions of his fancied ailments, and every time you meet him he is sure he has symptoms of some new physical trouble.

He is forever thinking about his ailments, pitying himself and imagining all kinds of dire things are going to happen to him. He is convinced that he can not undertake anything without bad results following.

The consequence of all this is that he has become a pygmy instead of the giant he might be. If he would only burst his self-imposed shackles, get out of himself, break away from the narrow bounds of his sickly, limited thought, he could be a power in the world.

Physicians say that there is really nothing the matter with him physically; that the trouble is all in his mind; that he has thought of himself, coddled himself, imagined all sorts of physical limitations and studied disease symptoms so long that he has shorn himself of power and become a hopeless hypochondriac. It is his convictions that cripple him, and not his actual weakness or physical troubles. He is a victim of his imagination.

Here is a man superbly endowed, by nature creeping along in his career when he should be going by leap and bounds, doing little things when he is capable of doing great ones, just because he has analyzed himself so much and has centered his thought upon himself so long that he has become a slave to self-pity.

No man can do anything great while he is constantly tying up his faculties by self-limitations, self-made handicaps. No man can get beyond his convictions. As long as he is convinced that he can not do a thing he can not do it.

Crippled by Details

"KILLED by detail, his career marred by the little, trivial things that a clerk ought to have done; would make a good epitaph for many a man who, because he did not know how to keep himself free from the driftwood that impeded progress, has achieved only mediocrity when he was capable of doing something big.

There are plenty of men who never accomplish a tithe of what their ability would warrant, simply because they allow themselves to be suffocated with everlastingly details which others might have undertaken for them. They do not seem to know how to be big enough, how to delegate detail—the little things which eat up their time and sap their strength—to others. The big things they are capable of doing are scarcely attempted.

It is a wise thing to protect your creative ability, your creative powers, and to keep time-thieves from thwarting your life purpose; from ruining your career.

SOUTH AFRICAN PLUMES

DIRECT TO YOU



SAVE
ONE-HALF

STAY TYDE WILLOW PLUMES

Made in our own palm groves which surround the delicate trees from breaking, mountainous naturally in the South African Importing Co. field so that every one receives the genuine Willow Plume.

Willow Plume, 1 1/2 in. long, 1 1/2 in. wide,	12	18	24	30	36	\$5.50
do 1 1/2 20	do 1 1/2 24	do 1 1/2 30	do 1 1/2 36	do 1 1/2 42	do 1 1/2 48	8.50
do 2 23	do 2 28	do 2 34	do 2 40	do 2 46	do 2 52	12.50
do 3 25	do 3 30	do 3 36	do 3 42	do 3 48	do 3 54	15.00
do 4 28	do 4 34	do 4 40	do 4 46	do 4 52	do 4 58	18.50

Standardized 1 1/2 in. French Crest Plume, made of silk, glossy black, straight shape. Also with, broad Standard luxury French crest. The greatest quality value ever offered. Only **\$5.00**

OUR CELEBRATED SPECIALS

French Crest Plume, 1 1/2 inches long,	12	18	24	30	36	\$1.95
do 2 20	do 2 24	do 2 30	do 2 36	do 2 42	do 2 48	2.50

Sent on approval Send 50 cents in advance (change and we will send by post a representative C. O. D. with privilege of return within 30 days. If you find fault or dissatisfaction, pay expense agent. If not, we will credit your 50 cents. Or, if you prefer, send full purchase price and we will deliver to you; against all charges prepaid. If not at satisfaction we will refund your money. We take all the risk. Guaranteed matching of Willow, French Plume and Egyptian. Ship on request.

South African Importing Co.

**1241 Wabash Ave.,
Dept. 123, Chicago**

Why So Many Married Women Deteriorate

[Continued from page 29]

Multitudes of women in this country to-day are vegetating in luxurious homes, listless, ambitionless, living narrow, superficial, ratty lives, because the spur of necessity has been taken away from them; because their husbands, who do not want them to work, have taken them out of an ambition-arousing environment.

But a life of leisure is not the only way of paralyzing the development of a wife's individuality. It can be done just as effectively by her becoming a slave of her family. I believe that the average wife is confined to her home a great deal too much.

Many women do not seem to have any existence outside of the little home orbit; do not have any special interests or pleasures to speak of apart from their husbands. They have been brought up to think that wives have very little purpose in life other than to be the slaves and playthings of their lords and masters, to bear and bring up children, and to keep meekly in the background.

The wife who wishes to hold her husband's affection, if he is ambitious, must continue to grow, must keep pace with him mentally. She must make a continual investment in self-improvement and in intellectual charm so that her mental growth will compensate for the gradual loss of physical charm. She must keep her husband's admiration, and if he is a progressive man he is not likely to admire a wife who stands still mentally. Admiration is a very important part of love.

You may be very sure that if you have an ambitious husband you must do something to keep up with him besides lounging, idling about the home, reading silly novels, dressing stylishly and waiting for him to return at night. If he sees that your sun rises and sets in him, that you have little interest outside, that you are not broadening and deepening your life in other ways by extending your interests, reaching out for self-enlargement, self-improvement, he will be disappointed in you, and this will be a great strain upon his love.

Keeping Pace With the Husband

It is impossible for a girl who has had only a little schooling to appreciate the transforming power that comes from liberal education and broad culture. For the sake of her husband and children and her own peace of mind and satisfaction, she should try to improve herself in every possible way. Think of what it means to be able to surround one's home with an atmosphere of refinement, culture and superior intelligence! The quality of one's own ideals has a great deal to do with the quality of the ideals of one's family.

Even considered alone from the standpoint of self-protection, as a safeguard, a woman ought to get a liberal education; a college education, if possible. The conditions of home life in this country are such that it is very difficult for the wife to keep up with her husband's growth, to keep pace with him, because he is constantly in an ambition-arousing, stimulating environment. Unless she is unusually ambitious and has great power of application and concentration and plenty of leisure, she is likely to drop behind her husband.

As a rule, the husband has infinitely more to encourage and stimulate him than has the wife. Success itself is a tremendous tonic. The consciousness of perpetual triumph, of conquering things, is a great stimulus.

It is true that women have developed more admiration and loving qualities in their home life than have men; but during all these centuries, while women have been shut up in the home, men have been touching hands with the great, busy world, absorbing knowledge of human nature and broadening their minds by coming in contact with men and things. They have developed independence, stamina, strength, by being compelled to solve the larger, more practical problems of life.

The business man and the professional man are really a perpetual school, a great practical university. The strenuous life, however dangerous, is essentially educative. The man has the incalculable advantage of great variety of experiences and of freshness of view. He is continually coming in contact with new people, new things, being molded by a vast number of forces in the busy world which never touch the wife.

If women, equally with men, do not continue to grow and expand after marriage, how can we expect improvement? Woman must ascend to higher planes, or both man and woman must descend. Male and female created He them." There is no separating them; they must rise or fall together.

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink together, dwarfed or godlike, bound or free."

Many a man has tired of his wife because she has not kept pace with him; because, instead of growing older and keener as the years pass, she has become ruder. It never occurs to him that the fault may be wholly his own. In the early years of their married life perhaps laughed at her "dreams," as he called her longings for self-improvement. He discouraged, if he did not actually oppose, every effort she made to grow to the full stature of her womanhood. His in-

American Woolen Co. of America

Wm. M. Wood, President



American men and women are the best dressed individuals in the world. The American Woolen Company has done much to make this possible by furnishing annually more than fifty million yards of cloth at a price that would be impossible on any smaller scale of production.

The wool grower, the American Woolen Company, the cloak and garment manufacturer, the retail clothier and the wearer are partners. They all benefit by our unequalled facilities for buying raw material and by our wonderful systematized methods of producing dependable fabrics at prices representing the smallest margin of profit to ourselves.

Order the cloth as well as the clothes.

It is to your advantage to demand American Woolen Company's fabrics made by skilled American experts, American machinery, and American methods in 34 complete mills operated by 30,000 men and women at an annual payroll exceeding thirteen million dollars.

ASK YOUR TAILOR, DRY GOODS DEALER OR MODISTE FOR AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY'S FABRICS—THOUSANDS OF STYLES

American Woolen Co. of New York

SALES DEPARTMENT

American Woolen Building

18th to 19th Street, on 4th Avenue, New York

J. CLIFFORD WOODHULL, Selling Agent

PEARLINE vs POPPED WASHING POWDERS

This picture shows simply an exaggerated case of what happens when Soap Powder is made by the new method.

Each Grain of Soap Powder is POPPED—FLUFFED—FLAKED—it Fills more space—yet does no more work.

Besides—Water is added to Increase the Weight—again Decreasing the value of the Powder.

PEARLINE is NOT POPPED, FLUFFED, FLAKED, WATERED

PEARLINE is the same DRY—DENSE—CONDENSED—EFFICIENT Soap Powder it has been for 30 years. A tablespoonful will do the work of several of these Popped Look Big Powders. PEARLINE is more than ever

BEST BY TEST

Simply a Matter of Intelligence.



THIS PHOTO SHOWS SIXTY KERNELS OF CORN BEFORE AND AFTER HOPPING. 60 KERNELS OF UNPOPPED CORN WEIGH 6 GRAMS AND FILL 3/4 OF A CUBIC INCH. 60 KERNELS POPPED WEIGH 6 GRAMS AND FILL 7 1/2 CUBIC INCHES. WEIGHT REMAINED THE SAME—VOLUME INCREASED 16 TIMES.

You Get One of These Books Free, If You Own A Home

YOU want the best plants, trees and shrubs for your garden and grounds—live best kinds and the best specimens. The climate and soil of western North Carolina is such that no other elevations may be grown almost every variety of plants, trees. At Biltmore Nursery these advantages are so utilized by skill and care as to produce a variety of plants of extraordinary vigor. To all planters in making selections Biltmore Nursery has published three books:

"Hardy Garden Flowers," "The illustrations suggest many pleasing and varied forms of early garden planting—from the simple daisy to the elaborate formal arrangement.

"Flowering Trees and Shrubs," shows the latest of the trees and shrubs producing showy blossoms are shown, from microcarpa, as growth in typical gardens, lawns and yards.

"Biltmore Nursery Catalogue," a guide to the finest plants of North America, over 100 years in the making and cost more than \$100,000 to compile.

Ask for the Book you want. If you love perennials, request "Hardy Garden Flowers," if you prefer more showy things, let us send "Flowering Trees and Shrubs." In case you can plant extensively of many varieties ask for the Biltmore Nursery Catalogue.

BILTMORE NURSERY
Box 1038, Biltmore, N. C.

10 Cherry Trees \$1.95

These 10 Hardy Cherry Trees—pronounced by Mr. Green, the best varieties on earth, to you for just \$1.95. Every one a first-class, largest size, 2-year-old tree. Read the list. One, Dreyhous, three early Richmond, five Montmorency, one English Morello. This is only one of many Biltmore Collections of trees to be found in our 1911 Catalogue—larger, finer and better than ever before. Send for it.

AGENTS' PRICES CUT IN TWO
Green's Trees
DIRECT TO YOU
We have no agents—all directly our price or half what agents charge. All trees triple inspected and free from scale or insect infestation. We have no growers who have been on our lists twenty years and more. Is not that proof that we please? Will send our Catalogue on request, 200 pages with pictures and prices. **GREEN'S NURSERY CO., Box 12, Rochester, N. Y.**

DINGEE Roses
are the best. On their own roots. Express charges paid under a special plan. Growing plants delivered FREE, no matter where you live. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. 60 years' experience. Write for 1911 "Dingee Guide to Rose Culture." Leader Rose Catalogue of America—100 pages. Mailed FREE. Describes and prices nearly 1,000 varieties of roses and other desirable plants. Also lists the best roses for each climate and vegetable seeds. Established 1850. 70 greenhouses. **THE DINGEE & CONRAD CO., Box 13, West Grove, Pa.**

BUCKEYE \$6
50 EGG INCUBATOR
Simple, self-regulating, complete. Guaranteed to hatch every hatchable egg. Sold on 40 days trial with money back in case of failure. \$6.00 in use. If your dealer doesn't keep them write to us. We'll send you our catalogue and two books, "Making Money the Buckeye Way" and "The Buckeye from 50 Eggs," Free. **THE BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO., 585 W. Euclid Avenue, Springfield, Ohio** Builders of Buckeye Portable Poultry Houses. Send Cheques Than You Can Find Them

The Incubator of Quality
World's Best Hatcher
The latest improved machine of Robert H. Buckeye, of Incubator fame. Full particulars in 1911 Catalogue, in which Mr. Buckeye explains "Why some people make money in the Poultry Business where with equal chances others fail." Let us mail you copy free. **ROBERT H. BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO., 105 HENRY ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

FENCE THAT HAS SPLENDID STYLE
This fence adds to the value of your property. We can quote you on a hundred patterns at manufacturer's prices—much cheaper than wood. Send for our Pattern Book of Fence for public and private grounds, estates, cemeteries, parks and other styles for farm, poultry, stock pen and other enclosures. Send for it today and see how low our prices are. **THE WARD FENCE CO., Box 908 Decatur, Ind.**

MEN AND WOMEN MAKE \$20.00 A WEEK
and over at home growing mushrooms to sell, or, to list, shells, eggs, etc. Crop with for \$10 to \$100 a week. No experience. Our books pay for themselves. **Big booklet telling how to do it FREE**
Natl. Spam Co., Dept. 28, Hyde Park, Mass.

Be Careful in ordering by mail from our advertisers to write your name and address plainly. A little care in this will save all most trouble. Better mention Success Magazine, too.

difference or hostility quenched the hopes she had indulged before marriage. The bitterness of her disappointment crushed her spirit. She lost her buoyancy and enthusiasm and gradually sank to the level of a household drudge. And the husband wonders what has changed the joyous, high-spirited girl he married into the dull, apathetic woman who now performs her duties like an automaton.

There are to-day thousands of wives doing the work of ordinary housemaids, who, putting it on a low standard, are smothering ability to earn perhaps more money than the men who enslave them, if they only had an opportunity to unfold the powers which God has given them; but they have been brought up from infancy to believe that marriage is the only real career for a woman, that these longings and hungerings for self-expression are to be smothered, covered up by the larger duties of a wife and mother.

If the husbands could change places with their wives for a year, they would feel the contracting, narrowing influence in which the average wife lives. Their minds would soon cease to reach out, they would quickly feel the pinching, paralyzing effect of the monotonous existence, of doing the same things every day, year in and year out. The wives, on the other hand, would soon begin to broaden out. Their lives would become richer, fuller, more complete, from contact with the world, from the constant stretching of their minds over large problems.

Women Are Subjected to Great Nervous Strain

I have heard men say that remaining in the home on Sunday or holidays just about uses them up; that it is infinitely harder and more trying than the same time spent in their occupations, and that while they love their children, their incessant demands, noise and confusion would drive them to drink if they had to bear it all the time. Strong men admit that they can not stand these little nerve-racking vexations of the home. Yet they wonder why the wife and mother is nervous, and seem to think that she can bear this sort of thing three hundred and sixty-five days in the year without going away and getting relief for a half-dozen days during the whole time. Few men would exchange places with their wives. Their hours are shorter, and when their day's work is done, it is done, while a wife and mother not only works all day, but is also likely to be called during the night. If anyone is disturbed in the night by the children, it is the mother; rarely the father.

How long would men continue to conduct their business offices or factories with the primitive, senseless methods in vogue in the average kitchen to-day? Man puts all his inventiveness, his ingenuity, in improving methods, in facilitating his business and getting the drudgery out of his work in his office and factory, but the wife and mother still plods along in an ill-fitted kitchen and laundry. And yet our greatest modern inventor has said that the cares of the home could be reduced to a minimum and the servant problem solved if the perfectly practicable devices for lightening household labor were adopted in the home!

"But," many of our men readers will say, "is there any profession in the world grander than that of home making? Can anything be more stimulating, more elevating, than home making and the rearing of children? How can such a vocation be narrowing or monotonous?"

Of course it is grand. There is nothing grander in the universe than the work of a true wife, a noble mother. But it would require the constitution of a Hercules, an infinitely greater patience than that of a job, to endure such work with almost no change or outside variety, year in and year out, as many wives and mothers do, without breaking down.

The average man does not appreciate how almost devoid of incentives to broadmindedness, to many-sidedness, to liberal growth, the home life of many women is.

There is a disease called arrested development, in which the stature of the adult remains that of a child, all physical growth and expansion having stopped.

One of the most pitiable phases of American life and one of the most discouraging elements in our civilization is the suppressed wife who is struggling with arrested development after marriage.

Marriage Should Not Retard a Woman's Mental Growth

I have known of beautiful young wives who went to their husbands with the same assurance of confidence and trust as to their hopes and ambitions with which a child would approach its mother, only to meet with a brutal rebuff for even venturing to have an ambition which did not directly enhance the husband's comfort or convenience in his home.

It is a strange fact that most men think that when a woman marries she goes to her new home with as rigid vows as the monks take on entering the monastery, or the nuns the convent, and they regard the suggestion of a career for her, which does not directly bear upon the home, as domestic treason.

There are some women, especially sensitive ones, who would never again tell their husbands of their hopes and aspirations after they had been laughed at and ridiculed a few times, but would be forever silent, even when the canker of bitter disappointment was consuming them.

Suppose a girl has the brains and the ability of a George Eliot and she marries a young business man who

thinks that writing articles or books or devoting a large part of her time to music is all nonsense; that her place is at home, taking care of it and bringing up her children, and denies her the right to exercise her talent. How would he like to have the conditions reversed? It is true that woman is peculiarly fitted for the home, and every normal woman should have a home of her own, but her career should not be confined or limited to it any more than a man's. I do not see why she should not be allowed to live the life normal to her; why she should be denied the right of self-expression, any more than the man. And I regard that man as a tyrant who tries to cram her in the natural expression of her ambition or suers at, nags and criticizes her for seeking to bring out, to unfold, the sacred thing which the Creator has given her. This is one of her inalienable rights which no man should dare interfere with. If he does, he deserves the unhappiness which is likely to come to his home.

I believe in marriage, but I do not believe in that marriage which paralyzes self-development, strangles ambition, discourages evolution and self-growth, and which takes away the life purpose.

A wife should neither be a drudge nor a dressed-up doll; she should develop herself by self-effort, just as her husband develops himself. She should not put herself in a position where her inventiveness, resourcefulness and individuality will be paralyzed by lack of motive.

We hear a great deal about the disinclination of college girls to marry. If this is a fact, it is largely due to the unfairness of men. The more education girls get the more they will hesitate to enter a condition of slavery, even under the beautiful guise of home.

Is it any wonder that so many girls refuse to marry? refuse to take chances of suppressing the best thing in them? Is it any wonder that they protest against putting themselves in a position where they will not be able to deliver to the world the sacred message which the Creator has given them?

To be continually haunted by the ghosts of strangled talents and smothered faculties prevents real contentment and happiness. Many a home has been made miserable, not because the husband was not kind and affectionate, not because there was not enough to eat and to wear, but because the wife was haunted with unrealized hopes and disappointed ambitions and expectations.

The Tragedy of Stifled Ambition

Is there anything more pitiful than such a stifled life with its crushed hopes? Is there anything sadder than to go through life conscious of talents and powers which we can not possibly develop; to feel that the best thing in us must be strangled for the want of opportunity for the lack of appreciation even by those who love us best; to know that we can never by any possibility reach our highest expression, but must live a sordid life when under different conditions a higher would be possible?

A large part of the marital infelicity about which we hear so much comes from the husband's attempt to cram his wife's ambition and to suppress her normal expression. A perversion of native instinct, a constant stifling of ambition, and the longing to express oneself naturally, gradually undermine the character and lead to discontent and unhappiness. A mother who is cramped and repressed transmits the seeds of discontent and one-sided tendencies to her children.

The happiest marriages are those in which the right of husband and wife to develop broadly and naturally along individual lines has been recognized by each. The noblest and most helpful wives and mothers are those who develop their powers to their fullest capacity.

Woman is made to admire power, and she likes to put herself under the domination of a masterful man and rest in his protection. But it must be a voluntary obedience which comes from admiration of original force, of sturdy, rugged, masculine qualities.

The average man can not get away from the idea of his wife's service to him personally; that she is a sort of running mate, not supposed to win the race, but to help pull him along so that he will win it. He can not understand why she should have an ambition which bears no direct relation to his comfort, his well-being, his getting on in the world.

The very suggestion of woman's inferiority, that she must stand in the man's shadow and not get ahead of him, that she does not have quite the same rights, anything that he has, the same property rights, the same suffrage rights; in other words, the whole suggestion of woman's inferiority, has been a crime against her. Many women who are advocates of woman's suffrage perhaps would not use the ballot if they had it. Their fight is one for freedom to do as they please, to live their own lives in their own way. The greatest argument in the woman's suffrage movement is woman's protest against unfair, unjust treatment by men. Man's opposition to woman's suffrage is merely a relic of the old-time domestic barbarism. It is but another expression of his determination to "boss" everybody and everything about him.

The time will come when men will be ashamed that they ever opposed woman's suffrage. Think of a man considering it right and just for his most ignorant woman to have an equal vote with himself on public matters and yet denying the right to his educated wife and daughters!

for March, 1911

The Next President

(Continued from page 13)

allowances for these influences, the Taft convention in Chicago was an expression of a popular demand that some man be chosen who should keep faith with the people and not act as a tool for Big Business.

How Mr. Taft kept that faith the people know. What he did was to betake himself, bag and baggage, immediately after the election, into the camp of Special Privilege where he has remained ever since.

Note the consequences. Another nomination is desired. Mr. Taft again wants delegates. Again there is the Presidential prestige, the Southern patronage, and Brother Charles's check-book working in his favor.

But how about those other forces, Public Sentiment and Big Business?

Does Big Business now oppose the Taft nomination? Let us see. What is the attitude of those champions of Special Privilege who were opposing him three years ago? Joseph Benson Foraker appeared on the stump last November endorsing Taft. So did Messrs. Fairbanks, Knox and Cannon. Senator Crane has become Taft's manager. Penrose of Pennsylvania is one of the pillars of Taft's administration. Senator Aldrich is Chief Counselor. All these are working openly for the second term. Special Privilege is more than reconciled to Taft. Special Privilege is eager.

On the other side there is Public Sentiment, voiced by such men as former President Roosevelt, Senator La Follette, Senator Beveridge, Gifford Pinchot and other leaders of the Progressive movement.

Public Sentiment has not approved Taft's surrender to Big Business. If Public Sentiment could find expression through a direct vote, there is no doubt that Taft's nomination would be impossible. But there is no such thing as a Presidential primary, outside the state of Oregon. That state, some time in April, 1912, will make the first application of a new Presidential preference law, and will, no doubt, show an overwhelming preference for some Progressive candidate elected from the group named above.

In several other Western states popular government as developed far enough so that Public Sentiment dominates. This is true of states like Washington, Kansas, Iowa, Wisconsin, and to some extent California and the two Dakotas, Indiana, Minnesota and Michigan. In these states, Public Sentiment will probably prevail against the wishes of the machine representatives of Big Business and delegations will go from them led to use all their influence in the convention to prevent Taft's nomination.

No Chance for Public Sentiment to Win

The total of all the delegates from these states is scarcely third of the total number of delegates sitting in the convention. Another third are those cash and patronage delegates from the South, and the remaining third are the machine-made delegates from such machine-made states as Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and West Virginia and New York. In these states, Public Sentiment is still quite unable to cope with business, acting through its agents in the Republican organization. Penrose, Aldrich, Lorimer, Scott, Crane and the like will be able to bring their delegations to the convention pledged to serve the ends of Special Privilege. Thus Special Privilege will have two-thirds the delegates; and the renomination of Mr. Taft will assured.

But what becomes of Public Sentiment, the will of the majority, when it is crowded to the wall and ignored by the controlling members of the party?

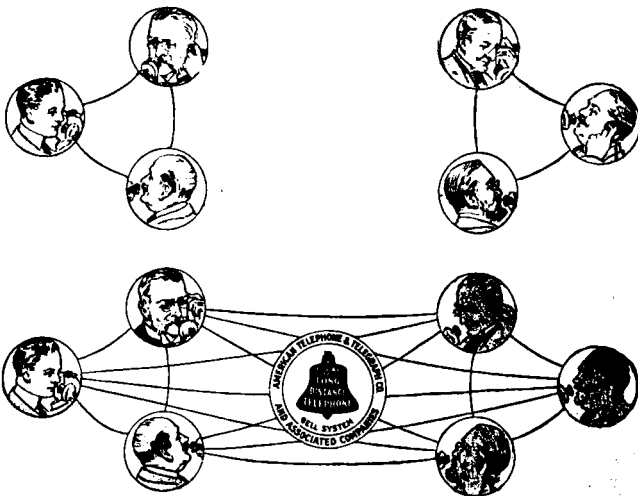
The obvious answer is that it goes to the other party. True. But what if there be no other party? What if Big Business captures the other party also? What if the Democratic party takes its orders from the offices of Special Privilege? What if the men who nominated Foraker should be the men to choose the candidate of Democratic party in 1912? What if Roger Sullivan, Thomas Taggart, Jim Smith and Charles Murphy are to lead and boss the party's next convention? Would the Democratic party then afford a refuge to the voter rising from the scourge of Special Privilege?

But these are the very men who are the organization of the Democratic party. They are the committeemen. They are the men who raise and spend the party's funds. They are the men who control the fortunes of the party in their respective states. They are the men who "deliver" delegates—who, in a word, are elected to deliver the delegates in the Democratic convention of 1912.

Can the reader discover any difference between Roger Sullivan and Billy Lorimer, except that one calls himself a Democrat and the other calls himself a Republican? Can he discover any difference between Charles Murphy and James Murray Crane and John Belmont? Between Aldrich of Rhode Island and Jim Smith of New Jersey? Are there any fundamental principles of principle or policy which would be apt to differentiate the counsels of these "Republican" and "Democratic" managers of their respective parties?

Jim Smith of New Jersey was once a member of the United States Senate. As Senator he voted for the most sugar schedule. He became a candidate in for the Senate a short time ago, and when his

Union Increases Use



When two groups of telephone subscribers are joined together the usefulness of each telephone is increased.

Take the simplest case—two groups, each with three subscribers. As separate groups there are possible only six combinations—only six lines of communication. Unite these same two groups, and instead of only six, there will be fifteen lines of communication.

No matter how the groups are located or how they are connected by exchanges, combination in-

creases the usefulness of each telephone, it multiplies traffic, it expands trade.

The increase is in accordance with the mathematical rule. If two groups of a thousand each are united, there will be a million more lines of communication.

No one subscriber can use all of these increased possibilities, but each subscriber uses some of them.

Many groups of telephone subscribers have been united in the Bell System to increase the usefulness of each telephone, and meet the public demand for universal service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Why Goodyear Tire Sales Trebled

Last year the sales of Goodyear Tires multiplied three times over—jumped to \$8,500,000.

Sixty-four leading motor car makers have contracted for Goodyears for 1911.

At the big Automobile Shows held this year, up to this writing, more pneumatic tired cars were equipped with Goodyears than with any other make.

These figures show how the tide of demand, from those who know, is turning to Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Can't Rim-Cut

One reason is that these patented tires get rid of rim-cutting entirely. That avoids a big factor in tire cost. It enables

one, if necessary, to run on a punctured tire. We control the only method ever invented for making a practical tire which can't rim-cut.

10% Oversize

Another reason is that Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires average 10 per cent oversize. That means 10 per cent more tire—more carrying capacity—with no extra cost. It takes care of the extras one always adds to a car. With the average car it adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These patented tires, until lately, cost 20 per cent more than other standard tires. Now, because of enormous production, they cost but an equal price. You can cut tire bills immensely by insisting on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Ask us for our Tire Book—filled with important facts.



THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Seventy-Seventh Street, Akron, Ohio
Branches and Agencies in All the Principal Cities We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires

(168)

Rémoh Gems

Not Imitations

The greatest triumph of the electric furnace—a marvelously reconstructed gem. *Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliance guaranteed forever—stands fire, fire and acid like a diamond. Has no points, fool or artificial backing. Set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold mountings. 1-10th, the cost of diamonds. Guaranteed to contain no glass—will cut glass. Sent on approval. Money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write today for our De Luxe Jewel Book—its free for the asking. Address—*

**Rémoh
Jewelry Co.**
431 N. Broadway
St. Louis, Mo.

6% + Absolute Security
THE **GOLD BONDS** OF
NEW YORK REALTY OWNERS
400 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Owners of Extensive New York Realty
WRITE FOR BOOKLET



FULLY GUARANTEED
30 Days Trial
3 H. P. \$42
Bronze Propeller and
Stuffing box included
GILK HOAT & ENGINE CO.
1114 Filer Street, Ludington, Mich.

Do You Keep A *Woman's Expense Book* for personal and household accounts, costing from 25c to \$2.50 each. Furnish a complete analysis of expenses by days, weeks, months and years. Interesting descriptive circulars free. **George H. Washburn & Co., 24 Elm Street, New Haven, Ct.**

A Correction

In the December number of **SUCCESS**, **Popular Mechanics** was quoted in combination with this magazine at a price of \$2.50. This was an error, as the publishers of **Popular Mechanics** do not permit its inclusion in any clubbing offer, allowing it to be quoted only at its regular price of \$1.50.

Are You an Organizer?

We want several experienced organizers in each state to organize men and boys for our business.

The work is extremely fascinating and pays well to producers.

By paying well, we don't mean a few dollars each week.

It is something different. There is a prestige and dignity about it that alone makes the work worth while and worth doing.

Tell us your qualifications for such employment in letter.

Address

The National Post Company

29 East 22d Street New York

(See "In the Editor's Confidence")

candidacy was opposed by Woodrow Wilson, it was Roger Sullivan of Illinois who sent word to Wilson that his opposition to Smith might make it impossible for Illinois to bring a Wilson delegation to the convention of 1912. Behold the subtle workings of Big Business! Sullivan of the Ogden Gas Company in Chicago, Jim Smith of the sugar schedules in New Jersey! What was the influence that brought Sullivan to Smith's support? What was the significance of that first command from the political representative of Special Privilege to the budding candidate for the Presidential nomination?

Woodrow Wilson did not, in fact, cease to oppose Smith's nomination. But Roger Sullivan did cease to espouse the nomination of Woodrow Wilson. And so did certain New York publications noted for their fidelity to Special Privilege.

Whom Will These Gentlemen Nominate

There is talk of Judson Harmon of Ohio. No doubt Harmon is their man. For years Harmon was attorney for the J. P. Morgan interests. As receiver for the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railway, he gained the confidence of Wall Street. Mr. Harmon's environment has been such as to favor the development of the Business conscience and the Business point of view. He is a survival of a race of politicians which belongs to a former generation, and is a graduate of a school of politics whose teachings have no relation to the problems of to-day. The one thing to be noted is the fact that in his long career in public life Mr. Harmon has never once committed any act which has brought upon himself the enmity of Special Privilege.

There was a time—and it was not very long ago—when Woodrow Wilson, the new Governor of New Jersey, was looked upon as "safe and sane." No doubt former Senator James Smith of that state so regarded him when he used the corrupt machine which he controlled to make Dr. Wilson the Democratic nominee. But of late the Business politicians have begun to doubt. Dr. Wilson's refusal to take orders from Roger Sullivan was one blow to their confidence. His persistent support of the Senatorial primary act and the candidate endorsed by that primary is another cause for their doubt. Finally, Governor Wilson has declared himself as favorable to the system of popular government worked out in Oregon—a system which is anathema to the whole school of Special Privilege politicians.

But the record is not clear; for there are other declarations which do not harmonize with these later ones. When he was writing books, Dr. Wilson spoke of democracy in these words:

"Leadership can not belong to the multitude."
"Masses of men can not be self-directed; neither can groups of communities."
"Questions of government are infinitely complex questions, and no multitude can of themselves form clear-cut, comprehensive, consistent conclusions touching them."
"Neither legislation nor administration can be done at the ballot box."

Wilson Endorses Oregon System

Perhaps Governor Wilson should not be held too strictly to account for statements written into textbooks, when his knowledge of these things was purely academic. It may be that a public speech, delivered as recently as that at Frankfort on November 29, does not express the Woodrow Wilson of to-day. It is even more recently that he wrote of the plan of government used in Oregon.

"I believe the Oregon system of popular government laws has wrought a fundamental reform of previous corruption and has brought to the people of that state truly representative government in the place of flagrantly misrepresentative government."

As president of Princeton, Woodrow Wilson no doubt believed that "neither legislation nor administration can be done at the ballot box." But after a state campaign and a lesson in practical politics administered by Roger Sullivan of Illinois, Woodrow Wilson has become an advocate of Oregon's "Statement Number One," the initiative, referendum and recall, and

possibly, the single tax as applied by the local control of the county taxing power.

Representative Champ Clark is also mentioned as a Presidential possibility. He has a record which is quite creditable and his course as Speaker of the next House of Representatives will help to place him in his relation to the Public Interest and to Special Privilege. If Mr. Clark has any chance for the Democratic nomination, it will be as the candidate of Public Sentiment against the machine control of the party.

Which brings us to the question: What chance has a people's candidate for the Democratic nomination? As in the Republican camp, the struggle is between the machine representatives of Big Business and the diffused pressure of unorganized Public Sentiment. In such struggle there is small chance for Public Sentiment. In the Republican campaign of three years ago, when Public Sentiment won, it was because Public Sentiment was stirred and organized by Theodore Roosevelt, then President. In the Democratic party, the only man who corresponds to Roosevelt in the confidence which the public feels in his utterances, and the attention which he may command, is William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Bryan might direct and stir Public Sentiment for a people's candidate with some success. He might defeat the attempts of Big Business and the Democratic organization to name Harmon or some other Business candidate. With a popular people's candidate this might be done. What Mr. Bryan thinks about the matter, or what he will do he has not yet disclosed.

Here is the Situation

The issue is Special Privilege vs. The People. The organization of the Republican party is controlled by Special Privilege. The organization of the Democratic party is controlled by Special Privilege. The Republican candidate of Special Privilege is William Howard Taft. The Democratic candidate of Special Privilege is Judson Harmon. Opposed to these nominations is a diffused, unorganized Public Sentiment. The candidates of this Public Sentiment are Robert M. La Follette, Theodore Roosevelt, and perhaps Woodrow Wilson, Champ Clark, A. J. Beveridge, Gifford Pinchot, Joseph Folk and A. B. Cummings.

Do you see how the candidates divide? It is no longer Republican and Democrat. It is Special Privilege and the People's Interests.

Suppose the whole list of Presidential possibilities could to-morrow be submitted to a popular vote. Would Taft and Harmon lead the list?

Unless you answer yes, you must admit that the people are confronted with a set of loaded dice; that Special Privilege is dealing from the bottom of the pack, and that so far as Special Privilege and the People are concerned, it is a case of "heads I win, tails you lose."

When the two conventions meet fifteen months from now, the big fight between Special Privilege and the People's Interests will be over. If Public Sentiment compels the nomination of a People's candidate by either party, the game of Special Privilege will be blocked. Taft could not win against Wilson, Folk or Champ Clark. Nor could Harmon win against La Follette, Roosevelt or Gifford Pinchot. The brand of Special Privilege is easy to detect, and if you give them half a chance the people will discriminate.

Meantime, what can the people do? The only substitute for the verdict of a regularly organized primary is the expression of the people's will as voiced through the press. The independent press and the independent magazines can do much. It was through these that Roosevelt always worked. The professional politician is a coward. The one thing he most dreads is a hostile Public Sentiment. While in secret he serves Special Privilege, the breath of his political life is the favor of the people. The people's will, expressed openly and publicly, is the Big Stick before which the politician trembles. A clearly-voiced, wide-spread demand for People's candidate may yet defeat the bi-partisan conspiracy of Special Privilege.

But there is no time to be lost. The machinery of Special Privilege is at work. The People's time is now.

A Slump in Chanteclers

[Continued from page 24]

return. Mr. Vogel, his face toward the wall, was maintaining a stout silence. Lazinsky was nervously pacing the floor. Miss Rosenbaum, her elbows on the typewriter and her chin on her folded hands, was meditating sympathetically over the predicament of her employers.

"Well?" they all exclaimed as soon as Phil entered the office.

"Well, nothing!" he said, throwing his hat on a chair and joining Lazinsky in measuring the floor with quick and nervous steps.

He told them of his visits and dwelt rather broadly on the bold front that Smolnick had presented and of his threat to sue for twenty thousand dollars should the contract be violated.

"He takes us for a fool!" shouted Vogel. "Better

we have it a strike than pay him twenty thousand dollars."

"A strike!" exclaimed Phil. "Get stuck with the orders, ruin the season and lose our customers! Just have a strike now and it's good-by the Vogel Lazinsky Hat and Trimming Manufacturing Company. It's a cinch."

Of course, a strike was out of the question. No one knew that better than the two heads of the firm.

"And is that so?" asked Lazinsky. "If he goes have a lawsuit with us in a court he gets twenty thousand dollars for damages already?"

"Can't tell just how much he gets, but Counsel Rosenthal says that he gets heavy damages."

"Rosenthal, the lawyer, he said so?" asked

Lazinsky. "Oh, Philpel, mightel be you can fix it. How can we pay such a big sum already? We will be ruined."

"After all, there ain't no reason why it's up to me," said Philpel. "I am only a drummer."

"Philpel, you talk it like a man what is not true to his firm," said Vogel. "You do the right thing, and you become a partner already yet maybe."

Philpel sank into a chair and was lost in thought. Vogel found it tiresome to stay in the office, so without saying a word, he picked up his hat and walked out.

"He goes home already whenever there is trouble, ain't it?" complained Lazinsky. "What does he care?"

Having relieved himself of this uncalled-for expression of bitterness he followed his partner's example and left the office.

"Phil, you are so bright," exclaimed Miss Rosenbaum, as soon as Lazinsky had disappeared. "Can't you think of some way out of it?"

"This is how it is," complained Phil. "When they are in hot water, it's up to me to pull them out. Then it is 'Philpel' and 'Philpel'—and then I become a partner for sure. But the minute everything is all right again, there is one excuse or another."

"It's your duty, Phil, to the firm," she said, slowly. "Besides, I think that this time they will make you a partner, and then we will get married."

Phil did not answer. With his legs on the desk, his head on the edge of the revolving office chair and his face screwed into the shape of a wrinkled interrogation point, he was watching the smoke of his cigar rise to the ceiling. He remained in this position for several minutes, then jumped up with a start.

"Say, Min, tell the foreman to stop work on the Smolnick order. No strike for us, understand?"

"And have a lawsuit?" asked the girl.

"Lawsuit nothing!" he exclaimed; and taking up his hat, he ran out of the place.

III

IN a small office of a large building in Newspaper Row, M. Pierre Murriet, an old Americanized Frenchman, assisted by two young French-Americans, was editing *De La Mode*, a journal "devoted to styles and fashions of the millinery trade."

M. Murriet was perusing the pages of a French paper, marking with his blue pencil the items to be clipped, when Phil arrived at the editor-publisher's desk.

"Ah, Mr. Philpel Markson. How ees my dear friend?" greeted the polite proprietor of *De La Mode*. "What ees the good word?"

"Dropped in to see the latest," said Phil. "We are about to make up the stock and I always make sure that there will be no come-back. How is Chantecler? Still the go?"

"Yes, Chantecler and the inverted shapes and Persian effects in trimming ees the go, as you call eet, Mr. Markson."

"Too bad," said Phil.

"Eet ees too bad? Why so?" asked the editor.

"Because, to tell the truth, we have a heavy stock of Parisian plumes and a large quantity of quills, some old-rose ribbons, and some of the old birds that we would like to place on the market. If Chantecler went to the devil, understand, we could get rid of our stock. Don't these papers say something about French society ladies turning against the rooster?"

"Here is an item in *Le Dernier Cri*," spoke up young Henri Carreau, one of the assistants, "where it says that Comtesse Castellene-Barrère made her appearance on the *Champs Elysées* in 'le chapeau à la Tyrole.' The item adds that this may mean a change of fashion."

"Not in our appearance. Oh, no! Fashions don't change so quickly, my dear Henri," said the editor.

"And yet it may," remarked Phil. "She may come out again, and some other lady may do the same, and then good-bye Chantecler. And we are stuck."

"If eet does come in too late, we keep eet a secret a couple of weeks," said the old man, "until the season ees in and eet ees too late to change. Then the trade eet ees protected."

"Very good of you to look out for the trade—and I appreciate it, bet your sweet life I do," said Phil. "But, say, ain't there a picture in the paper of the Comtesse what's her name, with the hat on? Let me see it?"

"Sure, here it is."

Young Henri handed him the paper. Phil studied the illustration with the interest of a professional designer.

"Nice piece of headgear," he said. "We can twist the old shapes and use about the same amount of material. What did you say they call it? Oh, well, never mind the French name. I ain't going to risk my teeth saying it. I guess we'll call it—now what shall we call it?" He stopped a moment; then exclaimed:

"That's a fine good name. I guess we'll call it the dingle-dingle hat."

"The what?" asked the amazed editor.

"Surest thing you know—the dingle-dingle hat. Say, can I have this photo. Thanks."

From the office of *De La Mode*, Phil ran to the X. Y. Z. Addressing Company and gave a rush order to send out a circular letter. In that letter the Vogel & Lazinsky



The Social "Night Letter"

Good form and good breeding demand prompt acknowledgment of social communications, and a consideration for the plans of others.

The Western Union provides a graceful means of meeting many exigencies of social life, combining the courtesy of a letter with immediate dispatch.

Fifty words may be sent in a Night Letter for the price of a ten-word day message.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY

"Prompt, Efficient, Popular Service."



"Griffon"

AUTOMATIC STROPPER

MODEL A
HOLDER FOR GILLETTE BLADE

PERFECT stropping depends absolutely upon a stropper set to strop at THE IDENTICAL ANGLE AT WHICH THE BLADE WAS HONED. Perfect results CANNOT be obtained in any other way. THE "GRIFFON" AUTOMATIC STROPPER is made in three distinct models.

MODEL A—For Gem Jr., Ever Ready Keen Kutter, Enders, etc.	MODEL B—For Star, Gem "Griffon", etc.	MODEL C—For Gillette
--	--	--------------------------------

Send us three of your discarded blades (any make) and twelve cents for postage—we will return the blades better than new, proving the brilliancy. How else this stropper will not cut on old blades.

Simply push the handle to and fro; no matter how you use it, a perfect edge results.

Price \$2.00 At your dealer's—or sent, all charges prepaid, upon receipt of price by makers. Mention model wanted.

GRIFFON CUTLERY WORKS
489 Broadway, New York

She smiled upon Mr. Shute. She worked on his robust fingers as if it were an artistic treat to be permitted to handle them. So carefully did she toil that she was still busy when Arthur, taking off his apron and putting on his hat, went out for his twenty-minute lunch, leaving them alone together.

The door had scarcely shut when Mr. Shute bent forward.

"Say!" He sank his voice to a winning whisper. "You look good to me," he said, gallantly.

"The idea!" said Maud, tossing her head.

"On the level," Mr. Shute assured her.

Maud laid down her orange-sticks.

"Don't be silly," she said. "There. I've finished."

"I've not," said Mr. Shute. "Not by a mile."

"Say!"

"Well?"

"What do you do with your evenings?"

"I go home."

"Sure. But when you don't? It's a poor heart that never rejoices. Don't you ever whoop it up?"

"The mad whirl," explained Mr. Shute. "Ice-cream soda and buckwheat cakes and a happy evening at lovely Luna Park. Say, why not come along to Coney some old evening? This evening?"

"I am going to Coney Island with Mr. Welsh to-night."

"And who's Mr. Welsh?"

"The gentleman who has just gone out."

"Is that so? Well, he does not look a live one, but maybe it's just because he's had bad news to-day."

"You never can tell," he rose. "Farewell, Evelina, fairest of your sex. We shall meet again. Keep a stout heart." And taking up his cane, straw hat and yellow gloves, Mr. Shute departed, leaving Maud to her thoughts.

She was disappointed. She had expected better results. Mr. Shute had lowered with ease the record for badinage, hitherto held by the red-faced customer; yet to all appearances there had been no change in Arthur's manner. But perhaps he had scowled (or bitten his lip), and she had not noticed it. Apparently he had struck Mr. Shute, an unbiased spectator, as gloomy.

Perhaps at some moment when her eyes had been on her work—She hoped for the best.

Whatever his feelings may have been during the afternoon, Arthur was undeniably cheerful that evening.

He was in excellent spirits. His light-hearted abandon on the Sliding Staircase had been noted and commented upon by several lookers-on. In a brief argument with a vendor of frankfurters, he had touched a high level of facetiousness. And now, as he sat with her listening to the band, he was crooning joyously to himself in accompaniment to the music, without, it would appear, care in the world.

Maud was hurt and anxious. In a mere acquaintance, this blithe attitude would have been welcome.

It would have helped her to enjoy her evening. But from Arthur at that particular moment she looked for something else. Why was he cheerful? Only a few hours ago she had been—yes—flirting with another man before his very eyes! What right had he to be cheerful? He ought to be heated, full of passionate demands for an explanation—a flushed, throaty thing to be soaked back into a good temper and then forgiven—all this at great length—for having been in a bad one. Yes, he told herself, she had wanted certainty one way or the other, and here it was. Now she knew. He no longer cared for her.

She trembled.

"Cold?" said Arthur. "Let's walk. Lum-diddle-ah. That's what I call a good tune. Give me something lively and bright. Dumty-umpty-idle-ty. Dum-tum—"

"Funny thing—" said Maud, deliberately.

"What's a funny thing?"

"The gentleman in the brown suit whose hands I did this afternoon—"

"Sure, he was," agreed Arthur brightly. "A very funny thing."

Maud frowned. Wit at the expense of hot-dog merchants was one thing—at her own another.

"I was about to say," she went on, precisely, "that was a funny thing, a coincidence, seeing that I was already engaged, that the gentleman in the brown suit whose hands I did this afternoon should have asked me to come here, to Luna Park, with him to-night."

For a moment they walked on in silence. To Maud seemed a hopeful silence. Surely it must be the prelude to an outburst?

"Oh," he said, and stopped.

Maud's heart gave a leap. Surely that was the old one?

A couple of paces, and he spoke again.

"I didn't hear him ask you."

His voice was disappointingly level.

"He asked me after you had gone out to lunch."

"It's a nuisance," said Arthur cheerily, "when things clash like that. But maybe he'll say 'you again. Nothing to prevent you coming here twice. Well repays a second visit, I always say. I think—"

"You should n't," said a voice behind him. "It hurts the head. Well, kid, being show's a good time?"

The possibility of meeting Mr. Shute had not occurred to Maud. She had assumed that, being aware that she would be there with another, he would have stayed away. It may, however, be remarked that she did not



Money will be Saved by Painting this Spring

PAIN'T which wears is made from pure white lead, mixed with linseed oil and colored at the time of painting. Even though linseed oil is high, the thing to remember is that paint materials are not nearly so expensive as the repairing of a neglected house. Linseed oil at even \$1.00 or \$1.25 a gallon makes the painting of the average house cost only \$4 or \$5 more than it used to cost. Not enough to warrant letting any house go to ruin from lack of paint.

Furthermore, the flax crop is short again. Linseed oil won't soon go lower. It may go higher. Paint this Spring and get the benefit of present prices.

And use "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead and genuine linseed oil. Don't be tempted, because standard materials are high, to employ something inferior. This is a mistake because not true economy.

It may surprise you if you do a little figuring yourself.

Get from your local dealer prices on the following ingredients:

100 lbs. "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead	\$.....
4 gallons pure linseed oil	".....
1 gallon turpentine	".....
1 pint turpentine drier	".....

This makes 8 gallons Genuine old-fashioned paint

Compare this with the cost of any other paint you would think of using. You'll find the best is also the cheapest.

Our Free Painting Helps

We will send you, if asked, color schemes, miscellaneous painting directions, and names of "Blue List" Painters in your community, men who use our "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead. Ask for "Helps No. 246." That will include everything.

To Painters: If you are a skilled white-leader and use "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead, send us your name for our "Painters' Blue List." Write us for Blue List Circular No. 246. It gives particulars.

National Lead Company

An Office in each of the following cities:

New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati Chicago Cleveland
St. Louis San Francisco
John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh

**A house White Leaded
is a house well painted**

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.

If you want the most Beautiful Floors

Beautiful Furniture and Woodwork

use wax; and the "quality" wax for a rich finish is

Old English Floor Wax

because it is made without stint—contains more of the hard (expensive) imported wax which gives that rich, subdued lustre famous in the Old English finish; it is this "quality" which makes Old English go much farther and outlast most other finishes.

Old English never shows scratches from stool or furniture, never catches dust. A 50c. can will cover a large room and give about a year's wear.

Send for Free Sample and Book

"Beautiful Floors, Their Finish and Care." Read up on the proper way to finish new floors, old floors, kitchen, pantry and bathroom floors; clean and polish, hardwood or pine floors; care for waxed, varnished and shellac floors; fill floor cracks; finish furniture and interior woodwork, etc.

A. S. Boyle & Co., 1912 West 8th St., Cincinnati, O.

"BRIGHTENER" wonderfully cleans and preserves all finishes—wax, varnish, shellac

SAMPLE FREE

A. S. Boyle & Co.

Send Book-let and FREE Sample to I can try Old English at home.

Name.....

Address.....

My dealer.....

Use It For Flavoring Milk Puddings

and give them a delicious, piquant flavor.

MAPLEINE

is a delightful change from lemon and vanilla, in all desserts especially if you like the flavor of Maple.

Try this recipe for Mapleine Tapioca Pudding.

1 cup Tapioca, 2 eggs (yolks), 1 small piece of butter, 2 tablespoons Granulated sugar, 1 cup Milk, 1 teaspoon Mapleine. Have the Tapioca well soaked in water or milk and cook till bluish in color, then add the milk, eggs, sugar and Mapleine.

Our recipe book, "Mapleine Dainties" tells you how delicious and convenient Mapleine is for making fillings and frostings for cakes, for flavoring home made candies, fudges, ice cream, jelly and many other delicious desserts, and for making syrup even better than Maple.

Send for recipe book and if your Grocer does not sell Mapleine send 35c for a 2 oz. bottle to Crescent Mfg. Co., Dept. C, Seattle, Wash.

Mapleine adds both color and piquant flavor to soups, gravies, and jams.



know Mr. Shute. He was not one of your sensitive plants. He smiled pleasantly upon her, looking very dapper in evening-dress and a silk hat that, though a size too small for him, shone like a mirror.

Maud hardly knew whether she was glad or sorry to see him. It did not seem to matter much now either way. Nothing seemed to matter much, in fact Arthur's cheery acceptance of the news that she received invitations from others had been like a blow, leaving her numb and listless.

She made the introductions. The two men eyed each other.

"Pleased to meet you," said Mr. Shute.

"Glad to know you," said Arthur.

And from that point onward Mr. Shute took command.

It is to be assumed that this was not the first time that Mr. Shute had made one of a trio in these circumstances, for the swift dexterity with which he lost Arthur was certainly not that of a novice. So smoothly was it done that it was not until she emerged from the Helder-Skelter, guided by the pugilist's slim but formidable right arm, that Maud realized that he had gone.

She gave a little cry of dismay. Secretly, she was beginning to be somewhat afraid of Mr. Shute. He was showing signs of being about to step out of the rôle she had assigned to him and attempt something on a larger scale. His manner had that extra touch of warmth which makes all the difference.

"Oh! He's gone!" she cried.

"Sure," said Mr. Shute. "He got a hurry-call from Berlin. The Kaiser wants a hair-cut."

"We must find him. We must."

"Surest thing you know," said Mr. Shute. "Plenty of time."

"We must find him."

Mr. Shute regarded her with some displeasure.

"Seems to be ace-high with you, that dub," he said.

"I don't understand you."

"My observation was," explained Mr. Shute, "that, judging from appearances, that dough-faced lemon was Willie-boy, the first and only love."

Maud turned on him with flaming cheeks.

"Mr. Welsh is nothing to me! Nothing! Nothing!" she cried.

She walked quickly on.

"Then if there's a vacancy, star-eyes," said the pugilist, at her side, holding on a hat which showed a tendency to wobble, "count me in. The minute I saw you—see here, what's the idea of this road-work? We ain't racing—"

Maud slowed down.

"That's better. As I was saying, the minute I saw you, I said to myself, 'That's the one you need. The original candy kid. The—'"

His hat lurched drunkenly as he answered the girl's increase of speed. He cursed it in a brief aside.

"That's what I said. The original candy kid. So—"

"Arthur!" cried Maud. "Arthur!"

"It's not my name," breathed Mr. Shute tenderly, using a restraining hand. "Call me Clarence."

Considered as an embrace, it was imperfect. At these moments a silk hat a size too small handicaps a man. The necessity of having to be careful about the nap prevented Mr. Shute doing himself complete justice. But he did enough to induce Arthur Welsh, who, having sighted the missing ones from afar, had been approaching them at a walking pace, to substitute a run for the walk and to arrive just as Maud wrenched herself free.

Mr. Shute took off his hat, smoothed it, replaced it with extreme care, and turned his attention to the newcomer.

"Arthur!" said Maud.

Her heart gave a great leap. There was no mistaking the meaning in the eyes that met hers. He cared! He cared!

"Arthur!"

He took no notice. His face was pale and working.

He strode up to Mr. Shute.

"Well?" he said between his teeth.

Your hundred and sixteen pound champion of the world has many unusual experiences in his life, but he rarely encounters men who say "Well?" to him between their teeth. Mr. Shute eyed this freak with profound wonder.

"I'll teach you to—to kiss young ladies!"

Mr. Shute removed his hat again and gave it another brush. This gave him the necessary time for reflection.

"I don't need it," he said. "I've graduated."

"Come on!" hissed Arthur.

Almost a shocked look spread itself over the pugilist's face.

"You're not speaking to me?" he said, incredulously.

"Come on!"

Maud, trembling from head to foot, was conscious of one overwhelming emotion. She was terrified, yes. But stronger than the terror was the great wave of elation which swept over her. All her doubts had vanished. At last, after weary weeks of uncertainty, Arthur was about to give the supreme proof. He was going to joust for her.

A couple of passers-by had paused, interested, to watch developments. You never could tell, of course. Many an apparently promising row never got any fur-

ther than words. But, glancing at Arthur's face, they certainly felt justified in pausing.

Mr. Shute spoke.

"If it wasn't," he said, carefully, "that I don't want trouble with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I'd—"

He broke off; for, to the accompaniment of a shout of approval from the two spectators, Arthur had swung his right fist and it had taken him smartly on the side of the head.

Compared with the blows Mr. Shute was wont to receive in the exercise of his profession, Arthur's was a gentle tap. One circumstance, however, gave it a deadliness all its own. Achilles had his heel. Mr. Shute's vulnerable point was at the other extremity. Instead of countering, he uttered a cry of agony and clutched wildly with both hands at his hat.

He was too late. It fell to the ground and bounded away, with its proprietor in passionate chase. Arthur snorted and gently chafed his knuckles.

There was a more than ominous calm in Mr. Shute's demeanor when, having given his treasure a final polish and laid it carefully down, he began to advance on his adversary. His lips were a thin line of steel. The muscles stood out over his jaw-bones. Crouching in his professional manner, he moved forward softly, like a cat.

At this precise moment, just as the two spectators, reinforced now by eleven other men of sporting tastes, were congratulating themselves on their acumen in having stopped to watch, Patrolman Michael Ryan, intruding two hundred pounds of bone and muscle between the combatants, addressed to Mr. Shute the single word:

"Hey!"

Mr. Shute appealed to his sense of justice.

"The mutt knocked me hat off."

"And I'd do it again," said Arthur, truculently.

"That'll do for you, young fellow," said Mr. Ryan with decision. "I'm surprised at you," he went on, evidently pained. "And you look a respectable young devil, too. You beat it."

A shrill voice from the crowd at this point offered the constable all moving-picture rights if he would allow the contest to proceed.

"And you beat it, too, all of you," continued Mr. Ryan. "And as for you," he said, addressing Mr. Shute, "all you've got to do is to keep that face of yours closed. That's what you've got to do. I've got my eye on you, mind, and if I catch you following him"—he jerked his thumb over his shoulder at Arthur's departing figure—"you to the coop, sure as you're alive." He paused. "I'd have pinched you already, he added, pensively, "if it wasn't my birthday."

Arthur Welsh turned sharply. For some time he had been dimly aware that somebody was calling his name.

"Oh, Arthur!"

She was breathing quickly. He could see the tears in her eyes.

"I've been running. You walked so fast."

He stared down at her gloomily.

"Go away," he said. "I've done with you."

She clutched at his coat.

"Arthur, listen. Listen. It's all a mistake. I thought you—you didn't care for me any more. And I was miserable. And I wrote to the paper and asked what should I do. And they said I ought to test you and try to make you jealous and that that would relieve my apprehensions. And I hated it, but I did it, and you didn't seem to care till now. And you know that there's nobody but you."

"You? The paper? What?" he stammered.

"Yes, yes, yes! I wrote to the *Evening Chronicle* and Laura Mae Podmore said that when jealousy flew out of the window Indifference came in at the door, and that I must exhibit pleasure in the society of other gentlemen and mark your demeanor. So I—Oh!"

Arthur, luckier than Mr. Shute, was not hampered by a too small silk hat.

A few moments later, as they moved slowly toward the Steeplechase, which had seemed to both of them a fitting climax for the evening's emotions, Arthur, fumbling in his waistcoat pocket, produced a small slip of paper.

"What's that?" Maud asked.

"Read it," said Arthur. "It's from the *Evening Mirror*, in answer to a letter I sent them. And," he added with heat, "I'd like to have five minutes alone with the guy who wrote it."

And under the electric light Maud read:

Answers to Correspondents

By the Heart Specialist

ARTHUR W.—Jealousy, Arthur W., is not only the most wicked, but the most foolish of passions. Sha'espeare says:

"It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock The meat it feeds on."

You admit that you have frequently caused great distress to the young lady of your affections by your exhibition of this weakness. Exactly. There is nothing a girl dislikes or despises more than jealousy. Be a man, Arthur W. Fight against it. You may find it hard at first, but persevere. Keep a smiling face. If she seems to enjoy talking to other men, show no resentment. Be merry and bright. Believe me, it is the only way.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"And Gas Stoves Too"

Spend One Cent For This Big FREE Book

Our Big Free Stove and Range Book gives you our factory wholesale prices and explains all—saving you \$40 on any new Kalamazoo stove or range, including gas stoves. Sold only direct to homes. Over 10,000 satisfied customers in 25 towns—many near you—for to refer to. \$100,000 bond guarantee. We prepay all freight and give you



Oven Thermometer Makes Baking Easy

—30 Days Free Trial

—360 Days Approval Test

CASH OR CREDIT

Write a postal for our book today—any responsible person can have same credit as your home stove would give you—and you save \$5 to \$40 cash. No better stoves or ranges than the Kalamazoo could be made—at any price. Before we keep your money, be an independent buyer. Send name for Free Catalogue No. 131



Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mrs. KALAMAZOO MICHIGAN

Send Your
Old Carpet
We Will Make
New Rugs
Beautiful designs to your taste—Plain, Fancy, Oriental—fit for any parlor. Guaranteed to wear ten years.
Rugs, 50c and Up
Gore in the largest factory of its kind in America. Established 27 years. Originators of OLSON PLUFFY RUG. (Grand Prizes at 3 World's Fairs.)
We Pay Freight
Old carpets are worth money—don't throw yours away.
FREE Write today for colors, prices and complete information.

Olson Rug Co.,
134 Laflin Street, Chicago, Ill.
BEACON LAMP BURNER FREE
to try for seven days in your own home. Incandescent, 100 Candle Power. Burns common coal oil. Gives better light than gas, electricity or six ordinary lamps at one-sixth to one-tenth the cost. Fits your old lamp. Replaces all others. Costs only ONE CENT FOR SIX HOURS. Also take advantage of our special offer to one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers and thus get a Beacon Burner FREE. Write today. Agents wanted.
HOME SUPPLY COMPANY.
220 N. E. Building. Kansas City, Mo.

BEACON LAMP BURNER FREE
to try for seven days in your own home. Incandescent, 100 Candle Power. Burns common coal oil. Gives better light than gas, electricity or six ordinary lamps at one-sixth to one-tenth the cost. Fits your old lamp. Replaces all others. Costs only ONE CENT FOR SIX HOURS. Also take advantage of our special offer to one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers and thus get a Beacon Burner FREE. Write today. Agents wanted.
HOME SUPPLY COMPANY.
220 N. E. Building. Kansas City, Mo.

Over the Salary Wall

[Continued from page 26]

esides, we are all perfectly miserable and even under a double netting John can't sleep and he's getting all worn out. Something's got to be done!"

The "something" resolved itself into a cottage at Cape May for the family and a boarding house in town for John during the worst month.

"But it cost—oh, how it cost! I spent my new winter suit and the parlor davenport and the student lamp I'd planned for. But it will not happen again."

And it can not, for when Georgiana came back in the fall she succeeded in rousing public opinion sufficiently to enlist the aid of a mosquito expert.

"For three hundred dollars," said he, "every mosquito can be exterminated. All you need to do is to deepen the channel of this stream, bank it in a few places so there will be a swift current and no stagnant pools where the mosquitoes can breed. There's only one thing in the way—that!" and he pointed to the railroad trestle which straggled over the swamp on piles. There must be a new bridge spanning the current. You must make the railroad do it."

And that "terrible" woman did! She did it indirectly, working with the landlords who hadn't been able to get their houses on account of the mosquitoes, with people who had land to sell, with people who had unneeded quiet summers at home and had not been able to get them, with people who just hated discomfort anyway. These people got together and forced the railroad to hire the specialist. Then they sneaked up on the railroad and took it unawares. They quietly deepened the channel and the water rushed against the trestle making it so unsafe that in self-defense the railroad had to build the new bridge.

Now, it is not as though Georgiana were not satisfied with the amount she had to eat and drink and the protective quality of the clothes she had to wear. The book the Sage Foundation has published on the standard of living in New York says that on \$500 a year families are able, in general, to get food enough to keep soul and body together and clothing and shelter enough to meet urgent demands of decency."

Georgiana is quite as able as any immigrant's wife. She could certainly do as well as my washerwoman, Mrs. Schultz, who, with the added burden of a drunken husband, has brought up a useful family. Mrs. Schultz's three boys went to work promptly at fourteen and now one of them is clerk for the Consolidated Gas Company; another works for a towel supply firm; the third is in a wholesale grocery house, and their united income is \$908 a week. They're all good, sturdy German-American boys, eating the good boiled potato on the knife blade, and spending happy countless, sleepless evenings with their mother in their little East End flat which has no bath-tub. The young Schultz's are perfectly good citizens and their mother is justly proud of them. But the outside limit of their earning power is probably \$1000 a month each, the height of their careers should be reached by thirty, and their industrial places could be filled at a moment's notice.

And this brings me to Georgiana's "fourthly," which in the face of it, is neither putting money in the bank nor adding to John's salary, but which is really the most valuable saving of all and might be called "Long Distance Economy" or "Expensive Tastes as a First Aid to Thrift."

Georgiana is not trying to do what Mrs. Schultz has done—produce offspring which fit into the community like interchangeable parts into a machine. She is trying to present something much more costly and difficult of production—something hard to replace and therefore expensive.

Item: John Jr., hydraulic engineer.

Item: Jane, domestic science expert, able either to teach or to marry competently.

Item: William, mechanical expert, probably aviator.

"Only one per cent. of the school children go to the university, therefore a university man is valuable," guesses Georgiana. "I will not let Junior work now because it will make him worth less as a man. I will not have his play-time stolen from him because he may demand it back when he is grown up. He shall not go through physical bankruptcy—it is too costly. I want him to be able to meet competition; not to have to evade it by emigration. My children intend to be wonderful creatures and I try to prevent their becoming content to be commonplace. We do not need to be commonplace and I will not glut the market with it."

And in producing exceptional children Georgiana is making also provision for her own future. She is likely to get back a much larger return than the six per cent. Maximum Wage she would allow the corporations. The bread she is casting upon the social waters the shape of offspring is likely to return to her, janet-bread, in time of disaster. Georgiana's children could never develop the attitude of a Vermont farmer who has just sent to New York for a destitute elderly woman to do the housework, without wages, for himself, his wife and four children, promising that "he would give her the same care as his mother would have." No! The upbringing of Jane, Junior and William is practically an old-age pension for Georgiana and John. But to produce these exceptionally valuable children is far

Not For Sale—To Be Given Away Only

THIS handy little garden book was made for amateurs—or for those who don't know it all. The fellows who "dug up" from a hundred reliable sources the exact information and definite instructions knew just what to put in and what to leave out.

WHAT TO PLANT, WHEN AND HOW MUCH

We have not the space here to tell you all the good points about this book. It just fits the outside coat pocket, has flexible linen covers, and is good for ten years. Not 1,367 pages of obscure advice, but just the correct number of words and rules and figures to place before you in convenient form the absolutely essential things you need to know about planting, fertilizing, cultivating and spraying. However, the "Complete Planting Tables" is not for sale, for it can be had in no other way than absolutely free in connection with a six months' trial subscription to SUBURBAN LIFE, as stated below.

COMPLETE PLANTING TABLES FOR VEGETABLES AND FLOWERS



SUBURBAN LIFE, PUBLISHERS

The Best Magazine for Suburban Homemakers

SUBURBAN LIFE

"THE MOST HELPFUL OF ALL OUTDOOR MAGAZINES"

Great Annual Garden Number
March · 1911

25 CENTS A COPY — \$3.00 A YEAR

SUBURBAN LIFE sells regularly for \$3.00 a year, and it is worth the money. To introduce the magazine to you, however, we offer you a six months' trial subscription for \$1.00 (regular value \$1.50). In addition, we will send you, postpaid and free of charge, a copy of the "Complete Planting Tables," as described above, provided you use the coupon at the right before March 25.

Don't Delay — Use the Coupon Now

SUBURBAN LIFE is all that the name implies—and more. It is bright, up-to-date, and made for the man or woman who wants to get real living value from the home grounds. It is the one outdoor magazine that is not edited 'way over your head. The contents are of practical help in planning home and garden activities, offering at the same time hundreds and hundreds of short-cuts and new suggestions for solving the problems that confront and perplex the homemaker.

SUBURBAN LIFE is just the magazine you need, if you intend to grow flowers or vegetables, or are interested in any of the hundred and one things that go to make up a suburban or country home.

Here is a chance to try out SUBURBAN LIFE at a reduced price, and get it when it will be of most service to you.

CUT SIGN BELOW, TEAR OFF AND MAIL TODAY

SUBURBAN LIFE, HARRISBURG, PA.

Gentlemen: I accept your trial offer to new subscribers, and enclose herewith \$1.00 for a six months' subscription, beginning with the great March Annual Garden Number. You are also to send me, FREE, a copy of your "Complete Planting Tables" book.

Name _____

Address _____

4

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

FULL SIZE PIECES • 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Boxes! • (Blue Label)
HALF SIZE PIECES • 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Boxes only! • (Red Label)



For Rapid Adding and Figuring

The Comptometer is to the bookkeeper, bill clerk or accountant what the typewriter is to the correspondent — an economic necessity.

Time spent on figure work that a machine will do quicker, easier and more accurately is needless waste of mental energy.

The Comptometer not only saves time but prevents many costly errors. With very little practice anyone can add more columns, cross footings, scattered items in an hour than could possibly be added in two hours by any other means.

That's enough to commend it — but it does more.

Being exclusively key-driven — no lever to pull — it makes swift work of extending and checking bills, inventories — handles fractions and chain discounts as easily as whole numbers; prorates costs, figures percentages, etc.

Atkins-McGee Supply Co., Denver, Col., says: "18 months' use of the Comptometer has saved us at least \$500.00."



Write for descriptive booklet; or let us send you a Comptometer on free trial, prepaid U. S. or Canada.

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO.
17-19 N. Paulina St. CHICAGO, ILL.



All Blooming first year from seed

Any of the above at 10 cts. per pkt. or
For Only 20 cts., we will mail one packet
 each of above & showy hardy flowers,
 together with our Catalogue.

OUR GREAT CATALOGUE of Flower and
 Vegetable Seeds, Plants and Bare New
 Fruit **FREE** to all who order. 50 pages, 100
 illustrations, and colored plates. We have been in
 business 25 years and have built a million customers
 all over the country. Satisfaction guaranteed.

John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, N. Y.

Learn Photography,
Photo Engraving or 3 Color Work

only college in the world where Gens. payng professors as
the successful. Established 1782. Endorsed by Intern.

assisted in securing good positions. Write for catalog, and

Missell College of Photo-Engraving / Effingham, Ill.
L. H. MISSELL, Pres.[illegible]

AN EVERLASTING NEEDLE FOR DISC TALKING MACHINES

2 No Sharpening. No Dether.

...saves your records and improves the tone, be-

THE PERMANENT NEEDLE SALES CO.

.....

3 Days Sure will show you how to make a day absolutely sure. We

...and we will explain the business fully, remember
...a clear profit of \$2 for every dollar which, absolutely

Digitized by Google

[illegible]

MAGAZINE" IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, THEY ARE PROT

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

These Pictures are Proof

These two photographs tell a story that cannot be denied. They are of Edna Guyton, daughter of Mr. L. R. Guyton, Walnut Springs, Texas. Edna was born with club feet. The left picture shows exactly how her feet looked when she came to us July 12, 1899. The other was made shortly after she left the Sanitarium, September 23, 1910.

Mr. Guyton had tried plaster parls and other methods for treatment before he brought the girl to us. Write him and have him tell you of his experience in the treatment of his girl's affliction. The

L. C. McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium

Is a private institution, devoted exclusively to the treatment of crippled and deformed conditions, especially of children and young adults.

Write us freely regarding Club Feet, Spinal Diseases, Deformities, Infantile Paralysis, Hip Disease, Bow Legs, Knock Knees, Wry Neck, etc., and we will send you descriptive literature and advise you fully. We patients everywhere as reference.

The L. C. McLain Sanitarium, 1640 North Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

"Getting Ready"

NUMBER

MARCH 1911 PRICE 25 CENTS

RECREATION



Woodcraft
Number

OUR FOUR NEWS CO. Publishers
New York

FOR MARCH

Informative articles covering every phase of vacations in the Silent Places, by the best authorities in America, writing exclusively for "Recreation."

Woodcraft, Plaincraft, Mountain Travel, Canoe Cruising, Outfitting, Packing, Portaging, Camp Cooking, Fishing, Tent Making, etc., etc. A very valuable miscellany of up-to-date and practical information. March Recreation is full of inspiration and good, sound advice, from men who have "been here." Superbly illustrated from big, beautiful photographs, made especially for this number.

"JUST TO GET ACQUAINTED"

I want you to know RECREATION, so make up this special offer. Send us 50 cents, (to Canada 60 cents) which is just ONE-HALF PRICE, and you will receive RECREATION for FOUR MONTHS, beginning March, 1911, number. If you have a "dollar" we will include without extra charge, one of the famous Recreation prints in FULL COLOR on plated paper, 11 x 14 inches. This offer is limited, so send today, naming this magazine,

Recreation, 24 W. 39th St., N. Y.
ALL NEWS STANDS 25 CENTS

Peg of Limavaddy

[Continued from page 14]

Farley flushed with anger, for there was a challenge in the way they were thrown down; and they were much too tiny even for her dainty foot, as she well knew. But she recovered herself at once and laughed gaily as she drew her foot up under her; and when I left my seat of vantage, Missy was sitting in the chimney-corner looking, charmed, into that wily face. Which only proves what I said before—that Lady Farley was not without resources.

The topic of conversation was evidently of interest, and, manlike, I concluded they must be talking of me. If Lady Farley undertook to turn Missy against me, with what subtlety she could do it.

I sat smoking on the veranda until long after all lights were out and I supposed everyone to be in bed, but in passing the door of the dining hall, I chanced to see a shadowy figure moving in the firelight; a pretty, witching figure. It was Missy, her hair high on her head for the night, her gown open at the throat. She would have evaded me, but I caught the points of her pretty shoulders in my hard, heavy hands, and turned her savagely toward me. Her eyes became suddenly enlarged with a half-frightened look, and filled with tears, which she stood winking out into diamonds that I longed to kiss away.

"How do you know that—that lady?" she asked at last.

"I served her some few months, recently," I replied, steadily.

She looked at me, her eyes becoming strangely tender, her heart beating wildly beneath her little bodice.

"Oh, I was afraid you—"

Her arms clasped about my neck and my lips were tantalized with something between a kiss and a sob; then a shadow vanished through the doorway and I sat staring into the whitening coils.

The next day, as Lady Farley had promised, a party arrived from Dublin. There were twenty in all, with horses and servants and trunks uncounted. I saw little of Missy for Lady Farley schemed to keep her out of my sight. For instance, Missy took dinner with the party in the dining hall while I ate my heart out in the kitchen. Again and again her merry laugh floated through the door, until I could stand it no longer, and filling my pipe, I stalked off to the orchard. Here Missy found me soon after, her little heart a-flutter at her lips.

"Oh, my dearie," she cried, "I'm to go to Dublin to be a lady."

"Why to Dublin?" I asked—I knew what I knew.

"And maybe Lady Farley is going to take you back into her service."

I could only laugh.

"She says you may ride after her to-morrow."

"The devil!" I cried, jumping to my feet and knocking the hot ashes from my pipe. "You haven't asked her?"

"Of course I have. Do you think I want to go to Dublin without you?"

I was flattered into silence.

But there was one at the White Gull who talked on. Whether from jealousy, or from the sheer love of gossip, or whether, indeed, acting under orders from her mistress, Lady Farley's maid that night made a confidante of old Marcy, and they talked volumes together late into the night.

Early the next morning I went fishing, not caring to see Missy ride off with the lords and ladies of Dublin. It was the middle of the afternoon when I returned, and Marcy met me in tears.

"Ye'll not be angry wid me, sor, whin Oi tell yez ye've druv off our Missy and bruk our hearts."

"What do you mean?" I cried. "Where is she?"

"Gone, sor."

"Did the riding party not return?"

"It's not wid th' pahrtly she went, at all, the darlint. It's along th' road to Derry ye'll find her, but saints! ye mustn't go after her. It's because of the great man Lady Farley's maid says ye are that th' blissid child took th' stage-coach; an' phwat's to be towld to Madam whin she comes back from market!"

"Tell her Missy's with me and that I'll bring her home to-morrow night with no tears in her eyes. In less than five minutes I was in the saddle.

It was at the third posting-house that I came upon Peggy—a grave young lady in a poke bonnet and a figured chintz gown. She was just in the act of remounting the stage when I flung myself from my horse at her feet. Without a word, she put her hand on my arm and we stood together in the tavern-yard and watched the blundering old yellow stage go lumbering off toward Derry.

"Why did you run off?" I asked at last, turning to Missy.

"I—I had to," she faltered sweetly.

"But why?" I persisted.

"To make you run after me," she said.

I thought old Father Terence hung a little over-long upon the bride's lips, but perhaps I'm inclined to be jealous.

A man likes to be loved for himself and when Missy tumbled herself into my arms at the "Last Cup" that

Sheldon Will Show You How



More money, bigger salaries, bigger profits, are all the result of better salesmanship. If you will spend a few minutes of your spare time with Sheldon to master the fundamental principles of how to sell your product or your services to best advantage in the best market, you can immediately put yourself on the way to more money.

Salesmanship Is the Secret

Sheldon wants to point the way for you to a better understanding of business laws—he wants to send you a Free Copy of The Sheldon Book if you will agree to read it.

This book is a key to the Sheldon Courses in Salesmanship, Business Building and Man Building. You can place yourself in reach of a copy merely by a request. Make it now and learn more about a royal road to more money. Write today for your Free Copy.

THE SHELDON SCHOOL

1147 Republic Building, Chicago, Illinois

CAN YOU DRAW?

We will turn your talent into money. Our Graduates are filling HIGH SALARIED POSITIONS.

We will open to you one of the most profitable and delightful fields of human endeavor—THE BROAD FIELD OF ART where the demand always exceeds the supply.

Earn \$25 to \$100 per Week

In easy, fascinating work. Splendid Opportunities await our students, because our twelve years of successful teaching enable us to offer Many Special Advantages which fit them for large pecuniary profit.

Individual Home Instruction
by Expert Faculty. Superior Equipment.

Financial Returns Guaranteed

Complete Courses in Commercial, Fashion, Book, Magazine, Advertisement Illustrating, Newspaper, Cartooning, Lettering, Designing, Show Card, Photo Etching, Architectural Perspective, Normal, Color, General Drawing, etc.

ARTISTS' FREE OUTFIT

Of Fine Instruments and Supplies to each Student. Write Today for particulars and Handsome Art Bookfree.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART Founded 1899

F18 Fine Arts Building
Battle Creek, Michigan.

Our own Fire-proof Building.

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? Oh, something new—THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

The Morley Phone for the

DEAF

makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 740, Ferry Bldg., Phila.

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Prophy-lactic

Tooth Brush

Cleans the teeth
Cleans all the teeth
Cleans them thoroughly
"A clean tooth never decays"

Only ONE tooth brush really cleans between the teeth

The ordinary tooth brush merely brushes the surfaces

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic is fully guaranteed—if defective we will replace it. Each is sterilized and in an individual yellow box, which protects against handling. Rigid or flexible handle.

Our interesting booklet—"Do You Clean or Brush Your Teeth?" is yours for the asking, send for it.

FLORENCE MFG. CO.
185 Pine Street, Florence, Mass.
Sole makers of Prophy-lactic in U.S.A., Main, Silliman and Haverhill, Mass.

25c
35c
40c

Snyder's

DELICIOUS PEPSIN GUM

THE GUM WITH THE LASTING PEPPERMINT FLAVOR—10¢ ALUMINUM BOXES.

Snyder's

ITALIAN PEPPERMINTS

FOR THE BREATH. CLEAR THE THROAT. 10¢ ALUMINUM BOXES.

Snyder's

WASHINGTON TAFFY

5¢ & 10¢ TUBES.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
IF NOT HANDLED BY YOURS, SENT UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE BY
Snyder's 863 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Remoh Gems

Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliantly guaranteed forever—stands time and use like a diamond—has no peers. Not of artificial backing. Set only in 14k solid gold mounting. Both the cost of diamonds & a satisfactory guaranteed gem. Send an invitation. Illustrated to explain in plain, sent on approval. Write for catalog, 10¢ free.

Burns Jewelry Co., 431 S. Broadway, St. Louis

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label. Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

If YOU Would Be Successful Stop Forgetting

MEMORY THE BASIS OF ALL KNOWLEDGE

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Send today for my free book, "How to Remember"—Facts, Names, Places—Devises Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation, Public Speaking, Increases Income. Sent absolutely free—Address BECKON'S MEMORY SCHOOL, 126 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

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-writer and journalist taught by mail. Send for free booklet, "Writing the Story," tells how. THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION, 110 Madison, Indianapolis, Ind.

night, she said, all a-tremble, the sweetest thing a lover ever heard: "I was afraid you'd never take my shoulders in your hands again."

We spent the next day in a jaunting car, seeing the sights at an Irish Fair and, when we drove into the courtyard at the White Gull, the great round moon was high overhead. A ghost of staunch proportions came rolling from the shadow of the vines and in an instant Missy was folded to its ample bosom; and I felt Madame's hand on my arm:

"She's in love with you", me b'y, and so am I."

A curious crowd of the Dublin party came trooping out from the shade of the gallery.

"It's married they are," said Marcy.

Lady Farley's face as she looked at Missy clinging to my arm offered a striking contrast to Madame's serenity of countenance.

"I wish her sweet mother was here this minute; it's a blessed child she is an' a true little wife she'll be."

"She's married a great man," said Lady Farley, not without some venom. "He's Sir John Clayton, the eldest son of the Sir John—if you know what that means."

Marcy merely beamed with motherly joy, but Madame raised her chin another notch:

"Thin let me presint to ye all a great lady"—she turned to Missy and curtsied low—"Lady John Clayton—the wife of the son of the Sir John—if ye know what that means!"

A DESERTER

[Continued from page 28]

ones herself, she didn't have much ter spare; not even before the army come through. The locusts o' Egypt was n't no worse—"

"I know! Any army 's that way," Jack interrupted. "Hungry men are no better'n beasts."

"I reckon you're right," Uncle Israel went on sighing. "These men sp'ad' nothin', nobody; ye couldn't skase find a mouthful o' vittels five miles either side the road when they'd done gone by. Ner a pig, ner cow, ner steer. As fer chickens and sech like—what they could n't eat up, they carried away. I come a-bulgin' ter stay with Milly night they camped here—"

"I—I—can't—thank you—Uncle Israel!" Jack burst out. "Must be a good God ter make sech men as you—but—how can He let things like this be?"

"Boy! He sees not as men see. We got ter trust Him," Uncle Israel answered, reverently. "It was His work; doin' what I could fer Milly. Mighty little, but all I could. When folks have got skarsely the second meal, they have ter think before they spare even a sweet potato—"

"You! You've begged! Fer my wife! My children!" Jack cried, dropping his face in his hands. Uncle Israel shook his head, answering with a touch of dignity: "I've begged a heap fer missions and schools and sech like. But Milly—it was my right ter keep her from starvin', and the right of other folks ter help me all they could."

Jack cooked his best, yet though wolfishly hungry, ate nothing himself. He sat beside Milly, holding her hand until the moon climbed to quarter, then crept softly outside. The yellow dog rose, sniffing him amiably, and together they vanished in the direction of the old fields. Two hours later they came back, Jack fairly staggering under the weight of three fat possums. When he had dressed them and hung them high in a tree, he crept inside and made his way to the safe. There was a morsel of meat in it and half a pone of bread. He would stay his stomach with them until morning. Maybe he could sleep if he ate. Now it seemed to him he could never sleep again, though he had tramped hard all the night before.

Milly stirred uneasily, moaning: "Jack, I thought you had done come home!" When he had soothed her he turned to the hearth, hunger forgotten. How could he leave her—yet how stay? A soldier true, he loathed and spat upon the name of deserter. Moreover, behind the soldier there was the patriot—hot to do and dare and die for his state, for the new Confederacy with which she had ranged herself. Further still, though he would not admit it, he knew it had come to the death-grapple. He knew even better that the crucial need was men—not generals nor statesmen nor tacticians, but mere soldiers to be massed and moved and held to it, until the bitter fight was won.

"If I die fer it, the children can be proud of me. It's in the Ross breed to fight ter the last," he had told himself often. A hopeless optimist, he had refused to let himself see more than the last pinch in the dwindling gar armies, the scanting of supplies, the lacks and losses that made of no effect moves magnificently planned and all but executed. Death had no terrors for him, but at the bare name of surrender his heart had grown as water.

Lying close to the covered fire, Jack Ross, soldier and patriot, fought with Jack Ross, husband and father, the age-old battle of a divided duty—fought to an inconclusive issue, though the battle ran on to near daylight. Jack got up and groped his way to Milly, slumbering peacefully with Dixie in her arms. Tears fell on her face as he bent over her, saying to his own

"THE MIRACLE OF RIGHT THOUGHT"

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"No book of recent years has elicited stronger or more enthusiastic commendation."

Only a little more than one month off the press, yet the first two editions HAVE ALREADY BEEN EXHAUSTED.

Critics regard this as decidedly the best book that has yet been published along the NEW THOUGHT line. The line of the new gospel of optimism and love, the philosophy of success and health.

This volume is along the lines of the books that have made Dr. Marden's name a household word at home and in Europe—the shelf of uplifting books, "Getting On," "Rising in the World," "Pushing to the Front," "He Can Who Thinks He Can" and others whose very names are aliases of effort and self-reliance. Dr. Marden believes that there is in each of us the material of the perfect man or woman, and that if we hold the right ideal long enough for it to become the dominant mental attitude, we will express in our lives and character the perfection we were meant to embody.—EDWIN MARKHAM, in the New York Journal.

I am reading your book, "The Miracle of Right Thought," with much pleasure, and intend to quote from it at an early date.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

Another Stirring New Marden Book "GETTING ON"

Do you sometimes feel that you are a failure? Do you want to know what is keeping you back, and how to overcome it?

THEN YOU SHOULD READ THIS AMBITION-AROUSING, BLOOD-STIRRING MARDEN BOOK.

"I became so impressed with the directness of 'The President's Breaker' (a chapter in 'Getting On') that I shall ask each one of our employees to read it, notifying them of its appearance through our weekly bulletin."—SAMUEL BELL, Head of the Arm of Revolvers, New York.

PRICES (postpaid for each of these books: Cloth, \$1.50 net. Pocket Edition, Leather, \$1.50; S.O.B., \$1.25.

Have YOU Been Helped By Dr. Marden's Writings?

THOUSANDS OF SUCCESS readers have written or during the last few years that they have been greatly inspired and inspired by Dr. Marden's monthly editorials and clats in the magazine, as well as his books—many, in fact, attributing their success in life to these stirring, ambition-arousing writings, which they say have proved the turning point in their careers. These letters have been a source of constant gratification, encouragement, and great inspiration to Dr. Marden and are regarded by him as of far greater worth than the monetary remuneration he receives from his work.

We should appreciate it very much if others who have been especially helped by these inspirational writings would write and tell us so in a brief letter.

Address: O. S. MARDEN, 29 E. 22nd St., N. Y. City

Boat and Engine Book FREE

Just like a 30-Footer Do not think of buying a Launch or Engine until you see our Handmade Book WHICH EXPLAINS FOUR WONDERFUL LAUNCH BARGAINS

Only \$121 for this complete 16-ft. Launch—\$ H. P., guaranteed self-starting Engine, wireless Wheel and Rudder. Result of 30 years' experience. Money back if not as represented. Write for free catalog today. Special Bargains and Weco reversible, self-starting engine to those building or buying their own hulls. Engine controlled by one lever. Full size Boat Designs furnished free to purchasers of Waco Engines.

C. T. WRIGHT ENGINE CO., 407 Canal St., Greenville, Mich.

You need business training

Learn by Mail to Become a

Defined English Accountant	Draper	Factory Accountant
Express Agents	Marshall	Cost Accountant
Insurance Agents	McIntosh	Accounting
Business Managers	Banker	Credit Manager
Real Estate Managers	Broker	Manufacturer

Prepare yourself to be a specialist. Acquire for a highest professional training. We can prepare you, in 30 days, 3 months, 6 months, without indenting with your present position. In 3 months, 6 months, 1 year, and 2 years, we will give you a complete course in your chosen profession. Each course without limit. Instruction equal to that given at the leading universities.

Write for booklet C, forthcoming professional career desired.

CORINNA BUSINESS INSTITUTE, INC.
Dept. C, Fifth Ave. cor. 33rd St., New York, N. Y.

CORTINA-PHONE

ENGLISH-GERMAN-ITALIAN-SPANISH-FRENCH

or any other language can be learned quickly and easily by the Cortina-Phone Method. You learn the foreign language just as you hear your mother tongue by listening to it. You will find it a pleasure instead of work.

Write for Booklet Label CORINNA at 123 E. W. 10th St. or 123 E. W. 10th St. or 123 E. W. 10th St.

CORTINAPHONE

SEND YOUR NAME FOR free trial box with your monogram or initials beautifully engraved on it.

FRED H. MCCLURE CO., Stationers, Dept. 6, DETROIT, MICH.

heart: "God knows I can't see the straight of it. I'll stay as long as I can, do all I can, and let what will happen."

He knew he had ten full days to give to Milly. Throughout them he worked early and late, observing all the while a stealthy caution. Buddy and the yellow dog helped—they were ever-vigilant sentinels. Little Jack was his father's shadow, whether he washed or cooked or contrived new shoes from boot legs picked up about the camp. The camp supplied other things—cast-off blue jackets, blankets a bit torn or filthy, nails, bits of chain and leather and boxes of all sorts. Jack made the most of his gleanings. Uncle Israel still helped with meal and salt and molasses. "Possums and the quail Jack caught in traps gave them a plenty of meat."

From an old flannel shirt Jack contrived a blue jockey for Milly. It kept her warm if the fit did leave much to be desired. With work by day and hunts by night, Jack managed to keep his problem in the background. Out of Milly's hearing he even spoke nebulously, with the few neighbor folk who drifted in to hear straight news of the Confederacy, of "going back." Jack was glad the neighbors were few—he had a manish shame about being caught at woman's work. Besides, they had left Milly in extremity. He could not get over that—not dreaming that Milly had kept her poverty and her blindness hidden from everybody save Uncle Israel. But for him, no doubt, she would have starved in silence. The semblance of comfort had dried her tears, and set her to chattering happily as of old.

It was she who sent Jack to see his old father—doddering, imbecile, yet quite happy. Sister Mary had greeted Jack sourly, and fearfully begged him not to come again. If he did—well—the Yankees might hear of it and come burn the house over her head. If they did, nobody would do for her what Uncle Israel had done for Milly—Milly who had a live husband, big and strong, whereas she herself was a widow with five children, not to name the old man.

Uncle Israel was everybody's comfort. He helped Jack sew and cook and nail boards, laughing heartily as a boy at the soldier stories of camp and march and battle. The listening bred in him comprehension of the soldier life, the soldier spirit; most of all of the sore strain wherein this soldier found himself. Uncle Israel did not venture advice. "It's between you and the good Lord, boy," was all he said. When he had gone, after saying it, Jack knelt at the bedside with his head on Milly's hand, praying inaudibly for light and strength. He had never been religious. Now there rushed over him a sense of need—for a father, a ruler, wiser, kinder, tenderer than aught on earth. Life, which had been to him vividly concrete, took on a spiritual significance that half appalled him. There drifted to him a fragment of Scripture: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." He repeated the words in a tense whisper, his heart and soul fluid. The promise comforted him. Kneeling, he fell asleep, not to wake until morning light streamed through crannies in the wall.

Waking brought not decision but clear-seeing. He was curiously calm, curiously at peace. "I feel like the boys look that get bullets right through 'em," he told himself as he built the fire and set on the mush. He knew what was before him. Unless he settled South that day, he could not reach his regiment in time to save his name. Milly ate with relish when she waked. So did the children. He could do no more than sip a cup of hot water just dashed with molasses, and make a feint of munching a crust of bread. He had made himself tidy, patching and sewing up rents. His hair was clipped, thanks to Uncle Israel and his beard had vanished. He dared not kiss Milly, nor even the baby. At the door he said unsteadily to little Jack: "Take keer of Mammy, son—until—Daddy—comes—back."

Three hours later, the group in the provost's office at the Fort, the nearest Federal post, was disturbed by the entrance of a man, pathetically ragged, more pathetically neat, who doffed his battered hat, saying huskily: "Gentlemen—till now, I've been a Confederate soldier. Will you swear me ter support the Constitution of the United States—so I can support my blind wife?"

His face, something in his voice, told the whole story. Set it to human nature's credit, even the victors felt no exultation. The colonel commanding happened to be there. His was the first hand held out to the new loyal citizen. Jack took it half-blinded—he was stifling—he wanted to get away outside. The provost hurried all he might, but fate ran quicker. Fate sent Major Overton through the office door just in time to witness the oath. The major understood. Only the day before Uncle Israel had told him of Milly's extremity. Advancing, he flung his arm over Jack's shoulder, and said, the least choke in his voice: "They may call you a deserter, Jack, but by the Lord, you're a white man!"

AN ENGLISH professor recently electrified his class in Modern English Poetry by observing very solemnly: "Furthermore, young gentlemen, in reading Burns be sure to look up all his peculiar phrases in your glossaries. Failing in this you will not get your Wordworth."

Fi, Professor!

TAKE BOTH FREE OFFERS

Free Offer No. 1 Plus Free Offer No. 2

"From Novice to Pilot," including a complete exposition of "How to Run a Motor Boat." This simple, accurate exposition of the motor boat is by Walter S. Goldie, perhaps the greatest authority on this subject alive to-day. Strongly bound, printed from new and perfect plates, this masterly book is full of helpful hints and practical, usable suggestions. The work—complete—is offered you free.

Four Water Masterpieces of the most popular motor-boating subjects of the day. "The Racer," "Speed and Spray," "The Troller," "A Close Finish," are the titles of these splendid, alive-with-vigor water scenes. And they're big, too—16 inches long by 10 inches wide. Their beauty in design, execution and artistic merit will be a constant delight to you. All four are offered you—free.

MoToR BOATING

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MOTOR BOATING



MoToR Boating:

Is, above all, the magazine that helps. It is delightfully interesting, splendidly illustrated and printed on the costliest of paper—but these features are merely incidental to the practical, helpful message it brings month by month, in such departments as "New things for the motor boatman," "New motor boat designs," "Questions and answers." It is in fact the one boating magazine that every motor boatman enjoys and profits in each month.

Merely do this: To secure the famous treatise "From Novice to Pilot," absolutely free, and with it the four beautiful motor boat masterpieces—also free—fill in the coupon opposite, enclosing only a dollar bill, and mail to-day—at our risk. You will at once receive MoToR BOATING itself for a full year and with it the two premiums absolutely free. Fill in the coupon now.

TO ADVERTISERS:

MoToR BOATING is going forward in circulation and advertising faster than any other magazine in this field. The reason is that MoToR BOATING does all that other power boat magazines do, and in addition is spending thousands of dollars in general magazines of national circulation. We believe that advertising is a good thing, and back up our belief with our money.

MoToR BOATING

381 Fourth Ave.,
NEW YORK CITY

Grooked Spines Made Straight



Use the Sheldon Method 30 Days at Our Risk.

YOU need not venture the loss of a penny. No matter how serious your case, no matter what else you have tried, the Sheldon Method will help you and probably wholly overcome your affliction. We are so sure of this that we will make a Sheldon Appliance to suit your special condition and let you decide, after 30 days, whether you are satisfied. We make this unusual offer simply because the 10,000 cases we have treated absolutely prove the wonderful benefit the Sheldon Method brings to spinal sufferers, young and old.

There is no need to suffer longer or to bear the torture of old-fashioned plaster, leather or steel jackets. The Sheldon Appliance gives an even, perfect and admirable support to the weakened or deformed spine and brings almost immediate relief even in the most serious cases. It is as easy to put on or take off as a coat, does not chafe or irritate, is light and cool. The price is within reach of all who suffer. You owe it to yourself, or the afflicted one in your family, to find out more about it. Send for our book free at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 224 3rd Street, Jamestown, N.Y.

Make Your New York Home

THE CUMBERLAND

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF • ATTRACTIVELY MODERN

WHEN you decide to stop at The Cumberland you have chosen a home in New York. The prices are moderate; \$2.50 and up for room and bath to the day-by-day guest. "Permanent" rates to permanent people. Every window screened. Hardwood floor. No carpet holding carpets. Oriental rugs throughout. Booklet for the asking. Advance reservations by wire or letter desirable.

JUST A STEP TO ANYWHERE.

¶ The Broadway car from Grand Central Station or Long Island R. R. passes door. Very near the 50th St. Subway or 53d St. Elevated. All surface cars. 10 minutes walk to 20 theatres. 5 minutes walk to Central Park.

Management of Harry P. Simon

BROADWAY AT 54th ST. NEW YORK

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

CLEANSER AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR. PROMOTES A LUSCIOUS GROWTH. Restores Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents scalp Diseases and Hair Falling Out. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

The Association of American Advertisers has examined and certified to the circulation of this publication. The detail report of such examination is on file at the New York office of the Association. No other figures of circulation guaranteed.

T. J. [Signature] Secretary.

No. 14

What Is a Good Public Utility Bond?

It is a mortgage on the property of the company issuing it. When you buy such a bond you lend the company your money. The interest is usually paid in the form of coupons which are cut off the bond at regular intervals. The security for both the principal and the interest is the company itself—the state and value of its property, the amount of its earnings, the way it is managed, the duration of its franchises, the future of the community that it serves—all subjects for slow and careful investigation by people who know. It is not a matter of opinion. It is a question of facts. All of these facts must be ascertained and approved before any bond can be recommended.

In the case of all bonds offered by N. W. Halsey & Co. these facts are ascertained. This expensive investigation, which would cost too much for any single bond buyer, is a part of the service offered to every customer of this firm.

Our booklet, "The Most Satisfactory Bonds," describes this service and some of the bonds. Sent to anyone interested in bonds.

Ask for Circular G-55

N. W. Halsey & Co.

BANKERS

And dealers in Government, Municipal, Railroad and Public Utility Bonds

New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco
49 Wall St. 1421 Chestnut St. 182 Monroe St. 424 California St.

Bonds For Business Surplus

MUNICIPAL, RAILROAD AND PUBLIC SERVICE

The systematic investment of business surplus in high grade bonds is a policy that enhances mercantile credit and operates as insurance against hard times or tight money. We have prepared an investment letter, number 150 S, on this subject that will interest business men.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS

200 DEVONSHIRE STREET, BOSTON

New York Chicago Denver San Francisco

Readers of Investment News

will find The Weekly Financial Review of J. S. Baché & Co. of value in keeping informed as to the Securities they have bought or intend to buy.

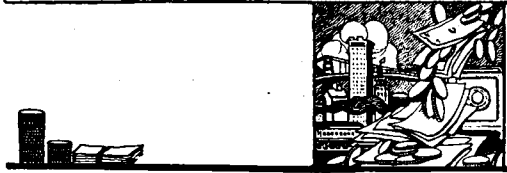
"THE BACHE REVIEW"

is a small four-page Editorial Sheet, which treats broadly and without prejudice current events in the Financial, Commercial and Political World as they bear upon Securities and other Investments and is of interest and value to Investors and Business Men. The Review will on application be mailed regularly without charge to those interested.

J. S. BACHE & CO.

(Members New York Stock Exchange)
BANKERS, 42 Broadway, New York

THE INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR



The Tribulations of the Woman Investor

By Montgomery Rollins

TO THE charge that the average woman knows little or nothing of finance, diplomacy or statesmanship, Mrs. Philip Snowden, the suffragist, fairly shot back the reply: "Neither does the average man."

Our business here is only with the first of these three sciences, for they are almost that, and no one will deny that Mrs. Snowden's bullet went straight to the mark. But the fact still stands out as clearly as the mid-day sun that women, as a class, are inferior to men in the handling of money and its investment. And why should they be otherwise?

As a general proposition, it is not a fact that for generations men have studiously avoided sharing a knowledge of their money matters with their wives or daughters, thus unfitting them for a responsibility that may suddenly become theirs? Is it not also a fact that much more frequently the father confides such matters to a son? Why this mistaken reluctance in the case of the former? Why this unfair discrimination?

Women are Placed in an Unfair Position

The head of a business, as he passes the prime of life, never rests easy until he has assured himself of a partner or successor in some form, competent to continue the business after his death. Yet in no way will he vouchsafe any information to his prospective widow or orphaned daughters. In any event, they are supposed to inherit his property, and why should he not begin their education long in advance? A man will say: "Women can not understand it," and then proceed to die and leave them to flounder around in this ignorance while endeavoring to scramble their way into knowledge. He certainly might have instilled enough of the principles of business into them in a series of years, to make their position somewhat less embarrassing after his demise. A woman's brain may not be judged by the size of her pocket handkerchief. She has a measurable quantity of common sense, and can apply it if men will use elementary language in their instruction, and not talk over her head in words which are to her indefinite and meaningless. The "can not understand" taunt has been heaped upon women so long, that it is a wonder that some of them do not riot in rebellion. It is the act of defining one financial term, or word, by the use of a dozen others just as little understood, that she "can not understand." The husband often takes too much for granted in his teachings; he starts on the basis that she ought to know more than she does. His explanations are sometimes as remote from details as the instructions received by a Scotchman about to visit Florida: "Take steamer to New York, and upon arrival, turn to the left."

The writer remembers a man who refrained from any discussion of his financial affairs with his wife, although she invited his confidence repeatedly, and then, when he made his will, named her his sole executrix.

Upon his death she was called upon to assume the multitudinous cares of a large property, real estate and personal. That woman did not, at that time, know how to draw a check; in those days that was no unusual thing, as few women did. But the real point is that the husband deliberately planned to place the burden upon the wife, in case of his earlier death, and then was perfectly honest in his convictions that she should in no way be prepared to undertake the task.

Good Advice in Lieu of Business Training

If this stubborn determination to preserve silence must be adhered to unbrokenly to the end, then, at least, the will itself might contain some helpful advice. Such was the case of the husband who directed that his wife, his executrix, should buy no security not sanctioned by law as a legal investment for Massachusetts savings banks.

This provision naturally anticipated that such laws would maintain as conservative a tendency as at the time the document was executed; but perhaps, on the whole, no better reading of the future could have been undertaken and no better advice given in so few words. The laws of New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut, as now in force, are all pretty safe to follow as regards permissible investments for savings banks. The laws of other states, such as New Jersey, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, etc., while not as rigid in safeguarding the investment of savings, may, nevertheless, be taken as fairly good guides to the same end.

In all this discussion, it is well to keep in mind that statistics show that longevity favors women rather than men. A woman suddenly burdened with the care of a property, no matter how small, may have to start at the very first rung in the financial ladder, sorely needing the knowledge which could have been gradually imparted to her during a lifetime of intimacy by the man who knew her affairs best; far better than some outsider, who may now have to be called to assist, to the serious inconvenience of all concerned.

Perhaps man inherits this almost universal custom of reticence. Did you ever stop to seek an explanation of why the dog turns round and round before lying down upon the floor? All animal students know. It harks back to the wolf, who trampled the tall grass down in that manner to prepare for himself a bed.

Man is in many ways as slow to change his habits and adapt them to modern conditions as is the dog. In no very remote age it was not thought necessary to educate girls at all. Co-education, in its broad sense, is truly modern.

Before the days of so many servants to lighten the domestic cares, the female portion of the household was too busily engaged with its own duties to find time to acquire any financial knowledge, and it is hardly to be wondered at that the husband made no attempt to enlighten his wife upon the subject.

But with every other condition changed, equal education, greater wealth, numerous servants, simplified housekeeping in flats, etc., the reticence of man remains unchanged.

The Bank Book a Recent Acquisition

Still, with these present day conditions, it is becoming more and more the custom for the woman of the house to have a bank account for household and personal expenses; so much so that trust companies, which largely handle these accounts (they are seldom borrowed upon, and thus two per cent. or more interest can readily be allowed upon reasonable sized ones), are opening branches in the shopping district, vying with one another for the woman depositor. This is really the first prominent, public, complimentary recognition of woman's break from thralldom. We need hardly consider the earlier bucket-shops, situated in the same district for the enticement of the woman gambler; they were neither complimentary nor very public.

Although innumerable laughable blunders have occurred, owing to their several hundred thousand different individual interpretations of how to run a bank account, women have been gathering an insight into money matters, but each day seems to open some new and more complicated question of finance, hedging about the security issues. So, if the average experienced man investor often finds himself at sea over such matters, how much more so must be the untrained woman investor, who has not one-tenth his opportunity to gain knowledge? It is easy to understand why she so often proceeds without any apparent regard to recognized business principles, or almost in contempt of all principles.

Granting that some little recognition is being given womanhood by the world of finance, it is, after all, but a modicum of what she deserves and will eventually obtain. She is to-day a very potent influence in the investment field; an influence which, if combined and acting as a unit is great enough to sway Wall and Lombard Streets in an amazing way. She may almost be said to hold the balance of power. Women could come very near to making and unmaking panics if they wished, and if they would act in unison in their buying of securities, or jettison their cargoes simultaneously.

A study of the tax list of any city will reveal an astonishing amount of wealth in the hands of women; and this does not account for the vast amount of personal property not unearthed by the assessors. There are women stockholders in the Pennsylvania and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Companies and these are but two of the thousands upon thousands of corporations in this great corporation creating country. They own millions upon millions of dollars in cash and income producing property. And yet, in the past, they have been almost totally ignored by the financial world in so far as any attempt to make their ways easier or to educate them to a better understanding is concerned.

BONDS

EVERY idle dollar of your money can and should be made to work as hard as possible without jeopardizing its safety.

We offer bonds issued by municipalities and corporations—which are in fact first mortgages on their taxable assets—that pay from 4% to 6%.

Every one who has even a small amount of money to invest, should

Read Our Free Booklets.

"Bonds and How to Buy Them," and "How to Buy Bonds on the Installment Plan." Write for them. We can mail you every bond that we offer for sale.

OTIS & HOUGH
INVESTMENT BANKERS
306 CUYAHOGA BLDG.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

\$500

May Be Invested

(as well as the customary "\$1,000 or multiples thereof") in the first mortgage steam railroad bonds we are now offering. These bonds will yield the purchaser the unusually high income of 5 1/2%. Yet they are TAX EXEMPT in PENNSYLVANIA, LEGAL FOR SAVINGS BANKS in Maine, and a good income investment anywhere.

Send for our Circular, No. 518
That Meet Requirements

Rudolph Kleybolte Company, Inc.

Investment Bonds

CHICAGO NEW YORK CITY CINCINNATI

7 to 8% Short-Time Loans

DOUBLE SECURITY

If you, either as an INDIVIDUAL or as the OFFICER of a BANK, have \$1,000 to \$5,000 to invest in COLLATERAL LOANS, maturing in four or six months, yielding seven to eight per cent, write me for list of long-established, successful concerns well rated in Dun and Bradstreet, who can use them. Collateral (twice amount of loan, bank and individual references, with further information, furnished on addressing Department C.

WILLIAM A. LAMSON
Formerly National Bank Examiner. Established 1904
50 Wall Street, New York

8% ON MONTHLY STOCK, AN ON TIME CERTIFICATE, by a Local BUILDING & LOAN that has never had a loss. New Series opened every month; Certificates draw interest from day issued. Write for Free literature.
SECURITY SAVINGS & LOAN COMPANY
No. 218 North 21st Street, - Birmingham, Alabama.

Every Investor Needs This

If you knew of an independent authoritative publication giving each month a digest of all the important investment and financial facts and events—

One that has no axe to grind, that represents no "special interests," and has no securities to market.

Would you be willing to pay fifty cents to have it come to you regularly for twelve months?

That publication is "INVESTMENTS," edited by Franklin Escher. Its aim is to give the essential facts in regard to investment developments, to present fundamental principles and to give sound, unbiased advice to investors. Regular subscription price \$1.00 a year.

Special Introductory Offer 50c. a year. Sample copy free.

THE BANKERS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Broadway and Warren Street New York
Publishers of The Bankers Magazine (65 years old)
Send for catalog and circulars of books on investment and financial subjects

Women go about their buying in a quiet, unobtrusive way; do not manipulate this stock or that; usually buy to hold, or at least would, if mankind would not scare them into fits every now and then and cause the making of many a needless sacrifice. This great buying force, buying for investment or permanent holding, is a valuable boon to the bankers. Think of the amounts of bonds and stocks taken off the market in this way!

Would it not be a fair return, a just appreciation of their good offices, for men in general—husbands, brothers and the banking fraternity—to give more thought to this subject?

Many dealers in investment securities are averse to doing any business at all with the average woman, believing that it is unprofitable on account of the time required to explain details. From their lack of knowledge, women are often allowed to break the most common business rules. The banker permits this either through courtesy or charitableness, and often to his pecuniary loss.

It is not so much the lack of understanding of the difference between a bond and a share of stock, for instance, that is especially referred to right here, but a general haziness about details. Possibly an illustration will best serve to make this point clear.

Let us take the simple signing of a letter, for certainly the business community is puzzled often enough by the way the female mind works out its end in the matter of signatures. It seldom seems to occur to them that the recipient of a letter may not necessarily know that the wife of Samuel Johnson is Martha L. Johnson. Suppose a banking house has on its books the account of the husband. He is taken seriously ill, and the wife writes to the bankers, referring to "my husband," and signs the letter "Martha L. Johnson." It is fortunate if such couples as these can be pared off without error.

Variety in Signatures Is Inadvisable

The writer has seen four consecutive letters received in a brief space of time from the same woman, which, to continue the above fictitious name, were signed, the first one, Martha L. Johnson, the second, M. L. Johnson (thus suggesting a man), the third, Mrs. Martha L. Johnson, and the last, Mrs. Samuel Johnson.

Suppose thirty or forty per cent. of the workmen in a factory did not understand English, would it be equitable to issue instructions in that language only? Is the financial column of a newspaper much more intelligible to the uninitiated than Hebrew to a Choc-taw? Financial slang needs a dictionary of its own. Writers in the daily press delight to decorate their columns with the abbreviated talk of the "Street," but are at little pains to furnish an understanding of it. Finance is intricate enough without complicating it with such literary attempts as: "Sugar rose from the bottom of the cup and had a sweet look." "Great laundry establishments are now running overtime."

In all this it is worth while to consider that women are not prone to put money into business, but into investments; or often, sad to relate, into speculation, whereas men naturally can, or should, use only their surplus in this latter field. The former class is almost a simon pure investing one, and, consequently, deserves proportionately the greater consideration from those having such wares to sell.

Another fact worth noting is that this vast fund in the possession of women, which is continuously seeking investment, is mostly inherited wealth; not money earned by the "sweat of the brow" by those now enjoying it. The woman who saves from her own earnings is likely to deposit the surplus, generally a meager one, in a savings bank. And right here investment bankers should give recognition to the relatively large proportion of savings bank deposits that stands in the name of women. So here, again, as the banks invest, the stimulating effect of monied womanhood is indirectly felt for those having funds to raise in the security market.

The writer knows well that bond and stock houses are now making occasional attempts to obtain the custom of women with money to invest. They succeed, for she must go somewhere. But she has a hard time of it, and makes a bad enough mouth over it. She does not understand more than half of what she does and is told, and it is a cruel mortification for her to confess her ignorance by asking many explanations.

It is simplified finance for her benefit for which this is an argument. Circulars, letters, and all the literature of investment are gauged for the experienced and well posted male investor.

But things are mending a bit. The banking houses which are so successfully advertising through the better-grade magazines are getting such an influx of inquiries calling for explanatory answers from all over the land, that they are establishing departments to handle this end of their business. The character of the inquiries and the nature of the replies required are making these houses alive to the need of the hour. The kind of literature some of them are now sending to such inquirers will be likely to put them upon horseback and start them out of this wilderness. Bankers who follow this plan consistently and patiently will not only prove themselves angels of light to a host of investors who have long been blundering in a maze of baffling uncertainty, but will do a good business stroke for themselves as well. There is evidence to show that this practise of enlightenment is profitable.

Saving and Investing

THE SELECTION of sound investments is not a difficult problem. It is but a question of education along comparatively simple lines. And yet, it is a subject deserving of careful study by everyone, but especially by those whose habit it may be to save some part of their earnings, by people dependent upon income, or by business concerns appreciating the wisdom of creating a surplus reserve fund.

The more study you give this subject, the greater will become your conviction that the success of well-informed investors is due for the most part to the efficiency of the organization of their investment bankers.

Let us submit to you three sound investments, each of a distinctly different type, and yielding an average return of

About 5 1/2%

Write for Circular No. 933
"Investment Securities."

Spencer Trask & Co.

43 Exchange Place, New York

ALBANY—BOSTON—CHICAGO
Members New York Stock Exchange

1898-1911

John Muir & Co.

SPECIALISTS IN

Odd Lots

We are brokers on a large scale for men who trade on a small scale—1, 5, 10, 50, 99 or any number of shares.

Send for Circular 222—"Odd Lots"

Members New York Stock Exchange
71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

5% You Can Withdraw Your Money Without Notice at Any Time

Do you realize what an advantage that is to you? Your money is not indefinitely tied up when it is invested in this company.

It is always under your control—always available to meet sudden emergencies. Yet it draws five per cent interest for every day that it is in the care of this Company—and it is safeguarded by first mortgages on improved real estate deposited in trust with one of the strongest financial institutions of this city.

This Company has been in business for fifteen years. It has never been a day late in the mailing of interest checks and has never failed to respond immediately to a request for withdrawal of funds.

Let us send you the booklet telling all about this institution and its plan of doing business. Write today.

The Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.

1042 Calvert Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

A Good 5% Investment

Investing your savings with this Company is the same in effect as taking a mortgage on good real estate, but you have no trouble or expense and you can invest any sum from \$25.00 to \$3,000.00. Your funds are secured by selected mortgages on New York and suburban real estate and other resources of the Company aggregating over \$2,300,000. ESTABLISHED 18 YEARS. Conducted under NEW YORK BANKING DEPARTMENT SUPERVISION

You may open an account by mail, at any time, and withdraw upon short notice. Full earnings paid for every day money is left with us.

Booklet and full particulars upon request. We can probably give as reference some one in your locality.

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO.
3 Times Bldg., Broadway and 42nd St., New York

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—THE NEW YORK OF THE SOUTH. Reconstructed by Commercial Enterprise and Chicago Drem. Wisconsin city. Don't scatter in wild southern drift tracks. Hugslow Lots with free water front; \$10 per front foot. One Tell-the-Truth Bldg. and map free. Write Half Million Club.



The Common Sense of Parcel Post

The organization that is most conspicuously fighting parcel post is the American League of Associations: This league has been flooding the country with literature. Let me quote some of the arguments:

"A general parcel post would interfere with business to the detriment of the country merchant at a long distance from the place of shipment. In other words, if we had a general parcel post, a mail-order concern or manufacturer in New England or in Pennsylvania could ship goods three thousand miles just as cheaply as he could ship them one mile, and the great trade which is developing in the western half of the United States and in the Southwest and in the South would be practically brought to the door of every mail-order distributor in the northeastern quarter of the United States by what would be, in effect, a Government subsidy."

Now, as to how this advantage would be used: The big mail-order houses, so the argument runs, are really catalogue houses. That is, their business depends on their getting their catalogues into the hands of the consumers. Establish a cheap rural parcel post, and catalogues will be sent by freight, for about one cent apiece, to agents at local centers, and there the agents will stamp them and put them in the post-office for cheap delivery. Then, when orders are received from the rural community, the mail-order house will ship its goods to the agent at the distributing point, and the agent will stamp the parcels and deliver them through the local post-office.

When this argument was presented at a Congressional hearing, the following dialogue took place:

Mr. Lloyd (of the committee).—Just at present, under existing law, why can not the catalogues be sent to the same man to whom you refer, and why can he not go to those people, just as you say he would if the law were changed and secure their orders as you say he would do then and have the goods shipped now?

Mr. Maxwell (witness).—He would have to visit every farmer on every route centering in that town in order to be sure that all those catalogues were in the hands of the entire community.

Mr. Lloyd.—He could do that in a single day.

Mr. Maxwell.—I question that, on all the routes.

Mr. Lloyd.—There are only one hundred and he could take the box and go around and distribute them in a single day.

Mr. Maxwell.—That may be possible, but under the conditions now existing the inducement for him to do so is lacking, because the Government would not serve as his delivery agent on catalogue orders, even though he procured them. The minute the mail-order house in Chicago has the guarantee that if they put that box of catalogues in the post-office they are certainly delivered to every rural-order dweller in that section of the country and that purchases from that catalogue, mailed at the local post-office, will be similarly delivered, it makes a certainty of an enormous enlargement of their business, which is to-day a matter of very great uncertainty.

But let us ask why the agent should not deliver the packages as well as the catalogues, parcel post or no parcel post? I doubt if his commissions need amount to more than the postage thus saved.

In this connection, we must remember that the mail-order houses pride themselves upon their remarkably low selling expense, and that the absence of any sort of agents is the principal feature of their argument in accounting for the supposedly low prices of their goods.

Now a parcel post, under any conditions, has two main operations: First, shipments from the country or small town to the larger towns or cities; second, shipments from manufacturing and supply points to (a) the local merchant and (b) the consumer.

Aside from the local trade activity stimulated by exceptionally low local rates, it is doubtful if shipments from the country or small town to near-by points would be greatly stimulated by the parcel post, unless a Government monopoly be firmly established, for the reason that the present short-haul wagon or express rates are lower than any proposed parcel-post rate, except on very small packages. To be of advantage to the shipper the shipments by post would have to be to points at a considerable distance. Nevertheless, for convenience, the farmer would doubtless use the parcel post for small shipments—just as he does abroad.

The large use of the parcel post, it is said, would be on the second operation—shipments to the country or small town—and to the detriment of the small merchant. Let us see:

The wholesale mail-order houses, as it happens, are opposing an extension of parcel post. Likewise among the advocates of parcel post are not found the great retail mail-order houses.

At this point we must make note of a fundamental fact: Mail-order houses are not mail-delivery houses. The only people using the mails for delivery now, or who could use them, under a parcel post system at a rate of eight or twelve cents per pound, are manufacturers of high-grade and costly specialties.

This could include silverware of known standards, razors, expensive small tools and other articles, the value of each being several dollars and the weight of which is in ounces. Other things of greater weight and relatively small value can not and will not move at a transportation charge of eight dollars per hundred pounds, which is what eight cents per pound means. The only exceptions to such a conclusion are the occasional instances where the need is very urgent, and in that case the buyer will certainly supply his wants at home, if possible.

Mail-order houses are not mail-delivery houses, and they could not be mail-delivery houses under a parcel post system embracing shipments of eleven pounds or under.

If all the parcels or articles which could afford a transportation charge of eight dollars per hundred pounds and which could be shipped in packages weighing less than eleven pounds—if all such parcels sold by all the mail-order houses in the country were the business done by one house, the volume of that business would not be enough for that house to pay its postage bills.

To understand that this is so, it is only necessary to examine a shipment by express or a week's shipments by express.

Mail-order houses rely upon express and freight to deliver their wares. Again, any well-considered parcel post system must of necessity handle the short-haul traffic as well as the long-haul, and that short-haul traffic at eight cents per pound will be higher than present short-haul express shipments. The great bulk of small shipments, stated by authorities to be sixty per cent. of all express business, consists of short-haul shipments, and yet the express rates are now lower on such business than such rates would be on a parcel post system.

The big mail-order houses are situated in the large cities—the great commercial centers. Why?

In the large cities all express companies center. From the large cities the mail-order houses reach all parts of the country by shipping with one express company, over one line. They get preferential rates—rates made for the development of their business.

Note the following quotation from the annual catalogue of McGregor Brothers Company:

Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., is the acknowledged headquarters in the United States for the shipping of plants by mail and express, and it is the greatest rose-producing center in the world. It is centrally located geographically, with five express companies—American, Adams, United States, Wells Fargo and Pacific—and has unequalled facilities for receiving and shipping orders and procuring the lowest rates to all parts of the country. This gives you the assurance of getting your order in the quickest possible time, and enables us to guarantee delivery at the minimum rate through one company, for where all these companies are not represented there must be an increase in express rates. Within twenty-four hours we can reach two-thirds of the population of the United States.

One great retail store in Philadelphia, on February 1, 1910, announced as a future business policy that it would "assume and pay all transportation charges on all purchases of five dollars or more for a distance of five hundred miles by freight, mail or express."

This policy, adopted by one of the leading merchants of the world (John Wanamaker), is the real competitive ground upon which the future of the small retailer will be fought.

Outside of a very few centers, large cities within five hundred miles of Philadelphia, no small retailer can secure such freight or express rates as the house which has announced the policy just quoted.

The only basis upon which the small retailer can hope to compete with such a house upon equal terms as to delivery and transportation of his wares is in the Government monopoly of the mail service.

With a parcel post system, this great house will find an increase upon the cost of the delivery of its small parcels when it gets beyond the range of its own direct wagon service.

Now consider for a moment the effect of the local wagon-delivery service of the big retailers. The department stores in the cities have not destroyed the small shopkeeper in the cities; the downtown sections, the outer districts and the suburban villages are full of small retailers doing what seems to be a thriving business, though the great stores are but a few minutes away and their wagons are seen in all the streets.

If the great stores do not destroy the retail stores in the suburbs, then will a mail-order house—not a mail-delivery house—send the village storekeeper to bankruptcy?

Under existing conditions the big mail-order house, so-called, has an advantage, and a decided advantage, over the small merchant who wants to build up his business in the territory around him.

Install a parcel post system and the small merchant will be to some extent relieved of express company domination. He can ship both in and out on specialties or the urgent needs of both himself and his customer at as low a cost as the big houses. His rents are lower. His customers know him. He then can compete with the big city merchant.

What will be the result? In every town where there is a live merchant, he will not only supply the needs of his own local trade, but, owing to the low cost of carrying on his business, will become the competitor, on an equal basis as to transportation charges, of the big city merchant.

We regard it a safe conclusion to say that had a modern parcel post system been established in this country twenty years ago, there would have been no big mail-order houses.

Canada has a parcel post system, but it is very much like ours—weight limit five pounds—and it is also the one other country which permits express companies to compete in the carriage of mail matter.

The T. Eaton Company, of Toronto, Canada, is one of the greatest establishments upon the North American continent. It employs more than fifteen thousand persons. In a recent letter this house said:

GIBFORD

ZIG-ZAG
AUTOMATIC
STROPPER

Complete
with fine
Horsehide
Strip

\$1.00

Makes every shave a delight. No matter what safety razor you use, it will put a perfect, keen shaving edge on the blade in less than a minute.

It pays for itself in a very short time, stops the torture of dull blades and the expense of buying new blades every few months.

Easy to use, and simple in operation. Slip any blade into the holder, move the stropper back and forth on the strip a few times and you are ready for a cool, clean shave with a blade that does not pull or scratch.

The Zig-Zag automatically strips a safety blade the old-fashioned, natural way—as the curve-cut strip produces the same diagonal or draw stroke the barber uses to put the final touch of keenness on his razor.

Light, compact, simple and strong, will give perfect service for years. Travelers like it because it fits into a small space, and the large loop at end of strip permits hanging it anywhere.

Sold by leading druggists, hardware and other dealers everywhere in the U. S. for \$1.00; in foreign countries \$1.50, or sent prepaid from factory on receipt of price if your dealer cannot supply you. Send for our free booklet: "No More Dull Blades For Me."

Gibford Specialty Co.
65 East Fort St.

DETROIT,
MICH.

The
Curve Cut
Strip gives the
barber's stroke.

One model strips any standard
make of safety razor blade.

MY GUARANTEE

I guarantee that you will derive benefit from the use of my system and my "Progressive Exerciser." I guarantee that you will be satisfied. If you are not, simply write me on, at which time I will refund every cent you have paid me.

Signed, Prof. H. W. TITUS.

My course on physical training as used in connection with the

"Progressive Exerciser" has been an intensely successful in the regeneration and restoration of bodily health and vigor that, without further reservation, I am proud to have made the above guarantee. My Most Recent Book

THE "WHYS" OF EXERCISE

It tells about this wonderful little exerciser; it also tells many truths about exercise which are startling to the average reader, giving us the "reasons why" so many systems fail, and proving conclusively that there is but one way to acquire real health and strength. A price for machine and complete course of instruction is extremely reasonable. With request for my book send 4 cents to cover postage.

Prof. H. W. TITUS, 700 Titus Bldg., 156 East 23rd Street, New York

**You Can Dress Well
On \$100 A Week**

**MEN'S FASHIONABLE CLOTHES
MADE TO ORDER
AFTER LATEST NEW YORK DESIGNS**

We will make any honest man buy here. We guarantee a perfect fit. Send for our sample and book of latest New York fashions free.

EXCHANGE CLOTHING CO., (Inc.)
229 Broadway, (Branch) N. Y. 1 Park Place, N. Y. City

ON CREDIT BY MAIL

Choice Virginia Along Chesapeake & Ohio Railway
FAVORS
N. Y. & N. E. AIR LINE. Send for booklet "COUNTRY LIFE IN VIRGINIA" and low excursion rates. Address
K. T. CRAWLEY, Industrial Agent,
C. & O. Railway, Box 35, Richmond, Virginia

for March, 1911

"As regards your inquiry as to what part our parcel post service contributes to our success, we do not give the said service any credit for adding to the success of our business."

It is added that the house ships from the Atlantic to the Pacific, mainly using express companies.

To get ourselves cleanly away from all sophistry on this question of the effect of the parcel post, let us sum up certain logical conclusions.

First: Certain merchandise now moves by express in small packages.

Second: Such merchandise is mainly on short-haul shipments.

Third: A postal system must carry all it attempts to carry.

Fourth: No zone system will ever be established in this country again as a measure of postage rates.

Fifth: A parcel post system rate, the same for all distances, will be as high on short hauls as present express rates.

Sixth: Therefore, a parcel post will not stimulate short-haul business, and there will be no added incentive for more of such business to move under a parcel post system than now moves.

Seventh: A parcel post will harm the express companies; will aid the local retailer; will worry the great merchant; will prove a comfort and convenience to our people.

The need of ninety-two million people for this service is sufficient reason why it should be supplied.

Have we potentially the Government machinery necessary to carry on a full parcel post service?

Obviously, the delivery on a large scale of parcels up to a weight of eleven pounds means a considerable extension of the postal service. On the rural free delivery routes there would be little new equipment necessary—and extra carriers would be put on only as the traffic justified their employment. In the cities there would have to be wagon-delivery service.

An increased volume of business means profit to the post-office. Payment to the railroads would increase, but surely not out of present proportion. The first effect would be not so much to increase the number of post-office cars now in use as to fill up the cars which now run light. And always the putting in service of new cars would be merely the business effect of profitable increase in the volume of traffic. It has been estimated that if the Government carried all packages within the four-pound limit—including the vast number of such packages now carried by the express companies—the postal service would require one extra mail carrier in five and one extra railway mail clerk in five.

The point is that we have the machinery for operating an extended parcel post. We should add to the machinery merely as the volume of traffic made such increase desirable.

Is there anything alarming in this proposition? Are we asking the Government to do more than any enterprising business house would be glad to do? What is the danger to the Government in agreeing to use an existing organization of its own for the handling of increased business which it is quite within the province of that organization to handle?

But our last question: **What will the extended parcel post cost?** Does the annual deficit in the Post-Office Department mean that under present postage rates the traffic can not be profitable? Hardly. It is a business axiom that, given an efficient organization, an increased volume of business lowers operating costs.

In a speech in Congress, Mr. Sulzer gave estimates of the effect which his plan would have on the postal revenues. If the average rural family posted only one ten-cent parcel a week to and from the home and the post town, the additional revenue to the Post-Office Department, under the provisions of the Sulzer bill, would be annually more than forty million dollars—and that from the rural districts alone.

The postal deficit for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1910, was only \$5,848,566.88. A forty-million-dollar increase of business would help!

If a general eleven-pound parcel post were established and the moving-picture companies used it instead of the express companies for the transportation of their films, the postal revenues would be increased by more than seven million dollars.

Now, consider this: The first annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on "Statistics of Express Companies in the United States," shows that base express rates for distances under fifteen hundred miles are six dollars or less per hundred pounds; also that sixty-five per cent. of the mileage operated by express companies lies east of the Missouri River. Does that look as if the Government would lose money on a parcel post carrying all packages under eleven pounds at a rate of eight cents a pound? The express companies wax fat on less. I could add estimates for other shipments which the Government might reasonably be expected to handle with an extended parcel post. But after all these estimates are only estimates.

The main facts are: That an extended parcel post means extended postal business. That we already have the organization and machinery to handle an extended parcel post with merely such additions of men and equipment as are justified by the volume of traffic.

Isn't that enough? Does the parcel post proposition look so dangerous after all?

Then let the Government say, as a business man would say: "We will take all the business we can handle."



NEW ENGLAND stands for conservatism, sound morals and solid principles of doing business. The conservatism of the New Englander is proverbial—the progressiveness and stability of New England industries is fast becoming a topic of keen interest to the investing public all over America.

Thomas C. Perkins

Stocks of New England manufacturing companies, and especially of its best textile industries, have proved and are today one of the safest and best opportunities for investing money, particularly for those who have had the foresight to buy them when they were originally issued.

I have a large clientele of investors of moderate means, who have sought my advice and guidance in the investment of their savings and income for years past. I have won their confidence by sane and safe advice regarding the stocks which I have recommended as safe and profitable investments. I personally subject every security I recommend to a rigid investigation.

I am a specialist in the best dividend paying New England manufacturing stocks. The man with one hundred dollars to invest has just as good a chance as the one with ten thousand. It makes no difference where you live, you can do business with me by mail to your entire satisfaction.

THE USWOCO MILLS, of Lawrence, Mass.

One of the best New England textile manufacturing stocks to be bought today is the 7% Guaranteed Sinking Fund Cumulative Preferred Stock of USWOCO MILLS to net 6.36%.

The following are the fundamental points about this stock:

1. The property is the most modern and up-to-date worsted mill in the United States.
2. It is controlled and operated by the United States Worsted Company, a six million dollar corporation, whose trade methods, selling organization, and management are second to none in the country.
3. Through the operation of the terms of the lease, this Preferred Stock is secured, principal and interest, by the United States Worsted Company, and the security amounts substantially to the same thing as an underlying mortgage on the entire property of the United States Worsted Company, making the payment of interest and ultimate retirement of principal a moral certainty.
4. Under this same lease there is a sinking fund provided, which will afford a good sensible market for this stock at all times and at assured prices.
5. No mortgage can ever be placed upon this plant without the consent of the preferred stockholders.
6. The stock is limited to a total issue of \$1,000,000 and cannot be increased. It cannot be called or retired until January 1, 1931 or thereafter, and only then at not less than \$115 per share plus accrued dividend, so that the purchaser of this stock at the present market price will receive on his investment over 6.36% for twenty years and in addition every year his investment becomes more secure through the action of the Sinking Fund.
7. The demand for the products of the United States Worsted Company has been so great that they have been obliged to operate their four present plants night and day for some time past, and the construction of the Uswoco Mills is for the purpose of taking care of the rapidly growing business.
8. The Old Colony Trust Company, of Boston, the largest and best known banking institution in New England, has been engaged as trustee for the stockholders, to receive all money under the terms of the lease, to see to it that the lease is lived up to in every particular, to pay the quarterly dividends as they become due and to administer the sinking fund. This fact guarantees beyond peradventure that all the terms of the agreement will be performed to the letter.
9. The net earnings of the United States Worsted Company for the past year exceeded five times the amount necessary to pay the year's dividends on the Uswoco Preferred Stock.

I shall be pleased to send you a circular relating to the United States Worsted Company and the 7% Preferred Stock of the Uswoco Mills which I have prepared and which is based on my personal investigation of the conditions. Send for circular A. The present price of the stock is \$110 a share, to net 6.36%. You can buy one share or one thousand.

Send for list of over forty of the leading banks in New England, with whom I carry deposits and do business, to any of whom you may write for references as to my record and integrity.

IF YOU HAVE \$100, \$1,000, OR \$10,000 TO INVEST, NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE—WRITE ME TODAY

THOMAS C. PERKINS Incorporated 32 Connecticut Mutual Building, Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.



A New Era in Power Boat Prices!

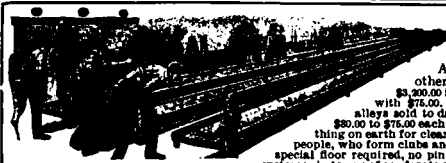
Mullins 1911 Steel Power Boats at extraordinary prices! All the style—the value—of the noted Mullins line at moderate figures! Mills of steel giving strength and long life never known in old-style boats—keels metal covered.

Mullins Steel Motor Boats—1911 Models

24 and 26 ft., \$400 and up; 16 and 18 ft., \$115 and up

These boats cannot sink. They possess all the leading features of the robust Mullins boats—air-tight compartments, power plant under cover, One Man Control, Silent Under Water Exhaust and start like an automobile. Will carry more, with comfort and safety, than any other boats of their size. We make many other styles. Send for handsome FREE catalogue.

THE W. E. MULLINS CO., 105 Franklin St., SALEM, OHIO



AMERICAN BOX BALL CO. 517 Van Buren Street, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

\$513 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an Investment of \$150

is the result from operating one American Box Ball Alley. Two others cleared over \$2,000 in first year. Four others over \$1,200 in two months. Four others took in \$3,000 in nine months. Go in this business yourself. You can start with \$75.00. We let you test it without risking any money. Nearly 1,000 alleys sold to date. More popular today than ever. These alleys pay from \$30.00 to \$75.00 each per week in any town. No gambling device, but the best thing on earth for clean amusement and physical exercise. Patronized by the best people, who form clubs and bring their friends. No expense to install or operate. No special floor required, no pin box needed. Receipts nearly all profit. We sell only one customer in town of moderate size. Write today the best and easy way to start.

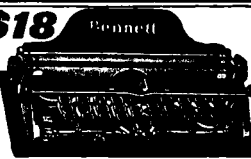
A Perfect Portable Typewriter for \$18

The Bennett Portable is the handiest typewriter in existence. Weighs but 4½ lbs. and slips into your grip or pocket, ready to turn out neat work on train, at hotels or anywhere. High grade construction; made by experts in the Elliott-Fisher Billing Machine Factory. Guaranteed fully. Standard keyboard, 24 Characters. Low price because simply made of few parts.

Put the Bennett to a 10 Day Practical Test

You can be business-like in your correspondence no matter where you are. Let us send you catalog, sample of work and our 10 day free trial offer. Send us your request today.

B. O. Bennett Typewriter Co., 365 Broadway, New York, N.Y.



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.

\$3,000 to \$10,000 Per Year For You

If you want to make money—If you want to establish yourself in an independent business requiring no capital—Send me your name and address on coupon below, for a postal will do and I will mail you, free, our **Real Estate Book**, fully explaining just how you can get yourself to earn big money in the **Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance Business**. Our thoroughly tested successful system not only shows you fully on every point of Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance, we also give you, free, a valuable course in Commercial Law. Our Free Book is of great interest to anyone, but is of vital importance to Clerks, Bookkeepers, Salesmen, Agents, Solicitors and others who are ambitious to be in a good paying business of their own.

International Realty Corp., 1556 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago
Successors to The Cross Co. and H. W. Cross & Co.

This Book Shows You How to Succeed in Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance

This 62 Page Book FREE

Send no money, but merely your name and address on a postal or on the Coupon below.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Bicycle Agents Wanted.

To Ride and Exhibit Wheels

Remarkable Special Offer to Introduce the Famous "America" Bicycles in Certain Sections of the United States—Big Opportunity to Riders!

All middlemen's profits are knocked off "America" Bicycles to men who will ride and exhibit the biggest value wheel in the world! This special offer applies to territories where we want the "America" well introduced.

Manufacturer's Factory-to-Rider Price! "America Truss Frame Bicycle" and "America Coaster-Brake Diamond Flyer Bicycle" are guaranteed 10 years—twice as long as any other wheel, because built twice as good—will last a lifetime! They are shipped on **Free Trial—completely equipped—NO EXTRAS TO BUY!** The "America" is insured! (See Catalog.) A postal or letter brings you a special offer and catalog **FREE!** It's a penny we spend, it will save you dollars on your wheel. Write today to

America Cycle Mfg. Co., Dept. 104
119 Michigan Ave. (The Old-Reliable Bicycle House) Chicago, Ill.

WHY GO TO COLLEGE? TO LEARN BOOK-KEEPING WHEN I WILL MAKE A FIRST-CLASS BOOK-KEEPER at Your Own Home

IN SIX WEEKS FOR \$2500 REVENUE MONEY! Fairview! Distances and experience considered! **FREE POSITION!** See EVERYTHING FREE! Diamond paid! Set 1: \$250.00. Postage 10c plus phone fee, local. Have a **FREE TEST!** MARK J. H. GOODWIN, EXPERT ACCOUNTANT, Room 922, 1216 Broadway, New York.

\$20 to \$50 WEEKLY

Selling the Automatic Combination Tool in your home country. A Fence Builder's Tool, Post Putter, Lifting Jack, Chain Wrench, etc. Sold by Farmers, Tentmen, in Factories, Mills, Mines, etc. **Weight 24 lbs. Capacity 5 tons. No experience necessary. Free instruction. Write today for special offer to sell agents. Send no money. Write County where you live.**

AUTOMATIC JACK CO.
23 Main St., Bloomfield, Ind.

BOW LEGS ARE UNSIGHTLY

Those afflicted with bow legs should wear the "Perfect Leg Form" and overcome this deformity. Trainers having perfectly straight. Made of the highest grade aluminum. Light, sanitary, durable and inexpensive. Easily put on and are adjustable to any size. Highly recommended by doctors. Send for our booklet showing photos of men wearing our Trainers and as they appear without them. Address

"THE PERFECT" SALEM CO.,
802 E. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

BARODA DIAMONDS.

Flash Like Genuine

STYLE IN 1/40 the cost—in solid gold rings. Stand acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. See them first—then pay. Special Offer: \$10.00. 14K Gold 1/20 \$25.00. 18K Gold 1/20 \$35.00. 22K Gold 1/20 \$45.00. 24K Gold 1/20 \$55.00. C. O. D. No Importation. Catalog **FREE**, shows full line. Patent rings included. 10 each. Baroda Co., Dept. 49, 1450 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

U.S. METAL POLISH

Highest Award, Chicago World's Fair, 1909. Exclusive Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904

BOUGHTEN PANTS

[Continued from page 18]

very long time to wear bloomers. In spite of his swagger of war clothes, deep in the heart of his heart Dan knew that his pants were not only queer but that they were girl's garments; it was that that hurt. And a whole week spent thus ignominiously garbed seemed almost more than he could bear. Even if he had put a gratifying fiction between him and Truth, Truth grimaced at it and mocked him.

If only a runaway horse could come along with a rich man in the buggy and he would stop the horse and the man would say: "Here, boy, is \$5.00 for your brave act!"

Most likely, though, it would be a woman who would be driving; a man would not let a horse get away like that. Or supposing a house should burn up and he should rush in and save so many things that the owner would say: "You have saved to me five times more than three dollars and fifty cents' worth of stuff."

Or what if he should find a purse and return it—These bright visions were interrupted rudely by the voice of old Mrs. Sill. "Hey!" she called. "Have you seen my swell-boy?"

"Who's your swell-boy?" asked Dan.

"Why," said Mrs. Sill in a tone of surprise that there remained in the world anyone who didn't know that fact. "Hen McGuire's my swell boy. He hasn't been here for four days, and my bucket's full; and more'n that," she went on, "there's been a pile of trash waiting to go to the dump this ever so long. If you want to do it, I'll give you ten cents."

In this unalluring guise did Fortune first perch upon the shoulders of Daniel. Great fortunes have been founded on smaller things, and Fate willed it that he should, in performing this humble task for Mrs. Sill, meet his aunt for the second time.

"What are you doing, Dan?" she inquired.

"Making money," said Dan. "Making money to buy me clothes," he added, scowling.

"Well, of all the boys!" his relative replied. "Instead of doing dirty work like this, Dan, it seems to me you might have come to me. I've got a lot of work on the grounds that I'll pay for."

"Have you?" said Dan, without enthusiasm.

His aunt had often suggested that he could turn a penny in working for her; but there's a lack of romance in working on the immaculate grounds of one's aunt that is even more depressing than feeding the Perry pigs or wheeling refuse to the town dump. One could imagine one is doing things—the dump, anyway, is an alluring place—one can pretend a ship was wrecked there—there are any amount of things one can pretend with a dump. But somehow, working for Aunt Lucilla was just working for Aunt Lucilla. Inside her evergreen hedge the active imagination of Daniel Crafts drooped and died. He was just a poor relation; no longer was he the leader of the gang; no longer was he an adventurer on the sea of life. His personality in his eyes became reduced to a mere speck. He was merely an absurdly garbed nephew of the overpowering Mrs. Stratton.

Besides that, he hated his cousin Fannie. She told him that she loved him as though he were her own brother. Indeed, he suspected that she would have kissed him had he permitted it. But under her outward kindness he suspected her of being stuck-up—as stuck-up as her mother.

But anything at this juncture to earn money. First, however, he must know where he stood. He swallowed once or twice—it took courage—then eyed his aunt sternly. "What'd you want done?" he demanded. "What'll you give me?"

"I'll give you fifty cents for working three afternoons, raking leaves and doing odd jobs," his relative responded.

The next three bright afternoons he spent in uninspiring toil. He lightened his work a little by making believe he had been sold into slavery. Observing his actions, his aunt said:

"That boy doesn't do a bit of work when my eye isn't on him. The minute his eye catches sight of me he works like a Trojan."

She didn't know that she was playing the part of the cruel overseer and that Daniel accelerated his speed at her approach because he feared the cruel lash, and it was faintness from the heat of the sun that caused him to work so slowly as she departed. The faintness of death, in fact, almost overtook Daniel at times and there were moments when he would have made for the Everglades but for the presence of the blood-hounds.

The last afternoon he worked better; he had overcome his mortal sickness and was now working his way to freedom. So when he came to claim his reward his aunt smiled upon him.

"Well, for you, you didn't do so bad," said she. "If you were n't absent-minded like your pa you might be quite a smart boy. And I'm going to tell you what I'm going to do for you, Dan. I don't like to see you in Fannie's bloomers any more than you do, and instead of giving you fifty cents—"

Daniel's heart beat wildly for a brief second; his active imagination had seen his aunt turned from the sour-faced old witch that she looked to a fairy godmother bearing boughten clothes in her hands.

"Instead of fifty cents," pursued the lady, "I'm going to give you a real good suit of your uncle's clothes. They're made of worsted like you can't buy

to-day, but since your uncle fleshed up he don't take no comfort in 'em and you can take 'em right home now and your ma can cut 'em right up for you."

Benevolence fairly oozed from her. She was as sure of pleasing him as had been his mother the morning she brought him Fannie's made-over bloomers with such trusting faith. But his mother was one person and his Aunt Lucilla another. Here was no place for chivalry.

"You promised me fifty cents," he cried. "You said you'd give me fifty cents! I've worked three afternoons and you said you'd give me fifty cents!"

"Fifty cents!" replied his aunt. "Why, these clothes are worth five dollars from any old-clothes man—they're really worth fifteen dollars. Clothes were what you were working for, and clothes are what you're going to get. Take 'em and run along!" She spoke with finality, putting over his limp arm his uncle's august worsted suit.

Many a time had Daniel seen that same suit on the then slenderer form of Mr. Stratton as he passed around the plate on Sundays. He hated that suit; he always had hated it as one might hate a somber and disagreeable person who appears only at the sad moments of life. For Daniel Crafts was n't an ardent church-goer. Church was one of the places you couldn't do anything in; you couldn't even make believe. It was worse for that than his aunt's grounds.

His entire spirit arose in rebellion. *This* was what he had worked for! *This* was why he had toiled in the hot, broiling cotton fields with the sun beating down on his almost dying head. It was for *this* he had borne the overseer's lash. For his uncle's old worsted suit!

Instead of going home, mechanically his feet took the road to the village. Society and dissipation were what he needed. As he passed the peanut stand recklessness surged over his soul. He would spend his last ten cents—that hard-earned money. He laid it out between chewing gum and the lethal-hued candy and peanuts which he distributed glumly among his henchmen, keeping only the gum for himself. Even the admiring glances of his friends for his princely act gave no bound to his spirits.

As he was about to wander toward home he saw the form of a peddler from Cromley, the nearest town. He was a bent over old man with a hooked nose and a German accent and sharp peering eyes. He exchanged tin pans for rags and paid cash for old garments. Dan knew it because he had been present at an excited controversy as to whether one ought to save one's old clothes for the poor and the Salvation Army or whether one should make small sums in hard cash from them. His mother proclaimed that it was very poor-folksy and mean to sell your own clothes.

With an inspiration born of despair Dan called to the man. His aunt's estimate as to the price he found entirely wrong. Shiny spots were exposed to his view, not to say threadbare ones; moth-eaten places in the arm were held up to him. Dazed by a torrent of words, unused to bartering, Daniel presently found himself the possessor of a dollar bill and three quarters, while the rag and old-clothes man was driving briskly off in the direction of Cromley.

Daniel started for home, laden of heart. The three quarters jingled in his pocket; the feeling of the dollar did not heighten his spirits. Not even passing Warton's window, where the desire of his heart was, did any good. It did n't help any to pretend he had committed a highway robbery. He was still a long way off from real pants—a whole dollar and seventy-five cents—and meantime he would have to tell, sooner or later, what he had done with his uncle's clothes. After all, you can't sell your uncle's venerable worsteds, that you have seen walking piously up and down church aisles from your earliest recollections, to a greasy old-clothes man without some compunctions. And besides, he had contracted to do that work for fifty cents and now he had been paid one dollar and seventy-five for it. An awful thought bred of the irritating New England conscience came over Dan. Ought he not to take back \$.25 to his aunt? His heart lost a beat at this thought. Before now conscience and what he wanted to do had had some awful bouts, none the less soul-racking that what he wanted to do had always come out on top.

Reluctantly he turned in at his front gate. The cheerful noises of the Crafts family smote his ear all unheeding. The only sound that he heard was that of his aunt's voice. Proud of her munificence she had come to have the pleasure of telling it to her sister with her own lips. Dora and the baby were playing with a train of cars, the baby performing the part of engine with great cleverness for one so young. The twins were sliding down the banisters; occasionally one fell off and wept. From above came a curious noise as of subdued machinery. By this Dan knew that his older brother, Emery, was locked in his room occupied with mysterious pursuits. His father was reading by the lingering bit of daylight by the window; his mother placidly listened to his aunt. When a child fell to the floor, when the baby let out a whoop louder than usual, his aunt jumped sensitively, but amid all this chaos Mrs. Crafts rocked as placidly as ever, as if she were in the silence of the desert.

"He didn't seem pleased," Mrs. Stratton was saying as her nephew entered the room. "Here he is now! . . . Where," she asked, "are your uncle's black worsted clothes that I gave you? What have you done with them?"

Daniel paused. Silence fell. His aunt's questioning eyes sought his, and as though she could scent something wrong, she asked: "What have you done with them, Dan?"

Mr. Crafts read on, oblivious to the noise. Mrs. Crafts rocked back and forth. Dora only paused, open-mouthed, to listen.

"I have n't got 'em," said Dan.

"Have n't got 'em!" echoed his aunt. "Why, you had 'em half an hour ago. Haven't got 'em!"

And here Dan burst forth:

"No, I haven't got 'em! I don't want 'em! I sold 'em! I sold 'em to the old-clothes man for \$1.75. Here's the money. Take it!"

And then the pent injustice of years found vent in speech, even in the presence of so many grown-ups.

"I want pants. I want boughten pants. Pants that's bought in stores is what I want! Pants made over from pa's, pants made over from Emery's, pants made over from ma's flannel skirts—there ain't anything that I ain't had pants made over from that you could think of. Once I had 'em made from an old felt table-cover. And I was working, working to get 'em, and she said she would give me fifty cents, and all she give me was his old black worsteds. An' I got ten cents already saved." Daniel's voice rose louder and shriller, and burst even into the consciousness of his father, who laid down the work of the Humboldt science series that he was reading and surveyed the scene. Mrs. Crafts's little young face looked like that of a troubled bird.

"To think," Mrs. Stratton was murmuring, "that Henry's Sunday clothes were sold to an old-clothes man—his best worsted for years sold to an old-clothes man."

Mr. Crafts put his spectacles aside.

"What's all this about pants, son?" he asked.

"What are you wearing, anyway, Dan?"

"What am I wearing?" repeated Daniel, fiercely. "I'm wearing my cousin Fannie's gymnasium bloomers made over; that's what I'm wearing. And she wanted me to wear Uncle Henry's Sunday clothes made over. And I won't! I won't wear anything made over any more."

His father surveyed the little figure for a moment and then burst out laughing.

Her brother-in-law's sense of humor, jumping out on one when least expected, was one of the things that Mrs. Stratton could least tolerate in the Crafts family.

"Well," said she, "if the disgrace of this just makes you laugh, I'm going home." She sailed majestically out and the door banged behind her.

Silence fell upon the people in the sitting-room; a silence interrupted only by the bumps and screams of the twins who were sliding down the banisters and falling off with the precision and regularity of some huge mechanical toy.

Mrs. Crafts rocked placidly back and forth. Her brow had cleared. She spoke:

"I'm glad Lucilla's gone," she said, and continued rocking.

And then Mr. Crafts arose. "Come on, son," was all he said.

"What you going to do, father?" inquired Mrs. Crafts.

"Do?" said Mr. Crafts. "I'm going to get this boy his store clothes, Susan." He spoke in a tone of mild and beneficent surprise. "Why, he'll be robbing the bank next, to get enough money," he added, with that ill-timed and goading facetiousness that elders have in crucial moments.

But Daniel could bear this.

"The three-dollar-and-fifty-cent ones, pa?" he asked. "The three-dollar-and-a-half kind—the blue with the white line in 'em?"

His father nodded. He was a man of few words.

The next morning, Dan, who had waked up from time to time ever since daylight to view the clothes lying upon the chair by his bed, dressed rather late. The gladness of the night before had somehow faded. The clothes felt stiff. An awful self-consciousness seized him—a self-consciousness worse than he had experienced when he had gone forth in his cousin Fannie's bloomers. He felt for the first time the sickening disillusionment of having obtained the heart's desire. There seemed nothing to live for; life spread out before him flat and monotonous. This uncomfortable feeling he attributed to remorse at having sold his uncle's clothes.

Avoiding conversation with his family, he started for school. Two of the fellows in the gang were hanging around the corner waiting for him. They were comfortably dressed in patched trousers and sweaters. At the sight of their leader arrayed thus gorgeously, they circled around him and let forth whoops of uncontrolled surprise.

Dan's square shoulders became squarer. He lowered his flaming head in a menacing fashion and strutted up to them gloomily.

"What ails you?" he demanded. "Do you want me to get and get on my war clothes?"



OREGON ORCHARDS

Are Makers of Fortunes

Oregon fruit leads the World. Oregon Apples have for the last two years captured all of the principal prizes at the National Apple Show while Rogue River Valley Pears are considered by every one to be in a class by themselves. The annual earnings of the orchards in which this fruit is grown exceeds \$500.00 an acre; five acres are better than a \$1000.00 a year job. The fruit growers of the Rogue River Valley are among the most prosperous people in America—and through us, you may share in this prosperity.

Our Co-operative Profit Sharing Plan

"The Unit System of Ownership" as applied to Orchard Property was planned for non-residents—like yourself. The financial side has been brought within the reach of every single reader of this magazine who is willing to lay aside \$7.00 to \$14.00 a month during a period of forty months. You can add \$500.00 to \$3000.00 to your present annual income if for a short time you are willing to lay aside a little each month. You can provide yourself with an income such as no other safe investment can pay you. If after investigation, you decide to take an interest in this Orchard, you will be associated with Mr. H. B. Tronson, the Apple King of the World who is the President of our Company. Remember, we do not ask you to invest a cent until you have carefully and 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 and that it is composed of business men and practical orchardists whose moral and business reputation are above reproach for if they were not this advertisement would not be allowed to appear in Success Magazine.

Start your investigation today by sending coupon. The book—"The Apple King"—is free—full of valuable information. Address

Rogue River Commercial Orchard Co. Dept. 10
Home Office, Medford, Oregon
Eastern Office, 726 Missouri Trust Building, 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.....

Freight Paid on Trees

SHRUBS, PLANTS AT THE LOWEST PRICES EVER OFFERED

Our new catalogue, which is sent free, tells all about these remarkable money-saving offers. Write to-day for a copy. Send ten cents and we will send the catalogue and a beautiful Hard Plant.

THE RICH LAND NURSERIES Box 108, Rochester, N. Y.

"Rochester is the Tree Center of the World"

Send Me 10 Cents
and the address of two flower-loving friends and I will send you thirty seeds of the

Giant Marguerite Carnation

which blooms in 4 months from sowing; also my bargain collection of *Double Snow Pinks*, 100 each; *Shirley Daisies*, over 40 varieties; *Asters*, finest colored *Scaberrima*, 20 kinds; also *FREE*, "Floral Culture" and my handiwork illustrated 18th. Ab.

MISS C. H. LIPPINCOTT, Pioneer Seedsmonger
Dept. 62, Hudson, Wis. (One hour's ride from Minneapolis)



Fish Bite

like hungry wolves and keep you busy if you go after them with my wonderful fish-baiting balls

MAGIC-FISH-LURE

Best fish bait ever invented. You catch a big string of fish while the other fellows are waiting for a bite. Price 25c. a box. Positively guaranteed. Write for Free Booklet and my special offer of one box to help introduce it.

J. F. GREGORY, Dept. M, St. Louis, Mo



Grow Mushrooms

For Big and Quick Profits.

Ten years experience enables me to give practical instructions that will add \$4 to \$60 per week to your income without interfering with regular occupation. For full particulars and free book, address JACKSON MUSHROOM FARM, 5850 N. Western Ave., Chicago, Ills.



THIS MAN

and a thousand others have secured good positions as Traveling Salesmen through our Free Employment Bureau recently, and earn from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year. There are hundreds of other such positions now open. No experience needed to get one of them. We will assist you to secure a position where you can get Practical Experience as a Salesman, and earn \$100 a month or more, while you are learning. Write today for our free book, "A Knight of the Grip," and list of good openings, also testimonials from hundreds of men we have recently placed in good positions. Address nearest office.

Dept. 121 National Salesmen's Training Ass'n.
Chicago New York Kansas City Seattle New Orleans

Be Careful in ordering by mail from our advertisers to write your name and address plainly. A little care in this will save all such trouble. Better mention Success Magazine, too.

and the princess has since lived the grand life in various parts of Europe. She has houses in Paris and Venice and entertains lavishly, her income being about \$500,000 a year.

Another marriage that turned out badly is that of a young woman, daughter of a rich and very prominent American (United States Minister abroad), who married a duke and is said to have loved him devotedly. He treated her outrageously, however, and finally told the duchess that she was repugnant to him, that he never wished to see her again and that she could take any steps she pleased for obtaining a divorce. He virtually admitted that his sole reason for marrying her was to get the \$200,000 that her father had settled on him. There was nothing for the unfortunate duchess to do but obtain a divorce, which she finally did. She now leads a secluded life in Paris, getting what comfort she can out of religious works. I am assured that she still loves this cynical nobleman.

A marriage thought to be happy is that of a rich American widow to an extremely well-known baron who put aside a Polish beauty (the mother of his children) to marry the lady. Her daughter, by an American husband, married a count and has two children. She also is happy, I am told.

An unhappy union is that of a very attractive American woman (her father was a United States Senator) who, as a schoolgirl in the West, declared that she knew nobody prettier than herself and she purposed to make a great marriage, which she did by marrying a rather worthless fellow who happened to bear one of the great names of France.

Happy marriages were made by three very wealthy girls, daughters of a distinguished member of the New York Yacht Club. One married a Danish count, the second a French marquis and distinguished scholar, the third a titled friend of King Edward and accused of cheating at cards.

An unhappy marriage was that of the granddaughter of a well-known New York banker. She married a count who left her after a few years. They had two daughters, one of whom also became a countess and was the heroine of the blue diamond mystery which involved her jealous husband and a Russian diplomat. It was a fascinating story, but it wrecked two homes.

Another unhappy union was that of a Philadelphia girl belonging to a well-known, rich old family, who married a mediocrity German prince. This looked like a love match, for he gave up everything to make her his wife; his place at the head of the family and his opportunity to marry royalty. Things went badly, however. The princess was not received at court, and finally, with her two children, she returned to Philadelphia. She retained her title, and the two little girls are now called countesses by their playmates!

The Sad Lot of the International Child

The vision of those two unfortunate little ones, the Countess Lily and the Countess Janey, toddling along Chestnut Street, within sound of the Liberty Bell, brings us to the crux of this whole question; that is, the fate of children born from international marriages. It's all very well for the heiress mother to have her fling abroad and taste of the grand life, even if it be bitter, but how about her babies? What sort of a grand life do they get?

The fact is, and here there is no dissenting opinion, the children get decidedly the worst of it. They pay for the faults and follies of their parents. From infancy they are quarreled over by two sets of irreconcilable relatives and they grow up half and half—half American, half European, half "noble"—and it's a wonder if they are not half ignoble. Living abroad, they, especially the girls, prefer European life. The boys, too, are virtually foreigners, but not the real thing. They are fake foreigners just as they are fake Americans. They speak English with a slight accent, and even though they spend some years at Harvard or Cornell, as happens, and declare themselves American citizens, they do this, usually, simply to escape military service. This shows the quality of their patriotism!

Let me conclude with the reflection of a thoughtful American woman who knows this subject well: "Europe stands for memories, America for hopes. The transplanted American girl is charmed, at first, by Europe's atmosphere of the past. She is enthusiastic over ancestors and old furniture and great families and family tombs. But, by and by, her youth and native hopefulness reasserts itself. She begins to stifle, as if she had been sitting too long in a musty cathedral. She wants to get out into the air where the sun is shining; where there is life and growth. And if she has children, she longs for a future for them such as America offers. She would give her sons a chance to make names for themselves rather than live off a specter of titled glory descended from some mouldering ancestor."

Summing it all up, one may say that man needs three things for his happiness: work, recreation and affection. America has developed supremely the genius of work but has neglected the other two. America can teach Europe how to hustle, but Europe can teach America how to play and how to make love. If America would only learn this lesson and transform some of its hustling energy into love making and play, our heiresses would probably stay at home and marry their own countrymen.

BOOKLOVERS SHAKESPEARE



40 Vols. Like This—7x5 in.

CLEARANCE SALE OF DAMAGED SETS

HAVING arranged for prompt delivery of another large edition of the Booklovers Shakespeare, and desiring to open the season with new stock exclusively, we offer without reserve every set now on hand. Some of these are in almost perfect condition, but here and there a volume shows slight signs of handling or perhaps its cover is a trifle discolored. Not one person in a hundred would notice these blemishes and most publishers would trust to their passing unnoticed. Our method, however, is to forestall possible criticism, and offer the books at a sweeping cut in price, a cut which more than offsets any slight imperfections. Such a bargain may never again be in your reach. **Do not delay.**

Every Word Shakespeare Wrote

The Booklovers is admittedly the best Shakespeare in existence. It is printed in large type and with ample margins, from new and perfect plates, on pure white paper of a very high grade. There are 40 dainty volumes of great beauty, 7x5 inches (just the size for easy handling), 7000 pages in all, handsomely and durably bound in half-leather and superbly illustrated. There are 40 full-page plates in colors and 400 reproductions of rare wood-cuts. The Booklovers is an absolutely complete and unabridged edition of Shakespeare. Each volume contains a complete play and all the notes that explain that play. These notes are the most complete and valuable ever offered to readers of Shakespeare.

You Get the Entire Set for \$1.00

No deposit. Examination costs nothing

An entire 40-volume set of the BOOKLOVERS SHAKESPEARE will be sent for examination, prepaid, to any address, if you will fill up and return promptly the coupon in the corner. *Use for no money now.* We allow you ample time for a careful, intelligent and unprejudiced examination of the set in the comfort and privacy of your own home. If you are disappointed you may return it at our expense. If you are satisfied—and we know you will be—that the Booklovers Shakespeare is without a peer, you retain possession of the entire 40-volume set and send us \$1.00 only. The balance may be paid at the rate of \$2.00 a month. *Can anything be fairer than this proposition?*

You Must Act Quickly

You will probably miss your chance if you don't send the coupon at once, as many keen and intelligent bargain hunters will respond eagerly to this opportunity. The regular price of the Booklovers when sold through agents is \$98.00. You can get a set now for \$25.00, and you have the privilege of paying for it a little each month. Any commentary on this fact would only weaken its importance. Send the coupon now—before you forget.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY

44-60 E. 23rd ST., NEW YORK



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



I am the Original Fireless Cooker Man

Rapid FIRELESS COOKERS

Reduce the Cost of Living

It's an actual fact that my Fireless Cooker saves 75% of your fuel bills, 75% of your time and worry, it cooks your food 75% better and you will never keep house again without one, once you have tried it. I am the original Fireless Cooker Man. I sold 30,000 Fireless Cookers last year. Nearly every cooker sold brings me from one to four customers—friends of the first customers.

Special Price Proposition On 10,000 Cookers

Just now I am going to make a special price proposition on 10,000 lot of my cookers to further introduce them into new localities. You'll be surprised and delighted at the low, direct figure I will quote you on just the cooker you want right from the factory.

Don't you want to write a postal today for this proposition? Remember my Cookers are the latest improved, most up-to-date cookers on the market. Mine is the old, original, genuine, Rapid Fireless Cooker.

Sold on 30 days' free home test. Order one of my Cookers, use it in your home for a full month, then decide whether you want to keep it or not.

My motto is Low Prices and Quick Sales. My Rapid Cooker is the cleanest, most sanitary Cooker made. No pads, or cloth lining. All metal, easily kept clean, and with proper care will last a lifetime. Beautifully finished cases with dust proof tops.

Send for catalogue and full description, together with special price. Also, I will send you recipe book of 125 different dishes to be cooked in my rapid cooker.

Remember my cooker Roasts, Bakes, Fries, Boils, Steams and Stews, and any all kinds of food most deliciously. Answer this advertisement and get full particulars.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL COMPANY, DEPT. 256, DETROIT, MICH.



The National Post

a fortnightly magazine of character and purpose, is owned by the people of America. It can not be bought off or diverted from the fight against incorporated wrong. It begins publication this spring.

Further, The National Post Company has just acquired the right to control and publish

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

This combination means economy, efficiency and continued editorial independence.

SUCCESS, the monthly, will not change except to grow better. We are going to make it more beautiful, more vigorous, more helpful, more entertaining—that is all.

Dr. Orison Swett Marden will continue his regular monthly contributions.

The National Post, the fortnightly, will interpret the news and facts of the world and deal with the problems and personalities of the nation. It will have a strong, old-fashioned editorial page.

The contributing editors, forming a regular staff, are Will Irwin, Judson C. Welliver, Frederic C. Howe, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Walter Prichard Eaton, Charles Edward Russell, Rev. Newman Smyth and Mary Heaton Vorse. With the other associate writers they form the strongest group ever assembled on a single publication.

We shall have more to say about The National Post in the April number of Success Magazine.

The National Post Company

E. E. Garrison, Pres. and Treas.; David G. Evans,
Vice Pres.; Samuel Merwin, Sec'y and Editor

Publishers of Success Magazine
and The National Post