SUCCESS MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
Founder and Contributing Editor

CONTENTS FOR APRIL

Cover by FRANCES ROGERS

DEPARTMENTS

Our Advertisements

We guarantee our subscribers (of record) against loss due to fraudulent misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue, provided that *mention of* SUCCESS MAGAZINE *it 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 (April) issue*; if a red pencil cross it expires with the next (*May*) issue.

Subscriptions to begin with this issue should be received by April 15; to begin with May, should be received by May 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.

Success Magazine Guide to Advertisements and Advertisers

The First Warm Breath of Spring is the Signal to Get Out the Paint Brush

There are lots of things in and about the house that the scrubbing and rubbing of Spring house-cleaning will not make presentable. Scratches and mars will disfigure varnished surfaces. The enamel on bath-room fixtures, refrigerator, etc., will become dingy and rubbed. The paint on the floors shows the heel-marks and scuff of a hard Winter's wear. It's a very simple matter to make everything look bright and new—the right brushes and

ACME QUALITY

Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes

will accomplish wonders—and add years of life and service to the articles refinished. Good paint is a necessity in any well regulated home. In using Acme Quality products you know that you have a paint, enamel, stain or varnish *just right* for any surface you wish to cover—each the best of its kind to be had. As examples—

Acme Quality Varno-Lac is a stain and varnish combined. It has a thousand uses. Flows evenly and does not show brush marks. Leaves a brilliant, tough, durable surface that lasts for years. Reproduces the colors of expensive woods exactly. Easily applied.

Acme Quality House Paint. A house paint that experience and use have proved most perfect. Will not fade, crack or blister. The colors are rich and permanent. Withstands all kinds of weather. Ask your painter about it.

Acme Quality Varnishes—made in a variety of brands—each to fit some particular purpose. The best grades of rubbing and polishing varnishes as well as the less expensive flowing and gloss finish varnishes are included in the Acme Quality line.

Acme Quality Bath Tub Enamel. For surfaces exposed to water and steam. Forms a hard, durable, lustrous surface that will resist the action of steam and moisture in any form. Dries even and hard. Easily cleaned.

The Acme Quality Painting Guide Book

tells you just what finish to apply and *how it should be applied.* Illustrated in colors. Sent free on request.

If your dealer does not have Acme Quality, write to the

Acme White Lead & Color Works
Dept. L, Detroit, Michigan

JOIN THE SUNSET PANAMA-PACIFIC CLUB

AND EARN A FREE TRIP TO

San Francisco, 1915

The Trip to the Fair will be via the "Overland Limited" from Chicago to San Francisco, by the "Road of a Thousand Wonders" to Southern California, the Salt Lake Route to Salt Lake City, the Denver Rio Grande over the wonderful scenic Canyon Trip to Denver, and return to Chicago. Route East of Chicago will be arranged as most convenient in each case. The trip will include railroad fare, Pullman diner, two weeks' accommodations at hotels, daily admissions to Exposition, side shows, side trips to points of interests. Every member is guaranteed a "glorious time" from start to finish.

The Exposition will be held during 1915 at San Francisco to commemorate the completion and opening of the Panama Canal. Before Congress had designated San Francisco as the ideal place for holding the Exposition,

$17,500,000

was raised by popular subscription and otherwise, to cover the expenses of the Fair. This represents but a fraction of the total amount that will be spent to make the Panama-Pacific International Exposition the greatest World's Fair ever held or ever dreamed of.

DO YOU WANT TO BE THERE ?

Then don't delay, but send immediately for further particulars and application blank. Enclose references, and advise us your age and occupation.

MEMBERSHIP IS LIMITED ACT NOW

ADDRESS

SUNSET PANAMA-PACIFIC CLUB

311 Battery Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Harper's Weekly Artist Laboriously Trying to Sketch Battlefield

A Heavy Gun of '61. Notice How Very Young These Soldier Boys Are

Watching The Enemy At Antietam

Look at these Photographs of our Civil War

We Have Discovered 3,500 of Them!

YOU did not know the Civil War was photographed? Neither did we—until we discovered the Photographs shown on this page and 3,500 MORE. And with that discovery we came upon a great man's losing struggle, a true story stranger than fiction. But more important—there unrolled before us the one vivid, real history of the Civil War; for the camera recorded exactly what it saw—no more and no less.

FIFTY years have come and gone since this nation was convulsed by the greatest conflict between brothers the world has seen, and fifty years have passed since Mathew Brady—photographer genius—took his cameras and his men, and set out to get the most precious historical documents of our history. Under protection of Allan Pinkerton and the United States Government, he accompanied the armies and navies into battle, into camp, into hospital, into fort and prison; and everywhere his camera clicked—clicked—clicked, producing an undying witness of our great war.

AS WAR REALLY IS

HE took thousands of photographs showing every phase of the struggle—perhaps especially those intimate aspects that have never been caught before or since. Merry-making in camp, lingering in hospital, lying in prison, spying on the enemy, hanging the Lincoln conspirators, manning the battleships, punishing the deserter, drilling the awkward squad, the dead on the field of battle, fighting in the trenches; all is shown on both sides of the conflict in this ever shifting panorama of those four momentous years.

$126 00 What the U. S. Government paid Brady for 18 pictures like those offered you free.

$F What it cost Brady to take these 18 pictures.

J The value placed by Generals Garfield, Benjamin F. Butler and Greely on 18 such pictures.

Cents The cost of mailing is all you send for these 18 pictures, each nine times as large as in this advertisement.

THESE photographs make a history that all can read—the youngest as well as the oldest, and around them there is written a story of the War like none you ever read before. We have placed the whole 3,500 photographs and the story of the War in ten large volumes which you can have at our low before-publication price, and pay for in small payments.

Mail the coupon and we will not only **give you 18 of these pictures free,** but will send you an illustrated pamphlet telling Brady's strange life story.

At the same time we will tell you how you can get the 3,500 pictures in ten big volumes at less than one cent a picture.

GIVEN AWAY

18 Pictures

Each 9 Times as Large as These Pictures

To bring before you the wonder of this collection, we will send you free prints of 18 of these photographs in a portfolio. Each of the pictures is 9 times the size of the little pictures on this page and is ready for framing.

Each day letters come to us from people who find themselves, their relatives, or their friends in the pictures. Send for the 18 pictures and look for those you know.

When the startling existence of these negatives is generally realized we shall not give away pictures, so send the coupon **with 10 cents to cover mailing cost** for your portfolio at once.

Lincoln Assassination Conspirator Awaiting Death

Convalescing in Care of the Santitary Commission, 1863

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.
13 Astor Place, New York

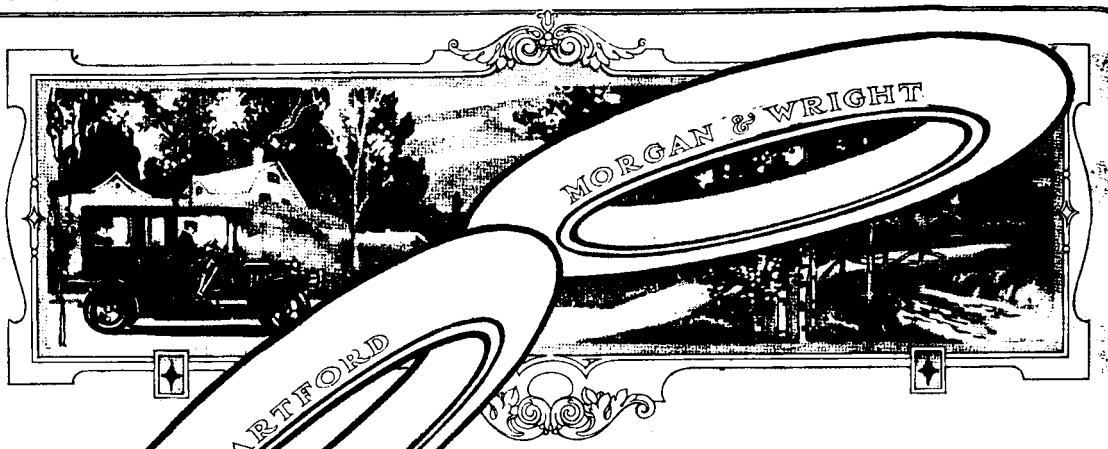
Mail this coupon today

Review of Reviews Company
13 Astor Place, New York, N. Y.

Send me free of charge, the 18 reproductions of your newly discovered Brady Civil War photographs, ready for framing and contained in a handsome portfolio. Also send me the story of these photographs and tell me how I can get the whole collection for less than one cent a picture. I enclose 10 cents to cover the cost of mailing.

Name _____

Address _____



United States Tires

The bringing together, in one working group, of all the engineering skill and experience and secret processes which have made famous the four brands of automobile tires now manufactured and sold by the United States Tire Company, insures better tire service—greater mileage service and reduced tire expense—for motorists everywhere. These four famous tires

Continental
G & J
Hartford
Morgan & Wright

have as **individual** makes achieved commanding recognition among the world's foremost tires.

But under the new arrangement **the strongest points** of each of these brands—the private methods of manufacturing that have brought each to the front in the tire field—will now be embodied in **all** United States Tires.

It must be plain to every motorist that tires which embody the best known methods of four of the world's leading tire manufacturers must prove superior to tires made under ordinary conditions and with ordinary laboratory and manufacturing facilities.

United States Tires are emphatically

America's Predominant Tires

Selling at the same price asked for other kinds

These tires will continue to be sold under the same four well-known brand names, Continental, G & J, Hartford and Morgan & Wright, and will include eight styles of tread and three styles of fastening—the widest range of selection ever offered the motorist.

"A Personal Message to Motorists," containing detailed information and illustrations of the immense plants, together with complete price list, will be sent on request.

United States Tire Company, New York

Branches, Agencies or Dealers Everywhere

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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

In the Editor's Confidence

LORIMER

ON MARCH first, William Lorimer was declared "duly and legally elected to a seat in the Senate of the United States by the Legislature of the State of Illinois."

It is probable that few of the forty-six Senators who joined in the "vindication" of this man yet realize the immense gravity of their act. Elected by an admittedly corrupt bipartisan legislature, powerfully defended on the floor of the Senate by the leader of the supposedly hostile party, and finally admitted to his seat by another bipartisan vote, in which figure the names of practically all those Senators whose names and public acts have of late years been more than puzzling to thoughtful observers, Lorimer stands to-day the symbol of a political system so obviously vicious that no open-minded man can view it without shame for the present and concern for the future.

It is due our readers that we should present the following extracts from the *Congressional Record* of March first, with the reminder that on the preceding day, this same Senate voted down the proposed amendment permitting the election of Senators by the direct vote of the people.

SENATOR OWEN.—"This evidence shows, Mr. President, that Holtslaw, in Chicago, June 16, 1909, received $2,500 in cash and deposited it. The proof is clear. That White received a thousand dollars in Chicago and received afterwards $900 in St. Louis. He accounts for it. The evidence shows that Beckemeyer and Link received a thousand dollars each at the same time and place as the conspirators did. And so one, two, three, four of these conspirators show that they confessed that they received the cash and how it was deposited or used, and six others are proven equally guilty, in my opinion. The proof is complete. The evidence is clear.

"Three others—Luke, Clark and Shephard—are circumstantially shown to have received the same amount of bribe money, to wit, $1,000 each, in the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., on June 21, 1909, and $900 each on July 15, 1909, at the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, as did Beckemeyer and Link.

"Three others swore to attempts to bribe them.

"The time of jack-pot control of the legislative power of this country and of the governing powers of this country must end, or the Republic itself does not deserve as a Government to live, and can not long endure. It will fall as Rome did from that identical cause.

"I call your attention to the evidence of the control of the governing powers in this country by these evil and sinister forces. Look at the Pacific coast, and the control of that great and splendid metropolis of San Francisco, and its municipal powers by the corrupt combination of Democrats and Republicans, which was disclosed by Francis Heney. Look at the control of Denver, Colo., by the corrupt combination of Democratic and Republican thieves, as disclosed by Ben Lindsey in 'The Beast and the Jungle.' Look at St. Louis and the control of the governing powers of the great metropolis of the Mississippi Valley by the thieves banded together to steal the governing powers of that municipality for private profit and municipal graft, which was disclosed to the wondering eyes of honest citizens by Joseph W. Folk, who could neither be bribed nor bullied nor threatened from the discharge of his honest duties as an officer. Look at the control for years of Pittsburg by municipal thieves, and the final disclosure there by the private enterprise of citizens who employed for long periods of time experts, detectives, putting craft against craft, and finally disclosing a nest of thieves of bipartisans, indicting finally in one grand coup one hundred and sixteen criminals in the governing business, members of the municipal council, bankers, and other wealthy business men in that city. Look at the disclosure of corrupt practises in that capital city in the building of the capitol in Harrisburg and the furnishing of the capitol of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Look at the disclosures of the bipartisan corruption in Albany, New York.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE.—"Forces as irresistible as the tides are at work and moving throughout the land toward a complete restoration of self-government. This is manifest in the record made yesterday for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people after every effort to secure consideration has been baffled for more than half a century. It will confront the Senate again at the next session. It will not be denied. The people are aroused. They well understand that representative government fails at the point where they transfer their authority to the representative. The purchase of United States Senatorships, the bribing of State legislatures, has occurred too often in recent years. Corrupt the election of the representatives and the whole system goes down.

"The precedent to be established will not only react on the future of the Senate, it will stand as a fearful example to our state Legislatures. . . . The principal facts are as clear in the public mind as they are clear in the minds of the Senators here, and no discussion of technicalities as to how many tainted votes are needful to corrupt an election will effect their judgment. The decision will destroy public confidence and create a revulsion of feeling beyond our comprehension."

SENATOR SMITH, of Michigan.—". . . Mr. President, this record is reeking with perjury and corruption, and I can not by my vote approve the character and integrity of the Legislature of Illinois in this proceeding.

"Mr. President, we must soon vote. I have sought only to be fair and just in my judgment on this case. I have given my opinion without prejudice, with the kindliest spirit, regretting the unfortunate circumstance which forced this issue upon us and brought this scandal upon the country. The conduct of certain members of the Legislature of Illinois was most reprehensible. It is not creditable to the people of that State, and I believe it will be repudiated by them when opportunity offers; for us to condone this crime against our institutions is for us to trifle with our sacred responsibility to the people and voluntarily fix a new standard of political excellence unworthy our example in this exalted station."

THE MEN WHO VOTED FOR LORIMER

Bailey	Curtis	Hale	Richardson
Bankhead	Depew	Heyburn	Scott
Bradley	Dick	Johnston	Simmons
Brandegee	Dillingham	Kean	Smith, Md.
Briggs	du Pont	McCumber	Smoot
Bulkeley	Fletcher	Nixon	Stephenson
Burnham	Flint	Oliver	Thornton
Burrows	Foster	Paynter	Tillman
Carter	Frye	Penrose	Warren
Clark, Wyo.	Gallinger	Perkins	Watson
Crane	Gamble	Piles	Wetmore
Cullom	Guggenheim		

The Oregon Idea

What It Is and How It Works. Oregon's Experiment in Advanced Democracy as Reported by Success Magazine's Special Investigator

THOSE who are watching the course of experimental politics in Oregon —and nearly every one in the country is watching it—are wondering whether they are going to see a reenactment of the old story of the Southern farmer and his bull.

The farmer undertook to drive the bull ten miles to market, the animal bitterly contesting every step of the way. The farmer's patience at length gave out, and when a local train came along, he tethered the bull to the drawbar of the rear coach and climbed aboard.

Considered as a specific proposition for subduing a cantankerous bull and making him come along, the scheme was hard to beat. The only trouble was that the train went too fast for the bull. The poor fellow kept up as long as he could, hut when the train stopped he was dead. Not only dead, but so frayed and frittered by coasting along the ties that what was left of him was hardly fit for dog's-meat.

Nobody doubts that democracy is a noble goal or that the People's Power League is a superb body of men. Neither does any one notice anything naturally slow or stupid about Oregon; far from it. But the People's Power League is headed down the straight track for democracy with every ounce of steam on and Oregon in tow, and the question is whether there is speed enough left in the old state to stand the pace.

Oregon has been going very fast for ten years. The initiative and referendum in 1902, direct primaries in 1904, home-rule for municipalities in 1906, the recall, the corrupt-practises act, and a constitutional amendment permitting proportional representation in the Legislature, in 1908. In 1910, the extension of the direct primary to Presidential nominations, electors, and delegates to National conventions; a three-fourths' verdict of juries in civil cases; abolition of constitutional restraint upon the people's power over the courts, permitting changes in the judicial system by simple statutory enactment; county-option in taxation; and an efficient employers' liability law.

As many measures were presented to the people at the last general election in November, 1910, as there were at the three preceding elections put together—thirty-two. We have just enumerated the principal measures that passed. The most important of those that failed to pass were State-wide Prohibition, Woman's Suffrage, bills for the creation of eight new counties; a bill calling for a Constitutional convention, and a bill to create a Board of Peoples' Inspectors of Government, and to publish an official bi-monthly state gazette, giving reports of all branches and departments of the public service.

What Direct Legislation Means

DIRECT legislation means that the people may, over the heads of the Legislature if necessary, initiate good laws, reject bad laws, or recall an unfaithful or incompetent public officer.

Under the initiative, a constitutional amendment or a legislative measure may be proposed directly, on petition signed by eight per cent. of the voters of Oregon.

Under the referendum, any measure passed by the Legislature may be, and on petition signed by five per cent. of the voters must be, submitted to popular vote before it can become a law.

Under the direct primary system, the nomination of candidates for public office is made by direct popular vote; names being placed on the nominating ballot by petition.

Under the recall, any unsatisfactory public servant may be voted out of office at any time by a special election called on petition, signed by twenty-five per cent. of the voters qualified to vote on the question.

Under proportional representation (which awaits an enabling act) the Legislature is elected from the state at large instead of from single districts, thus insuring each party a representation according to its true numerical strength in the state.

The corrupt-practises act, among other provisions, limits each candidate's election expenses to one-fourth of his salary. It provides that paid advertising matter in the newspapers must be designated as such and bear the name of its author. The state publishes a pamphlet containing the text of each question to be submitted, with such arguments as those interested in any measure may choose to have inserted, at the rate of eighty dollars a page. A copy of this is mailed to every voter in the state.

The local-option tax amendment gives each county the privilege of raising its revenue from any subject of taxation that it sees fit to designate, under such general laws as the Legislature may enact.

Every Man His Own Legislature

The first criticism of popular government that I met, and my observations were made wholly within the state of Oregon, rests on the assumption that the people, left to themselves, can not be trusted to vote intelligently or carefully. Even men conservative by nature and long habit, but who are really trying to keep open-minded and see all the good there is in the new system, are very doubtful about the people's ability to make up their minds wisely without due guidance.

Ex-Governor Moore, the last of the territorial governors, a man of this type, spoke with great reservation and misgiving. He said he had been for direct legislation and was quite willing to see it tried out; but he expected very little from it, because the people are unintelligent and careless, and unless guided by the wise and beneficent influence of the minority, are almost sure to run off after irresponsible leaders into the exploitation of private fads and fancies, and make a bad mess of the public welfare. He said, fairly representing, I think, the position of the most friendly conservative critic, that if anything good had come of popular government in Oregon so far, it was by the sheer mercy of luck.

I believe I could write an article out of my own experiences in Oregon that would convince nearly everyone that these critics are right. For instance, the county-option tax-amendment being one of the most important measures passed, I asked a member of the legislature, a managing editor, a banker, a lawyer and scores of others indiscriminately, whether or not an enabling act was required to make it effective—and not a soul knew. The political editor of a state paper did not know how many measures were on the ballot he voted at the November election. He "rather thought" there were nineteen; as a matter of fact, there were thirty-two. The managing editor of one of the largest dailies in Oregon did not know whether or not the direct primary system was going in force in the next Presidential campaign. I had such experiences almost hourly.

Now, how easy it would be to draw up the most convincing of cumulative arguments, that if this is all the intelligence one gets from the editors, bankers, ministers, lawyers, etc., what could one hope to get from the man in the street; from Tom, Dick and Harry on the farms and along the water-front.

But those who argue in this way—and many do—always lose sight of the fact that there are two kinds of intelligence. There is the trained, technical intelligence that grasps and holds details because it is its business to do so, and there is the intelligence that is perfectly clear about what it wants and believes in, but can only exercise itself broadly and generally upon the way to get it. The second order of intelligence, not the first, is the one which comes in play at a free popular election; and the results of the November election show that the people of Oregon have their full share of this kind of intelligence.

The critics surely would not say I was unintelligent and careless when I took last night's train out of Portland. It was clear to me that I wanted to go to Seattle, and this train purported to be the best means of going there, consistent with my general convenience. The railroad people had all the technical intelligence—I had none—and I knew it was as much to their interest as mine that they should use it.

In the first sense of the word, I dare say—in fact I am sure—there were not a hundred people in the state who voted intelligently at the last election, or at any election ever held in Oregon; but in the second sense, in the sense of knowing clearly what they wanted and what they believe in, I am sure there were very few who did not. The criticism of democracy which says that the common people are not intelligent enough to vote straight on their own responsibility, simply confuses the two kinds of intelligence.

In fact, the November election showed that the free vote of Oregon employed the nicest discrimination in favor of what it really wanted. Take for example the proposed measures concerning the State Normal Schools. Oregon used to have four of these schools (the Legislature killed one of them a few years ago), established and maintained through United States Senatorial deals. We have heard of this kind of thing elsewhere. It probably cost Oregon $100,000 in swaps and deals of various kinds to send Senator Fulton to Washington. Bills in behalf of the three normal schools were submitted to the people in November. Oregon's people exercised the second order of intelligence. They did not believe in keeping any relics of the old political football game just for auld lang syne, but they did believe in educating their teachers. So they swept together all available maintenance, put it into the most eligibly situated of the three schools, and let the other two die.

Popular Government is Automatically Intelligent

No one can analyze the November election and fail to see how a free popular vote becomes not only automatically intelligent but automatically conservative. If the uninfluenced voter in a free election has no interest in a measure and no opinion about it, he will instinctively either vote against it or not vote at all. On the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, which is as old as human nature itself, he tends to keep on the safe side.

This fact explains some curious phenomena. Thomas Carlyle, with much more emphasis than amenity, said that the population of London was made up of four or five million people, mostly fools. He might say

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE WILL R. KING

WILLIAM S. U'REN

CHARLES E. S. WOOD

EDWARD S. J. M'ALLISTER

thing we can be sure of as being absolutely right. The reason is that there is never enough of the same kind of folly, never enough men who are fools on any one given point, to affect the whole. All the immense mass of folly is eliminated from the composite because of its mercifully wide range of distribution in the individual.

Similar reasoning accounts for the impossibility of class legislation under a free popular vote. There are never enough voters in sympathy with any one class, or conversant with its interests. So far from popular legislation, *per se*, being a means of arraying the poor against the rich, for instance, one of Oregon's wealthy men, recognizing this principle, acutely observed that if he had ten million dollars, he would gladly spend one million of it to secure popular government, for the sake of being allowed to keep the other nine.

The employers liability law is sometimes regarded as a class law. It was, at all events, the nearest thing to a class law that came up in November. In the nature of things one could scarcely suppose that farmers would be much interested in the affairs of industrial laborers, yet every agricultural county in Oregon, and that means most of them, voted heavily on this measure and it carried in every county but one. At the same time, I could not get record of a single case in Oregon where an agricultural laborer had ever brought suit against his employer for injuries received in service. I heard of many accidents, but invariably the farmer had voluntarily taken care of the injured man and looked after him generously. When an employer works side by side with his employees, as farmers do, the relation creates a sound human sympathy. It is our industrial factory system, where the employees are merely "hands," that has made men think that human relations may sometimes be suspended between human beings.

GEORGE W. ORTON

Portraits herewith are of a few prominent figures in the Oregon Movement

Oregon Voters Know When to Stop

Those who doubt the intelligence of a free popular vote may also be invited to consider the proposed measures for creating new counties. For years there had been a very real and urgent need for the division of Wasco county. The Hood River people could not get over to the county seat at The Dalles without a tedious journey by train or boat, and the only wagon-way lay over the Cascade mountains. Wasco county consented to the division, but the Legislature, for reasons political, declined to do anything about it. The question was brought before the people at the 1908 election, and Hood River county was erected by a two-thirds vote of the entire state, and by a majority of nearly two to one.

Whereupon, everybody in Oregon who lived more than a rifle-shot away from his county seat, and every twopenny political factor who wanted to stand in with the dissatisfied, thought he saw his chance. Eight bills came up at the 1910 election for the creation of new counties and they were all rejected. The vote was light; the people were not interested; they felt that these bills represented purely local concerns.

On the other hand, the question of state-wide prohibition polled a very large vote; the largest of any measure on the list. Every one has an opinion on this question; every one considers himself personally affected by it, morally, if not otherwise. Every one, too, has some kind of an opinion about woman's suffrage, and hence the vote on that question was large. The local-option liquor vote was large; so also was the vote on questions connected with labor. The vote on the three-fourths verdict in civil cases appears surprisingly large, until one learns that the hanging of juries by public service corporations had become a state-wide scandal. I am assured by experienced lawyers of large practise that up to this time it has been practically impossible to get damages from a public service corporation in a casualty suit because the jury would invariably disagree by eleven to one.

None of the thirty-two measures, however, shows as clearly the conservative character of the free popular vote as the proposition that Oregon should build her own railroads. I do not know of a railroad in the United States that has not robbed its shareholders, robbed its bond-holders, robbed its employees and robbed the public. There may be such a road, but I do not know of one. Oregon has suffered everything that any other state has suffered from the private ownership of railways, and more than many. She is putting up with great hardship at their hands at the present time. The Harriman interests control every available right of way east and west, and do not choose to extend their service: hence, the vast and magnificent inland empire of 30,000,000 acres in Central Oregon is held out of use. Oregon is perfectly able to take charge of her own railroad development, and has had every provocation to set about it. Yet the people did not choose to exercise all their power against their oppressors without first giving them the warning of an extremely close vote that it was time for them to show a change of heart and be good.

Viewed every way, by question after question, Oregon's vote must be acknowledged intelligent and conservative. One must admit, too, that the call to handle thirty-two separate measures at one election is a fairly stringent test. Furthermore, running through the entire vote, there is plainly a line of devotion to two fixed principles; the principle of popular control and the principle of having Government operate at just as short range as possible.

These come in everywhere. I can find no one in Oregon who will say, for instance, that there was much personal interest in the senatorial election of either Mr. Bourne or Mr. Chamberlain. These men are not disparaged, but the people I talked with, while perfectly satisfied, would all have been quite as well satisfied with some one else. The immense popular demonstration before the state legislature meant nothing at all in behalf of the candidates themselves. It meant only the people's mighty will that the legislature should keep its pledge to seat in the United States Senate the man who was chosen by a free and direct vote; and the people saw to it once for all, unquestionably, that their will was obeyed. As safely as one may predict anything, it will never happen again that the Oregon legislature will ever dream of disregarding Statement No. 1.*

At the last election, too, the measure proposing a constitutional convention was snowed under. It is impossible to feel that it was particularly dangerous, or even that it was part of any deep-laid scheme. No convention knowing the temper of Oregon would have dared break faith with the people, and foist a constitution on them by proclamation, as was done in Virginia and Kentucky. The measure seems to have been a piece of mere unconsidered petulance, arising out of the dissatisfaction of old-line politicians. It was their swan-song. But the people emphatically rejected the idea on account of its implications against free popular government. "What is the use of a Constitutional Convention?" said one old farmer. "We are a Constitutional Convention, in session all the time." When the old-line politicians rebaptized their party conventions as "Advisory Assemblies," and put up an imposing array of candidates for nomination, resplendent with every moral and civic virtue, the people veered off to standard bearers of their own choosing. They preferred their own way and their own man. The principle is ingrained in them. If they have their choice between this principle and any advantage to be gained by encroachment on it, they will stick for the principle.

The same is true of their conviction that the voter should be kept as close as possible to the Government. They see that the longer the range at which the Government operates, the greater the likelihood of both corruption and extravagance. They see, for instance, that a building put up in Portland by the Federal Government costs more than it would if it had been built by the state; and if built by the state, it costs more than it would if built by the city of Portland. They have found that home rule works satisfactorily as far as they have gone with it, and they are willing to carry it out as far as it will go. Oregon cities are

[*Continued on page 46*]

"THE direct primary law came to us in Oregon as a result of the most corrupt politics any state had known in the Union, bar none. If there ever was an honest election for United States senator, an uncontrolled convention, or decent politics of any kind under the old system, there would have been no direct primary law, no Statement No. 1, and no initiative and referendum. These things came to us as the protest of the people against the rottenness of the old plan, old politics and old leaders of the state, without regard to faction. When the pendulum swung from old conditions, it went way over to new and clean ones. I know this, you know, because I was part of it, be it said to my shame. As a young man I was trained in the school of this old corrupt system, and I trust no young man of the present day will ever have to go through the same experience that I went through before the passing of the old régime and the coming of the new."—*Judge Henry E. McGinn, to the Portland Republican Club, Nov. 24, 1909.*

* A member of the Oregon Legislature is invited to sign one of two pre-election statements. Statement No. 1 pledges him to vote for the people's choice for U. S. Senator. Statement No. 2 declares that he will regard the people's senatorial choice as a mere suggestion, and not binding upon his vote. No member has ever yet signed Statement No. 2. Statement No. 1 resulted in the election of Mr. Chamberlain, a Democrat, by a solid Republican legislature!

The Man I Might Have Been

By James Oppenheim

Author of "The Vision of Stiny Bolinsky," the Dr. Rast stories, etc.

Illustrations by WALTER TITTLE

I'VE never been curious to know what the insides of a tramp feel like, for I've been a tramp all my life. I've concluded, however, that the insides of a tramp are pretty much the same as the insides of other people, and so I ain't going to give you a map of my soul.

All I want to set down is about Her, and the way our acquaintance came about.

My name is Peter Carson. I'm American born, Boston bred. Never mind about my careless family, and the sneaking gang of boys that taught me how easy it is to be idle; nor yet about playing hooky, nor pickpocketing and such things. I always spent my winters in the South and my summers in the North—the limited freight for mine, and that good old hotel, Mother Earth. The rest was begging and stealing. Why? How do I know?

I was always pretty indifferent about myself and people. Sometimes I suited myself; sometimes others suited; but especially after I picked up consumption one rotten winter in Chicago lodging houses, I thought the easier I got through with this here terrestrial tramp, the better. Now, I never gave a hang about women. They're altogether too personal. They can't pick you up and drop you, man-fashion; no, they get a grip on you and want you to earn a dull living and settle down and raise children, and to keep you shut away from whisky and open air. Besides, I just naturally did n't tolerate them. In fact, I 'll own up, I've done a few of them bad, just as I've done a lot of men. But enough of that.

This is the way it happened. I was held up in New York one fierce, cold winter; kept in a hospital till after New Year's, and then chucked out in the streets with precious little clothing and no cash. I'm on to the charity bunch, so I went begging down on the East Side. Now and then I stepped into a saloon and took a pull of whisky to keep me going, because it was one of those damp windy days that line your stomach with frost. Well, on the third floor of a dingy, smelly tenement, I knocked on the back door. The minute it opened I knew I was in the wrong pew. She was one of those charity nurses they send out to people too sick to be alone and too poor to pay. She was neat, all in white, and I felt as if I saw a ghost.

But I've never lacked nerve. "No," I says, "I'm begging. I have n't a cent. I 'm out of work. Look at these clothes." She looked sharp, and I knew she was on to my being an American.

"Why do you beg from the poor?" she says.

"Why?," I says. "Who else should I beg from?"

That got her, and she listened to my hard-luck tale. Well, I had her going then. Finally she put this up to me.

"You go round to Miss Sands, over in Clinton Street—running a settlement there. She 'll do something. Say Miss Watts sent you."

I've heard such things before; but when I went out in that rusty, shoddy, dirty street and caught a cuff of some wind that got its teeth frozen out on the Atlantic, I just turned tail and beat it for Miss Sands. That settlement was a little red brick building, mighty cunning and snug. There was an old-fashioned fire burning in the grate that was as good as alcohol, and the room was just dark and small enough to make me wonder why I did n't settle down.

And then she came in, and I knew it was Her. She 's got brown hair, parted in the middle like a picture; she 's got big brown eyes, almost black, and she 's some woman besides. Nothing clinging, nothing of the ivy, nothing of the bric-a-brac and the fancy goods; but the sort that could march with an army, or go into a Bowery thieves-den and say to a gang: "Get me a glass of water," and have 'em all on the run. My sort. Just like a man, but—! I don't know how to spiel it out: just what it was that made her so much a woman.

She understood me right off; she looked clean through me and I could see she saw further than the rottenness. She had the X-rays, all right.

"What is it?" she asked.

I knew there was no use lying. Besides, I knew nothing I 'd say would be turned against me. So I came to the point.

"Miss Sands," I said, "I 'm a tramp; I've got consumption, and I've been drinking. I won't tell you what I have n't done, because I've done about everything. But there 's one thing I want to do. I want to get out of this town before I cough my head off."

Then I told her of Miss Watts and the hospital, and a little bit about myself.

"Peter," she said—and she had a right to say Peter—I must have been ten years younger than she—"Peter I can send you up to a consumptives' home in the Berkshires, where you 'll get plenty to eat and drink. *But you won't get any liquor.* Think it over. Can you stand it?"

I looked at her; she looked at me. I began to feel warm as toast, my cheeks burning, and I knew she was just right: no preaching, no reforming, no meddling with my blooming soul.

"Miss Sands," I said—and I guess I was a bit choked—"I 'll go."

"Then I 'll write, Peter, and in the meantime I 'll see that you get lodging and food."

Well, I took money from her in those days. It hurts worse to think of it than the time I stole the towels. But I did take it, and she gave it as if she owed it to me. Now, if I 'd been ten years older, and had n't had consumption, and was rich, and had education and a bit of character, why, I 'd been fool enough to dare—! Being as I was, I was mighty respectful. Stunned I was, too. You could have bowled me over with a feather. Me going in for Woman! No, not Woman—*A* Woman, *The* Woman. That woman actually set me dreaming; made me sad; made me walk soft and brush my clothing and sew on buttons; kept me out of saloons. For two weeks I saw her off and on; went in to "report," and every time she was as easy and free as a pal; helloed me, was glad to see me, asked my advice on her work with boys' clubs, got me talking of the South and West. My! but she knew a thing or two! I tell you, I forgot most everything else in the world; hardly knew I was an eating-and-drinking-and-sleeping animal; I was just all alive. Then one day she got a whiff of alcohol from me—caught it three feet off and looked troubled.

"Peter," she said, "I 'm not going to preach, but what 's the use of giving you money if you spend it on drink?"

"I did n't spend a cent on it," I told her—it was Gospel truth—"I met a pal on the Bowery and before I knew it he had me up against a bar and asked me to have a drink. Could I tell him I wanted a glass of milk?"

She did n't have to say I was forgiven

That struck her as funny, and I could see then she would trust me.

It was hard when the time came to leave Her and go to that home. But I knew she wanted me to go. I ain't going to describe that home: all I'm setting down is about Her. Enough to say that it was a regular nothing-doing joint, altogether too milky for me. Just two things happened up there among those snowy hills. The first was a post-card she sent me at Easter—one of those chickens breaking out of an egg, and a good wish signed Anna Sands. The second thing happened three days later. That home burned to the ground and the boss sent us all back to the city. I felt like a kid let out of school; I simply sneaked it for Clinton Street. How good that fire felt that bright, sharp morning! She was startled and a bit troubled.

"Peter," she cried, "I thought you were in the Berkshires."

"The home 's burnt to the ground," I said. Just for a moment I saw she doubted me. "It 's in the papers by now," I said, pretty sharp. She was sorry then, and we sat down and she asked me about it.

"And so everything was lost?" she said.

"Everything but one thing," I answered, "and I ran back into the fire to get it;" and with that I pulled out her Easter post-card. I could see tears in her eyes, and we did n't speak much further. So I got up to go. She tried to give me a quarter.

"No," I said, "I 've taken enough from you."

"Peter!" she cried, "take it! I know you have n't a penny to your name!"

But I would n't, and she tried to put it in my hand. All of a sudden I turned and ran out in the hall, down the stairs. She came running after me, ran right down the stairs, calling, "Peter! Peter!" and finally flung the quarter after me. I bolted away. But half an hour later I went back and found it on the door-step, and I 've got it yet. It 's my mascot.

I did n't dare to go near Her after that. One reason was I knew she 'd make me take money. And the other reason—I was afraid of her—afraid I 'd say something—do something. I just could n't face her again—see tears in her eyes. I 'd just have wanted to open my arms—I, a tramp! a bum! a down-and-outer!

"Peter," I says, "spring is coming. The long, long road for yours!"

That was a wonderful summer. I remember a thunder-storm on Lake Erie. I remember nights on the prairie. I can hear the cry of the coyotes and see the moon in the biggest sky that ever happened. I remember the way I plundered orchards and begged at farm-doors. Sometimes I had queer notions that crazy summer. Thinking of Her and walking in the early morning along some road, under cool trees, and next to a bit of meadow, sudden I 'd feel as if I was a part of the living earth; just a bit of its color and smell, its singing and laughing, and was more alive than I can ever be again. I felt invited to do a song and dance, and reckon I did, at odd times. I simply had the whole of creation to wander over, and let loose, without a care in the world. That 's what leads me to think the insides of tramps are powerfully like the insides of other people.

That crazy summer! The white dust rising under my heels and the sun settin' me on fire! The stars out—as many as the people in New York—and me lying on the ground next to my pal. But then, by-and-by, the gray days came, the winds, the blowing leaves, and the autumny feeling in the air. I began to get homesick; I began to hanker for a string of lights down Broadway; I began to have a hunch that I wanted to see the inside of a saloon and lots of folks. I just could n't keep away.

And when I was in the great city again, and walking with the crowds, and seeing the lights, and feeling the rush of things, and hearing the old noises —Lord! I know every inch of Broadway and the Bowery!—I thought I 'd go off my head. I wanted to see Her bad. I wanted to go back to Her. I wanted to hear Her voice. I wanted to speak with Her.

A good many times I went around to Clinton Street, and then turned back. But one night I went in. She was delighted; laughed, shook hands.

"You 're sun-burned," she cried; "you 've been away."

I could n speak nor see for some time. And she said:

"Peter, you might at least have written. I did n't know what had happened to you." Then fearful that she had hurt me, she went on quick: "Is n't it good to be back?"

"Miss Sands," I said, very queer, "I only stopped in to say good-by."

"Why?"

"I 'm going to Florida."

She laughed in a strange way.

"That makes two of my friends going to Florida. The other just came in to say good-by. He 's going in a private car."

I laughed then, and we both felt better. "I 'm going in a private car, too," I said.

You see now what I mean when I say she was different from other women. She never babied around much; it was all healthy give and take.

We sat down a bit, although she was in a hurry—had a lot of work to do.

"There 's one thing I want to tell you, Peter," she said. "A week ago a tramp came here and tried to work me. I think he learned about me through you. Now, Peter," she spoke right out, "I know you 're a tramp; but I understand you and I like you. I won't, however, stand for these others."

I was badly hurt.

"What sort of a fellow?" I asked.

"Short, stumpy, sandy hair, and one eye out."

I got mad then.

"He 's a dirty cur," I said. "Miss Sands, him and me were tramping together this summer, and one night we laid down on the plains and got talking soft together. And he told me of a little woman out in 'Frisco, and when he was finished, I felt lonely and homesick under them stars and I told him about you."

She gave me a lovely look then, and got up, and I got up, too, and did n't dare look at her. Then she took my hand and said:

"You 're all right, Peter. Now, promise to write to me."

I promised, and I went stumbling out, as crazy as an almshouse. I had it bad then. There ain't a need of a hell to burn my sins out of me; I got a good scorching that night. The man I might have been had revenge on me, and I paid for what I was. . . . It was as if she lived in another world and I could n't get in, and all because I had n't gotten the good out of me. And yet I had a tolerably good time down in Florida, and I wrote her once. Just a line:

"Don't you think the law has been served, and that he has been punished enough?"

"I hope you are well and happy. When it comes to a place to live, give me little old New York. It 's a habit down here of going to the post-office for your mail, so write me there. PETER."

I knew she 'd see through that. She wrote soon after:

"DEAR PETER—I am well. Busy—too busy to know whether I 'm happy or not. I often wonder how you are getting along. Let me hear from you often. ANNA SANDS."

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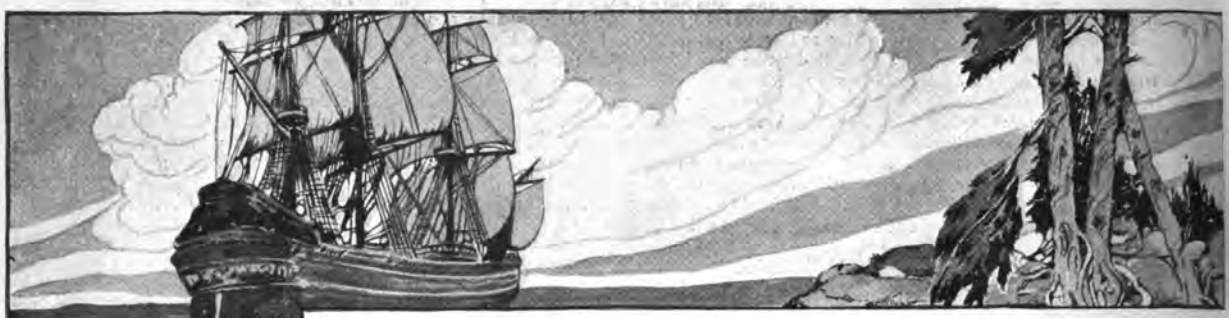

The Story of the Work Done by a Group of Fearless and Devoted Women Who are Following up the Industrial Awakening in Southern States with Splendid Achievements in Social Betterment.

With Portraits

Daughters of the New South

By Inis D. Weed
Decorations by G. D. Mitchell

THE story of Sophie Wright, of New Orleans, perhaps illustrates better than any other the remarkable work for civic and social betterment now being carried on by public spirited women in all of the Southern states. Crippled for life at three years of age, strapped in a chair for six years, enabled by the rigorous self-denial of her mother to attend a little private school, often keeping her pain-racked little body in class by sheer will-power, life began darkly enough for Sophie Wright. Yet this same person, wearing a steel harness and walking on crutches, at fourteen years of age started a girl's school to help support her family. By dint of afternoon study in a normal school, for which she tutored in payment, the girl kept ahead of her pupils, and the little private school prospered.

The beginning of her great work came when, one day, the busy little schoolmistress hobbled to the door to answer the knock of a stranded circus performer. The young man had no money and no education but was determined to learn. He had heard of Miss Wright as a possible teacher; she responded instantly to his appeal for help and began to work nights as well as days. This man, helpless, notwithstanding his physical strength, was the beginning of the New Orleans night school for the poor. During the early years, the proceeds of her day school went to support it. Boys and men from the shops and the mills flocked to Miss Sophie, sometimes coming supperless, so eager were they for a little knowledge. They were crowded in on boxes, on boards across the aisles, in windows and on stairways. "Only those who have worked with Miss Sophie," said one who knows her well, "day after day and night after night, can fully appreciate her tireless spirit and the courage with which she shoulders debts in order to provide schooling for 'her boys.'"

Then one gala day all the city flocked to the park to present to Miss Sophie the Picayune Loving Cup, given each year to the citizen first in service to the community. She is the only woman who has ever received it. Accompanying this gift was another loving cup fashioned of flowers, a token of the loyal, wholehearted love of "her boys," and with the flowers was a check for $10,000 "to lift the mortgage" on her school, made up of small contributions from the many "boys" who had received instruction from her.

Finally, after twenty-five years of devoted service on the part of Sophie Wright, the city of New Orleans has taken over her night school with its enrollment of nearly sixteen hundred pupils.

There are many other daughters of the new South whose part in the social awakening lends itself happily to narration.

No chronicle of Southern progress is complete which overlooks the work of Miss Martha Berry, the "Sunday Lady of Possum Trot," who has organized, near her old home on the outskirts of Rome, Georgia, a practical industrial school for the poor boys and girls of the mountain and rural districts. It lies at the foot of the beautiful Appalachian Mountains that spread their lonely forests across the Virginias, the Carolinas, and deep into Kentucky, Alabama and Georgia.

Brought up to ease and comfort in a fine old Southern home, clever, charming, Miss Berry has left the social round to meet the eager boys who "come tromping down out of the hills a-hungerin' for knowledge."

With her they may learn to read and write, to improve the soil and increase the output of crops, to run a dairy, raise live-stock, fruits and vegetables, all in the most practical and profitable way; to build houses and roads, to teach school, and to be leaders in their communities.

The Berry School (for boys) is nine years old, and has two hundred students. The Martha Berry School for Girls, a mile away, is a little over a year old, and

MISS MARTHA J. BERRY
Rome, Ga.

Founder of industrial schools for poor boys and girls in the Georgia mountains. She has been called the "Sunday Lady of Possum Trot"

MISS KATE GORDON
New Orleans, La.

Vice-President National American Woman's Suffrage Association and leader of an effective fight for better labor and sanitary conditions in New Orleans

MRS. CHAS. P. WEAVER
Louisville, Ky.

MRS. JESSIE C. McGRIFFE
Jacksonville, Fla.

MISS LOUISA B. POPPENHEIM
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. C. M. WILLIAMSON
Jackson, Miss.

MRS. M. U. RUTHERFORD
Magazine, Ark.

training thirty-five poor girls for Christian home-making. A strongly Christian nd altruistic spirit permeates both institutions.

Each boy spends two hours a day at some practical work. There are no servnts on the place. The boys do all their own work, cooking, dishwashing and edmaking as well as out-of-door labor.

The distinction between "men's" and "women's" work is quite sharply rawn among the hills. In the early days of the school, the struggle against radition sometimes came hard before there grew up another tradition—a sort of *prit du corps* that recognizes no honest work as beneath the dignity of a man. ow, when one of the older students who has learned the dignity of indoor as well outdoor labor, tosses a dishcloth to one of the new boys with the matter-of-ct command: "Get busy with those dishes," the rejoinder is apt to be that "never had done no sort of women's work and never 'lowed to." This eclaration is ignored by the older student, who continues cheerily: "Get usy, I tell you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk like that, hen Miss Berry 's a-working for you till she 's 'most wore herself out."

In spite of this masculine ignominy the boys like her school. Often, coming to get an education" and expecting to stay four, or, at most, eight months, ey stay four, five or six years, going from the A. B. C.'s through the high hool, and meanwhile working on holidays and during vacations to earn enough carry them through.

To the service of these boys and girls, the "Sunday Lady" has given without int of "her gold and her green forests," putting all her time, her strength and r income into the work, and drawing from it not one dollar for salary or penses. Her consuming desire is to establish these two schools on a firm sis, and to train their students to go back to their homes or out into the orld to their work as "lifters and not leaners." For each one who pays in s utmost limit of fifty dollars a year for board and tuition, she must raise an ual amount to meet the deficit for running expenses. An enormous burden for e woman, but she has undertaken it in the faith that the hearts of generous ople in all parts of the country will respond to the appeal of her work for the privileged boys and girls of the Southern mountains and rural districts.

Where these same Appalachians spread over into Kentucky and form a great all which has caused the railroads to wind around instead of through the Eastern d of the state, is another remarkable industrial school at Hindman, Knott unty.

It was established by Katherine Pettit and May Stone, two gifted young omen from the Blue Grass district, both fortunately born and cared for, but too ble to be satisfied with living from one pleasant house party to another. To em, each year, come hundreds of boys and girls, how eager you can not realize, go to this wonderful school, only to turn back into the lonely hills disappointed d heavy of heart because there is neither bed nor board for more.

Few know the heroism which has twice rebuilt this school after disastrous es. Picture, if you can, the difficulties of raising large sums of money, of haulg materials in wagons over fifty miles of mountains and stony creek beds, and cutting, hauling and hewing nine hundred logs. One who witnessed some rt of the struggle writes:

"Every day and often all day, Miss Pettit's sister was out on her faithful g, riding up the creeks and branches and over mountains through rain, snow d cold. Logs must be measured and purchased—some were donated difficult siness contracts must be made, men must be employed to haul the logs, every an over whose land the logs were hauled must be seen and his consent gained. me men would haul but had not enough oxen; others had oxen but would not ul, so oxen must be gotten for one from the other.

"While the men were at work felling the trees and splitting the logs, Miss innie could be seen leading a team of mules, driving a yoke of oxen, or carryg a crosscut saw, broadax or canthook on horseback from one force of work-

MISS ELLEN GLASGOW
Richmond, Va.

MRS. S. S. CROCKETT
Nashville, Tenn.

MRS. JOHN WATERMAN
Mobile, Ala.

MRS. H. C. CONGROVE
Joplin, Mo.

MRS. EMMA GARRETT BOYD
Atlanta, Ga.

MRS. WALTER P. CORBETT
Jacksonville, Fla.

MRS. D. W. KNEFLER
St. Louis, Mo.

MRS. ERWIN CRAIGHEAD
Mobile, Ala.

MISS HANNAH HENNESS
St. Louis, Mo.

MRS. DONALD R. HOOPER
Bates, Md.

JUDITH H. DOUGLAS
New Orleans, La.

MRS. C. P. ORR
Birmingham, Ala.

MRS. J. H. DOUGLAS
Jacksonville, Fla.

men to another; all because if she did not do it, some man must stop his wor and that would mean delay. So the weeks went by under the strain of rising three o'clock every morning to work that lasted until nine o'clock at night.

"Think of undertaking this heavy task, not once, but three times! It is such stuff that our indomitable generals are made. Only the thought of th eager boys and girls yearning for opportunity could keep one at such a seeming Sisyphean task."

Along with the establishment of educational institutions for the training mountain boys and girls, goes the establishment of schools for training teacher For example, there is the normal school for Alabama girls, which has been bui up by the self-effacing zeal and generosity of Julia Tutwiler. The work of thes women is typical of that of many others.

Out of such efforts, with their widening circle of influence, out of increasin prosperity and out of industrial maladjustment has grown that public sentimer for better schools which is sweeping through the South.

Mrs. Beverly D. Munford, of Virginia, is perhaps the woman to whom mos credit is due for that type of organization, the school improvement league, whic is giving widespread effectiveness to their enthusiasm for schools, a movemer successfully reenforced by school fairs.

The School League was by far the most effective weapon in the arsenal the Kentucky Federation of Women's Clubs when they waged their battle fo better school laws and rigid enforcement. The club women were desperate ov the plight of Kentucky's children, and well they might be. Alice Hegan Ric tells how one of these small children leaned on his hoe and said:

"Nobody never comes in here and nobody never goes out. My paw je growed up and never knowed nothin', and so did his paw afore him. Sometime when I be hoeing corn on the mountain side, I looks up the creek and down th creek and wonders if there ain't nobody never comin' to larn me nothin'. Four hundred thousand of these boys and girls, and not alone from the moun tains but from the level lands as well! One of Mrs. S. Thurston Ballard's cam paign circulars to Kentucky men reads:

"Do you know that ten of the best counties of Kentucky, noted for thei wealth, good roads and historic families, have twice as many illiterates as th whole state of Massachusetts?"

Of the other three hundred thousand students then in school (1908), thousand walked miles to log schoolhouses, which were often without desks or backs to th seats and devoid of maps and pictures, for a scanty two or three months' schooling To make matters worse, hundreds of school trustees could neither read nor write

Is it any wonder that the women of this state were desperate? Something must be done. *Put the facts before the people until they alter the facts* became th slogan. There was an "educational week" through every press and pulpit i Kentucky. The State Federation of Women's Clubs worked with the State Educational Association, and Mrs. Desha Breckinridge, of Lexington, one of th most influential women in the state in social and political matters, helped the Association to draft an epoch-making school bill for Kentucky. Mrs. Charles P Weaver (wife of a former Louisville mayor), a magnetic leader, was a power in getting the bill through the state Legislature.

Here are some of the points scored in this bill:

1. Over half a million dollars to train better teachers.
2. A high school for every county.
3. School trustees must be able to read and write.
4. Each county must levy a local tax to support its schools.

Most excellent, but what about enforcement? You must have local enthusiasm to secure an adequate school tax and an effective truant officer. Just here is where the school league is doing its work. Mrs. S. Thurston Ballard waged a suc- cessful money raising campaign and promoted a system of school improvement leagues throughout the state. Zest is given to this local work by a yearly prize

MRS. PHILLIP N. MOORE
St. Louis, Mo.

MRS. DESHA BRECKINRIDGE
Lexington, Ky.

MISS NOLA McKINNEY
Fairmont, W. Va.

MISS MARY JOHNSTON
Richmond, Va.

MISS DAISY DENSON
Raleigh, N. C.

of $800 from the State Federation of Women's Clubs for the model rural school.

Let it be added that these public spirited Southern women are just as famous housekeepers and home makers as were their grandmothers. The homes wear the same inviting air of hospitality, the biscuits and chicken are the same delicious brown, and the coffee is of the same fragrance. Southern women in many states are alive, also, to the needs of the boy in the city streets, that small engine of energy so often misdirected.

Pretty nearly every one in Mobile has, at one time or another, helped Miss Harrison (now Mrs. John B. Waterman) with her boys' club and the organization of the only complete juvenile system of the South.

Born to leisure, with youth, beauty, charm of manner, and many of the qualities that tend to crowd the years with a round of pleasure, Mrs. Waterman has not allowed herself to be submerged by the social tide, but has steadily given part of her energy to civic work. Some years ago she raised funds and built a boys' club house. The need of further organization was soon revealed; there must be a separate court for hearing juvenile cases, and a probation officer. An awakened social conscience met the need. In addition, the novel plan of a probation school was decided upon as the next thing needful, instead of the detention home used by other courts.

With all Mrs. Waterman's enthusiasm, the probation school was difficult to secure. Success came only after a five-year campaign to educate public opinion. Now Mrs. Waterman is centering her interest in the convict system of Alabama. If the next Legislature does n't grant radical changes, another will, for she has the tireless spirit and the sleepless eye of the politician.

Neighborhood work, the precursor of much of the activity just described, has been largely a woman's movement in the South and has found expression through the parish house more frequently than through the settlement house. The three strongest social settlements in the South, probably, are the Settlement Association in Houston, Texas, the Neighborhood House in Louisville, Kentucky, Kingsley House in New Orleans and Self Culture Hall, St. Louis, Mo.

The head resident of the Louisville settlement, Frances Ingram, is a slender, dark, brilliant girl of magnetic personality. Her vision, her intensity of purpose and her effectiveness promise a future of wide service. Already people begin to speak of Miss Ingram as "the coming woman of the South."

Few step into the presence of the head resident of Kingsley House, Eleanor Macmain, without becoming at once aware of her nobility of spirit. She has the simplicity of a great nature. The strong, kindly face, with the wide brow and the great eyes shining with interest for the young life in the streets and the mills, might inspire a modern Rembrandt. Hers is the enduring spirit of youth that understands intuitively the love of pleasure so characteristic of the Latin people in New Orleans.

There is the big survey of sanitary conditions in Kentucky and Tennessee towns made by Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Michigan, at the instigation of the woman's clubs, physicians and health officers of these two states.

The part of Southern women's clubs in the anti-tuberculosis crusade is well illustrated by the Tennessee Federation of Women's Clubs campaign under the able leadership of Mrs. S. S. Crockett, to remove their state from its ignominious position at the head of the mortality list. Only the great New York campaign can equal it in thoroughness and effectiveness. All through the state went the exhibit with its warning eye and the great sign, "Every time this light goes out," etc.

There is, too, the Society for the Prevention of Infant Mortality, in which two Baltimore physicians, Doctor Mary Sherwood and Doctor Lilian Welsh are doing effective work, as well as the Day Nursery Organization, the playground system, and many other movements which are making for the physical well-being of the South.

Nor must we omit the mention of the "municipal housecleaning," organized and directed by women, as in Atlanta, Georgia. Charleston, South Carolina, boasts

[Continued on page 62]

MISS LAURA CLAY
Lexington, Ky.

MISS MARY POPPENHEIM
Charleston, N. C.

MRS. JOHN OTTLEY
Atlanta, Ga.

MRS. HAMILTON DOUGLAS
Atlanta, Ga.

The Turk

By Carolyn Wells

Author of "The Rubaiyat of a Motor Car," etc.

Illustrations by HERMAN PFEIFER

BEATRICE was an absurd name for her, but Trixie suited her exactly. Young, little, slim, lithe; and so quick of motion that she seemed to dart instead of merely moving. Thus she was remindful of a dragon-fly, though, of course, she was n't a bit like one, literally.

She was pretty—not beautiful. Piquant, charming, bewitching—all adjectives of that class applied to her appearance.

But her appearance was, as appearances are said to be, deceptive.

Her big, soft, brown eyes looked meek and appealing, whereas Trixie was not of that nature at all. She was imperious, and, if she thought she could carry her point, dictatorial.

Her small, rosy mouth looked soft and lovely, but it could show a thin red line of determination before which the stoutest masculine will must go down.

Her one end and aim in life was to have her own way; and as her way was devious and full of unexpected turns and bypaths, she must needs keep her wits about her to stay triumphantly in her chosen path.

Perhaps all this gives you to think that Trixie was disagreeable or unattractive. But that could n't be, for everybody who knew her not only adored her, but they spoiled her. So Trixie Victrix was an easily won title for Beatrice Edsall.

However, as always happens with that kind of girl, Trixie at last met a man who did n't kotow and salaam and bite the dust at her slender, prettily shod feet.

This man was one Vanderveer Masterson, and he laughed at Trixie. Yes, actually laughed at her witching ways and winsome wiles and wayward will, and all the other traits that wickedly begin with a "w".

And so Trixie vowed to herself a solemn and adequate revenge. She would continue her wicked witchery until he was vanquished, and, as was customary with her vanquished ones, he would ask her to marry him, and then—here was the exquisite revenge—she would say no. Not a short, cold no, but a tentative, lingering no, so full of a haunting fragrance, of a sweet might-have-been, that the vanquished one would simply writhe in disappointed anguish.

Well, so far it all turned out as Trixie planned it; but the part of the plan that ganged a-glee was that she broke her own heart in bringing about her desired *dénouement!*

Moreover, the vanquished one was not so humble and generally flattened out as his part artistically demanded, which necessitated Trixie's increased positiveness in the enunciation of her own lines.

"Indeed I *don't* love you!" she said, with emphatic mendacity.

"You do," he declared, with equal emphasis and more truth.

The stage setting was all that could be desired. They were in the Italian formal garden of a plutocratic week-end hostess. The moon was obligingly round and bright, the roses, or some sort of flowers, were blooming about in satisfactory profusion, and even a fountain plashed discreetly in the middle distance.

Masterson was tall and strong, and though of dark coloring, his face looked pale and eager in the moonlight, which, of course, was quite as it should be.

Everything was going just to Trixie's liking. The proposal had been intense and impassioned, without a trace of overdone sentiment or bromidic love jargon.

The refusal had been gentle and charming, but positive. She had let herself go, in an intent to make Masterson understand just what he was losing—or rather, failing to get—and she had succeeded admirably. He thoroughly understood it, and he was all that could be desired of the insistent and the imperative.

And so Trixie was having her own way, and was enjoying it thoroughly, except for that strange sub-consciousness of wishing that she did n't want to have her own way in this particular instance.

But her sense of the dramatic was far too strong to allow the banality of anti-climax, and so she regretfully brought the session to a close with a final definite and positive refusal.

"You 're a spoiled child!" exclaimed Masterson, "and I can read you like a book. You 're desperately in love with me—desperately, I say—and yet you won't admit it because I don't eat out of your hand in the idiotic way the other men do."

Beatrice held up her hands and looked at them. They were of the type usually known as "rose-leaf," though of course they were not literally like rose leaves.

"Oh, your hands are all right," said Masterson, glancing at them carelessly; "it 's the way the fellows eat that I object to. When we 're married, you shall eat out of my hand quite as often as I eat out of yours."

"Sort of hand to mouth existence," said Trixie, with her best giggle, which was one of her most witching witcheries. "Besides, as I have distinctly informed you, I have no intention of marrying you."

"But, my child, you have often done things which you had no intention of doing. You 'll marry me, I have n't the slightest doubt of that. And, moreover, it will be you who will propose it next time; not I."

For a moment Trixie stared at him. He had been blunt with her before; he had been rude; he had even been impudent, but this so far exceeded all his previous audacity that it fairly took her breath away. But it did not take her wits away, and Trixie was too canny to allow herself to get angry, for she well knew that was just what Masterson wanted.

"You are strangely mistaken," she said, in low, even tones that she hoped were icy; "and as my assertions seem to have no weight with you, only time can show how mistaken you are. Quite apart from ever making the preposterous speech you say you expect of me, I shall never speak to you again at all."

She stood looking up at him, and her smallness and sweetness were rather accentuated than otherwise by her desperate endeavor to assume the air of a Judith or a Zenobia.

Masterson was ecstatically amused by it, but he preserved a grave face, and with a calmness so smilingly content as to be exceedingly irritating, he said: "'Serene, I fold my hands and wait.'"

It was a tribute to Trixie's will power that she did not reply in words to this aggravating remark, but she made a queer little sound in her throat, distinctly expressive of utter exasperation. Then, assuming a perfect oblivion of any other human presence, she drew her scarf up over one shoulder, consideringly selected the right spot at which to pick up the train of her gown, and sauntered along the formal paths back to the house.

Straight to her room she went, by good luck accomplishing the journey unseen, and there, without even stopping to dress appropriately for it, she indulged in a soul-searching, brain-refreshing, life-renewing cry. It was a most successful affair of the tumultuous order, and Trixie emerged from it with pink cheeks and shining eyes, and much the same refreshed feeling as that attained by a Turkish bath. To be sure, her nose was as pink as her cheeks, but after a short time in her dressing-room, she again offered a presentable and altogether delightful effect. A pink negligée, mostly lace, and a foolish little mob cap with pink ribbons suited her dark coloring really well, and a few judicious dabs of powder did the rest.

Slipping from her room, she went along a side corridor to the apartments of her hostess, Gladys Keene. Her light tap brought an invita

ion to enter, and going in, she sat down among the pillows of a couch.

"You're in early, Trixie," said Mrs. Keene. "I thought you'd meander with Masterson in the moonlight, longer than this."

"He's the horridest man on the face of the earth," observed Beatrice, without rancor—merely as one should make a plain statement.

"Oho! I rather fancied that you'd meander with him for the rest of your long and checkered career."

"No, indeed, Gladys. I couldn't stand that man for a minute. He's a Turk!"

"Yes, he is somewhat Turkishy. But you know there is such a thing as a Turkish Delight."

"Well, he isn't it. He's a Turkish terror. And I hope I'll never see him again!"

"Oh, Trixie, don't be so childish. If you're so emphatic, I shall think you don't mean what you say."

"But I do, Gladys, and that's what I've come to tell you. I'm going away from here to-morrow morning on that ten-thirty train. I simply will not see that man again! Now don't try to stop me, for I'm going."

"Good gracious, Trix, I know better than to try to stop you. And, too, if you've really thrown him down, you naturally don't want to stay on here with him. And I don't believe he'll go, will he?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, and I don't care. I'm going. And now I must run and pack. May Horton take me over to the station in the morning?"

"Of course, child. Let me see; we'll meet at the Gordon's next week, won't we?"

"Yes, if he isn't going to be there. I'll find that out first. Good-night, Glad. I'll look in here in the morning and say good-by."

At almost the same moment, in the smoking-room, Van Masterson was bidding good-night to Will Keene.

"And by the way, Keene," he said, "I have to go to-morrow morning. I had intended to stay over another night, but I find I'd better not, so this is good-by, old fellow. See you in town next week?"

"Yes, late in the week. Horton will take you over to the train to-morrow morning, if you really must go."

"No, thanks, I'd rather walk. But he can take my things over, if you will. I'll leave them packed."

And that's how it happened that when Beatrice Edsall got into the Keene's motor to go to her ten-thirty train, she found, although he was the only guest in the car, a huge suit-case marked V. M. perched up beside Horton the chauffeur.

Of course that meant that Vandeveer Masterson was leaving on the same train. Instead of being chagrined or annoyed at this, Miss Edsall's capricious nature was wickedly pleased at the situation.

With Horton's intelligent assistance, she secured a pleasant seat in a chair car and settled herself demurely to await developments. Had she known Masterson was going that morning, she would have stayed on at the Keene's, but it was too late for that now; moreover, the outlook promised some diversion.

But she felt a little put out when Masterson, having several chairs to choose from, deliberately selected one at the other end of the car. However, it was on the opposite side, so she was within range of his eyes.

Beatrice had no idea where Masterson was going, but she had herself decided to go to Elmfield and stay a day or two with the Herbert Abbotts. This pair of delightful people were so nearly bride and groom that the coming or going of an extra guest or two made little difference to them, and their happy home was always hospitably open to Trixie.

It was a two hours' ride, and though Miss Edsall had no intention of speaking to the man at the other end of the car, she had a positive though indefinite determination to engross his attention even against his own will.

As a matter of fact, Masterson's attention was unwanderingly hers, but the man had his own line of procedure mapped out, and to show his interest in the girl who had refused him was no part of it. He therefore apparently buried himself in a cloud of newspapers, but not a move of the young lady escaped him.

In the first half-hour Trixie accomplished little. It is difficult to be coquettishly interesting in a public place and Trixie's phenomenal powers in that direction were being wasted.

But at a way station, Chauncey Alvord got on the train. He entered the car, took a seat on Trixie's side and sat down without seeing her, though Miss Edsall was well aware that had he known she was there he would have flown to her side and never left her until compelled by circumstances.

To her ingenious brain a plan sprung, full armed. She vowed to herself that she would rouse the latent interest of that stuffy old thing at the other end of the car.

Turning her chair so that Masterson couldn't see her, she scribbled a note which ran something like this:

"DEAR CHAUNCEY:

"Don't hurray loudly when you look who's here, but listen a minute till I tell you what to do. For reasons of my own, and very good ones too, I want to play a little comedy, and this is your part in it. Saunter along the aisle until you see me; then pause and stare at me furtively, or whatever you call it, and proceed to scrape acquaintance with me as if you had never seen me before. I'll do my part all right, and I'm sure you can do yours if you try, which I know you will. FOR TRIXIE."

Still with her back turned to Masterson, Trixie quietly summoned the porter, and with what the charitable societies call a votive silver offering, she bribed that intelligent functionary to deliver the note, unseen, to Chauncey Alvord.

Then she wheeled carelessly around again and calmly watched her puppets dance. The porter delivered the note most discreetly and Alvord read it with interest, all of which was unnoticed by Masterson behind his newspaper.

But canny Trixie saw that he was getting tired of his rôle of Absorbed Reader, and that his glances, escaping his will, were straying in her direction. When a somewhat conspicuous figure arose and sauntered along the aisle, Masterson noticed that the man noticed Trixie.

Alvord did his part beautifully. He glanced at Beatrice, at first casually and then with a growing interest. He even paused by her side, and when she looked up at him with prettily startled eyes, he said pleasantly: "May I lower the shade for you?"

"I wish you would, please," said naughty Trix, flashing a smile at him and then demurely dropping her eyelids.

Alvord adjusted the shade with as much care as if it had been a most delicate mechanical appliance, and to Trixie's delight, Masterson was staring at the performance in undisguised astonishment. He could scarcely believe that Beatrice Edsall was thus accepting the entirely unnecessary attentions of a strange man. Masterson had never seen Alvord before, and so, of course, the scene he stared at left him no room to doubt that Miss Edsall was certainly smiling on the inauguration of a chance acquaintance.

"May I sit here a moment?" said Alvord, as he dropped into the vacant chair next Beatrice. "And do tell me what you're up to," he added, in a whisper.

"Oh, you are a duck, Chauncey," declared Trix, as she dimpled and smiled at him. "There's a perfect brute of a man I know at the other end of this car, and I've got to shock him somehow, so I chose this way."

"At the end of the car? Then he can't hear what we say?"

"No, of course not. We can talk as we like, now. Only keep up the attitude of having scraped acquaintance with me. Where are you going?"

As Alvord's destination insured his being on the train at least an hour,

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Masterson gazed her, and then, as if involuntarily, turned and looked at her.

United States soldiers know better than other consumers what cloth they are buying

A Plea for Pure Fabrics

By Mary Heaton Vorse

Author of "What Women Might Do for Their Towns"

The Need for Legislation to Protect Us Against the Adulteration of Cloth

THIS article contains a careful statement of most startling facts about the adulteration of clothing materials. Cloth which is from ten to fifty per cent. cotton is constantly being sold as all wool; silk heavily weighted with minerals is sold at high prices; handkerchiefs and collars, part or entirely cotton are sold as linen; thirty per cent. of the overcoating fabrics for 1911 are manufactured mostly of old cotton shoddy. In these days, no household, except a very well to do one, can be sure it is getting the quality of textiles for which it pays. The adulteration of cloth lays upon the consumers of eight hundred million dollars' worth of clothing a year a tax that is more burdensome than the indefensible wool schedules of the tariff bill. This article is a plea for a thoroughgoing, enforceable, pure textiles law.—THE EDITORS.

THERE are stores to-day supposedly reputable, though not as a rule the higher class places, that are selling to their trusting customers as all wool, materials which are ten, twenty-five, fifty per cent. cotton. Cloth has even been sold as all wool mohair when only two per cent. wool was employed in its manufacture.

Further, the adulteration of wool is carried on in every possible way. Sometimes the filling is all cotton; again there will be threads of both warp and weft that will be both cotton and wool, and again the supposed yarn itself will be of wool and cotton.

Many of these materials are commendable; that is, the dyes are fast and they will wear well. The objection is not necessarily to the fabric itself. The trouble is that they are dishonestly sold—sold as all wool when they are nothing of the kind. They are charged for dishonestly.

What is found to be true of woolen goods is equally true of silk. Silk is sold on every hand by the saleswoman, who perhaps knows no better, as all silk, when every sort of mixture of cotton is employed in its manufacture. Very light qualities of silks are heavily weighted with mineral substances so that they give the appearance of a high grade heavy silk.

Frauds Are Common in All Kinds of Textiles

Again it is found that "union goods," that is to say, goods made of cotton and linen, are sold as all linen. Handkerchiefs, collars and cuffs made entirely of cotton are sold as all linen; so are crashes and "linen" suitings. In every branch and department of the textile trade, from carpets to turn-over collars, through all the varieties of dress goods, in the household furnishings from kitchen towels to table napkins, this same sort of fraud is practised.

It has been claimed that our women are only paying a just price for their ignorance, for their desire to get much for little, and for their vanity in purchasing two poor dresses where they should rather have put their money into one good dress.

It is in a measure true that had all the women forever demanded good material above all things, had the old question, the preeminent question of our grandmothers, "Will it wear?" been the question uppermost in the minds of the American women, we should have a cleaner state of things in the textile trades to-day.

This fact, however, does not for a moment excuse the selling of "union goods" for linen or palming off adulterated silk or wool as all silk or all wool; that is fraud and trickery pure and simple. It is dishonest business; just as dishonest as the selling of oleomargarin as butter, and jellies made on an apple basis with a little colored flavoring as strawberry jam. Even the ignorant, vain and careless consumer has a right to be protected; she has, at least, a right to know what materials she is buying.

For several years, Teachers College of Columbia University, and some other educational institutions, have been conducting experiments in the testing of textiles by chemical means and by microscopic examinations. Everywhere chemical analysis has shown fraud; through all grades of cloth the microscope has revealed dishonest and inferior material. In many cases the perfection of finish of the goods would have deceived any but the veteran shopper, and in the case of the weighting of silks even the most experienced would easily have been misled. Look at this table of silks bought in the regular way and analyzed.

Yellow crêpe de chine, width 24 in., price 79c. yd., weighting 1%.

White silk, width 19 in., price 50c., weighting 61%.

Rather heavy blue silk, width 19 in., price 89c., weighting 30%.

Heavy old rose silk, width 19 in., price 85c., weighting 45%.

Plaid silk, width 19 in., price 69c., weighting 80%.

Dark-blue silk, width 19 in., price 70c., weighting 52%.

Policemen often realize the advantage of the careful testing of cloth for their uniforms

It means that in all but one case the unsophisticated shopper was paying a fair price for what she supposed was a decent silk whose substance was *not silk at all, but mineral weightings varying from 36% to 89%.*

Now, in some silks a certain amount of weighting is said to be necessary to give "body," but when the amount of weighting is 89% the affair becomes dishonest and fraudulent.

So much for what the laboratories have shown concerning our textiles. Now turn for a moment to the opinion of the trade itself. Let me quote from the *Wool and Cotton Reporter* of January 19, 1911:

"Again this year cloth of inferior quality is being put upon the market. Thirty per cent. of all the new overcoating fabrics is of improper construction. Instead of being made of all wool as claimed, this thirty per cent. is manufactured mostly of old cotton shoddy. Not only has the high cost of production brought this great quantity of unmerchantable goods upon the counters for the cutting-up trade to buy, but the real underlying cause seems to be that the purchasing of a piece of cloth on its merits in many cases is a thing of the past. . . .

Price the Only Consideration

"Oftentimes, it is said, a clothing manufacturer is obliged to sponge the goods he has purchased from the mills, because defective weaving is concealed by the high finish. He loses money by the bargain. In fact, not long ago, one manufacturer of clothing admitted that a *large profit was necessary, on high-grade goods particularly, to cover the loss on medium-priced and the cheaper grades of fabrics.* This same manufacturer said that the high price also has to cover the great risk he has to take. He claimed that oftentimes the imperfections were not exposed until the cloth had been cut up, and, in many cases, made up into garments. The expert cloth examiners, spongers and refinishers, who handle vast amounts of fabrics, agree to the statements of the clothing manufacturer. One sponger is authority for this emphatic exclamation: 'Goods are becoming rotten!'"

In other words, the ingenuity of our manufacturers has not been exercised during the past decade in giving the best possible materials to the public for a certain price, but in learning how cotton may be tortured into various shapes to represent other fabrics, and how wool and cotton, silk and cotton and linen and cotton can be best manufactured to give the illusion of all wool, all silk and all linen materials. Manufacturers have also learned how to give finishes of various

sorts to further these illusions. So it has come about that the American woman, the great consumer of cloth, the principal spender of the eight hundred million dollars that is paid every year in the United States for clothing and other textiles, does not and can not know what she is buying. The only class of women who can know this is that very small percentage of rich women who are in a position to go to the high-priced and absolutely reliable houses which exist in all the great cities. But by far the greater part of that eight hundred millions is spent by the small consumer who has no means of educating herself to a knowledge of what is good and what is bad, and who is limited in time and in money. If she lives in the city she goes to the nearest department store. In the country or small town she must buy what the local stores offer, or go without.

The men of the United States army come nearer knowing to a certainty what they are buying than do any other consumers in the country. When the Government gives out a million-dollar cloth contract, it sees to it that it gets material according to specification. The specific contracts for various sorts of cloth are elaborate and go into the technical side of the matter; the number of threads to be used to the yard, the kind of wool to be used in the manufacture—for the United States soldier has to be well dressed in clothes that will wear, that will stand the strain of weather and of work, and with ordinary care continue to look well. He must be dressed in clothes whose buttons will not come off at the first provocation, nor fade the first week in the sun, nor shrink and lose their shape forever because they have been rained upon.

Now see how the Government obtains this desirable result for its men. On Governors Island, New York City, there is a testing laboratory for cloth. A specification of the weight per linear yard of each kind of cloth is mentioned; each bolt of goods is weighed, and if it falls short of the proper weight it is thrown out.

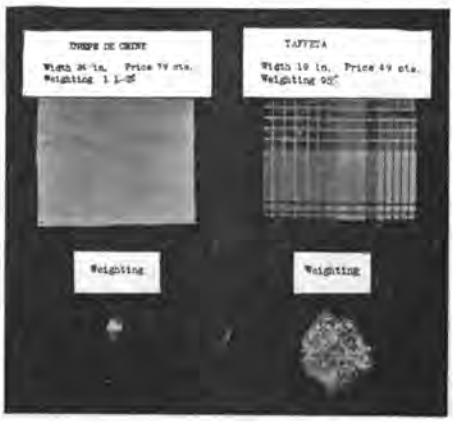
Next the question of wear and tear is considered and again the specification is stated that each special kind of cloth will stand a strain of so many pounds to the inch warp way and so many pounds to the inch filling way. So after weighing, the next test is to cut a sample and try in a machine the strength of the cloth. If it won't stand this test the cloth is thrown out.

After the cloth has been pronounced perfect for weight and strength, the dye tests are made; it must stand two acid tests for perspiration and the material must stand boiling for ten minutes in a certain soap solution, showing that it will stand washing with strong alkalis; and finally comes the weather test, the material being exposed thirty days on the roof without changing color appreciably. If the cloth has passed its examinations successfully, each yard of each piece of cloth is inspected, being run over machines for the purpose, while inspectors watch for any imperfections in the weave. An eighth of a yard for each imperfection is charged to the manufacturer.

So when the cloth is finally sent to the contractor to be made into uniforms it is known to be of really good material. Each spool of thread, each button, each lining, each filling used in the clothes of soldiers has its own special test.

In the test I saw, all the materials of a certain company were above specification in weight and in endurance.

"We have less trouble," the inspector told me, "with this company than with any other. It is very rare that we have to return a piece of goods. The other concerns vary. We return forty per cent. of one manufacturer's goods."



"What is the matter?" I asked. "Isn't his material good?"

"That's the curious part of it," the inspector told me. "His original material is every bit as good as the best of our manufacturers. It's the fault of the manufacturing. Perhaps he has a low grade of employees. Perhaps he doesn't employ efficient foremen. We don't know why; we only know he doesn't come up to specification."

Now, for future reference, remember that this manufacturer, forty per cent. of whose goods were n't even up to specification, *turned out a material which to ordinary modes of testing by the commercial buyer—by the eye, the feel of the cloth, etc.—was every bit as good material as that which came above specification.* No ordinary rule of thumb could have told the difference between the cloth that the army found good enough and the cloth that it threw out.

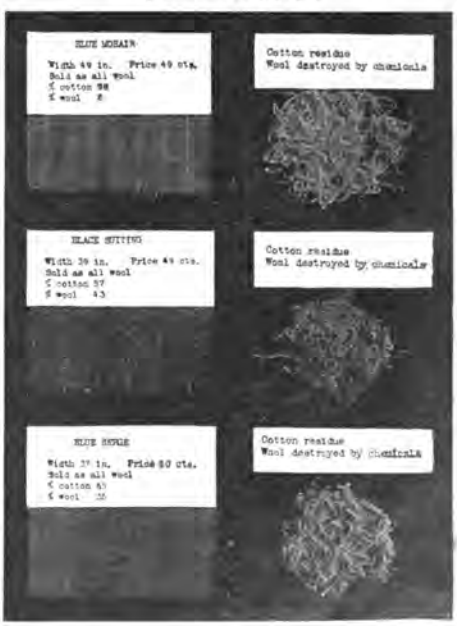
In passing, it is interesting to note that a prominent specialist in textile fabrics, connected with a great educational institution, stated that the material that the Government threw out was far above the standard of the cloth which we ordinary people must buy. We would be lucky, in other words, to get these materials which are labeled "Unfit" by the army inspectors.

Police Department Requirements Are Also High

Policemen also often reap the advantage of the careful buying of cloth. The material for policemen's uniforms in New York City is tested at Governor's Island. The specifications for materials employed in the manufacture of cloth for the uniforms of this big police force are even higher than the requirements for the soldiers' uniforms. The Police Department states that the cloth used in the uniforms of the New York police force is the very best cloth made in the world. Each piece of this cloth, however, is not tested as is the cloth for the soldiers. The Police Department does n't buy the goods, but a supply is laid in by the manufacturers and a patrolman who wants a suit of clothes goes for the goods to No. 300 Mulberry Street. Each patrolman can choose his own tailor and it is stated that there is so much competition to get the custom of the force that the cost of making up suits or overcoats is reduced to the minimum. The average cost of a summer overcoat is $13.25, and it should last two years. A winter overcoat, the cost of which averages $25.00, is said to last five years.

Now, see the methods employed by the ordinary large jobbing concerns and department stores in buying material. The buyers in the different departments are, of course, specialists. Their eyes and fingers are educated far beyond yours or mine; far beyond those of the most careful housewife, but they depend almost entirely on these "rule of thumb" methods in judging

[*Continued on page 50*]



Flash-Light

"Average" Jones Tries His Hand at Pure Mathematics

by Samuel Hopkins Adams

Author of "The Man Who Spoke Latin," "Big Print," etc.

Illustrations by M. LEONE BRACKER

"MORRISON has jammed the Personal Liberty bill through," said Waldemar, scrawling a head on his completed editorial, with one eye on the clock which pointed to midnight.

"That was to be expected, was n't it?" asked Average Jones.

"Oh, yes," replied the editor-owner of the *Universal*, in his heavy bass. "And now the governor announces he will veto it."

"Which means that he will have the whole power of the gambling ring down on him like an avalanche."

"Naturally. Morrison has declared open war against 'Pharisee Phil' as he calls Governor Arthur. Says he 'll pass the bill over his veto—but he knows, in his heart, he can't do it. Still, he 's a hard fighter."

Average Jones tipped his chair back against the wall of the editorial sanctum. "What do you suppose," he inquired with an air of philosophic speculation, "that the devil will do with Carroll Morrison's soul when he gets it? Deodorize it?"

"Harsh words, young sir! Harsh words and treasonable against one of our leading citizens—multimillionaire, philanthropist, social leader, director of banks, insurance companies and railroads, and emperor of the sport of kings."

"The sport of kings—maintained on the spoils of clerks," retorted Average Jones. "To improve the breed of horses, if you please! To make thieves of men and harlots of women, because Carroll Morrison must have his gambling-game dividends! And now he has our 'representative' Legislature working for him to that honorable end!"

"Man to see you, Mr. Waldemar," said an office boy, appearing at the door.

"Too late," grunted the editor.

"He says it 's very particular, sir, and to tell you it 's something Mr. Morrison is interested in."

"Morrison, eh? All right. Just step into the inner office, will you, Jones? Leave the door open. There may be something interesting."

Hardly had Average Jones found a chair in the darkened office when the late caller appeared. He was middle-aged, pursy, and dressed with slap-dash ostentation. His face was bloated and seared with excesses. But it was not intoxication that sweated on his forehead and quivered in his jaw. It was terror. He slumped into the waiting chair and mouthed mutely at the editor.

"Well?" The bullet-like snap of the interrogation stung the man into babbling speech.

"'S like this, Misser Wald'mar. 'S like this. Y-y-yuh see, 's like this. Fer Gawsake, kill out an ad for me!"

"What? In to-morrow's paper? Nonsense! The ad-forms have been in stereo for hours."

The visitor stood up and dug both hands into his side pockets. He produced, first a binocular, which, with a snarl, he flung upon the floor. Before it had stopped bumping, there fluttered down upon the seat of the chair which the caller had just vacated a handful of greenbacks. Another followed, and another, and another. The bills toppled and spread, and some of them slid to the floor. Still the man delved.

"There!" he panted at last. "Money talks. There 's the stuff. Count it. Eighteen hundred if there 's a dollar. More likely two thou. If that ain't enough, make your own price, I tell you. I don' care what it is. Make it, misser. Put a price on it."

There was something loathsome and obscene in the creature's gibbering flux of words. The editor leaned forward.

"Bribery, eh?" he inquired softly.

The man flinched from the tone. "It ain't bribery, is it, to ast you to rout out jus' one line from an ad an' pay you for the trouble. My own ad, too. If it runs, it 's my finish. I was nutty when I wrote it. Fer Gawsake, Misser—"

"Stop it! You say Morrison sent you here?"

"No, sir. Not axac'ly. 'S like this, Misser Wald'mar. I hadda get to you some way. It 's important to Misser Morrison, too. But he don't know I come. He don't know nothing about it. Oh, Gaw! If he finds out—"

"Put that money back in your pockets."

With an ashen face of despair, the man obeyed. As he finished, he began to sag at the joints. Slowly he slackened down until he was on his knees, an abject spectacle of disgust. The editor's hearty grip on his collar heaved him to his feet and sent him headlong from the room. His slumping footsteps died away.

"Come back, Jones," called Waldemar, resuming his chair.

Average Jones entered. "Have you no curiosity, Waldemar?" he asked.

"Not much—having been reared in th newspaper business."

Stooping, Average Jones picked up th glasses which the man had thrown o the floor and examined them carefully "Rather a fine instrument," he observed "Marked N. K. I think I 'll follow u the owner."

"You'll never find him now. He ha too much start."

"Not at all. When a man is in hi state of abject funk it's ten to one h lands at the nearest bar. Wait for me."

In fifteen minutes Average Jones wa back. There was a curious expression o his face as he nodded an assent to his friend's inquiring eyebrows

"Where?" asked Waldemar.

"On the floor of a Park Row saloon."

"Dead drunk, eh?"

"Not drunk. Dead."

Waldemar stiffened in his chair. "Dead!" he repeated.

"Poison, probably. The ad was his finish, as he said. The nex thing is to find it."

"The first edition will be down any minute now. But it 'll take som finding. Why, counting 'classified,' we 're carrying fifteen hundred ad in every issue. With no clue to the character of this one—"

"Plenty of clue," said Average Jones, suavely. "You 'll find it on th sporting page, I think."

"Judging from the man's appearance? Rather far-fetched, I think."

"Judging from a pair of very fine binoculars, a mention of Carrol Morrison's name, and, principally, some two thousand dollars in a hug heap."

"I don't quite see where that leads."

"No? The bills must have been mostly ones and twos. Those ar a bookmaker's takings. The binocular is a racing-man's glass. Ou late friend used the language of the track. I think we 'll find him o page nine."

"Try," said Waldemar, handing him a paper still spicy with the keen odor of printer's ink, which the boy had just brought.

Swiftly the Ad-Visor's practised eye ran over the column. It checke at the "offer" of a notorious firm of tipsters who advertised to sell "in side information" on the races to their patrons. As a special lure, the were, on this day, letting the public in on a few particularly "good things free. "There you are," said Average Jones, pointing out the advertise ment.

To his astonishment, Waldemar noted that his friend's indicator finger shook a little. Normally, Average Jones was the coolest and mos controlled of men.

"Noble and Gale's form ad," he observed. "I see nothing unusual i that."

"Yet—er—I fancy it 's quite important—er—in its way."

The editor stared. "When you talk like a bored Britisher, Average," he remarked, "there 's sure to be something in the air. What is it?"

"Look at the last line."

Again Waldemar turned to the paper. "'One Best Bet,'" he read "'That the Pharisee will never finish.' Well?"

"'That the Pharisee will never finish,'" repeated Average Jones "If the Pharisee is a horse, the line becomes absurd at once. How could any one know that a horse would fail to finish in a race? But if i —er—referred—er—to a man, an official known—er—as Pharise Phil—"

"Wait!" Waldemar had jumped to his feet. A thrill, increasing and pulsating through the floor beneath them, shook the building. The editor jumped for the telephone.

"Composing room; quick! Give me the foreman. Hello! That you Corrigan? Stop the presses . . . I don't care if we miss every train in the country . . . Don't answer back. This is Mr. Wal demar. Stop the presses."

The thrill waned and ceased. At the telephone, Waldemar continued "Look up the Noble and Gale tip ad page nine, column six. Kill the last line—the One Best Bet . . . Don't ask *me* how. Chisel it out. Burn it out. Dynamite it out. But kill it. After that 's done print . . . Hello; Dan? Send the sporting editor in here in a hurry."

"Good work," said Average Jones. "They 'll never know how near their idea of removing Governor Arthur came to being advertised."

Waldemar took his huge head in his hands and rocked it gently. "It 's on," he said, "and right-side-before. Yet, it tries to tell me that a man, plotting to murder the governor, advertised the fact in my paper! I 'll get a new head."

"Keep that one for a while," advised Average Jones. "It may be

better than you think. Anyway, here 's the ad. And down yonder is the dead man who tried to kill it and could n't. So much is real."

"And here 's Bendig," said the other, as the sporting editor entered. "Any such horse as 'The Pharisee,' Bendig?"

"No sir. I suppose you mean that Noble and Gale ad. I saw it in proof. Some of Nick Karboe's funny work, I expect."

"Nick Karboe: N. K." murmured Average Jones, laying a hand on the abandoned field glass. "Who is this man Karboe, Mr. Bendig?"

"Junior partner of Noble and Gale. He puts out their advertising."

"Any connection with Mr. Carroll Morrison?"

"Why, yes. Before he went to pieces he used to be Mr. Morrison 's confidential man, and lately he 's been doing some lobbying for the association. I understood he 'd quit it again."

"Quit what?" asked Waldemar. "Drink?"

"Worse. The white stuff. Coke."

Average Jones whistled softly. "That explains it all," he said. "A cocaine fiend on a debauch becomes a moral and mental imbecile. It would be perfectly in character that he should boast of a projected crime."

"That 's all very well," said Waldemar, after the sporting editor had left, "but you don't really connect Morrison with this?"

"At least I propose to try. See here, Waldemar, two months ago at a private dinner Morrison made a speech in which he said that men who interfered with the rights of property, like Governor Arthur, were no better than anarchists and ought to be handled accordingly. Therefore, I don't think that a plan—a safe one, of course—to put 'Pharisee Phil' away would greatly disturb our friend's distorted conscience. You see, the governor has laid impious hands on Morrison's holy of holies—the Dividend. By the way, where is Governor Arthur?"

On the train for this city. He 's to review the night parade at the Harrisonia Centennial, and unveil the statue to-morrow; that is, to-night."

"A good opportunity," murmured Average Jones.

"What! In the sight of a hundred thousand people?,"

"That might be the very core of the opportunity. And at night."

"If you feel certain, it 's a case for the police, is n't it?"

"Hardly! The gambling gang control the police, wholly. They would destroy the trail at once."

"Then why not warn the governor?"

"I don't know him."

"Suppose I make an appointment to take you to see him in the morning?"

This was agreed upon. At ten o'clock Governor Arthur received them at his hotel, greeting Average Jones with flattering warmth.

"You 're the amateur detective who scared the Hon. William Linder out of the mayoralty nomination," said he, shaking hands. "What are you going to do to me?"

"Give you some racing news to read, Governor."

The governor took the advertisement proof and read it carefully. Characteristically, he then reread it throughout.

"You think this is meant for me?" he asked, handing it back.

"I do. You 're not exactly what one would call popular with the racing crowd, you know, Governor."

"Mr. Morrison, in the politest manner in the world, has allowed me to surmise as much," said the other, smiling broadly. "A very polished person, Mr. Morrison. He can make threats of extinction—political of course—more delicately than any other subtle blackmailer I have ever met, and I have met several in my time."

"If this were political, I should n't be taking up your time, sir."

"My dear Jones"—a friendly hand fell on the visitor's shoulder—"I gravely fear that you lack the judicial mind. It 's a great thing—to lack—at times." Governor Arthur's eyes twinkled again, and his visitor wondered whence had come his reputation as a dry, unhumorous man. "As to assassination," he pursued, "I 'm a sort of Christian Scientist. The best protection is a profound conviction that you 're safe. That reacts on the mind of any would-be assassin. To my mind, my best chance of safety lies in never thinking of danger."

"Then," said Waldemar, "any attempt to persuade you against appearing at Harrisonia to-night would be time wasted?"

"Absolutely, my dear Waldemar. But don't think that I 'm not appreciative of your thoughtfulness and that of Mr. Jones."

"What is the program of the day, Governor?" asked Average Jones.

"Rather a theatrical one. I 'm to ride along Harrison Avenue to the reviewing stand, in the Harrison family's old coach of state, a lofty old ark, high as a circus wagon, which has been patched up for the occasion. Just before I reach the reviewing stand, a silk cord is to be handed to me, with which I am to pull the veil from the great civic statue as I move on."

"Then I think that Mr. Waldemar and I will look the ground over. Could we get you by telephone, sir, if necessary?"

"Any time up to seven o'clock."

"What do you think of the chance of their passing the bill over your veto?" asked Waldemar.

"They are spending money as it has never been spent before," replied

[*Continued on page 58*]

"Money talks. There 's the stuff. Count it. Eighteen hundred if there 's a dollar"

Dr. S. A. Knapp, who has charge of the "Farmers' Cooperative Demonstration Work"

Parade of Washington County, Texas, Corn Club, at Brenham, May 26, 1910. One hundred and twenty boys in line

MISSIONARIES TO THE SOIL—By Forrest Crissey

Teaching the Gospel of Better Crop Methods to the Southern Farmer

ABOUT four years ago a long, lanky man, whose joints seemed to be of the loose, ball-and-socket order, unlimbered himself from his saddle and "lighted" in a certain Texas cotton field. After the stranger had shaken the hands of father and the two sons, he explained that he had been sent by the Government to see if he could n't help the Texas farmers to fight the boll-weevil and raise good cotton crops in spite of this scourge which had come up from Mexico like an invading horde.

"Look here, stranger," returned the planter, "I 've raised cotton all my life; so did my father before me and his father before him—an' I reckon *his* father before *him*. An' I 'm 'bleeged t' say t' you that no man that wears a biled shirt and hails from Washington can come down here an' tell me anything about raisin' cotton."

The tall stranger—himself a Texan—hesitated a moment and then decided to play a bold hand and take the consequences.

"You think so?" he drawled. "My friend, I 'm obleeged to tell you that you don't know anything about cotton. Why, you don't even know how to *pick* cotton. I 'll take these two rows alone and you and your two boys together take the next two. That 'll be three against one."

Skill in Cotton Picking is not Hereditary

And before the hot blood of the planter exploded into words, the stranger had caught up a picking sack, shifted it into position and was getting into action between his two rows. The planter, in the presence of his sons, checked the words that came to his lips and silently accepted the challenge. Not a word was said as the contesting pickers moved down the rows. But the boys had seen the fire in the tail of their father's eye and knew that the honor of the family was at stake; they could n't "see Pap beat out" by a man in a white shirt from Washington, and so they settled to the race with set teeth.

Meantime, the gaunt arms of the stranger were moving between the cotton balls and sack with the swift and regular strokes of a piston-rod and the long fingers always came back with a full load of white lint. At the end of his rows he rested his sack and took a calm view of his opponents. They still had about a fourth of the way to come. At last, when they had finished, the father faced about and took a careful survey of the rows which had been picked by the winner. They showed as clean a piece of picking as he had ever seen.

Suddenly turning to the stranger he put out his brown hand and exclaimed:

"Mister, I don't care where you hail from or who you are; after this you can tell me any blame thing you like an' I 'll listen an' learn!"

Before the stranger left he had enrolled the Texan as a "demonstrator" of the new agriculture; which is to say, the planter had agreed to cultivate a certain portion of his land under the direction of the agent and to "follow Government instructions" to the letter and with the spirit. The soil missionary representing Uncle Sam put in several subsequent days showing the planter how to make a new start in the right direction by clearing the field of every fallen cotton "square" in which the weevil breeds and flourishes; how to plow his land, select his seed, cultivate his

Five tons of hay produced in Virginia on an acre of what had been worn out tobacco land two years before and sold for $4.00

Instructing the farmer in seed selection of cotton, and method of marking best stalks, so they may be picked separately and preserved for seed purposes

A demonstrator in Mississippi holding a meeting in the field to explain to the farmers the system of selecting seed corn on the stalk

Interest in crop improvement is stimulated among the more youthful farmers by means of excursions and open air banquets

rops and, finally, how to keep an account of the cost of producing his crop. The following fall, after the crop had been sold and harvested, the lanter appeared in the agent's office and said:

"Look here, Mr. Procter, there must be some mistake about this. hese figures say that I've made nineteen dollars an acre from that emonstration crop. Why, man, I never made nineteen dollars an re off any crop in my life. There 's some mistake, somewhere."

"Let me see the figures," suggested the agent. He went over them ith unsparing care and as a result announced: "The figures are right. ou 've cleared nineteen dollars on every acre covered in these accounts. 's plain now, isn't it, that the new kind of farming pays?"

"Pays?" came the quick reply; "it sure does pay past all account. y neighbor has a good farm of three hundred and twenty acres just ross the road from me. It 's good land and I 've always had an eye on but thought I could n't ever own it because it would take so ever- sting long for me to pay out on it. But at the rate you 've taught me go, I can pay for it from one cotton crop." He went home, bought e land and paid for it with the first crop from it.

Fighting the Farmer for His Own Good

This is the kind of hand-to-hand fighting that Uncle Sam is doing in der to carry the crusade of better crop methods into the places that e being devastated by the boll-weevil and other enemies of agricultural osperity, including the dry rot of one-crop farming. It aims at the ricultural salvation of half a continent and is one of the greatest home issionary projects in operation anywhere in the world. More than 50,000 was spent in this work in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910. be exact, the United States Government furnished $207,000; the eneral Education Board of New York gave $102,000 and about $50,000 me from public-spirited men and organizations in the states where the ork is being done. Counties, cities, boards of trade and private indi- duals have come forward with contributions sufficient to pay in part in full the expense of maintaining an agent in order to get the serv- s of one of these farm missionaries in their immediate localities and get him without waiting.

This principle of local support is encouraged not only because the mands upon the farm missionary department are greater than the nds at its command, but also because of the fact that men and stitutions which put money into this enterprise feel the solid personal terest in the work which comes from putting a cash investment into it. ey get behind it with a moral support and stimulus which helps to ep the wheels moving. But, no matter where the money comes from, e men employed are under direct and exclusive control of "The rmers' Cooperative Demonstration Work" of the United States overnment.

This subdivision of the Bureau of Plant Industry is in charge of Dr. A. Knapp, who has four hundred and thirty field men under him. ese men operate from Virginia to Texas, and practically the whole uth is regarded as their home missionary field. They range as far rth as Arkansas and Oklahoma in the West and Virginia in the East. There is, however, no conspiracy on the part of Uncle Sam to play ate and sectional favorites in his great missionary crusade of education the art of enlightened farming. Neither does he hold that the men o work the soil in the South are the only ones that need paternal mis- onary efforts. He recognizes that New England farming is in dire ed of a revival of wholesale conversion from ancient and fossilized actises to modern and enlightened methods.

A national emergency, the boll-weevil peril, not favoritism or a warped ew of sectional deficiencies, dictated the location of Uncle Sam's first rm missionary campaign in the South.

Two reasons account for the amazing proportions to which the work has grown. One is the crying necessity for this form of agricultural salvation; the other is the personnel of the men with which the movement is manned—the admirable balance of the working corps with respect to theory and practise, to scientific knowledge and actual farm experience.

Missionary Bishop of American Agriculture

This fusing of the theoretical and the practical is conspicuously represented in the person of Dr. Knapp, who may be fittingly referred to as the Missionary Bishop of American Agriculture.

After Dr. Knapp took a new degree in the lodge of practical farming, he acquired lands and farms of his own which were operated under his personal supervision. His farms represented a heavy personal investment and they had to make good. Also he had constant opportunity to measure the influence of an object-lesson in progressive farming upon a community. He saw the extent to which a sharply defined demonstration "took" and how to make that kind of inoculation more effective.

When, in 1897, James Wilson was made Secretary of Agriculture, he asked his old friend and college associate to accept a position in the Department of Agriculture to the end of working out many interesting and vital problems. Dr. Knapp accepted and spent the year 1898 in Japan, China and the Philippines as an agricultural explorer. Later he extended his explorations to India and other remote countries, bringing back not only many importations of great direct value to American agriculture, but also a remarkably wide and comprehensive knowledge of farming conditions in remote and diversified countries and climates. In the hot countries his researches were especially extensive and thorough. All this gave him an almost ideal preparation for the leadership of the greatest agricultural missionary movement of modern times.

The lieutenants chosen to carry out the campaign under this leader are all selected for their special fitness for the work. There is not a political appointee in the lot. They are on the pay roll because they know their business and because they can deliver the goods. The five general assistants in the head office at Washington are men of high scientific training and known executive ability. State, district and county agents—the men in the field—are selected according to varying standards.

The state agents must not only have a good working fund of sound scientific knowledge, but they must have the executive tact to manage men. High standing in the research laboratory may be an incident in their equipment; but only an incident.

In the words of Dr. Knapp, "State agents are strong and capable men who have shown their ability to carry out successfully the instructions of the central office over a large territory." He defines the qualifications of a district agent in these words: "District agents are expected to have not only a knowledge of scientific agriculture, but to be practical farmers and to have had considerable experience in the demonstration work. County agents are recruited from the ranks of "demonstrators," and are appointed, as a rule, after careful consultation with local farmers and business men. They must know the farming game in the localities to which they are appointed and must stand well in their home communities.

Uncle Sam's Three Hundred and Seventy-five Missionaries

But it should be remembered that the good work does not end with the conversion of the "cooperator." Whenever an agent is about to pay his visit to a "cooperator" his coming is heralded in advance and the farmers of the community are urged to gather at the demonstration patch and hear the gospel of the new agriculture and to examine into its works. This generally brings about thirty to sixty farmers to hear the word. In this way, according to the careful estimates, Uncle Sam's

Cowpeas grown in North Carolina on land farmed under old methods

Cowpeas grown on same land treated under demonstration methods

missionary movement is to-day directly influencing the methods of cultivation on *fully half a million farms!*

The lines of this work are as sharply defined as a fresh furrow in a sod field. The four primary lessons of the first year have the single aim in view of convincing the cooperator that he can make a larger crop at lower cost by following the "Government method." These lessons comprise: the best seed bed and how to make it; the best seed of its variety and how to obtain it; frequent and shallow cultivation of the crop—how and why; the use of better teams and tools to secure more economic production.

This generally holds the cooperator for the first year with a strong grip. And if the primary lessons do their natural work of preparation, and the ardor of the convert holds out, he is next taught by the demonstration method the mysteries of "conserving and enriching the soil by the use of legumes and winter cover crops; the value and uses of barnyard manures and commercial fertilizers; simple methods of barn drainage."

If his faith is still bright and his works prove worthy, he is given the third degree in the form of instruction in the value of better meadows and pastures, and how to secure them and the "most economic grain crops for work animals, or to produce flesh as a supplement to the pasture and the meadow grasses."

In a word, every doctrine taught in this open air "class meeting" of the soil is aimed to correct a definite agricultural sin which is as universally prevalent in the South as are cotton, corn and the credit system.

The fight waged by these faithful missionaries is a hand-to-hand combat. In new territory they meet with as many rebuffs as an itinerant *colporteur* in a pagan settlement. But often they win by persistence where other arts fail.

Demonstration methods yield 1400 pounds seed cotton per acre

Old methods yield 400 pounds seed cotton per acre

The Missionary and the One-Mule Farmer

J. C. Phelps, a district agent in Alabama, while working in Conecuh County one day called upon a small farmer known in that region as a "one-mule farmer." This man was living on the place where he was born and where his father and his grandfather had lived before him. They had all been cotton planters. This native met the advances of the agricultural missionary with the statement that he "reckoned he knew about as much about cotton farming as any man from Washington;" that "book farmin' wasn't no good nohow," and that he was "deep enough in debt already without trying any new notions."

At length, from sheer desperation, like the unjust judge in the Scriptures, he yielded and gave his word that he would dedicate a portion of his farm to demonstration work and would carry out the instructions of the agent as faithfully as if he believed that anything worth while would be the harvest of results.

As he had been carefully instructed in keeping an account of his results on the demonstration field, he was able to present on that plot as well as on the remainder of his farm not operated under the despised "Government methods" the following showing:

DEMONSTRATION ACRES	
Cotton, 7 acres, 4,000 lbs. lint	$ 400.00
190 bushels seed at $1.00 per bushel	190.00
Corn, 2 acres, 110 bushels sold for seed at $2.50	275.00
Total cash for demonstration acres	$865.00
ORDINARY ACRES	
Cotton, 7 acres, 1,150 lbs. of lint	$ 115.00
70 bushels seed at 22 cents per bushel	15.40
Corn, 10 acres, 105 bushels at 90 cents per bushel	94.50
Total cash for ordinary acres	$ 224.90

The "One-Mule Farmer's" Second Birth

That fall the planter attended a district meeting called by the agent and was moved to make his first public speech. He declared that as a farmer he was "just one year old," and that he knew nothing about farming until the agricultural missionary came along and "pounded some sense into him."

Not all victories of Uncle Sam's soil missionaries are gained at the first visit. The later "instruction calls" are often as important in their results as the first meeting which results in securing the farmer as a "cooperator." Recently the state agent in Georgia, who has about forty local agents under him, visited one of his workers in the southern part of the State. This local agent took him in the buggy and, as the Georgia expression has it, "carried him into the fields."

There they found a cooperator attempting to cultivate a portion of his farm according to Government instructions. The demonstrator was anything but happy over the progress of his experiment. The reason was plain to see, as there was an abundant growth of grass between the rows of cotton. His almost futile cultivating was being done with a V-shaped harrow which required him to go down one side of the row and back the other, traversing twice the length of the field to cover one row. He declared that there was not time enough in which to clean such a crop.

"Let me see what I can do to lengthen the time or shorten the work," said the state agent, taking the monkey-wrench and a hammer from underneath the buggy seat. With these tools he removed the center tooth, lengthened the corner tooth, adjusted the others and spread the back of the harrow a little.

"Now I guess it will straddle the row all right," was his comment, as he returned the implement to its owner. It did—and thereby cut the labor in half.

[*Continued on page 51*]

The Ould Hound—By Arthur Stringer

WHEN Shamus made shift wid a turf-hut
He 'd naught but a hound to his name;
And whither he went thrailed the ould friend,
Dog-faithful and iver the same!

AND he 'd gnaw thro' a rope in the night-time,
He 'd eat thro' a wall or a door,
He 'd shwim thro' a lough in the winther,
To be wid his master wanst more!

AND the two, faith, would share their last bannock;
They 'd share their last collop and bone;
And deep in the starin' ould sad eyes
Lean Shamus would stare wid his own!

AND loose hung the flanks av the ould hound
When Shamus lay sick on his bed—
Ay, waitin' and watching wid sad eyes
Where he 'd eat not av bone or av bread!

BUT Shamus be springtime grew betther,
And a throuble came into his mind;
And he 'd take himself off to the village
And be leavin' his hound behind!

AND deep was the whine of the ould dog
Wid a love that was deeper than life—
But be Michaelmas, faith, it was whispered
That Shamus was takin' a wife!

A WIFE and a fine house he got him;
In a shay he went drivin' around;
And I met him be chance at the cross-roads
And I says to him: "How 's the ould hound?"

"ME wife never took to that ould dog,"
Says he wid a shrug av his slats,
"*So we 've got us a new dog from Galway,*
And och, he 's the divil for rats!"

INTRODUCING A NEW SERIES OF JANEY STORIES

Janey Takes a Thinking Part

By Inez Haynes Gillmore

Author of "Janey Takes Her Pen in Hand," "Janey and the Stork," etc.

Illustrations by ADA C. WILLIAMSON

"UNCLE JIM! Uncle Jim!" Janey's voice rose to heights falsetto with excitement. She dashed into the study where Mr. Warriner was enjoying a post-luncheon pipe in the company of his guest, Mr. Robert Dixon, and landed in a breathless heap in her uncle's lap. "What do you think has happened? I'll give you three guesses. Take a long, long time to think, Uncle Jim, for it's about the most bee-*yu*-tifullest thing that ever was. I'd rather have it than go to the moving pictures every night. Oh, do hurry; but I know you can't guess it if you tried for a hundred years." At the end of her breath, Janey stopped.

"All right," said Uncle Jim. "Three guesses. I'll split with you, Bob. Let's go at this problem psychologically. Now, what in your opinion would be the summit of earthly bliss to a sulphitic young person of the female persuasion? I bet I hit a bull's-eye every time. The balloon man is making his annual raid on Scarsett."

"No," said Janey, in a contemptuous tone. "Much better than that. Your turn, Mr. Dixon."

"There's a hand-organ in town with a monkey," Mr. Dixon replied promptly.

"Oh, ever and ever so much better than that," Janey commented. "Now you, Uncle Jim."

"Somebody's given you a new doll, cat, bird, white mouse, guinea-pig, rabbit, squirrel, Gila monster, roc, dodo, phœnix, megatherium, minotaur, Jurassic bird or carnivorous dinosaur."

"Uncle Jim," Janey said reproachfully, "you know as well as you know your name that I don't understand some of those long words. But the others, I'd perfectly love to have." And, indeed, her little expressive face had responded as sensitively to this catalogue of wonders as a dark stage to the touch on the keyboard of the electrician's hand. But now, obviously, she could contain herself no longer. "Mrs. Carroll is going to give 'Midsummer-Night's Dream' on her place. It's for the new hospital. Just think of it, Uncle Jim and Mr. Dixon! They'll act it right out on the back lawn among the trees. And she wants me to take part in it—and she says—"

Janey stopped, petrified. For her remarks, instead of eliciting the enthusiasm which she expected, were cut short by twin explosions of dismay.

"The professional—heaven be thankit—takes a rest in the good old summertime," said Mr. Dixon, "but the amateur is always with us."

"Civil war in our midst again!" was Uncle Jim's equally disappointing comment; "and the Nortons and the Delanos on speaking terms for the first time in three years." He did not stop even there. "Stung for ten dollars' worth of tickets!" he concluded ruefully.

Janey's face revealed every atom of the outrage of these speeches to her finer feelings. She had not expected it from either of them. Certainly not from Uncle Jim, on whom she had always depended for sympathy in the exploration of a constantly enlarging ten-year-old world. Even less did she expect it from Mr. Dixon who—

Mr. Dixon had been their guest for over a week, now. He was a press agent. When, just before his arrival, Janey asked Mr. Warriner what a press agent did, that gentleman, temporarily sardonic, replied that he wrote fairy tales.

Never before was guest of the Blair household anticipated with such rapture and received with such deference by its smallest inmate. At first, Janey could not make up her mind what a writer of fairy tales should look like. Finally, she decided he should be a combination of King Arthur of the Round Table, Uncle George of the Rollo books and Hop-o'-My-Thumb.

But, in point of fact, Mr. Dixon resembled none of these pleasing personages; at least, not according to the illustrations in Janey's fairy-books. He was very tall and lank, with the most extraordinary forehead that Janey had ever seen. It began, like everybody's else, just above the eyebrows and continued, unlike anybody's else, straight back between two clumps of fine, yellow hair, until it became his neck. He had an irregular, homely face, mainly furnished with a pair of big blue eyes that had a perpetual look of not trusting anything that they saw. Indeed, even Janey soon realized that, with him, skepticism was a prevailing state of mind. He did not even believe things that he read in the newspapers.

"What do you think has happened? I'll give you three guesses"

Immediately after dinner on the day of his arrival, Janey approached Mr. Dixon with a modest request that he tell her one of those fairy tales which Uncle Jim said he wrote. At this, Mr. Dixon sighed deeply. "Tell your Uncle Jim that I don't hold down any such easy job as writing fairy tales. Tell him I have to create worlds."

Mr. Dixon was the first to recover after Janey's news. "What kind of a part have you, Janey?" he asked, politely.

"I don't know yet," Janey answered, importantly. "I hope it's *Hermia*, or *Helena* or *Hippolyta*, though I wouldn't mind being *Queen Titania*. I asked Mr. Carroll about it and he said it was a thinking part. That sounds very 'sponsible to me, does n't it to you, Uncle Jim? Do you suppose I'd have to think every moment?"

Both of Janey's listeners became very grave. Mr. Dixon quite palpably choked over this situation.

"Oh, and I almost forgot!" Janey went on. "Uncle Jim, Mrs. Carroll told me to ask you if you'd be *Theseus* and Mr. Dixon, *Bottom?*"

Again the simplest of remarks precipitated explosion. "Jim," Mr. Dixon said, sternly, "it's the tall uncut for mine if you drag me into that bunch of amateurs. Remember I'm subject to epilepsy, kleptomania and trifacial neuralgia."

"Don't worry, son," Mr. Warriner reassured him. "I'd rather participate in an Indian massacre myself. Be sure that you don't repeat that to Mrs. Carroll, Janey," he interjected, hastily. "I'll write her a note."

"Who is this trouble-provoking Mrs. Carroll, Jim?" Mr. Dixon, asked.

"One of the trouble provoking summer people," Uncle Jim answered in an aside that Janey could not get. "Married to a man thirty years older than herself, round-shouldered with money—handsome creature—dark, with wonderful gray eyes—no children—no brains—running over with energy and temperament—ought to have gone on the stage—takes it out in giving amateur shows on a really ripping scale—does an enormous amount of entertaining—great fun—I like her."

"Uncle Jim, how do you learn a thinking part?" Janey asked.

"I'm afraid, Janey," Uncle Jim answered, in what seemed an unnecessarily indirect way, "if there are any grown-up people in the play, you won't be likely to have a grown-up part. You'll probably be one of the fairies. Don't you remember *Moth* and *Cobweb* and *Mustard-Seed* and *Peas-Blossom?*"

"Uncle Jim" Janey said in an insulted tone, "*of course* I remember them. I always remember everything you read to me. In some ways," she went on meditatively, "I'd rather be a fairy than anything else, although the fairies don't have so much to say. Now I guess I'll get out the Shakespeare book and read 'Midsummer-Night's Dream' to Caroline. She's so little I 'spect she won't understand much of it, except when we get to the fairies. But I shall tell her that she must listen to every drop, for maybe when she's a big girl like me, somebody 'll want her to take a thinking part, too."

She came home after her first rehearsal a chastened person. "I've found out what a 'thinking part' is, Uncle Jim," she announced. "It's one where you don't have to say anything but just stand round. I'm not *Helena* nor *Hermia* nor *Hippolyta* nor *Queen Titania*. I'm not *Moth* nor *Mustard-Seed* nor *Cobweb* nor *Peas-Blossom*. I'm just a fairy that waits on *Queen Titania*."

"What did they do to-day?" Uncle Jim asked, "and who's going to be in it?"

"Well, they didn't do so very much," Janey answered. "They sort of walked 'round and read their parts out of their books. Oh, Uncle Jim and Mr. Dixon, I know you'll wish you'd said 'Yes' to Mrs. Carroll when I tell you something. There's a whole lot of really truly actors and actresses in it."

"Tempts *me* almost beyond my strength," Mr. Dixon said with an inflection that Janey considered very peculiar. "Where'd they get the Thespians, Jim?" he asked of Mr. Warriner.

"There's an actor-colony over in West Scarsett," replied Uncle Jim.

"My eye—how that increases the quiet charm of this place for me," commented Mr. Dixon. "Go on, Janey, tell us the worst."

Janey did not need exhortation. "There's two of the most beautifullest ladies I ever saw in my life going to be *Helena* and *Hermia*. One's a blonde and the other's a brunette. And they just love each other, Uncle Jim. They always walk with arms round each other's waist."

"Touching!" said Mr. Dixon. "Almost affects me to tears. Utterly unconscious, of course, of the picturesque effect!"

Janey bristled. "They know now," she said with emphasis, "for I told them they looked sweet—just like *Snow-White* and *Rose-Red* in the fairy-tale."

"And what did they say to that?" Mr. Dixon asked curiously.

"Snow-White said: 'Is n't she the cute little tad!' They're not really truly actresses, but their sisters and brothers are on the stage and they know all about it—they tell everybody how to do everything."

"Charming type!" Mr. Dixon put in ominously. "I recognize it at once. Go on."

"The lady who's going to be *Queen Hippolyta* is a really truly actress. Her p'tend name's Muriel Merle—Elsa Morgan told me—but her everyday name's Mrs. Dolan. She said she's played all Shakespeare—every speck of him with—with—now what was that name? Oh, yes, I know—Irving."

"Press!" snorted Mr. Dixon. "Theresa Dolan understudied Terry for a season. She played *Portia* once. And James—believe *me*—in point of pre-digestion, no breakfast-food has anything on the scenery when Theresa tears loose."

"And there's the most wonderfuliest little girl to play *Queen Titania*. She's a really truly actress, too. Her p'tend name's Little Pearla."

"Welcome little stranger!" Mr. Dixon groaned. "She was the *Little Eva* of that first experience of mine—just after I came out of college, you remember, Jim—Uncle Tomming through the West. And of all the insufferable, offensively precocious Little Pearla—" But he pulled himself up. "Go on, Janey!"

"Just think, Uncle Jim; she's only twelve and she's acted in ever so many plays—I mean drammers—that's what she called them. Let me see—what was that hard one? I said it over and over until I learned it. Oh, yes, 'Pelleas and Melisande' and 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' and 'The Tempest' and 'The Working-girl's Revenge' and 'Pinafore' and 'What's the Matter with Sarah?' But I've left the best to the end. There's the sweetest lady going to play *Puck*—Mary Miller—and—"

"Mary Miller!" exclaimed Mr. Dixon, "now you're shouting, Janey. You want to keep your eye peeled for that young woman, Jim. You're going to hear from her. Plenty of class to her as an actress and a perfectly good human being."

"Then there's a young man who's a really, truly actor—he's the prettiest man I ever saw in my life, except Uncle Jim; his name's Henry Macy—"

A long, vari-colored procession came winding through the trees

"Henry Macy!" Mr. Dixon interrupted again. "He's another come-on, Jim. Keep the other eye nailed to Macy!"

"Miss Miller and Mr. Macy and Mr. Carroll and me—we all talk a lot together. You see every one of us loves Shakespeare. Of course, they've read a great many more plays than I have. But, then, I've read more of Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare' than they have."

"Oh, sure! I forgot!" said Uncle Jim. "Carroll's a first-edition shark. He's bug on the Shakespeare Sonnets mystery. Writes an article occasionally."

"He took Miss Miller and Mr. Macy and me into the library and showed us his Shakespeare books," Janey said. "I told him that you bought me a little book with a Shakespeare play in it every time you read one to me and then he showed me some books—just like the one Shakespeare first published—I can't remember the names, but you told me all about them once."

"His Shakespeariana is great!" Uncle Jim said, "the Wilmerding first folio—a half dozen quartos—and all the modern stuff a rich amateur can own."

"Oh, it's such fun rehearsing." Janey returned to the real subject. "Everybody is so nice. Everybody loves everybody else."

"Wait!" was Mr. Dixon's last interpolation.

"There's going to be a rehearsal every other day for a week or two," Janey concluded joyfully, "then every day. We children are only expected to come twice a week, but I asked Mrs. Carroll if I could come every day and she said I could if I'd be good. Oh, I'm so happy!"

It was evident from other signs that this was the star experience of Janey's life. Every night she lugged the big Shakespeare off the bookshelf and pored over "Midsummer-Night's Dream" until bedtime.

"Do you know the whole play now, Janey?" Uncle Jim asked more than once.

An interval of a week went by without mention of Scarsett's most important social event. Then, one day, Mr. Warriner overheard his sister admonishing Janey.

"I don't know why you've got to go to those rehearsals every afternoon," Mrs. Blair was saying. "Besides, you must be under foot all the time."

"Mother, I'm not!" Janey said indignantly. "I run errands all the time. Oh, do let me go."

"Oh, let her go, Miriam," Mr. Warriner pleaded. "It's an experience of a lifetime. She won't forget it as long as she lives."

"But, Jim, I hear her reciting those long speeches every night before she falls asleep," Mrs. Blair said.

"Well, a little Shakespeare won't hurt her," responded Mr. Warriner.

"How are the rehearsals going on, Janey?" he asked the next time he and his friend and his niece were together.

"Well," said Janey in a judicial tone, "not so good as they might. You know those two that I called Snow-White and Rose-Red?" she went on patiently.

"Yes," said Uncle Jim and Mr. Dixon together.

"They're mad at each other and they won't speak."

Janey snuggled up in her mother's arms, closed her eyes and relaxed.

Mr. Dixon did not seem surprised. "What 's the alleged offense?" he sked.

"Snow-White said that Rose-Red hogged the stage."

"Which, without doubt, she did," Mr. Dixon said promptly.

"And Rose-Red says that all Snow-White does is stand around and irt with the men."

"Which, without doubt, she does," said Mr. Dixon. "Does anybody lse speak?"

"A *lot* do," Janey declared indignantly. "Mr. Macy speaks to everyody, and so does Miss Miller. She 's so sweet and dear. She tells all the hildren just what to do. And she answers every question they ask, hough she laughs at us all the time. And when nobody needs her, she eads 'As You Like It' to me and we decide just how we 'd put it on if 'e were going to give it. But Mrs. Dolan does n't speak to *Theseus* any iore—to any of the *Theseuses*," Janey corrected herself; "they 've had lot. Mrs. Dolan did n't like the way the first one helped her down from he throne. So he had to be *Wall*. Then they got another *Theseus* and e was too short. Then they got another one and Mrs. Dolan said she ould n't play with him unless they had his Adam's apple removed. I eard her say to-day that she 'd about made up her mind to throw up er part. The *Theseus* they 've got now is—well, Mrs. Dolan said he uffles all the time and she hates him. They *speak*," Janey concluded, but not very *often*."

"Up-stage!" Mr. Dixon commented, "Theresa always gets up-stage. 'hat 's wrong with that angel-child, Little Pearla?" he inquired blandly.

"Why, Mr. Dixon, how did you know anything was wrong?" Janey ked in surprise. "Little Pearla is mad, too. She says she 's got to have spot. She says she 's never acted without a spot. What 's a spot, Mr. ixon?"

"It 's a round circle of light, Janey," Mr. Dixon explained. "Stage eople choke to death if it is n't administered in large doses."

"Then," Janey went on in a puzzled tone, "she does n't like the little rl who 's playing *Peas-Blossom*—she 's Mrs. Carroll's niece. I don't know hy, for she 's a perfickly bee-*yu*-tiful little girl and dances—oh, Uncle m, wait till you see her dance!"

"Bob," Uncle Jim remarked thoughtfully, "we made a great mistake not getting into this affair. Those rehearsals must be a scream."

But Mr. Dixon only shuddered.

The next day Janey brought a lugubrious face into the library. "Oh, ncle Jim," she said soberly, "I feel dreffful. I 'm afraid they 're not oing to give 'Midsummer-Night's Dream' after all."

Uncle Jim stopped working. Mr. Dixon, who had been busy at the ecretary, dropped his pen. "What 's up, Janey," he asked. Somehow aney got the impression that Mr. Dixon knew just what she was going o say; was even anticipating it with amusement.

"Well," Janey went on, "I was reading in the library to-day and Mrs. arroll came in. And she looked awfully white and tired and sick and e laid down on the couch and burst out crying and she said that if anyody else in the cast got mad with anybody, or asked her to do something hat no human being could do, or threatened to throw part, she ould drown herself in the pond."

"And what did Mr. Carroll say?" Uncle Jim asked.

"He said, 'My dear, I told you so, but you would And she said, 'Peter, if you say, "I told you so," again to me, I 'll bite you.' And he said, 'All right, my dear, I won't. And she said, 'As heaven is my witness, Peter, "never again."' And he said, 'Connie, this is the fifth time.' And she said, 'I know it is and if I ever mention the word 'theatricals' again, just send me to the asylum and divide my things. I 'm fit to be tied now. But do, for goodness sake, help me out of it, Peter. This is the last time I 'll ever ask it of you. I don't know what to do with that Dolan woman. I can't speak to her without frothing at the mouth—I despise her so. And as for that toad of a Little Pearla—she belongs in a bottle marked poison. You can manage them better than I can, Peter, and if you don't do something, I 'll have to call it off. And I 'd rather die than give in to that Dolan creature."

"What did Mr. Carroll say to that?" Mr. Dixon asked.

"He said, 'Connie, I 'll do it again, but it 's the last time. I feel like a Christian martyr thrown into an antitheatre of wild beasts."

"I love Carroll," Mr. Dixon said, thoughtfully. "We are kindred souls. What is he like, Janey?"

"He squeaks," Janey said promptly. "His voice squeaks and his shirt squwaks and his shoes squeak. And his hair is funny."

"Toupee," said Uncle Jim in a swift aside to Mr. Dixon. "Lives in a frock-coat," he went on; "puts it on in the morning when he gets up and never takes it off until he goes to bed; also a straw hat. Oh, Carroll 's great."

"Uncle Jim," Janey said in a heartbroken voice, "do you suppose they 'll give it up?"

"Give it up!" Mr. Dixon answered her. "*Give it up!* Why, Janey, such a thing never happened in the history of civilization. The cast may be decimated by war, disease, death and the chance of a professional engagement, but the play, somehow or other, always comes off."

And indeed, it looked as if Mr. Dixon said sooth. For Janey returned from the next rehearsal, an embodied smile. "The play is going to be given, Uncle Jim," she said, joyfully. "Poor Mrs. Carroll went away to a sanatorium yesterday afternoon. She 's got to rest up before the performance, and Mr. Carroll is taking care of the rehearsals. He 's so nice. He listens to every complaint so politely, and then goes right on. He says funny things, too, so everybody laughs. Everybody loves him. You 'll see why. To-day, before the rehearsal began, I was with him, reading in the library, and he sent for Mrs. Dolan to come up there. And when she came, he told her that Mrs. Carroll had fallen sick, and at first he was afraid that he would have to give up the show, and then he thought that with her help everything would go all right. And Mrs. Dolan was awful cross and she said that she could n't do any more than she was doing and that she was thinking of getting out of the whole business anyway and she never had lowered herself to play with amateurs before and she never would again. And Mr. Carroll said he did n't mean that she was to work harder, only he had a favor to ask her. There was a reporter coming to see her to-night to write something about her for the Sunday paper. And Mr. Carroll asked her if she would be sure to see the reporter because it made the show seem so important to have Muriel Merle in it. And Mr. Carroll asked her if she had plenty of pictures of herself because he said the reporter would want at least a dozen. And, oh, Mrs. Dolan has been so nice to everybody ever since."

Janey stopped almost out of breath.

"Then Mr. Carroll sent for Little Pearla and he told her that he was sorry she could n't have the spot, but as it was an out-of-doors afternoon performance, he did n't see how it could be done. And he asked her what kind of flowers did she like, for he was going to see that she had a bushel sent her at the performance. And, oh, Little Pearla 's been so good ever since; only," Janey concluded sorrowfully, "she does n't speak to any of us children any more."

"The returns are not all in, yet," Mr. Dixon remarked. How 'd he square Rose-Red and Snow-White?"

"I don't know what 'square' means," Janey said, severely. "I was just going to tell you some more. He sent for them next. You know they don't speak any more. Mr. Carroll told them that he wanted to have a picture of them on the front page of the program, the way they used to walk with their arms round each other's neck and their heads together, because they looked so beautiful that way. And he said to go to a photographer and have them taken and charge it to him. And, oh, they 've been so sweet to each other ever since, and now, all the time, they walk the way they used to, with their arms 'round each other's waist. That 's not all," Janey added quickly, as Uncle Jim showed signs of interrupting.

"Then Mr. Carroll told one of the maids to go 'round to all the gentlemen in the cast and tell them to please help themselves to anything they wanted in the sideboard at the end of the rehearsal. And the moment it was through, they all rushed into the house. Rose-Red said: 'Ain't

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The Country Boy's Chance

By Orison Swett Marden

THE Napoleonic wars so drained the flower of French manhood that even to-day the physical stature of the average Frenchman is nearly half an inch below what it was at the beginning of Napoleon's reign.

The country in America to-day is constantly paying a similar tribute to the city in the sacrifice of its best blood, its best brain, the finest physical and mental fiber in the world. This great stream of superb country manhood, which is ever flowing cityward, is rapidly deteriorated by the softening, emasculating influences of the city, until the superior virility, stamina and sturdy qualities entirely disappear in two or three generations of city life. Our city civilization is always in a process of decay, and would, in a few generations, become emasculated and effeminate were it not for the pure, crystal stream of country youth flowing steadily into and purifying the muddy, devitalized stream of city life. It would soon become so foul and degenerate as to threaten the physical and moral health of city dwellers.

One of our great men says that one of the most unfortunate phases of modern civilization is the drift away from the farm, the drift of country youth to the city which has an indescribable fascination for him. His vivid imagination clothes it with Arabian Nights possibilities and joys. The country seems tame and commonplace after his first dream of the city. To him it is synonymous with opportunity, with power, with pleasure. He can not rid himself of its fascination until he tastes its emptiness. He can not know the worth of the country and how to appreciate the glory of its advantages and opportunities until he has seen the sham and shallowness of the city.

The sturdy, vigorous, hardy qualities, the stamina, the brawn, the grit which characterize men who do great things in this world, are, as a rule, country bred. If power is not absorbed from the soil, it certainly comes from very near it. There seems to be a close connection between robust character and the soil, the hills, mountains and valleys, the pure air and sunshine. There is a very appreciable difference between the physical stamina, the brain vigor, the solidity and the reliability of country-bred men and that of those in the city.

The average country-bred youth has a better foundation for success-building, has greater courage, more moral stamina. He has not become effeminate and softened by the superficial, ornamental, decorative influences of city life. And there is a reason for all this. We are largely copies of our environment. We are under the perpetual influence of the suggestion of our surroundings. The city-bred youth sees and hears almost nothing that is natural, aside from the faces and forms of human beings. Nearly everything that confronts him from morning till night is artificial, man-made. He sees hardly anything that God made, that imparts solidity, strength and power, as do the natural objects in the country. How can a man build up a solid, substantial character when his eyes and ears bring him only sights and sounds of artificial things? A vast sea of business blocks, sky-scrapers and asphalt pavements does not generate character-building material.

There is something in the superficial life of cities which tends to deteriorate the individual. The effeminate influences of city life sap the fire, force and virility out of those who are country-bred, after two or three generations. The brain fiber, as well as the muscle, begins to soften and wither away. It can not stand the softening, deteriorating city influence much longer than this.

In other words, virility, forcefulness, physical and mental stamina reach their maximum in those who live close to the soil. The moment a man becomes artificial in his living, takes on artificial conditions, he begins to deteriorate, to soften. He may be more refined and more cultivated, but it is at the cost of vigor, stamina and force.

Just as sculpture was once carried to such an extreme that pillars and beams were often so weakened by the extravagant carvings as to threaten the safety of the structure, so the timber in country boys and girls, when brought to the city, is often overcarved and adorned at the cost of strength, robustness and vigor.

Much of what we call the best society in our cities is often in an advanced process of decay. The muscles may be a little more delicate but they are softer; the skin may be a little fairer, but it is not so healthy; the thought a little more supple, but less vigorous. The whole tendency of life in big cities is toward deterioration. City people rarely live really normal lives. It is not natural for human beings to live far from the soil. It is Mother Earth and country life that give vitality, stamina, courage and all the qualities which make for vigorous manhood and womanhood. What we get from the country is solid, substantial, enduring, reliable. What comes from the artificial conditions of the city is weakening, enervating, softening. The city gives more polish, but at the cost of strength, sincerity and naturalness.

The country youth, on the other hand, is in the midst of a perpetual miracle. He can not open his eyes without seeing a more magnificent painting than a Raphael or a Michael Angelo could have created in a lifetime. And this magnificent panorama is changing every instant.

There is a miracle going on in every growing blade of grass and flower. Is not it wonderful to watch the chemical processes in nature's laboratory, mixing and flinging out to the world the gorgeous colorings and marvelous perfumes of the rose and wild flower! No city youth was ever in such a marvelous kindergarten, where perpetual creation is going on in such a vast multitude of forms.

The city youth has too many things to divert his attention. Such a multiplicity of objects appeals to him that he is often superficial; he lacks depth; his mind is perpetually drawn away from his subject, and he lacks continuity of thought and application. His reading is comparatively superficial. He glances through many papers, magazines and periodicals and gives no real thought to any. His evenings are much more broken up than those of the country boy, who, having very little diversion after supper, can read continuously for an entire evening on one subject. He does not read as many books as the city boy, but, as a rule, reads them with much better results.

The dearth of great libraries, books and periodicals is one reason why the country boy makes the most of good books and articles, often reading them over and over again, while the city youth, in the midst of newspapers and libraries, sees so many books that in most instances he cares very little for them, and will often read the best literature without absorbing any of it.

The fact is that there is such a diversity of attractions and distractions, of temptation and amusement in the city, that unless a youth is made of unusual stuff he will yield to the persuasion of the moment and follow the line of least resistance. It is hard for the city-bred youth to resist the multiplicity of allurements and pleasures that bid for his attention, to deny himself and turn a deaf ear to the appeals of his associates and tie himself down to self-improvement while those around him are having a good time.

These exciting, diverting, tempting conditions of city life are not conducive to generating the great master purpose, the one unwavering life aim, which we often see so marked in the young man from the country. Nor do city bred youths store up anything like the reserve power, the cumulative force, the stamina, which are developed in the simple life of the soil.

For one thing, the country boy is constantly developing his muscular system. His health is better; he gets more exercise, more time to think and to reflect; hence, he is not so superficial as the city boy. His perceptions are not so quick, he is not so rapid in his movements, his thought action is slower and he does not have as much polish, it is true, but he is better balanced generally. He has been forced to do a great variety of work and this has developed corresponding mental qualities.

The drudgery of the farm, the chores which we hated as boys, the rock which we despised, we have found were the very things which educated us, which developed our power and made us practical. The farm is a great gymnasium, a superb manual training school, nature's kindergarten, constantly calling upon the youth's self-reliance and inventiveness. He must make the implements and toys which he can not afford to buy or procure. He must run, adjust and repair all sorts of machinery and farm utensils. His ingenuity and inventiveness are constantly exercised. If the wagon or plow breaks down it must be repaired on the spot, often

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ONE of the greatest boons that can ever come to a human being is to be born on a farm and reared in the country. Self-reliance and grit are oftenest country-bred. The country boy is constantly thrown upon his own resources, forced to think for himself, and this calls out his ingenuity and inventiveness. He develops better all-round judgment and a more level head than the city boy. His muscles are harder, his flesh firmer, and his brain-fiber partakes of the same superior quality.

The very granite hills, the mountains, the valleys, the brooks, the miracle of the growing crops are every moment registering their mighty potencies in his constitution, putting iron into his blood and stamina into his character, all of which will help to make him a giant when he comes to compete with the city-bred youth.

Easter Bonnets

By Hyman Strunsky

Illustrations by B. CORY KILVERT

PHIL MARKSON entered the office of the Vogel & Lazinsky Hat and Trimming Manufacturing Company and bent over the desk of the red-cheeked, black-eyed little stenographer.

"Say, Minnie," he asked, "ain't the Blum draft paid yet?"

A glance at her wide open journal showed that the bank had not collected the $840 draft on the Blum Millinery Company of Poughkeepsie.

"Why do you ask, Phil," the stenographer replied; "is n't Blum good?"

At the question the star drummer became afflicted with apparent indifference.

"Oh, I don't know," he said with a careless toss of the head. "Maybe he is and maybe he ain't."

Conscientious little Minnie Rosenbaum, always deeply concerned for the welfare of the firm, looked at him searchingly.

"Phil, dear," she said, "something is wrong and you don't want to tell me." Minnie's suspicion was the result of long experience; many times during their engagement this careless, slangy, smart young drummer of hers had been convicted of withholding annoying and unpleasant information from his finacée.

Phil capitulated promptly.

"Fact is, Minnie," said he in a confidential tone, "I am afraid Blum is a bit shaky. Last time I was in Poughkeepsie, I noticed things were not as they should be. The fellow had a long face on and you could read trouble in his eyes."

"Poor man," sympathized Minnie.

"Yes, and poor us if anything should happen," replied Phil. "What makes matters worse is that he owes several thousands to Smolnick and you know how hard he is. He 's liable to jump him any moment and then it 's all off."

Samuel Smolnick was the proprietor of the Empire Headgear Company, a rival concern.

"Take it from me," continued Phil, "when a man don't pay the bills on time and when he asks for an extension, there is something wrong, sure as day. He has n't paid his last two bills, and I could n't very well risk another shipment, could I? Phil Markson ain't the kind of man that 'll take chances, is he? That 's why I sent the order C. O. D." At this the color vanished from the girl's face.

"Why, the order—the Blum order was not sent C. O. D., Phil," she stammered.

"What!" Phil caught hold of the girl's arm. "You don't mean to say that the order has been sent 'free,' Minnie!"

"Harry handed me the bill of lading made out in Blum's name, so I mailed it to him and just drew on sight."

"I 'll be—I 'll be"—Phil did not say what he would be, and thrusting his hands in his pockets he began a rapid, nervous walk across the floor of the office; his clear-skinned, oval face flushed with anger.

"Harry is an idiot," he cried. "If Blum fails it means that we lose eight hundred and forty dollars on, top of what he owes."

Minnie's eyes filled with tears and her lips trembled with apprehension. Phil stopped short, stared at her for a moment and softened.

"Well, now—well, now," he stammered, "it's no use eating your heart, is it? Maybe the fellow will pull through, after all."

Minnie, however, was not easily consoled. She knew that every mishap lessened Phil's prospect of becoming a partner of Vogel & Lazinsky—a prospect encouraged by the employers each time the drummer took a large order, collected a bad bill or solved a complicated problem.

"It 's all right, Minnie," Phil continued. "I sold enough goods this season to make up for it, no matter what happens. Say, you and I will be on Easy Street the first thing you know, or my name ain't Phil Markson; and I am a shoemaker and not a drummer, if, by the end of the season, I am not a member of Vogel & Lazinsky and you—you know the rest."

He took her hand, and leaning against the end of her desk, coaxed back the smile to Minnie's face.

A few minutes later Jacob Vogel and Abraham Lazinsky, the two heads of the firm, were going over the morning mail.

"Letters what come not together with a check or an order," said Mr. Vogel, the senior partner, "is worser than if they don't come at all."

"Sure," agreed Lazinsky. "But ain't it now before Easter already and don't all the orders come in before?"

"You talk like a man what is a new beginner," said Vogel. "Sure orders come in before Easter, but now is the time for the duplicates, Abraham."

A large physique, a broad, clean-shaven, serious face, bulging eyes and a massive watch chain commanded for Vogel a respect among his associates which expressed itself in the "Mr." they invariably affixed to his name. His imposing personality had a crushing effect on Lazinsky, who was lean and lanky, with an emaciated, bearded face. Lazinsky did not reply, but avoided an embarrassing pause by picking up an envelope whose bulk and size looked promising.

"Maybe in this one, perhaps, Mr. Vogel," he said, handing it over to the senior partner.

"This ain't looks like an order at all," said Vogel, after he had extracted a neatly engraved card which proved to be an invitation to a wedding. The card read as follows:

MR. & MRS. DAVID GOLDSTEIN

Request your presence at the wedding ceremony of their daughter

SADIE GOLDSTEIN

to

HARRY LUBOWITZ

on

Sunday, April 10, 1910, at 6 P.M., to take place at

Liederkranz Hall, 387 Ludlow Street, New York

P. S. Bride's residence, 416 Norfolk Street.

Harry was the shipping clerk and Sadie was a proficient finisher.

"When a shipping clerk like what is Harry is getting married already," said Vogel, "he must get a couple of dollars more wages maybe."

"And don't it also mean a couple of dollars for a wedding present, Mr. Vogel?" asked Lazinsky.

"Sure it means," agreed Vogel. "Harry is a good boy and Sadie is also good. She always makes no monkey business with strikes or unions, Abraham."

In the afternoon, when Phil happened to be in the office, Harry and Sadie came in to ask their employers that they be assisted in opening a millinery store, toward which end they had saved $300. Their entrance met with a liberal quantity of congratulations, the face of the bashful, hulking shipping clerk spreading itself into an embarrassed grin, while the girl's shone with pride and contentment. Sadie was a pale, emaciated girl of twenty-four, whose Semitic features were made more prominent by years of work and the hardships of poverty. She was the bolder and more talkative of the two.

They had in mind a store on Lenox Avenue, she said, which, if opened before Easter, would give them a "start." Accommodations of the sort had been frequently extended to faithful employees and the proposition gained the attention of the firm.

"Young peoples what want to get married and want to make a little business, maybe, must be helped out, sure," said Vogel. "You say that you have three hundred dollars saved up?"

"Yes, Mr. Vogel," said the girl. "We saved it up from penny to penny for the last two years. We give it all to you

"So this is the kind of a shipping clerk you are, yes?"

"It is sold on Fifth Avenue for forty-five dollars and eighty cents"

and you give us the goods what we need, everything like it ought to be."

She turned away, and from an inside pocket of an underskirt extracted a small package wrapped in pieces of newspaper and placed it on the table.

"You can count it for yourself," said the girl. "There is three hundred dollars."

"I guess we do it for you," said Vogel, "and we give you three hundred dollars more credit. Philip will make you up a stock of goods what he knows you got to have."

The couple beamed with joy and gratitude.

"Ain't you ought to be happy to begin with three hundred dollars already?" asked Lazinsky. "At your age, *osser*, if I had three hundred dollars—three hundred pfennig maybe I had it."

"At this point a messenger entered and left an envelope on Minnie's desk.

Phil and Minnie exchanged frightened glances when they noticed that the message was from the R. G. Dun Agency.

Phil handed over the message and the senior partner of the firm looked at it with squinting eyes and contracted face. It was several seconds before he realized the full import of the document.

"The loafer!" shouted Vogel. "He makes us a bankrupt already!"

"Who makes us a bankrupt?" asked Lazinsky; "a large customer?"

For reply Lazinsky displayed the message, which read as follows:

"The Blum Millinery Company, H. Blum, proprietor, Poughkeepsie. Petition in bankruptcy. Liabilities $3,546.18—assets $114.67. Store assigned."

Indeed, Blum was a large customer, and Minnie found that the exact amount due, exclusive of the last order, was $2,789.15.

What followed the realization of the loss is hard to describe. The heavy body of Mr. Vogel shook with the magnitude of the catastrophe and Lazinsky was reduced to a quivering shadow. Harry and Sadie stood in a corner sympathizing with their employers, ignorant of their own part in the loss.

"Ain't we ought to be lucky that the last order was sent with a C. O. D., Mr. Vogel?" said Lazinsky, after the shock had spent itself in vehement vituperations. "The thief wanted to catch us with more goods."

Phil and Minnie looked at each other, then they looked at Harry and saw that he became ghastly pale.

"Why—why—" he said, "the Blum order was not sent C. O. D."

First a pause, then an outburst of fury, then denunciations, then bemoaning at ill-luck, then wringing of hands!

"So this is the kind of shipping clerk you are, yes!" shouted Vogel.

"Ain't I always said that Harry was a *shlemeil?*" asked Lazinsky.

"You are sacked this minute, already!" thundered Vogel, "and you got to make good for the money we lose."

The shipping clerk stood speechless before his superiors. Sadie began to sob.

"What do you say to this, Philipel, *leben?*" asked Lazinsky, turning to the drummer. "Mightel be you can do something, no? Think of the ruination if all the money is lost, and the goods, too, in the bargain! Oi!"

Phil did not answer. With cigar in mouth, hat on back of the head and legs apart, he watched the smoke ascend to the ceiling and then scatter beneath it in fragments of fantastic clouds.

"When a young man got the sense you got it, Philip," said Vogel, "he can do something already. Remember that you become it a partner, maybe."

Phil made no reply. He remained quiet for several minutes and then jumped up with a start.

"Harry," he commanded, "get your hat and coat, quick! We are going!"

"Going where?" all asked.

"To Poughkeepsie!"

In another minute he was rushing downstairs with the bewildered shipping clerk lagging behind him.

Two hours later Phil and Harry were in Poughkeepsie, standing opposite the defunct store and reading an inscription on a six-inch board right above the gilt-lettered "Blum Millinery Company" sign. The inscription was short but significant. It read: "Samuel Smolnick, Successor to."

The windows were hung with white paper on which large, red letters informed the public at large that the firm had changed hands and that the store would open the following day, on Saturday, with a tremendous sale at which the best hats, bonnets, quills, plumes, satins, velvets, roses, etc., would be sold at less than one-third the cost; and that an exceptionally beautiful Easter bonnet, the regular price of which was $27.50, would be sold, as a matter of advertisement, for $9.92.

Phil swung on his heel and then whistled a tune which, to Harry's untrained ear and aching heart, sounded like an extract from a funeral march. Then he spoke; but what he said was not clear to the shipping clerk.

"Say," he remarked, "this fellow Smolnick is a peach, ain't he?"

The transaction was very clear to Phil. The Empire Headgear Company, of which Smolnick was head, and Vogel & Lazinsky were the two firms to whom the Blum company was indebted, and Smolnick, having noticed signs of weakness in Blum's financial standing, had rushed his claim, and by virtue of some other unnamed consideration, had secured an assignment. The petition in bankruptcy was a process by which the defunct storekeeper hoped, in due time, to clear himself of the debts and regain his name.

Phil walked across the street and tried the door. It was unlocked and he entered. He found one man and several women busy arranging stock, marking prices and making the required preparations for the "grand opening sale." In a corner, unopened and untouched, he saw the two large cases which he recognized to be the order shipped without the essential C. O. D.

The man, middle-aged, bald-headed and fat, came forward.

"The proprietor in?" asked Phil.

"The proprietor ain't the proprietor any more," said the man. "The store now belongs to Mr. Samuel Smolnick, who is also a brother-in-law of mine. My name is Mr. Krinsky—David Krinsky, who was in the skirt business of late. I am going to be manager here."

"I would like to see Smolnick," said Phil.

"You can't see Mr. Smolnick. He is a busy man in New York," said Krinsky pompously, "and if you want him bad, you will have to wait a day from to-morrow, till Saturday, when he will come and be present to watch the grand opening sale personally."

"That 'll be too late," said Phil. "I want to see him right away." He took out his watch, looked at it, and added: "Can't see him to-night any more. Well, then, I must see him to-morrow morning, very early."

"You surprise me with the way you talk, young man," said Krinsky. "Samuel Smolnick ain't the kind of a man what is going to take orders from anybody, you understand?"

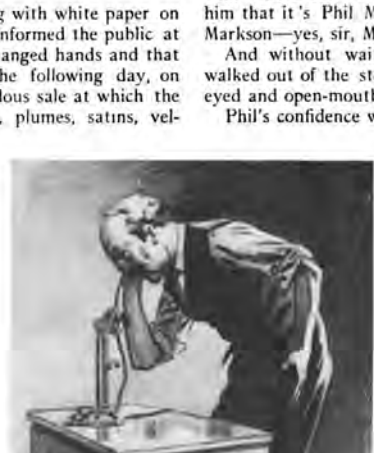
Phil made no reply, but smiled sarcastically, and putting his hand on Krinsky's shoulder, tapped it lightly.

"Mr. Krinsky," he said, "you are an older man than I am and I have respect for you. But it is plain you don't know who you are talking to—and it is plain that you ain't in the hat and trimming line, or you would have known, sure as day. Now, please, telephone to Smolnick and tell him to be here to-morrow at eight o'clock sharp, understand? Tell him that the store will be taken away in less than an hour if he does n't show up; and also please tell him that it 's Phil Markson who said so. Phil Markson—yes, sir, M-a-r-k-s-o-n!"

And without waiting for any comment, he walked out of the store, leaving Krinsky wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

Phil's confidence was not unwarranted. He and Smolnick had had many encounters in the course of their rivalry and he knew that the very mention of his name had a warlike sound to the other's ears. And it so happened that when early the next morning Phil Markson, accompanied by Harry Lubowitz, entered the store, they found Smolnick waiting. His pale face grew crimson and his small eyes winked perceptibly when he saw Phil.

"You got a gawl, Philip Markson," Smolnick shouted, "to talk to David like you talked yesterday. If you got any business



"Please come right away, sure"

here, you talk to Blum about it and leave me alone, understand? We got nothing to do with you."

"Oh, look here, Smolnick," said Phil, "you and I understand each other perfectly and it's no use making a fool of yourself, is there? You and us are Blum's only creditors and you know that the store belongs to us as well as to you. You got a hold of the store in order to cut us out, and you know it."

"Cut you out, Philip!" cried Smolnick. "You don't know what you are talking about, Philip. Blum sold me the store for the money he owed me before he made a bankrupt already, and I give him some cash, too, and I got a bill of sale—everything like it ought to be."

"Well," said Phil, "we ain't going to talk about this right now, but the goods we shipped last; these two boxes belong to us and we are here to take them, Smolnick."

"Take them away, Philip?" cried Smolnick. "You talk like a very wise man, don't you? Everything what is in the store belongs to me. And if you don't like it, you can go and have a trial in the court with me. That's what you can have."

Phil had been long enough in business to know that possession is nine points of the law and that the one who had to go to court had the worst of the deal in the long run. Taking off his overcoat and bidding Harry do likewise, he leisurely lit a cigar and prepared to make himself at home.

"S'all right, Smolnick," he said; "keep your bill of sale. As far as the cases are concerned, I'd rather take possession of them because, you see, possession is nine points of the law. Harry and I are in possession now. It's a cinch!"

Smolnick made a rush to the telephone.

"Is this the counselor Kramer?" he asked, after he had been connected. "Say, counselor, that fellow what I told you about from Vogel & Lazinsky's here, and he makes me monkey business. Please come right away, sure."

Ten minutes later Attorney Kramer was arguing with Phil, urging him to leave the premises, showing a bill of sale, displaying a number of signed documents, citing law and threatening with arrest should he refuse to do so.

"If you want to contest the sale," argued the lawyer, "why don't you go about it in the legal way? I'm going to call a policeman."

"Very well," said Phil, as if it was a matter of perfect indifference to him, "I'd like to have a little talk with the judge, anyway. Maybe you'd like to show him that bill of sale?"

"What do you mean?" asked the attorney.

"Nothing, only it does n't mention these cases of goods."

"They are included in the stock," shouted the lawyer, displaying the paper. "We don't have to specify every article."

Phil took a quick look at the document.

"It's included, is it?" he asked. "Smolnick, when did the cases come?"

"Day before yesterday already," said Smolnick.

"That was Wednesday, was n't it?" asked Phil. "This bill of sale was signed on Monday."

Kramer and Smolnick exchanged glances and for a moment were silent.

"Well," said Smolnick at last, "if you want to act this way, take these cases and get out of here."

Harry Lubowitz, joyful at the prospect of recovering the goods, hastened to comply, but Phil put a restraining hand on him.

"Just wait a while, Harry," he said.

"Ain't you going to move them cases out?" shouted Smolnick.

"Sure, I am," said Phil, "but not before I am good and ready, Smolnick, and I will be good and ready when you pay me the money Blum owes us."

"Philip Markson, you talk like a child," exclaimed Smolnick. "Do you expect me to pay Blum's bill?"

"I certainly do, Smolnick," said Phil. "You are getting a large store with an income that is worth three times the money he owes you. I have as much right to this store as you have and you know it. If you want to have it for yourself you will have to pay me the $2,789.15 and that's all there is to it."

"Phil, you are joking, that's all I got to say about it," said Smolnick, "and if you take me for a sucker you make it a big mistake. You are sore because I got the best of you, and I don't blame you. Them cases will go out on the street quick. And to-morrow morning if you want some pleasure you can come and see me have the big sale which I advertised in all the papers, and what will bring me in more money, maybe, than Blum failed me and you together; and after that I have a nice store in the bargain what is worth a couple of thousand dollars for the key alone, maybe; and you can stay here and get green in the face with envy already and then you can go to Vogel & Lazinsky and tell them what a fool Smolnick is; and that's all I got to say, Philip."

The inscription was short but significant

"Is that all, really?" asked Phil.

"Yes, I am through!"

Phil took a step nearer to Smolnick and straightening up, said, "I am not."

Then he turned and walked out of the store, Harry following disconsolately.

"Well, Mr. Philip, what are we going to do now?" asked Harry, when they reached the sidewalk. Phil took out his watch.

"Right now we are going to have some lunch, Harry. We are going to eat and think."

By the time the last course was served Phil had a definite plan of action before him, and half an hour later he had a very satisfactory interview with Abe Jacobs, the veteran auctioneer. Later he made a hurried visit to Chief of Police Thomas Walter Flannigan, and emerged with a triumphant look on his face. There was nothing left to do but wait.

When Phil and Harry came to the store the next morning, they found that the cases had been put on the sidewalk and that Smolnick was ready for the sale. A half-dozen pompadoured young ladies were behind the counters and David Krinsky, fittingly dressed and barbered, had assumed the rôle of floorwalker.

"Philip Markson, I throwed your cases out of here because I need the room," said Smolnick, "I'll bet yer the store will be packed in every inch of space. If you want to stay and see the money I take in, you could do so. It will give you pleasure, ain't it?"

At this moment his notice was attracted by a large truck that drew near the curb. The driver, assisted by Harry, started to place the cases on the wagon.

"This is what I call a sensible thing you are doing, Philip. Really, I did n't know that you are so smart. I give you credit, Philip, for taking them boxes away from here."

"You will also give me $2,789.15 before I go away from here, Smolnick," said Phil.

"*Osser*, if I throw out another word on you, Philip Markson. I wash my hands from you and the whole business! Here, the customers are already coming in and don't bother me any more! That's all I got to say to you."

He went back into the store, and Phil took up his place on the truck near the cases. At the same moment the tall, pompous figure of Abe Jacobs reached the truck. In less than one minute Phil had a red flag tacked on to the wagon, and Harry had one of the cases opened while the auctioneer, with bonnet in hand, stood at the other.

This unique performance attracted the attention of the women who flocked in response to Smolnick's advertisements which he had scattered through the city.

"Ladies," rang out the sonorous voice of the auctioneer, "I have in my hand a little hat that beats anything you ever saw. It is an exquisite combination of African feathers, Australian beaver, Persian roses, Belgium trimmings and French art. The hat is manufactured—here is the label—by the well-known French firm of Voglough & Lazinsqau and is modeled after the world-renowned creation worn by the Duchess Henrietta Crosby de Castelenne, the Pittsburgh heiress who married the Duke de Castelenne. It is sold on Fifth Avenue for forty-five dollars and eighty cents—is marked here twenty-two fifty. What do I get? A dollar? Thank you. A dollar the first bid; make it and a quarter. A quarter, a quarter, a quarter—and a half. Half, half, half, half—"

Smolnick, pale and agitated, struggled over the heads of the would-be purchasers to reach the auctioneer.

"Stop that sale!" he shouted.

Jacobs paused and, addressing the women, said:

"Ladies, this gentleman wants to speak to me. Will you pardon me a minute? I'll be back directly."

In a little private office, Phil and Smolnick bargained over the terms of settlement.

"You are the ruination of my life," complained Smolnick. "Why don't you say like a man, I want so much and so much per dollar on the bill—maybe fifteen, maybe twenty-five per cent. and, perhaps, we settle it?"

"I say it like a man," said Phil, "that I want one hundred per cent.—dollar for dollar—and we can fix it up right now. If you don't want to, you don't have to. I will order another shipment of hats and keep the sale going."

"I'll give you a thousand dollars and we call it square," came from Smolnick.

"Nothing doing," said Phil, making an ostentatious start toward the door. "We'll continue the sale."

Ten minutes later Smolnick counted out $2,789.15 in settlement of the Vogel & Lazinsky account.

"Ladies," said Jacobs, as he again mounted the case outside, "this auction has been postponed, but the sale will go on in the store at prices lower than under the hammer. Step in and give your attention to the salesladies."

Sadie Goldstein was at the office for the hundredth time, inquiring whether any news had been received from Phil and Harry.

"Ain't it funny," asked Lazinsky, "what it takes so long for Philip to come back. It's or

[*Continued on page 44*]

THE PULSE OF THE WORLD

The Month in America

THE Sixty-first Congress has finished its career, and the Sixty-second will be with us in a few days. Evidences of regret at the passing of the old Congress have been few; signs of interest in the purposes of the new are many.

After Us the Deluge

History will mark the epoch of the Congress as a mile-stone; but there will be little of credit to that body in the designation. The great Louis was "the grand monarch," but his grandson is more widely known in history because with him came the deluge. The Sixty-first Congress brought the deluge of protest that started a new era.

The *chef d' œuvre* of legislative achievement of this Congress was the Payne-Aldrich tariff act, concerning which the less said the better: the country has spoken in such thunderous tones that minor comment would hardly get a hearing. Yet it must be said that the tariff session developed the remarkable group of Progressives who, unable to write their views into that act, became the dominant factors in making the railroad bill at the next session. That railroad act will stand as the overshadowing achievement of the Congress. Perhaps, as history's half-lights bedim the truth about its origin and original purpose, that act will grain some credit for the Congress that passed it. But it will be no deserved credit. A few determined men turned a public betrayal into a public benefaction, making a good law where a bad one was intended. But that was no part of the plan.

THE general political situation at the end of the session was decidedly inauspicious for either party. The Democrats have been split in twain by the development of the Bailey tactics, while the Republicans were more hopelessly divided than ever.

Both Parties Hopelessly Divided

Bitterness toward the President was especially manifested by the standpatters, who insist that he has destroyed hope of their union, because of forcing his reciprocity program on Congress without warning or counsel of the leaders.

The great twin dangers ahead of the Democrats are incompetency and Bailey. Somebody must read, study, analyze, digest, speak. A tariff bill must be written, and when written, must be defended. Who are the Democratic leaders with the experience and knowledge to equip them for this work? Nobody knows, as yet. The emergency is here demanding them; perhaps it will produce them, but to this time nobody imagines who are to be the real intellectual pilots of the Democratic program.

THE effort of the administration to increase postal rates on the popular magazines, as punishment for their criticism of its policies, has failed. There is to be an investigation instead,

Magazine Tax Collapses

and it seems likely to locate the responsibility for the deficit in a very different place than the department had picked.

In a remarkable statement on behalf of the Post-office Department, delivered in the Senate while Postmaster-General Hitchcock sat at his elbow and prompted him, Senator Carter said that investigation had shown that it cost nine cents and over, per pound, to deliver second-class mail. Yet he accused the magazines of giving it to the express companies instead of to the post-office, because the express companies made a lower rate than the Government. The Government rate is one cent. The express companies do the work for less than that; they must, to get the chance to do it. If it costs the Government nine times as much to perform a given service as it does the express companies, what is to be said about the efficiency of the post-office!

Efforts to economize by reducing forces of railroad postal clerks, denying promotions that have been earned, and the like, have brought the mail service to a point where charges of demoralization and inefficiency come from all parts of the country. A spy system is declared to have been discovered in some cities, of a character more suggestive of Russia than of a free country.

THE Constitutional amendment permitting direct election of Senators failed, but it received fifty-four votes in the Senate, with only thirty-three opposing. It was really a victory, for six more votes would have carried it. Those votes will almost certainly be forthcoming in

Direct Election Near Victory

the next session. The Constitution requires two-thirds of the entire membership of the Senate to vote for a Constitutional amendment. Ordinary legislation can pass with a majority of a quorum; that is, twenty-four votes can, in a pinch, pass a bill or roll call in the Senate; but it takes sixty-two to carry a Constitutional amendment.

This reform which is desired by the great majority of the American people and which has often been passed by the House of Representatives was embodied in the Borah resolution. The following Senators are responsible for the defeat of the important measure: Bacon, Bankhead, Brandegee, Bulkeley, Burnham, Burrows, Crane, Depew, Dick, Dillingham, Fletcher, Flint, Foster, Gallinger, Hale, Heyburn, Johnston, Kean, Lodge, Lorimer, Money, Oliver, Page, Penrose, Percy, Richardson, Root, Scott, Smoot, Taliaferro, Tillman, Warren, Wetmore.

SENATOR OWEN, of Oklahoma, tore the mask from the Bailey features by his filibuster in favor of admitting Arizona and New Mexico. It had been planned to admit New Mexico but to keep Arizona out, because of the latter's radical constitution.

Bailey's Resignation

Senator Owen, by dint of a splendid parliamentary fight, forced the two to be coupled together in one resolution, so that they must come in or stay out together. They were kept out, and Bailey, because most of the Democrats voted to let them in, telegraphed a resignation of his seat to the Governor of Texas. He said he did it to emphasize his protest against populistic heresies; and having got the emphasis, he withdrew the resignation and will remain to block progressive measures whenever he can in the future. He has behind him a devoted following of other reactionaries who will wreck the work of the coming session, if possible. We can not but sincerely regret the withdrawal of the Bailey resignation. To have stood firmly by it would have been the most distinguished public service Mr. Bailey could render.

THE confirmation of the notorious Lorimer in his seat, during the last hours of the session, was an act peculiarly characteristic of the low moral inspiration of this Congress. The blond boss was saved by the votes of the ancient standpatters,

The Vindication of Lorimer

plus nine Democrats led by Bailey of Texas. It was just about the same force that opposed popular election of Senators. Senator Bailey is entitled to the full credit of saving Lorimer's seat. If Texas likes that sort of thing, it should be particularly proud of Bailey.

To the rest of the country, Mr. Bailey has at last appeared in his true colors, as a defiant leader of reactionary Democrats. He will be to the coming Democratic tariff revision what Arthur Pue Gorman was to the last. His mission is to divide his party and prevent progressive legislation, and for that mission he is magnificently equipped with experience, ability and shiftiness.

PRESIDENT TAFT got little of his program out of the late session. The Tariff Commission bill, after passing the Senate, was caught in the jam of business in the last hours of the House sitting, and squeezed to death. Speaker Cannon and the

Tariff Commission Perishes

rest of the Tory leaders were very clearly in the job of killing it, the while looking as innocent as they could. This is one of the greatest misfortunes of the series, for it probably means that the Tariff Commission idea is dead for years.

Of all the measures which the administration backed, none commanded so much of its sincere and devoted support as the one to increase postage charges on magazines. The President and the Postmaster-General were determined that this must carry at any cost; and it failed. They knew that it would have no chance in the next Congress. Every resource of patronage pull and executive influence was used. But the Progressives in the Senate announced purpose to talk forever, if necessary, to prevent a vote; and they won their point. The obnoxious amendment, designed to punish the magazines for their independence, was withdrawn, and instead provision was made for an inquiry into the expenses and profits of the mail service.

CANADIAN reciprocity never was in sight of a vote in the Senate; and its failure constituted the President's real ground for calling the extra session. It will be rushed through the House at the extra session, and then will be the subject of a long debate, perhaps an all-summer filibuster, in the Senate. The Senators want to know what sort of tariff revision they are to get, before passing the reciprocity measure. Those who oppose the reciprocity plan as it now stands

Reciprocity in Extra Session

would very generally support it, if it were less jughandled. They say the farmer is to pay the price for certain benefits for the manufacturers. They want some revision in the farmer's interest; then, they say, they will vote for the whole proposition, and be very cheerful about it.

THE Taft administration is entitled to distinguished credit for the long step toward improving our relations with Japan which was taken in the negotiation and ratification of a new treaty of commerce with the

Good Treaty with Japan

Rising Sun Empire. The restrictions on Japanese immigration are removed, Japan giving promise, outside the treaty, that she will not permit her people to flock to these shores. This treaty ought to do a vast deal toward assuring the people of both countries that there is no real hostility, and that efforts to make trouble—efforts which may be related to journalistic sensationalism and to such militarists as Congressman Hobson—do not represent the real feeling of the people in the two countries. If there ever were two countries with less excuse to fight, and more justification in remaining friendly than Japan and the United States, we do not know of them at this time.

It is said that our own Pacific Coast was kept in line for the treaty, because it was given the Panama Canal Exposition. If so, that is one exposition at least that will have served a really useful purpose.

RECORD OF SHORT SESSION

Measures that Failed

CANADIAN reciprocity agreement.
Constitutional amendment for direct election of Senators.
Resolution to unseat Senator Lorimer.
Sulloway Pension bill.
Permanent Tariff Commission Board.
Action upon Ballinger Investigation Committee report.
Congressional Reapportionment bill.
Higher second-class postage rate on magazines.
Parcel Post legislation.
Admission of Arizona and New Mexico.
Incorporation of the Carnegie Peace Foundation.

Legislation Accomplished

Ratification by Senate of new treaty of trade and commerce with Japan.
Provision for buildings for our foreign embassies.
Appalachian Forest Reserve bill.
Appropriation for beginning of Panama Canal fortification.
Amendment of the law as to trade-marks.
Award of Panama Canal Exposition to San Francisco.
Codification of the laws relating to judiciary.
Boiler Inspection bill.
Ratification of Pan-American Arbitration Treaty.

THE PULSE OF THE WORLD

UNDER the pretext that a series of manœuvers is planned in the neighborhood of Galveston, twenty thousand troops and two naval divisions have been ordered to mobilize near the Mexican border in Texas and California. Discounting the official explanation as the only one that could be issued without constituting an unfriendly act, it seems evident, as this is written, that the long expected intervention of the United States in the troubled affairs of Mexico is at hand.

The Move Toward Mexico

Rumors and explanations are plentiful. President Diaz, it is reported, is in bad health and the United States has been asked to prevent the disturbance which would follow his death. It is also said that English capitalists in Mexico have complained of the disorder there and have asked us to police the territory. Significance is attached to the presence of Henry Lane Wilson, ambassador to Mexico, in Washington, in close touch with the State Department. Another rumor is to the effect that Madero, leader of the revolutionists, is rich by reason of a transaction in oil lands, and that the Standard Oil Company is really back of the revolution.

Whatever may be the truth of these various allegations, Americans will view without enthusiasm the use of our army to suppress a revolution against the autocrat, Diaz, in the interests of capitalists, either foreign or American.

THE long expected resignation of Richard A. Ballinger has come at last. Appropriately, his resignation coincides with the passing of the discredited Tory leadership in the Senate and with the flickering out of Cannonism in the House of Representatives. The elimination of the old order has been swift and merciless and it is almost complete.

Exit Ballinger

It is not our purpose here to review the tiresome, sordid story of Ballinger's two years as Secretary of the Interior. Perhaps, in the heat of that conflict, charges were made which could not be sustained. Yet month after month, serious, thoughtful men, solicitous for their country's welfare, hoped for the resignation of this man whose appointment was an impropriety and whose unfitness for his office was demonstrated before he had occupied it a month.

In his letter reluctantly accepting Ballinger's resignation, President Taft praised him extravagantly and, in terms verging on the violent, denounced "one of the most unscrupulous conspiracies for the defamation of character that history can show." Having done this, he appointed Walter L. Fisher, of Chicago, an excellent man and a co-worker of Gifford Pinchot, to the Secretaryship of the Interior.

So it looks at last as though the long, courageous fight of Pinchot, Garfield and others for the conservation of the people's vast empire in Alaska is to be crowned with success. The pity of it is that a President of the United States has made their work so difficult.

DEATH and political disaster have wrought a remarkable shift in the membership of the Senate. Thirty-four Senators of two years ago have passed out of the body. The Republican majority which a year ago was thirty-one is reduced to eight. The old stand-pat organization headed by Aldrich has completely lost control.

Make-up of New Senate

Progressives, both Democrats and Republicans, hold the balance of power since March 4. Mr. Lodge of Massachusetts, reelected after a hairbreadth escape, is the one strikingly fortunate Senator of the elder persuasion whom the people lately had a chance to "get" and failed. Maine has elected a Democrat, Johnson; Connecticut, a Republican, McLean, to succeed Bulkeley; Rhode Island, retiring Aldrich, has sent Henry F. Lippitt, cotton manufacturer and millionaire; New York's Legislature is still deadlocked at this writing.

The Democratic Legislature in Ohio chose Atlee Pomerene, and the choice is altogether creditable considering the material offered. Indiana sends John Worth Kern, and it is only regrettable that so good a man could not have defeated some senator who could better be spared than Mr. Beveridge. Michigan sends Townsend, Republican near-Insurgent, to succeed Burrows, stand-patter.

Wisconsin gave Senator La Follette an enthusiastic reelection, while in Nebraska Gilbert M. Hitchcock, Democrat, was almost unanimously elected, most of the Republicans voting for him because he had been the people's choice under the Oregon plan.

Progressive Democracy, splendidly led by Woodrow Wilson, smashed the old machine in New Jersey and elected Martine instead of James Smith, Jr. Progressive Republicanism in California elected Judge John D. Works because Governor Hiram Johnson gave it the same fighting leadership that Wilson gave to decent Democracy in New Jersey. Poindexter comes, an Insurgent Republican, from Washington. The deadlock in the Montana Legislature ended with the defeat of "Tom" Carter, machine Republican, and the election of Myers, "square deal" Democrat. Clark in Wyoming, Sutherland in Utah, and McCumber in North Dakota are all reelected.

The Democratic Legislature in Tennessee proved itself genuinely progressive by electing Luke Lea, who, though only thirty-two years old, has taken a leading part in redeeming the state from the Patterson machine. Missouri Democrats have elected former Mayor Reed of Kansas City, who is vastly preferable to his predecessor, Warner, shadow of the Aldrich mentality.

COMPETITION among American railroads was killed by the decision of the Interstate Commission that certain sweeping advances of rates could not take effect. The definite policy of the Government to make railroad rates was announced, and there is plenty of law to sustain it.

Sweeping Railroad Rate Decision

The Interstate Commission found that the railroads did not need the money they were clamoring for; it held that their credit had not been injured, but rather had been improved, since Government regulation was undertaken. It found that in ten years $4,500,000,000 of bonds had been sold by them, and that they are constantly widening the foreign market for securities. It decided that the public interest does not consist with increases of rates in order that dividends may be paid on unearned increment of value.

This decision is the most sweeping and important ever made by the commission. If the railroads do not appeal from it, their attitude will be tantamount to accepting the last word in regulation, to admitting that the Government shall name their rates. It is now the law that no rate may be raised without approval of the commission, and that is equivalent to establishing present rates as maximum reasonable rates, to be raised only after proof that they are unremuneratively low.

Some people insist that this is a long step toward Government ownership. Perhaps it is, but we suspect that it is rather a long step toward that reasonable regulation that will satisfy the public and keep it from demanding Government ownership.

IS THE high school fraternity doomed? The superintendent of schools in New York City has lately recommended that these secret organizations be abolished. They foster an undemocratic sentiment, he says, and lend themselves to the formation of cliques. The Board of Education, which is considering the matter, has been informed that all but one of the school superintendents in twenty-seven leading American cities disapprove of these secret school societies.

High School Fraternities Threatened

Unfortunately, the charge that the high school fraternity promotes snobbishness and interferes with the business of education is well sustained. We say "unfortunately" because the organization spirit is natural to young people and not in itself unwholesome. Our educators will have difficulty in abolishing the Greek letter fraternity unless they provide a substitute that insures the required amount of the "gang" idea. A secret society has an attraction for any boy, but a secret society that is unlawful would be an irresistible delight.

NEARLY complete church statistics for 1910 in the United States show, in the words of Dr. Carroll who compiled them, a "practically static condition of church membership but an increase in the agencies of the church." The gains are not as large as those of 1900, though there has been an increase of 2309 ministers, 2431 churches and 628,955 communicants. Out of every thousand of our population 385 are communicants or members of some religious body. The church members are divided into the following large groups:

The Church in 1910

Non-Christian	151,715
Non-Orthodox Christian	806,140
Catholic	12,711,073
Evangelical	21,663,248
Total	35,332,776

The Methodists, Baptists and Disciples of Christ continue to lead the Evangelical churches, num

The Pulse of the World

JONATHAN BOURNE, Senator from Oregon and president of the Progressive Republican League, made a speech in the Senate which has peculiar significance in view of his relation to the progressive organization. He charged that the Taft administration is now out to get delegates to the 1912 convention, and that patronage power is being employed in the most objectionable way to perfect organizations with this end in view. The speech was specific and sensational to the last degree.

An Anti-Taft Movement

The Progressive Republicans are working all over the country more openly than ever before, to secure anti-Taft delegates. They are especially urging adoption of Presidential preference laws in the state legislatures; that is, laws giving voters opportunity to indicate, at a primary, their choice for President. This is designed to smash machine and Federal office control of delegations to nominating conventions. Senator Bourne issued a strong letter asking adoption of such laws. The feeling that President Taft can under no circumstances be re-elected is giving heart to his opponents, who believe they now have a chance to defeat his renomination, despite the big lead he has in controlling the postmaster-delegations from the South. The fight is on, and it will grow bigger with each week from this time.

NEW YORK STATE, which has the best laws in the Union upon the regulation of the sale of narcotic drugs, is contemplating a further advance step in anti-drug legislation. A bill has been introduced prohibiting the sale or gift of hypodermic syringes and needles except upon the written order of a duly licensed physician or veterinary surgeon. The purpose of the proposed law is to restrict the use of hypodermics to physicians and gradually make it impossible for these instruments to fall into the hands of drug addicts.

New Attack on Drug Evil

Supporters of the proposed measure point out that invalids frequently acquire the drug habit from the use of hypodermics by physicians to allievate pain. C. B. Towns, of New York, who has a wide experience in the treatment of narcotic victims, is authority for the statement that ninety per cent. of the slaves of opium take it hypodermically and that seventy-five per cent. have acquired the habit from the ability to obtain instruments at will. New York should pass the proposed law, which, however, will probably not be fully effective till other states have followed the example of the Empire State.

THE proposal to introduce African animals into the United States, first made by Captain Fritz Duquesne and fully explained by him in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, shows constantly increasing vitality. W. N. Irwin, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, has submitted to the Secretary of Agriculture a plan for importing hippopotami, camels and antelopes. The hippopotamus is designed for residence in the swampy Southern rivers where it will turn troublesome water weeds into edible meat and valuable leather. Camels ought to be useful pack animals in the Southwestern deserts, they say, while the antelope is superior to the goat in usefulness and moral character and is less particular about his food. An expedition financed by John Hays Hammond and other capitalists and headed by Major Frederick Russell Burnham is to scour Africa for able and willing animals. Representative Broussard, of Louisiana, is trying to get Congress to make an appropriation for this purpose, meanwhile offering to give the Government a farm upon which a choice collection of African animal immigrants may receive board and lodging.

To Import African Animals

AFTER years of agitation, the Appalachian forest reserve bill has finally become a law. It looks to spending about two million dollars a year for six years, buying lands in the White Mountains, and in the angle where Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina are most neighborly, watershed lands which may be forested. The purchases are not to include standing timber, but this is to be cut only under direction of the forest service, with a view to its restoration in due time.

A Good Forest Law

For the East to get a start in conservation of forests is an excellent thing. The East needs to know the advantages and disadvantages. There are some real present disadvantages to a new state which has a large area devoted to reserves and thereby withdrawn from development. The East will understand conservation better, from the Western viewpoint, when it has tried it. Meanwhile, the country absolutely must have measures to protect its lumber, or it will presently have an insufficient supply, and that controlled by a few individuals and corporations. The recent report of the Bureau of Corporations on the concentration of the standing timber supply caused a national sensation. The quantity of timber owned by the Northern and Southern Pacific railroads startled everybody. The Bureau does not tell us whether there is a lumber trust; that information is to come later. But it tells us there are strong evidences of a timber trust, which is vastly worse than a lumber combination, because the owners of timber obviously control lumber.

THE real world-trust seems to have been ushered in. It is the coffee trust, according to Representative Norris, of Nebraska, who is on its trail. He told the House of Representatives, after much investigation, that the government of Brazil, in combination with international bankers of New York, London, Paris, Brussels and Berlin, has secured control of the coffee supply. The House promptly passed a resolution calling on the Department of Justice for information about it. If it does n't produce the information, Mr. Norris will present a resolution at the extra session for a Congressional investigation.

International Coffee Trust

Brazil grows most of the world's coffee. It is engaged in an international conspiracy in restraint of trade, to keep production down and prices up. Mr. Norris believes that, encouraged by success in this effort, it is organizing a like trust in rubber, of which Brazil controls the leading supplies.

"Brazil has its coffee trust, which is mulcting us of many millions a year, having approximately doubled the price of coffee," said Representative Norris. "It is about to do the same thing to us with a rubber trust. Germany has a national potash trust. Here at home, we have our own trusts, which sell things cheaper abroad than at home. What are we going to do about it?"

Evidently the theory that the United States is the sole habitat of the genus trust is an exploded one. Are we to have international anti-trust laws?

TWO recent inventions promise much for the moving picture industry and for both of these we are indebted to France. M. Gaumort has recently succeeded in coordinating the graphophone and the biograph, reproducing actions and words simultaneously. If this invention is all that is claimed for it, the work of the great actor, like that of the artist, writer and composer, may be preserved for us for all time. Experiments are now under way for recording and reproducing the play of a prominent American actress and her company.

Improvement of Motion Pictures

M. Rothapfel now comes forward with a device by which motion pictures may be reproduced in broad daylight or in a well-lighted building. A powerful electric light passes through strong lenses and is thrown upon a screen banked with black. This invention, if successful, will eliminate the one great objection to what has come to be the drama of the people.

It is too early for prophecy, but the time may come when a small town audience far from the city theater may sit in a well lighted auditorium enjoying the reproduction of a great opera or play long after the inspired singers and actors have passed away.

A MOMENTOUS conflict recently took place between a regiment of American bluepoints and a picked troop of British Colchesters, a moderate sized species of oyster greatly loved by Englishmen. The battlefield was a London hotel and forty or more English and American authorities gathered there to settle for all time the mooted question of superiority. The first skirmish, that of raw troops with shells, resulted in a draw, both sides retreating with heavy loss. Then followed four hot battles, or courses, between cooked and seasoned veterans. Victory finally perched upon the American banner.

The Battle of the Oysters

But at what a fearful cost! Of all the brave bluepoints that went forth to uphold American honor not one returned. Like the ill-fated oysters of "Alice in Wonderland" who went walking with the Walrus and the Carpenter, theirs was no happy home-coming.

"And that was scarcely odd because
They 'd eaten every one."

It was a glorious victory, yet America's cause never was in real danger. At home, eager for the fray, were regiments of patriotic Chesapeakes, Capes and Shrewsburys ready to lay down their lives, Lynnhavens, rejoicing in their giant strength, succulent Mobiles from sunny Southern waters—broiling, stewing, steaming, roasting oysters, oyster patties, escalloped, fried in crumbs, smothered in turkey dressing. Let Britannia go on ruling the wave; in oyster production America maintains a six-power standard.

The Pulse of the World

The Month Abroad

THE king's speech from the throne in the House of Lords on February 6, was the formal opening of what may prove to be a most momentous session of the British Parliament. The speech gave notice of the Government's intention to devote the entire time of Parliament until Easter to the veto question. Shortly afterwards, Premier Asquith introduced the bill limiting the veto power of the House of Lords and renewed his promise later to carry out a plan for full self-government for Ireland. The veto bill passed the Commons on its first reading by a vote of 351 to 227, receiving the full support of the Liberals, Laborites and Irish Nationalists. It passed on second reading by a similar majority.

The Lords Face Defeat

The veto bill frankly expresses the intention of ultimately making the upper house an elective body. It provides that if a money bill passed by the Commons at least one month before the end of the session is not passed by the Lords without amendment, it shall, nevertheless, become a law on being signed by the king. Bills other than revenue measures passed in three successive sessions of the Commons shall become law without the approval of the Lords.

This measure represents the will of the British people, twice clearly expressed at the polls, that control over the public pursestrings shall be wrested from the hands of the privileged, hereditary upper chamber. The Lords will oppose the measure vigorously, but in the end they will yield because their very existence is at stake.

MEANWHILE, with hearty inconsistency, the British Empire turns from its attack upon intrenched privilege to joyous preparation for King George's coronation in June. The love and loyalty of the British people for this middle-weight man and his rather unimportant job is a force that should not be underestimated. The coronation will be the year's greatest and most brilliant spectacle. Already windows and seats have been bought for the parades, nervous tradesmen have had the weather and the king's life insured; gowns and coronets have been ordered. America will be represented by thousands of enthusiastic tourists in expensive seats, and by John Hays Hammond, whom President Taft has appointed to bear our good will to King George the Fifth.

The Coronation in June

The English people, sane and liberty loving, delight in the glitter and pomp of royalty; in America we like circus parades—an imitation Indian princess, a tin sword and a moth-eaten elephant.

IN THE last hours of the session of Congress, there was laid before the House the report of the Insular Affairs Committee on charges against the civil government of the Philippines. Representative Martin, of Colorado, had charged gross improprieties in the sale of friar lands to American interests related to the sugar trust, and also in deals in the islands by officers of the civil government. The committee's majority finds the charges unfounded, saying that the restrictions on sales of public lands do not apply to friar lands. A minority of the committee sustains the charges.

The Philippine Land Scandal

Although it had been ready for a week, the report was not presented to the House till the day before Congress adjourned, when discussion was impossible. It is promised that at the next session the House will take it up and debate it *in extenso*, with the view to getting at the bottom of the transactions in controversy.

THE resignation of Aristide Briand, the French Premier, and his ministry, brings to an end a short but stormy epoch in French government. Briand was called upon to form a ministry at the time of the fall of the Clemenceau cabinet in 1909. He proved to be a statesman of constructive force, carrying out many needed reforms in governmental departments, notably in the army and navy. Since Briand was an avowed Socialist, the timid were agreeably surprised at his moderation.

The Briand Cabinet Falls

It was his conservatism rather than his radicalism that brought about his undoing. During the railroad strike last fall, Briand took as vigorous measures in suppressing it as any "capitalistic" Premier might have taken. For this he was bitterly accused of treason to his former labor-union associates. He was obliged to reconstruct his cabinet after the settlement of the strike, since which time votes of confidence in him in the Chamber of Deputies have gradually grown smaller. Finally, upon the question of his religious policy, his majority dwindled to sixteen and the disheartened Premier resigned. Briand's administration is an excellent example of the tendency of responsibility to breed conservatism.

Antoine Ernest Monis has been appointed Premier to succeed Briand. He and the new ministry are known to have strong sympathies with organized labor, and with their coming the Socialists and Radicals are once more in control of the government.

THE coming International Opium Conference which meets on May 30 at The Hague is significant of an encouraging advance in the world's thought on the subject of drugs. Thirteen nations are to be represented at the conference. England held out for a time for reasons not perhaps wholly unconnected with the revenue she derives from India's opium traffic with China. She advanced the view that America consumes more dangerous drugs than does China. Our State Department was able to promise a vigorous campaign against narcotic drugs in this country and thus amity was restored.

Nations Unite Against Opium

This is the second International Conference on opium, the first, for which the United States was largely responsible, meeting in Shanghai in 1909. Delegates at The Hague meeting will be encouraged by the reports of the vigor and sincerity with which China has attacked her appalling opium problem and the success which she is meeting in suppressing the traffic.

LAST month we called attention to the alarming prevalence of the bubonic plague in Northern Manchuria. Later reports indicate that not only has the plague not been overcome but also that it has spread to China and Japan and is following the line of the Trans-Siberian railway toward Russia. The danger to Europe and the rest of the civilized world lies in the fact that the Russian government is unable to cope successfully with contagious diseases. The real hope of conquering the black death in the Far East seems to lie in the capable, experienced, modern Japanese.

Plague Headed For Europe

"DOLLAR diplomacy" would not seem to be making so much of a hit lately. The United States some time since injected itself into the question of railroad construction in China, demanding that American financiers be given a slice of the investment. In one case the Americans were taken in—and then the whole project was tied up. In another, Japan and Russia united in a vigorous snub to America.

A Diplomatic Set-Back

Russia, in the latest instance, threatened to invade the Chinese province of Ili because China was charged with violations of an old treaty that it was about to denounce. China yielded, and Russia gets about what she wanted. China and Japan appeared once more in close harmony. Plainly, these powers are working with England to dominate China, and the United States seems to have abandoned the John Hay doctrine of the open door and territorial integrity.

As a price, seemingly, for our exclusion from China, the United States is given the privilege of nominating the financial controllers of Persia, who are to administer its revenues and reorganize its loans. It seems a poor compensation for the loss of our commercial opportunity in China, and justifies suspicion that in the "dollar diplomacy" game we are getting some short change.

HOWEVER, American ship builders recently got contracts to build two battleships for Argentina, and it was announced as a fine, business-getting triumph of the financial diplomacy. Whereupon, Senator La Follette introduced a resolution asking if any promises had been made to Argentina in consideration of Americans getting these contracts. The replies indicated that we had agreed that naval secrets should be exchanged as between this country and Argentina! Each country will tell the other all about its navy.

A One-Sided Bargain

We can see how that is good for Argentina; but doubt surounds the value of their naval secrets to us.

[*Continued on page 36-D.*]

Progress!

NEW YORK CITY, November 2, 1910.

DEAR JUDGE LINDSEY:

Thank you for your letter and for all the kind and friendly things you say. Your interest is so stimulating that I am moved to sit right down and burden you with a long letter about our new plan. I know the idea will appeal to you.

We plan to build a new magazine that shall be free from the influence of banks, paper companies and advertisers, and that, therefore, without going in for cheap sensationalism, shall be consistently vigorous, honest and independent. It will be called THE NATIONAL POST, and will appear fortnightly. The price is to be ten cents a copy, two dollars a year (twenty-six numbers).

After a considerable experience in the magazine business, I have come to the conclusion that the only course to take for an editor whose mind is open, who feels in himself something of the drive toward progress and toward sound social (as well as "political") economy, who believes in the genius of his country and in democracy (with a little "d"), is to see to it that his publication is owned by the only people for whom he can conscientiously work—the American people.

While we are determined to make THE NATIONAL POST a readable and attractive publication, with breezy fiction, strong articles, good illustrations and plenty of personalities and humorous touches, we are still more determined to give it an undertone of something deeper and more worth while. In a word, we purpose working toward the leadership of progressive thought in America. Coming out on a more rapid-fire plan than the big monthlies, with our interpretative review of current events the world around and with a vigorous editorial page in which to state our convictions, we should be able to make our influence felt almost from the start.

I wish it were possible to give an adequate statement of the *spirit* of the publication. We all know the peculiar distinction of the old New York *Sun*, the familiar attractiveness of the *Saturday Evening Post*, the traditional quality of the *Atlantic Monthly*—but the man does n't live who could convey a sense of the spirit, the feeling, the personality of any one of these publicatio
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Since this letter was written The National Post Company h
purchased SUCCESS MAGAZINE. Preparations are being hastened f
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they say on the street, of "putting it across." This much I can promise you—THE NATIONAL POST will have spirit and vitality—it will be a live one. It will look the American problem right in the face. It will be a magazine of clear, keen thinking. I am putting just two limitations on the members of the contributing staff: they must be sure of their facts and they must keep their sense of humor on straight. We want no careless talk, no heat, no "color," no "holier than thou" stuff. We want a magazine of good temper and human charity, but essentially a magazine that fights for little "d" democracy. I think the public wants that kind, too.

All of which simmers down to about this: first, employ the best men there are; then keep your temper, think clearly, talk straight. And which reminds me that I am apparently trying to do the very thing that I said could n't be done—explain the magazine. But never mind; let it stand. I 'm going to hang two portraits on the editorial walls; one of Abraham Lincoln, the other of dear old Mark Twain. With these two faces looking down on one all the time, it ought to be possible for a man to keep his sense of simple justice, his deeper sympathies, and his sense of humor.

Faithfully yours,

Samuel Merwin

TO JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY, Denver, Col.

The National Post Company

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

Publishers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE and The National Post

The Pulse of the World

Women Everywhere

[*Continued from page 36-A*]

THE women voters of Seattle have begun early to justify their official existence; they have done an interesting and a helpful thing. The state of Washington has most of the modern improvements in governmental devices, including the recall, and under the latter provision a demand was made for the removal of Mayor Hiram C. Gill of Seattle. Mayor Gill was a survival of an older though not a better day in Washington politics, and charges of corruption and inefficiency were made against him. In the recall election Gill was defeated by George Dilling by 6,000 votes. There was a heavy Socialist vote against Gill, though not for Dilling.

Women in Seattle Recall

Of the total vote, the women cast about one-third. There seems to be very little doubt that they were the cause of Gill's defeat. The women had waged a vigorous campaign against Gill, because of his alleged collusion with the vice interests. In a later primary election, the women helped to defeat most of the councilmen of the Gill crowd.

A WASHINGTON woman has recently acquired the famous Hope diamonds at a cost of $180,000. It is kept in a safe-deposit vault and arrangements are made to have it returned there at night after its owner comes home from social functions. The Hope diamond is said to have brought ill luck to everybody who has owned it since its discovery. The poor lady who possesses it now will have at least the ill luck of worrying about its safety, taking care of it and lugging it around to parties. Misfortune has already descended in the form of a threatened suit by New York jewelers for the price of the gem.

Unhappy Wives of Millionaires

Andrew Carnegie said lately that the wives of the rich were an unhappy lot and worthy of our profound sympathy. They have too many luxuries, he says, and too few mental resources. There are plenty of women who would be glad to exchange some mental resources for a luxury or two, but sympathy would not be amiss for the lady of the Hope diamond.

THE good wives of Kansas are all agog over the bill that has been introduced into the Legislature making it unlawful to fry beefsteak. In support of his measure the Kansas lawmaker maintains that fried steak is unhealthful, fruitful of domestic discord and a frequent cause of divorce. Whether it has anything to do with panics, bribery or sunspots this reformer does not state.

Fried Steak

Steak friers are up in arms against this threatened legislative invasion of the kitchen. Healthy gentlemen who have lived long, useful lives on beefsteak burned hard and dry as shingles are pushed forward as unwilling exhibits. Testimony as to domestic harmony is heard on all hands. The unfortunate Solon's bill will hardly pass, but if his agitation results in the increased use of the broiler, he may feel that he has not lived in vain.

THE drama of childhood is having its turn upon the American stage; the children have come forth and saved an otherwise hopeless theatrical season. "Königskinder," the exquisite German fairy tale, has been perhaps the season's most conspicuous operatic success. Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" have brought happiness this winter to thousands of "children" of assorted ages and sizes. Lately there has appeared at the New Theater in New York "The Piper," the beautiful dramatization by Josephine Preston Peabody Marks of the delightful, shivery story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Childhood and the Stage

It will be remembered that Mrs. Marks's play was last summer awarded the Stratford prize in England as the best contemporary play in the language. The American woman's play was recently put on in London and enthusiastically received. At last American managers, who had previously declined to produce the play, saw a new light: the play was an immediate success.

The "childhood" season of drama has been one of refreshing wholesomeness. There still remains, however, much to be done in the way of prohibiting very young children from taking part in theatrical performances.

THE Senate has passed the bill creating a Federal Children's Bureau. The House failed to pass the bill and the matter will have to be taken up at a later session, but the project has been given marked encouragement. The Senate bill provides that a bureau under the Department of Commerce and Labor be established to investigate and report on all matters pertaining to the welfare of children. Infant mortality, birth rate, degeneracy, orphanage, delinquency, juvenile courts, desertion, dangerous occupations and diseases and child labor will fall within the province of the new bureau. Philanthropists, women's clubs and labor organizations have worked for four years for this bureau.

The Children's Bureau Bill

ADVOCATES of votes for women have taken renewed courage in the victories in the state legislatures of California and Kansas. In both states, proposals to submit to the people constitutional amendments permitting women's suffrage were carried by large majorities. Suffragists believe that they will soon be able to sew the sixth and seventh stars upon the women's flag.

Suffrage Gains

New York advocates have recently attacked Albany in force, and campaigning is vigorous in Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania, but thus far only the Western sisters have met with real success. Senator Owen, who has introduced a suffrage bill into the United State Senate, believes that women should not only be allowed, but should be made to vote.

DAME FASHION, who makes life interesting and expensive for the women of the civilized world, has made a decree that she will find it extremely hard to enforce. The harem or trousers skirt isn't exactly a new invention, having been in use by Oriental ladies for several thousand years, but it now comes to the Western world properly accredited by Paris authorities, whoever they are. Several versions of the pantaloon skirt have made their appearance in Paris amid the violent demonstrations of an excitable populace. In New York, a walking advertisement of the new garment invaded the newspaper district and seriously interfered with traffic. A bold pioneer braved the London wilderness and got home safely with the assistance of the efficient police force.

Threatened Revolution in Gowns

The feminine world declares that it will have none of a contrivance which is based upon the absurd principle that woman is a biped. It has coined the word "pantaloonatic" for use in emergencies. Whether or not the new style goes the way of the discredited sheath gown will soon be known. The kindest thing that has been said about it, is that it is more sensible than the hobble skirt and not much uglier.

DOCTORS have recently testified, with rather an unusual degree of unanimity, that women in these days do not dress warmly enough; that neurasthenia is often the result of wearing clothing of insufficient thickness. It is not poverty, they say, but style that causes the difficulty. Women can not imitate the sylph-like maiden of the fashion plate and wear heavy underwear and thick dresses. Fashion, with beautiful disregard for the changing seasons, demands gauzy stockings, low shoes, *décolleté* gowns and short sleeves. The result is too often pneumonia or an exhaustion of vitality and nerve force in the effort to keep warm.

Victims of Fashion

This criticism sounds amazingly like good common sense. Woman may protest that she does not feel cold, but the chances are that she is giving her body an unnecessary amount of trouble to keep warm.

AN ELOQUENT advocate of the cause of votes for women is Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, who is visiting America and telling the story of the English women's struggle for the franchise. Miss Pankhurst, who is only twenty-one years old, is the youngest daughter of the well-known English suffragist.

THE honor of being the first regular woman police officer in the United States belongs to Mrs. Alice Stebbins Wells of Los Angeles. She is mild-mannered, slight and attractive, and declines to consider wearing a uniform. Her duty is to look after erring women and children.

he Country Boy's Chance

[Continued from page 30]

ut the proper tools. This training develops in-ve courage, strong success qualities, and makes resourceful man.

t any wonder that the boy so trained in self-e, so superbly equipped with physical and mental a, should take such preeminence, should be in lemand when he comes to the city? Is it any er that he is always in demand in great emergen-d crises? Just stand a stamina-filled, self-reliant y boy beside a pale, soft, stamina-less, washed-ty youth. Is it any wonder that the country oy is nearly always the leader; that he heads the the great mercantile houses? It is this peculiar, ribable something; this superior stamina and l caliber, that makes the stuff that rises to the all vocations.

re is a peculiar quality of superiority which comes lealing with *realities* that we do not find in the icial city conditions. The life-giving oxygen, ed in great inspirations through constant muscular develops in the country boy much greater lung than is developed in the city youth, and his out-work tends to build up a robust constitution. ng, hoeing, mowing, everything he does on the gives him vigor and strength. His muscles are , his flesh firmer, and his brain-fiber partakes e same superior quality. He is constantly ng up forces, storing up energy in his brain and es which later may be powerful factors in shap-e nation's destiny or which may furnish back-to keep the ship of state from floundering on ocks. This marvelous reserve power which he up in the country will come out in the success-nker, statesman, lawyer, merchant, or business

-reliance and grit are oftenest country-bred. The ry boy is constantly thrown upon his own re-s; he is forced to think for himself, and this calls s ingenuity and makes him self-reliant and strong. been found that the use of tools in our manual g schools develops the brain, strengthens the de-faculties and brings out latent powers. The eared boy is in the best manual training school in orld and is constantly forced to plan things, make ; he is always using tools. This is one of the s why he usually develops better all-round judg-and a more level head than the city boy.

s human nature to exaggerate the value of things d our reach. People save money for years in to go to Europe to visit the great art centers see the famous masterpieces, when they have never seen the marvelous pictures painted by ivine Artist and spread in the landscape, in the , in the glory of flowers and plant life, right at ery doors.

The Inspiration of the Soil

at a perpetual inspiration, what marvels of y, what miracles of coloring are spread every-in nature, confronting us on every hand! We hem almost every day of our lives and they e so common that they make no impression us. Think of the difference between what a sees in a landscape and the impression conveyed brain, and what is seen by the ordinary mind, the ry person who has little or no imagination and esthetic faculties have scarcely been developed! are immersed in a wilderness of mysteries and lous beauties. Miracles innumerable in grass and and fruit are performed right before our eyes. marvelous is Nature's growing of fruit, for ex-! How she packs the concentrated sunshine and us juices into the cans that she makes as she goes cans exactly the right size, without a particle of leakage or evaporation, with no noise of factu-o hammering of tins! The miracles are wrought ilent laboratory; not a sound is heard, and yet marvels of skill, deliciousness and beauty!

at interrogation points, what wonderful myster-what wit-sharpeners are ever before the farmer whichever way he turns! Where does all this ndous increase of corn, wheat, fruit and vegetables from? There seems to be no loss to the soil, and hat a marvelous growth in everything! Life, life, life on every hand! Wherever he goes he treads emical forces which produce greater marvels than scribed in the Arabian Nights. The trees, the s, the mountains, the hills, the valleys, the sun-he growing animals on the farm, are all mysteries set him thinking and to wondering at the creative ses which are working on every hand.

en again, the delicious freedom of it all, as con-d with the cramped, artificial life in the city! thing in the country tends to set the boy think-o call out his dormant powers and develop his forces. And what health there is in it all! How and natural he is in comparison with the city who is tempted to turn night into day, to live an ial, purposeless life.

[Continued on page 43]

EDITORIAL CHAT

BY ORISON SWETT MARDE

Why He is More Successful Than You Are

When you see a person who is getting ahead much faster than you are, why do you try to justify your slower pace by all sorts of excuses, such as that "the other fellow is lucky," that he has probably had somebody to help him, that he happened to be in a more advantageous position?

Do not hypnotize yourself by such silly excuses. Everybody will laugh at you for making them, and say to themselves: "There is no doubt that there is a good reason for his lack of advancement." Why not get right down to business and look for the real cause?

Investigation will perhaps show that the other fellow is a little more alert for opportunities, that he is not so afraid of taking pains, that he does not think quite as much about having a good time and of taking his ease as you do; that he is more willing to sacrifice his comfort for business.

He probably retires a little earlier at night; gets up a little earlier in the morning, is particular about being at work on time; puts more conscience into his work; does not blunder or gad about and talk as much as you do. He may be more careful not to make slurring remarks about members of the firm.

In other words, just get right down and analyze yourself, and you will probably find a lot of weak points in your service which you could improve.

I know a young man who seems to have considerable ambition, but is much distressed because other young men in the same firm with him are getting along much faster than he is.

In questioning him, I found that several of those who work with him are at the office ahead of time, while he is usually late; that they frequently work in the evening, especially during the busy season, while he almost invariably leaves when the gong sounds, and, if possible, a little before. One of the young men he envies often carries work home at night, and even gives his occasional holidays to his employer's business. Yet this young man thinks his companions are favored. He calls them "lucky"—himself "unlucky."

The level-headed employer is always looking for earmarks of advancement material in his employees, for the stuff that wins, for indications of genius or marked ability, and there is no mistaking them.

When he sees a person who is exacting to the minute regarding his work, who is afraid to come a little ahead of time in the morning, or to stay a little after closing hours if the work requires it, who acts as though he were afraid he would give his employer the equivalent of a little more than he finds in his pay envelope, there is small encouragement for that person's advancement.

The idea of those who are made of winning material is to get on, and they know that the way to do this is to make themselves so invaluable to their employer that he can not well get along without them.

There is nothing which pleases an employer so much as to feel that an employee is trying in every possible way to advance his interests, studying ways and means to lighten his burden; that, in short, he is just as much concerned about the business as though it were his own.

The employees who think that this is foolish and that it is not right to do what they are not paid for may get out of a little extra work, but they do not get on; for no employer wants to risk his interests in the hands of a person who is so very exacting about the amount of work he does; who figures so closely to give just the equivalent of what he finds in his salary envelope, and no more.

The young men who advance rapidly usually do so because of the generosity of their service, because there is no stinting in it, no thought of doing as little as possible and getting as much as possible for it.

It is the overplus of service, the little extra things w the employee is not only willing but eager to do in order to help his employer, the little extra interest in his employer's welfare which make all the difference between the young man or young woman who remains in the same position year in and year out and the one who advances to the top.

The Handicap of the Grouch

The man who goes through the world with a grouch, who is always watching for an opportunity to "get square" with somebody whom he thinks has done him an injury, is at a great disadvantage. The desire for revenge acts in the system like a leaven of p crippling the brain power and inducing unhappiness one can do his best when he has an unkind feeli resentment in his heart toward his fellow men.

We are always prejudiced against those who the reputation of being grouchy, or who are of a s cious disposition. These people make very few fr and are not good "mixers." They often live l and sometimes totally isolated lives—especially as advance in years.

No employer wants such people around him. knows they are not business-getters or friend ma on the contrary, they frequently drive away custo and make trouble among the other employees. In ness, if people are not treated civilly they do not into consideration that the clerks and those who upon them may be ill or tired. They expect cou and obliging, kindly treatment.

Everybody wants to get away from the cr fault-finding, over-critical person. We do not people who are out of tune with the world they li

Employers Who Demoralize Syste

Many business men are so constituted that the constantly doing things in their places of bus which utterly demoralize discipline and make sy impossible.

I know an excellent man, who, instead of g orders to heads of departments, goes directly to ordinates. If, for instance, he wants to learn thing about a department he will send for a clerk bookkeeper, instead of for the superintendent. I way he keeps his entire business force constant hot water.

He has able lieutenants around him, but will give them that untrammeled authority or freedom develops individuality and originality, and calls out resources. He is all the time checkmating their m ments, criticizing their actions and tearing their wo pieces, which causes them to lose heart.

A superintendent or department head so treate say: "What is the use? If I attempt to do any original my plans will never go into effect. Every is stopped, criticized, 'blue penciled' and change

The way to bring the best out of a man invest him with proper authority, give him libe action, hold him strictly responsible for results a generous enough to encourage and praise him wh does well.

No one can do his best when he is always scolded and nagged. Many well-meaning men cize, not for the purpose of hurting one's feelin injuring him, but because of their mental hab inexactitude, and there is an instinctive protest in natures against careless, indifferent, slipshod They want everything done just right, and when go wrong, they are upset. They do not know h remedy what is wrong, to get proper results wi criticizing and finding fault.

But fault-finding never did and never will ge best results from employees. The best thing in p can not be forced out; it must be drawn out by ness, appreciation, encouragement. Attraction is effective than force.

Investing in a Home

There is one investment which is always worth and that is a good home. This should alwa put in the name of your wife, if you have one, h not, it is a good plan to put it in the name of son who is not taking such great risks in business a are.

Many a man who thought he was rich has been glad to go back to the little home which he put wife's name in his early years of business—a home haps, which was so humble that he despised it i years, but which, after he lost everything, looked grand to him.

No one knows what great changes and vicissi business life will bring him, and the level-headed seeing man provides against possible disaster.

A home thus put out of the reach of business fortunes has enabled many a man to get another in life after he had lost everything else.

Investment in a home means a great deal to a rounded man. It compensates for the larger which might come from some other investment.

ried or single, every one should provide for a home of his own. It means independence, self-reliance, comfort, protection. It means culture, good influences, safeguard against temptation.

Thousands of people are homeless to-day, suffering the pangs of poverty and deprivation, because in their prosperous days they did not make provision against possible disaster. When their business was swept away, all was lost.

When Fear is in the Mind

What foolish things we all do under the pressure of fear! Discouragement colors the judgment. I have known men who own their own homes to sell their property and do the most ridiculous things in order to raise money, because they were afraid they would come to grief in their business if they did not have it, when as a matter of fact there was no real cause for anxiety whatever. When you are at your wits' end and do not know which way to turn, you are in danger, for you are in no condition to plan anything or to do the best thing. You should do your planning when you are cool and calm.

You are not capable of correct judgment, of using good sense, when there is fear or doubt or despondency in your mind. Sound judgment comes from a perfectly working brain, unclouded, untroubled faculties. Never act upon that which is suggested when you are in a state of fear or anxiety. Carry out your plans, the course laid down when your brain was clear, your head level. When fear is in the mind the mental forces are scattered and we are not capable of vigorous concentration. Calmness, poise, balance, mental serenity are absolutely essential to effective thinking.

One reason why so many men do not get on in the world is because they decide important matters when the mind is in no condition to decide anything; when they are full of fear that they are going to have trouble, that they are going to sustain great loss, that there is going to be a financial panic. Things done under such pressure are never done wisely. Wisdom is what we want in an emergency, and wisdom comes only from a level head, a calm, clear brain.

Cultivate Cordiality

We feel a certain nearness, a sense of relationship, to the large-hearted, magnanimous soul. We are irresistibly drawn toward him. It is the large-hearted qualities that attract. Narrowness and selfishness always repel.

We never like the person who is stingy with his cordiality. We instinctively shrink from the man who gives himself out grudgingly, who opens the door of his heart just a little way and peeps out to see if it is safe to let us in. He never knows us, for his narrow, nutty ideas repel us. We feel a sense of suffocation when near him. We want to go out into the open where we can breathe more freely. We feel cramped, contracted, suppressed in the presence of such a person; but we feel a sense of expansion, of satisfaction, in the atmosphere of a large, generous soul.

I have traveled with some of these "don't-touch-me" characters who would sit in the same car with one for days without venturing to speak, while another would make friends with everybody. He would never think of waiting for an introduction or an excuse for speaking, but would simply beam upon every one.

When Old Age Is a Curse

When it has lost self-respect.

When the old have not won the respect, the confidence and the admiration of relatives and those nearest to them.

When they do not stand for anything in their community.

When their neighbors would not consider their departure any loss.

When the imagination is foul and the thought impure.

When all the youthful fires have gone out and only embers remain.

When the individuality has been burned out by the fires of dissipation.

When all the reserves of energy and force have been prematurely exhausted by a vicious life.

When the individual has not learned the art of self-control and patience.

When young people can not live with it with any comfort.

When it has developed only vulgarity, coarseness and animality.

When it has left the individual ugly, disagreeable, touchy, cynical, critical, uncharitable, unkind.

When hope and cheer have fled.

When ambition and aspiration are dead.

When they have lost the zest for life, the desire for usefulness.

When they have no aim in life.

When the sap of life has gone and the individual is like a juiceless orange.

When all that is good, sweet and noble has evaporated and life is empty.

MRS. CURTIS'S HOME CORNER

By Isabel Gordon Curtis

THE REFRIGERATOR AS A MACHINE

Did you ever realize that a refrigerator is a machine? I did not until one day when I happened into a store where a man was explaining the structure of a refrigerator and demonstrating how it ought to be used. Until then I had thought of a refrigerator as a wooden box with a lining—the best you could afford—into which was shoved a chunk of ice and what food you desired to preserve. I realized that I had been letting the process of refrigeration go on as I let a gas-burner or a stove do its work, giving not one thought to the question of how it was done. After learning how to get the best results from the refrigerator, I can assure every housewife who reads this that it would pay her to take the lesson I did.

First you must realize that a refrigerator will not clean itself. After studying its make-up you will learn how fermentation is arrested by circulating cold air around the food, and how this air is kept dry by circulating it about the ice. The moisture in the air is condensed and precipitated on to the ice, exactly as you see it on the outside of a pitcher of cold water on a hot day. From this you learn the necessity of keeping the ice chamber as nearly full as possible. Let the temperature drop or leave the door open for even a few minutes and it takes hours to get the machine back to working order. Then the food spoils more quickly than if it had not been chilled. You realize this if you have ever noticed how quickly cold storage supplies deteriorate when removed from the ice. It is an excellent plan to keep a thermometer in the ice chamber. When the mercury rises to fifty-five degrees, it tells you that you require more ice. Forty-five degrees is about the right temperature for the proper preservation of food.

Give It a Fair Chance

Set your refrigerator in a place where it will best do its work. Every time I see an ice-box set on a kitchen piazza, with rain or the hot sun beating upon it, I know that an unthrifty or an uninformed housewife owns it. You would not think of setting a piano out of doors; then why the refrigerator? You are shortening its lease of life and wasting your ice.

Never keep a refrigerator down cellar. Some people think that is the ideal place for it, because cellar air is cool. It is not only cool, it is damp, and a year in the cellar will ruin the best refrigerator. Food will not keep where there is dampness. Another drawback to setting the refrigerator in a cellar is the odors which assail food. If they are not dangerous they are often objectionable. In the cellar a refrigerator pan is apt to be forgotten. If it goes unemptied, the leakage creates mold and odors which speedily ruin food.

The ideal place for a refrigerator is a small room built especially for it, with a system of outdoor drainage, which can usually be very easily arranged if one's housekeeping is done on the first floor and there is any sort of back yard where a pipe can drain into the earth. The next best place is a corner of the kitchen as far removed as possible from the stove. Sometimes an easy arrangement for drainage can be planned, thus doing away with the ever-dripping pan. A simple plan and one the housewife can achieve without the aid of a carpenter is this:

Place the refrigerator in a corner of the kitchen which is immediately over a set tub in the cellar. Bore a hole in the kitchen floor with an auger and set into it a funnel with a long tube. To the small end of the funnel which comes out through the cellar roof, attach a piece of rubber tubing long enough to reach within a foot of the washtub. If long enough to touch the escape pipe, there is danger of sewage odors being carried up and circulated through the refrigerator. Set the waste pipe of the refrigerator directly over the funnel. Once a month clean tubing and funnel with hot soapy water, and keep a cellar window over the tub open, allowing ample circulation of fresh air.

The proper adjustment of a refrigerator has a great deal to do with its working properties. As a rule, the man who delivers it sets it up. If he does not, however, or if you are moving, do not pack with ice until it is ship-shape. See that the ice rack does not touch the edge of the opening; if it does, shift it a little to one side, so the water can not flow to the provision chamber from the ice rack. Make sure the waste pipe is perfectly placed. There are all varieties of waste pipes, all of them removable, and frequently after being taken out for cleaning they are carelessly set back. Thus a leakage is created and the provision chamber frequently flooded. If it is necessary to use a pan, provide one large enough to hold the drippings of twenty-four hours. Then have a regular time to empty it, either the first thing in the morning or the last thing at night. I prefer a large flat dishpan of granite ware or heavy block tin to the ordinary refrigerator pan, because it has handles. Have the tinsmith bend them, so they are level with the top of the pan; then it can easily be slipped into place, and you will find the strong protruding handles very convenient.

Scrupulous Cleanliness Above All

Now, as to the cleanliness of a refrigerator, a question so important that many a time the health of a family depends upon it. A physician cites the case of a household which had been ravaged by typhoid. He had been searching to discover some cause of contagion and thought of the refrigerator. The cook demurred, but he insisted and she led him to a basement ice-box. It was capacious and as well built as any in the market; "but," he said, "as soon as the door was opened I knew I had found the cause of disease. Day after day for months ice had been shoved into the ice chamber without the rack being lifted. I ordered everything taken out, for around a little chunk of ice were dabs of food and under that rack was a decaying mess too horrible to touch. There were bits of melon rind, lettuce leaves, Limburger cheese, meat particles, rotten sawdust, sour cream, rancid butter and dabs of everything that had slopped over since early spring, when, according to the cook's confession, the ice-box had last been cleaned. The walls, floor and shelves of the food chamber were equally nasty. I had it brought back to a condition of scrupulous cleanliness, but it was too late. One child life had been sacrificed and the mother is burdened with the awful knowledge that her careless supervision of household matters was to blame."

Cleanliness is next to Godliness when it comes to running a refrigerator, and yet very few housewives or servants know how to keep one thoroughly clean. The best method is not the drastic scrubbing and scalding to which many a clean housekeeper treats her ice-box once a week. Under such circumstances, the refrigerator becomes heated, the ice melts rapidly without throwing down the proper amount of cold air, and it takes twenty-four hours to bring it back to the point of refrigeration. Better guard carefully all the time against slopping and give it an overhauling with hot water and soda occasionally if the ice happens to give out. Then do it quickly, just before the iceman arrives. But when anything does get spilt, wipe it up at once and take out the shelves and drain pipes frequently for a thorough scalding in strong soda-water. Cool them before returning to the refrigerator.

If the ice-box is out of commission six months of the year, it requires a good airing and scalding before it goes back into use in the spring. A musty refrigerator contaminates anything that is put into it.

It makes a great difference how you place food in a refrigerator. Vegetables, such as cucumbers, radishes, celery and lettuce may be kept directly on the ice. I keep a number of vegetable bags. Nothing is better than the little cotton bags in which salt, sugar and rice are sold. I use flour bags made into two by cutting across and stitching. I wash the vegetables perfectly clean, then slip them into the bag and lay by the ice. This crisps the vegetables and does away with danger of earth sifting under the ice rack.

Never put butter, milk or even drinking water, unless tightly corked or boxed, into the ice chamber. Odors arise from food underneath and are absorbed before they can be condensed on the ice. The only place in a refrigerator which is free from odors is immediately under the large opening through which cold air descends from the ice chamber. Here you can safely place butter or milk in open pans. Milk bottles when corked should be set in the bottom of the provision chamber. That is the coolest place and the milk keeps sweet there as long as possible. Such foods as raw oysters, crab flakes or any left-over of meat or fish may be put in a fruit jar with the lid tightly screwed. Keep a roll of parchment paper, and when fish or meat arrives from the market, wet one side of a large square of paper and wrap up carefully, then lay in the bottom of the provision chamber.

Last of all, never, never put into a refrigerator a morsel of food which has the slightest taint. Far better consign it to the garbage can. It is capable of contaminating everything in the ice-box.

A Sane Easter

"YEAR after year," says a Sunday-school teacher, "when Easter Sunday comes, I feel as if I would like to go into the pulpit and preach against several things which are very far apart from the spirit of Easter. In my work, I come closely in contact with the breeding and fostering of feminine vanity. It has its beginning in a little girl's new spring finery. I have almost ceased to expect attention or well prepared lessons on Easter Day. Every child in the class is intent not only on her own toggery but on the new apparel of the other children. If it were not so pitiful it would be ridiculous. Little girls as a rule are copies of their mothers. There are two children—only two—in my class of thirty-five, who have really wise, sensible mothers. They are neither overloaded with finery, nor do they think much about clothes; in their homes, dress is not the paramount issue. Sometimes these sensibly clothed children are openly criticized.

It is not only among Sunday-school children that Easter finery is the cause of heart-burning and pitiful vanity. Women who are giving money and energy to help working girls in all sorts of ways have told me of experiences they have had.

"Last spring," said one woman, "we agreed among ourselves to appear at Easter in simple, inexpensive hats and gowns, trusting that example would work wonders. We held a sale of millinery at our girls' clubrooms, marking everything at absolutely cost price. We had bought our own materials and had hired milliners to do the work. Pretty flower-trimmed and neat workaday hats could be bought for as little as two dollars. The girls came in crowds to look at them. Some made purchases, but the majority turned on their heels and went to the downtown shops where monstrous, flamboyant headgear was on sale at four times the price we asked. Oh, the atrocious crimsons, blues and purples that blossomed out among our girls on Easter morning! It took the hearts out of us; our weeks of endeavor counted for so little. We had encouraged saving and many of the girls had done wonderfully well—but Easter emptied their banks, and in many a case the money was spent on frocks and hats which after a few weeks of wear looked fit only for the rag-bag."

The girl who fritters away her hard-earned wages each spring imagines that Easter finery is a "must have." She is mistaken. I live in a big city and have a large acquaintance among well-to-do women who always look well gowned and wear stylish hats. They do not come out in brand new plumage each spring. Many a woman who can afford new garb does not discard the old until it is worn out, simply because she feels that her social place does not altogether depend on clothes. We talk of the spirit of Christmas and the spirit of Easter. Alas, the real spirit is lost to millions. The spendthrift spirit seems to take possession of an entire nation twice a year, and extravagance runs riot—at least, among women—and sadly enough, among those who can least afford it. It has been possible in some parts of America to bring about a sane Fourth of July. Why not a sane Easter?

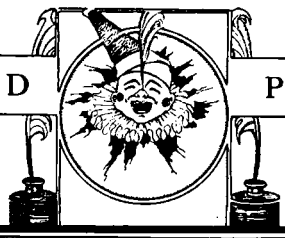
A Church Bargain Sale

One day last spring I found this postal in my mail.

HATS! HATS! HATS!
MI-CAREME SALE!
SMART HATS FOR FASHIONABLE PEOPLE
THE CHESTERTON
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, MARCH 4 AND 5, 1910,
10 A.M. TO 6 P.M.
under the direction of ——
of St. —— Church
CHANTICLER HATS DISTINGUISHED TOQUES
TAILORED MODELS
FLOWER HATS HATS FOR EVERYBODY
PRICES $7 TO $12
COME, IF ONLY FOR IDEAS!

To many a woman Easter Sunday stands for little except a new gown and hat, and perhaps it ought not to be terribly shocking that a church should go into the millinery business. Still, for a second, it startled. The sale proved such a success financially that doubtless the church will take it up again this spring. The place was crowded to the doors. Smart young matrons sold hats and pretty girls acted as models, while small people from the Sunday-school thought it great fun to run in answer to calls of "Cash." The hats went like hot cakes, for they were nearer being worth the price tags they bore than were the hats at most of the millinery displays in town. The church people excused the mercantile attitude of it by saying they sold hats at such reasonable prices that women were left with a surplus for the collection-box. Whether the heathen and poor received that surplus nobody knows. They argued, too, that there is little difference between selling hats and cake, or painted china or embroidered pillows. I suppose there is not a bit of difference. It is simply a newer wrinkle to help fill the yawning maw of church coffers. Still, it set one to thinking what an incredible distance the up-to-date church has traveled from the church of the New Testament.

POINT AND PLEASANTRY



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

If we consider a contribution to be not quite up to the standard of this column, but still available for our pages, we will retain it for another department at our current rates.
NO CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE RETURNED UNLESS STAMPED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED.
Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

Righteous Indignation

"So you want a divorce, do you?" said the lawyer, peering over his glasses at the worried little man in front of him.

"Yes, sir. I've stood just about all I can. My wife's turned suffragette and she is never at home."

"It is a pretty serious thing to break up a family, you know. Don't you think you had better try to make the best of it for a while? Perhaps it is only a passing fad."

"That's what I have been doing, but there are some things a man can't stand. I don't mind the cooking and I haven't kicked on washing the dishes, but I do draw the line at running pink ribbons in my nightshirt to try to fool the children."—Mary Stiles.

Food for Repentance

A well-known Federal official was strolling down Philadelphia Avenue one afternoon when he encountered a very small boy crying bitterly.

"What's the matter with that child?" demanded the official, somewhat peremptorily, of the woman who had him in charge. "Is he ill?"

"He ain't *exactly* ill," responded the unmoved woman, "but, between you and me, sir, no stomach ain't goin' to stand nine doughnuts!"

Misunderstood

The millioniare accepted the farmer's cordial invitation to ride, and with much scrambling gained a seat on top of the hay.

"My good man," said the millionaire, patronizingly, "this swaying, rolling, sweet-scented divan is a couch upon which I could win slumber and be irresistible to the arms of Morpheus whenever I courted sweet sleep."

The farmer stiffened: "I'll hear no more of your talk; I'm a respectable married man, an' I'll ask you where you 're goin' so I can avoid the place."

Dreamily the millioniare smiled. "I'm getting back to Mother Nature, who has been outraged and abused by me for years; I am a broken man, and she will forgive and bring me back to health."

The farmer stopped the team and pulled a three-tined pitchfork from the brace sock:—but his passenger was gone.—C. Kelly.

Logical

A man, subsequently identified as a merchant in a Southern city, was taken to a brain specialist for treatment for aphasia. When asked his name he searched his pockets, producing a huge roll of bills, but nothing to identify himself.

"See here, doctor," he exclaimed, "I've entirely forgotten my name and where I live, but, by the shade of Andrew Jackson, I must be somebody, somewhere, to be carrying around as much money as this!"
—Edwin Tarrisse

In Praise of Eloquence

An Alabama negro was defended in court by Senator Morgan. Having cleared the negro of the charge, the Senator said to him, "'Rastus, did you really steal the mule?"

"Well, Marse Morgan, it was just like this," said 'Rastus: "I really thought I did steal dat mule, but after what you said to the jury I was convinced I did n't!"

Not to be Encouraged

An Oklahoma editor was much interested in a scientific note he encountered in an Eastern paper, to the effect that if the earth were flattened the sea would be two miles deep all over the world.

The editor reprinted this note with the following comment:

"If any man is caught flattening the earth, shoot him on the spot. There's a whole lot of us in this state who can't swim."

Batter Up!

At a ball game between two colored teams, a couple of negroes got into an argument as to which team had the better second-baseman.

"Yo' sho'ly now sees a ball playah at second base," said the "Snowdrift" enthusiast.

"Ah don't see nuthin' 'bout him dat look lak a ball playah," scornfully returned the "All-Wool" fan.

"Yo' doan'?"

"No, ah doan'!"

"Why, that man he doan' do nuthin' but play ball for a sal'ry."

"Ya, and when he play ball he doan' do nuthin'!"
—A. M. Lean.

Decision Reversed

The cook, who had held sway long enough to be established as family autocrat, was sent out to buy the Christmas turkey. She returned with two fine, plump chickens. "Why, Mary," her mistress remonstrated, "I told you to get a turkey, not chickens."

"I know, mum," she answered, "but I don't like turkey."—Laura W. Schowengerdt.

The Power of Suggestion

The pretty little Easter egg
Upon the table lay;
The maid her feather duster laid
On it, and went away.

When she came back she cried "Alack!"
(Her wits were almost fleeting);
The little egg was on its leg,
A-singing "Easter greeting!"
—Allan Parks.

All Honor to the Horse

When Bill and Mary, the William Allen White youngsters, began to grow up it was decided that the family needed a horse. "No Nancy Hanks that can do a mile in 2:04 is wanted," Mr. White's advertisement read. "All that is necessary is that the animal have a leg on each of its four corners, and that it be so gentle the children can play teeter-totter over it when it is not pulling the buggy." "Old Tom" qualified, and since the Whites have owned him, "the original fireless-cooker horse," as Mr. White calls him, has become one of the landmarks of the town.

The assessor came around and among the items of personal property Mr. White declared was "one horse, value one hundred dollars." The assessor looked astonished. "You don't mean to tell me," he said, "that you are putting in the old nag you drive around town at one hundred dollars! Let's make it fifteen; even then I'll feel the county is skinning you."

"What," Mr. White returned, emphatically, "assess that versatile horse at fifteen dollars? I'd be ashamed to look him in the face."—Brock Pemberton.

What Spoiled the Coffee

A family living in East Orange has a model servant who has proved herself the best cook they ever had, but she has insisted upon making up all her dishes strictly according to her own recipes.

"Margaret," said the mistress, one day, "the coffee you are giving us is very good. What kind is it?"

"It is no kind at all, mum," was the reply. "It's a mixture."

"Well, won't you tell me how you mix it?"

"Sure, mum. I make it one-quarter Mocha, one-quarter Java and one-quarter Rio."

"Yes, but that is only three-quarters. What do you put in for the other quarter?"

"Why, I put in no other quarter at all, mum. That's where so many people spoil their coffee, mum, by puttin' in a fourth quarter, mum."

The Country Boy's Chance

[Continued from page 37]

The very temptation in the city to turn night into day s of itself health-undermining, stamina-dissipating and haracter-weakening.

While the city youth is wasting his precious energy apital in late hours, pleasure seeking, and often dis-ipation, the country youth is storing up power and itality; he is being recharged with physical force by atural, refreshing sleep, away from the distracting influ-ence and enervating excitement of city life. The coun-ry youth does not learn to judge people by the false tandards of wealth and social standing. He is not in-ulcated with snobbish ideas. Everything in the great arm kindergarten teaches him sincerity, simplicity and onesty.

The time was when the boy who gave no signs of enius or unusual ability was consigned to the farm, and he brilliant boy was sent to college or to the city to ake a career for himself. But we are now beginning o see that man has made a botch of farming only be-ause he looked upon it as a sort of humdrum occupa-ion; as a means provided by nature for living-getting or those who were not good for much else. Farming was looked upon by many people as a sort of degrad-ng occupation desirable only for those who lacked the rains and education to go into a profession or some of he more refined callings. But the searchlight of science as revealed in it possibilities hitherto undreamed f. We are now beginning to find that it takes a igh order of ability and education to bring out the fullest ossibilities of the soil; requires fine-grained, sympathetic alent. We are beginning to find that agriculture is as reat a science as astronomy; that ignorant men have een getting an indifferent living from their farms simply ecause they did not know how to mix brains with he soil.

Farming as a Scientific Profession

The science of agriculture is fast becoming appre-iated and is more and more regarded as a high and oble calling, a dignified profession. Think of what it neans to go into partnership with the Creator in bring-ng out larger, grander products from the soil; to be ble to cooperate with that divine creative force, and ven to vary the size, the beauty, the perfume of lowers; to enlarge, modify and change the flavor of ruits and vegetables to our liking!

Think what it must mean to be a magician in the whole vegetable kingdom, like Luther Burbank, chang-ng colors, flavors, perfumes, species! Almost anything possible when one knows enough and has heart and ympathy enough to enter into partnership with the reat creative force in nature. Mr. Burbank says that he time will come when man will be able to do almost nything he wishes in the vegetable kingdom; will be ble to produce at will any shade or color he wishes, nd almost any flavor in any fruit; that the size of all uits and vegetables and flowers is just a matter of suf-cient understanding, and that Nature will give us lmost anything when we know enough to treat her ntelligently, wisely and sympathetically.

The history of most great men shows that there is a isadvantage in having too many advantages.

Who can tell what the consequences would have een had Lincoln been born in New York and educated t Harvard? If he had been reared in the midst of reat libraries, brought up in an atmosphere of books, nly a small fraction of which he could get even a uperficial knowledge of, would he have had that insati-ble hunger which prompted him to walk twenty miles n order to borrow Blackstone's "Commentaries" and o read one hundred pages on the way home?

What was there in that rude frontier forest, where this oor boy scarcely ever saw any one who knew anything f books, to rouse his ambition and to stimulate him to elf-education? Whence came that yearning to know he history of men and women who had made a nation; o know the history of his country? Whence came hat passion to devour the dry statutes of Indiana, as a oung girl would devour a love story? Whence came hat all-absorbing ambition to be somebody in the world; o serve his country with no selfish ambition? Had his ather been rich and well-educated instead of a poor an who could neither read nor write and who was enerally of a shiftless and roving disposition, there is o likelihood that Lincoln would ever have become the owerful man he was.

Had he not felt that imperious "must" calling him, he prod of necessity spurring him on, whence would ave come the motive which led him to struggle for elf-development, self-unfoldment? If he had been born nd educated in luxury, his character would probably have een soft and flabby in comparison with what it was. Where in all the annals of history is there another ecord of one born of such poor parentage and reared in uch a wretched environment, who ever rose to such minence? Imagine a boy of to-day, so hungry for n education that he would walk nine miles a day to ttend a rude frontier school in a log cabin! What vould the city boys of to-day, who do not want to valk even a few blocks to school, think of a youth who vould do what Lincoln did to overcome his handicap?

EASTER BONNETS

[Continued from page 33]

the third day that he is gone away and he ain't back yet."

Just then the door burst open and Phil, followed by Harry, entered the office.

"It's a cinch," said Phil, before the others had time to ask a question. "Smolnick got hold of Blum's store but he had to give me back the goods and pay the bill in the bargain. Bet your sweet life he had to."

He gave them a hurried account of his experience and put a bundle of greenbacks on the table. Then he fumbled in his pocket and took out some coins.

"And here," he added, "are the fifteen cents."

"And the order, also it comes back?" cried Lazinsky.

"Bet your life. "I shipped it direct to Lenox Avenue—to Harry's store."

"Oi, Harry," exclaimed Sadie, grasping the shipping clerk's arm.

"Ain't I always told you, Mr. Vogel," remarked Lazinsky, "that Philipel got a head on his shoulders?"

"You acted good," said Vogel to Phil. "At the end of the season, we make you a partner for sure, maybe."

Phil turned to Miss Rosenbaum and saw that her face was flushed and that her eyes were sparkling.

"Oh, Phil, you are a perfect wonder!" said the girl in a voice choked with tears.

Janey Takes a Thinking Part

[Continued from page 29]

it vulgar to beat it like that—all for a club sandwich and a stein of suds?' What did she mean by 'suds'—not soap-suds?"

As usual, nobody paid any attention to her question.

"I do love Carroll," said Mr. Dixon. "If he needed the money, I'd go over and offer him my job. It would be an insult to his abilities, though. He's an impressario—*he* is!"

As Mr. Dixon prophesied, the play was produced and on the actual date first set for it. Like all other amateur events, it was a success from every point of view—artistic, social and financial.

From one until two o'clock of the fateful afternoon, a line of motors, traps, carryalls, buggies, wagons, barges and bicycles bore from every point of the compass upon the Carroll place. They amalgamated at the entrance, turned into the driveway, continued past the house and stopped at the out-of-doors playhouse. That playhouse received the approval of both Mr. Warriner and Mr. Dixon; for the stage lay at one end of a deep hollow, grass-grown and tree-encircled, which formed a natural amphitheater. The August sky stretched a roof above it that, one moment, sagged low with billowy clouds and the next stretched taut a plane of shining blue. Near the entrance, Mrs. Carroll, completely restored, bloomingly beautiful, trailing a triumphant gown, welcomed—

("Shirtwaists and muslins and foulards and pongees and Peter Thompson suits and automobile coats and middy-blouses and sweaters and mandarin coats and even Doucet and Paquin," was the way Mr. Dixon summed it up)—welcomed and welcomed and welcomed—welcomed until the mellow blast of a horn sent the audience scurrying to the benches—welcomed until there came winding through the trees at the back the long, vari-colored procession of the cast, a lithe and beautiful *Puck* dancing joyously ahead.

All the possible mishaps of the amateur show manifested themselves with relentless inevitability. The professionals, letter-perfect, of course, showed at their best. The amateurs ran the entire gamut from whispering ineptitudes to blatant self-consciousness. Sometimes the orchestra, discoursing Mendelssohn, came in at the right moment, but the cast never did. Cues got misplaced, but always found themselves sooner or later. The prompter proved to be utterly inadequate and ultimately vanished. He was not missed, however, for—but that comes later.

Notwithstanding—

"I'm sorry Bill Shakespeare is n't here to see this," Mr. Warriner said, in the first pause. "No sarcasm intended. I think it would warm the cockles of his heart. I have never seen a better setting for those lines."

"Yes," Mr. Dixon agreed, and he was quite as serious as his companion; "there's a charm about the amateur show that the professional never has—a kind of innocence like the *beauté du diable* in woman—it gets, somehow, an effect of unpremeditation. Gad, how I do love Shakespeare!" he concluded abruptly.

Perhaps of all the details that helped produce the effect Mr. Dixon noted, no one was more striking than the band of children who attended *Queen Titania*. Ranging from a two-year old baby, who was wheeled on in a flower-covered basket, who babbled and bubbled and kicked and jounced through the entire scene, to children of ten years, it was rainbow-color as to tarlatan costumes, gold as to gauzy wings, slender wands, pointed shoes, absolutely natural as to expression and posing. Most noticeable of them all, a tiny sea-green fairy flitted constantly back and forth; for not even the principals were so busy as she.

It was she who marshaled the children into files and marched them into the wings just before the cue to their entrance sounded. It was she who, landing them safely in the wings again after the scene was over, pulled out star-spangled skirts to pristine freshness, perked up drooping wings, straightened fairy crowns and rearranged tumbled curls. It was she who, in-between-times, flew from grown-up to grown-up, handing out properties for scenes yet to come and gathering in properties from scenes just ended. It was she who received the barking puppy, banished prematurely from the interlude of "Pyramus and Thisbe," and quieted him to sleep. It was she who carefully lighted the lantern with which *Moonshine* illuminated that tragedy and who prudently blew it out the moment it returned to her hand. It was she, in fact, who, after the disappearance of the prompter, whispered lost lines to more than one frenzied amateur wrestling with stage fright.

Of all this, both Mr. Warriner and Mr. Dixon took amused cognizance, although their only comments were surreptitious nudges. It did n't pass unnoticed, however.

"There!" suddenly came to their ears from the row back of them, in the midst of the first *Oberon* and *Titania* scene. "That little green fairy is the one Mary's been talking so much about—Janey Blair. Is n't she a darling? Henry Macy is just as crazy about her! They say she's the most amusing little thing—precocious in a sense—the kind of child who reads everything—but a perfect baby in many ways—and so willing and obedient. Mary says that she's been more interested than anybody else to make the play a success. She says Janey knows every part in it—she has one of those wonderful parrot-memories that children sometimes have. And she's never missed a rehearsal. Mary says, in the worst of the fight, when Dolan simply refused to go on, that child would say *Hippolyta's* lines in order to give *Theseus* a rehearsal. And sometimes, when *Hermia* was talking to the men, she 'd say, 'Oh, Janey, you do this scene for me—you know it as well as I do.' And Janey would do it, too."

During an intermission in which everybody stood up to ward off cramp, Mr. Dixon caught a glimpse of the owner of the voice. "It's Mary Miller's mother," he said in an undertone to Uncle Jim.

The voice took up its comment when the fairies made their next appearance. "Look," it said, "is n't she a dear? Now, watch her carefully this time! She's got those children safely on and now she'll begin to act. Mary says she always does that. Look at her—*look* at her! Is n't she too killing for words? Take my glasses and get that expression. She's absolutely convinced that she's a fairy. Mary says she acts hard in every scene until it's time to get the children off. Then she stops being a fairy and becomes a stage-manager again. You wait now. There—there—did n't I tell you? Is n't she a darling? Look at the way she's manœuvering to get them started! Is n't she the cunningest duck? I think she's the best thing in it."

The Warriner party waited after the play was over only long enough to congratulate Mrs. Carroll on its success. Then they whipped Janey—an utterly exhausted Janey—tarlatan costume, starry crown, gold wand, rouged cheeks and all, into the motor. Janey snuggled up into her mother's arms, closed her eyes and relaxed.

"Janey," Mr. Dixon said, after they had pulled themselves out of the snarl of equipages at the gate, "there's considerable thought to a thinking part as you interpret it."

"Well," Janey sighed, "I've made up my mind that it's harder to take a part and think all the time than take a part and just *act*."

Perhaps somebody else thought so, too. A few days later an express package, addressed to Miss Jane Elizabeth Blair, arrived at the Warriner house. This was so unusual an event that the whole family gathered around Janey to watch her open it. From the paper wrapping dropped a wooden box. Out of this came a case of leather, faded, scratched and old. Janey unhooked the clasp with trembling fingers. Inside, strung on a delicate gold chain, lay a flat, round locket of an antique style, studded with enamel and pearls.

"Oh," gasped Janey, "how bee-yu-tiful! Is it really for me? Yes, my name's written in that little circle. 'Janey, from P. A. C.' P. A. C.—P. A. C.," she repeated. "Peter A. Carroll," she added, in an inspired burst. "Oh, was n't that good of him! But there's something else. I don't understand it. *Multum*—what is it, Uncle Jim?"

Uncle Jim took the locket. "*Multum in parvo*," he said. "That 's Latin, Janey?"

"And what does it mean?" Janey asked.

Uncle Jim hesitated. "It means," he said, slowly, "that a very little girl may have a very valiant spirit."

The Man I Might Have Been

[Continued from page 13]

The more I read that letter, the more I read into it, ad what did I do but leave the South in the very iddle of the winter and come tramping into New York uring the Christmas holidays. The lodging houses ere full of the Brotherhood of the Four Winds; I saw enty of old faces I knew, and the Christmas spirit as in the air. So I hung about with the crowd—cer-in roaring nights in Greggor's Cozy—and on New ear's Eve I got on a thundering drunk. It was a sur-sing drunk, at that. I was The Man I Might Have een. I had on a swell front, and tip-top manners, and oston English, and I was rollin' in money. The time d come to go to Anna Sands. So I left the crowd, e smoke and the lights and went out into the twin-ng, frosty night and steered for the Settlement.

The house looked good to me, lit from top to base-ent, and music and singing escaping through the eather-strips. Up I went and rang the bell. The door ened. There was the old, greasy-bearded janitor.

"Tell Miss Sands," I said, "Mr. Peter Carson waits low."

He let me into the warm, bright hall and went mbling up the stairs. Pretty soon she comes tripping wn the steps. "Peter," she cried, "you've come wish me a happy New Year!"

It was like a stab; a sharp stab. A ducking under ice ould n't have been worse. I gave a groan and said:

"To tell you the truth, I came here to beg money r a lodging."

She knew I was drunk; she tried to be gay, but I w how hard she took it.

"No money?" she cried, bravely enough. "Wait minute; I'll get it."

And she was gone in a flash. That was what I anted. I turned, opened the door, shut it after me ft and went away. That, I felt, was the end of ings. No more Miss Sands for me. I knew what a ast I was; I knew it! I knew it! That was another ght in hell; another night, and the day after, and the v after that.

There and then I decided to quit the game. I was n't ing to treat Her the way I had been; I was n't going insult her faith and trust in me with being a beast.

I went to a restaurant and asked for a job as waiter. ice, you see, I was a waiter for a spell, just like I've en everything under the sun. It was one of those ser places in the basement, mostly bugs and crumbs, d regular dinner twenty-five cents. Well, the rotten le boss told me to wait in the rear, next the kitchen, d he let me wallow in smells for three mortal hours. en he told me to come back after lunch. After lunch made me wait till it got dark. I got hot in the head. aw a bundle of towels lying on a table, so I got up, t it under my arm, sneaked out the side door and ough the hall and beat it. The little demon must ve had eyes in the back of his head. He came yellin' er me and raised such a racket that when I ran into a o I was pinched.

Well, I ain't writing the history of my life; suffice to say, I was in a cell two months waiting for trial. hink every living bit of me cried out for Her, there ough the long days and the longer nights, and I shed I was dead and buried. Then at the end of o months, I spoke with the keeper.

He said: "Have you no friends who can have your e brought to trial?"

was desperate then or I would n't have done what d. "There 's Miss Sands," I said, "down at nton Street."

He said he 'd go and see her.

At twilight the turnkey came in.

"Say, Carson," he said, "there 's some one down-irs asking after you. It 's too late to let her in, so she t me up to know if you had a lawyer."

thought I was dreaming. I smiled then very soft. ook a bit of paper and the stub of a pencil and I awled: "My only lawyer is Miss Sands."

After a while the turnkey came back.

"She says she 'll take the case."

cried like a kid then, and went to sleep as if I was my mother's arms. I felt very sad and ashamed se next three days, because I knew I 'd see her soon. en, in the morning, they took me over the Bridge of hs and into the crowded court-room. I did n't see ything—just people, policemen, and heard a buzz t went through my head like a saw. But as I was nding before the judge, I felt Her next to me. I ver lifted my head; in fact, I looked down and shed I could curl up into a lump. I must have ked a sight, too—all broken and white after the son, and hollow-eyed, and sick and shaking. But spoke brave; spoke right out so all the court-room uld hear her. Some of the words got branded on my d and ain't ever been lost.

"He was always honest to me; I could trust him th anything. Don't you think the law has been ved and that he has been punished enough? The y is sick; he has consumption, and he 's been in jail o months already for taking a bundle of towels. answer for him. I'm sure—I *know* he will never nd again."

A boy, she called me! Well, I was only twenty-five then, and I must have looked pitiable. The judge discharged me, and I knew she'd try to talk to me, to help me, to offer me something. But I was too quick for her. I slipped through the crowd, I ran as hard as I could, though I was weak and winded, and I got to the Settlement. Miss Watts opened the door.

"Tell Miss Sands," I said, "that Peter thanks her and that she can trust him."

Miss Watts was thunderstruck, but I hurried away. I did my best to get a job; I tried all sorts of things, but those two months in jail were too much for me. Finally I went to a hospital and they took me in, and I was one in a big white room, on a white cot, with a lot of white faces around me. They are around me now and the nurses stepping soft and looking so uncommonly clean and capable. I've the greatest admiration for nurses—which is much, considering what I think of women. You see they're not afraid of work nor of dirt nor of odors; they pitch right in and do anything, no matter how bad it is, and they're cheerful day and night.

So here I was, and it was n't long before I knew what I was up against. It made me still and calm, and in a way, happy. It was strictly a peaceful proposition, and a good deal better than I ever imagined. All of a sudden I felt different about Her. I felt sort of equal with Her; a real kind of comrade, for I was a bit touched with something bigger than any man or woman is. I could face any one now, calm and equal. So I wrote her a note:

"Dear Miss Sands:—You see I'm in the hospital. The time has come for Peter to face the music. Come and see me. Peter."

I knew she'd come, and she came. No babying even then; no silly soul-saving; no tears or sniffles. She just walked in, her face open and frank, her eyes shining and her lips smiling as if she had seen me yesterday. She sat down next to me. "Peter," she said

"I knew you'd come," said I.

She said nothing of the trial, but brought out some calf's-foot jelly and chicken she had brought me. Then she asked me what she could do for me.

"One thing," I said. "You can forgive me for being drunk on New Year's."

She smiled on me then, and did n't have to say I was forgiven. Then she asked me if I did n't have any relatives living, and I said, yes, in Boston, but I did n't know their address. She said she'd have them hunted up. I said I did n't care.

She shook hands then, and said:

"Peter, I'm coming again. Good-by."

And she went. Yesterday she came again. She did n't want to tell me what she knew, but felt she had to, so she spoke right out:

"Your sister writes that, of course, if you are dying one of them will come, but they're almost too poor to afford the trip, and, anyway, you've always been a trouble to them."

I said seriously:

"Why, tell them they need n't come, but to send me the money it would have cost them."

We laughed together then and both felt better.

"Peter," she said, "you're still the same!"

"With you," I said, feeling I had a right to.

And that's how it is. She'll be coming again, I know, and she'll bury me. I know that. There ain't anyone like her on the earth or off the earth. And the reason I'm setting all this down is because a strange thought occurs to me. And that is this: That no matter how down-and-out a fellow is, no matter what a bum he is and what a beast, he's all right when it comes to one woman. The Salvation people say it's God; the Socialists say it's food and lodging; and I don't know. I'm sure though that it's always a woman. I know in my case that it's just—Her.

THE OREGON IDEA

[*Continued from page 11*]

independent of the Legislature as far as their charters are concerned. The town-option liquor bill was the only one passed at their last election which directly affected towns and cities; but the county-option tax amendment, the county-road bill, and the amendment providing for change of judicial system by statute appealed to the same principle.

It may be mentioned here that the two prime sources of municipal corruption have been left almost wholly untouched by the recent changes in the legislative system of Oregon. The public-service corporations behave quite as of old, and capitalized vice is what it always was in point of influence and efficiency. Still, councils no longer withhold franchises arbitrarily; the Automatic Telephone Company got into Portland by initiative petition in 1905, when the council belonged body and soul to the Bell Company. Under the town-option law, too, Portland passed a much more effective measure of saloon control than would have been possible under state-wide prohibition. Finally, as municipal autonomy increases, there is increasing also, especially in Portland, a serious study of municipal problems and situations.

The defects of the new order are not yet clear. There are mistakes in actual legislation, of course. For example, the county-option tax-amendment, in its present form, does not make a very good impression upon the scientific student of taxation, however cordially he may accept its progressive intention. But these defects are few and reparable and not to be charged against the system. It must be said, too, that there is no judging them before the event. Even the new way of dealing with the vexatious matter of taxes may turn out a brilliant and effective improvement.

It has been said that the new order tends to too much legislation. Some say the initiative should be put under some restriction because of the opportunity it offers for the self-organized début of insignificant men and eccentric policies. Some of the staunchest friends of the new order offer this criticism. "Every little yellow-legged buccaneer," said one of the People's Party leaders, "aspirants who would not stand the ghost of a show under the old boss and convention system, now get their names and policies on the ballot, and machinery is multiplied and issues sometimes, perhaps, a little confused. Still, is not all this just democracy? Besides, the big broadcloth-legged buccaneer has not always done so well, and many an insignificant man has turned out to have a good deal to say for himself when pitchforked into a responsible job. Garibaldi did; so did Gladstone and Lincoln."

The benefits of the new order, up to date, may be enumerated as follows:

1. Parties have been effectively broken up in Oregon by the clearing of the real issue. Republican and Democrat mean simply nothing now in Oregon. The people have been led past these mere names to the point of realizing that the real issue is between democracy with a small "d" and Privilege. This is a lesson of inestimable value.

2. The overthrow of boss rule, not only the home-grown boss, but the loose-footed janizary of the Federal party-machine. The steam roller is permanently out of commission in Oregon. When Mr. McHarg was sent out post-haste by Mr. Hitchcock to prevent, if possible, the scandal of a Democrat (Mr. Chamberlain being elected to the United States Senate by a solid Republican legislature, the Oregon people regarded his errand, and still regard it, as one of loathsome embracery. They descended on the State House in great numbers. Mr. McHarg pleaded and threatened and promised in vain, and subsequently said that if he had any idea how tight everything in Oregon was nailed down he would never have come out. Statement No. 1 has made the election of a Senator a matter of ten minutes' pure routine.

3. The initiative has put the wholesome fear of the people deep in the heart of the Legislature, and converted it from a horde of special agents into actual responsible representatives of the people. There is no doubt about this. Lobbies have entirely disappeared from Salem; except, of course, the above-board lobby that is interested legitimately in some measure and want to make a straightforward representation in behalf of it. But the money-lobby is a thing of the past.

4. There is an unquestionable distribution of responsibility, reaching to the humblest citizen. The corrupt practises act (one of the most valuable in the new legislation) cuts out all the tawdry, costly, hood-winking paraphernalia of election campaigns. The voter feels that he is at last being taken seriously and approached with dignity. Men and measures are put before him on their merits; hence, he develops an interest that is both real and sentimental. The listlessness so familiar to us in the East, that has to be galvanized with transparencies, torches, buttons, spellbinders, and now and then, perhaps, a little loose change, has disappeared and the Oregon voter has a man's alert responsibility for the consequences of his own acts. I asked one man whether he did not regard a certain measure, passed under the initiative, as possibly harmful, and he replied in a flash: "Well, if it is, who 's to blame?"

5. The rank and file of Oregon has been fully awakened and educated against *unconscious* thievery and parasitism, the sad misfortunes of our times.

I could not find a soul in Oregon who cared to make a disinterested prediction about the way new measures were likely to work out, or what their consequences would be. Perhaps the general point of view was best given by Colonel C. E. S. Wood, probably the ablest of the People's Power leaders; certainly the most brilliant. Poet, soldier, painter, orator, lawyer and publicist, he seems to have touched life at nearly every point. "There is no such thing in nature," he said to me, "as a true theory that won't work. We believe that we have the correct theory of government, and we are right, it can't help working well. I do not know whether our specific plan would work without any essential modification in New York, for instance, but in Oregon the law-making power is the sword in the hands of the people. By control of the soil and of transportation, we expect to abolish special privilege from Oregon, and with that, to abolish poverty. We expect to invite our increase of population on these terms: free homes, a decent economic environment and a true participation in the legislative and governing power."

The Turk

[Continued from page 19]

he two settled down for a tête-á-tête. They were old riends. Alvord well knew Trixie's capricious ways and vas perfectly willing to assist her. He remembered, herefore, to preserve the demeanor of a new acquaint-nce rather than an old chum, and Trixie noted with rowing satisfaction the successive expressions of mazement, disapproval and scorn that appeared on Masterson's face.

After the two conspirators had carried on their game or perhaps half an hour, Masterson took a hand him-elf and things began to happen. Deliberately he rose om his chair, threw down his papers, and with an air f mild interest walked along the aisle, glancing care-ssly at the passengers. Not more than half the seats ere occupied, and reaching the end of the car, where rixie and Alvord were engrossed with each other, he rned back, noticing them not at all. Half way down he car, on Masterson's own side of the aisle, sat a good-ooking girl gazing idly out of the window. Masterson inally sat down in the chair next hers, and also looked ut of the window. After a moment he spoke to her, aking some light remark about the passing country.

Rarely mistaken in his judgment of character, he was ot surprised that the girl answered him pleasantly. Masterson's manner and effect were so entirely correct, is speech so pleasantly casual, and his slight smile so ank and winning that it would indeed have been a udishly conservative young woman who would not espond. They drifted into a conversation, and since eatrice could not hear what they said, it mattered not hat it was entirely the impersonal talk of polite fellow-avelers.

Needless to say, the whole episode was observed by iss Edsall, and as it slowly dawned upon her that Masterson was actually travestying her own perform-nce, she was stirred first to an intense admiration for is cleverness, and next to a sense of enraged pique, or she felt very sure that the man had really made cquaintance with a stranger, whereas she had only retended to.

"Now, would n't that flutter you!" she exclaimed; nd though she rarely permitted herself to use a slang hrase, she said it with such a dainty gesture of amaze-ent that, like all her other tricks, it was fascinating.

"What?" asked Alvord, not having seen the little rce on the other side of the car, by reason of his air being turned directly toward Beatrice.

"Oh, nothing," she returned, hastily, for to take lvord any further into her confidence might spoil her me. So hastily introducing a new subject she verted his attention, and the play went on.

When Alvord left the train, Trixie bade him a rather fusive good-by, and then without glancing toward Masterson, stared gloomily out of her window as if nsumed with loneliness.

The train reached Elmfield, and with the assistance the assiduous porter, Trixie soon found herself and r rather numerous pieces of hand-luggage out on the atform.

Now, when Masterson had left the Keenes he had definite destination in mind. As he neared Elmfield thought something of getting out there and staying night with the Abbotts, who were everlastingly ging him to do that very thing. So, when he saw eatrice preparing to get out at Elmfield, he came to a dden decision that he would do so too. To be sure, had been running away from the girl, but her per-rmance on the train, though not in her usual good ste, had really piqued him, and brought him again der the charm of that fascination which was Trixie's. Beatrice did not see him get off, and when, turning chance, she spied him, her astonishment was feigned, though her very evident annoyance was tirely artificial.

Masterson bowed politely without speaking to her, d his courtesy was acknowledged by the slightest d coolest nod on the part of the girl.

Suddenly Masterson realized that he was acting the rt of a cad. If Beatrice really wanted to get away om him, he had no right to thus dog her footsteps. n this sudden impulse, he went to the ticket window, d making sure that Miss Edsall could hear him, he udly inquired when the next train left Elmfield for ew York.

He fancied he saw a flicker of disappointment pass er her face at this, but his mind was made up. nless she asked him to stay, he would go on, and the ture might shape itself as it would. He was very eeply in love with the little bundle of caprice, and he as fatuously certain that she cared for him, but they d made that absurd pact not to speak to each other, d he well knew that the girl would prefer to suffer rture rather than address a single syllable to him. or had he any intention of speaking to her. He fully eant to win her yet, but to break down in this first stance would be the surest way to failure.

The taciturn ticket agent dispensed the information at there was no train to New York until nine o'clock at evening. As Beatrice could hear this, Masterson ntented himself with merely remarking that he should ke that train, and then looked about for a public nveyance of some sort to take him out to the bbott home.

Beatrice had telegraphed Helen Abbott of her intended arrival, so a big touring car came whizzing up, with Herbert Abbott at the wheel.

"Hello, Trixie," he called out, cheerily. "Here you are! Sorry to be a minute late, but I could n't help it."

He jumped out and greeted Beatrice, called a station porter to stow her luggage in the car, and was just about to ask her whether she preferred to sit back, or in front with him, when he spied Masterson.

"Bless my soul, old boy! Where did you drop from? Well, I *am* glad to see you! What a lark! Won't Helen be pleased! By the way, do you know Trix? Miss Edsall, may I present Mr. Masterson? Oh, *please* let me present Mr. Masterson!"

Beatrice bowed, with a dazzling smile, but addressed her remark to Herbert Abbott. "You're too late," she said, "I have had Mr. Masterson presented to me before."

"That so? All right; so much the better. Jump in, both of you. Trixie, want to sit front with me, or back with Masterson?"

"Front with you," said the girl, promptly, and then in the next breath, "Oh, no, I don't either! You see, Bert, I have an awful—an awful cold, a—a sore throat, you know, and the doctor says I positively must n't talk while out of doors. So let me sit back alone, and you two men sit in front."

"All right, Trixie Victrix. What you say always goes. In with you, then."

So, as always, Trixie had her own way, and blunt, good-natured Herbert Abbott did n't realize that his two guests had n't spoken to each other.

The pretty, old-fashioned country house of the Abbotts seemed to breathe forth hospitality from every one of its doors and windows. Helen Abbott, on the front veranda, welcomed her guests and seemed equally pleased to see Trixie, whom she expected, and Masterson, whom she did not. It was a jest among their friends that the Abbotts were so engrossed in being married to each other that they let their house parties come and go, almost unnoticed.

"I'll go to your room with you, Trix," said Mrs. Abbott, "but I can't stay a minute, for I promised Bert I'd go with him to see about setting out a new rose hedge in the back garden."

"Your gardens are so lovely, Helen," said Trixie, looking from her room window at the tangle of flowers below. "So different from those formal gardens, with marble fountains and things."

"We like them better," said Mrs. Abbott, contentedly; "and they are more romantic. Now, Trix, there are half a dozen people here, but I think you know them all—anyway, you'll like them. I must fly now, but I'll see you at luncheon, somewhere around one o'clock."

"Wait a minute, Helen," said Trixie, laying a detaining hand on her friend's arm; "I'm not going down to luncheon to-day, nor to tea, nor to dinner."

"What? Why, what's the matter with you, Trixie?"

"I—I've an awful cold—"

"What a story! You have n't a trace of a cold!"

"Oh, you can't see it—it's in my throat. I've a really dangerous sore throat, and the doctor has forbidden me to talk."

"You poor little chatterbox! What an awful deprivation—to the rest of us, of course, I mean."

"Now, Helen, don't bother me. You know I simply have to have my own way, and I positively refuse to make an appearance this afternoon or evening. I'll get into a kimono thing, and I'll have a lovely, resty time, and you can send up lots of food for me to eat, and I wish you'd send your maid to me if she's a decent manicure, and I would n't mind a volume of Thackeray—I hate guest-room literature—and, anyway, I'm going to stay right here until to-morrow, so you can make the best of it."

"Why, bless your heart, Trixie girl, you can do just as you like. If you want to stay here for a week, I'll see that you're well looked after. But the people downstairs will go crazy if you don't come down."

"Let them go, then; I don't care. Skip along to your rose bushes, dear, and don't you dare let any one come near me, except you and your maid. But do send me a lot of good things to eat, for I'm hungry already."

"I'll feed you like a captive princess;" and with a parting caress, Mrs. Abbott went away.

Trixie's plan worked very well, as Trixie's plans usually did. As is not infrequently the case, it worked too well. At first, she really enjoyed the restful pause from continued gayety, but as the afternoon hours passed they dragged a little. A girl who is a society belle both by circumstance and by choice can not enjoy too many rest hours in succession. And, too, wilful Trixie was beginning to think that though she knew her absence piqued Masterson, she was n't sure that it did n't bother her more than it did him. Mrs. Abbott looked in for a minute at tea-time, but she had to run away to her other guests, and after drinking her tea in solitude, Trixie began to feel exceedingly bored.

And, as if this were not trouble enough for one little butterfly, when she looked out of her window at sunset she saw Masterson having the best possible time, strolling about the romantic rose garden with an equally romantic-looking young woman whom Trixie did not know. She started up with a sudden determination to make a most fetching toilette and descend upon the gay crowd; but she equally suddenly thought better of it; for, having made such a point of her indisposition, she could not plausibly throw it off and appear downstairs in sudden blooming health.

Added to this, Trixie was stubborn, and she vowed to herself that she would not leave her room while Masterson was a guest at that house. So she sighed, and pulling down the blinds rang for lights, though it was scarcely dark, and devoted herself to her volume of Thackeray.

Dinner cheered her up some, though it seemed as if she waited for it an interminable while. Mrs. Abbott came in, radiant in *décolleté* bravery, but with a frowning face.

"You're a wretch, Trixie," she said, "and you're missing it dreadfully! After dinner, we're all going over to a dance at the Country Club—an awfully jolly dance. You're not ill, and you know you're not! Do frisk into a pretty frock and come on with us. Everybody's hopping mad at you."

This suggestion that her absence from the fun was commented on and regretted greatly raised Trixie's spirits. The sacrifice was worth while if people missed her, and therefore it must be persisted in.

"Oh, I'm awfully ill, Helen; truly I am," she declared. "Just you wait till to-morrow. I'm going to stay several days, and I'll go to every single party there is."

"Well, there'll be plenty of them. And I suppose this rest is doing you good, so good-night, dear. Go to sleep early, and I'll come in the morning and tell you all about the party."

"Is everybody going?" asked Beatrice. "Shall I be alone in the house?"

"Yes, except for the servants. You don't mind, do you?"

"Oh, not a bit. I just wanted to know. Then are they all coming back here to-night?"

"Yes, all except Mr. Masterson. He's taking the eleven o'clock train to New York to-night. He was going at nine, but that pretty little Miss Curtis persuaded him to wait until eleven. So he's going to the dance with us, though he can stay there only a little while. Good-night, dearie."

"Good-night," said Trixie, a little absent-mindedly.

As the door closed behind Mrs. Abbott, it was a somewhat baffled-looking young woman who threw herself among the embroidered pillows on her chintz couch.

So Vanderveer Masterson was delaying his departure two hours in order to go to a dance with a pretty little Miss Curtis! Who was that Curtis girl, anyhow? Trixie Edsall began to feel like a mouse or a man whose plans follow the direction indicated in the old song; and the sequential conclusion was simply that something must be done.

However, nothing could be done without the surrender of a very hard-earned dignity, and that was out of the question.

So Trixie Victrix, metaphorically, trailed her wings in the dust and literally prepared to spend a poky evening alone.

About nine o'clock she heard the people go—heard the gay, laughing voices and the chug of the motor-cars. She longed to peep from the window and get a glimpse of that Curtis girl, but dared not, lest she herself be seen.

But after the cars were safely out of sight and hearing she raised her blind and looked out. It was just such a night as the night before, but the moon was a little bigger and brighter and the old-fashioned rose garden even more attractive than the former landscape.

She drew down the blind again and fidgeted. It was a new experience for Trixie to be anywhere except in the center of the stage, and though the present experience was novel, it was anything but attractive. She read a little, sang a little, and at last, in a desperation of loneliness she flung up the blind and looked out of the window again.

"I'll go out there," she thought. "Anything is better than this lonely room. I feel like a prisoner."

Knowing she could meet no one in the garden, she merely flung a long enveloping cloak over her lacy, beribboned tea-gown and went down stairs and out into the moonlight.

"If they'd only left one man," she thought, as she trailed slowly along the path. "It does seem a shame to waste this romantic scene!"

However, there was no human being to share her solitude, so she sat down idly on a rustic seat among the rosebushes. The soft evening air was fragrant with the old-fashioned blossoms, and the moonlight was so bright she could almost have seen to read.

Suddenly, she smelled what was unmistakably smoke. Her spirits rose still further, for the particular fragrance of this smoke meant a cigar, and a cigar meant at least somebody to talk to.

Now Trixie Victrix had not lived through the experiences by which she had won her name without learning that the unexpected is exceedingly likely to happen, and so, when she saw a man walking toward her, and saw that it was Van Masterson, she was exceedingly glad, without being in the least surprised.

Masterson, who had beheld Trixie's progress through the garden, sauntered nearer, and though he looked at her, it was apparently without seeing her at all. He

aused, perhaps a dozen feet away from her, and seemed ost in contemplation of the beauty of the night. He eaned carelessly against a trellised gate, and though a horny rose scratched the back of his ear, he stood as ravely as Horatius would have done, had it occurred t the bridge.

Here was a stage-setting after Trixie's own heart. he was determined to keep her vow not to speak first, ut she felt very sure that it would not be long before Masterson would break his. There was little to do, or Trixie would not stoop to such methods as casting oquettish glances or languishing looks. She sat idly nd gracefully, looking at the moon or the flowers, and o all appearance absolutely unconscious of Masterson's resence, though he stood directly in front of her.

Nor was the man any less oblivious of the nearness f human society. He, too, glanced around carelessly t the flowers and the distant hills, but if his glance assed Beatrice, it was without recognition of any sort.

This sort of thing kept up for ten or fifteen minutes, hich is longer than it sounds when two people are aiting for something to happen.

At last Masterson drew out his watch. He gave a art of surprise as he glanced at it, and drawing himself p alertly, he returned it to his pocket and started back e way he had come.

Trixie's heart fell. She knew he had given her her hance to speak, and as she had not taken it, he was ow going to the train. He walked straight past her, t rapidly, but with a steady stride, and not glancing ward her at all. Never was Beatrice Edsall more mpted to surrender her pride, and never did her innate ubbornness strive so hard to prevent her.

Masterson passed her and went on a dozen steps, and hen, almost as if involuntarily, turned and looked at her.

Then Trixie's little butterfly mind had its first experi- nce of seriousness. Like a flash, her soul was illumined y the knowledge that this was the man she loved; the nly man she ever would love, and he was going away rever, and she was letting him go just because of a olish, wilful whim!

Her capriciousness slipped away from her; the oquetry faded from her smile, and with her eyes full f a true, deep lovelight, she rose and walked slowly ward Masterson. Not impulsively, but deliberately e came nearer, her frank, straightforward gaze full of finite sweetness.

Masterson made no move; he did not hold out his ms, but stood quietly waiting, while his eyes smiled vitation.

Trixie went straight to him, lifted her lovely arms nd clasped them round his neck. Then drawing down s face to hers, she kissed him gently on the lips.

"Actions speak louder than words, oh, Trixie Vic- ix!" whispered Masterson, triumphantly.

"Then I did speak first, after all," said Trixie, smil- g in her sweet surrender.

"Oh, you little rogue, you were so tantalizing."

"I'm not going to be any more. I'm going to be ood and demure like that Curtis girl."

"Who?"

"Miss Curtis."

"Oh, yes; she was at dinner, I believe. Rather etty, in a slow way."

"Well, then there was the girl with the Dutch neck the train—"

"The Dutch girl with the neck?"

"That you spoke to—"

"Oh, I won't take time to tell you about her until ter we're married. But what about that man that u spoke to on the train?"

"Oh, it will be time to tell you about him after—"

"Go on, Trixie; after—"

"After we're married," said Trixie, with an adorable vness.

"You darling! How delicious you are! You shall ways have your own way!"

And we will at least give Masterson the credit of eaning this when he said it.

Uses for the Farthing

N THE turmoil of discussion caused by the increased cost of living in this country, it may be of interest note some of the many things that can be bought in ondon town for half a cent. The lowly farthing cir- ulates freely in Great Britain.

If you have already paid the usual two-cent street-car re, you may purchase an extension of your journey y the payment of an additional half cent. The poor an may purchase the ingredients of a meal on the rthing basis—half a cent for the tea, half a cent for e sugar, the same for the margerine and for the bread, hich provides you with a breakfast, if you have no bjections to margerine, for two cents. After dinner, hould you require dessert, an orange or an apple may e bought for half a cent. Should you prefer nuts, a beral handful may be had for the same sum; or an unce of candy may suit your sweet-tooth better.

Do you wish to write to your friends? Your farthing ill purchase two sheets of note-paper and two en- elopes. When you retire at night, a farthing provides he candle, lit by matches which cost the same small um per box. Such feminine necessities as a paper of ommon pins, a packet of hairpins, or a couple of col- r-stiffeners may be yours—or your wife's—in exchange or the nimble little farthing.

A Plea for Pure Fabrics

[*Continued from page 21*]

the goods which they buy. There are in the United States but very few large concerns which have testing laboratories, and none have them as complete as those of the Government.

The head buyer of one of these stores which have laboratories states that the men who come to him selling dress goods do not know the make-up of their own goods. When he asks what percentage of cotton there is in a cotton and wool mixture they have no idea. Is it twenty-five per cent. cotton? Is it fifty per cent. cotton? They can't tell you. What they do know about is finish and appearance. They don't know the tensile strength; they don't know whether the dyes are fast or not. They don't even know, with any exactness, what the materials they sell are made of. They are not there to *know;* they are there to *sell.*

Since expert cloth examiners, spongers and refiners agree that "goods are becoming rotten," how can the average consumer, you yourself, for instance, know what he is buying? The answer is very simple: you can not know. You can not know for the simple reason that no one knows.

The whole question of buying cloth is one of pathetic trust; trust of the manufacturer by the big buyers; trust of the buyer by the big department stores and the owners of jobbing establishments; trust, again, by the ultimate consumers; you and me, that is, in what the salespeople tell us. Yet the further down the scale you go, the less do any of these individuals know about the goods that they are selling and buying.

The saleswoman behind the counter knows least of all. She is there to persuade you to buy the highest-priced material, if you seem to be the kind of person to be persuaded that in buying the highest-priced you are getting a better article; or to convince you that the goods she has to sell at a lower price are just as good as those of a higher price, if this is the way she will make her sale. She is no textile expert, and she does n't need to be one. It would be madness, a sort of impertinent madness, for her to say to a woman buying an inferior quality of material:

"My dear madam, this stuff you are buying is a poor, dishonest sort of an affair that won't look well after ten days' of wearing."

The young woman who sells you handkerchiefs at fifty-five cents a dozen, stamped with a pretty blue stamp, "Guaranteed all linen," and which contain no thread of any material except cotton, spun ingeniously into a round thread to represent linen thread and having the little irregularities of linen and a clever dressing that gives it the cool touch, is probably taken in by the little "Guaranteed" stamp just as much as you are.

Now, what recourse have you if you find that you have been buying cotton handkerchiefs with a guaranty of linen or have bought dress goods as all wool and have paid an all-wool price and discovered that there was twenty-four per cent. of cotton in it? You can bring the matter into the courts and you can get back your fifty-five cents or your five to ten dollars for your dress goods, and that is all. It would n't pay you to do it.

There is probably no one who reads this who has not paid a good price for silk, believing it to be a good material, and had that silk crack and wear badly; or who has not bought a high-priced woolen material and found that while it wore well and pressed well, the color was unstable. Again, the opposite is found true—and this is within the experience of most of us—for we have probably bought cheap goods and found them unexpectedly lasting, both in color and wear.

So it seems that chance walks at our elbow in the expending of this huge sum to an extent that is amazing in a reasonable and practical community.

The Opinion of a Textile Expert

Let us not unjustly place all the blame on the manufacturer, but admit frankly that it is a lack of standards with us, the women who buy, that is partly responsible for this state of things.

"I tell the young women who come to me to study fabrics," said a man who knows most about textiles, 'Your mother would have known the quality of a piece of goods by the mere sound of its tearing. Where has that once general knowledge gone?'"

Ready-made clothes took part of that knowledge. Once the material of which a garment was made was the first consideration, and the cut and fit came second; now cut and fit are the first things to be considered. Formerly, from childhood up, girls had some mute and eloquent standards always before them; the sacred store of family linen was one, the august best dress of mother another; the girls grew up in the presence of good material—material made to wear.

Americans are supposed to be the best-dressed women in the world, and this is in a certain degree true, but the perfection of this standard is found in our big cities and among our young women. The vast majority of women throughout the country have paid a dear price for the desire of the few to look well. That great population of sensible, middle-aged women in the small communities of the vast rural population have to buy the materials that the city dwellers put up with; the city dwellers who buy cheap and sleazy novelties and don't care whether they wear or not. All that these women in the country know is that materials are not what they used to be when they were young.

As you ride through the Middle West, as you go into the country districts in New England, as you travel through the towns in the South, you will not find a population of women made up of these wonderfully turned out people that you see on the streets of New York and the other big cities, but you will see women in badly fitting cheap shirtwaists and suits that have faded before their time and garments that have shrunk into absurdly hanging folds; and all because better materials were not on the market; all because they had to buy, whether ready-made or not, what was offered.

Roughly speaking, the women in America may be divided into three classes: the favored few who are in a position to command good materials always if they so choose; another portion who live from hand to mouth and whose weekly wage, once the expense of food and shelter is paid, is never large enough to permit them the economy of buying higher priced materials that would be cheaper in the long run. The third class and the largest is thrifty and well-to-do enough to be able to afford the difference between the undesirable and the desirable material. Under existing conditions how can a woman know whether or not she is getting what she thinks she is getting in making her choice of household furnishings and dress materials?

There is an agency at work which is trying to restore to the women of this country that lost art of judging fabrics. Certain of our schools in the home economics and domestic science departments teach their girls to know fabrics, to recognize adulterations, to see below the surface of artful dressings and finishes by allowing them to handle in quantities good cloth so as to educate both their eyes and their fingers. But as yet this reaches so small a portion of the community that it is negligible for helping the situation to-day.

Simple Household Tests that a Woman Can Make

1. If you wish to find out whether the material sold to you as all wool or all silk is really so, make a five per cent. solution of caustic potash and in this boil your sample of silk or wool. If the entire sample is consumed in the boiling, your material is what it pretends to be; if there is a residue, that residue is cotton. The caustic solution consumes the animal fibers.

2. If you wish to find out whether the silk that seems to be heavy silk is weighted with mineral, burn the sample and the ash will show you how much mineral weighting there is. The pure silk will be wholly consumed.

3. In buying supposed linen goods of toweling or suiting, dip your sample into concentrated sulphuric acid for two minutes and wash it out carefully. The cotton will have been consumed, the linen will have resisted the action of the acid. This test is one that should be made with precaution, as vitriol is not a thing to be tampered with.

But is n't it asking a great deal of the individual consumer to expect her to make chemical tests of samples? If a woman's time is worth anything, as it ought to be, it seems absurd to ask her to go home with samples, boil them in potash or burn them, then return to the store a second time, and, who knows, perhaps a third and a fourth. And even then other difficulties lie in her way. She may find a pure wool sample for wearing qualities inferior to a wool and a cotton material, since the goods may be made of shoddy and yet be all wool.

The consumer who spends eight hundred millions of dollars a year for textiles should be protected as the consumer of foods is protected. There should be a pure textile law governing the sale of textile fabrics; a law which provides for the marking of all goods; a law which makes it impossible for the poor consumer to buy as all-wool mohair a material which is only two per cent. wool; a law which makes it impossible for ignorant saleswomen to sell to their equally ignorant customers as pure linen, towels, handkerchiefs and table napkins which are part or wholly cotton; a law which makes it also impossible for the sale of silk fabrics, apparently heavy and of good quality, whose heaviness is caused by mineral weighting.

The present situation does not affect the retail consumer alone; it affects the wholesale consumer just as much, since the imperfections of cloth are often not exposed until it is made up. There are many manufacturers of honest goods in this country and the absence of any textile laws has mitigated against them. There are stories on all hands of manufacturers of high-grade silk goods forced to manufacture goods of inferior quality to compete, because the heavily-weighted silk of cheap price looks to the average woman in the store just as good as the honest silk. The same is true of the manufacturer of honest woolen goods. It is not true of the manufacturer of all linen goods, for the simple reason that so little real linen is manufactured in this country that one need not take linen into account.

But until we have a pure textile law, the honest manufacturer will suffer and the consumer will suffer.

It is evident from the Government tests that it is entirely practicable for an army of soldiers to be adequately and properly clothed. Is it not many times more important that the peace army, the army of workers, should know what it is buying and get what it pays for?

Missionaries to the Soil

[Continued from page 26]

"Why," exclaimed the delighted farmer, "if I had nown that trick thirty years back, it would have saved e about half a lifetime of hard work. This is too ood to keep; I've got to call in the neighbors and he folks." In less than half an hour he had his family nd a group of neighbors in the field watching him ork the improvised cultivator which did an entire row t a time. The neighbors hastened home to readjust eir harrows in the same manner, and those who had one, but were cultivating with a one-mule plow, went o town to invest in a harrow which could be read- isted according to the pattern shown them by the ate agent.

Stories of the practical developments of field work ight be multiplied, but this incident is sufficient to ggest the practicality of the missionary work being one by the Government agents in the cotton and corn elds of the South.

The Missionary Among the Moonshiners

In the mountainous parts of the South, all Govern- ent agents look alike to the natives, where an ancient d traditional hatred against the revenue officer pre- ils among the people without regard to whether they ay or may not be involved in the illegal pursuit of aking moonshine whisky. For this reason, any ranger is liable to suspicion, and the man who frankly nounces himself as an "agent" of the Federal Gov- rnment is perhaps doubly so. Consequently, the farm issionary who is assigned to the hill country generally as a hard time in establishing himself in the confidence f those whom he would help.

While these agents of the cooperative work would mile at the suggestion of an element of heroism in their bors in carrying the gospel of modern farming to the en of the mountainsides, the fact still remains that ne tact and judgment on the part of the agents are at l times required to avoid failure in their mission, and metimes to avoid personal peril. To plant the stan- ard of the new agriculture on the mountainsides and e hillsides of the South is recognized by the men at e head of this work as at once the most difficult and erhaps the most important labor to which an agent n be assigned; the most important because the hill rmers are the poorest and in greatest need of better- ent in their home and crop conditions. Invariably, ative Southern men are chosen for this peculiar field of ork and are always drawn from a locality as near as ssible to the hill country to which they are to be sent.

Not long ago, "Ed" Mims, a man of untiring energy, e courage and an enthusiastic interest in his work, as sent up into the hills of Tuscaloosa and Fayette ounties, Alabama, to open up the new ground of that mote and isolated region. He did not expect that his dvent there would be marked by the presence of brass ands, citizens in carriages, feasts of welcome and floods f oratory, but he was a little surprised at the universal spicion with which he was received. At one farm bin after another he met the pointed intimation that would be well for him to move on.

No Gospel missionary ever strayed into a community ore hard and obdurate of heart, more suspicious and stile than that in which he traveled the steep and inding trails among the patch farmers. But he was t a quitter, and the notion that he would not be le to find a foothold for "the Government method" n those mountainsides never occurred to him. In fact, ch rebuff only added to his determination, for on very hand he met only the most antiquated farm tools hich he had ever encountered. The stunted one-mule ow and the V-shaped harrow which suggested a mnant of the stone age were the prevailing tools. mplements there were none; there was not a culti- tor, a two-mule breaking or turning plow or a disc ow to be found in his whole missionary territory.

But at last he hunted out a man who had a spark of ogress in him and who was finally persuaded to try a monstration acre. On this start all the agent's oper- ions were based. After his relations were established ith this single cooperator, the lines of kin and friends ere followed with the adroitness of a politician. oon demonstration farms in other settlements and eighborhoods dotted the mountainside, and the whole strict was alive and tingling with the first real thrill of ogress that it had felt for a quarter of a century.

The Broader View of This Missionary Movement

More horsepower and less hand power, more farm achinery and less farm drudgery, is one of the strong ints consistently emphasized in the instructions of e cooperative work; and judged by this standard, e conversion of the mountain and hill people of Tus- loosa and Fayette Counties, in Alabama, has been ractically complete, for now the visiting stranger may avel the mountain roads of that region and find the e-mule plow and the "V" harrow the exception ther than the rule; in fact, fully seventy-five per cent. the farmers in the missionary parish of Mr. Mims are ing up-to-date, improved farm implements. More an this, at least half of them have sold or traded eir teams and secured better ones in their stead.

If you talk with any man connected with Uncle am's great missionary movement, from Dr. Knapp

down to the latest recruit to the force of local agents, you will not be permitted for a moment to forget that its inspiration is something beyond the mere production of more plentiful crops; you will be sharply reminded that bigger crops and greater economy in their production are only means to the real end of the larger purpose of a broad and general betterment of home conditions. In the words of Dr. Knapp, "Every substantial advance in the progress of human society costs money and must be maintained by an increased earning capacity of the masses. Food and clothing are the first requirements. If the earning capacity of the people is sufficient only to supply these, progress is blocked and it is useless to insist upon better houses, more home comforts, schools, or any upward step."

Nearly every man, even among the poorest, will, if he earns more, clothe his family better, improve his home and add conveniences. This is the conclusion of the whole matter—the real target at which this newest form of missionary effort is aimed. Analyze that target and it resolves itself into these elements:

"The emancipation of the farmer from the bondage of debt; the ownership of more and better tools, teams and stock on the farm; the improvement of the land; better rural school buildings and more months of schooling; better highways, rural mail delivery and telephone service; increased contentment with the life of the farmer."

These missionaries have not invaded a single county or community in which their works have not justified their faith and their labors, judged not only by the standard of immediate increase in production and in the material resources of the farmer, but also in a corresponding increase in the better things and the better life for which this new prosperity pays the bills. The moral and intellectual harvests of this movement are as generous in ratio of increase as are its crops of corn and cotton. This fact can best be realized through actual instances representative of the commonplace experience of the agent in the field.

In Lincoln County, Mississippi, District Agent B. L. Moss found a one-mule farmer whose outlook upon life was streaked with gloom of deeper hue than the soil which he tilled and wider than the little piny-woods farm which he had bought five years before for one dollar an acre. The agent's first visit to this depressed native was in 1908, and at that time the farmer confessed that he owed the merchants of his trading town eight hundred dollars; that he seldom made corn and hay enough to last him longer than the first of March; that his land was not "corn land," and he knew it, and that he never read a farm paper or an agricultural bulletin. He had no faith in his land nor in himself—and a little less than none in "book farming" or "Government methods." To his dejected eyes there might be salvation for others in this new and plausible gospel, but not for him! He regarded himself as lost. However, being by nature easygoing and obliging, he yielded to the importunities of the agent from sheer lack of force to resist them.

How the Demonstration Patch Makes Converts

Patiently, Agent Moss instructed the piny-woods farmer and his two sons in the primary lessons of cotton cultivation on a demonstration patch of only five-eighths of an acre. When the harvest was over and the man realized that from this miniature field, tilled according to Uncle Sam's instructions, he had gathered five hundred pounds of fine lint cotton—or about fifteen hundred pounds of seed cotton—his outlook upon the future suddenly changed and he became as hopeful of his ultimate fate as the happiest colored convert who ever came burdened to the mourners' bench and secured the swift and certain "witness" of a new birth. He was a new man with the fire of a new purpose bright within him. The next year, 1909, he placed every acre of his farm under cultivation according to Government methods. His reward was a return of an average of between eleven hundred and twelve hundred pounds of lint cotton against his neighbor's average of three hundred to four hundred pounds per acre. This time he did not stop with cotton, but raised a small acreage of corn under "book farming" methods as expounded by the agent. His total corn crop was five hundred bushels, and one special demonstration acre on which he expended a particularly generous amount of labor, yielded him one hundred and fifty-two barrels of ear corn, each barrel of which shelled more than fifty-five pounds of grain. The fame of this achievement swept throughout the entire county, and the farmer suddenly found himself a man of agricultural importance and distinction. His celebrity had something more than hollow shucks in it, for from that one acre of corn he sold enough high-class seed—about three hundred dollars' worth—to finance his entire crop for 1910.

Before this despondent piny-woods farmer met up with Uncle Sam's missionary he felt that he could not spare his children from the fields to attend school, for the burden of his debts was too heavy upon his shoulders, and the fear that the time would soon come when credit would be denied him and when he would no longer be permitted to live by anticipation, harassed him. What is his condition to-day? His debts are paid and he has the distinction of being perhaps the only man in his community who pays for what he gets when he gets it. His daughter is attending Whitworth

College at Brookhaven and his sons ride each day to the city high school. Once he did not know that farming was either a business or a science, but considered it a painful method of slow starvation; now he knows that it is both a business and a science, and the most fascinating one of which he ever heard. He reads five agricultural papers and a small library of Government and experiment station bulletins with the avidity of a college student cramming for a final "exam." His home has more comforts in it than he ever dreamed of having; he is now a leader in his neighborhood and every member of his family feels the stimulus of a new social position and a new faith in the timeworn adage that "knowledge is power."

What a demonstration farm will do in the way of producing a better crop of morals along with increased yields of corn and cotton is illustrated by the experience of Mr. D. R. Swaty, in southeastern Arkansas, who first became a cooperator and finally scored so pronounced a success with the demonstration farm that he was appointed a local agent for the Government cooperative work. His missionary efforts brought him in contact with the nonresident owners of a big plantation of more than three thousand acres containing twelve hundred acres of improved "second bottom land." Its owners had lost ten thousand dollars in the enterprise, and that amount was owing to them from the negroes on the place. The plantation had become a terror to the whole region because of the desperate character which the negroes had developed. Five murders had lately occurred among them, not to speak of other crimes which resulted in fifteen prosecutions in the higher courts and thirty-seven in the lower. The forty-five cabins on the plantation constituted a "Darkest Africa" which had a character as black as the most notorious slum district of any city.

A Turbulent Plantation Transformed

When the demonstration work of Mr. Swaty came to the attention of the absentee proprietors of this place, they said to him: "We 'll give you a real chance to try out your farming theories on a big scale and put up a stake worth the winning. We 're tired of the game and want to get out. Here is our proposition: If you will take hold of the plantation and make it pay off the mortgage of $22,000, we 'll give you a deed to one-half of the place the minute the debt is lifted and you may have all you can collect of what the hands owe us. We 'll throw that in."

Being a business farmer as well as a crop farmer, Mr. Swaty accepted, with the provision that he should receive the deed then and give back the mortgage.

This condition was instantly accepted and the papers executed. Mr. Swaty took charge of the plantation at the beginning of the season of 1908. He immediately called a meeting of the negroes and laid down the law and the new gospel of improved farming to them, not forgetting to impress upon their minds the fact that if they followed instructions, "worked right" and conducted themselves in an orderly way, they would have more to eat, more to wear and more money to spend than they ever dreamed of having before. Besides his every-day contact with the help in the fields and the plantation house, Mr. Swaty established a fortnightly meeting of "all hands." He gave them reproof in small doses and inspiration and instruction in large ones and provided them with all the garden truck, corn, pork, chickens and melons they could eat. These were all raised on the plantation at little expense of money or time, for the simple reason that he knew how to raise them abundantly and economically. The negroes were too busy, too well fed and altogether too contented and prosperous to get into trouble under the excellent discipline which he maintained.

As a consequence, no known crimes have been committed on the place since Mr. Swaty took charge, and not one of his hands has been haled to a court of justice to answer for a misdemeanor. The most turbulent plantation of the entire region has been transformed into the most peaceful and orderly one since it passed under the rule of "Government methods."

The cotton lands which, under the old forms of cultivation, produced only one-sixth of a bale of cotton to the acre, now produce a full bale—this in spite of the fact that in 1909 he had to fight the boll-weevil. Last year the place cleared sixteen thousand dollars. The negroes have not only paid their current obligations, but he has also collected from them the ten thousand dollars of indebtedness which was "thrown in" with the plantation. His half interest in the place is worth at least $25,000 and the land is rapidly improving in condition and value. The achievement which appears most remarkable in the eyes of those familiar with this part of the state is the change which he has wrought in the character and conduct of the small army of negroes doing his work. The plantation of two hundred and fifty farms is covered with a network of telephone wires and each small farmer is instructed in his work, day by day, by telephone.

The Farmer's Wife a Factor in Progress

The wife of the one-mule farmer who raises cotton as his grandfather raised it is often an important factor in leading him into new and more progressive paths and in accelerating his speed after he has once entered them. W. C. Sandeford, the Government agent for Burke County, Georgia, was driving through his terri-

tory and met an old man with whom he had been acquainted since his boyhood. His old-time friend placed his elbows on the fence and squared himself for a "confab."

"How are you making it, Uncle Jim?" asked the agent.

"I hain't makin' it at all, nohow," was the reply. "I am done beat out! They hain't no use farmin' nohow. I've got this old place here, but it don't do nothin' for we-uns except to run us into debt. I tell the old woman we'd better give up and move to town where I can get a job on the railroad or something."

"That isn't the way to talk," replied the agent. "There's a heap of worse farms around this country than yours. Besides, you and your wife have lived here for about fifty or sixty years and no other place would seem like home to you. She'd just naturally pine away if you took her off this old home place. Why don't you try an acre or two according to Government methods and make a real corn crop? I'll come over and teach you how to do it."

"Tain't no use," replied the old man. "Why, don't you know that I hain't never been able to make corn enough to feed my two mules any year I've been on this land? I hain't averaged more than ten bushels of corn to the acre and I reckon that goes to show mighty plain that this ain't corn land."

"See here, Uncle Jim," responded the agent, "you get out and hook up that two-mule plow that's been rusting in the shed because you haven't used it for years. Then plow up that patch next to the public road and plow it just as deep as those two mules can pull the plow. You know the Government always wants its demonstration right alongside of the public road where folks can see it, and if you do things my way you'll have a crop there that your neighbors will stop to look at and that you'll be proud of. Then we'll hang up a nice little sign that will read: 'United States Government Demonstration Farm.'"

At last Uncle Jim consented, but he "reckoned there wa'n't no hurry, as it was a long time until spring." The agent explained the importance of deep fall plowing and arranged to come the next day to see that the work was done properly. The wife listened attentively to all the conversation and occasionally asked the agent a few questions. She held her peace until the agent had gone, and then said to her husband:

"Jim, if that kind of farming is good for two acres up here by the road, it will be just as good for that thirty back of the timber. Why not plow the thirty in the same way you have the two acres here by the house? You don't need to say anything to Mr. Sandeford about it, but just go and do it. If it turns out all right, you may have a big surprise for him. Whatever he has you do with the demonstration patch can be done afterwards with the thirty."

The agent came again later and instructed Uncle Jim in the art of harrowing the deep-plowed field to keep it moist and mellow during the winter. The farmer had to go two miles to borrow a harrow, but now that he was well started in the new way, he determined to see it through. When it came time for planting, the Government agent carefully explained the tendency of plants as well as animals to degenerate unless great care is exercised in selecting the seeds, and told Uncle Jim where to go to get seed well worth planting. The cost looked large to the farmer, but instead of buying this select and expensive seed for the two demonstration acres only, he determined to plunge a little and bought enough to seed the thirty behind the timber, as well.

To do this, he was obliged to sell certain things about the place by which he "set great store." Next, the agent instructed Uncle Jim in harrowing and cross-harrowing the field after the crop had come up. This came near being the straw which broke the camel's back; it looked to the tradition-bound farmer as if this reckless procedure would ruin the entire crop; and he announced to his wife that he didn't intend to spoil the thirty-acre piece that way, even if he did sacrifice the two-acre patch.

"All Ma's Doings," Said the Farmer

"Now, look here, Jim," insisted his wife, "you might just as well let the hide go with the tail. I reckon that Mr. Sandeford knows what he's about. Anyway, he's educated, and he's got the Government of this country back of him, so you'd better stick to the text that he gives you, right straight through."

And Uncle Jim stuck, and applied the harrow ruthlessly to the crop on the thirty, although it made him wince to do it. His next lesson was in cultivating. The agent carefully explained that he must not cultivate deep in the rows while the crop was making, for the reason that the roots of the corn reached out into the middle of the row. To make this clearer, the agent dug up a corn plant and showed the farmer how the little rootlets were working out a few inches underneath the surface. He also patiently drilled into his pupil the theory of shallow cultivation, especially after each rain, to conserve the moisture in the soil.

One day in July, after the corn crop was made, the agent called to look at the results of their labors. He found the old man and his wife in a state of suppressed excitement.

"Just take a little walk with we-uns. Got something to show you," said Uncle Jim with a wink to his smiling wife. They led the way through the timber,

and the old man proudly pointed to the thirty-acre field of lusty corn.

"Uncle Jim," said the agent, "you 're a bigger man than I thought you were. I never had a cooperator in all my experience who had the nerve to do a thing like this."

"I didn't," replied the farmer; "it was all ma's doin's. She put me up to it and held me tight down to the text."

"I guess you 've taught me a bigger lesson than I 've taught you," answered the agent. "After this, I 'm going to take just as much pains to get the farmer's wife interested in the demonstration work as the farmer. And what's more, I 'm going to send a report of this to Washington so that all the other agents out in the field will get the benefit and act on what I have learned."

In taking a broad view of the concrete results of this "demonstration" missionary work in the South it should be remembered that comparatively few cooperators actually follow the instructions of the agent to the letter, and a very large proportion of them, at the outset, follow the instructions in a slipshod and indifferent way.

So far as fighting the boll-weevil is concerned, there is not a single instance on record, in which a man who implicitly followed Government instructions failed to make a good yield in spite of the boll-weevil scourge.

No testimony as to the efficiency of the work could be more effective than the simple fact that the merchants of southern Mississippi are quite generally refusing to advance money against cotton crops to men who will not agree to follow the Government demonstration method of cotton growing.

Tremendous Gains in Crops

During last season, in Virginia, there were eight hundred and ninety-six demonstrations in the raising of corn and the average yield was forty-one bushels to the acre. According to the Bureau of Statistics, the average corn yield for the entire state was twenty-three bushels to the acre. Five of these Virginia demonstration farms made a yield of one hundred bushels or more to the acre, the highest being one hundred and twenty-five and five-sixths bushels.

One boy in Virginia raised one hundred and twenty-two bushels of corn per acre on his demonstration field.

In North Carolina there were six hundred and fifty-four demonstrations in cotton which averaged twelve hundred and thirty-eight pounds of seed cotton per acre, while the estimated yield of cotton in that state, cultivated under ordinary methods, was only seven hundred and forty pounds of seed cotton. In corn, North Carolina had eight hundred and ninety-five demonstrations, giving an average acre yield of forty bushels, whereas the Bureau of Statistics places the average yield of the state at sixteen and eight-tenths bushels of corn per acre.

An average yield of twelve hundred and four pounds of seed cotton from six hundred and fifty-eight demonstrations was had in South Carolina. This state averaged thirty-six and one-tenth bushels of corn to the acre from five hundred and thirty-seven demonstrations.

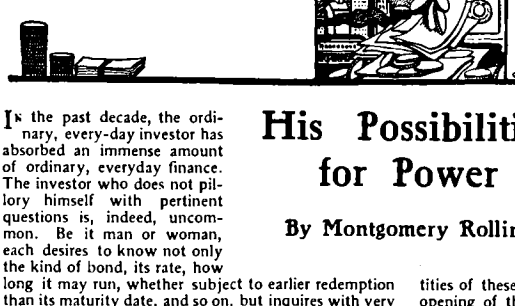
Georgia made a splendid showing in cotton demonstration work, securing an average of thirteen hundred and three pounds of seed cotton per acre, from eight hundred and sixty demonstrations. The average production of corn in the state of Alabama is thirteen and one-half bushels per acre, but five hundred and nine demonstrations under Government methods produced an average of thirty-three bushels of corn. There were six men in Alabama whose average acre production in corn was one hundred bushels or more, the highest being one hundred and twenty-three bushels. Although part of the state of Mississippi is infested with the boll-weevil, six hundred and five men, working under the instruction of Government agents, made an average of seven hundred and fifteen pounds of seed cotton to the acre.

Religious Organizations Adopt Advanced Farming

Perhaps the most novel development of the Government demonstration work in advanced farming is its adoption by religious organizations as a means of furnishing the sinews of war for all kinds of church and charitable activities. In the state of Texas alone there are some twenty or thirty ladies aid demonstration societies. Not a single instance is on record where a demonstration farm, operated for this purpose by church women, has failed to make good. In many cases these little Government demonstration farms are saving the salaries of ministers, repairing and helping to build churches, maintaining regular charitable work and furnishing funds for special church exigencies which would otherwise be difficult or impossible for them to raise.

At the inception of the Farmers' Cooperative Demonstration work there was no thought that it would threaten to supplant the contribution box, the church sociable and the pastor's donation party in the strenuous field of church finance. These are the unexpected incidents of its evolution and there are many more of them equally novel and interesting. One of them is the corn raising competition among boys, but that subject we must leave for another number.

THE INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR



His Possibilities for Power

By Montgomery Rollins

In the past decade, the ordinary, every-day investor has absorbed an immense amount of ordinary, everyday finance. The investor who does not pillory himself with pertinent questions is, indeed, uncommon. Be it man or woman, each desires to know not only the kind of bond, its rate, how long it may run, whether subject to earlier redemption than its maturity date, and so on, but inquires with very keen insight into such erstwhile, complicated details as net yield, amount of interest accrued, and what not.

Nevertheless, we are in our infancy in such matters; there is much to be learned and much to be done. Our financial customs and methods differ, in some instances almost radically, from those of other nations. No better example suggests itself than that most thrifty of all people, the French. The old saying that a French family could live on what an American household wastes is somewhat hackneyed. Probably it is a bit exaggerated, but it contains, nevertheless, many wholesome truths. The French peasantry, with their saving habits, have accumulated an immense capital, but the power of this capital is less apparent in its bulk than in the intelligence with which it is placed at interest.

A Hint from France for American Investors

The Frenchman is not so gullible as we of the states. He takes little for granted. He wants to understand the uttermost detail. He studies with great care and keen insight into each investment offered and buys only after a most searching investigation. Then he follows in a clear-headed way the career of the corporation or municipality in which he has placed his money. The thought expended upon the annual report of the railroad in which, perchance, he is a share or bondholder, contrasts greatly to the disadvantage of his counterpart in America.

The French people own, in the form of individual investments, over eight per cent. of their national debt—and it is a very large one—something in the neighborhood of six billions of dollars. On the contrary, the percentage of our government bonds held by individual investors is so small as to be almost negligible. Besides, our national interest-bearing obligations total only one-sixth part of those of France. The writer ventures the idea that if the United States Government bonds were popularized and distributed, as they should be, among our thousands of investors, instead of being locked up by the banks as security for the notes of our antiquated national bank system, there would be more interest displayed in the economical management of one of the most extravagant governments on earth.

It is estimated that France now receives $360,000,000 as annual income from its foreign investments. The wealth of the people is believed to be $45,000,000,000, or $1,100 for every man, woman and child.

It is a good commentary on the situation to note that no country weathered the vicissitudes of the "banking panic" of 1907-8 so well as did France.

A year or so ago, much newspaper publicity was given to an effort to influence one of our large railroads into first offering its security issues direct to the stockholders and general public. The idea is fundamentally sound, but those behind the plan were in advance of the times. Such a scheme can not, in general, be as yet successfully entertained; the education of the public must go on apace. Various have been the unsuccessful attempts made in this direction. In the past, even corporations such as the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the Union Pacific Railroad Company have been rewarded in a very limited way. Yet, it does not argue that the former corporation might not have succeeded, had it made the effort—and most financiers will dispute this fact—at the time it sold its large bond issue at the beginning of the recovery from the recent so-called panic.

A Marked-Down Sale of Railroad Bonds

The public has been so satiated with second-grade bond issues that it is believed it was thought necessary to offer one of the highest grade corporation bonds in the land to whet the appetite of the public. There being none better than the Pennsylvania, that company was selected for the sacrifice. And, if we are correctly informed, that road received about ninety-three cents on the dollar for the issue which, before it was offered to the public, was being purchased in anticipation thereof at about ninety-nine; it certainly argues that the stockholders might have made a better trade for themselves

This Pennsylvania episode, which has already had so much light thrown upon it, is brought in here for a specific reason. It will be remembered that when the subscriptions for this loan were opened, it was reported to have been immensely over-subscribed. What direct or indirect effect the great quantities of these bonds (which were sold previous to the opening of these subscriptions, upon the Wall Street terms of "when and as issued," and at prices above the ninety-six subscription price), had upon the "over-subscription," is one of those facts in financial history likely to be surmised rather than known.

The result of this reported over-subscription was that no subscriber for less than $15,000 was awarded any bonds whatsoever. This rejection of the small bids, in the opinion of many, was a serious blunder. The idea is contrary to the whole fundamental principle of European handling of the proposition. It is contrary to public policy in America. It fosters a feeling of dissatisfaction and discouragement on the part of the small investor, who, in the long run, holds the balance of power in the investment world. Anything tending to discourage his sincere effort for direct investing is a vital mistake, and the widespread discontent which this unwarranted favoritism to the large buyer aroused was far deeper than was supposed and was one more act which added to the prejudice against Wall Street.

It proves nothing that in the recent sales of New York City bonds the individual investor was not in great evidence; it is well known that in the bids of the majority of bankers or banking houses at the time of any large public sale, such as this, are included bids for clients which otherwise might be made direct. This is a mutual benefit arrangement. It offers an opportunity for the banker to obtain some advertisement by bidding for a larger amount than he otherwise would, and gives the investor the benefit of the former's advice in determining the price to bid. As a contrast to this, cities which have sometimes failed totally to sell their bonds to the investment bankers by the competitive sealed bid plan, have afterward offered their issues, "over the counter," at a fixed price, and quickly marketed them without the aid of the middleman.

Do the Railroads Conserve the Stockholders' Interests?

This, at least, may be said in favor of those already referred to who have been endeavoring to influence corporations to sell direct to the public. No injustice would be done by giving the stockholders the first opportunity to purchase securities of their own companies at equal prices with others. The natural argument to the contrary is that their interests, on the whole, are better served in being sure of the success of their loans; in other words, that it is better to sell all at a lower price than only a portion at a higher price.

Possibly, and probably, for the past and the immediate present, although the success of the Southern Pacific Railway Company in offering its issue of convertible bonds to its stockholders would indicate that conditions are on the mend. It is doubtful if the stockholders' interests are always best conserved. During the acute and convalescent stages of the 1907-8 financial disturbance, there were really more fool pieces of corporate financiering than is pleasant to contemplate. Think, for instance, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company issuing fifty-year, six per cent. obligations, taking priority over the stock, and with no proviso for earlier redemption.

It is but reasonable that the banking fraternity should wish to discourage direct sales to the public, with its accompanying issue of bonds of small denominations, and it is but reasonable that they should be averse to underwriting an issue that the stockholders are to have first chance at, but when the public becomes educated to buying direct, and thus accustoms itself to taking advantage of opportunities given by corporations in which shareholders are interested, loans of that nature may be so rapidly absorbed that bankers will be glad to underwrite entire issues for a comparatively small commission. They will be sure of getting but few if any, of the bonds, and thus, like insurance, will consider it a good risk and take it at a low price. It is believed that these predictions may be made without much modification.

The verbal and written contest over the weal or woe of the Postal Savings Bank plan has been waged unremittingly ever since it was first suggested that our Government should adopt the idea, which it has now

so fortunately done. If some of the opponents of this measure—and many of them were honest in their convictions that it might, perhaps, be injurious to the existing banking institutions—would familiarize themselves with conditions in some parts of the West, particularly where Icelanders, Scandinavians and other thrifty immigrants have taken up land in our vast national domain, they might gather some useful facts in this connection. Those who have visited these hard-working, frugal farmers and collected interest and principal, as they fell due, on loans to secure which their farms were mortgaged, would be amazed to behold the hiding places from which the money is produced.

An immense number of foreigners of this class, throughout the country, whether among the rural or urban population, have an inbred distrust of anything but banking institutions under government control, and a natural hesitation in depositing in our banks as to-day conducted. The Postal Savings Bank is bound to bring a great deal of this money to the surface and put it in circulation and will be more likely to increase than decrease bank deposits. Especially will this be true, as the act, as passed, provides for a deposit of the savings among the banks of the country.

But the Government is not only recognizing the individual investor in this very broad and beneficent way of providing a depository for his savings, but has gone so far as to incorporate in the act the privilege that any depositor in a Postal Savings Bank may, at any time, surrender his deposit, or any part thereof, in sums of $20, $40, $60, $80 to $100 and multiples of $100 and $500, and receive, in lieu thereof, an equal amount of a new issue of United States coupon or registered bonds in like denominations, bearing interest at the rate of two and one-half per cent.

It is provided, however, that these particular bonds shall be issued only when there are outstanding bonds of the United States subject to call, or when the Government desires to issue bonds for the purpose of replenishing the treasury. The bonds so authorized to be issued are exempted from all taxes.

The Public Objects to Paying Taxes on Bonds

What a serious mistake, and, when you come to think of it, short-sighted policy it is, which taxes bonds of any municipality when held by a citizen of the same city, town or whatever it may happen to be. For similar reasons, what could be better for any city's welfare than to have its securities owned by its own inhabitants? What actually comes to pass is this: People have a definite prejudice against paying taxes on bonds, and a woefully small percentage of them are returned in the tax list.

The average investor has a feeling that he is less likely to be discovered with his plunder if he possesses bonds of some other town or city than that in which he resides. This is obviously so if he happens to prefer registered bonds. In truth, the municipalities have been getting such a small tax return from their bonds that it is a wonder they have not all been made non-taxable long since. Massachusetts' advance in this regard, which has been hailed with so much praise, is simply one awakening from this benighted condition. Rather than be praised, it should be criticised for not having done so long before, and the "half a cake" plan upon which it has proceeded shows a frightful lack of broad-minded appreciation of things.

What can be better for the welfare of any nation than the intelligent study of the management of government, municipal and corporate matters, and what could better tend to an economical and honest management of such things in this country than a broad distribution of the securities of the same among our big saving and voting population. The small investor, who now deposits his money in the savings bank, interests himself only in the welfare of that bank to the extent of desiring to know if it is in good standing and likely to pay up, leaving to the savings bank trustee the security of the investments and an intimate knowledge of the municipalities and corporations issuing them.

Consider, for a moment, our savings-bank system. It has served its purpose very satisfactorily, but is it tending to aid us toward becoming a nation of intelligent, individual investors? Consider one of the large savings banks in New York City, with deposits of fifty million dollars or more. This immense fund is invested by a comparatively few men: the Board of Trustees, or, possibly, a much smaller body, called the Investment Committee. Perhaps only half a dozen are supposed to be watching for signs of the success or failure of the vast interests to which this money has been loaned. It is beyond reason to expect them to attend the meetings of all the corporations in which their bank is interested, but, on the other hand, suppose that bank should go out of existence and all its money be returned to the depositors, and they, in turn, should become direct investors, and at a better rate of interest, in the City of New York bonds, New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company securities, etc.

Under such circumstances, instead of the depositors keeping their eyes open to the solvency of the bank itself, it would behoove them to watch the fortunes of the corporations or municipalities in which their money had been placed. Is it not likely that, if the majority of the bonds of the City of New York were held by individual investors in that city, an honest ballot would very quickly follow and a substantially graftless city

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Flash-Light

[*Continued from page 23*]

Governor Arthur. "I'll admit to you, Waldemar, that if I could find any legitimate method of calling Morrison off, I would not scruple to use it. It is, of course, Morrison's money that we're fighting."

"Possibly—er—that, too—er—might be done," drawled Average Jones.

The governor looked at him sharply. "After the Linder affair, Mr. Jones," said he, "I would follow you far. Call my secretary at any time, if you want me."

"Now to look over the line of parade," said Average Jones as he and Waldemar emerged from the hotel. "There's a train in fifteen minutes. We must be stepping."

Half an hour's ride brought them to the lively suburban city of Harrisonia, gay with flags and bunting. From the railroad station, where the guest of honor was to be met by the old coach, to the spot where the civic statue awaited its unveiling at his hands, was about half a mile along Harrison Avenue, the principal street. The walk along this street developed nothing of interest to Average Jones until they reached the statue. Here he paused to look curiously at a number of square platforms built out from windows in the business blocks.

"For flash-light outfits," explained Waldemar. "One of them is ours."

"Flash-lights, eh?" said Average Jones. "And there'll be fireworks and the air will be full of light and noise, under cover of which almost anything might be done. I don't like it! Hello! What's here?"

He turned to the glass front of a prosperous-looking cigar store on the south side of the avenue and pointed to a shattered hole in the window. Behind it a bullet swung on a thread from the ceiling, and this agent of disaster the proprietor had ingeniously turned to account in advertising, by the following placard.

> AIM LOWER
>
> If you expect to shoot holes in *our* prices.
>
> WE CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

"Not bad," approved Average Jones. "I feel a great yearning to smoke."

They entered the store and were served by the proprietor. As he was making change, Average Jones asked.

"When was the bombardment?"

"Night before last, sometime," replied the man.

"Done by a deflected bullet, was n't it?"

"Have n't any idea how it was done or why. I got here in the morning and there she was. What makes you think it was a deflected bullet?"

"Because it was whirling end-over. Normally, a bullet bores a pretty clean hole in plate-glass."

"That 's so, too," agreed the man, with some interest.

Average Jones handed a cigar to Waldemar and lighted one himself. Puffing at it as he walked to the door, he gazed casually around and finally centered his attention on a telegraph pole standing on the edge of the sidewalk. He even walked out and around the pole. Returning, he remarked to the tobacconist:

"Very good cigars, these. Ever advertise 'em?"

"Sure." The man displayed a tin square vaunting the virtues of his "Camaradps."

"Outside the shop, I meant. Why would n't one of those signs look good on that telegraph pole?"

"It would look good to me," said the vendor, "but it would n't look good to the telegraph people. They 'd have it down."

"Oh, I don't know. Give me one, lend me a ladder, and I'll make the experiment."

The tobacconist stared. "All right," he said. "Go as far as you like." And he got the required articles for his customer.

With silent curiosity Waldemar watched Average Jones place the ladder against the outside of the pole, mount, nail up the sign, drop a plumb-line, improvised from a key and a length of string, to the ground, set a careful knot in the string and return to earth.

"What did you find?" asked the editor.

"Four holes that you could cover with a silver dollar. Some gunnery, that!"

"Then how did the other shot happen to go so far wrong?"

"Do you see that steel work over there?"

Average Jones pointed across to the north side of the street just opposite, where a number of buildings had been torn down to permit of the erection of a new one. The frame had risen three stories, and through the open spaces in the gaunt skeleton the rear of the houses facing on the street next northward could be seen. Waldemar indicated that he did see the edifice pointed out by Average Jones.

"The bullet came from back of that—perhaps from the next street. They sighted by the telegraph pole. Suppose, now, a man riding in a high coach passes along this avenue between the pole and the gun operator, over yonder to the northward. Every one of the bullets which hit the pole would have gone right

ough his body. Probably a fixed gun. As for the ide shot, we'll see."

As he spoke, the Ad-Visor was leading the way oss the street. With upturned face he carefully adied the steel joists from end to end. Presently he inted. Following the line of his finger, Waldemar w a raw scar on the under side of one of the joists. "There it is," said Average Jones. "The sights re a trifle off at the first shot, and the bullet ticked steel and deflected. Suppose you go to that staurant on the corner and order luncheon for two. n going to speak to a workman here, and then walk wn to the next block and back again. I'll be back just four minutes."

Seating himself across from the editor, on his return, he ured swiftly and briefly on the back of an envelope. "You can't have done a vast amount of investigating the five minutes since you left me," said his friend, nd meanwhile, the plot to murder the governor goes rrily on."

"Well, they can't murder him before he comes, can ey?" retorted the other imperturbably. "Meantime, haps, they'll have changed their minds. I've taken walk without destination and back again, as a result which you and I will take another directly after lunch-, to a house on Spencer Street, the next street north."

"What house?"

"Ah! that I don't know, as yet. We'll see when get there."

Comfortably fed, the two strolled up to Spencer eet and turned into it, Average Jones eyeing the per windows of the houses. He stopped in front of old-fashioned frame structure, which was built on a ferent plan of floor level from its smaller neighbors brick. Up the low steps went Jones, followed by editor. An aged lady, of the species commonly njectured as "maiden," opened the door.

"Madam," said Average Jones, "could we rent your rd floor rear for this evening?"

"No, sir," said she. "It's rented."

"Perhaps I could buy the renters off," suggested nes. "Could I see them?"

"Both out," she answered, shortly. "And I don't lieve you could get the room from them, for they're fixed up to take photographs of the parade."

"Indee—ee—eed," drawled Average Jones, in accents prolonged, even for him, that Waldemar's interest med within him. "I—er—ra—a—a—ather hoped—when do you expect them back?"

"About four o'clock."

"Thank you. Please tell them that—er—Mr. Nick rboe called."

"For Heaven's sake, Average," grumbled Waldemar, they re...ined the pavement, "why did you use dead man's name? It gave me a shiver."

"It'll give them a worse one," replied the Ad-Visor, mly. "I want to prepare their nerves for a subse-ent shock. If you'll meet me here at seven, I think n promise you a queer spectacle."

"And meantime?"

"On that point I want your advice. Shall we make ure catch of two hired assassins who don't amount much, or take a chance at the bigger game?"

"Meaning Morrison?"

"Meaning Morrison. Incidentally, if we get him 'll be able to kill the Personal Liberty bill so dead will never raise its head again."

"Then I'm for that course," decided the editor, after ttle consideration, "though I can't yet make myself lieve that Carroll Morrison is party to a deliberate rder plot."

"How the normal mind does shrink from connecting me with good clothes and a social position!" re-rked the Ad-Visor. "Just give me a moment's time." The moment he spent jotting down words on a bit paper, which, after some emendation, he put away. "That'll do for a heading," he remarked. "Now, aldemar, I want you to get the governor on the one and tell him, if he'll follow directions, we'll put Personal Liberty bill where the wicked cease from ubling. Morrison is to be in the reviewing stand, 't he?"

"Yes; there's a special place reserved for him, next press seats."

"Good! By the way, you'd better send for two ss seats for you and myself. Now, what I want the vernor to do is this: get a copy of the Harrisonia *ening Bell*, fold it to an advertisement headed 'Offer Photographers,' and as he passes Carroll Morrison on stand, say to him just this: 'Better luck next time.' r anything further, I'll see him in the reviewing nd. Do you think he'll do it?"

"It sounds as foolish as a college initiation stunt. ll, you heard what Governor Arthur said about his fidence in you. But what is this advertisement?"

"As yet, it isn't. But it will be, as soon as I can get the office of the *Bell*. You'll meet me on this cor-r at seven o'clock, then?"

"Yes. Meantime, to be safe, I'll look after the iewing stand tickets myself."

At the hour named, the editor arrived. Average ies was already there, accompanied by a messenger y. The boy wore the cheerful grin of one who has t with an unexpected favor of fortune.

"They've returned, both of 'em," said Average ies as Waldemar approached. "What about the vernor?"

"It took a mighty lot of persuasion, but he 'll do it," replied the editor.

"Skip, son," said the Ad-Visor, handing the messenger boy a folded newspaper. "The two gentlemen on the third floor rear. And be sure you say that it's a personal, marked copy."

The boy crossed the street and entered the house. In two minutes he emerged, nodded to Average Jones and walked away. Five minutes passed. Then the front door opened cautiously and a tall, evil-looking man slunk into the vestibule. A second man followed him. They glanced eagerly from left to right. Average Jones stepped out to the curbstone.

"Here 's the message from Karboe," he called.

"My God!" gasped the tall man.

For an instant he made as if to turn back. Then, clearing the steps at one jump, he stumbled, sprawled, was up again instantly, and speeding up the street, away from Average Jones, turned the corner neck and neck with his companion, who, running powerfully, had overtaken him.

The door of the house stood ajar. Before Waldemar had recovered from his surprise, Average Jones was inside the house. Hesitation beset the editor. Should he follow or wait? He had reached the steps when the sound of a loud crash within resolved his doubts. Up he started, when the voice of Average Jones in colloquy with the woman who had received them before checked him. The colloquy seemed excited but peaceful. Presently, Average Jones came down.

"They left the ad," said he. "Have you seen it?"

"No; I had n't time to get a paper," replied Waldemar, taking the copy extended to him and reading in large display:

OFFER TO PHOTOGRAPHERS

$1,000 Reward for Special Flash-light Photo of Governor Arthur in To-night's Pageant. Must be Taken According to Plans and Specifications Designated by the Late Nick Karboe.

Apply to A. Jones, Ad-Visor,
580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

"No wonder they ran," said Waldemar with a grin, as he digested this document.

"And so must we if we 're to get through the crowd and reach the reviewing stand," said Average Jones, glancing at his watch.

Their seats were within a few feet of the governor's box. Within reach of them sat Carroll Morrison, his long, pale, black-bearded face set in that immobility to which he had schooled it. But the cold eyes roved restlessly and the little muscles at the corners of the lips twitched.

"Tell me that he isn't in on the game?" whispered Average Jones, and Waldemar nodded.

The sound of music from down the street turned all faces in that direction. A roar of cheering swept toward them and was taken up in the stands. The governor, in his high coach, came in sight. And, at that moment, terror struck into the soul of Waldemar.

"Suppose they came back!" he whispered to Average Jones. "We've left the house unguarded."

"I 've fixed that," replied the Ad-Visor in the same tone. "Watch Morrison."

Governor Arthur approached the civic statue. An official, running out to the coach, handed him a silken cord, which he secured with a turn around the wrist. The coach rolled on. The cord tautened; the swathings sundered and fell from the gleaming splendor of marble, and a blinding flash, followed by another and a third, blotted out the scene in unbearable radiance.

Involuntarily, Morrison, like thousands of others, had screened his sight with his hands after the second flash. Now, as the kindlier light returned, he half rose, rubbing his eyes furiously. A half-groan escaped him. He sank back, staring in amaze. For Governor Arthur was riding on, calm and smiling amid the shouts. Could it be that the governor's eyes were fixed on his? He strove to shake off the delusion. He felt, rather than saw, the guest of honor descend from the coach; felt rather than saw him making straight toward himself; and he winced and shrank at the sound of his own name.

"Mr. Morrison," the governor was saying, at his elbow, "Mr. Morrison, here is a paper that may interest you. Better luck next time."

Morrison strove to reply. His voice clucked in his throat, and the hand with which he took the folded newspaper was as the hand of a paralytic.

"He 's broken," whispered Average Jones. He went straight to Governor Arthur, speaking in his ear. The governor nodded. Average Jones returned to his seat to watch Carroll Morrison, who sat with hell-fires of fear scorching him until the last band had blared its way into silence.

Again the governor was speaking to him.

"Mr. Morrison, I want you to visit a house near here. Mr. Jones and Mr. Waldemar will come along; you know them, perhaps. Please don't protest. I positively will not take a refusal. We have a motor-car waiting."

Furious, but not daring to refuse, Morrison found himself whirled swiftly away, and after a few turns to shake off the crowd, into Spencer Street. With his captors, he mounted to the third floor of an old frame house. The rear room door had been broken in. Inside stood a strange instrument, resembling a large camera, which had once stood upright on a steel tripod riveted to the floor. The legs of the tripod were twisted and bent. A half demolished chair nearby suggested the agency of destruction.

"Just to render it harmless," explained Average Jones. "It formerly pointed through that window so that a bullet from the barrel would strike that pole 'way yonder in Harrison Street, after first passing through any intervening body—yours for instance, governor."

"Do I understand that this is a gun, Mr. Jones?" asked that official.

"Of a sort," replied the Ad-Visor, opening up the camera-box and showing a large barrel superimposed on a smaller one. "This is a sighting glass," he explained, tapping the larger barrel. "And this," tapping the smaller, "carries a small but efficient bullet. This curious sheath"—he pointed to a cylindrical jacket around part of the rifle barrel—"is a Coulomb silencer, which reduces a small gun report almost to a whisper. Here is an electric button which was connected with yonder battery before I operated on it with the chair, and distributed its spark, part to the gun part to the flash-light power on this little shelf. Do you see the plan now? The instant that the governor riding through the street yonder, is sighted through this glass, the operator presses the button and flash-light and bullet go off instantaneously."

"But why the flash-light?" asked the governor.

"Merely a blind to fool the landlady and avert any possible suspicion. They had told her they had a new invention to take flash-lights at a distance. Amidst the other flashes, this one would n't be noticed particularly. They had covered their trail well."

"Well, indeed," said the governor. "May I congratulate you, Mr. Morrison, on this interesting achievement in ballistics?"

"As there is no way of properly resenting an insult from a man in your position," said Morrison venomously, "I will reserve my answer to that outrageous suggestion."

"Meantime," put in Average Jones, "let me direct your attention to a simple mathematical formula." He drew from his pocket a paper on which were drawn some angles, subjoined by a formula. Morrison waved it aside.

"Not interested in mathematics?" asked Average Jones, solicitously. "Very well, I 'll elucidate informally. Given a bullet hole in a telegraph pole at a certain distance, a bullet scar on an iron girder at a certain lesser distance, and the length of the block from here to Harrison Avenue—which I paced off while you were skilfully ordering luncheon, Waldemar—and an easy triangulation brings us direct to this room and to two fugitive gentlemen with whom—I mention the hypothesis with all deference, Mr. Morrison—you are probably acquainted."

"Who were they?" asked Morrison.

"I don't know," said Average Jones, simply.

"Then, sir," retorted the racing king, "your hypothesis is as impudent as your company is intolerable. Have you anything further to say to me?"

"Yes. It would greatly please Mr. Waldemar to publish in to-morrow's paper an authorized statement from you to the effect that the Personal Liberty bill will be withdrawn permanently."

"Mr. Waldemar may go to the devil. I have endured all the hectoring I propose to. Men in my position are targets for muckrakers and blackmailers—"

"Wait a moment," Waldemar's heavy voice broke in. "You speak of men in your position. Do you understand just what position you are in at present?"

Morrison rose. "Governor Arthur," he said with stony dignity, "I bid you good evening."

Waldemar set his bulky back against the door. The lips drew back from Morrison's strong teeth with the snarl of an animal in the fury and terror of approaching peril.

"Do you know Nick Karboe?"

Morrison whirled about to face Average Jones. But he did not answer the question. He only stared.

"Carroll Morrison," continued Average Jones in his quiet drawl, "the half hour before he—er—committed suicide—er—Nick Karboe spent in the office of the—er—*Universal* with Mr. Waldemar and—er—myself. Catch him, Waldemar!"

For Morrison had wilted. They propped him against the wall, and he, the man who had insolently defied the laws of a great commonwealth, who had bribed legislatures and bossed judges and browbeaten the public, slobbered, denied and begged. For two disgustful minutes they extracted from him his solemn promise that henceforth he would keep his hands off the laws. Then they turned him out.

"Suppose you enlighten me with the story, gentlemen," suggested the Governor.

Average Jones told it, simply and modestly. At the conclusion, Governor Arthur looked from the wrecked camera-gun to the mathematical formula which had fallen to the floor.

"Mr. Jones," he said, "you've done me the service of saving my life; you've done the state the service of killing a vicious bill; and your only reward is in the consciousness of having worked out a remarkable and original problem."

"Original?" said Average Jones, eyeing the diagram on the paper, with his quaint smile. "Why, Governor, you 're giving me too much credit. It was worked out by one of the greatest detectives of all times, some two thousand years ago. His name was Euclid."

The Individual Investor

(Continued from page 57)

vernment result? If millions of our people were to vest their hard-earned savings directly, it is very sonable to suppose that it would bring about a most elligent interest in political and financial affairs, and uld build up a bulwark that would safeguard in ny ways, create an interest in good politics, and ng men with sound principles into public affairs. The savings-bank idea is nothing more than an hibition of laziness. In theory, these institutions re founded to handle funds of those not intelligent ough or with sums too small to invest on their own count. In practise, there are thousands who have posited in such institutions simply because they do t wish to exert themselves to a study of affairs that ll permit a personal investing of this money. To be re, savings banks place a maximum limitation upon e amount to be received from any single depositor, t the spirit of this is circumvented by deposits being ade in different banks and, possibly, under different mes in the same bank.

Such as have the intelligence, or by a little applica- n might have the intelligence, to select their own estments, are willing to take a smaller rate of interest a savings bank; in other words, they pay a yearly rcentage of their income for some institution to care r their funds. These individuals do not need the staken, beneficent aid of such foundling institutions; ey are but coddling themselves to their own detri- nt and that of the nation.

Waning Influence of the Stock Exchange

The investment business has been undergoing, for me years, a gradual change, which the writer ventures suggest has not been recognized by many bankers r stock exchange houses. For years, prices and con- ions upon the exchanges seemed to dominate the eculative and investment market. Practically every nking house in a large city, dealing in bonds and cks, possessed one or more seats upon the stock hange in its own and, possibly, other cities, and all re slaves to the doings of these feverish and fickle rket-places.

With the advent of the outside investment banker— ose dealing in unlisted securities—a slow but certain tamorphosis began. Whereas, originally, a very ge percentage of the securities, first and last, were presented by the stock exchange transactions, that rcentage has been growing steadily smaller in pro- rtion to the total amount handled, and, to-day, the lume of investment money seeking an outlet, which s no affiliation whatsoever with any stock exchange, an overwhelming percentage of the total turn-over the country. Therefore, in truth, the exchanges ve a waning influence, and less and less determine e action of the individual investor.

There are good reasons for this, and the members of e "Boards" have themselves to thank for it, as was phasized by such unsavory proceedings as were ought to light in the recent Chicago, Rock Island and cific episode, which the New York Stock Exchange was ced to investigate, and which resulted in stricter rules. If one will give this careful thought, and will take e time to make further investigations, some inkling, least, will be gathered as to one reason why Wall reet has been unable in the past few years, to manip- te a bull market. The public has been learning, by d experience, to hold aloof from listed securities and re and more to place its money in unlisted issues. ere are two sides to the question as to whether s right or wrong to pursue this course, but, at least, ny have the feeling that issues of the latter class are t so subject to disgraceful manipulation, as would be e case if dependent upon the whims of the stock changes for their market quotations.

The investment banker, dealing in his own issues— ose which he fathers, so to speak—realizes the neces- y, so long as his issues are in good repute, of offering air and reasonable market to such of his clients as sire to sell. Convertibility, as we refer to it—i. e., lability—is becoming part and parcel of securities of s nature, and they are assuming daily more of the alities of quick assets which has always been so great argument for the purchase of listed issues. It is true t nearly everything listed upon the exchange is rketable at some price, but it has also been demon- ated that countless thousands of investors would, in e long run, have done better not to have realized at e fearful sacrifices incident to a reigning panic or bear mpaign. The banker dealing in unlisted investments, making a purchase from his customer, even in times strenuous financial conditions, does not force his stomer to pay this terrific toll.

The writer realizes the arguments both ways, as hereto- fore stated, and is not undertaking to prescribe one es of dealings as superior to the other, but he does sh to emphasize the fact that the influence of the ck exchange fluctuations are, in his modest opinion, on the wane, if we weigh in the balance the whole vestment field. This subject will be enlarged upon the next number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE by a discus- on of the matter of "Proxies."

Daughters of the New South

[Continued fr page 17]

a junior municipal league of over a thousand children to keep the streets clean. This is one of the fruits of the habit of organization, vigorously and continually striven for by Mary and Louisa Poppenheim, two gifted young women, peculiarly fitted by reason of their family's intimate connections with South Carolina for generations, to gain response in an old conservative state.

How thoroughly Southern women begin to appreciate some of the maladjustments of the labor world may be illustrated by the work of a remarkable group of women. Suppose we begin with Jean Gordon, factory inspector of New Orleans. She is a younger sister of Kate Gordon.

Jean Gordon is the only woman factory inspector in the South. It is chiefly through her efforts that the Annual Southern Conference on Woman and Child Labor, with its far-reaching potentialities, has come into enduring existence. She has what is rare among both men and women: the ability to organize on a large scale. Unquestioned social position, ability and personal charm make her effective with many classes. Picture a dark, handsome woman of buoyant courage and quick wit, her generous heart burning with indignation over the wrongs of helpless children, and you begin to appreciate her power. Something of the spirit in which she works may be caught from her account of the recent child labor legislation in Louisiana, for which, with the Era Club of New Orleans, she fought three years.

"Louisiana took a forward step this past year when, through legislative acts, a fairly good child labor law was passed.

"As usual, the cotton mills were the most powerful opponents, ably seconded by the canning industries. To hear the representatives of both industries, one not knowing better would have been convinced that the most healthful, remunerative, educational environment in the entire world in which to develop children was in a cotton mill or an oyster cannery. One fairly tingled to spend the rest of life shucking oysters or peeling shrimps.

"It was the most bitterly fought, longest contested bill before the Legislature. It went in among the very first and came out next to the last. In all those seven weeks, a few men and women sat by the side of their very sick hope, working and talking and pleading until sometimes the very soul revolted against a state of society where it was very evident a dollar counted for more than the souls and bodies of helpless women and little children.

"The anti-child-labor movement of the South is, in the opinion of those most conversant with it, gaining its momentum from women's clubs."

Where Help Is Sorely Needed

Then, too, there is the work of Cynthia Isgrig Knefler, of St. Louis, in behalf of women in the factories.

It was after supper in a certain St. Louis tenement and three factory girls sat on the stairs, "all in," to use their own words.

Minna S—, heavy and dull-eyed, leaned her chin on her hands and talked listlessly with Katie B—, whose sallow face with its dark-circled eyes might have been pretty five years earlier. A few steps above and partially in shadow sat Minna's sister, Martha, who leaned her bandaged head against the railing and closed her eyes.

A door opened on the landing below and Lily N— stepped out adjusting the trim belt line of her accordion-pleated skirt and lingerie waist. She glanced up at the rather forlorn group and sang out gaily:

"Anybody on your floor goin' to the Rainbow Club dance?"

"No," said Katie, wearily.

"You-all are such quitters," remarked Lily, flippantly. "What's the matter? Love-sick?"

"No, we ain't, we're work-sick. That's what," replied Minna, fiercely, her dull eyes beginning to glow. "You don't know nothin' about it, Lily. You ain't long from the country, and you're a kid and you've got a soft job now. Wait till you get into the factories and get to speedin' up all day, and sometimes overtime way into the night, and you ache like the toothache, and after a while you'll get to feelin' dead all over, too."

"Look a 'yere; how long do you think you could keep your good looks," broke in Katie, "if you raced puttin' eyelets in 2,500 pairs o' shoes a day? That's a-wearin' you some, year in and year out. I used to be as cute a kid as you before it took all the ginger out o' me."

"Yes, an' how 'd you like to be bottlers like Martha an' me? We 're hand labelers and we do 3,500 bottles an hour, an' the bottles a' poppin' and a' bustin' every little while an' the flyin' glass a-cuttin' gashes in yer. Look at Martha's game face. Move down a little, and take off yer bandage, and show 'em your lip, Martie."

The girls instinctively shrank back at sight of the ugly wound extending from the corner of Martha's mouth up toward her eye.

"That's three times she had to be sewed," continued her older sister. "She ain't no exception, either. It's just awful, the number of girls has to be sewed. Why, the boss keeps one girl a-purpose to bind up yer cuts."

"I did n't mind the other cuts so much," reflected Martha, extending her scarred hands, "but this lip—it's a-goin' to put me in the freak class for life. There won't be no weddin' bells for mine," with a half-trembling sob.

"There, there, Martie," said Minna with instinctive motherliness, drawing the tragic little figure to her. "There, there, dearie. Maybe it won't be so bad. The doctor says mayhe it won't show much after a while. Anyhow, you've got your two eyes."

She turned to the group. "There 's three girls I know has each of 'em a hole for an eye."

Conditions that Force the Organization of Protective Unions

Just then, a cough from one of the rooms made Katie shudder. "That's Susie again. Ain't it ghastly the way she 's a-coughin' nights? She 's another for you, Lily," she remarked to the now sobered girl on the landing below. "She weaves more 'n a thousand yards of hemp cloth a day and she 's gettin' the linty lung somethin' awful and you can't make her take a rest. She dass n't lose that little bit o' extra pay that comes from bein' regular. Mark my words, that girl 'll be goin' out o' here in a box yet.

"Ain't it fierce—this business o' livin'! What's the use, anyway?" and she rose and started up the stairs.

"Take it from me, kid"—she paused and turned to look down at Lily—"marry; cop onto the first good man that heaves in sight."

When girls like Minna and Martha and Katie met in Self-Culture Hall, a St. Louis settlement, these young women, without spirit and without joy, puzzled Cynthia Knefler, who tried her level best to give them a good time and failed.

"I searched for a solution," she tells you. "I followed to the end every suggestion offered and always I was confronted with the same answer: *low wages, long hours and insanitary shops were primarily responsible.* I had quite lost faith in what I was doing, for it seemed I was putting a very little salve on a very deep sore."

The upshot of the matter was that she went in with Hannah Hennessy, a St. Louis garment worker, and organized the Women's Trade Union League of St. Louis, which now numbers about two thousand women.

As a result of this movement, the Bindery Women's Union has won the eight-hour day without a strike or lockout. Girls in the Bottler's Union have secured an increase in wages of from $1.50 to $2.00 per week, and an agreement regarding the nonemployment of children under fifteen years of age.

Most remarkable of all, the girls in Sedalia, Missouri, have rebelled against the country sweating system and have organized a cooperative shirt factory where all are stockholders.

Kate Gordon, a born leader, a woman of fine presence, the power behind many forward movements, for years a national figure in woman suffrage, is the great woman of the South. She it is who, with broad, sure vision keeps watch and ward over all its daughters.

It is not easy to associate equal suffrage ideals with the popular conception of the Southern woman. Nevertheless, they are getting a grip on her mind, especially in Kentucky, Oklahoma, Maryland and Virginia, as well as in Louisiana. The vitality of their hold in Virginia is shown by the effectiveness with which the Equal Rights Association opposed the bill before the Legislative committee last winter to lengthen the labor laws for Virginia factory women and children.

What Kate Gordon Did for New Orleans

One sultry August morning, as Miss Gordon passed down a quaint French street in New Orleans, she noticed with a quick sinking of the heart the closed shutters and white crape at No.— and turned in at the lichen-covered gate.

"Ah, it 's Antoine this time," said the worn little mother, as she answered the knock and the questioning eyes. Unlike most Latin women of the simpler sort, she bore her grief quietly.

With that hush peculiar to houses where lie the dead, she led the way into a dim chamber heavily sweet with the odor of Cape jasmine. The lighted tapers threw uncertain shadows across the little canopy of white beneath which lay Antoine, his baby gaiety so soon silenced.

"Four weeks I fought for my little fellow—but I have lost him. The Holy Father, he say it is the will of God," dully, "but—ah, Miss Kate," her voice rising, "the fever! It is he take *mon petit!* Can he not be stopped?"

She sighed hopelessly and moaned as she turned awa from the mute haby figure.

As Miss Kate shut the gate softly behind her, she w face to face with Dr.—. He glanced at the whi crape and then at the stagnant, open sewer in the stree

"Miss Kate, my only wonder is not how many babi die each summer, but how many get through alive the midst of such frightful sanitary conditions."

For years Miss Kate had been going in and out little gates before closed blinds on just such errands.

As she entered the cave-like coolness of the lon high-ceiled drawing-room in the Gordon home, sa down in sheer weariness and mutely accepted bla Judy's cooling drink, Miss Jean glanced anxiously at h sister.

"Oh, Jeannie, it 's the heartache. The babies a dying off like flies again. And the mothers! It 's beyo all pity to see and hear them."

"Wait till good water and sewerage systems becon an issue in New Orleans. Mark me!"—sitting up wi more of her natural vigor and erectness—"propert holding women will use their right to vote on bondi issues."

Sanitation did become the city fathers' slogan in 190 when a return of yellow fever, after a period of seve teen years, caused a slump in real estate values. In th movement for the hygienic regeneration of the city, t emphasis of the men was on property values; that the women on human values. Kate Gordon became t city's leader, for the cries of the mothers as far back she could remember had made of her a soldier and statesman.

Her zeal secured women's names to make the petitio to the mayor large enough to bring up the question a political issue.

The members of the Era Club were her cohorts. Th city was districted for women. All over the tow were mass meetings and parlor meetings to arou mothers to the significance of the issue. Their lead laid bare the consequence of the frightful insanitation New Orleans, the bad water, the vile surface sewera system. In the white light of her intensity she projec ed picture after picture of the unnecessary tragedies childhood, and the tragedies in the years to come thousands of little babies yet unborn if the city did n mend its ways.

The mothers of the city responded as women alwa do when they see that politics concern the home. Th ballot it was that secured the majority vote in favor good water and good sewerage.

Miss Gordon does not tell you of the gold medal pr sented to her by the city fathers, but her friends do with much pride.

The Evolution of a Philanthropist

Do you regard Oklahoma as a Southern state? If y do it would be the greatest mistake to omit the sto of Kate Barnard.

By way of preface, what of charity in relation to t poor of the South? The South has always been ge erous to her poor, but just as in the North, in Englan everywhere, the bounty has not always been wise. T day, however, Southern women are discriminati between the old way of administering charity, whi weakened a family's grip on livelihood, and the new w which strengthens it. To-day, Southern women a organizing boards of charity with the idea of holdi families together during crucial periods of poverty.

Many know already of the remarkable evolution Kate Barnard of Oklahoma, from the "biscuit and bun stage of philanthropy to her present elective position State Commissioner of Charities and Corrections.

"What people need," she says, "is that class legislation, well enforced, which will protect the weak man from the stronger and give him a better oppo tunity in the battle of life."

In the State House, as Commissioner of Charities ar Corrections, she has had specialists to talk to the Legi lature on the organization of prisons, homes for t feeble-minded and orphans, and child labor question So when she goes to the Legislative cupboard to-day, is n't bare. It is stocked with the modern idea. Result

She has secured thirty new laws. One-half them concern labor, both adult and child. Othe have to do with compulsory school education, a cou of rehabilitation and adult probation. She is fightir for the creation of the office of public defender, with the powers usually given to the public prosecutor. Th three last named features will practically overturn th present penal law of Oklahoma.

With feminine inconsistency, Kate Barnard does no although she is managing a state, believe in woma suffrage. In justice to other women leaders in th South it should be borne in mind that her problem for this reason easier; also for the second reason that is much less difficult to build right in a new state tha to break down the solid wall of precedent in an ol conservative community. Whether for suffrage or no she is a signal illustration of the power woman ca exert in politics if she chooses.