

S U C C E S S M A G A Z I N E

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
Founder and Contributing Editor

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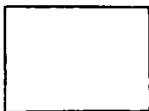
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If you find a blue pencil cross in the space below, your subscription expires with this (*May*) issue; if a red pencil cross it expires with the next (*June*) issue.

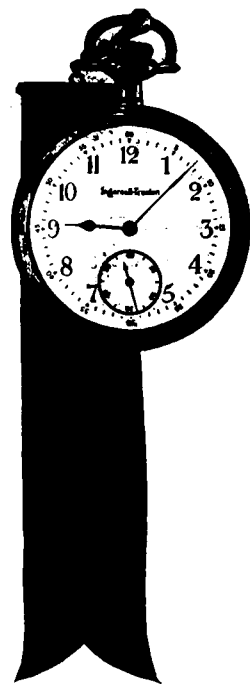
Subscriptions to begin with the June issue should be received by June 15; to begin with July, should be received by July 15. Subscription price: \$1 a year; in Canada \$1.20; foreign countries, \$2 a year; all invariably in advance. On sale at all news-stands for 10c. a copy.



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The first number of
The National Post
appears on WEDNESDAY, MAY 3rd.

Thereafter Every other Wednesday is National Post Day.

The National Post, a fortnightly magazine of character and purpose, interprets the general news and the significant events of the world and deals with the vital problems and the important persons of the nation. It has a strong, old-fashioned editorial page. It is a brisk and readable publication, with breezy fiction of a high quality, vigorous and authoritative articles, good illustrations and plenty of personalities and humorous touches.

The National Post's interpretation of the drift of current events is planned on a scale new to American journalism. A special contributing staff of *reporters*—each a seasoned expert in domestic or foreign politics, in the progress and problems of women, in religion, education, science, literature, the drama, or in the general news of the world—are always at work for **THE NATIONAL POST**. Among these *reporters* are such notable writers as Will Irwin, Judson C. Welliver, Frederic C. Howe, Charles Edward Russell, Mary Heaton Vorse, Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D., Richard Lloyd Jones and Walter Prichard Eaton. With the other associate writers they form the strongest group ever assembled on a single publication.

The most stirring national and international events and the most important problems and personalities of the moment are dealt with in **THE NATIONAL POST'S** leading articles. In early numbers will appear "La Follette To-day," by Frederic C. Howe; "Woodrow Wilson, the Possibility," by Herman Walker; "The Protection of Nursing Mothers in Industry," by Mary Heaton Vorse; "The Crumbling House of Lords," and "Switzerland, the Laboratory of Democracy," both by Walter Weyl; "Checking Up the New Zealand Experiment" (two articles), by Charles Edward Russell. Mr. Weyl and Mr. Russell are now traveling respectively in Europe and in the Far East, for **THE NATIONAL POST**.

THE NATIONAL POST'S fiction has quality, briskness and fun. "A Piccolo in a Garden," by Walter Prichard Eaton, and "Bobby Willard Passes By," by Mary Heaton Vorse, two stories of exceptional charm and feeling, will appear soon. A connected series of five baseball stories by Zane Grey (author of "The Rube" and "Old Well-Well") start with the first number. The titles are "The Rube's Nutty Nine," "The Rube's Waterloo," "The Rube's Honeymoon," "The Rube's Pennant" and "The Rube Breaks Into Fast Company."



WEDNESDAY

MAY

3

First
National
Post
Day

The National Post is alive. It is a product of To-day—alert, sober, progressive. It is owned by the people, and can not be bought off or diverted from the fight against incorporated wrong. Politically, it believes in the progressive Republicans—and in the progressive Democrats. It has faith in the conservation of human life and happiness, and maintains this faith in the face of greed and exploitation. It stands for the conscious employment of the force of organized government for the good of the whole people. In a word, it is an entity, it is a fortnightly magazine with a character.

YOUR PART OF IT

THE NATIONAL POST will be published 26 times a year, and will cost 10c per copy, or \$2.00 per year.

As the first issue (dated May 6th) is limited to 100,000 copies, all ordered in advance, this is your opportunity to secure a copy.

To all SUCCESS subscribers whose orders are received before May 15, 1911, THE NATIONAL POST will be sent beginning with the first issue, May 6th, up to the end of the year—17 copies in all (retail value \$1.70)—for only \$1.00.

Fill in this coupon and mail your order immediately. Only 100,000 copies of the first issue will be printed.

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As the first step in the service which the Bureau will render its members, it has prepared and is ready to distribute the most exhaustive treatise on the care of tires that has ever been published.

The practical, non-technical information contained in this book, together with the supplementary data that will be sent out by the Bureau from time to time, will, in hundreds of cases, result in an *actual saving of one-third in tire expense.*

This co-operative service will be unique in the history of Motor Tires

and it is fitting that it should be inaugurated by a tire company that is unquestionably in a better position today through its five immense factories, its five laboratories and its exceptional equipment, to furnish the motorist *extra serviceable* tires, than is any other tire manufacturer in the world.

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Wm. M. Wood, President

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This mill is one of the thirty-four mills owned and operated by the American Woolen Company. These thirty-four mills produce the largest quantity of woolen and worsted fabrics manufactured by any single organization in the world.

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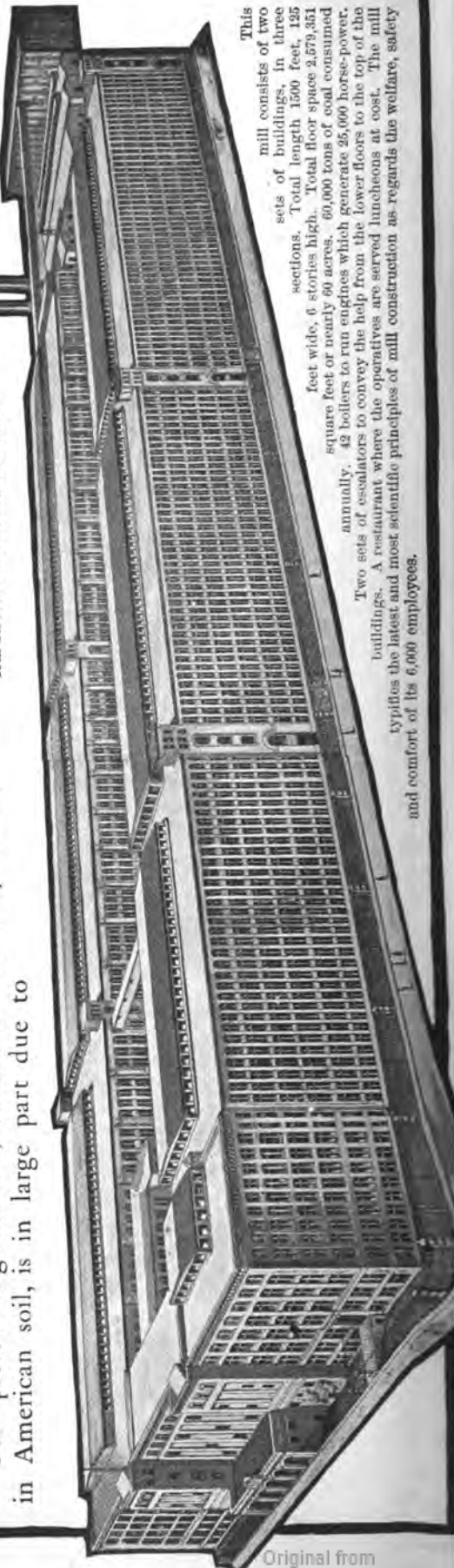
We ask your co-operation in demanding American Woolen Company's fabrics, whether purchased by the piece or in the finished garment. By such co-operation you endorse an American industry which offers you a finished product representing substantial economies—economies to which you are entitled and which are yours on demand.

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Verse

By RICHARD WIGHTMAN

Author of *THE THINGS HE WROTE TO HER*, *THE MUSINGS OF MAN-ALIVE*, etc.

My Body and I

I got this body in the Fleshing Shop
When it was small and pudgy-like and red;
No teeth it had nor could it stand erect—
A fuzzy down grew sparse upon its head.

At sight of it the neighbors stood and laughed,
And tickled it and jogged it up and down;
Then some one put it in a little cart,
And wheeled it gaily through the gaping town.

When it grew bigger and could walk and run,
I wet it in the pond above the mill,
Or took it to a building called a "school,"
And there I had to keep it very still.

And later, when its muscles stronger grew,
I made it sow and reap to get its grain,
And tanned it in the summer's fiercest suns,
And toughened it with wind and cold and rain.

It served to keep me near my friend, the Earth,
It helped me well to get from place to place,
And then, perhaps, a tiny bit of me
Has sometimes worked out through its hands
and face!

How long I've had it! Longer than it seems
Since first they wrapped it in a linen clout,
And now 'tis shriveled, patched and breaking
down—
I guess, forsooth, that I have worn it out!

And I? Oh, bless you! I am ever young.
A soul ne'er ages—is nor bent nor gray,
And when the body breaks and crumbles down—
The Fleshing Shop is just across the way!

The Pilgrim

I am my ancient self.
Long paths I've trod,
The luring light before,
Behind, the rod;
And in the beam and blow
The misty God.

I am my ancient self.
My flesh is young,
But old, mysterious words
Engage my tongue,
And weird, lost songs
Old bards have sung.

I have not fared alone.
In mount and dell
The one I fain would be
Stands by me well,
And bids my man's heart list
To the far bell.

Give me nor ease nor goal—
Only the Way,
A bit of bread and sleep
Where the white waters play,
The pines, the patient stars,
And the new day.

As Woman Loveth

If I could be near thee, my love, in the morn,
When the sun on the meadows is wooing the dew,
And near thee at noon when the kine seek the river
And lash their brown sides in the shade of the yew;
If I could be near thee at every sun's setting,
And when the foamed sky with its stars is alight—
Heart of me, soul of me, flesh of me pulsing,
Ah, that would be heaven and that would be right.

But since it may never be thus, oh beloved,
I take with glad hands what the gods deign to send—
A line from thy heart, or thine eyes' secret glances,
The sound of thy footfall, our spirits' soft blend.
To glimpse from my lattice thy form in its passing,
To sense that thou art, though thy path lies amain,
Is bread to me, wine to me, kiss and possession—
Ay, paltry the kingdoms where other queens reign!

When You Are Gone

When you are gone the phœbe's call is stilled,
Or seems to be;
The sheen upon the maple's green is dulled
As by a shadow;
My eyes, unseeing, make me miss
The violets,
Though they are blooming there,
As when we stooped in quiet joy
To break their dew-wet stems.
Over the stars a veil is hung,
And all the sadness of the sea
Is flung upon the sands.
(To feel your hands
Upon my brow!
To feel them—*now!*)
The hurt of you afar
Is in the sun and rain,
And I am bent and old—
When you are gone.

The Grasshopper Aeroplanes

'Neath arching skies benignly blue,
Where zigzag fences skirt the lanes,
One August day I lolled aglee
And watched the myriad aeroplanes.

I saw them fuel in the grass
And preen them e'er began their flight;
I heard the little engines whir,
And then—ah, 't was a pretty sight!

From stalk of timothy they sped
To light upon the jimson-weed,
Or circled in the drowsy air
Above the wheat-field's waving meed.

And some were green and some were brown,
And some a soft and elfish gray
As on the air-paths undulant
They sailed and sailed the hours away.

Singly, paired, in gauzy flocks,
They rode upon the summer breeze
'Mid cheers of finch and chickadee
And locust-fiddling in the trees!



"BOXED UP"

From a painting by MAYNARD DIXON, illustrating FIGHTING IN MEXICO—Page 22

With all the advantage of ground and knowledge of the country on the side of the Mexican insurgents, the troops are apt to get the worst of it—and if the rebel ammunition does not give out some half hundred or more poor soldier conscripts have to pay with their lives for the blunders of their officers

S U C C E S S

M A G A Z I N E

GRAND RAPIDS
PUBLIC LIBRARY

MAY, 1911

In the *Editor's Confidence*

THE present number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE is the first that presents evidence to the eye of the ideals and methods of The National Post Company. A complete new dress of type; a new personality, that of Mr. Will Bradley, expressed in the illustrative and decorative scheme of the magazine; and a new and really beautiful kind of cover design all bear witness to the energy that has been brought into SUCCESS MAGAZINE by the new organization.

Before another number is submitted to our readers, THE NATIONAL POST will make its first appearance, beginning life with a clearly defined purpose and character.

Through these two magazines, the monthly and the fortnightly, we shall have the opportunity to express a considerable part of what is significant and vital in the struggle toward better governing, better thinking, better working and better living which is to-day remaking the American nation before our eyes.

The changes in SUCCESS MAGAZINE will be slight, and will all be in the direction of more clearly defining the character of the publication. The more immediate phases of the political activity of SUCCESS MAGAZINE will naturally be transferred to THE NATIONAL POST, as the fortnightly will be closer to events than a monthly can possibly be; but with the deep and slow-moving problems of the national life SUCCESS MAGAZINE will deal even more thoughtfully and vigorously than in the past.

Our greatest editorial difficulty has been that it was impossible to deal with more than a very few of the important phases of American development in the space at our disposal. Epochal changes are now going on in farming and country life, in municipal government (the evils of which mark America's saddest failure), in educational methods, in home economics, in diet and health, in business methods and ethics, in the elevation of taste, in efficiency in thinking, working and living generally; and it is our desire in SUCCESS MAGAZINE to express as fully as possible the spirit of progress that is animating this bloodless revolution. By giving up a little on the side of national and international political and social progress we shall be able to devote more space to the details of the other forward movements.

For example, the two such articles in the present number, "The Boys Are After You" and "The Empty Linen Chest," will be followed in June by three helpful and practical features, bearing on the subjects of the country school problem, prison reform and good taste in domestic architecture. These features are, "A Revolution in Rural Education," by Herbert L. Quick; "Mending Broken Men," by George Creel; and two pages of simple, easily-built houses, drawn by Will Bradley.

There is so much to-day that a magazine of national circulation can do in the way of stimulating and directing public thought and taste that we welcome the opportunity to work through two publications and therefore to cover the field more adequately.

With SUCCESS MAGAZINE being modeled more and more definitely into a well-balanced publication of general interest, practical help and mental stimulus, THE NATIONAL POST steps forward as an exponent of national journalism at, we trust, its highest and best. The prime purpose of THE NATIONAL POST is to interpret the events and progress of the world.

The distinctive feature of THE NATIONAL POST is probably its staff of contributing editors. This staff is made up of a group of trained writers of national reputation, each an established expert in some department of journalism. Thus, the general news is interpreted by Will Irwin; domestic politics by Judson C. Welliver; foreign politics by Frederic C. Howe; religion and education by Rev. Newman A. Smyth, D. D.; the progress and problems of women by Mary Heaton Vorse; agriculture and Western matters by Richard Lloyd Jones; literature and the drama by Walter Prichard Eaton; special topics by Charles Edward Russell. These contributing editors form in reality a group of trained reporters, each watching his own field and each contributing regularly to the review section of the publication.

THE NATIONAL POST will also specialize in leading articles on important national and international problems. Especial attention will be given to the prominent Presidential possibilities of 1912. Critical character studies of LaFollette, by Frederic C. Howe, and of Woodrow Wilson, by Herman Walker, are now in preparation. Mary Heaton Vorse is making a study of the protection given to nursing mothers in industry in nearly every civilized country other than the United States. Anna Strunsky Walling has written a vivid and heartrending impression of the New York factory fire, and her article will be accompanied with illuminating "Notes by an Ex Factory Inspector" on the lessons to be drawn from the disaster. "The Crumbling House of Lords" is a wonderful study of the revolution that is now going on in England, written on the ground by Walter Weyl. And further, Charles Edward Russell is on his way home from New Zealand with two articles in which he checks up the progress of radical governmental ideas in that colony since his former investigation five years ago.

There will be a strong editorial section in THE NATIONAL POST, in which progressive ideas will be vigorously expressed by some of the most thoughtful writers in America. There will also be a page or two of brisk personalities under the heading, "The Spot Light," and minor departments of condensed news, obituaries, a calendar of the coming fortnight (including sports), humor, etc.

THE NATIONAL POST fiction promises to be exceptionally good. "The Rube's Nutty Nine," by Zane Grey, is the first of a series of five baseball stories in which the "rube" pitcher—the same Whit Hurtle who appeared once last year in SUCCESS MAGAZINE—passes through a number of exciting and, at times, very funny baseball adventures. Coupled with "The Rube's Nutty Nine" in the first number will be "A Piccolo in a Garden," by Walter Prichard Eaton, a love story of delicate quality and idyllic charm.

There is much else that we would like to announce here. In fiction especially our plans were never so rich and never extended so far ahead. But space is pressing.

More important than the announcement of new features is the announcement that The National Post Company is starting its career with the sober determination to be as honest, as independent, as "straight-out" as its light will permit. Owned by the people, on a basis of publicly-controlled journalism new to this country if not to the world, we should be free to serve fearlessly and well, free to help in the inspiring social progress of a splendid nation.

Beginning with the First Number, May 6

National Post

LIFE SUBSCRIPTIONS

We want a small body of life subscribers to The National Post—of men and women in different sections of the country who will stand in a particularly close relation to the magazine. Until June 30th the price of a life subscription will be \$10; after June 30th it will be advanced to \$15, as this offer is necessarily limited.

Address The National Post Company

29-31 East 22d Street, New York City

A Pageant of LIBERTY

A Suggestion for a *Sane* and Beautiful Independence Day Celebration Based Upon the Pittsburgh Plan

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

Author of MARRIAGE IN AMERICA, etc.

OUR old, undemocratic idea of honoring the birthday of American independence is expressed in annual outbursts of barbarism which have already done to death more persons than the Revolutionary War ever thought of destroying. Indeed, our peaceful celebration seems as much more dangerous than the old style of warfare as small-pox is more dangerous than chicken-pox.

To make this fact clear, Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, the dearest foe of our barbarous Fourth, has arranged two columns of figures side by side. The one is taken from *Bancroft's History of the United States* and shows the American casualties in seven famous Revolutionary battles. The other has been compiled by the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. It considerably understates the casualties on seven recent Fourth's.

BATTLES	KILLED AND WOUNDED	CELEBRATIONS	KILLED AND WOUNDED
Lexington	83	July 4, 1903 . . .	4,449
Bunker Hill . . .	449	July 4, 1904 . . .	4,169
Fort Mifflin . . .	37	July 4, 1905 . . .	5,176
White Plains . . .	160	July 4, 1906 . . .	5,460
Fort Washington .	149	July 4, 1907 . . .	4,413
Monmouth	229	July 4, 1908 . . .	5,623
Cowpens	72	July 4, 1909 . . .	5,307
	1,119		34,603

Our new festival in honor of liberty is very different from the old. Instead of a day of pseudo-patriotism, — a Moloch-day devoted to blinding and maiming our little ones, to shredding and roasting them alive, blowing them to bits or allowing them to struggle to their death in the horrible clutch of tetanus — we propose a day of the deepest, fairest, most enthusiastic, most genuine patriotism; a day of emphasis not upon erratic individualism but upon national solidarity; a day of fun yet of education and inspiration to old as well as young and to all the nations that are now being fused in our gigantic melting pot. In a word, the new movement aims, as it should, to make the Fourth our most profoundly American holiday.

The inevitable medium for such expression is the pageant.

Though many cities have adopted the rapidly spreading idea of a safe and sane Fourth, Springfield, Massachusetts, has thus far held the lead in the development of Independence Day pageantry. But, had it not been for the graft revolutions of last year, Pittsburgh would doubtless have carried the art of pageantry much further, and in the opinion of many, would have fired scores of other cities and towns with enthusiasm for this ideal form of celebration.

Pittsburgh began by planning to spend \$150,000 on the two celebrations of 1910 and 1911, and engaged Mr. Percy Mackaye, the poet and Mr. John W. Alexander, the painter, as pageant masters. These eminent artists at once began working out a series of pageants which would have drawn all nationalities, sects, private and public organizations, industries and arts into one harmonious effort and would have resulted in a spectacle of unparalleled brilliance and national significance.

Then all at once the graft revelations shook Pittsburgh with a loud report. The people lost confidence in their mayor and he, in turn, shattered the beautiful dream of Americanizing the Fourth. This disaster is the reason for writing the present article; because a

year ago, Mr. Mackaye was seriously considering for use in Pittsburgh the Pageant of Liberty which is outlined below.

The proposed Pageant of Liberty is based on the idea that America was the pioneer in that modern struggle for liberty which has played such a striking part in the world's history since 1776. Our War of Independence inspired the French Revolution which, in turn, brandished the torch of liberty through Europe during the nineteenth century until, in our day, the flame has spread to other continents.

The Pageant of Liberty consists of a parade of simple floats which may or may not end in a dramatic and choral performance or "masque" in some athletic field or fair ground or stadium. The floats and their costumed characters are to be the actors in this masque.

These floats need not be elaborate or expensive or hard to construct. In most cases all that is required is a plain large truck, fastened with simple garlands, and with the wheels hidden in oak branches. This truck carries the necessary characters, dressed, of course, in the costume of the period.

There need be none of those complicated, elaborately colored pyramidal structures of "staff" which endangered the success of the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York. For they are difficult and costly to prepare and doubtful of effect. The effect sought should be pictorial rather than sculptural. In many cases a single small platform or table is the only "property" required.

The floats in procession represent the history of the modern struggle for liberty. This history, however, may be given as fully or as sketchily as the particular resources of each place suggest, each foreign colony in a town working up its own float under central supervision.

In our day most American cities and towns have a large percentage of foreign born population. Let us take, for example, the case of a certain large town consisting of the following seven nationalities: Americans, Irish, Hungarians, French, Germans, Greeks and Italians. I choose a large town for my example because it is easier to cut down a generous program than to elaborate a meager one. In the example chosen, its particular pageant will consist of at least eight floats, each attended on foot or horseback by its appropriate racial escort, preferably in national costume, and by bands of music playing — perhaps on native instruments — those national airs most nearly identified with the particular historical event set forth.

Children should be used freely in these escorts and also, wherever feasible, on the floats. For, in helping to Americanize the Fourth, the little ones are called upon for the largest measure of self-sacrifice, and as many of them as possible should be doubly repaid by the experience of marching in a romantic costume in an exciting, wonderful parade, and singing, perhaps, in a great chorus.

I. America.

The American float will naturally head the procession, for precedence in this pageant is fixed by the historical order in which the various struggles for liberty occurred.

Our float might represent the Fathers sitting about a table and signing the Declaration of Independence, with the Liberty Bell hanging aloft. Or it might be boat-shaped and depict the historical picture of Washing-

ton crossing the Delaware with the Father of his Country in the bow, and tattered soldiers straining at the oars or poling away at imaginary icecakes.

The other floats would follow in this order:

II. France.

King Louis XVI is forced to recognize General Lafayette, the commander of the new National Guard, on July 17, 1789, and affix to his own royal coat the tricolor cockade of red, blue and white, the symbol of liberty. This event occurred three days after the storming of the Bastille, a subject that would not lend itself so well to pictorial treatment.

III. Ireland.

Some incident from the Rebellion of 1798. The float might be in honor of the patriotic Society of United Irishmen and of their founder, Theobald Wolfe Tone. Or it might represent the dramatic betrayal, on May 19, 1798, of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the prominent leader of the revolt.

IV. Germany.

It is not so easy to find a moment in the German struggle which is both significant and simple enough for our purpose. Perhaps the "Wartburg Festival" would answer. Some historians treat this incident in lighter vein others seriously. But all agree that the government reactionaries took it very much to heart and at once began a reign of tyranny that was largely responsible for the revolutions of 1830 and of historic 1848. At any rate, the Festival would make a most effective float. This was the way it happened.

A couple of years after the battle of Waterloo, secret political societies were formed all over Germany among the students and the athletes. These were called *Burschenschaften* and *Turners*. On October 17, 1818, several hundred of these young fellows met at the Wartburg (the ancient castle which had sheltered Luther after he had defied the Pope and the Emperor). That evening they gathered about a bonfire and fed it with various symbols of despotism and with the effigies of reactionary books; while, hard by, the Turners did exuberant gymnastic "stunts." This float could be made most realistic with a genuine bonfire and a couple of Turners in the rear performing, perhaps, on a horizontal bar. The decorations should be in black, red and yellow, the colors of German liberty.

V. Greece.

The float might merely show a group of the picturesquely costumed leaders of the Revolution of 1821. There would be Generals Kolokotronis, Marco Botzaris (the Suliote chieftain immortalized in Fitz-Greene Hall's poem of that name), Admiral Miaoulis Kanaris of fire-ship fame, Karaiskakis the daring guerilla, and Lord Byron, the poet of revolt, who gave his life for the cause, and without whom there might have been no Greek independence.

A more dramatic subject would be found in the Greeks' welcome of Byron when he arrived at Missolonghi in the fall of 1826. The costumes of this float would be particularly effective.

VI. Hungary.

One turns naturally to the events of April 14, 1849, when, on Kossuth's motion, the Diet proclaimed the independence of Hungary. This ought to be fully as practicable as the representation of the signing of our own Declaration, which, by the way, has been done simply at Springfield.

[Continued on page 62]



Joyville

Fourth of July Park for Little Folks

By WILL BRADLEY

THIS Page is for Little Folks. It tells how to have a fine time next Fourth of July. No Fire Crackers and no Cap pistols to blow off Fingers and put out Eyes. Just a fine big merry kind of a day.

Fun! Fun! Fun!

One whole Green Field, with a theater (see the picture), a merry-go-round, Funny Faces and Funny Animals at which to throw balls, Horses and Donkeys to ride, Swings and See-saws. Sand Pile and a Mud Pie Bakery for the littlest Tots, with the Grandest Kind of a Soldier to see that the Sand Forts are built just right, and a Fine French Baker to see that each Mud Pie has the right number of Plums tucked into its Flakey crust. Then there are Trees under which Hammocks are hung so that Mothers can rest while Fathers watch the Ball game. All of the Sports and Games are taken care of by good-hearted Grown Ups, who want Children to have a good time, and not One Cent is charged. All one does is just get a Ticket at the Gate. On the Ticket there is printed a list of ever so many Sports and Games, and Good Things To Eat, and Drink, too, such as Ice Cream, Lemonade, Milk, Sandwiches, Pop-Corn, Peanuts, Apples and Oranges. This Ticket is worth more than a whole pocket full of Pennies, Nickels and Dimes, because every time one shows it to an attendant out comes a bag of Peanuts or Balls to Throw at the Laughing Faces, or a ride to Banbury Cross, or something else just as fine, especially at the Good-Things-To-Eat Places, for Ladies love to be visited by Hungry Children (see the picture). Of course the Ticket must be looked at first, because there is a Hole punched in it anywhere, that means that part of the Ticket has been spent, just the same as Children sometimes spend Pennies.

Very Special!

If you don't understand all about this picture ask your Mama or your Big Sister, or most especially your Papa and your Big Brother, to explain it to you, and ask them most especially to read the Printing on the Map, because that is the most important part. Perhaps they will shake their Heads and look Wise, and say, "Poo, hoo, it can't be done." That means that they are too much grown up, and as I said in the beginning, this Page is just for Children. But sometimes some Families you can find Papas and Big Brothers who won't shake their Heads and Look wise. They will laugh and give you a hug and say, "Fine, fine, I'll see the Mayor out to-morrow." Then you will be pretty lucky, for that will make all these Pictures come true.

Most Exceptionally Special!

Note: It is expected that Big Brothers will do the Carting work, and that Big Sisters will attend to the Art Decorations and the GOOD THINGS TO EAT. That ought to be fun enough for them even if they don't care for Swimming Pools and Swings. Of course they can play baseball and go to the theater. But most of all they ought to be Workers, once upon a time they were Little Folks, and this is THE LITTLE FOLKS' FOURTH OF JULY.





All carrying mugs and umbrellas—it was a sad sight

The Diary of a FATTISH GIRL

By LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

Author of THE LOVE LETTERS OF A LEADING MAN, HER POLAR STAR, etc.

Illustrations by MAY WILSON PRESTON

PARIS



MIRA is not fat—oh, no—but she is a singer, and refers now and then to the unfortunate development of the diaphragm.

Mickey (first we called her Michael Angelo) might be described as fat, if we didn't love her. She sits all day at her easel, eating caramels, and says she doesn't care a whoop one way or the other. And we would really think she didn't, except for her cutting out the sweets whenever she is drawing from a thin model.

I am not fat—yet—but my mother! And we are both short, too! Whenever I see mother's reflection in the dressing-room mirror at the theater, I have an awful feeling that it is my own self twenty years from now. Only at that period of avoirdupois I should not be in the dressing-room at all, but at the stage door begging for an engagement. A fat soubrette is about as welcome in a scene as the theater cat.

Flesh is the real skeleton in my closet. The girls have their reasons, too, for wishing to keep thin, but their reasons have nothing to do with bread and butter. We are all glad, however, that it is not to win the favor of men that we seek to reduce ourselves. We hate men. Mira and Mickey hate them because they are so pursued by the creatures. I hate them because I am not. At least not by the right one, which seems to be the rule of life. It is a great pity, for a happy marriage is the only answer to a soubrette after thirty. This is my whole life's story, and the reason for Carlsbad.

This cure is especially pleasing to all three of us, for, during the taking of it we can lose both flesh and men. We won't know any of them there, and we don't want to, especially while we have to go around in sweaters looking such sights. Soon we shall be away from this gay place, and away from those two persistent lovers of the girls who have followed them clear over from New York, and have almost ruined our digestions. I've just written somebody who happens to be in London at present to say that I am going to Carlsbad for a rest cure. I didn't give him my address

though. How easily he could have come to France instead of England. But he didn't. He is a careful man. I suppose he has seen my letter. But the person who looks forward twenty years every time he buys a girl a chocolate éclair is too cold for me.

Funny! As I went out into the hall to post his letter, I met Mira with one. She said she had written that she was going to take a rest cure too. She didn't mention the name of the place. Some characters are so strong that they are almost masculine.

Half an hour later, Mira has crept into my room to report that Mickey has just sent off a letter to the young gentleman who has bored her so with kindnesses. She said she was going to a rest cure—at St. Moritz.

But it's wrong to tell a fib—outright.

CARLSBAD. (They spell it with a K.)

We got off. First I thought we wouldn't. Mickey having packed and paid her bill, slipped away for a last look around the Salon, and didn't come back until Mira and I were sitting in the omnibus, with the luggage piled on top, muttering the most horrible things about her. When Mickey is late, Mira and I say: "Oh, the selfishness of the painter!" And when Mira is late Mickey and I say: "Oh, the selfishness of the singer!" So it's not hard to guess what they say about me when I'm late.

We were so distracted that I tried to induce the porter to telephone to the Salon and have her "paged." We'd have done it in America. But he just stared at me. She had been in a cab accident after all, poor dear, or said she had. She panted heavily every time she thought of it, and brushed imaginary dust off her clothes whenever she caught our eyes, and of course, no one could dispute her and remain a friend.

We went all over our tickets forty times in the omnibus, and we saw that "the papers" were going to be just as troublesome as they are in plays, but it wasn't truly intricate until we reached here.

Then such excitement! Mickey had lost one of the papers and had an awful time getting her trunk. She had to show her key and tell them through an interpreter the contents of the top tray, and of course she was quite wrong, and when they opened the trunk there were all the rubber reducing effects. Oh, dear!

The first thing we noticed when we finally got away from the station were the men—they were such sights, I mean, and of course we were delighted. The landlord of our hotel was the worst of all. He said we could have rooms on the "seriest," which we thought

must be an Austrian balcony; however, he meant the thirtieth of the month, but, longing for privacy, we took lodgings in one of his villas, on the side of a hill, all graveled walks and flower beds. We hoped there would be no men at all about, but a very young fat specimen walked out of the next room to mine. After a while Mira mused: "Yes, but has he been here three weeks, or three days?" On the answer hangs our fate!

We are all tired to-night and seem to have no sense. We can't decide whether or not a kronen is worth more than a franc. The other piece of current money is a heller, and Mickey got mixed at table, telling the waiter she had only twenty kellers in her pocket. He was an awfully polite waiter—we didn't find out until afterward that he was a keller.

Just the same, tired as we are, we had measurements. Mira made us, for she is going to reduce her—her diaphragm—if she never sings another note. "I should think you would want to, Pidge," she said to me reproachfully.

Pidge is short for Pigeon, which is a disgusting nickname in itself. Besides there is no more immediate necessity for my reducing than there is for her. She took advantage of me because she knows my mother.

Mickey drew charts of our figures, and put down the date, and just what our waist measures are, and all those other frightful evidences of one's inches, sideways speaking; and everything is ready for the beginning of the cure except to get weighed. We tried to ask the maid who spoke no English where we went for this. Mira thought we'd better act it out. "Step upon something," she advised, "peer eagerly, stooping slightly, and then step down—"

"Looking discouraged," completed Mickey. Mickey had grown rebellious about the cure when she heard she must get up at six. But get up at six we do to-morrow, and it now eleven. I've just managed to open the windows which were hermetically sealed for the night.

The rain is pattering on the leaves, and some one in the distance is scrunching the gravel walk, but there is no other sound. I wish I were as peaceful, but I am quite as tearful as the night. Well, I'm doing what's right. If a man doesn't love a girl, the only thing left her is to wash him right out of her life.

He'll be sorry when he sees how thin I am—going to be.

FIRST DAY OF CURE.

Rain pattering on leaves at midnight while one stretches comfortably in a German bed is all right. But the same rain on the same leaves at six in the morning when one has to get up and consult a doctor about one's health (which seems to be remarkably good at this hour) is a perfect nuisance. There were quiet knocks on the doors all down the corridor, and bringings of hot water, and many of the curists had gone down to the spring before we got out. Mira was late because she would put on her French coiffure. She said she thought the doctor would take more interest in us if one, at least, looked well.

"I thought we came here because we are indifferent to men," growled Mickey from the depths of her sweater.

"A doctor is not a man," replied Mira coldly.

No one could dispute so magnificent a statement as that. Dazed, we climbed into a "wagon" which our porter had secured for us, and rattled off. The wagon was a sort of victoria with a hood, which was almost half circle entirely eclipsing us with the exception of our six feet. We could see nothing of the driver but the belt to his top coat. It was not a modish belt; it should have been bound around his ankles as were our gowns, but it was within easy reach, and a good thing to pull whenever we wished to attract his attention. Mickey said pulling was more polite than poking, and we decided to keep him for the day for fear we might not find another coachman with any convenient attachments

We sat in the wagon a long time after it stopped, although the belt twitched about impatiently, because our German words were few and we didn't know what to say when we reached the physician's door. The contention was fierce, and small boys who were short enough to look under the hood reported to tall passersby that it was all right; nothing to worry about; just three American ladies.

We reminded Mickey that her great-grandfather had been a German and that she ought to speak a little. And Mickey, stung by these taunts, replied that she did speak a little. So at the door she said: "Have you a doctor?" and we were let right in. It was a triumph for her. She longed to talk with the attendant, but could think of nothing else save: "Have you a Bible?" and she decided to keep that for the coachman.

We could hear through the door whenever her beautiful voice soared: "Yes, but one must fight it doctor," or "Can't it be massaged away?" and we lost patience with her for taking so much time when she wasn't so very fat.

But it was as well she did, for he rushed Mickey and me down the stairs when she finally came out, without any consultation at all, and no delay beyond telling us to do as she did, and to pay him a little. We are going to be allowed to come back in a few days, when he won't be so busy, and pay him some more.

Mira immediately assumed the generalship and became very bossy. "We are to drink from the Sprudel source," she said to us after we had climbed into the wagon, "that is, one glass of Sprudel, followed by one of Schlossbrunn; nothing at all from the other *quellen*." She used these strange words although she had been on kissing terms with them all her life, and Mickey and I looked at her respectfully.

We crossed the river, passing a colonnade which, by pulling at the belt, we found to be the Mühlbrunn. A line of people a quarter of a mile long, kept in order by police, were taking their turn at the *quelle* (it means spring, for I looked it up) all carrying mugs and umbrellas. It was a sad sight. The men were terrible, and Mira said, fussing at her curls, that she was glad we weren't going to drink there.

"They won't be any handsomer at the Sprudel place," commented Mickey gloomily.

I took sides with Mira at this. "She means the long line," I explained. "Mira



He said we could have the room on the "seriest"

doesn't care any more about a man than I do." Mira gave me a grateful glance, and I felt guilty. They don't know about my unrequited affection.

Mickey was unabashed, however. She made difficulties at every turn. When we reached the Sprudel Colonnade she wanted to buy a strap for her mug and wear it suspended around her neck with a little pink napkin sticking out of it. Now, we could see that the best people did not do this. In fact the very best people weren't there at all—only their maids and valets with thermos bottles. It was appalling to see the Sprudel hatred in their faces as they filled the bottles and trudged out in the rain.

We broke Mira's spirit, bought respectable mugs, checked them, and drove to the Schlossbrunn which was twenty feet away, although the caddy managed to deceive us.

It had cleared by this time, and after making some purchases, Mira forced us to part

with the wagon. We were sorry to do this. While the general had been in shopping, Mickey and I had tried: "Have you a Bible," and a number of other useful phrases on the driver, and he had developed a most engaging way, when the fun became too furious, of getting down and looking under his horse, there to laugh it all out by himself.

However, approaching breakfast was an incentive to do away with any one. Mira had bought a lot of bread at a shop; the kind calculated to engender as little joy and flesh as bread can, and Mickey suggested our sitting down at one of the tables in the middle of the street, after the fashion of Carlshad, and having a fine meal. But Mira looked at her coldly.

"We walk along the valley for a mile or so," she said, "and when we reach the Kaiserpark we each have a loaf of this bread and a cup of coffee—then we walk back."

There is not time to chronicle what we said to Mira. I almost insinuated that she made the whole thing up just to show her power, and, with that, she handed us each a loaf done up in tissue paper and started off without us. We trailed along after her stormily, straining our eyes for the Kaiserpark in the distance. We passed several gardens, and in one a man was eating cold ham. I never saw a more delicious sight! We clung to the picket fence and stared at him until even Mira melted and let us stop there.

The coffee which was without caffeine, was exquisite, and I never ate nicer bread. We were so happy after we were filled that we thanked Mira for being firm with us, and decided to do our best to take off flesh without getting grouchy. We haven't wavered from this determination but twice during the day; once just before dinner, and again before supper.

Mira has knocked at my door to say she has taken measurements, and is a quarter of an inch more around the waist than she was last night! She squeezed in Mickey, however, making her less, so as to encourage her.

But there's no use doing that. I would look as large to him, no matter how I squeezed in. I've been noticing continually, though, that the best part of a cure is that I am so busy I don't think of him at all—hardly.

FIFTH DAY OF CURE.

The most awful thing has happened; we all weigh more than we did at first! It comes from a mistake about the bread. To go back: we found a weighing machine on the second day. We were laughing at an enormously



She said, "Impossible!" and then we knew it was a weighing machine

fat woman in a chair, with her thin, unfortunate maid standing by simply heaped up with wraps. The night before we had seen the old lady being poked up the hill by this maid who was walking behind her with the head of an umbrella pressed into her mistress's back—the small of it, if she could be said to have such a thing. This time a man was tinkering with a sort of steel arm at the side of the chair. He said something to her; she said: "Impossible!" got up mad, and then we knew it was a weighing machine.

We have gone there every morning since, and have received a little ticket bearing unmistakable evidence of increasing flesh, but up to to-day we exorcised it with heavy hat pins, or, as I suggested and got snubbed, heavy hearts.

To-day we made straight for the doctor's, at his afternoon hour, going in to see him in a lurch.

The doctor questioned us closely about our walks, baths and diet, but we had done everything, and, as I told him: "Goodness knows, no one *wants* to eat a loaf of that black bread with every meal."

"Yes," he responded, "but one loaf for the three of you for the day taken."

"No," he chorused, "one loaf for each of us at every meal."

"Mein Gott," he exclaimed, "that is nine loaves a day, when there should be but one by all consumed!"

Of course that was it. Mira was perfectly sweet about it. She said she wished she could take all the flesh herself, and she treated us to sour milk when we reached Pupp's. Pupp's is a big hotel with a garden. There is a concert somewhere every afternoon, and at this hour delicious morsels are consumed as we sit at the little tables: sour milk, two eggs, a small piece of ham, mineral water, or even coffee. Now and then a glass of beer goes by which creates a tremendous sensation. We all look reproachfully at the rebellious fat man who has ordered it.

We are interested in the cure now, despising weakness. Of course it is hard in the gardens when the little girl goes round with the big nickel cylinder containing flat cakes. Mira and I came late from our baths yesterday and reached Mickey in the Stadtpark just as she was buying one of them. She appeared flurried, but claimed that any one would be by our hostile manner. She said she just wanted to make a sketch of the girl, and she gave all her cake to the birds. The little things thrive on the results of guilty consciences. Whenever they see a fat lady buying a cookie they circle around her and jeer. I don't suppose these Carlsbad birds ever took a sip of Sprudel in their lives. You never find 'em around there.

SIXTH DAY OF CURE.

We have each lost two pounds! It is well we have for we need encouragement after we have toiled through a day. Miles for breakfast, miles after breakfast, then home to sponge off, with a little minor exercise before dinner. We burst into Mira's room to-day, as we could hear her singing and thought a social time in order. She was clad like a diver, in rubber, with a violet kimono floating away from her, tearing up and down the room, a sheet of music in her hand, and "Aah-aah-aahing" like mad. She said we might think it funny! I think the funny thing was that we saw humor in anything just before noon dinner.

That is our "heavy" meal, consisting of meat, a green vegetable and a salad. We wouldn't go off the diet for anything, we are so in earnest, but it's almost impossible to keep from sort of swaying toward a tray of potatoes when a mean waiter passes close to us. Two hours after dinner we have either a massage or a bath. We are black and blue from the former treatment. The masseuse acts as though she had nothing whatever to do with our bruised condition. She points out the spots with little cries of surprise and admonition, just as though we spent all our time throwing ourselves downstairs for amusement.

Mira says that the electric bath must be good for us because it is so horrible. There is all the exciting element of sudden death about it. First the heart is listened to, and then as though one was very badly off indeed, a sort of little rubber sack is tied against it and a stream of ice water travels down the tube from above and makes a graceful exit through another tube at one's feet. By this time, of course, one is sitting in a cabinet which leaves the head sticking out like a chicken from its shell, while the glare of electric light centered on the rest of the body is enough to turn a Broadway favorite green with envy.

Every now and then an attendant comes in to see if the cold towel ornamenting the head like a rajah's turban is still on, and also to ask if one *schwitzens* or one *schwindels*. If the bather perspires he is all right, but if he gets dizzy he must get out and lose his money. It's awfully amusing to look over at the clock and see that you have been in twenty minutes, when every one says you die after fifteen minutes of the heat.

On the whole the sensation is satisfactory. If I am dead, I argue, then I am more comfortable than I expected to be—and not nearly so warm.

This calcium prominence is followed by a rub and a short nap. Then we stagger weakly toward the gardens for our good sour milk, and—

TENTH DAY OF CURE.

I couldn't write any more the other night. I haven't been able since to write about flesh and sour milk and tape measures. Just after that "and," I heard loitering feet descending the stone steps, and a soft, flute-like whistling of "Sans Toi." I've always liked that song and I know a man who likes it. It made a lump come up in my throat bigger than any of those lumps the masseuse is working on. But no electric heat or bruising of the body can do away with that knot.

"Without thee." What an awful song to keep running through one's head as one drinks Sprudel! But I am going on with the treatment if only to be an example to the girls, for I am losing much more rapidly than they are, and since they don't understand it, they continue in a spirit of envious emulation. Mickey says she wouldn't go through such an experience for any other living thing but her figure, and I've been rather impressed, un- easily so, in fact, by the way they have put those fine Americans right out of their cure.

I might say every other man as well—and yet, and yet—I don't want to be disloyal, but aren't they beginning to sort of sway toward the masculine element in this place, just as we sway toward the potatoes?

A German count from Homburg who lives in our villa passed our table to-day, and seeing that we had no waitress, procured one, asked if we *schwitzten* or *schwindeten* in the bath, and went on.

"T-t-t-h," I tittered. "Plaid trousers!"



An umbrella pressed into her back, being poked up the hill by her unfortunate maid

Mickey grew annoyed. "What's the use of picking all the time?" she snapped. "That's an awfully nice man, an awfully nice man. No doubt those plaid trousers cover a war wound on his heart!" She ate all of her bread crumbs in one sweep, she was so excited, and didn't have any left for supper.

SIXTEENTH DAY OF CURE.

I've always said a diary was useless. One can't write down the interesting episodes of one's life for fear they will be read, and the other happenings aren't worth chronicling. That is the reason some days have elapsed since I last made an entry—the last three days being too wonderful to put down in black and white, and the first three too despairful. The Fourth of July fell on the thirteenth day of the cure, which was ominous. Of course we were going to the Fourth of July party, though at first we scoffed at it. From the hour the girls stood up for the German count from Homburg I had been watching the steady decay of their principles. They claimed that the European had "charm," they squeezed alone when I measured them, and sneaked alone to get weighed. Twice I caught them in the cake shop. Each time we were entering simultaneously through separate doors, and they had the audacity to declare that they had come to rescue me. They rushed this out in a great hurry before I could say it to them.

I suppose the party was what one calls a "gay scene." We dined at little tables, elaborately floral, set around a balcony which looked down upon the ball room, where a few attenuated couples, who had given up eating together, were beginning to waltz. All the waiters wore large American flags, and couldn't speak a word of English. Even the Americans most in evidence seemed to converse best in German, but it was New York money they were spending.

It was late when the girls began dancing. The consul who had invited us insisted upon our meeting some Austrian officers. "We could prance with our own men at home," he said. But that made the lump which was not massaged away come up in my throat for I couldn't prance with my man anywhere because he wouldn't have me, and I slipped away from the officer, who was evidently seeing me out, and half hidden by our flag which was twisted around a pillar, watched Mickey and Mickey waltzing about with plenty of grace.

Then the band suddenly swung into "Sans Toi," and when I saw that my officer was discovering me, I was so afraid he would see my face, all quivery and puckery, that I ran in the corridor, and fast, fast into the garden. But the music of "Without Thee" followed me. I was alone with it, and it really seemed that my bitterest hour had come. But I was mistaken; it was my best hour for a man with broad, friendly shoulders and kind eyes rose from a chair, and advanced to me said: "I've been sitting in this garden seven days waiting for you to pass."

"No," I quavered; "once you went down flight of stone steps past your window, whistling 'Without Thee.'"

Under the canopy of thick-laced boughs he told me all about it. How he had been engaged since boyhood, almost, to an English girl, and he had waited for her because she must. He was the kind that would. But she wasn't the kind, and I am very glad of it. When he crossed to see her this year he found she had married another man, and with a letter still in his hand which asked him to forgive her and try to forget, he caught the channel boat.

"Now I can speak," he said. And he did speak.

And so did I. After I had eaten two chocolate eclairs which he insisted upon not having, I told him about the cure and the dissolving characters of the girls. He seemed to grasp the situation. "Starved," he said, "just starved every way." But being a modest man he thought of no solution to the difficulty. The law of contrast is nothing to him; at least not when he's the contrastee, but the plan-

have evolved is working. There is more than one reason why Mickey is calling peevishly through my door to say that if I'm so in love I can't sleep, please to remember there are a few emancipated ones who would like to, "and your light streams in."

TWENTY-THIRD DAY OF CURE.

This day I count as the most successful of the cure and I feel that my work is over and my diary is about to close. We were all weighed, and found we had not gained much; then we listened to the symphony at the Posthof, and on the way home stopped to be photographed. The post-card pictures, finished-while-you-wait kind, are taken out of doors, sitting at tables with gay empty bottles for decoration, or looking happily out from bath chairs. The whole arrangement suggests abandonment—and yet, those girls couldn't abandon themselves at all.

They were not content with a group. For some reason they both wished to be taken separately—all alone. There seemed to be an air of mystery about their pose. Sadness, isolation exuded from their slenderish figures.

When we came home from supper we found the post-cards waiting for us. I felt the chill of them and remarked upon it. It added to the gloom of the girls. Mickey almost cried over the vision of her wretchedness, and Mira kept repeating while she gazed at hers: "To make a woman suffer so!" Just as though she hadn't looked that way on purpose.

I finally told them with an air of entire misunderstanding that they couldn't possibly blame the photographer. He had done his best, but when it came to making women suffer he wasn't alone in it. All men make women suffer, "except one," I added softly.

Both behaved abominably. "Do you suppose that you're the only one who has a One?" they sneered at me.

"No," I replied, feeling that the moment had arrived. "There's a One for every woman—somewhere."

I went out quietly, and I heard Mira hiss: "I'm going to send it to him."

"So'm I," hissed back Mickey.

L'ENVOI.

It's all right; we're cured, hearts are healed,

heaven is in sight. They came by train. One had been to St. Moritz, poor dear. The other had just stayed on in Paris, and waited.

The girls pretended to be awfully surprised. "How did you find us?" they managed to articulate deceitfully.

"By the addresses on the picture post-cards which you sent us," replied Mickey's One sternly—he who had been to St. Moritz.

But Mira's One held her hand before us all, and looked into her eyes. "You look happier—now," he said.

"Yes," said Mira before us all. "I am."

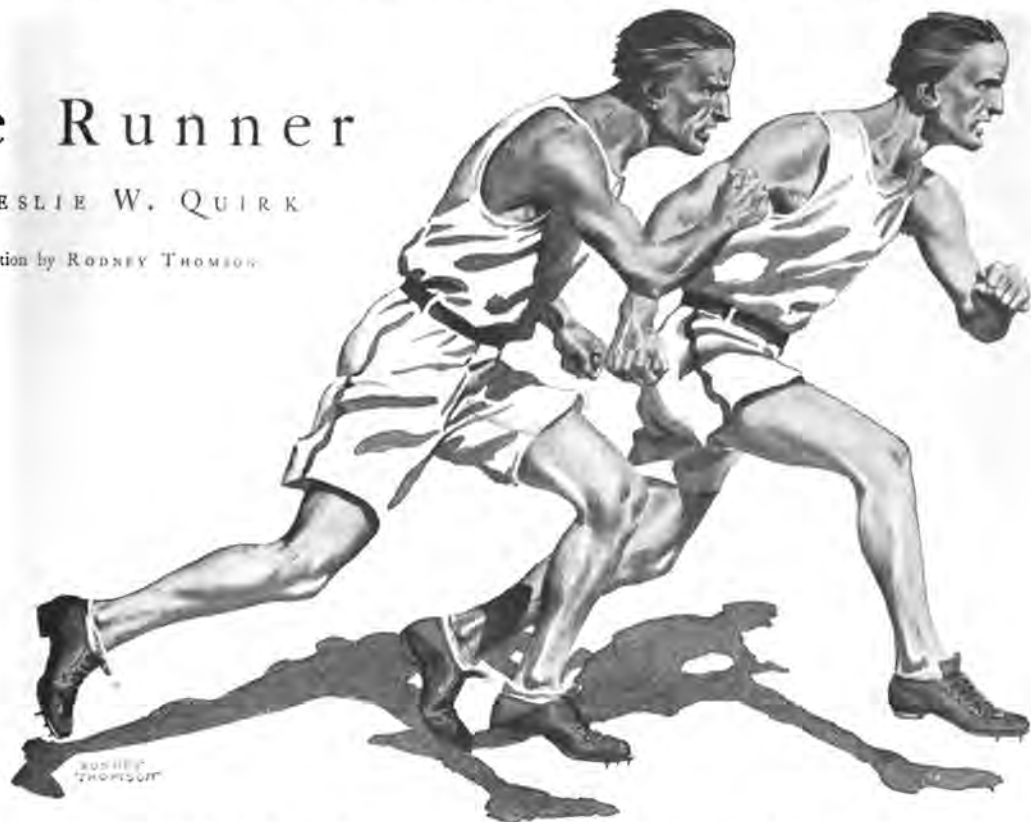
Further dissimulation was abandoned. The girls have a feeling that they won't stand for it. And yet we know that they will stand for flesh, and all the other terrors of increasing years. Not one of them can dance, but they speak our language, they are of our race; each of us would never love the other's One, but it was my One which brought up broad, loving pictures of their Two. Six of us walk through the wooded paths of Carlsbad, in pairs, a turn of the road apart.

It is our "After Cure."

The Runner

By LESLIE W. QUIRK

Illustration by RODNEY THOMSON



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LAST lap!" shouted Craig as the runner came into view. Jordan nodded understandingly. Once more around the little padded track, and the mile would be completed. He was glad of that, for in the early spring,

after a winter of lax gymnasium work, it is not an easy matter to run a mile. Even now he was puffing laboriously and his stride was growing erratic. But Jordan was no quitter. He gritted his teeth, lowered his head slightly, and began the final spurt.

He caught himself wondering at his irritation. It was cold on the track, which was really an encircling balcony around and above the main floor of the gymnasium. At the sharp curves the slant was wrong. The padding was uneven, and often his ankle threatened to turn. And yet he knew, even while his brow furrowed over these carping thoughts, that the temperature was right for running,

and that the track itself was mechanically correct. It was simply that Jordan, running the last round of the twelve-lap track, was going too far for an initial trial.

Craig bluntly told him so when he staggered in at the end of the mile, very white, very dizzy and very weak.

"You keep down to four laps to-morrow, Jordan, and run five laps the next day, and six the day after. On Saturday week you'll go the twelve at a slow trot. Time enough yet for conditioning and getting speed. Just because we must have your win, with its five points, for that dual meet next month, is no reason for your getting ready too quick and then stalling off for the inter-collegiate."

The runner nodded. He knew the track team captain was right; he had over-taxed himself to-day, but it was only hearty enthusiasm and ambition that prompted his early trial.

The season before, Jordan, the acknowledged champion among the college mile runners of

the Middle West, had been beaten in a dual meet by Carpon of Chicago. Later, in the inter-collegiate, the tables had been neatly turned; but it proved simply that Jordan had been coming to form rather too slowly. This year he had sworn to win both races, not only as a personal honor, but because it was generally admitted that the championship lay between Wisconsin and Chicago. As Craig had pointed out a month before, if the Badgers could win from the other university, they might expect to capture the pennant. Of course, that was the final object, but if they lost a dual meet first the glory would be dimmed.

Jordan trotted downstairs and took his hot and cold shower-baths. When he went to his locker to dress, he found another young man sitting on the long bench near him. He was remarkably well built, with a full chest and long, sinewy, muscular legs. Both the runner and his captain had been scouring the college for another miler to train for the possible

three points that went with second position and for any emergency that might arise from indisposition or accident to Jordan. Here, it struck him, was the very man to interest in the subject.

"By George!" he exclaimed, after he had run his eye admiringly over the boy, "I don't know you, but you look like a crack runner; a long-distance man."

The other turned quickly and faced him. His eyes stared straight ahead and he seemed to be looking beyond the speaker. But it was obvious that the remark had gratified him, for a little flush of pleasure overspread his face.

"Thanks," he said. "My name is Blaine. I did run a little at a mile—once."

The pause before the last word was so pronounced that Jordan could hardly fail to notice it.

"Why not now?" he asked with his hearty air of good-fellowship.

Blaine raised his hands to his forehead, covering his eyes.

"Four years ago," he confessed, "I had an attack of fever. I'm blind now; quite blind."

"Oh!" said Jordan, drawing in his breath with a little gasp that made the other shiver. "I'm sorry, old man; I didn't know, of course. I—"

"Why, there's nothing to apologize for," declared the afflicted student. "With the aid of my tutor I manage all right with my studies, and sometimes I get out and run a little with a helping friend, just for old time's sake. I'd be glad to talk with you once in a while, if you don't mind. You're Jordan, the mile-runner, aren't you?"

"Yes, but how did you know?"

"I came here to my locker the other day just as you were going upstairs, and I asked one of the fellows who you were. Something—the way you walk on the ball of your foot, perhaps—told me you ran on the cinder track. Since then I've—heard you. You see, my sense of hearing has to be a crutch for my eyes, and I learn to know people by hearing them walk."

There was some quality of manliness and bravery about the fellow that appealed to Jordan, and he invited him to his room that night. In the course of a week he came to know him well, and the two talked over the season's prospects and recalled past years as older and more closely matched friends might have done. Blaine's affliction was almost forgotten by the mile-runner and he formed a keen attachment for the other. Nor was it augmented solely by sympathy. The blind man was quite independent; he possessed a quick brain, a marvelous sense of hearing and an instinct or sixth faculty, all of which came close to offsetting the sightless eyes. The two talked of every subject except Blaine's running; some intuitive forethought warned Jordan that the subject was painful.

Early in April the track at Camp Randall, the athletic field, was put into shape for the outdoor training. It still lacked a few days of the date on which the men were to run outdoors for the first time, but Jordan found himself strangely impatient to feel the cinders crunching under his feet and to see yard after yard of real track race back under his flying legs. Little wonder, then, that a bright, warm morning a week later tempted him, and that nine o'clock found him on the field, strangely exhilarated, sniffing the spring air like a war-horse and dancing a little as he walked.

Somewhat to his surprise, another runner was on the track. The man, who was in street clothes, was at the far turn and Jordan did not recognize him. In all probability, he decided, it was some clerk of athletic propensities, or possibly a high school student, already dreaming of making the college team in later years. Whoever it might be, there was assuredly room for both.

Jordan slipped on his running shoes, and joyously drove the spikes into the ground. He had dressed that morning in a pair of bicycle pants, knee length, as it was still cold for the flapping track costume; now he threw off coat and collar, and stepped upon the

track. With infinite care he dug himself little toe-holes, crouched low and was away like the wind.

It was good to be running outdoors again, and to be breathing the pure, invigorating air. He resisted a mighty temptation to sprint, and fell into a slow trot. This first time he meant simply to jog the mile in easy fashion.

He had utterly forgotten the other runner; forgotten everything, in fact, in building air-castles. Jordan was not conceited nor egotistical, but he knew his ability and his records, and the future seemed rosy indeed. Nothing but accident could prevent his winning in the dual meet; nothing—

Something—somebody—hit his leg a powerful blow. Even as he fell he recognized a keen, biting, ever-increasing pain in the calf of his muscular limb. Instinctively, blindly, he threw out his arms and saved his face from the sharp, cutting cinders. Luckily he had been running slowly, and the impetus of his fall was not great. As he came to a halt, lying on his side, he put his hands to the throbbing leg and drew them away quickly, sticky with blood.

Some person behind him, evidently the other runner, was standing between him and the sun. Jordan could not make out the figure distinctly, but he realized that the man had run him down and that the spikes of the other's shoes had gashed his leg. A blind, raging anger filled the miler's heart, partly at the unwarranted accident itself and partly at the sight of the trespasser standing there dumbly, apparently unmoved by what he had done.

"You clumsy fool!" shouted Jordan, sitting up. "You idiot, you—" He stopped suddenly, staring amazedly at the other.

"Oh, it's Jimmy!" groaned Blaine, turning his sightless eyes toward the man on the ground. "Oh! what have I done?"

For a long minute surprise held Jordan silent. The last person in the world he had expected to see on a running track had cut him down. Then, still angry and nursing his throbbing leg, he burst out:

"Done? Why, you've ripped my leg for inches. It's bleeding—bleeding, I tell you. And now it'll stiffen and the muscles contract till I won't be able to get into the meet next month at all and Carpon will win again. What business has a blind man here, anyhow? You're sure to run over somebody else, or be run over yourself." He halted his speech, beginning to realize what he was saying in his fury, as the face of Blaine contracted in pain.

"Generally," apologized the blind man, "I can hear the foot-beats and keep away. But to-day I was thinking of—of how I used to run and what I might do yet if I could see. You know," he pleaded, "how a man can get away in thought from what he is doing with his body."

Jordan nodded, and then said "yes" out loud, that the other might understand. He began to realize that he, too, had been dreaming of his ambition and had been running with deaf ears.

"Forget it, old man," he begged. "I lost my temper and spoke before I thought. Probably this leg isn't hurt much, and little harm is done. Here, we'll wrap it up, and hustle over to that doctor's office in the next block. Then, when he tells me I'll be all right in a day or two, you'll sit down and listen to my apology. Give me your arm; I'll need your help more than you'll need mine just now."

But the physician's report was anything but favorable.

"Your leg is badly cut, young man, and it must heal slowly if the muscles are to be kept pliable. In six weeks you will be sound again."

"Not before?" It was Blaine's voice, pleading, pitiful.

"Not before," said the medical man decisively.

The two students went to Jordan's room in a carriage, both ill at ease and saying little. Dr. Elliot, the gymnasium doctor, confirmed the other's report, and Craig, who also called,

shut his lips tightly and stared moodily from the window. Without Jordan's five points, the dual meet the next month spelled close but sure defeat.

"When I was in high school," said Blaine, breaking a long silence, "I won an inter-collegiate mile-run."

"Yes?" said Craig, politely. Jordan groaned and turned on the couch till his face was to the wall.

"The papers," went on the blind man, still in an even, emotionless tone, "said I ran a peculiar and remarkable race. I simply sprinted from first to last. The others let me go to the front at the start, expecting me to tire. I didn't. When they began the last sprint, I was a good fifty yards ahead. I couldn't go any faster, then, but I kept the lead and won easily. Of course, I could see at that time."

"I wish from the bottom of my heart," declared Craig, "that you could run in that Chicago meet next month."

"I can!"

The captain of the track team turned quickly. "You can," he repeated, hardly crediting the words. "Why, I thought—Jordan told me you were blind."

On the couch the disabled runner had turned again and was staring with perplexed eyes at the afflicted man.

"I've been thinking a lot since the accident," continued Blaine, ignoring the reference, "and it seems to me that the least I can do, after putting your star runner out of it, is to take his place in the race."

"But—"

The other held up his hand.

"Yes, I'm blind. But my legs are good and my lungs are strong and my brain is clear. Last Monday I went to Camp Randall by myself. For an hour and more I walked around the quarter-mile track, feeling it with my feet, studying its curves, getting its topography impressed upon my mind. Then I ran around it, very slowly and cautiously. Tuesday I ran again, a little faster; and Wednesday, and Thursday, and Friday, increasing my speed and the distance each day. Saturday—well, you know what happened to-day. What I wanted to point out, though, is that some of you fellows who see the track race back under you like a river don't know it any better than I do."

"I see," admitted Craig doubtfully.

"But even if you can run on it as you say," objected Jordan, "that's when you are alone. In a big race, say the inter-collegiate, you'd bump the others and fall or make them fall."

Blaine smiled patiently. "The inter-collegiate will be won by you, Jimmy; that's a good many weeks off yet. My air-castle don't build that high. But in this dual meet where I hear there will be only four runners and with days of practise and plans based on the tactics of the other runners, I might stand a chance. You told me, you know, that Gaspar, of Chicago, was a short-distance man by rights; a sprinter who would go out in front in the mile and 'blow up.' Didn't you?"

Craig answered for him. "Yes, that part of the race is as good as run already."

"Well," said Blaine, his cheeks crimsoning with enthusiasm, "my ear is remarkably keen. I can follow the sprinter by listening to his foot-beats, and get clear of the others. And I told you, you recall, that I ran a peculiar race, nearly top-speed all the way. When Gaspar falters, as you say he will, I can hear his stride break, swoop to one side and pass him."

Craig paced up and down the room. Jordan raised himself on his elbow, his eyes kindling.

"Let him try it, Bob," he implored. "Brown can't hope to win any points, and he might beat Gaspar, anyhow, and get second."

The captain smiled. It was all so absurdly so ridiculous, so impossible. Still, he owed it to himself and to the college to give the boy a trial and then point out at that time, if

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MILES POINDEXTER
Washington



GILBERT M. HITCHCOCK
Nebraska



JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS
Mississippi



HENRY L. MYERS
Montana



CHARLES F. JOHNSON
Maine



JAMES A. REED
Missouri



GEORGE P. MCLEAN
Connecticut



ATLEE POMERENE
Ohio



JOHN D. WORKS
California



JOHN W. KEAN
Indiana



JAMES E. MARTINE
New Jersey



HENRY F. LIPPITT
Rhode Island



CHARLES E. TOWNSEND
Michigan



LUKE LEA
Tennessee

The New SENATE

By ROBERT WICKLIFFE WOOLLEY

Author of A SOFT-PEDAL STATESMAN, THE TWILIGHT OF CANNONISM, etc.

*Strange Faces, Vigorous Ideas and
a New Balance of Power
Mark the Downfall
of the Old Senate Oligarchy
That Has Endured for a Generation
Under Morrill, Blaine,
Gorman and Aldrich*

FOR the first time since the Civil War the United States Senate has no real boss. Jacob H. Gallinger, of New Hampshire, may imagine himself such because he is chairman of the Republican Caucus, or Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania may claim the title as an ap-
F
pointment of the chairmanship of the great Committee on Finance; but the fact is that the real say-so is vested in neither the regular Republicans nor the regular Democrats. A select but potent minority composed of the progressives in both parties wields the scepter, and all titles which have heretofore been indicative of power are now little more than mere matters of form.

This does not necessarily mean that the people rule in what we are fond of calling the latest deliberative body in the world; but does mean that they are getting a foothold here for years their rights and demands were offered at, and that a new order of things at hand.

There came into being in 1861 a Senate oligarchy which was self-perpetuating down to March 4th last. The interests of the vored few of the great corporations were looked after practically to the exclusion of the masses of our people. We of this generation have a habit of referring to Nelson A. Aldrich as the representative and advocate of the chosen few. As a matter of fact he was only the successor of a number of distinguished statesmen, such as Morrill, Sherman and Blaine, who honestly did not know what was to experience a heart throb for the masses. Aldrich probably had as remarkable career as any man who ever entered the United States Senate. Not in the least the senator that Clay, Webster or Calhoun was, or yet so brilliant as was Blaine or Sumner, was a business statesman who accomplished more in the way of getting legislation for which he fought than any man in the history of this government. His passing, therefore, worthy of more than ordinary note, and, because of his consistent devotion to special privilege, should be hailed with thanksgiving by those who sincerely believe in free trade and the rule of the people.

Back in 1893 and 1894 it looked as if the people were going to have a real chance inasmuch as the Democrats and Populists controlled the Senate, which is generally conceded to be the final arbiter, the supreme power in this country. As a matter of fact, the old oligarchy remained in control. Aldrich, who had already attained a position where he was able to dictate the wording of every important measure considered by the Senate, made a deal—some have called it the most corrupt deal in the history of legislation in this country—with the late Senator Arthur P. Gorman, the Democratic leader, by which control for big interests was retained absolutely. The oligarchy then created has reigned supreme ever since, but at the election last fall so many of the members of this select ring were overthrown that consternation has reigned in the reactionary ranks ever since.

Think of it! Maine went Democratic, and Eugene Hale, chairman of the powerful Appropriations Committee, could not have returned if he had wished to; New York went Democratic, and Chauncey M. Depew, for more than a generation the hired man of the New York Central Railroad and of the Vanderbilt interests in general, steps aside for a Democrat; likewise, John Kean, Senator from New Jersey and special emissary of the Pennsylvania Railroad and about everything else corporate in that little birthplace of monopoly, gets out of the way for James E. Martine; also Charles Dick, successor to the late Marcus A. Hanna, is succeeded by Atlee Pomerene, a Democrat. Thomas H. Carter, the foe of reclamation and of forest reserves, goes out; Samuel H. Piles, of Washington, a reactionary of the most pronounced type, retires in favor of Miles Poindexter, than whom there is not a more sincere Progressive in all the land; Frank Flint, who has long been the avowed champion of the Harriman system of railroads in the Senate, is supplanted by John D. Works, of Los Angeles, one of the most pronounced of Insurgent Republicans; and—this is about the only insect in the salve—Col. Henry F. Lippitt, who wrote the cotton schedule in the Payne-Aldrich bill, takes over the toga worn for thirty years by Mr. Aldrich.

It is worth while to consider the character of the new men who have entered the Senate,

and the relative importance of the changes wrought by the retirement of the older men who were the backbone of the notorious oligarchy. By reason of the fact that the seeming Republican majority is only nine, and that actually there is no Republican majority at all—the Progressives stand ready to affiliate with those who will render them the most substantial aid in bringing about the enactment of their program—the new Democratic members are of peculiar interest. Probably the most distinguished of this coterie is John Sharp Williams, who was for a number of years the Democratic leader in the lower house of Congress and who was elected by the Mississippi Legislature more than two years ago to succeed Hernando D. Money. He enters the Senate at least as perfectly equipped as any man ever elected to it. He has been tried in the fire of general debate and of parliamentary wrangles. He has held his own and has fought his party's battles with a genius and a command of self which have excited the admiration of political friend and foe alike. While minority leader of the House, Williams was frequently charged with being on far too amicable terms with Speaker Cannon; he was also charged with being too much of a reactionary. The criticism in the one case was based upon suspicion more than upon fact, to the writer's certain knowledge, and in the other, on wish rather than on thought.

It is a remarkable fact that though many of the Democrats actually lost sleep trying to undermine Williams, he could rally them on occasion and put up a solid front against the Republican enemy. Congenial and easy-going Champ Clark failed utterly in this respect. Williams is really a Progressive in thought, though he might protest that he is not, just to try to show that no one can accurately judge his habit of mind, and he will undoubtedly be found on the right side in every important fight which comes up in the Senate in the next six years.

Next to him in importance in the new Senate is Gilbert M. Hitchcock, of Nebraska, as serious minded a person as ever was called upon to represent state or people. Just forty years ago his father was elected to the Senate, and it has been the dearest ambition of the

Original from

son's life to succeed him. In a way, Hitchcock was born with a "silver spoon" in his mouth. The finishing touches to his education he received abroad and he has never known what it was to be actually without all the cash he needed. When William Jennings Bryan was nominated for the Presidency fifteen years ago, he was an editorial writer employed on the staff of Hitchcock's Omaha *World-Herald* at a salary of \$30 a week. This interesting fact has never caused the slightest rift in the friendship between Bryan and Hitchcock, though a difference of opinion as to the liquor question has. Hitchcock knows what is expected of him, and he does his best to "deliver the goods," though at times he may give the impression of having a hard time doing so. He is a gentleman, and is often forced to combat persistently and skillfully measures which other politicians would allow to pass without the semblance of a protest. Hitchcock is the man who for one hundred days fought in the House of Representatives to bring about the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation, with ultimate success. Last fall it looked as though he was going to be beaten for the Senatorship by his Republican opponent. Several newspaper men called upon Gifford Pinchot to endorse him publicly. The latter replied that he would not do so until certain charges of financial irregularity concerning a loan negotiated by Hitchcock with a banker, while this banker was state treasurer some years ago, were explained. In fact, he asked for a clean bill of health from William Jennings Bryan. The latter, who had supported Richard L. Metcalf, the managing editor of his own *Commoner*, for the Democratic nomination, was familiar with the facts in the case, and unhesitatingly gave Hitchcock a clean bill of health. Pinchot came forward with his endorsement and the day was saved. It has been estimated by alleged political wiseacres that this prompt action by Pinchot and Bryan made a difference of ten thousand votes in the primaries.

Hitchcock is one of the most ardent of Progressives. His father was a hidebound Republican of the old school, but Gilbert M. became a Democrat in 1887 and has remained one ever since.

Miles Poindexter, of Washington, formerly of Virginia, is one of the most picturesque men who ever entered the Senate. He was in the House only two years. During that time he made such a record for efficiency and for general ability to do the right thing at the right time that he immediately took a leading place. He probably holds the most remarkable record for not voting with his party, of any man who ever sat in Congress. A few weeks ago John Dwight, the Republican whip of the House, was informed that Poindexter was the most consistent man in the House—he had voted against the Republicans every time. Dwight resented this statement and replied that Poindexter was one of the sterling members of the House. On a recent occasion he had voted with the Republicans.

"For what proposition was that?" asked a reporter.

"To adjourn," Dwight replied.

An excellent thing about Poindexter is that he has a fine sense of humor, which can not be said for the majority of the members of the Senate, either old or new. He has a way of poking fun at his opponents, and it will be worth while to watch him in action against John Sharp Williams.

The man who will attract as much attention as any of the new Senators will be Luke Lea, of Tennessee. He is next to the youngest man ever elected to the upper house of Congress. Henry Clay was appointed to it when only twenty-nine years of age, and the Constitutional limit had to be waived in his favor; John J. Crittendon, of Kentucky, was elected when only thirty, the Constitutional minimum, and William James Bryan, of Florida, was appointed a Senator when thirty-one years old. Lea is truly a political accident. He would never have been considered had there

[Continued on page 59]

The BOYS are After You A WARNING TO GROWN-UP FARMER

Forty-five Thousand Southern Boys are Setting a New Pace
in the Production of CORN



Professor
O. B. MARTIN
Demonstrator
in charge of
Boys' Corn Clubs



By FORREST CRISSEY

Author of MISSIONARIES TO THE SOIL

Secretary WILSON,
Dr. S. A. KNAPP,
and Prize Winners for 1914
WILLIAM WILLIAMS
Mississippi
HUGHEY HARDEE
Alabama
STEPHEN HENRY
Louisiana
JOHN WILLIAMS
Alabama (6th Dist.)
JERRY MOORE
South Carolina
ARCHIE ODOM
South Carolina
IRA SMITH
Arkansas
FLOYD GAYER
Oklahoma
JOSEPH STONE
Georgia
MAURICE OLGER
Virginia
EARNEST STARNE
North Carolina

T

HERE are many big agricultural movements on foot to-day—movements that spell millions in increased crops and lowered cost of production—but none of them means more to this good country of ours than the Boys' Corn Clubs. The corn club movement is charged with a high educational voltage, it tangles with the irrepresible vitality of youth and it has a grip on the farm boy that defies parental indifference or opposition. Not only is it the liveliest and most significant organization of boys in America to-day, but it is one of the most powerful agencies at work for better agriculture, for the new farming methods that stop waste and multiply production.

At the outset of the Farmers' Co-operative Demonstration Work—as Uncle Sam calls his great soil missionary movement which is rapidly regenerating the agriculture of the South—there was no thought that it would elevate competitive corn raising to the rank of king of outdoor sports. But apparently it has, for it has a "league" of lively contestants now numbering almost fifty thousand members—46,225, to be exact. Baseball and football take second place in the interest of country boys in those states where Uncle Sam's Boys' Corn Clubs have had a chance to harvest at least one crop of popularity and enthusiasm.

In the year 1909 alone, more than 12,500 of these ardent and husky young recruits were enrolled—a fact which indicates the startling momentum which this movement is gaining. The ultimate effect of this sturdy and resolute army of juvenile farmers on the agriculture of the South and of the entire country is not easy to estimate. It is easier to make the estimate too small than to make it too large. Then, these facts must be held steadily in mind: It is an army of progressives; there is not a reactionary, not a stand-patter in the whole membership; it is an army drilled by the firm hand of Uncle Sam himself, inspired by a splendid spirit of achievement and stimulated by a system of rewards so substantial and attractive as to call into action the last ounce of voltage in every live country boy who is drawn into the contest.

But the real meaning of this movement is best measured by what the corn club boys have accomplished. There is hardly a community in which a corn club boy has planted a contest acre where his results have not set the pace and established a new record. One district agent of the Farmers' Co-operative

Demonstration Work in Texas recently reported that his men were kept busy signing up the fathers of boys who had been members of the corn clubs the previous season, and that many of these men asking to be allowed to demonstrate Government methods had obstinately refused to receive instruction the year before and openly expressed their contempt for Government methods and "book farming."

Again, some of the most remarkable yields of corn—the cost of production considered—in the United States have been produced by "youngsters" under the spur of the corn clubs' contest. Wherever a boy has worked a contest acre under Uncle Sam's rules the whole region has reaped a rich harvest of hope, a fresh and vigorous faith in the fact that there is a new and a better way of farming that will double and treble their yields and reduce the cost of production; that will give them prosperity crops in place of a scant livelihood.

The idea of the organization of the Boys' Corn Clubs seems to have originated in central Illinois. Dr. Knapp also found a number of men in Mississippi, among them Professor Smith and Professor Early, who were intensely interested in agriculture in the common schools. These school clubs, however, were open to every boy; there was no definite or consistent plan of instruction. Dr. Knapp, being a practical farmer as well as a scientist and an educator, took hold of these unformed materials and from them worked out the plans of his great boys' movement which is the feeder to the parent organization of the Farmers' Co-operative Demonstration Work.

This powerful arm of Uncle Sam's missionary work for better farming not only commands special attention from Dr. Knapp but is under the direct charge of Professor O. B. Martin, formerly Superintendent of Education in South Carolina. Instead of building a new educational machine, it was decided that the existing public school organization, already provided by each state, offered a ready and efficient agency for this educational work. Therefore, the first effort always is to enlist the co-operation of each county superintendent of public schools. Through him the teachers are interested, and through them the boys.

In an official statement Professor Martin makes this clear presentation of the spirit of the organization and of the methods of instruction:

"It is worth while to get a boy to form a good purpose and work persistently toward its accomplishment. If a number of boys can be induced to strive for the same goal

Original from

with a spirit of friendly rivalry which stimulates observation, study, industry and economy, then the good results will be increased many fold.

"Such is the plan of the Boys' Corn Clubs in the farm demonstration work. In order to get the best results, it is not only necessary to get the boys to unite their efforts, but it is also essential that other vital forces in the country co-operate. One of the strong features about the demonstration work is that it is co-operative. So in the boys' department, we frequently find the county superintendent of education, the teachers, the demonstration agents, the business men, the newspapers and the parents giving aid and support.

"Where this work is being introduced in a county, the county superintendent of education and teachers can reach the boys in all sections of the county more quickly and more effectively than any other agency. The superintendent can explain the plan to the teachers and they can explain it to the boys and secure the names of all boys who will agree to plant one acre of corn. It is best to begin with corn. It is a fine subject for study, and our people need to raise more corn in order to be prosperous and independent.

"After this is done, a meeting of all boys interested should be held at the courthouse for the purpose of organization and instruction. Such meeting should be held as early in the season as possible, so that every boy may have time for proper preparation of soil and selection of seed. For the first year it has been found advantageous to see that first-class seed is furnished to all the boys alike. After that, each boy should select and breed his own seed corn. Wherever a special agent of the United States Department of Agriculture is located in a county, it will be found that he will gladly help in giving instruction and advice in regard to the agricultural part of the work, either to the county club or to local groups of boys whom he may meet in his rounds over the county."

There is every indication that both Dr. Knapp and Professor Martin have been boys themselves, for they show a shrewd knowledge of that inward pull, that irresistible appeal which a coveted prize, coupled with an honorable distinction, exerts upon the latent energies of the ordinary country boy.

Last year the grand prize held before the eyes of the corn club boys was a free trip to Washington. Dr. Knapp had started this movement the year before by personally offering this prize to the boy in Mississippi who could grow the largest corn crop to the acre at the least cost, and others made similar offers for the states of South Carolina, Arkansas and Virginia. Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, also announced



There were no horses available, so the goat was speedily "broken to cultivator" and this boy's acre produced eighty-four bushels

that when the winners were in Washington he would personally bestow upon each of them a diploma of merit to indicate the value which the Department set upon their achievement. By 1910 business organizations and private individuals in eleven states were offering free trips to Washington.

Here was a prize to thrill the blood of the farm boys in those states—and thrill it did! It brought the live ones to the surface. Few stories are told by officials of the Department with greater relish than the incidents of the triumphal visits to Washington on the part of the grand sweepstake prize winners.

Elmer Halter, of Conway, Arkansas, the winner from his state in 1909, had never been fifty miles from his home at the time he was told that he had won the trip to Washington. His father was doubtful about the wisdom of allowing the untraveled boy to attempt so long a trip alone, and Elmer himself had other plans. He said he had been saving up to buy a horse and would like to stay at home and apply the cost of the Washington trip to that purpose. The bankers who gave the prize said no, but assured him that he might keep for his own use whatever he might save out of \$100 above the actual cost of the trip. The father's objections were overcome by the promise of Professor Martin that arrangements would be made to have Elmer join DeWitt Lundy, another prize winner, both boys to have the company of Professor Smith, superintendent of education, who was also going to Washington.

The boys were not due to arrive in Washington until after midnight, and believing them to be in safe hands, Professor Martin

did not go to the station, but called at the hotel at which they were to stop in the morning.

When he inquired for Professor Smith and was told by the hotel clerk that no such person was in the house, Professor Martin began to realize his responsibilities most sorrowfully. His next inquiry was for DeWitt Lundy and to this he also received a like reply. Then he asked for Elmer Halter, and before the clerk was able to answer, a boy in knee breeches pulled his coat and announced: "That's me, sir. I'm here."

"Did you finally get accommodations on the sleeping car?" the boy was asked.

"Say," was the answer, "do you know that they tried to get two dollars out of me for a place to sleep in? Two dollars! Well, they didn't get it. I just sat up."

"And how about your meals on the train?" "Didn't have any," came the crisp reply; "waited till we reached Charlottesville, Virginia, and bought a chicken hamburger in the station for fifteen cents. They wanted awful prices for a little to eat on that train. I wouldn't stand for it."

The boy had traveled from Arkansas to Washington, D. C., at a total expense of fifteen cents above his railway fare! When he returned to his Arkansas home he carried with him \$55.00 of the \$100.00 allowed for the trip and declared he was "sure goin' to have that horse." His latent business instincts were thoroughly aroused, and no rule-of-thumb farmer can persuade him that the New Agriculture is not the greatest and the most desirable calling open to any young man in America.

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These two pictures show the contrast of unscientific and scientific methods of corn raising. On this Virginia farm, by following old methods, the tenant's yield was only 14 bushels to the acre. Under the new system it yielded 80 bushels



Original from



The Rurales

FIGHTING In Mexico

The Background of the Present REVOLUTION
which has Caused the
Rapid Mobilization of Twenty Thousand
AMERICAN SOLDIERS
on the MEXICAN BORDER.

Written from First-hand Knowledge of
Mexican Conditions and Character

By EDWIN EMERSON

Illustrated with Painting by MAYNARD DIXON (*Frontispiece*) and by Photographs

SINCE President Taft's famous mobilization of one-third of our army on our Southern frontier, news from Mexico has loomed large in the daily press.

It is not for nothing that we have an "army of observation," augmented by eight thousand specially invited "military observers," stationed along the Rio Grande. Many of these observers, supplemented by aeroplanes and other vigilant searchlights of the press, have been making the most of their opportunities.

Thanks to their efforts during the last three months, breakfast would never have been complete without some item in our morning paper about fighting in Mexico.

Most of these items have come from El Paso, Laredo, Eagle Pass, San Diego, and their points on the hither side of the Rio Grande, where no censorship trammels the imagination. The news conveyed in these despatches has been understood to come from Mexican refugees stealing by dead of night across the border, from American travelers being homeward, or from doughty war correspondents riding for dear life through a hail of bullets till they dropped exhausted at the first American telegraph station.

From the correspondents stationed at the Mexican capital we have heard nothing but categorical denials of the Chihuahua stories of murderous ambushes and massacred soldiers, as described by the Texas correspondents yesterday.

If we are to believe President Diaz and his government officials, there has been no fighting of any consequence anywhere in Mexico—no revolution—no armed uprising in mass—no trouble to speak of. Nothing but a few bandits and horse thieves get-

ting their proper chastisement from the local authorities at a few outlying spots in the vague cattle ranges of Chihuahua. In the words of President Diaz, this is not "war," but merely "hunting."

How different rings the story we get from the revolutionists! According to them, half of Mexico is in open revolt. All the inhabitants of the big northern states of Chihuahua, Sonora, Coahuila, Nuevo Leon and Durango have gone over to the revolutionists. The southern states, too, below the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and along the frontier of Guatemala, are in open disaffection. Guadalajara, the second largest city of the Republic, and the capital of Jalisco, is only awaiting the proper signal to join the revolt with all Jalisco and the adjoining territory of Tepic.

Throughout this disaffected country, so some newspapers despatches tell us, the government telegraphs and rural telephone lines are down. None of the railroads are running, north of Aguas Calientes, near Mexico City, so we are told—the revolutionists having dynamited their most important bridges and otherwise intimidated the train crews. The foreign settlers everywhere in the open country, so it has been reported, have been warned to arm themselves and to stand guard over their property, since the Mexican authorities can no longer guarantee their safety. The government troops, we learn, have met with such serious reverses that President Diaz was provoked into summarily dismissing his Minister of War, and this unfortunate minister's successor mended matters so little that he, too, is succeeded by Bernardo Reyes, recalled from exile. All this has so seriously affected the credit of Mexico, so certain Mexican exiles write from Paris, that Señor Limantour, President Diaz's Minister of Finance, was threatened with im-

mediate dismissal by his autocratic master and had the greatest trouble in bringing about the conversion of one-half of Mexico's foreign debt on an acceptable basis.

Such is the gloomy picture of their country's plight drawn by the malcontents of Mexico. In the words of Carlos de Fornaro, an avowed enemy and victim of Diaz, the beginning of the end is indeed at hand. But this, Fornaro assures me, means not the ending of the revolution, but the beginning of an enlightened liberal government under the leadership of Don Francisco Madero, who has taken it upon himself to put an end to all the tyranny and despotism of Diaz, the Dictator.

So there you are, gentle reader. You may believe what you like, whichever side your sympathies or prejudices prompt you to take. Or, not knowing what to believe, you can pass it all up, unread, as "newspaper lies."

Still, there remain some searchers after truth, and, like the Missourians, they want to be "shown."

There must be some fire, they argue, where there is so much smoke. If there is no serious fighting, why so many official complaints from Mexico concerning American filibusters and alleged spies, and American rifles and ammunition smuggled across the border, so that 30,000 of our regular army and all the Texas rangers hurried to posts along the frontier have to be kept on the jump watching the Rio Grande? Surely war ministers are not dismissed for nothing! If the so-called revolution be but a bugaboo, why must President Diaz's political rivals either go to jail, or travel abroad for their "health"? Above all, why are Mexican consuls declining so steadily? In a word: "What is really going on in Mexico?"

Here goes for an answer from one who has been on the ground, who has talked with President Diaz, and who has also been taken into the councils of the revolutionists.

The real trouble with Mexico to-day is that everybody of any consequence in that country is wondering about to-morrow. President Diaz, having reached his eightieth year, may die any day without the help even of an assassin. Still, assassins are not unheard of in Mexico. Only a few years ago one of Porfirio Diaz's would-be assassins cost the life of the chief of police of the City of Mexico.

Now all Mexico is speculating, should Don Porfirio die, who is to be his successor? Not his successor *de jure*—the vice-president of the Republic—but his successor *de facto*—the man who will beat down all opposition, exterminate his rivals for power, to rule a cowed country with a hand of iron, as Diaz has ever done.

Will it be Ramon Corral, the vice-president, or General Ramirez, the commander-in-chief of the redoubtable *rurales*? Or Enrique Creel, the friend of the foreigners and of Uncle Sam? Or General Bernardo Reyes, the friend of the Church and idol of the army? Or Señor Limantour, the capitalist and financial wizard? Or Don Francisco Madero, the martyr and outlaw leader of Coahuila?

All but this last man are out and out government men who, strictly speaking, have but one party behind them: the party of established order. Madero alone is the leader of the opposition, the party of disappointment, of revolt, and professed reform. The former malcontents of Northern Mexico, having been cheated of their hopes in Bernardo Reyes, have now fixed their allegiance on Madero.

After Madero, last summer, showed that he had the stuff in him to run against Diaz as a presidential candidate and to go to prison and into temporary exile for his ambitions, it was enough for him to recross the border with arms in his hands to be received by his friends and old peons as their chosen leader.

To understand what followed, one must have been in Mexico. To grasp it all, one must have gone through the length and breadth of Chihuahua and the waste mountain ranges towering between the states of Chihuahua and Sonora.



Mexican soldiers searching a mountain settlement for Insurgents

The Mexicans in general are just as ready for a revolution at the drop of the handkerchief as any of their hotblooded neighbors in Central and South America. The only reason why Mexico, during the last generation, has not been revolution-ridden like Guatemala, Honduras or Nicaragua, is because Porfirio Diaz, from his start as a ruler thirty-five years ago, showed himself strong enough to nip every attempted revolution in the bud.

Still, it is to be remembered that Diaz, before he got the upper hand, was himself a chronic revolutionist and rebel, fighting in turn against the governments of Santa Ana, Comonfort, Maximilian, Juarez and Lerdo. Before Diaz fought his way to power, Mexico was continuously in the throes of rebellion and armed uprisings. Within Diaz's own rule, it took more than twenty years to put down one single rebel leader—Lozado, the Indian chief of Tepic.

Even now the district of Tepic is considered so unruly that it has been deprived of its autonomous government as a state and is ruled direct by Diaz as a Federal territory with more *rurales* and soldiers to the square mile than any other part of Mexico. This territory is still the stamping ground of wholly uncivilized and unsubdued Indian tribes; the Coros, Terascos and Hueycholes. These Indians speak no Spanish, acknowledge no allegiance to the Mexican government, and won't let any white man enter their territory without taking to the warpath.

Next to Tepic in lawlessness come the great states of Sonora and Chihuahua. They form a vast stretch of sparsely settled cattle country, running from dusty waterless plains to unbroken timber and mountains as steep and tough as our own Rockies. The Sierra Madre range, in fact, is nothing but a continuation of our Rocky Mountains, snowcapped,

uninhabited and untraversed except by the roughest of mule trails.

The late Frederic Remington, after spending a summer on one of the Chihuahua ranches, came back to "God's own country" with a fixed determination never to set foot in Chihuahua again. He told me that it was the roughest and wildest country he had yet set eyes on. To the newspaper men of San Francisco, where Remington lingered a while on his way back from Mexico, the artist's tales of cowpunching in the mountain ranches around Las Ojos and Baviçora seemed wildly lurid; yet they were nothing but the simple truth.

Afterward Remington immortalized that country in his spirited series of illustrations for "Pony Trails." In one of the passages of this book he tells how almost anywhere in the Sierra Madre, if you drop your hat, it will light at least a mile below.

Remington's farewell experiences in Chihuahua were with a runaway stage coach which overturned on top of him and his companions, after which they stopped for repairs at a town which that same night was "shot up" by mountain bandits.

That same place, Temosichic in Chihuahua, shortly afterward was the scene of a bloody massacre of soldiers by Tahamare Indians, a scene which has been graphically depicted by Remington in one of his most spirited pictures.

Only a short while ago, again, Temosichic was raided by the revolutionists, when a luckless column of Mexican soldiers dragging their way over the mountains was caught in an ambush and cut to pieces by the armed mountaineers and Indians.

To understand these doings, one should bear in mind that Chihuahua is a vast stretch of untilled and unfenced country nearly as

large as France or England. There are no military roads, no modern fortified places nor strong government storehouses. Apart from the Mexican Central Railroad, which now is kept strongly guarded, there are but a few narrow-gauge, single-track, jerk-line railways which are quite at the mercy of any one who chooses to tackle their rails with pickax and shovel. The same is true of the railway telegraphs and the few interurban telephones that have been strung from Chihuahua City to some of the surrounding *pueblos*.

These *pueblos* are mostly little settlements of from ten to twenty adobe huts. They lie distant from each other along a day's journey on horseback, or from thirty to seventy-five miles. Besides these little settlements, few and far between, there are to be found here and there isolated ranch buildings set in the desert like small islands in midocean.

Where the dusty plains end, rises a steep range of mountains, the foothills of which are covered with thick underbrush and timber; mesquite, scrub oak, fir and pine. The upper ranges are bare ridges and walls of rock, snow-capped until late in spring. All this rugged mountain range is intersected by deep ravines, gulches and canyons, where only mules or mountain mustangs can tread the trails. In winter it is so cold there that soldiers from the tropical provinces can not stand the climate.

This wild country for the last two hundred years has been the hunting ground of the Yaquis, the Apaches, and the Tahuamare Indians. Most of the Apaches have been either killed or driven off, thanks to the help of the American soldiers who were sent across the border under Crook, Lawton and Miles, but the Yaquis still give endless trouble and so do the Tahuamares. Of these last there are some

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The cattle, to which the bandits help themselves so freely, are the property and mainstay of the supporters of the government. The Texas cowmen describe the whole rebellion as a "beef-eating contest"



HELEN

"We saw real beauty for the first time"

Drawing by WALTER TITTLE, illustrating

THE LUCK SERUM

The LUCK Serum

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Author of THE DOUBLE-BARRELED AUTHOR

Illustration by WALTER TITTEL

Y OU'VE all heard of Carnovan. He was like Benvenuto and Leonardo—great at everything. "The Tower of Silence" is a great novel. "The Glass Beast" is a great poem. The man could draw sounds from musical instruments that drew tears from men and women. He could talk international law and electricity. He was very able with paint. And, of course, as a surgeon, he performed the most startling operations of his day and touched the highest fees. The greatest of all his achievements, however, isn't known. I'm going to tell you about that. And you will understand why I believe in luck.

When Burbadge and I, just graduated from the P and S went to work under Carnovan, he was completing his experiments in luck, and had lost all interest, if not all facility, in his other hobbies. Luck obsessed him. Good luck and bad. His own at this time was bad. But he said it had to be bad; he had burned his candle at both ends; he was run down. He was in that condition physically when people catch things—pneumonia, typhoid—and die of them. That, however, did not concern him. His candle was only a stub, but he kept the two ends going.

He had got himself, in spite of his big income, into a financial mess. He refused to worry. "Wait till I have harnessed luck," he would say, "and put it to work. It's only a question of weeks." As a matter of fact it was a question of months. And it was Burbadge and I who worked out the details under the sick man's direction and supervision.

Burbadge and I shared a room in the top of the house. Like all the rooms in that house it was fourteen feet from floor to ceiling, and the ceiling, like all the others in the house, was the work of an age gone plaster-mad. It was all fat roses and cupids—the roses were gargantuan; they must have weighed ten pounds apiece—the cupids fifty. We used to discuss the possibility of cupids falling on us while we slept. Burbadge used to pray about the ceiling before he went to bed. He'd say: "Lord, do what you can to make Piper good and beautiful. And with Your strong right hand, or left if You happen to be left-handed, stay the tottering ceilings of this house, lest we perish. If they must fall, however, let it be on Piper, who will never amount to much, any way, and whom I should very much like to dissect; or else let it be on Mrs. Carnovan, who thinks she is sick and isn't, who spends more money than her sainted husband is able to earn. Amen."

The dog was thoroughly cynical and sacrilegious. He got over it. He got over it in two minutes. He got over it the day Mary Carnovan came home from school for the Christmas vacation. He got over it the moment he saw her—life and color in the old house, Helen's face, and two great braids of bright brown hair. The day was memorable for both Burbadge and me. We saw real beauty for the first time in our medical lives, and we learned from Dr. Carnovan, who was weak and despondent of the experiments he had been making in luck. He called us into the laboratory, and gave us two fat volumes of notes in his own clear hand.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "I believe you to be above reproach in honesty. And I need your help. I'm done. I can't go on alone. I have told you that luck is subject to certain

laws. You have laughed. Try to read without bias the notes that I have confided to you—then come to me—and wake me—and if you have faith, we three will go on with the work."

He turned and flung himself full length on a leather lounge and fell asleep. He had that great gift of lying down and suddenly sleeping. Wish I had it. Well, Burbadge and I carried the note-books up to our room, and began to nibble at them. Burbadge nibbled longer than I did. He was thinking about the wonderful young girl who had come home from school and was like a torch in the dark old house. As for me, I gave up nibbling after about two minutes, and began to eat, to rend, to gobble, to stuff myself. The notes, of course, were tough and dry and technical, but the mass of them revealed an extraordinary dream, coming true—gradually coming true.

Here's the idea. Some men are lucky; some are unlucky. That's a fact. It's incontestable. Between positive extremes there are all sorts of degrees of luck and unluck. So that of some men you can't very well say "he's lucky or he isn't," because extremes meet at zero. You know, of course, that some men are very subject to disease; others seem to be immune. And you know how science has worked upon this knowledge until it has gotten results. Vaccination, antitoxin for diphtheria, etc. Carnovan's theory was this. Luck is a definite *something* in a man's system. Bad luck is either the total lack of that element or the preponderance over it of some other element. When you have the two in equal force, there is unending war between them, with negative results.

Even Burbadge began to get excited about it. "Why," he exclaimed, "you or I could take a hypodermic injection of good luck, and get everything we wanted."

He was thinking of two great braids of hair and a wide, shy smile, I suppose.

"Right," I said. "Listen to this—"

About midnight we went very humbly to Dr. Carnovan and waked him. He must have seen the faith in our faces. For he smiled and the color rose in his cheeks.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "it will be the best deed in the world—to make everybody lucky—everybody lucky." He placed his right hand on Burbadge's shoulder; his left on mine. "I feel strong again," he said, "I am leaning on youth—youth!"

II.

For years Dr. Carnovan had been collecting specimens of blood. Whenever he got hold of people who were notoriously lucky or the reverse he begged, bought or, if he happened to have them under ether, stole a small tube full of blood. And then, of course, he stretched his imagination and scientific resources to determine and separate the luck principle. And that wasn't easy. If he could have dealt with buckets of blood instead of drops, it would have been easier; for the amount of luck principle in even an ounce of blood is almost negligible. Still, the man had crowned himself with success. He had in his safe, heated to 98° 3/10°, two ounces of serum of a cold, malignant gray. And that was the principle of bad luck that exists in a man's veins side by side with the principle of good luck; fighting it, and usually getting the better of it.

For Burbadge's benefit and mine Dr. Carno-

van drew a hypodermic full of the stuff, and injected it into a dog. Then he let her go; first strapping a collar round her neck with his name and address on it. She was a strong, able-bodied mongrel, well able to take care of herself. Well, gentlemen, she was brought back to the doctor's house that night by a grocer hoping for a reward. She had had her front legs mashed and broken by a brewer's wagon. Of course it proved nothing. But it was significant and convincing to Burbadge and me. It looked to us like a distinguished case of hard luck.

"If I had an enemy in the world," said Dr. Carnovan, "and could inject some of this serum into him, I should not ask for a better vengeance. He would live to be sorry that he had ever been born."

Then he told us what the good luck principle looked like—"like the clearest water," he said, "only it smiles and shines like diamonds. I had an ounce of it," he said. "I used it nearly all in one great trial. You will not find that experiment in my notebook—and since then, as you know, my attempts to separate the stuff again have all failed. It is working in small quantities that has beaten me. It is easy to get the whole of an unlucky man's blood to work with, but lucky people's deaths are hedged by wealth and mourning families and convention. Once I got the whole of a lucky man's blood; he had prospered in all his undertakings, and died in great peace and ease at somewhere past ninety. It was from that supply that I extracted my one ounce."

Of course we clamored to know about the great trial he had made with it, and he told us, under oath. I won't name names, but you all know the man; he is one of two private citizens who are honored and admired wherever there is civilization. Up to forty years of age he had no success of any kind. Furthermore, he was a stupid man. Still is. His early history is that of one piece of appalling hard luck after another. But Carnovan changed all that. He was operating on the man for gall-stone. He knew his history; had always liked him. It occurred to him that there was a great opportunity to try the luck serum—he had already tried a little of it on a dog with astonishing results—so, pretending to the nurse that he was using a new heart stimulant, he injected the stuff into the man's veins.

Well, the girl the man had always loved turned to him at last. He put his hand to this and that. Everything succeeded. Every small thing—every big thing. If he buys a black canvas and has it cleaned and repaired it turns out to be a Correggio. His stable has to its credit the *Grand Prix* and the Derby. He has many children to be proud of. He has an enormous following; an enormous respect. When he was young he was sickly; at seventy-two he is powerful and robust. Better than all, he is happy—wonderfully happy. Governments borrow from him. He has much to do with the peace of the world. He believes unflinchingly in a happier life after death. He lives gladly. He will be glad to die. He passes for, perhaps, the most brilliant figure of our time. . . . As a matter of fact, he is mentally stupid.

Naturally you know the man I mean. But you can't prove it. I haven't named him.

III.

The next winter Mary Carnovan was presented to society. Ours was a simple city in

those days. Girls had best young men; young men had best girls. You could take your best girl to the theater or for a buggy ride; you could take her to her home after the dance. There is very little evil in young people—if you let 'em alone. Don't watch 'em. Trust 'em.

Burbadge made a very useful escort for Mary Carnovan. Sooner than let harm come near her, he would have allowed himself to be torn to pieces. His usefulness in the laboratory was a thing of the past. And pretty much the whole responsibility of determining the luck serum was on me. Dr. Carnovan had grown very old and feeble during the year. His debts were very heavy, and many of his old patients were taking their troubles to younger men. The old house itself was falling to pieces for lack of little repairs. The shell cried for paint; the wall papers were stained and faded. The carpets were worn to shreds. The necessities of life, and the necessities of the laboratory ate up whatever ready cash the doctor could lay his hands on. Mary Carnovan wore simple, graceful dresses that had not been paid for. Mrs. Carnovan clung to her trained nurse and complained. Personally I had had no money of the doctor in six months. But I borrowed what I needed from Burbadge who had a tiny income of his own.

One day, after a prolonged spell of raining, a part of the massive ceiling of the front hall fell. The housemaid had her arm broken and her head badly contused. Dr. Carnovan set her arm and gave her his note for five hundred dollars. The fallen plaster was carried out and thrown on the dump heap. The great lathed gap in the ceiling was never repaired. There was no money. The best we could do was to keep the hall as dark as possible.

Make the picture as gloomy as you please. Mary Carnovan could not, perhaps, have shone so brightly in a brighter house. The fame of her beauty had even spread beyond our city. Burbadge used to tell me about her successes. He gloried in them, as if he had been responsible for her—for her beauty, her simplicity, and her sweetness. He always spoke of her with a kind of awe and wonder that was very touching. Custom bred no staleness. For him she seemed to have an infinite variety. But she was not a clever girl—far from it. She was much better. She was an Olympian. When she entered a room people stopped talking and looked. She was completely above all those usual little ills that the flesh is heir to. She had no conceit of herself; she had no idea that she was one of the most beautiful and perfect creatures that had ever lived. To speak to most people she had to bend her head. She was beautifully tall. She had a wide, shy smile, the most brave eyes. But of all her traits of physical and mental beauty, the most pronounced was kindness. It is almost a wonder to me that she did not marry the first man who asked her rather than cause him pain.

Many men seemed determined to marry her. Of these by far the most important from a material point of view was young Jacob Van Tromp of New York. He came to our city on purpose to marry her, rented a great house, and entertained in the lavish, barbaric New York way, for all he is a mean man, and always was. I haven't hesitated in naming his name to you; shouldn't mind your repeating the fact to him and saying that I called him names behind his back. He sent for me once when he was very sick, and I refused to go. I can't put my opinion of him more strongly.

Well, he came to our city wanting Mary Carnovan. He was only twenty-two. Disease had not then marked him. His ostrich type of skull with the shallow beastly brain pan was not then so pronounced; the blue of his eyes was not so washed out as it is now. He wore a black mustache then that hid the cruel, sensual mouth, the mouth half-shrewd, half-idiotic that you see in portraits of the Hapsburgs. The crowded teeth were hidden. There was a certain glamor of youth over

him, and the glamor, of course, of stupendous wealth, unspendable, rolling up upon him in greater and greater waves. The evil that he had crowded into twenty-two years was not well-known. People said that he was a sad dog, fast and gay; not that he was wicked. They said that his love for Mary Carnovan was genuine; that if she married him she could reform him. He didn't love her. He wanted her. He loved only himself.

Like many men who just escape being idiots he was in some ways extraordinarily sharp and clever. And from the first the campaign that he waged for Mary was directed against her mother and her father. And one after the other, as he wormed himself into our home life, these fortresses of parental affection opened wide their gates to him.

Burbadge and I used to pray that the massive ceiling of the house would fall upon him. And Mary, of course, was kind to him, just as she was kind to Burbadge, and to me, and to the servants, and to the postman, and to the dogs and the cats.

IV.

Meanwhile our experiments had brought results—real results. In one of the old box stalls in the stable, eating his head off, we had a strong young horse from whom we could draw the serum of good luck in—I was going to say commercial quantities. That won't do. It's a reflection on Dr. Carnovan, who, sick as he was and down as he was, placed the good of mankind far above his own private fortunes. Well, we had the stuff, plenty of it, clear and limpid as water, but with all the shine and brilliancy of diamonds, but we were timid about using it. To supplant the old order of things, even with a new and better, is rather a hideous responsibility. We were impatient; and not in a hurry. We were banking too much on the power of one horse to keep alive. We must have a herd, a farm in the country, with a laboratory and chemists. This would cost money. We had none. We had no credit.

How easy certain things are for the rich! I would have given my hand, several fingers off it any way, to help Dr. Carnovan, and it wouldn't have done any good. But when Jacob Van Tromp learned across the bare mahogany that a farm was wanted, laboratory facilities, etc., in the interest of humanity, all he had to do was to say "go ahead—draw on me—any amount you like."

Dr. Carnovan was happy as a child. It seemed to him that any man who could couple the words of "humanity" and "any amount" must be at heart a good man. The inevitable happened.

I found Burbadge packing his trunk. He wouldn't look at me, or couldn't. Wouldn't say anything for a while. I went to work and literally shook him until the evil tidings fell out.

"She's going to marry him," he said, "and I can't make her say that she cares. She's a sacrifice: wreaths of fresh flowers for the satyr to trample on. I can't stand it. I don't think I could see her again and live. I'm going home. I'm done for."

"You're a coward," I said. "Will it make her any happier to think that you've bolted with a broken heart? If I loved a girl and she was in trouble I'd stand by her to the end. But you wouldn't. Just because a girl prefers some one else to you and your measly prospects, you cut and run. Enmity is hating people when they do impossible things: friendship is loving them and sticking to them. Don't be a fool. Take your things out of that trunk and put them back in the press. At least take that pink shirt out. I only loaned it to you. I didn't give it to you for keeps."

I got him to promise that he would stay until after the wedding. And then I got Mary alone and talked to her, and said what I thought.

"Oh Mary," I said, "what's this Harry has told me? And is it true, deliberate, irrevocable? Must you go on with it? Harry," I

said, "loves you. You know that. He began the day you came from school and were like a torch in the dark house. And I think no man ever worshiped a girl as he worships you. And you care for him—if only a little—you know that you do. Is it money for your good father's sake that you are after, Mary? I know it's not for your own. Well, it isn't good enough. What's a library of bills and an army of creditors alongside you and Harry? He's as straight and true to man nature as you are to woman nature. Give him the right to lift the troubles off this house. Give him the right where it will do the most good. Don't you know in your heart that Harry is to be a great man, and a rich man, with you to solace him through the upward years?"

She looked as the doe looks that you've bored with a big slur of lead. Her great eyes had in them the pain and the dignity of death. "I love Harry," she said. "Does that give me the right to kill my father with disappointment?"

"You dear, darling, beautiful fool," I said. "Don't you know that sooner or later all parents die of disappointment? I am a doctor and I tell you on my oath that your father has only a little while to live."

"Then let it be happily," said she. "Impossible," I said. "No man's last days are happy when he knows that they are his last."

"Let them then," said she, "be as happy as I can make them. I have given my word."

"Then," said I, "prolong your engagement until after your father's death."

"Oh," she cried, "you are asking me to cheat."

"To cheat?" said I. "Why not? You have cheated Harry and yourself of your own accord without a thought of the dishonesty. You have cheated old Mother Nature that made you man and woman. Advise you to cheat? Of course. I always advise people to do what they are best at."

I worked myself into a regular rage, but I couldn't change her, and it ended with her crying on my shoulder, and me sniffing like a little boy that's been kicked on the shin.

Her engagement was announced at the Montraver's ball. I have been told by people who were present that she looked like death. She had declined Burbadge's escort and mine. Her maid, who had also been her nurse, went with her and waited for her in the cloakroom. It was late when she entered the ballroom and Van Tromp, tired of waiting, had been dancing with a very gay Mrs. Somebody-or-other. Mary arrived just as a waltz ended. She was in black—plain and simple as they make 'em, and had no ornaments. But she was so tall and beautiful and white and sad that all talking stopped, and people who had just finished dancing stood in their tracks and looked. Van Tromp dropped his partner like a hot brick, but Mrs. Montraver got to Mary first and took both her hands, and was heard saying: "Oh, my dear—my dear." And Mary looked down at Mrs. M.—, who was short and dumpy and kind, and smiled her wonderful, wide, shy smile, and then she turned the smile on Van Tromp and tried to say something and couldn't. The host, meanwhile, after one look at Mary, had hurried over to the band and told them to play—to play anything—only play—play! He hurried then so that they hurried, and struck into *Blue Danube* at such a tempo that people couldn't either keep their feet still or dance fast enough to be in time.

Well, Mary danced with all her old friends—and got back a little of her color, because she loved dancing. And then she went into supper on her fiancé's arm, and there was a lot of champagne drunk and some of the men made speeches, and praised her to her face—all this is hearsay.

I was working in the laboratory when she came home. It was a beastly, measly rainy morning, had drizzled all night, and all the day before. I heard the carriage drive up, heard her open the front door with a latch key, and heard her say something to her maid

(Continued on page 41)



"Oh, Mercy!" Janey exclaimed

Janey

Peers Behind The VEIL

By

INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of JANET AND THE STORK, JANET TAKES A THINKING PART, etc.

Illustrations by ADA C. WILLIAMSON

"O H, Jim!" Mrs. Blair's words came muffled from behind the paper she was reading. "That dear old Mr. Irvine is dead."

"That so?" Uncle Jim said absently. "Well, I guess it's about time. Old codger must have been ninety, at least."

It is an extraordinary fact of the human intelligence that it acquires its vocabulary as people buy trunks, crammed with rubbish, at an auction. Now the word "dead" was an item of Janey Blair's vocabulary as firmly established, as commonly and unquestioningly used as "doll" or "play." But this morning, Janey really heard it for the first time. That is to say, it came into her head that, behind the sound, lay an idea that she had not entirely grasped.

"Uncle Jim," she asked suddenly, "what is dead?"

"Miriam!" Uncle Jim called to his sister, and there was incipient panic in his voice. But Mrs. Blair had disappeared, paper in hand, in the direction of Aunt Marcia's room. Uncle Jim groaned. "Oh, Janey, why did I ever get into this business of being your uncle? If I had known it involved becoming a human dictionary, an embodied encyclopedia, a manual of the science of living and a compendium of all the arts, I'd have sidestepped it—sure!"

"It's something you have to be before you can be buried, isn't it?" Janey asked, patiently ignoring two-thirds of Uncle Jim's answer. For conversation to flow smoothly between her and Uncle Jim, Janey often had to do that.

"Yes," said Uncle Jim.

"And they put you in the ground, don't they?" Janey continued.

"Yes," said Uncle Jim.

"Does everybody have to die?" Janey went on after a pause.

"Yes," said Uncle Jim.

"Will Aunt Marcia have to die?" Janey's

tone was that of one to whom general statements carry no conviction.

"Yes," said Uncle Jim.

"Will Caroline have to die?" Janey's air was a little staggered.

"Yes," said Uncle Jim.

"Will you have to die?" Janey's voice quivered with the perplexity of one for whom all stable things are crumbling visibly to dust.

"Yes," said Uncle Jim.

"Will mother have to die?" And now Janey's manner was positively scandalized.

"Yes," said Uncle Jim.

"Uncle Jim!" Janey paused and the interval palpably thrilled with desperation. Mutely she seemed to beg her uncle to consider well before he spoke. "Will I have to die?"

"Yes," said Uncle Jim.

"Oh, darn!" said Janey.

Uncle Jim suddenly burst into a wild whoop of laughter. "Oh, you ego!" he remarked to himself.

Janey meditated a moment. And when she spoke again, it was evident that she was holding out no hope to herself. "I suppose if once you get dead, you have to keep dead, don't you?"

"I'm afraid so," said Uncle Jim. "In the course of a long and checkered career, I never heard of a single authentic case of relapse."

Janey fell into another long reverie. Uncle Jim had almost succeeded in typewriting a page before she broke it. Why, that's what's the matter with George Washington," she said with another electric comprehension of things. "He's dead."

"Good heavens!" Uncle Jim jumped as if he had been shot from behind. "I hope so."

"But, Uncle Jim," Janey continued, "where do you go when you die—I mean where is heaven? And what do you do there?" Like every other little girl, Janey had been to Sunday-school. But like many another little girl, all her untried knowledge deserted her in her hour of need.

With a gesture of despair, Uncle Jim threw aside his manuscript.

"Come here, Janey," he commanded. His little niece climbed into his lap.

"Nobody knows exactly what becomes of us after we die," Uncle Jim began. "But all the great and good and wise men who have lived on this earth believed that we go to another world where life will be easier and happier. Now that's all I can tell you. That's all anybody can tell you."

"But, Uncle Jim, how do they know if nobody ever came back to tell about it?" How do you know whether people who died really went to heaven?"

"Janey," Uncle Jim answered, "do you believe in fairies?"

"Of course!"

"Did you ever see one?"

"No-o-o," Janey admitted slowly. "Caroline and I *thought* we did once, but it turned out to be a dragon-fly."

"Well, if you never saw a fairy how do you know there are such things?"

"Because I do," Janey said closing the argument after the conclusive and irrefutable manner of her sex. "But, Uncle Jim, I think I'd rather be here than there. I don't care how nice it is, I don't want to go to a place I don't know anything about."

"Janey," replied Uncle Jim, "if you had your choice between living here and in fairyland, which would you choose?"

"Fairyland," Janey said promptly.

"But you don't know anything about fairyland, do you?"

"Yes, I do," Janey answered positively. "I know all about it."

"Well, where is it, then?"

"Why—why—why," stuttered Janey, "I guess I don't know *precisely* where it is, although I have often thought that that hole under Mud Pie Rock might lead to it."

"Where did fairies come from in the beginning; where do they go to when they die; where do they spend their days?" Uncle Jim went on. Janey was helplessly silent. "It's just the same about this after-death proposition. Nobody really knows. But everybody feels that we'll go somewhere where we'll be perfectly happy. Now skip along, Janey."

Janey skipped as far as the piazza.

"Caroline Benton," she said, immediately visiting her perplexity upon her small cousin, "do you know that you're going to die sometime and when you do die, you'll be so dead that you never can get alive again?" In spite of herself, Janey's tone surged with melancholy triumph.

Caroline smiled serenely. "Yes," she said.

"Well, I don't know what you think about it, Caroline Benton," Janey commented, "but I think it's horrid. If I'd known before I was born that I was going to die, I'd—" Janey did not complete her threat. And in point of fact, it is lost to history how she would have grappled with the primal law of a relentless universe. "Well, there's one good thing about it," she ended with a sigh, "everybody's awful old before they die. I asked mother about father and she said he was twenty-nine. And Mr. Irvine was eighty-seven. I tell you what we'd do—" In an instant she bounced from the pensiveness which accompanies resignation with the inevitable to the rapture which precludes artistic creation. "When Danny comes over, we'll play dead. I think it will be lots of fun."

Danny Lord had recently raised the Janey-Caroline combination from a pair to a trio. He lived in the little white house around the bend in the road from the Blair place. Danny was the only boy that Janey Blair ever knew whom she could endure for a steady diet. There were three reasons for this. First, conversation with him was almost as easy as with Uncle Jim. Second, in the making of games, his assistance was invaluable, for where Janey's imagination leaped, his soared. Third, he played as gently as the little girls themselves.

Although Danny was two years older than Janey, who was nine, he was almost as small



Janey's only accomplishment was reading aloud

as she and quite as slim. Indeed, he was not slim, he was thin. Mrs. Blair's eyes always grew sad as she watched him, picking a frail, long-legged way over the path that ran catty-cornered through rocks and briars up from the road to the Blair house. He looked as if his eyes were bigger than most children's, but this was only because they were set deep down, at the bottom of funnels of shadow. He looked as if his face were much smaller than most children's, but that was only because his cheeks displayed concavities of contour when they should have showed convexities. When Danny smiled, Janey had a strange feeling inside; but of course, she had never formulated the idea that there was a high, faraway spiritual quality to his look. She realized vaguely, however, that, for some inexplicable reason, everybody—even grown people—was tenderly kind and careful with Danny. Danny had pretty days when the hollows in his cheeks were filled with a deep flush, even and pinky-soft. He had other periods when he looked as if his face had been modelled in putty. Those were the days when Mrs. Lord kept him in bed most of the morning.

At first the trio had played a great deal about the little white house. But after a while they shifted the scene of their play-dramas to the Blair place. Although Janey favored this change, she could not have told why. But the truth of the matter was that, though the little white house and its environs offered many attractions, there was something wrong with the atmosphere there.

For instance, all day long, Danny's father—youthful, tall, straight, blond, coldly handsome—worked at one end of the house exercising strange music from the piano and then registering it in files of little black notes on paper, fascinatingly fresh and beautifully lined. All day long Danny's mother—youthful, slight, delicate, brunette and gypsyishly beautiful—worked at the other end of the house, putting in order the mahogany that she was eternally buying at auctions.

These two people rarely met; apparently not even at meals. Mr. Lord would stop his music at any time to answer the extraordinary questions that his son addressed to him. Mrs. Lord looked at nothing but Danny when he was about. But Janey had never heard Mr. Lord address a word to his wife. She had never seen Mrs. Lord look in her husband's direction. Indeed, sometimes when Mr. Lord was right there in the room Mrs. Lord would say: "Danny, tell your father that his sister called him up on the telephone and she wants him to meet her in Boston at the South Sta-

tion Friday at eleven." Somehow Janey connected all this with Uncle Jim's remark about the Lords. "It's temperament warring on temperament—she's given up her singing for matrimony and now quarreling with him is her only outlet. He should have married a nice, comfortable, pudgy feather-bed of a woman." At the little white house, Janey adapted herself to this condition of things without conscious curiosity. But in the same unanalyzing way, she realized that games played on the Blair place gained from the occasional sympathetic participation of a lively and devoted household.

Danny entered into the playing-dead game with his characteristic enthusiasm and inventiveness. Late in the morning, Uncle Jim, hearing the sound of chanting, craned to look out of his window. Below him, the children, hands clasped, heads bent, veiled in black mosquito netting, singing as they went, made solemn procession in the direction of the fairy pond. Danny carried a small box, draped with an American flag. That morning, Uncle Jim had rescued a bird from Henry James, the Maltese cat, but he had unfortunately not rescued it soon enough. Uncle Jim now perceived that that robin was receiving a burial worthy of its birth and station. Once seated about the pond, however, the technique of the function seemed to wobble. Caroline dispensed daisy-center tea, Janey propounded some riddles from the riddle book and Danny set off a trio of fire-crackers left over from the Fourth of July.

Perhaps Janey felt that the occasion lacked in verisimilitude. "Mother," she said in a business-like tone at lunch, "the next time there's a funeral in Searsett, will you go and take me?"

"Go and take you!" Mrs. Blair glared. "Certainly not! Janey, I do think you're the most dreadful child I ever saw in my life."

"But—but I only wanted to see what a real funeral was like," Janey protested tearfully.

"Well of all morbid, unhealthy, horrible—" Mrs. Blair lost herself in adjectives. But Uncle Jim, the picture of the morning's procession still vivid in his mind, only smiled.

Nothing daunted by her mother's shocked lack of co-operation, Janey went on with the playing-dead game. It proved to be a great favorite, for it was one of those games that grew constantly in the playing. They could not, of course, always depend on the birds to provide sad occasion for their talents. But Janey evolved the brilliant idea that, instead, one of them should turn corpse. This was received with acclaim. At first, indeed, there

were bickerings and heart-burnings, for, naturally, they all wanted to play the leading rôle. But after a while there were quarrels on quite a different score: nobody wanted to play the leading rôle, for though being dead involved lying with clasped hands under a heap of wild roses, elderberry-blow, butter-and-eggs, queen's lace and daisies, it also involved keeping still. For a while, it looked as if this cheerful sport would have to be abandoned. Then again, Janey's fertile brain hit upon an expedient.

"Let's play that our dollies are dead," and with what amounted to a *tour de force*, "for you see we can really bury the dollies if we want to." Hunting among her treasures, Janey picked from the discard a legless person with a china head whom she re-named Caroline, a bisque beauty with one cheek stove in whom she re-christened Janey and a sailor doll, headless and handless, whom she called Danny. Thereafter the trio knew all the thrilling joys of funeral and burial by proxy.

It was in the midst of their first doll obsequies that Janey received her second initiation into the mysteries of mortality.

"I've seen somebody dead," Danny announced casually; "my cousin Ethel."

"Have you?" Janey asked in an awed tone. "How did she look?"

Danny considered before he spoke. "She looked dead!" he said finally.

"How old was she?"

"Seven," Danny replied with calmness.

"Seven!" Janey repeated, and there was shock in her voice. "Seven! Why, Danny, I didn't know little children could die."

"They can," Danny answered. "I've known quite a few who did." Danny made this statement with pardonable pride.

"Oh, mercy!" Janey exclaimed. "Oh, mercy!" she said a second time. "I don't think that's a bit nice! Why I might die, or Caroline."

"If you got sick enough," Danny said with the philosophic air of one who has fought his battle with this particular problem.

"Oh mercy!" Janey said for the third time and, now, there was in her voice the futile accent of despair. "Why do little children have to die?" she asked in an outraged tone. "They haven't done anything."

"Well, I asked my mother about it once," Danny answered, "and she said she didn't know. And then I thought and thought and thought about it myself and now I know why they have to die."

"Oh, tell me," Janey begged breathlessly.

"Well," Danny began judiciously, "it's this way. You see there are lots of people in the world and they all want God to send them babies. God has to keep working just as hard as he can work to make enough to go round. But no matter how he tries, he's always running out of them. And so, sometimes he takes babies away from those who have them and makes them all over and sends them to people who haven't had any for quite a long time."

Janey gazed at Danny in somber admiration. And perceptible in her look was a "Why-didn't-I-think-of-that-first?" expression.

"Lots of times," Danny went on, "I've noticed that when a child dies a baby comes very soon to somebody living near."

Janey meditated long over this discovery of Danny's. Somehow it seemed to alleviate the sting of death—the possibility that she might have another chance in the lovely, familiar everyday world.

That afternoon they had a doll's burial which for pomp of ritual and a steady display of grief, cast all previous funerals into the shade. But at its conclusion they faced another problem. In the corner of the Blair lot there were now three little stones, suitably inscribed in colored crayons, which paid glowing tribute to the noble qualities of the three departed dolls. Whom should they bury now? In this crisis, it was Danny who had an inspiration. Indeed, with Danny, Janey always had to look to her laurels.

"Janey, you and Caroline go into the woodshed and blind your eyes," he commanded. "And don't peek. And to-morrow at nine o'clock, we'll all meet at the fairy-pond."

The little girls obeyed Danny's instructions to the letter, although his mysterious doings took at least fifteen minutes and involved his return to the house and a subsequent iconoclastic rummaging among Janey's things. The next morning when they met at the fairy pond, a flutter of white in the crevice of Mud Pie Rock caught all eyes. Janey seized it. It was a note. Written in Danny's handwriting, it miraculously did not bear Danny's signature.

Dear mummer, (it said)
I have been dead as long as nessesarry. so I am coming back. I will look like a new baby but I'm not. Please name me Caroline. P. S. look under the first rose bush to the write.

Janey and Caroline flew to the designated spot. There, sure enough, legless as ever, but otherwise perfectly good, a dug-up Caroline presented her simpering china grin to the world.
This was truly exciting. And perhaps nothing more perfectly proves the existence of a true artist in Jane Elizabeth Blair than the joy with which she played to the very end the game of a rival artist. Every day thereafter, the secret and efficient Danny exhumed a doll. Every morning, thereafter, the resurrected being manifested itself in the shade of a rock or in a tangle of blossom. Immediately followed a funeral. Life was one long mortuary orgy.

Now all these events took much more time to happen than to tell about. But suddenly, while still the bloom of novelty lay on the new game, they ceased to play it. In the first place, they became short-handed. Caroline's mother went away for the month of August, taking Caroline with her. And in the second place, the mornings on which Danny had to lie abed grew in frequency. After a while, those mornings lengthened into whole days. The time came when Danny did not leave his bed at all. But this did not at all interfere with the deep friendship between him and Janey.

Janey's only accomplishment was reading aloud. Now Danny was quite as fond as she of that other world into which Uncle Jim had inducted her—a world that was a jumble of the beings of faery, of Greek and Roman and Norwegian gods, of medieval knights, of the people of Robin Hood. Every morning, a book or two under her arm, Janey would go trotting around the curve of the road to the little white house. Every evening she would come back again, sometimes with one of them read from cover to cover.

"Oh, it's so good of you, Mrs. Blair, to let her come every day!" Janey heard Mrs. Lord say once and it was a Mrs. Lord whom Janey would hardly have known had she met her suddenly—so haggard-eyed and stony-mouthed had she become. "It's the only thing he seems to want to do. And the doctor says we must keep him quiet."

Danny certainly kept quiet. Indeed, his little slim body was so propped with pillows that he could hardly turn, had he wanted to. Even his soft bright eyes hardly seemed to move, though sometimes he closed them for long intervals. At these times Janey could never determine whether or not he was asleep, but she always kept on reading. For one thing, Mrs. Lord, who lay on the bed, one hand shading her eyes and the other holding her son's scarcely tinier one, never asked her to stop. And even Mr. Lord listened. He never played at the piano nowadays. Hands in his pockets, eyes down, he wandered eternally in and out of the room.

Came at last one brilliant August day when all nature flamed like a scarlet banner. Janey, following close in the footsteps of Uncle Jim, who read Shakespeare nightly to her, was now reading "The Tempest" to Danny. She came to Ariel's song.

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bud I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly—"

She stopped suddenly, for a strange sound came from Danny's throat. And Mrs. Lord, jerking upright, bent over him.
"After summer merrily—" Janey faltered. Then she stopped for good.
Mrs. Lord had Danny in her arms. His head fell back against her shoulder. His eyes were half-open and yet the soft, flame-lit irises had disappeared under the lids. The strange noise in his throat started, whirled softly into silence.
Outside in the hall, Janey heard Mr. Lord at the telephone. "For God's sake, doctor, as quick as possible." In another moment, Mrs. Lord's hands were pouring medicine from the shaking spoon into Danny's mouth. Another long moment—and outside on the gravel crunched Dr. Robinson's automobile.
An interminable time went by, and Janey still sat, a frozen little figure, whose stiff hand held a half-open book. Then suddenly Dr. Robinson's arm was about her: "Run home, Janey," he whispered.
The next morning when Janey started for the little white house, Mrs. Blair stopped her. "Janey," she said and tears began to stream out of her eyes, "Mother's got to tell you

something that breaks her heart to say. You can not go over to Mrs. Lord's house for a while. Little Danny doesn't need you any more." She stopped to sob into her handkerchief and Uncle Jim, scowling and white, hastily left the piazza. "Darling little Danny is dead. You will never see him again."
Janey did not even blink. She considered this statement with a large serene calm. "He'll come back sometime," she said.
"I don't know what to make of that child," Mrs. Blair said to her brother after she had cried herself to composure; "she doesn't show an atom of feeling. Or perhaps she's too young to understand. But all she says is, 'Oh, Danny'll come back,' and I haven't the heart to tell her that he won't."
And indeed, Janey was perfectly calm—with the calmness of those who await the inevitable. True, in this crisis, she longed for little Caroline, for, of course, Caroline was the only person who could understand. But Caroline's visit was unduly prolonged. Janey devoted herself to the manufacture of a new scrap-book with the languid activity of one who works only to kill time. In the meantime,

[Continued on page 50]



But the strange thing was that he had wings

The *Empty* LINEN CHEST

The
Illogical Exorbitant
TARIFF ON LINEN
That Has Forced
The *American Housewife*
to the
Use of the
Less Economical
COTTON

By
MARY HEATON VORSE

Illustrations by
JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS



John Wolcott Adams

THERE is practically no pure linen manufactured in this country.

In proof of this statement I can do no better than to quote the almost biblical words of Adolph Simon in his petition to the Ways and Means Committee in 1908 for a decrease of the duties on all linen fabrics:

"The intelligent dealer in linen fabrics knows that excepting an article of coarse grade of unbleached crash, made by a Mr. Stevens of New England, and some half cotton linen towels, there are not any linens manufactured in the United States; not any table damask, either bleached or unbleached; not any linen damask napkins; not any shirting linen; not any pillow-case linen or linen sheeting; not any towelling such as "diaper" or "huckaback"; not any of the medium and better qualities of linen towels; not any linen "Holland," dowlas or linen drills; not any linen furniture covering; not any linen cambrie in its many varieties; nor any other kinds of linen fabrics that consumers need outside, of the two exceptions mentioned—not any of these are made in the United States."

Other testimony in the tariff hearings bears out these statements.

Pure linen, if it exists at all, must, therefore, be an imported article. How, then, does the tariff stand in regard to this commodity? The logical supposition is that there would be but a nominal tariff upon goods not manufactured in this country—goods, too, that are not mere luxuries. One does not need to be a housewife to realize that linen is necessary for the table, for towelling of all kinds. Formerly, also, linen was regarded as necessary for sheets and pillow cases, but at present, America is the only nation in which all but the rich are forced to use cotton materials for this purpose whether they prefer it or not.

Linen is also necessary for various sorts of wearing apparel; collars and cuffs, for example, and handkerchiefs; and because linen is the coolest of all the fabrics, linen material is most suitable for summer wear in a climate such as ours.

As I have said, one would suppose that for this necessary class of goods a nominal tariff would suffice. On the contrary, there is a very high tariff of fifty per cent. up to sixty per cent., and on some goods even higher on manufactured linens, except on one class of goods and on that the tariff is thirty-five per cent.

The tariff of the United States is not a logical thing. It is the paradox of paradoxes. Its intricacies seem the result now of mad chance, now of far-reaching and subtle calculation. Its lack of any logic or any justice reaches its climax in that part of Schedule J which highly protects an industry nonexistent in this country.

Schedule J deals with hemp, jute, flax, ramie and similar fibres. Therefore the articles which are taxed under this schedule are of the widest variety. Schedule J includes the coarsest sort of bagging and burlap and the finest linen handkerchiefs; it includes linoleum, oilcloths and lace curtains, and it includes lace embroideries, twines, cables, tarred ropes of every description—an apparently heterogeneous assembly of merchandise, picturesque by their very dissimilarity. I shall confine myself in this discussion to that part which has to do with linen.

From the dawn of civilization stores of fine

linen have been part of the equipment of the self-respecting household. In European countries poor peasant women begin to accumulate linen against their daughters' marriages from the moment that they have daughters. I have been shown beautiful stores of household linen by poor women in Brittany—great *armoires* full—a sight to gladden the heart of any housewife.

I had at one time a friend who was a gardener by trade, and who made between three and four cents an hour. I do not know how small her family budget was. Her husband worked and so did her grown son. They lived in two pleasant sunlit rooms and their sheets and pillow-cases were of linen. Their hand towels were of strong coarse linen and of linen, too, were the *coiffes* of my friend, Jeanne Beauquet. And more linen sheets, enough to last her a lifetime, were piled up in the solid, roughly-carved *armoire*. Her very undergarments were of coarse linen, for linen lasts and cotton does not.

What has happened to the linen stores of our American people? They do not exist. In any but the families of the rich, the linen closet is a thing of the past. Why is it that Jeanne Beauquet in Brittany had linen sheets for her bed, while Jane Sanderson in Massachusetts, the wife of a well-to-do farmer, has none? We must seek the answer for that in Schedule J. The people who framed that part of the tariff sang the death song of the linen chest in this country. Of course, in fairness, we must put in one other reason: we do not prepare far-sightedly for the future as does

Linen Sheets Almost Extinct

cotton sheeting alone in this country amounts to millions of dollars annually. Were the duty upon linen not a prohibitive one and were even ten per cent. of the population to buy the more economical linen sheets to replace the cotton ones, there would be a considerable falling off in the return of the sheeting manufacturers.

Therefore, we find that it is the puny infant Cotton Trust that is being protected in this roundabout way. The protection has been so complete that the American nation has ceased to know the comfort of linen sheets or to be able to practise the economy that would result in their use were they to be put on the market at a reasonable price.

Again there is a large manufacture of pure cotton towels and a large manufacture of union goods. Many of these are not put fraudulently on the market; that is to say, they do not pretend to be linen.

Turn for a moment from the consideration of household linens to the consideration of dress materials and the comparative value of linen and cotton. Everyone knows our grandmothers, old and homely test of linen and cotton goods. Linen, moistened slightly, immediately absorbs the moisture and the spot shows upon the other side of the goods at once. Cotton absorbs more slowly. This absorbent quality of linen renders it a cooler material for summer wear than cotton. You will "feel the heat" less in a linen suit than you will in a heavy merized cotton.

But the prohibitive tariff on linens has put them within the range of only the favored few. In any event, linen is more costly as regards original outlay than cotton, so that the competition would not have been a heavy one anyway.

Meantime, that the eye of the wearer might be gratified, our manufacturers of suitings have imitated the linen threads so well in many cotton goods that are on the market that at first sight they give just as good an impression as though they were of real linen.

Formerly flax was raised in the United States. From all the early histories of New England colonies we find traces of the cultivation of flax. In the last half of the seventeenth century the state of Virginia made a law that each poll district should raise and manufacture each year six pounds of linen thread. In the first quarter of the eighteenth century, in Newport, R. I., hemp and flax were received in payment of interest along with other farm products. Seventy years ago three-quarters of a million pounds of flax fiber were produced in the United States.

What were the tariffs on flax at those times? On manufactured goods in 1846 the rate was thirty per cent. ad valorem; it decreased to twenty-four per cent. ad valorem in 1857, to be increased again in 1861 to a tax varying between twenty-five per cent. and thirty per cent. ad valorem. Then with the breaking of the Civil War it was raised still further to

between thirty-five per cent. and forty per cent. ad valorem, though with the understanding that it was to be reduced later. In 1870 the rate was again thirty-five per cent. and higher still under the McKinley tariff. So we find that in the case of linen, an anomalous condition existed, to be paralleled probably nowhere else in all the curious inconsistencies of the American tariff. As there became a decreasing need for protection, owing to the gradual and entire failure of the production of raw material and even of the manufacture from the imported raw material, the non-existent industry was increasingly protected.

It was under the Dingley Bill, however, that Schedule J reached its highest flowering. To quote from Richard H. Ewart in his statement made to the Ways and Means Committee on the injustice of the present tariff system:

"When Mr. Dingley spoke in favor of advance in duty he emphatically stated that he would not approve of or suggest any such increase as to bring rates up to the level of the McKinley tariff; but by a combination of the ad valorem and specific duties, the duty was advanced far beyond that of the McKinley tariff, so that goods are now being subjected to a minimum charge of thirty-five per cent., and on some goods the rate is from fifty-eight per cent. to sixty-seven and a half per cent. ad valorem, and certain qualities have been excluded from the market by the excessive rate of duty, which would have exceeded eighty per cent. ad valorem."

Why was the tariff raised this way in 1897, in spite of the statement attributed to Mr. Dingley that he had no intention of increasing it to the height of the McKinley tariff?

It seems that the Boot Mills of Lowell, Massachusetts, were responsible for the framing of the schedule in the Dingley Bill which increased the duty on linens by as much as fifteen per cent. to twenty per cent. At that time the Boot Mills had visions of a great linen industry. There was to be a renaissance in America of the manufacture of linen goods. The time had come, they thought, when American capital should interest itself in this great branch of the textile industries. Under the spell of their persuasive utterances the tariff makers saw the banks of the Merrimac River lined with thriving linen factories.

Protecting an Unborn Industry

The tariff went into effect and has so remained during the fourteen years since the enactment of the Dingley Bill. During this time what has been the result? For this unborn industry the American people have been taxed as no European countries have ever taxed their people for the benefit of an heir to the throne. You would expect to hear, wouldn't you, that the linen industries had been born and had met an untimely death—that at the least? But it seems that neither the Boot Mills nor anyone connected with them erected a single mill for the purpose of manufacturing linen. For the sake of this clause inserted at the wish of a private corporation so that it might found a new industry in this country, all American women the country over have been taxed fifteen per cent. to twenty per cent. on all the linen goods which they consume annually, and the poorer of them have been forced to give up the purchase of linen goods altogether. The Boot Mills continued to manufacture cotton as they had before.

The female mind throughout the country can not fail to marvel that their Government should be so tender toward the pocket of the manufacturer and so harsh toward her pocket—the pocket of the small private consumer.

One naturally wonders why the cultivation of flax was discontinued in this country, and why the flax-growing farmers found it more profitable to grow flax for linseed oil only. The theory has been that our climate with its hotter summer months does not permit a flax fiber of a suitable nature for manufacture to be cultivated. According to the Bureau of

[Continued on page 40]





RECIPROCITY

An *Unmusical* MUSICAL COMEDY

BY WALLACE IRWIN

CHARACTERS:

TAFTICUS.....King of Washingtonia
DUKE OF OTTAWA...Ruler of a neighboring principality
THE TRUSTOWAMPUS.....A Hideous Monster
(now fortunately extinct)
PLUTOCHATICUS.....A Corporation Lawyer,
manager for the Trustowampus
HON. PATSY STANDER.....A Senator
HON. O. B. DECENT.....Another Senator
VOX POPULI.....A Patriot with a sore throat
A WIRELESS MESSAGE.

CHORUS of Private Interests, Farmers, Commissioners,
Gloucester Fishermen, Seattle Lumbermen
and Villagers from both Kingdoms.

TIME—Away back in the MIDDLE AGES, when
witches were still being burned for not voting a straight
REPUBLICAN ticket.

SCENE—TARIFF WALL built by PRECONCEIVED NO-
TIONS which have crystallized and formed a substance
thirty times harder than granite. This WALL runs be-
tween the fabled kingdoms of WASHINGTONIA and OT-
TAWA. It is decorated with the statues of many RE-
PUBLICAN (and a few DEMOCRATIC) statesmen and over-
grown with noxious weeds. The structure is, in a gen-
eral way, modelled after the GREAT WALL OF CHINA,
but offers far more resistance to the incursion of PRO-
GRESS than does its Oriental counterpart.

At the rise of Curtain the VILLAGERS of WASHING-
TONIA and OTTAWA mingle in a fête of rejoicing. Sena-
tors PATSY STANDER and O. B. DECENT pass in and
out among the feasters, while VOX POPULI sits apart in
his usually reticent manner.

CHORUS OF VILLAGERS.

Rejoice, rejoice!
The People's choice
At last will have its say—
This Tariff Wall
Is going to fall
Upon this very day.
From Ottawa to Kalamazoo,
From Omaha to Timbuctoo,
From Io-way
To Hudson Bay,
From Boston to the Soo
We give a liberal rah-rah-rah
With here and there a rich huzzah,
For the Tariff Wall
Is going to fall
As soon as the laws say "Boo!"

(Hon. O. B. Decent and Hon. Patsy Stander dance to
center of stage.)

O. B. DECENT:

What ho! My good people, this incident shows
That Truth is a prevalent thing.
If you're white and you're right and you fight with a
might,
Then the poorest is good as the King.
If Satan assail or by Mammon you're wrecked,
Then lean upon Truth as a crutch
And you'll get in the end what you're led to expect—

PATSY STANDER:

But you mustn't expect too much.

O. B. DECENT:

This terrible Wall built by Ogres and Elves
To smother two prosperous Lands
You soon can destroy by your very own selves
By the strength of your very own hands.
For that is the way that bright Justice connives
To rescue her people from crime.
The Wicked retreat when that Goddess arrives —

PATSY STANDER:

But she seldom arrives on time.

PATSY STANDER and O. B. DECENT (*duet*):

For that's the way that Justice acts—
Here you are, there you ain't—
At first she busts exorbitant Trusts
And next you know she's fearfully faint.
To-day she jolts with thunderbolts,
To-morrow flicks with a feather.
For Justice and Truth are companions in sooth,
But it's seldom they travel together.
(*They caper away on light Congressional toes.*)
O. B. DECENT (*to Vox Populi, who sits listless*):
Here, here, old boy! Brace up! Why so dispirited?

VOX POPULI (*clearing his throat*):

Har-r-r-r! Doctor says it's laryngitis—continual
strain on the vocal chords since recent State Elections.

O. B. DECENT:

But, of course, you'll be able to utter a few clear,
distinct salvos of rejoicing when King Tafticus and the
Duke of Ottawa come here to Ratify? That would only
be decent, you know.

VOX POPULI:

If I can't cheer, at least I can cough a little. What
are they going to Ratify?

O. B. DECENT:

They call it Reciprocity. It has something to do
with the Tariff.

VOX POPULI:

Ex-cuse me! I ruined my voice yelling for that
Tariff last year. Haven't been able to get any relief
since—on account of the high cost of medicines.
(*Fanfare heard without. Enter Herald.*)



HERALD:

Too-toot! Oyez, oyez! His Majesty Tafticus here meeteth the great Duke of Ottawa!
(Enter from the South King Tafticus and from the North the Duke of Ottawa.)

TAFTICUS (embracing the Duke):

Here have we come for our mutual glory, sir—
Farewell all markets retaliatory, sir!

Readjust duties on farming machinery,
Eggs, butter, greenery,
Pork for the beannery,
Fish, fruit and fowl and Canadian scenery,
Candy and gasoline, novels and glue,
Print paper, too,
Tin tacks and battleships—these shall go through
Paying no more than is decently due.

CHORUS:

For it's clear to see
As morning dew.
What's right for me
Is fair for you.
I'm good to you,
You're nice to me,
And that is Reciprocity!

(The Duke of Ottawa is preparing to answer this courteous advance, when a great volley of brimstone flares forth from behind the Wall, and The Trustowampus, fabulously hideous, issues forth and sits insolently in their midst licking his paws. Plutocraticus, the corporation lawyer, accompanies him respectfully.)

THE TRUSTOWAMPUS:

What are you doing on my Wall? Get out!

TAFTICUS AND THE DUKE:

This is not your Wall. It is ours. Besides, we are here to destroy it as a public nuisance.

PLUTOCRATICUS:

As a consulting attorney of lifelong experience I am constrained to protest against your objections as irrelevant and immaterial. This is My Master's Wall. It has been built under many patriotic pretexts, perhaps, but My Master has always held, owned and maintained this Wall as his private toll-gate.

VOX POPULI (huskily):

A shame! An outrage!

PLUTOCRATICUS:

No. A necessary measure of protection. I refer you to the decision of Judge Spondolix, March, 1879.

THE TRUSTOWAMPUS:

Whooh! Garoo! Let me talk!

PLUTOCRATICUS:

Hark! My Master's Voice!

THE TRUSTOWAMPUS:

The Pygmies with ferocity are yelling "Reciprocity!"
But why should they do anything without consulting me?

They do not seem to care if all Destruction hits my Tariff Wall,

Though I have reared it carefully to stretch from sea to sea.

But Whooh!

Garoo!

I'll have a word or two

And ratify My Treaty, sirs, without the slightest fuss.
An agreement it will be, says I, betwixt Myself and Me, says I—

For that's the only kind of Reciprocity for us.

(Chorus of Special Interests dance out from beneath his wing.)

SPECIAL INTERESTS:

An agreement he will trim, says 'e,
Between Himself and Him, says 'e—
For that's the only kind of Reciprocity for us!
(In the general elation the Trustowampus eats two vil-lages on both sides of the Line.)

O. B. DECENT:

An atrocity!

PLUTOCRATICUS:

Wrong again! My Master is within the law. Please see Supreme Court Decisions for the year 1881.

(Tafticus comes to center stage and is joined by The Trustowampus and Senator Patsy Stander.)

TAFTICUS:

In every public movement
For our National Improvement

There's both sides to consider, friends, if Justice
you would mete.

PATSY STANDER:

If you lower the rate on pumpkins,
Think of all the honest bumpkins

Who rely on selling pumpkins for the vittles that
they eat.

THE TRUSTOWAMPUS:

And when all those False Alarmer's

Lower the Tariff, cheat the farmer's,

Think of how they rob my larder of the vittles that
I eat!

CHORUS:

Oh, the Tariff's way is fast and loose,
It robs the gander, but feeds the goose.
When a Rate goes up or a Rate goes down
One side smiles and the other side frowns,
So it seems to us, as the years go 'long,
That we're nearest right when we're nearest wrong.

(Tafticus and Senator Stander caper twice across stage, but the Trustowampus pauses to receive a wireless message from London.)

THE TRUSTOWAMPUS:

Ho-ho! A wireless message from London!

WIRELESS MESSAGE (sputtering loudly, with decided British accent):

I'm hurried here from London bearing gentle thoughts
Arcadian

From certain lordly owners of the empire called Can-
adian.

You dear old Trustowampus, don't forget your sacred
duty, sir,

To keep the lofty Tariff Wall in all its mildewed beauty,
sir!

We're sure that Reciprocity's a Yankee-laid conspiracy
To cross Canadian borders at Niagara or Lake Erie,
say.

Oppose these fell invaders with appalling thunder-
sounds, of course.

With tooth and nail destroy them—all on patriotic
grounds, of course.

Declare that Britons shan't be slaves, pipe Freedom
like a Highlander

And warble for Protection like a born and bred Rhode
Islander.

(But don't so much as breathe it that your lofty dem-
onstrations, sir,

Are backed, inspired and ordered by our Private Cor-
porations, sir!)

TAFTICUS AND DUKE (advancing against Trustowampus
with army of sappers and miners, prepared to
blow up wall):

Befouling, howling, growling hideous Monster of the
Night,

Take thy horrid, torrid forehead from our long-of-
fended sight!

THE TRUSTOWAMPUS (taking up defensive position, sur-
rounded by his allies):

All this babble-gabble rabble with their pygmy show of
might

Better pitter-patter scatter, for there's going to be a
fight!

(At these words the Trustowampus with a terrific roar begins a pyrotechnic display from his eyes, ears and nostrils; then he proceeds to entrench himself behind the Tariff Wall assisted by Plutocraticus and a large army of Private Interests from both kingdoms. The allied forces of Tafticus and the Duke of Ottawa begin pouring hot shot upon the Monster who, at the suggestion of his legal adviser, sends up such a thick, black smoke that the issue is completely obscured. The Curtain falls, leaving the Audience in a state of profound puzzlement as to Which side Won—a condition of mind not uncommon at the close of Political Dramas.)



Gray Hairs Seeking a Job

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

ONE of the most pathetic sights in this land of opportunity is gray hairs seeking a job. It is easy to tell an old man looking for work that he must brace up; that he must dress well, look prosperous, walk and talk like a young man, and show no indication of weakness, no mark of age. But it is not an easy matter for the old man; he started in life with high hope, with an ambition to make a place for himself in the world; now he finds himself approaching old age without a competence, with his ambition thwarted, his life dream faded.

It is bitter; it is hard for him to keep heart and courage and life zest; hard not to show his life disappointment in his face; hard to be buoyant, enthusiastic, and to appear as though he had plenty of his best work still in him.

A fine-appearing man fifty-seven years old called upon me recently to help him. He lost a good position in a bank because of its failure several years ago, and since that time he has not been able to get a position, except now and then a temporary place in some trust company or bank. He is still vigorous, in the prime of his strength, a hard worker, educated, skilful, well-trained, but he is so discouraged because he has been turned down so many times that he has come to believe that the struggle is almost hopeless, and he shows it in his face. When he applies at banking houses and trust companies for a position, he does not go in with that assurance and sense of victory and power which give confidence. His mental attitude is not that of the conqueror, but of the conquered. Instead of making a favorable impression, he leaves a doubtful one, which, coupled with his age, brings an unfavorable decision.

How can a man expect to gain victory when he admits that he is already beaten in the life race?

No one wants an employee who has lost his freshness and fire; who confesses by his conversation, his appearance, his manner, and his every movement that he is "too old." He goes about from place to place looking for work, bemoaning the fact that "nobody wants a man with gray hairs," that "everybody is looking for the young and vigorous," and "there is no more chance for a man who begins to show signs of age." This sort of policy will kill anybody's chances.

Then, again, there are not so many openings for old men, no matter how worthy or able. Very few will employ them in manual labor, no matter how skilful they are or how good the letters of recommendation they bring.

The best field for men who are getting along in years seems to be in clerical work where they are more likely to get good salaries.

The head of one of the large employment bureaus in Chicago says that the greatest number of men who seek help in obtaining positions are old men; but there is very small call for old men in business or the trades, and then "only a small percentage ever find work, despite the special efforts of the bureau to place old men. Practically the only class of employers who send in requests to the office for old men are those who wish to engage a watchman or an old man for other work about a house or store."

It is difficult for old men to get a hearing, to get a trial, no matter how skilful, energetic or able in their special line, or how valuable their experience. Everywhere we see youth at the helm. We see them at the heads of great institutions, assuming vast responsibilities.

Everybody seems to be interested in the achievements of young men. Boys never tire of reading how Alexander conquered the world at twenty-six, how Napoleon came near to do-

ing the same at thirty-seven, or how Pitt, the younger, was the master of England at twenty-five.

There is a peculiar fascination, the expectancy of what the future will bring to the young in following youthful fortune.

Most of the great things, the daring things, the effective things are done by men before they have reached the half century mark.

A man's business is largely what his employees make it. It is vigorous, strong, en-

IF THE CHURCHES refuse to call pastors who are over fifty; if hospitals and medical colleges dismiss physicians at sixty; if manufacturing concerns turn adrift experienced men who have grown gray in their service, although still hale and hearty, rich in experience; if other great corporations refuse to hire new men over thirty-five or forty simply because at these ages men are supposed to reach the point of diminishing returns and no longer to be able to adapt themselves to new conditions—if in nearly all vocations men who show signs of age must step aside for the young men, then indeed may we ask, what shall we do with our old men and women, our fathers and mothers who are still obliged to earn a living?

ergetic, full of life, or the opposite, largely according to the condition and quality of his employees.

The employer knows that young men are more progressive, more active, more pushing; that business is likely to be more progressive, more up-to-date, with young employees than with old ones. He knows that young men are likely to be not only more hopeful, optimistic, but more inventive, more resourceful. As a rule they have more red blood. They are quicker, more alert, more enthusiastic and buoyant; more cheerful and energetic. They are not so cranky and hard to get along with. They can avoid accidents better, and, as a rule, they are more attractive.

The employer wants winning material. He wants to employ vitality, grit, courage, energy. Older men are not looking into the future with the hopeful, expectant, ambitious eye of youth. They would rather take things easy. They think more of their comfort. They shrink from exposure, hardship.

There certainly is a prejudice in many business houses against those who show signs of age, because there are so many who have failed and have become side-tracked through incompetence, or through lack of system or slack, slovenly habits. Many of them are burned-out men. The embers of their former force and energy are all that remain.

There is no denying that this is a young man's age. We see young men at the helm everywhere. We used to be prejudiced against youth, but now we find young men at the heads of our railroads, our great manufacturing institutions, our colleges and universities. There are a great many large concerns with young men for presidents which have scores of old men as employees.

What all employers are after is the longest possible span of prime availability, and employers know that this would be very short for those who do not enter until they are thirty or thirty-five.

Many men deceive themselves by thinking that because they moved on so vigorously when

young, when they were full of force and energy, they are still moving at the same speed. The slackening process has been so gradual that there was no jar or shock, and they have not realized that they have been gradually slowing down.

It is easy gradually to drop the standards when a man thinks he is beginning to show signs of age. He grows less careful about personal appearance, and, unconsciously, drifts into slovenly, slouchy habits of dress. He lets his manners deteriorate. Often he lets his hair and beard grow long; then he looks old and feels old.

Just this one habit of being good to ourselves, of being particular about our personal habits, of cleanliness, of dress, of keeping ourselves well groomed, will make a difference of many years in our appearance. It is easy to age when other people are constantly reminding us that we are growing older; and when we see these exaggerated signs in the mirror, they only deepen our conviction that we are getting along in years; and it is difficult to overcome a strong conviction.

One of the most pitiable sights in the world is to see a man in middle life going around as if he were an old man, dressing like an old man, with long unkempt whiskers and hair, with stooping figure and slouching gait, without a smile, often cynical, pessimistic, indifferent to the things which interest everybody else about him, trying to get a situation. His very appearance is cause enough for the would-be employer to let him alone. He does not want any such signs of decrepitude around him.

A tottering gait, dragging feet, stooping shoulders, impaired memory have always been regarded as the "heralds" of the day when "the dust shall return to the dust."

The man who would keep young must not wear a long, gray beard, long white hair; he must not dress like an old man and go about with stooping shoulders and shuffling gait. A good barber and a good tailor would cut off many years in the appearance of one of these prematurely old-looking men.

Half a century ago people looked aged at fifty. The men wore long beards, long hair; they did not carry themselves well. At middle age women began to put on caps and old ladies' gowns and to look like grandmothers.

All this has changed. The barber-artist has learned the art of covering up many years by closely cropping the gray hairs, and by the stylish trimming of beards. Men have learned that several days' growth of grisly beard on their faces makes them look much older. People have learned that the style of dress makes all the difference in the world in revealing or concealing years. Women know this secret. They dress very much younger than they used to. The ladies' tailor and milliner have become experts in disguising the years, in covering up marks of decrepitude.

We often hear people remark that we do not see any more the typical old men of former days with soft silken hair and flowing white beards, which seem to lend a dignity and add wisdom to their years. The heavy cane, which was once thought so necessary for support to the man past middle life, has been supplanted by a light walking-stick, so thin and fragile that it does not even suggest that the carrier needs support. The linen, the ties, the hats, the shirts, and, for women, the little accessories of their dress nowadays do not indicate the years as they used to, but every effort seems to be made to cover up age, to preserve the appearance of youth. The dentist, too, has had his share in helping us to cover up the years.

I know a man seventy-five years old, who could get a situation in almost any great store in this country. He probably would not be

[Continued on page 54]

THE PULSE OF THE WORLD

The Month in America

THE COSTLY MONROE DOCTRINE.

IT WOULD be interesting if somebody would calculate how much it has cost Uncle Sam to perform his presumed obligations as guarantor of the Monroe Doctrine. In 1898 he fought a war, "freed" Cuba, and acquired various colonial liabilities. That war introduced him into the first circles of world powers, and the effort to travel in such society has kept his household expenses steadily advancing until now they exceed a billion a year. Before the Spanish War, a billion biennially was supposed to be scandalously high.

To mention just a few cases, the Monroe theory nearly embroiled us in a war with Great Britain over Venezuela; it made us the financial guarantors of Santo Domingo; and the same of Venezuela; it forced us to drive the dictator Zelaya out of Nicaragua; it has recently involved us in a general complication of Central American affairs; and finally, it has brought about the mobilization of a great American army on the borders of Mexico, as a warning to that country that it must be good.

MEXICO UNDER THE YOKE.

Since 1881 Porfirio Diaz has been nominally President but actually Dictator of Mexico. Perhaps he gave Mexico what it needed in the beginning, but latterly the country has wearied of the yoke. For several months revolt has been in progress, whose extent and popular backing have been matters of conjecture based on a great variety of conflicting reports. Recently, however, it has become apparent that the anti-Diaz sentiment was gaining ground and that it menaces the existing order.

Mexico is naturally one of the richest countries in the world. Investments of American, British, German and other alien capital, encouraged by Diaz, have become very extensive, aggregating probably from \$2,000,000,000 to \$3,000,000,000. The revolutionary disturbances have had in Mexico precisely the same effect as in the other countries where the United States has been compelled to interpose for the protection of American and European citizens and investments. We may safely put aside as phantasmagorical the suspicions that Japan has been intriguing for a foothold in Mexico with the view to using it as a base from which to attack the United States. Interests which want to disguise the merely financial inspiration of our recent attitude toward Mexico have been willing to make the country believe we have something to fear from Japan in that quarter. We might just as well work ourselves up about Japan's taking possession of the canals of Mars in order to put them in competition against our own Panama ditch.

Very much more to the point are the stories of American and European financial interests competing for the domination of that tremendous industrial development which is only just beginning in Mexico and out of which vast fortunes have already been made, while vaster ones will be made in the future if opportunities continue.

DOLLAR DIPLOMACY AGAIN.

Thus far the American diplomatic and military game with Mexico has resulted in this country winning on all the important points. Following the mobilization of a large part of our standing army on the Mexican frontier, orders were issued for a patrol of the Mexican seacoast, both east and west, by American vessels. Mexico strenuously objected to the

naval demonstration on the ground that to permit it would be tantamount to recognizing the United States as a suzerain. The representations of Ambassador De la Barra on this point were so insistent that the orders to our war vessels were canceled before the patrol had been inaugurated. It is pretty apparent that our Government was guilty of a diplomatic *faux pas* which might have had most unfortunate results, had we been dealing with a stronger power.

As a result of Washington's manifestations of concern, President Diaz yielded to counsels of moderation. José Yves Limantour, the great government financier of present-day Mexico, was recalled from a financial and diplomatic mission in Europe to reorganize the government and establish a new policy. Limantour is the velvet-handed diplomat of the modern financial school. He understands that nowadays the international bankers largely dictate the terms on which war and peace are made. He knew that the money powers demanded peace in Mexico, and he was prepared to inaugurate a policy looking to this end. Nominally, he became premier, with the position of Minister of Finance; in effect, he became receiver of the Diaz government, trustee of the financial powers that had dictated his policy.

There have been startling charges about the financial interests concerned with our "maneuvers" in Mexico. The brains and financial backing of the present revolt have been provided by the rich and powerful Madero family. Recently interests affiliated with Standard Oil and the Inter-Continental Rubber Company bought vast holdings in rubber properties from the Maderos. It has been charged that, through this transaction, the American group was practically financing the Madero revolt. However fanciful the story may sound, it was taken so seriously by the administration at Washington that agents of the Government were diligently investigating its details at the time when our troops and war ships were being ordered to the Mexican frontier.

CRITICISM OF OUR INTERVENTION.

The Mexican people were expected to be greatly pleased at the installation of the Limantour régime with its promise of less military rigor and more popular liberties. It became known that Diaz was to be allowed presently to resign and withdraw himself, with as much dignity as possible, from the Mexican situation. Thus the moderates, seeking to give the people more liberty than they enjoyed under Diaz, while holding them back from the extremes of the revolutionary policy, were relied upon to reestablish the government on a firm footing. Whether they will succeed is yet uncertain. Immediately following the announcement of the new cabinet came reports of increased revolutionary activity. It was declared that the people, convinced of the weakness of Diaz, were not disposed to accept the half-way reforms which the financial hierarchy of Limantour was willing to concede. The Maderist leaders insisted that far from being prepared for a compromise, they were greatly encouraged over the prospect of ultimate complete success.

The American intervention, or near-intervention, has become a promising political issue which opponents of the Taft administration are trying to use to its discredit, charging that the diplomatic and military powers of this government have been employed at the behest of powerful financial interests, to interfere in the affairs of a nation which ought to have been left to fight out its own battles for liberty. Some highly sensational revelations in this connection have been hinted at in Washington, with promise that they will be further developed early in the second session of Congress.

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of Corn

Cooked, sweetened, rolled into thin fluffy bits and toasted to a crisp, appetizing brown, becomes

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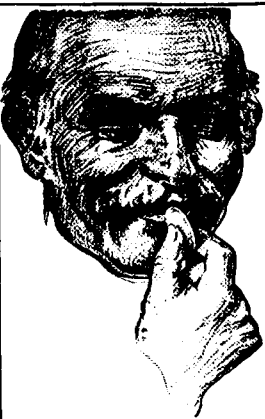
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The Month in America



PROSPECTS FOR TARIFF REVISION.

INSURGENCY IS RECOGNIZED.



Modern soft and tender foods make us feel a primitive desire to sink our teeth into something once in a while. Chips have charms to soothe the savage impulse.

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Are good for the disposition and the digestion. The mint is a clean cool flavor that's mighty refreshing. The violet is like the aroma of the freshly-picked blossoms.

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IT IS noted that people who want the least measure of tariff revision have urged that the extra session of Congress ought to be short. Those who want some real revision insist that Congress ought to stick to its knitting if it takes all summer—and fall, and next winter.

The Democratic managers insist that they will pass the Canadian reciprocity measure through the House and let the Republicans in the Senate become responsible for its future. Then the House is to pass a number of schedule revision bills—a schedule at a time—especially the ones which will affect necessities of life.

This list includes, as of especial concern to all the people, the wool and cotton schedules, sugar, lumber, steel and iron, rubber, linen, pulp and paper, boots and shoes, and a long list of specialties. Probably the present session will not manage to get to all these. The wool schedule comes first and is most talked about; the lumber schedule is least discussed among the tariff-makers, because it is the one on which more politics depends, and which the Democrats are most uncertain about handling effectively. Many of them hope the Canadian reciprocity measure will be taken as serving the purpose, and that they will be permitted to forget an effective general revision of this schedule.

One thing now apparent is that the public is going to judge the new revision intelligently. It does not expect impossibilities; it does not think a millennium will follow. It expects modest results in lowering of prices. On the other hand, it can not be fooled about what it gets. It knows more about the tariff than it ever did before, and will not overlook many jokers.

COMMITTEES IN THE NEW HOUSE.

The Democratic majority of House committees has been named by a committee rather than by the Speaker, with indifferent results. The South gets all the important chairmanships but one, and Tammany gets that—the Committee on Appropriations. Mr. Fitzgerald, of New York, is the new chairman of Appropriations, and is best known to the public as the leader of the twenty-three Democrats whose bolt from their party at the beginning of the tariff session saved the control of the House to the old Cannon machine.

A feature of the new rules is the provision permitting germane legislation on appropriation bills when its tendency is to reduce expenditure.

The Democrats must not be blamed for giving the South more than its seeming share of chairmanships, as the South has nearly all the veteran Democratic legislators. But for such selections as those of Mr. Fitzgerald to be chairman of Appropriations and of Mr. Adamson, of Georgia, to head Interstate Commerce, there can be no excuse that is consistent with any pretension of really progressive purpose. Mr. Adamson has a long record of opposition to constructive legislation for regulation of interstate carriers, for the protection of food and drug standards of purity, for the guarantee of honest weights and measures and other altogether laudable purposes.

Other important chairmanships are those on Military Affairs, which goes to Mr. Hay, of Virginia; Naval Affairs to Mr. Padgett, of Tennessee; Agriculture to Mr. Lamb, of Virginia; Judiciary to Mr. Clayton, of Alabama; Foreign Affairs to Mr. Sulzer, of New York.

Republican insurgency secured formal recognition of its belligerent rights in both Houses of Congress when they organized for the extra session. Speaker Cannon, finding that probably sixty of the 161 Republicans in the House would not support him for minority leader, consented to withdraw and Representative James R. Mann, of Illinois, was made leader. Mr. Mann, though long a lieutenant of Cannon, was as satisfactory to the insurgents as any regular could be. After his election he announced what was very definitely understood before, that in naming the Republican members of House committees he should not discriminate against insurgents, but that all Republicans would look alike to him. This assurance, in the face of the fact that nearly a score of insurgents absented themselves from the caucus and voted against Mr. Mann for minority leader, is equivalent to recognition of the right of party members hereafter to disagree with their party caucus without having their regularity impugned.

In the Senate, a group of twelve insurgent Senators refused to enter the caucus until they were assured exactly what treatment they would get in the matter of committee assignments. Being almost exactly one-fourth of the numerical strength of the Republican side, they demanded one-fourth of the committee positions, and, in order to be certain of getting not only the number but the kind of assignments they deemed fair, they insisted that they themselves be allowed, in a little caucus of their own to pick out and assign among themselves the places they would have. To this rather remarkable demand the organization at last consented.

The real significance of these two victories for political independence lies much deeper than a mere assurance of fair representation in the organization. It means first that the rigid, old bi-party system of parliamentary control is breaking down and that a form of the group system, which prevails in most European parliaments, is in the way of being substituted. Such an evolution has long been manifestly inevitable, in a country of such big and diverse interests as ours.

As an incident to this weakening of the two-party system, is to be seen the dethronement of King Caucus. The king is dead! His long tyranny in legislative halls is ended. If the progressive movement of the last few years had gained nothing more than this emancipation of the individual legislator's conscience and convictions, it would have paid well for the efforts and sacrifices of which it has been made.

NEW LIFE IN THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

Walter L. Fisher, of Chicago, the new Secretary of the Interior, has taken the reins of a sadly disorganized office. He has set about straightening out matters, and especially about establishing confidence among his subordinates in the belief that the office is going to have a straightforward policy. A vast array of problems in reclamation, water power privileges, public land claims and the like await his attention.

Mr. Fisher is not going to be precipitate; but there is excellent reason for the expectation that the Cunningham claims in Alaska coal will in due time be taken up and acted upon, and that they will be rejected. Mr. Fisher is an old friend of the Garfield-Pinchot element that discovered the conservation policy and directed it until Mr. Ballinger came into office and reversed them. It is worthy of note that the new secretary is making friends and intimates of the "old Pinchot crowd" in Washington, and that he seems to want the information they have for him more than any other.

Story of the College and the "Homo"-toned Haddorff Piano



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The Month in America

A FIRE AND A LESSON.

THE most disastrous fire in the history of New York and the year's greatest calamity occurred on the afternoon of March 23, when 143 persons, mostly women and girls, lost their lives in the building occupied by the Triangle Waist Company. The details of this tragedy are too shocking to bear description. The employees of the shirtwaist factory were caught in a trap at the top of a skyscraper and were either burned or dashed to death in the street below. As a result of this disaster, busy, careless New York was transformed into a city of mourning; every city in America was awakened to the peril of factory work in tall buildings and steps were taken to fix responsibility for this accident and to prevent its repetition.

As this is written investigation is still under way, but if half of the allegations that have been made by survivors and by public officials are true, the carelessness of the owners of the Asch Building and of the proprietors of the Triangle Waist Company was of the most criminal character. There is convincing proof that the sole means of escape from a building in three floors of which over 600 people worked was an elevator which the fire rendered useless, one inadequate stairway with doors opening inward and one narrow, flimsy fire escape. Furthermore, Fire Chief Croker asserts, the doors leading to the stairway were locked and had to be chopped down by the firemen. The factory was always littered with flimsy cloth, smoking was constantly indulged in, and in the corner where the fire is supposed to have originated there were oil cans. Cupidity, combined with carelessness, brought about this cruel, unnecessary sacrifice of human life.

New York, electrified out of its lethargy, is demanding that responsibility be fixed and the guilty punished. The Empire State will be failing in her duty if she fails to provide laws for adequate inspection of factories and to make employers responsible, under threatened indictment for manslaughter, for the lives of their employees.

WORKMAN'S COMPENSATION UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

How slow, how painful is our progress upward from industrial barbarism! On the day before the New York tragedy, the Court of Appeals at Albany announced a unanimous decision declaring the workman's compulsory compensation act, as passed at the last session of the Legislature, unconstitutional on the ground that it involved the taking of property without due process of law. The act provided that in certain extra-hazardous occupations, employers should be liable for their employees' injuries without regard to precaution or lack of precaution on the part of the worker. This was not a hastily considered piece of legislation; it was the result of long and careful consideration by the Wainwright Commission. Neither was it a radical law, having been generally accepted as fair by the employers of the state. It is, rather, an example of the fetish generally accepted by the judiciary that constitutions were made primarily to protect property, that property rights are superior to human rights.

Sincere efforts will be made to draft a law that will meet constitutional requirements. Meanwhile a half million New York workmen are deprived of the protection to which they are entitled.

The really civilized nations have long since granted this as an act of common justice.

FIRE IN NEW YORK CAPITOL.

New York's magnificent Capitol building at Albany was partially destroyed by fire on March 29, a serious loss to the state though overshadowed by the greater disaster in New York City. The damage to the Albany structure is estimated at five million dollars, though the loss of the state library with its historical documents can hardly be expressed in figures. The western wing of the building is in ruins and the famous million-dollar stairway is badly damaged.

The Capitol at Albany is a monument to New York's sublime carelessness in money matters. Erected at a total cost of twenty-five million dollars (how much of this being legitimate expense it is hard to say) and fitted up lavishly, it carried no insurance and contained no fire-fighting apparatus. Building contractors with political affiliations refuse to regard this conflagration as an unmixed evil, and the big city has citizens who count the destruction of the public records little short of providential.

BIG DECISION IN LITTLE CASE.

In a very little case, the Interstate Commerce Commission has rendered a big decision. A suburban electric railway from Washington to Mount Vernon has been ordered to reduce certain fares from fifteen to ten cents. Not very exciting, considering that there are only nineteen miles of the entire road.

But the Commission ordered the reductions on the sole ground that it found that the road should be valued at only \$52,000 per mile, while it was capitalized at and earning returns upon \$207,000 a mile. The Commission characterized this as obvious overcapitalization, holding that the company was entitled to a fair return on the actual investment and no more, and so ordered a reduction of thirty-three per cent. in rates!

The precedent is about as big as could possibly be established. With its present powers over rates, the Commission could adjust every freight rate in the land according to that reasoning; and there is reason to believe that it is making a precedent with some such move in mind.

The overcapitalization sponge never stood so good a chance of a squeeze, as since this decision was rendered.

THE STUDY OF INFANTILE PARALYSIS.

As the result of research in the Rockefeller Institute, Dr. Simon Flexner has made discoveries which promise to be of interest to mothers throughout the country. Dr. Flexner announces that he is very near the cure for infantile paralysis. If the plans of the Institute work out successfully it may soon be possible to cure this dangerous and so far little understood disease of children.

It is now known where the newly discovered germ resides, how the disease is spread, how it enters the body, and the available means of combatting it.

This disease is not a new one, as is popularly supposed, having appeared in this country as early as 1840, though it has lately shown renewed vigor. Two thousand cases of the disease were reported in New York city in a single year. It is believed that its recent appearance is due to importation from Sweden where it is prevalent. It is communicable but probably not directly contagious. There is much yet to be learned regarding it, but progress has been very rapid. In reply to the anti-vivisectionists, Dr. Flexner maintains that it would have been impossible to obtain the present valuable knowledge of this disease without the aid of experiments upon animals.

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THE PULSE OF THE WORLD The Month Abroad

HOPE FOR INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

HARKING back to the Russo-Japanese War, one recalls the enthusiasm with which some advocates of international arbitration urged an alliance of the United States, Great Britain and Japan to preserve peace and enforce reduction of armament. In spite of the fact that since then the United States and Japan have at times seemed threatened with strained relations, the last few weeks have brought back almost the identical suggestion of six years ago. The proposal of to-day, however, takes a more practical form. Following the speech of President Taft on international arbitration, Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary, made a remarkable speech in the Commons, endorsing the President's suggestions and declaring that the constant increase of armament and military expenses threatened to break down the very fabric of civilization unless the nations should learn to substitute law for force as the means of settling international disagreements.

That the whole world is sincerely interested in efforts to this end was proved by the spontaneous approval which greeted these expressions from almost all capitals. The notable exception was the one naturally to have been expected. It came from Berlin, where the Imperial Chancellor, Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, declared that an arbitration treaty between England and Germany was out of the question. Germany, he said, could not agree to begin any disarmament procedure so long as the future ratio of naval power was to be based on Great Britain's contention that she must have a navy equal to the fleets of any other two powers.

Despite this discouragement, the preliminaries to an arbitration arrangement between the United States and Great Britain have made notable progress. It is in this connection that Japan appears. Britain and Japan have a treaty of defensive and offensive alliance. Under it, Britain could not engage in an arbitration pact with the United States without the consent of Japan. From Tokyo comes the assurance that Japan would willingly modify the treaty with Great Britain in order that Britain and America might set the world the example of the first general arbitration treaty. A more convincing evidence of Japan's sincere desire for permanent peace with the United States could hardly have been produced. Forced upon the serious attention of all countries by reason of the increasingly grave economic conditions for which the armament burden is responsible, the arbitration proposal appears at last to be crystallizing not only in the popular opinion but in the governmental policies of the world in a form which justifies real hope that the parliament of man may soon become a reality rather than a poetic vision.

CAMORRA SOCIETY THREATENED.

The whole power of the Italian nation has been placed behind a fearless judge who, at Viterbo, has been presiding over the trial of a group of members of the dreaded Camorra society. For centuries this oath-bound aggregation of criminals has made its way everywhere. Its crimes have been almost unbelievable, its secrecy awe-inspiring, its vengeance against prosecutors and informers swift and sure. Witnesses have not dared tell the truth, judges have feared to force them, prosecutors have covered in dread of the assassination that would surely follow a successful trial.

But one brave judge at Viterbo, confronted with the question whether the state itself or

this secret society of assassination is the more powerful, declared that the law must vindicate. He announced that men drawn to the jury must serve, and would be protected. He ordered the utmost precautions taken, and the trial proceeded to a wonderful series of revelations about the organization. The ancient terror seems likely to be dispelled as the result of one man's determination to do his duty and to force the terrified people of an overawed community to do theirs. Italy begins to see the first dawning light of a future in which black hands, Camorras, vendettas and secret feuds shall at last be suppressed.

CHINA THREATENED WITH PARTITION.

China's foreign office having ignominiously yielded, under the imminent threat of war to the demands of Russia relating to Mongolia, it may be written that the real partition of the empire has begun.

Russia has demanded, in the great series of provinces known as Mongolia—the extra-war region of northwest China—that her merchants shall have the privilege of doing business without paying import or local taxes and generally shall enjoy special and highly profitable advantages. The incapable Pekin government has had to yield.

It means in effect the Russianizing of Mongolia, for all commercial purposes; and with Russia, the flag follows trade. Japan has been looking on with prodigious interest, but apparently unwilling to interfere. She has moved only to strengthen her own hold on South Manchuria, which she has practically, though not nominally, annexed since the war with Russia. Russia at the same time has been increasing her defenses in North Manchuria; and the Chinese press is insisting that Britain will presently be demanding her slice of exclusive rights which are common preliminary to territorial possession. China on the eve of a serious move toward nationalization and modernization, may yet fall to pieces before her great bulk can be animated by the new consciousness that alone can save it from disintegration.

The downfall of China or the loss of her integrity in the face of the remarkable progress she has made toward national usefulness would be an international disaster.

A COMFORTABLE, ATTRACTIVE PRISON.

New South Wales, Australia, since the advent of woman's suffrage, has proceeded upon the principal that nothing is too good for the women—even for those who are being deprived of their liberty. The new penitentiary for women at Long Bay is probably the most up-to-date, comfortable, and even luxurious place of its kind in the world. It is fitted up with hot and cold baths, with well ventilated cells painted in pleasing colors, electric light and stocked with suitable reading matter. The prisoners are graded according to the most advanced ideas and special privileges are awarded for good behavior. The wardresses are all educated and refined women, and a committee of ladies of Sydney has charge of those who are discharged from the prison. Gardening, dressmaking, cooking and washing are taught.

If incarceration is supposed to be an example to wrong-doers, there is undoubtedly a point at which comfort and luxury in prison may be carried too far. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether anyone is ever injured by kind treatment if intelligently directed. The Australian state has set a good pace in regarding these unfortunate women as in need of treatment rather than of punishment. Long Bay is a moral and physical hospital; not, in the strict sense, a penitentiary.

THE PULSE OF THE WORLD

Women Everywhere

ACTIVITY IN THE WESTERN STATES.

THE Western states continue to lead in women's political activities. The Nevada legislature has voted in favor of an amendment granting unlimited suffrage to women, being the fourth state within a few months to approve such a measure. As in the case of California, Kansas and Oregon, the amendment will have to be submitted to the voters for ratification.

The legislature of Wyoming has passed an eight hour law for women's work, the one woman member of the legislature being an enthusiastic supporter of the measure. The state of Washington has also adopted an eight hour law. It will be remembered that the Colorado legislature voted in favor of such a measure several years ago but it was set aside as unconstitutional. Colorado suffragists are now making an effort to pass a bill that will meet constitutional requirements.

Wyoming now has a woman State Superintendent of Schools. Miss Rose Bird, who was recently chosen to that office, has for several terms held a county superintendency. Miss Bird devotes her spare time to managing a good-sized farm which she owns.

MAKING STYLES BY LAW.

In at least three states of the union, bills are being considered prohibiting the wearing of the recently imported harem skirt within their borders. California, Tennessee, and Illinois have been threatened with such legislation. Thus the craze for legislation on every conceivable subject reaches sublime heights. It seems unlikely that women will need the restraining hand of the law to prevent their taking up with the new fashion; on the other hand, it is not certain that the law would restrain them if they should decide to adopt the Oriental costume. One of the few good things that can be said for prevailing women's fashions is that they are not made by legislatures.

The difficulty of enforcing edicts against the long and murderous latpin is an example of man's futility in such matters. It seems impossible to have women fined or arrested for wearing them, no matter what the statutes say. In Budapest, the police have solved the problem by confiscating the offending pins and sending the offenders home with hats grasped tightly in their hands. The room in the police station where the trophies are kept is an arsenal of dangerous feminine weapons.

AID TO HUSBANDS' MEMORIES.

The United States Government is undertaking a cure for men who forget to mail their wives' letters. The Post-office Department, as an experiment, has installed mail boxes in street cars in the city of Washington. If it works well in the capital, this aid to bad memories will be extended to other cities. The idea is that with a mail box staring him in the face while a man is on his way to his office, there is no excuse for his carrying a letter in his pocket more than three or four days. Thus far the post-office has provided no relief for the wife whose husband forgets to bring home the butter or order the coal.

PHILADELPHIA FIGHTS FOR HONEST MEASURE.

Philadelphia has officially taken up the fight against short weights and measures following an investigation by the Bureau of Municipal Research and a disclosure of the prevalence of this form of dishonesty. The plan adopted by the city council provides for the establishment of official standards, the inspection of

weights and measures, the plain labelling of such measures and adequate penalties for fraud in shortage, substitution or misrepresentation. It is recommended that dry articles, including bread, as well as liquids, be sold by weight rather than by measure and that better arrangement be made for the measurement of cords of wood. It begins to look as though the housewives throughout the country are coming in for a long delayed inning in the never ending contest with the grocer and the butcher.

TEACHING MORALITY BY MACHINERY.

If the plans of a group of public spirited educators are carried out, there is soon to be a nation-wide organization for teaching morality by machinery. The device used is none other than the familiar stereopticon—with slides that point a moral as well as adorn a tale. The idea has long been in practice in the schools of Baltimore, and, according to Superintendent Van Sickle, has been extended during four years to the entire United States. 150,000 boys and girls in schools and churches have seen these illustrated lessons in morals. The five sets of slides that have been used thus far are entitled "Gentlemen," "Personal and national thrift," "The true sportsman," "What I am going to do when I am grown up" and "What men think about boys' fights." It would appear that the men and women lack of this movement have hit upon an excellent idea, for visual instruction always has a peculiarly telling effect upon boys and girls.

A COMFORTING FAILURE.

American mothers will bear philosophically the news that the fireworks business has fallen upon evil days. The recent failure of a great fireworks company is ascribed to the agitation for a sane Fourth. The decline of business and the damages which it has been forced to pay for accidental explosions were too much for this institution and it has been declared bankrupt. The failure of this firm is a tangible sign of an enlightened public opinion upon the question of the celebration of the nation's birthday.

MILITARY SERVICE FOR WOMEN.

Fraülein Pauline Werner, one of the leaders of the feminist movement of Germany, has come forward as an advocate of military service for young women. Men have developed physically and intellectually, she says, by reason of military training and women are entitled to these same advantages. She is not an advocate of battlefields and maneuvers for her sex but recommends the domestic side of military service; she would put the women into the army kitchens, clothing-stores and laundries. This training she says will increase rather than diminish women's marriageability and their usefulness as wives, and at the same time it will be an excellent thing for the comfort and efficiency of the army.

TREATY FOR SEAL PROTECTION.

If the proposed treaty with Great Britain is adopted it will put an end for some years to the destruction of seals in Polar waters. The rapid disappearance of these animals makes such regulation imperative. The seal problem which is in reality based upon the vanity and thoughtlessness of well-to-do women has always been a fruitful source of international difficulty. The treaty with Great Britain should be adopted and vigorously enforced. Women, the majority of whom are not in favor of the wholesale destruction of harmless animals to no useful purpose, should aid this movement heartily.



What Food For Children

Improper food makes them rickety, dull and peevish.

During the "bringing-up" period the care bestowed by the mother in the selection of food means much, for sturdy health is largely a matter of right food.

Grape-Nuts FOOD

is made of the field grains—wheat and barley—in which Nature has stored the "vital" elements best suited to build bright, strong, happy children.

It is scientifically prepared for easy digestion—meeting the needs of their growing bodies and carrying them safely on to that period of greater safety—maturity.

Most children dearly love the sweet, delicate flavour of Grape-Nuts with cream. It satisfies their natural appetite, and mothers can let them have this food, with the assurance that they will be well nourished—healthy and happy.

"There's a Reason"

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The Empty Linen Chest

Agriculture this is not true. What happened was this:

The flax-growing industry in this country came into competition, not with foreign-grown flax, but with home-grown cotton, and succumbed in the fight. It could have competed only by the investment of large capital and by going into the business in a wholesale and more economical way, because the cultivation of flax in small quantities is a costly and tiresome performance, and one, it would seem, not in accordance with the American temperament. That a good quality of flax can be grown in this country the Bureau of Agriculture has tried to prove more than once.

In 1897, the year of the passage of the Dingley Bill, the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture published a detailed account of experiments conducted in various parts of the country regarding the profitable raising of flax suitable for spinning purposes. It also pointed out that capital was necessary to make such a crop profitable, and that the growers of flax from European countries who have settled among us must unlearn what they had learned there, since the times for planting, the cultivation of the soil to a proper richness, etc., were different. But in spite of urgent appeals of the Government for this new activity of the farmer there has been as yet no response.

Another Indefensible Schedule

Here are the most salient points of the tariff that cover that part of Schedule J relating to linens:

Flax not hackled or dressed, 8.80 per cent ad valorem.

Yarns of flax, hemp or ramie, according to quality, from 15 per cent. to 54.04 per cent. ad valorem.

Linens, not less than fifty per cent. ad valorem.

Plain woven fabrics, including such as is known as shirting cloth, weighing less than four and a half ounces per square yard, containing not more than one hundred threads to the square inch, thirty per cent.; containing more than one hundred threads to the square inch, thirty-five per cent. ad valorem.

Handkerchiefs — not hemmed, or hemmed only, fifty per cent. ad valorem.

Hemstitched or with drawn threads, fifty-five per cent. ad valorem.

Embroidered, sixty per cent. ad valorem.

Just let us philosophize over the meaning of tariffs anyway. The need for a tariff is supposed to rest on two things — the protection of our home industries so that they may be able to compete with cheap foreign production, and revenue. Luxuries are supposed to be highly taxed; the necessities of the people to be treated with a kind and reasonable hand.

A brief analysis of this schedule will show, as in the case of wool, that the tariff was devised with no reference to the best good of the people at large, but only in accordance with special interests. If an industry was powerful enough it could affect the tariff one way or the other, according to its needs, apart from any justice; it could maintain a high tariff even when there was no industry at all to be protected.

The tariffs on linen and wool together have benefited the cotton manufacturers, and it is the poor man who has paid. By careful manipulation of the tariff those most interested have been able to arrange the schedule of the tariff dealing with wool to such an extent that the poor man sleeps in this climate under cotton blankets and wears cotton underwear, and the babies of any but the well-to-do classes must be dressed in flannel wholly or part of cotton, to what detriment to their vitality no one can measure.

The same principle has affected the case of linen, and while linen is not to the same degree the necessity that wool is, the principle

involved is the same, except that as there is no linen industry in this country, the whole schedule is more incomprehensibly unjust.

Consider for a moment the value of the raw material imported and contrast this with the manufactured goods.

VALUE OF IMPORTS OF RAW AND MANUFACTURED LINEN

In 1907:

Flax	\$ 2,254,112
Yarns	657,050
Manufactured woven linens	21,048,352
(This includes table damask, towel-ling, suitings, etc.)	
Handkerchiefs	2,734,971

In 1908:

Flax	2,514,618
Yarns	448,111
Manufactured woven linens	17,101,639
Handkerchiefs	2,136,946

In 1909:

Flax	2,542,256
Yarns	453,305
Manufactured woven linens	18,108,649
Handkerchiefs	2,136,946

You notice that even had we no other sources of information than the manufacturers in this country, the very imports of raw material would speak eloquently. The imports of yarn ready for spinning, and the raw flax altogether amounted to about \$3,000,000 against the sum of over \$20,000,000 of manufactured linens for the year 1909.

Thread Makers Want Tariff

We find that there is a low tariff of fifteen per cent. ad valorem on raw material and a high tariff on the manufactured yarn. In other words, the carders and spinners of the \$2,500,000 of tow are protected out of all proportion to the extent of the industry. Now, this \$3,000,000 of raw material is not used in the manufacture of linen goods to any great extent. Most of this raw material is absorbed by the spinners of linen thread.

In recommending the reduction of duties on linen to the Ways and Means Committee in 1908, T. Dennis Thomson of Boston says:

"There will come manufacturers before your committee who will boldly say that they are engaged in the manufacture of linens in this country; they will point to several mills that are called American 'linen' mills; they will ask for an additional duty on linen goods. . . . These gentlemen are not manufacturers of linen woven fabrics; they are manufacturers of linen thread. They are simply thread manufacturers. They are spinners of threads made from imported hemp or flax and can not in any way be classed as manufacturers of linen woven fabrics."

One wonders in whose interests the thread manufacturers were speaking when they asked for a retention of a high tariff on linen goods.

Now you will notice that there is one class of goods on which there is a much lower duty than on any other. By a careful wording of the tariff, such linens as are commonly known as "shirtings" — the type of linen used for collars and cuffs and shirts come in under a thirty-five per cent. duty. All coarser linens than shirtings pay more — fifty per cent. ad valorem; all finer linens pay more. Why was a juster tariff made in regard to this one special favored class of goods?

The answer is not far to seek. Linen is the only suitable material for such garments, and the great manufacturers of this industry had influence enough with the Legislature to retain the thirty per cent. duty when the Dingley bill raised the tariff on all other linens and even to get a further five per cent. reduction in 1907. No other reduction on manufactured linens was made at this time.

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Again, linen is the only suitable material for the table and for other household purposes, and it is safe to say that the large consumers of collars and cuffs and shirts also consume linen, would like to consume even dress materials if it were within the reach of their purses. But this great class of consumers — you and I and all the housewives of the country — have no one to speak for us; we have no pull. We are only private consumers, and therefore there is a prohibitive tariff upon the goods that we would buy if we could. And while, though we are forced to buy goods of an inferior class that wear out quickly, we can not plead that our health and the health of our children is affected in order to pay for the vagaries of Schedule J as we can in the case of the wool schedule, Schedule K; still we can cry out at the fantastic injustice of the situation.

There is one powerful business that is touched by this schedule, and it is difficult to understand why they have not tried to affect the tariff. I refer to the hotels. Most of the big hotels in this country have their table linens, etc., especially manufactured for them broad on their own designs.

The same class of people; that is to say, the average middle-class individual, is the consumer of linen handkerchiefs, just as he is the consumer of linen collars, but his handkerchiefs are taxed between fifty per cent. and sixty per cent. If he can not afford this tax, the cotton manufacturers stand ready to sell him a very high grade of cotton handkerchiefs, spun and woven to imitate linen. The only difficulty with these handkerchiefs is that they will not last, and that he will pay for his handkerchiefs in the end twice as much as though he could afford the purchase of linen in the beginning.

One more detail as to the injustice of this tariff. Formerly there were large imports of Russian crash. This was almost a peasant industry; crash was a homespun, home-woven article. This crash formerly came in under

a thirty-five per cent. duty. Under the present tariff it pays sixty per cent. Before the enactment of the higher tariff, the importations amounted to three thousand bales a year; now the importations have dropped to an average of about five hundred bales, and one-third of this is said to be sold to the United States Government — a tribute to its merit, as the Government is a most discriminating purchaser of fabrics.

Thus we see that whereas fine linen shirtings come in for thirty-five per cent., a careful arrangement of a duty of so much per square yard plus an ad valorem duty of thirty per cent. has advanced the price immoderately upon these coarse linens of the kind that would be used in modest homes for towelling, etc., so as to render its importation almost prohibitive. It is the same injustice of Schedule K over again. The poor man's wool and the poor man's linen are taxed to a far higher extent than are the better grades. The same schedule that bars out these heavy Russian crashes bars out coarse grades of linen of every kind as well.

To summarize the situation: the duty on linens for the past years has been so high as to exclude from our markets coarse linen sheetings. It has been necessary for almost our entire population to substitute cotton equivalents for household linens and for wearing apparel. Every home in the country above the line of want — every home where women are striving to spend money wisely, to have attractive linen for their tables, has been taxed arbitrarily to protect a non-existent industry, and the only persons who are benefiting by this strange and unreasonable tariff have been the manufacturers of cotton goods which imitate linen only in outward appearance, without giving an equivalent in durability on the one hand or in coolness on the other.

The only attempt at a more reasonable tariff has been in the case of one large industry with power enough to influence the tariff mongers.

Continued from page 36

THE LUCK SERUM

about being "dead to the world." After that the house was quiet again and I went on with my work.

All at once there was a pattering of feet, the laboratory door burst open, and there was Mary's maid to say that her mistress had fainted and would I come. I told the woman to call Dr. Carnovan, snatched up whatever looked as if it might prove useful, and ran to Mary's room. Burbadge got there at the same minute, and we worked over her together. She was in a very stubborn faint.

Then Carnovan came in his old blue dressing-gown, looking very old and sick. He took his daughter's hand, lifted her bare beautiful arm and let it drop. The drizzling rain in the last few minutes had turned into a deluge and was roaring against the window panes. The wind had risen to a gale. The windows shook, the whole house shook.

Dr. Carnovan asked us what we had done. And we told him. He frowned and seemed undecided for a moment. Then he said, in a voice unusually loud for him — such a voice as a man puts forth to give himself courage — he said:

"I'm going to give her a heart stimulant. Wash her arm with alcohol, Burbadge, just below the shoulder."

I don't know why, but I couldn't watch poor Burbadge do that. I just stood and stared at the ceiling — I have an idea that I whistled something. I don't know. I stood and stared at the ceiling, the travesty of the massive cupids and true-lovers' knots, looking down on that poor girl who wasn't to be allowed to know the meaning of true love, made me feel mighty blue and cynical. Then Burbadge said in an excited voice:

"That's the serum of good luck you've got in the hypodermic."

"And good luck," says Dr. Carnovan, "is the best heart stimulant in the world."

I looked in time to see him make the injection. And I noticed that the hypodermic, when he handed it to Burbadge, was only half emptied. There was in it still enough of that clear, scintillating serum to make a man lucky for the rest of his days. A moment later my eyes once more caught sight of the hypodermic in Burbadge's hands. Burbadge did not seem to have moved, but the little glass reservoir was now empty. I think I smiled. Could the serum of good luck bring these two sad, hungry-hearted people together when love itself had failed?

Presently Mary came to; there was color in her face and she looked happy. Then we wished her good night, though it was broad morning, and Burbadge and I went off to bed.

"So you dosed yourself?" I said. "Well, my lad, I hope you and she will be the two luckiest people that God ever made."

But Burbadge gripped my arm just above the elbow.

"I feel very sick and frightened," he said. Well, while Mary Carnovan slept, the ceiling of her room fell. And one of those crazy, great true-lovers' knots struck her on the temple and killed her.

And that's why I believe in luck. Because all considered, that was the luckiest thing that ever happened to her.

"When Burbadge learned that Mary Carnovan was dead he raged around a little, cursing God and man, and worked himself into a brain fever. When he recovered, everything that I've told you had been wiped off his memory as marks are wiped off a slate — and that was the luckiest thing that ever could have happened to him — or to me."



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Mrs. CURTIS'S HOME Corner

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

Woman's Efficiency in Humble Task

ONE day I happened to be in an adjoining room while a friend of mine talked with a woman who had applied for the position of housekeeper. It was not a "lady" housekeeper she wanted. The demand was for a working housekeeper, able to do anything from scrubbing to marketing. As I listened to the catchism the applicant was put through I felt sorry for the woman. Her religion was discussed, also her home relations, which evidently had not been happy; her wages, hours of work and leisure and her ability in all sorts of tasks. It was a strictly business-like interview; the employer was wholly at her ease because she knew what she wanted and what she wished to pay. The applicant floundered in her answers; she was evasive, uncertain and ill at ease. At last I heard my friend say conclusively: "There is no use of further discussion. I am sure you would not suit me."

She Put Her Worst Foot Forward

I looked up while the woman passed through the room. She was forty-five years old, perhaps, a tiny creature with gray hair, plain looking, shabbily clad, and with a shy, shrinking manner. She was not built on the plan of women who can successfully battle for a livelihood. She knew it. There was even a pitiful confession of failure in the quiet way she closed the door when she left the room.

"Why didn't you give her a trial?" I asked my friend.

"Because," she answered in her brisk way, "she has not as much life as a kitten; moreover, she evaded some of my questions completely and I am really debating whether she was not some sort of a fake."

"That woman was not a fake," I said. "If I were in her place I don't believe I would care to reveal my private affairs to a stranger. Would you?"

"I am not hunting for a situation," replied my friend. "I must know about any one who comes into my house. I don't intend to run any sort of risk."

That was the key to the situation; she was not the one who was searching for a situation.

"It did not strike me," I said, "that she was so inefficient. She was at a terrible disadvantage when she told you she had never earned a dollar in her life. So few people are willing to offer the first chance."

"Mercy," returned my hostess, "she did not even know how much her work was worth. I don't want anybody like that."

Weeks afterward a sudden necessity for help arose in the household of a relation of mine. The help problem in this city is as acute as anywhere in America and I realized this when I went searching for a capable and trustworthy housekeeper. Suddenly I thought of the little woman my friend had turned down. I got her address and started to look for her. The search led from one boarding-house to another. Each one was shabbier and more forlorn than the last, and as I followed the trail, I saw her in imagination dropping week by week a little lower in her fortunes. When I found her, she was washing dishes to eke out the price demanded for her share of a miserable home. We talked in her room, which was

a piteous scrap of a cold attic, furnished with a mangy looking bed and one broken chair. She was shabbier than when I had first seen her, more distrustful of her abilities, more timid and reluctant to tell anything about herself. I did not ask for particulars. I accepted her on the assurance that she had once owned a comfortable home and had had the care of it. She went back with me, carrying all her earthly belongings in a paper bundle.

A Genius for Home Organizing

That happened six years ago. The comfort brought by that woman into a disorganized home is a story I could never relate. Perhaps in her efforts, there was a touch of gratitude for being allowed to show what she could do. First of all, her wages were paid in advance so she might get decent clothes, and these clothes worked like a miracle. She looked better and as soon as she knew she did, she put on a new dignity and self-reliance. She was capable of doing every task required in a home and she did it as conscientiously as if the home had been her own. Never in all these years has she sidestepped or overstepped. She is not only the mainstay of that household where the mistress lies invalided, but she is such a friend and such a comfort that money is in no way a recompense for the loving faithful service she gives. Something occurred after she had been there several months which made her actually need a safety valve, then she told me her story. I never listened to a sadder human experience. It was a story of injustice, brutality and utter betrayal of trust. She could not have told it to a curious, cold-blooded stranger. Later I found that the story was true in every detail; indeed, she had not told me the worst. Homeless, penniless, with the spirit crushed out of her, fearful of being distrusted and misunderstood by a critical world, who can wonder that she made a poor impression. She told me with tears in her eyes of a weary search in the great city, day after day, awaiting her turn in an employment office among white servant and black, tramping for miles through snow and rain to answer advertisements only to meet cruel rebuffs and rude curiosity. I would have tried the soul of a younger, braver, less refined woman than she was. To a woman nearing fifty, instinctively quiet and retiring, it must have been mental torture.

How many of us who have always been sure of a home-roof over our heads, of the sympathy and understanding of those whom we love, would have appeared to better advantage than this little woman? I can think of no more cruel experience than that of the middle-aged woman thrown suddenly upon her own resources. The early part of our lives is a most wholly educational and habit-forming and the habits acquired under the shelter of the home seldom prepare a woman to face the world as a wage-earner. When that order comes—as it does come to thousands—she realizes, with sudden terror that her talents are unmarketable. She finds herself in competition with young women who have had scientific training, even in domestic work. She can show no diploma; not even a recommendation from a former employer. If you can for a moment put yourself in her position, the next time chance throws such a woman in your way, give her more than pity.

Hold out the helping hand and the cordial sympathy which go so far toward making this world a fairly good place.

Fight Your Battles on Home Ground

If I were giving practical advice to the middle-aged woman in search of work, I should say, first: Do not go far abroad to find it. Not the least part of the ordeal is in facing the community we know best of all in the day of fallen fortunes; this experience tries out our friends as nothing else does, and that in itself is worth while. If you have a special talent, whether it is cake-making or sewing, it is easier to get the money value for that work where you are known than in the great, busy maelstrom of a city where thousands make barely a living. The people who are worth while will appreciate, honor and encourage your efforts; as for the others who look down upon one for earning a living, they are not worth consideration.

I suppose you think I can preach only one text: "Determine what you can do best, then do it as well as you know how." It is an old text and an oft repeated one, but it *does* spell success, because it means honest work; the sort of work which is worthy of the money received.

Recently I have been looking over all sorts of fields of labor in which elderly women toil, and their success or failure teaches exactly what I have always preached—that it is the humble, every-day tasks well done that often earn the most comfortable incomes. The reason probably is that we are all dependent on such work and we can get along without luxuries or the "faddy" things of life.

In a small city two women upon whom fortune had turned her back started about the same time to earn a living. One of them calls herself "exceedingly genteel." She ekes out the barest sort of existence by teaching music and dancing. She is *passé* on both these accomplishments and the few who patronize her do so wholly out of charity. When the other woman faced the problem of earning an income she asked her lawyer what he would suggest.

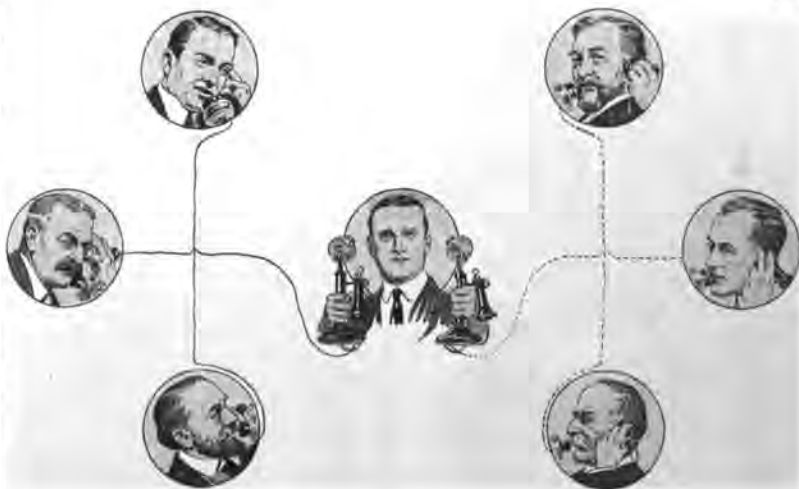
"I should say, madam," he answered, promptly, "that if you could supply the town with such a brand of home-made sausage as I have eaten at your table, you might make a fortune out of it."

"I paint china moderately well," she suggested. "I suppose that would not support me."

"Not if people feel as I do," said the honest old lawyer. "I would rather eat your sausage off an old white plate than a factory brand from hand-painted china."

The woman laughed. "I suppose that settles the future for me. I shall turn to the sausage machine."

It was not an easy task to take up such a business in a town where she had once been a person of some importance, but she did it, and so manfully that people who began by looking down on her were forced to look up. She did not even disdain to use her own name. She started in by having parchment wrappers printed with "Mrs. Dearborn's Home-made Sausage" and placed on every pound she turned out. Other people in town besides the lawyer knew what a savory article it was, and year by year her trade reached out till it far outgrew a mere locality. To-day, instead of coming from her own kitchen, it is produced from a splendidly equipped factory. Still, it is no factory product, except as to bulk. Every pound is as perfectly seasoned and blended as when she ground the meat and wrapped it with her own hands. The sausage brought the old Dearborn homestead back again, and she lives there in luxury paid for by her own earnings. There is no secret about the sort of success which came to her. She simply did what she could do best. Still, the little lady who teaches dancing looks down on the Dearborn sausage factory as horribly low-bred. It is a case of a different view-point, that is all.



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The Runner

necessary, how utterly out of the question the plan really was.

"All right, Blaine, we'll give you a chance to run as well as you talk. I'll get Brown to pace you, and I'll do all I can to help. Jim here can hobble out and watch the experiment. Monday at nine, then. I must be going now. Good-by!"

Monday proved warm and sunny. Blaine found his way to the field by himself, and went into the dressing room under the grandstand. He emerged, clad in jersey and running pants, just as the captain, Jordan and Brown came into the grounds.

Craig whistled softly over his first view of the blind man's rangy legs. They were thin, smoothly muscled and long. Every inch of him bespoke the runner.

"What a pity!" muttered the captain, as he looked at the sightless eyes. "If he could see, Jordan, you would have to look to your laurels."

He began the preliminary trying-out by sending Blaine once around the track by himself. As the boy ran, true as a die, keeping always near the inside and taking the curves with all the confidence of one who could see, Craig began to wonder if after all there might not be a chance; a slim one, to be sure, but a fighting possibility. His conviction deepened as the runner followed Brown for another quarter-mile. True, poor Brown was not a speed-marvel by any means, but he did his best, in a series of erratic sprints, to shake off the remorseless trailer, who slackened and quickened his stride to keep always just behind the pace-setter. Not once was there the slightest danger of accident. Watching him run behind the other, Craig found it almost impossible to believe that the man was blind.

The four spent two hours on the field and track, talking, planning, testing; and at the end the captain gave his consent to Blaine's entering for the mile run in the dual meet. It was a hazardous experiment, at best, but the trials had impressed Craig even more than he cared to admit.

The meet was just three weeks distant, and there were eighteen working days for conditioning and experimenting. Never did runner and captain work harder. Blaine studied the track as best he could, beginning each day by jogging around it, counting steps from point to point, and stopping and feeling with his hands and feet every little unfamiliar bump or depression. Craig helped faithfully, taking an extra hour each morning for the man's special training. Jordan also aided, and he it was who suggested that a coacher every eighth-mile, both now and during the race itself, could assist materially by shouting advice and instructions.

Blaine's speed was dazzling. As a mile-runner, he was abnormal, seeming to take the whole distance as a sprinter might the 100-yard dash. At the end he never weakened. Where others quickened the pace, and called upon their reserve strength for the final whirlwind finish, the blind man simply plugged along, neither faster nor slower than during the other parts of the race. His success depended upon his getting a lead and holding it, or upon wearing down a sprinting opponent.

The training was always behind closed gates. On rainy days they went to the gymnasium, where Blaine's guiding shoulders brushed the wall on the inner side of the track. It was a hobby of Craig's that a runner must train, rain or shine, though how the blind man's wind, or stride, or speed could be improved was beyond comprehension.

To detail the preparation of the runner would be to repeat monotonously the routine of a day. Nobody aside from the faithful little band of runners will ever know what it cost, nor how hard it was for them or for Blaine himself. Nobody will ever understand how long nor how thoroughly they worked. Always, too, they all understood that they

were simply experimenting, and that all this toil might go for naught. Craig was hopeful. Jordan was enthusiastically blinded to the real difficulties. Blaine offered little comment that could be construed one way or the other. But he was desperately in earnest.

The meet fell on a Saturday late in April. The day was perfect, and the crowd came in surprisingly large numbers. Blaine had gone to his dressing room early, and he sat listening to the steady tramp of feet over his head, while Craig and Jordan and Brown plied him over and over with the advice which he already knew by heart. He had been accorded an outside position by the other runners, who gladly offered any concession, particularly one that robbed them of no choice of place. Gaspar would certainly go to the front. He was to keep on the outside of the track till his ears told him he was clear of the other, and then cut in behind the front-runner. When Gaspar tired, he was to swerve and pass him, and then go on and win—if he could.

They were still talking when a megaphone voice roared: "All out for the mile run. Blaine clenched his hands slightly, but gave no other evidence of nervousness. Jordan, who understood the blind man's sensations as the crucial moment drew near, assumed control of the situation and walked out to the track with the runner.

As Blaine stepped from the cool dressing room into the warm sunshine, his heart seemed to stand still. He could hear voices everywhere. In the grand stand at his back was a babel of conversation, rippling back and forth, dying out and swelling in volume in a curious fashion that possibly a normal person might not have noticed. Out on the field inside the track, he could hear men hurrying here and there, shouting instructions and warnings, and announcing results of jumps and throws. As his shoes crunched upon the cinders of the track itself he stopped, trembling and afraid. But when Brown had greeted him with a commonplace query, and two other voices, which must have been Gaspar and Carpon's, said, "Good luck, old man!" quite as if they meant it, he felt his courage returning. Although the crowd did not know of his affliction, the other runners had been told, and his keen sense of intuition told him they were sorry. Pity was the one thing he did not want; he was running on equal terms and he would show them he could hold his own.

Jordan found him his holes, already dug, and he wriggled the toe of his shoe in them to make sure they offered the necessary grip. Then a big-voiced official asked:

"Are you ready, men?"

Nobody answered. The tension was upon Blaine alone.

"On your marks!"

The blind man heard a movement on the part of the others; a quick, nervous shifting of feet. He was already in position. "Get set!"

He crouched low, hands on the track, ready for the spring. His sensitive ears caught the slight grating of the self-cocking hammer of the revolver, and even before it fell on the cartridge-cap he was off.

Moreover, he was away in front; of that he was sure. Now he must wait for Gaspar. His nervous fear had left him entirely and he was running easily near the outside of the track, listening eagerly for the foot falls of his opponents.

At the first sharp curve, his heart-beat raced far above normal. Here was the initial test. Could he gauge the turn accurately? Had he misjudged the distance? Would he crash in against the others by curving in too soon?

But when he had swung to the left, bit the bit, and realized that he was now running nearly at right-angles to the first stretch, he breathed easier. Off to the side, and a little



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behind, apparently the same approximate distance away, came the regular thump-thump of foot-beats. One of the men, probably poor Brown, seemed a few feet to the rear of the others.

He curved in again for the next turn, knew he had made it neatly, and straightened out for the back-stretch. All the time some query sought recognition in his brain. What was it? What were his final instructions? Then, like a flash, he put the question into words. Where was Gaspar? Where was the man who had been relied upon to set the pace?

For just a second he faltered. His stride broke slightly, and his quick ear told him the others were gaining. Resolutely he dug his finger-nails deep into the corks he was carrying, and sprang forward with frenzied energy. If only he could see now, just for an instant! Half-way down the back-stretch he heard a voice; good old Jordan's whole-hearted bellow.

"Take the rail, Blaine!"

The runner smiled at the queer shout. Straight in his face flung the first word or two, the sentence increasing in volume as he passed the speaker, and dying out behind him, till the name itself came far from the rear, like a fleeting echo.

As his brain began to comprehend, he stopped smiling. Something had gone awry; Gaspar was not out in front. As he listened, indeed, he could distinguish the foot steps of three runners, still slightly behind and to one side, now closely bunched. And he, who could not see, who could not know what had taken place, was asked to set the pace for three of the crack college runners of the Middle West.

He set about the task grimly. Increasing his pace, and counting carefully as his feet raced up and down, he shot ahead and to the left. For one dizzying second, he lost his mind-picture of the track and of direction; but when his foot touched the little rail level with the cinders, the map flashed clear before him.

He circled the turns easily and finished the quarter-mile in front. Back of him pounded the other runners, confident of his eventual weakening. Only Craig, who stood at the finish, white-faced and shaking, knew his powers of endurance. As he swept past, the captain yelled:

"Easy, Blaine. Forty to the mark!"

It was his signal for speed. He must take forty even strides, at the same rate his legs had been thumping up and down, before reaching the turn. Mechanically he began to count. At ten he was beyond Craig's voice; at twenty he began to doubt if he had not already reached the curve of the track; at thirty he found himself fighting a desire to swerve sharply to the left. Resolutely he kept straight ahead, counting, counting, always counting.

"—thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty!"

At last he turned, and a great wave of relief and joy welled up in his heart as he felt with decisive knowledge that he had exactly timed the count.

It was an easy matter, then, to gauge the next turn. Only at the ends of the long straightaway portions of the track did his courage fail him; he swung into the back-stretch for the second time with every confidence.

Once settled in his stride, he listened carefully. There had been some change in the positions of the runners. One was gaining on him, and gaining fast. The other two were still close together, even further back than they had been as yet. He half turned his sightless eyes toward the infield, waiting for Jordan's explanation.

"It's Gaspar coming," shouted the injured man; "let him pass you!"

Blaine smiled. It was all clear now. A bad start had put Gaspar well in the rear, and, wise runner that he was, he had bided his time and gained slowly, reserving his strength. As a matter of fact, he could not have diagnosed the situation more exactly.

Closer and closer came the runner. A hot breath struck Blaine on the neck and back, and he leaped forward with a queer jerk, fearing the other would run him down. But Gas-

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Down the back stretch they charged for the final time. The blind man was not hoping to sprint at the end, but he told himself he would keep up this awful pace till he fell. Gaspar, running erratically in little frantic spurts and dashes, had swung in on the rail, a few feet ahead. As he listened, Blaine knew that the runner was about through. Every second he expected to hear him slow up and fall to the rear.

At the next turn, the Chicago man gave it up. But it was his muscles and his wind; not his courage. If he could have kept upon his feet, he would have finished, despite every handicap of Nature. As it was, his tired legs simply collapsed and he fell in a little huddled heap on the track, directly in front of Blaine.

The blind man heard him drop. For the last fifty yards he had been thinking of just such a possibility. His mind was remarkably clear now, and he studied every angle and every possible accident of the race. Perhaps his blindness helped him, for the average runner, faltering and weary, might have hesitated and been lost.

As Gaspar fell, Blaine swerved sharply to one side. His ear had been tap-tapping to every foot-beat of the other, and when one missed absolutely he knew what had happened. Before the runner had toppled over, the blind man had swung wide and saved himself. It was an instinctive action, bred of the remarkable hearing that sightless eyes had developed.

Now there was only one set of footfalls near him. Carpon was sprinting, coming like the wind, gaining at every stride. Blaine set his teeth, took the turn into the home-stretch on the very rail itself to save ground, and raced straight ahead for the fluttering tape he could not see.

For the first time he felt his utter weariness. In the trials there had been no excitement; no nervous tension like this to sap his energy. Now he knew he was close to collapse; his mouth was parched; he landed on his heels with ugly jolts that shook his whole body; the cinders persisted in lying unevenly and attempting to turn his ankle; his legs were trying to get beyond his control and pound up and down in a natty rat-a-tat-tat instead of the orderly thump-thump-thump.

He calculated his lead at ten feet. Slowly but surely it was being cut down, despite his best efforts. A hundred yards from the finish, which was one of the points he had come to know, the thuds of Carpon's feet were like cannon reports in his ears. One advantage he had, and one only. To pass him, the other must swerve to the outside, while he, blind though he was, must run straight as a die.

His head whirled for an instant and the rush of blood cut off his sense of hearing. When the next throb of his pounding heart drove it from his ears, he had lost entirely the sounds from behind. To the right they were shooting guns—why, that was Carpon running by his side!

Dimly, as from a very great distance, he heard Jordan and Craig as they shouted like madmen. A roar from the crowd, in appreciation of the wonderful finish, called his attention to the spectators for the first time. Their encouragement acted as a spur to his tired muscles. He plunged forward into the blackness of defeat or victory, swinging his arms wildly, till suddenly he hit a clenched fist with his hand as he swept, half falling, half diving, into somebody's arms. A thin bit of string, the finishing-line tape, fluttered idly about his neck and jerked loose again. Had he broken it? Or had Carpon? Why had the whole crowd gone suddenly dumb? Why—

"Boy!" shouted Jordan's voice in his ear, "you won! Won by six inches!"

"You came within ten seconds of the record," roared Craig gleefully.

"You outran and outguessed them," screamed Brown's happy voice.

"You—"

"Ah," said Blaine, trying not to look unduly happy. "forget it; I—I want to rest." And he shut his eyes and was asleep.

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BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN



WHAT we make of ourselves depends upon the ideals which we habitually hold. Our lives are shaped upon our mental models. If these be high, the life is lofty; if low, it grovels. Man is no better than his ideals. The stream can not rise higher than its source. Our work can never overtop our ideal, our ambition. It is a great thing to keep the constant suggestion of high ideals, of things that are grand and noble in human achievement, in the mind. It tends to make us love the right and hate the wrong.

There is one thing we ought to hold in such sacredness that no consideration could induce us to dilute it, and that is the quality of the life, the quality of our ideals. Whatever else we are careless about, we can not afford to carry through life low ideals, second-class personalities or demoralized mentalities. However humble our homes or ordinary our environment, we should keep the quality of the life, the personality, at the highest possible standard. We should allow nothing to deteriorate it.

Yet most people are careless and indifferent regarding the quality of their lives. There is a slipshodness in their living, a slovenliness in their mentality, which tend to deteriorate the quality of the life and make it cheap and common-place.

Whatever your career, guard your ideal as the apple of your eye, the pearl of great price for everything depends upon the direction in which that points. If it points downward, no amount of money or influence can redeem you from mediocrity, or even save you from a degraded life. Man is so made that he must follow his ideal. He can not go up if his ideal points down.

When the taste has become vitiated or demoralized by bad literature or vicious companions, there is no standard by which we can gauge the quality of life, and quality is everything. Quantity means little when compared with quality.

Some one says: "The ideal which one possesses, or which possesses one, comes to control him so as to lift him up or drag him down, in spite of all other influences leading in another direction. Therefore, it becomes extremely important that a man's ideals should be worthy ideals, uplifting him in his aspirations and endeavors."

What do we not owe to people who have raised the ideals of those about them by trying to do something better, to live a little finer life; who were not content to jog along in the same old rut, but were determined to get up higher?

I have known a girl, inspired by the lives of great men and women about whom she had read, to change the atmosphere and ideals of the little village in which she lived, as Benjamin Franklin changed the atmosphere of the entire printing establishment in which he worked while in England.

We little realize how much we are influenced by the example of others; how the great personalities whose lives we touch mold and stimulate our characters and modify our ideals.

A great many people who live in out-of-the-way places and sparsely-settled communities are only partially developed, and are never thoroughly aroused, because of the lack of inspiring and ambition-arousing examples in their community.

and women that will develop from children who live in a vulgar atmosphere, in an environment of vice, who rarely hear anything inspiring or see models of nobility; whose lives are filled with everything that is degrading and deteriorating. On the other hand, we can easily forecast the future men and women who will develop from children reared in homes of refinement and culture, who breathe the very atmosphere of intelligence and enlightenment, who live in the midst of models which inspire, elevate and ennoble. The mind is formed by what it feeds on. It must follow the character of its daily food.

I have known unusually bright, promising boys to lose their ambition almost entirely when living in a vicious atmosphere and associating with those without purpose in life except to have a good time. Before they realized it, their ideals had become tainted, their aims warped, and their ambition dimmed.

There is something positively contagious about an inspiring ambition. Think of the influence and the power of being a living model, of igniting the spark in thousands of young lives, of awakening the ambition to be somebody and to do something in the world! On the other hand, what a curse to be a degrading model, to have a deteriorating influence!

Anything which will lower our standards or ideals will cause an irreparable loss. One of the commonest and most unfortunate things that can happen to a human being is the ruination of the taste for better things. The taste should be kept sensitive, delicate, and refined, so that the individual will be able to appreciate the best and highest possible to him.

The moment a man stoops to the lower, he can not maintain the higher; if he continues to do the lesser, he will render himself more and more incapable of doing the greater, because his ideals will invariably drop to the level of his acts. Disraeli said: "The youth who does not look up will look down; and the spirit which does not soar is destined to grovel."

How true it is that without a vision the people perish! Where the pursuits are sordid, where the highest aim is the all-absorbing ambition to make money, everything that is finest, cleanest and most beautiful in life evaporates; the nature coarsens. This is the threatening picture of American character to-day.

The vast resources and great commercial prizes of this country are so tempting, so fascinating, that by the time they are ready for active life our youth are so saturated with commercialism, so ambitious to coin every bit of their ability, their education, their influence, their friendships, almost everything into dollars, that all else is neglected.

They lost their ideals which are the true test of character.

The ambition of the old masters was to embody their ideals upon canvas, no matter how long it took or what it cost. They could not bear to associate money with their ideals. The canvas or the piece of sculpture was regarded as the child of the brain. There was a kinship in it. They loved it. They could not bear to part with it, even for the necessities of life. It was too precious to sell.

The true artist transfers to the canvas the ideal which haunts his soul. Everything that he has seen, read and experienced is incorporated into his masterpiece. No pains, no study, no devotion are too great to give to the child of his brain. What are hunger and criticism to him! He sees immortality in his canvas.

vas. His idea is becoming tangible. He does not need the praise of the world, for there is an applause within which is infinitely more satisfying. He is in touch with Divinity. He can bear up under anything but the desecration of that holy passion within him. Let others chase the dollars, let others crowd and jam in the selfish world, and live the strenuous life for that which perishes. He eats bread of which the world knows not, he slakes his thirst at the very fountain of life.

In every really successful life, there are some principles which must always be put before every other consideration, whatever occupation we adopt. The ideal should be kept high, clear and clean of all contamination or commercialism. It should not have the least suggestion of the dollar taint. It should not be warped or twisted by influence or by immediate prospects.

Whatever the tools with which we work, we can all be artists. We can follow the voice that calls us higher, we can do the best of which we are capable.

Running through the noblest characters of the world, there is a great backbone of purpose. We feel the timber of their manhood; the stamina of their character. We feel that regardless of their vocation, there is a great moral force in them; something which they hold more sacred than money-making or any business consideration. These characters are the salt of civilization. We know perfectly well that it is useless to try to twist, buy or influence them. They are not for sale. They stand like the rock of Gibraltar.

The very reputation of having a moral backbone, of standing for something besides mere money-making, of being known as a man who can not be wheedled into doing a mean thing, a man whose character is beyond perjury, beyond influence for the wrong, is the greatest kind of capital; is credit in itself.

We base our confidence on character, on the man, and not so much on his mere ability to pay. Many rich men in this country do not have half as much credit at the banks as others with a title of their wealth, simply because everybody believes in the latter. Their very names carry confidence. There is a letter of credit in their reputation. They carry it in their faces.

Lincoln once said: "Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say that I have none other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellowmen by rendering myself worthy of their esteem."

We are always betraying our ideals, whether high or low. They crop out in our letters, in our conversation, in our conduct. As the ideal of the sculptor "carves itself in marble real," so the great life aim out-pictures itself in our bodies. How quickly a practised eye can tell what ideal has been working in the lives of those he sees upon the streets or meets in traveling! How easy it is to pick out the clergyman or the priest, even when not wearing distinctive dress! The face of the professional or literary man betrays his vocation, the ideals which have actuated him, because the thoughts held uppermost in the mind, which become life habits, very quickly become impressed in the face, the form, the manner.

One of the most lamentable things in our civilization to-day is the fact that so few business men maintain the integrity of their ideals throughout their business life. Never before was there a time when there was so much winking at dishonorable methods, so much graft in business and politics, or when the great leaders of men were so tempted to stoop to questionable methods. It seems as though everybody were looking for a pull, trying to get a slice of all the good things that are going, even by methods that are questionable.

The habit of always trying to do something better, to improve upon our yesterdays, the reaching-up habit, the habit of aspiring, is of untold value to those who would make the most of themselves. The mind that constantly aspires, that perpetually yearns for a larger growth, a complete life, will not be forced to look back upon a deformed and hideous life.



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Janey PEERS BEHIND THE VEIL

into her understanding slipped all kinds of grown-up chatter—slipped in and slipped out.

"Dr. Robinson is awfully alarmed about Mrs. Lord's condition," she heard her mother say once. "She has not cried once since Danny died—they can't seem to make her talk, even." And again: "She just sits there day after day looking off into space like a dead woman. Mr. Lord has tried his best to arouse her but she won't look at him." And last of all: "Mrs. Lord's mother's down. Danny's death nearly killed her but she forced herself to stand it for Marion's sake. Yesterday she got out all Danny's toys and all his little clothes and suggested that they mend them up and send them to the Little Wanderers' Home. Mrs. Lord just glanced at them and then looked away. Dr. Robinson says they must do something pretty quick."

One evening, a week after Danny's death, Janey took one of her Uncle Jim's books to look at them she went to bed. It was called "Paradise Lost" and it was a great favorite with Janey, for, although she could not read it, the pictures—always of angels—gave her a strange sensation of far-away-ness. In fact Janey fell asleep over it, one cheek lying on an open page. She did not wake when Uncle Jim carried her upstairs, nor even when her mother undressed her. Indeed, once into bed, she fell into a deeper sleep, the dreamless Nirvana of play-exhausted childhood. But this did not last. In the middle of the night, she started up—and started wide, wide awake with the feeling that somebody had called her name.

Somebody had. It was Danny.

He was standing in the middle of the room. And Janey knew him at once although he looked very little like the Danny she had lately known. He was, in brief, the old out-of-doors Danny—the Danny of the velvety-pink cheeks, the wide, soft, beautifully-lighted eyes. He smiled, and his smile was full of a glee that she had never seen in it before.

He wore his little white nightie. But the strange thing was that he had wings. They came from between his shoulders and curved high above his head. Unlike real feathers, they melted at the ends into little soft, flickering flames; flames of pearl and opal; flames of coral and gold.

"Come, Janey," he said and held out his hand.

Janey obediently scrambled to the floor and put her hand in his. He led her out of the dark chamber, into the murky pocket that was the hall, down the black tunnel that was the stairway, through the cave of jet that was the living-room and out on the piazza. But all the time they had plenty of light; for Danny moved in a golden cloud that stood up, cone-like, from his flaming wings. The instant they struck the grass Janey knew where they were going—to the fairy-pond. The little curving path that their own feet had worn to it from the piazza-steps lay under hordes of friendly summer stars, winking silver above and between hordes of friendly fire-flies, winking gold below. The grass felt wet to their feet.

Danny did not speak again. Janey would have liked to talk but she held her peace. But they did not unclasp their hands. Janey noticed as she had often noticed how the wart on Danny's thumb rubbed against her finger.

When they reached the fairy-pond, Danny drew her over to Mud Pie Rock. He reached his hand down and drew a letter from the crevice. It was neatly folded, fresh and clean-looking. "Give this to my mother, Janey," he said. He put the paper in her palm, and her hand closed over it. He smiled his new, radiantly-joyful smile.

And then a strange thing happened.

Danny was standing against a bush of queen's lace that was starred with huge white

pinwheel blossoms. Suddenly the flames in his wings seemed to die down. One instant, Janey could see the blossoms on the bush shining through the feathers. Another instant there was no Danny there. A third, and she was waking up into the sunshine of a brisk, windy morning.

All alone, Janey played hard the whole morning through. She practised her exercises a little. She worked on her scrap-book. She colored the pictures in a magazine that Uncle Jim tossed to her. She ate her lunch. Later she went in bathing. Returning she passed the tiny path that led from the road to the fairy-pond; a big tiger-lily waving in the wind, seemed to beckon her into it. Stooping to pick it, a flash of something white in the crevice in Mud Pie Rock caught her eye. She pulled it out.

Dear Mother: (it said in Danny's queer home-taught scrawl)

Don't be sorry that I went for I'm coming back again. And remember when I do my name will be Danny.

Staring at the rain-stiffened, dust-soiled paper, Janey remembered that Danny's name, sake, their blue sailor-doll, deserted and forgotten, still lay buried in a butter-box on the hill.

"I'll dig him up now," she thought. But before she could do that, her memory took another twist and, suddenly, all that night had brought her flooded back into her consciousness.

The note tightly clasped in her hands, she ran all the way to the little white house.

Mrs. Lord sat inside, her hands in her lap, her vacant eyes fixed out of doors.

"Mrs. Lord," Janey called softly.

"Yes, Janey," Mrs. Lord said without looking at her.

"Last night Danny came to me," Janey said, "and told me to give you this."

She handed Mrs. Lord the letter.

And then happened a thing stranger than all the strange things that had recently happened to Janey Blair. Mrs. Lord tore open the note, ran it through. In another instant she had rolled out of her chair and lay on the floor at Janey's feet, a white, silent, crumpled wad of clothes; and Janey's screams were ringing through the house.

By the inevitable series of miracles, summer glided into fall, fall into winter, winter into spring. May came.

"Janey, dear," Mrs. Blair said one morning, "I've just had a letter from Mrs. Lord. You remember Mrs. Lord and dear little Danny who died?"

Now, by some strange hap, Danny—the Danny of everyday play in Scarsett—had almost faded from Janey's mind. That is to say, he was now but a shadow exercised only by associating memories. But the Danny who took her at midnight to the fairy-pond—the Danny of the flaming wings and the high, sweet, gleeful, coaxing smile—that Danny was as clear-cut in her mind as if he had been freshly graven there. That Danny, indeed, was to take a place among her imperishable memories, the more to be pondered on and wondered at the older she grew.

"And she's sent a message for you, dear," Mrs. Blair continued. She read from the letter. "And please tell dear little Janey that a month ago, a little baby came to live with Mr. Lord and me—the darlinest little boy that ever was. We've called him Danny. I'm so happy, though I"—Mrs. Blair turned a page—"had an awful time—thirty-six hours." She stopped. "Isn't that a lovely surprise, Janey?" Mrs. Blair's face took on the look it always bore when she spoke of babies.

"Not a surprise to me," Janey answered placidly. "I told you Danny'd come back."



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Fighting in Mexico

twenty thousand. Only lately they were reported to have joined the Chihuahua insurgents. The warlike Yaquis, too, have made common cause with the insurgents.

These Indians should have no trouble in getting along famously with the insurgents, for the great majority of Chihuahuenses are either out-and-out Indians or mestizos of a deep copper hue.

The men of Chihuahua, whether humble peons or proud *hacendados*, all go armed and are bred to the saddle. Wild horsemen of the open that they are, they know their country inside out and are never at a loss for a watering place or for a likely spot wherein to find wild horses or cattle. This means that any man at any time can go out with his lasso and secure a good mount, after which he can ride about for weeks at a time killing cattle whenever he feels hungry. For those who have a leaning toward horse-stealing and cattle-killing, any excuse such as the recent revolution is only too welcome. It means the calling off of the *rurales* and other mounted police upon other more serious errands, ties the hands of the ranch-owners and of their more loyal men, and is generally a picnic all around. This is why the Texas cowmen describe the whole rebellion as a "beef-eating contest."

To bring about an armed uprising among such people, all that is needed is a fiery tongue, a few handfuls of cartridges and a man of spirit who knows how to lead. Whatever the alleged grievance may be, it is sure to afford a chance for wiping out some old grudges, for killing cattle and for stealing horses.

Almost all the male population of Chihuahua, whether Indian, *mestizo* or of Spanish breed, have no other occupation but to tend cattle. This means that they are *vaqueros* of the most approved order, who can ride, shoot or lasso anything within reach. The average Chihuahuense is a peon, raised and held on his cattle range in peonage for some old debt. He supplies his own mount, horsegear and outfit; everything except his revolver. This, owing to its high cost, is usually furnished by the ranch-owners. Now it is furnished by the revolutionary *junta*, together with a handy magazine-fire carbine and a belt full of cartridges.

Every *vaquero*, besides his leather clothes, sombrero and huge spurs, carries a woolen *serape*, a lasso of rawhide or of *maguey*, a small cooking pot, steel and flint, and a scant supply of cornmeal, coffee and tobacco. He is used to sleeping on the ground and is equally indifferent to heat, cold, and to the tropical downpours of the rainy season. His horse likewise is never stabled, requires no blanketing and knows how to live off the country.

All full-grown men go armed and are thoroughly used to the handling of firearms. Nothing could be further from the truth than the prevalent American notion that these men can not shoot straight. They shoot just as well as our own American cowboys. The best shot I ever saw was one of these Mexicans. His shooting, both with the revolver and with the rifle, was better than anything I ever witnessed among the Texas Rangers or the Rough Riders in Cuba.

Once these *vaqueros* have taken the notion to go on the warpath, all that has to be done to turn them into formidable fighters is to give them plenty of ammunition and some leadership. This is precisely what Madero and his friends have been doing in Chihuahua. Many of the leaders of the present revolution are known to be ranch-owners and foremen. Others are educated revolutionists from the United States. So far there has been no stint of firearms and ammunition, all of which have been smuggled across the line from Texas.

Given a plentiful supply of money where-with to keep up this constant stream of

smuggled firearms and cartridges, there appears no good reason why the guerilla warfare in Chihuahua and Sonora should not keep up indefinitely, or, at least, until the money gives out.

Of this there seems to be no immediate prospect, since Madero is a very wealthy man, and most of his fortune is known to have been invested abroad where Diaz could not reach it.

If you have the ready cash and some trusty agents to represent you, arms are easy to get in the United States. When Madero was in New York he had with him a fund of \$600,000. Deliveries can be arranged for almost anywhere along the frontier. When it comes to preventing the smuggling of arms across the Rio Grande, even so formidable a force as we now have at the frontier finds its hands full when strung out over a border line of more than fifteen hundred miles.

All that the revolutionists have to do after receiving their arms is to ride about the country, "capturing" defenseless towns and *pueblos*, or "shooting up" the unfortunate detachments of troops which have been sent out against them.

How Towns Are Captured

Of regular Mexican troops there are now in Chihuahua at most fifteen thousand, including the *rurales* and State *gendarmes*. Whenever the *rurales* get after the rebels and make it too hot for them, all the rebels have to do is to scatter through the timber in the mountains, every man for himself. Each fugitive is perfectly able to take care of himself, be it as a pretended *pacifico*, or as a defiant outlaw, until he and his comrades gather again at some appointed meeting place in the mountains several hundred miles away.

The "capture" of a town, such as the oft-reported capture of Guerrero in Chihuahua, generally means no more than that an armed band of horsemen has ridden into the open town at a time when there were neither troops nor *rurales* in sight. Towns like Guerrero, which happens to be a county seat, number barely a hundred houses with at most fifteen hundred inhabitants—when they are at home. Only the women and children stay at home in Chihuahua, and are more than willing to be "captured." They are generally the wives and offspring, or, at all events, the friends and sympathizers of the very men who are supposed to have captured them. If the troops return in time, timely warning is given and the "insurgents" simply saddle up and gallop away, scattering again, if need be, through the barren mountains.

Now and then, only, when a column of troops can be decoyed into a mountain ambush, or a difficult ford, do the insurgents gather in real force to stake their issue on a pitched fight. At such times, with all the advantage of ground and knowledge of the country on the side of the insurgents, the troops are apt to get the worst of it. If the soldiers prevail against their hidden attackers, the insurgents scatter as usual, so that the soldiers have nothing for their pains.

If the odds are too heavy against the soldiers, and the rebel ammunition does not give out, some half hundred or more poor soldier conscripts have to pay with their lives for the blunders of their officers. By the time the reports of such an affair reach the frontier and the waiting war correspondents, the skirmish or running scatter-fight has become a "battle," with the losses of the government troops magnified into a military disaster, suggesting Spionkop or the British reverses on the Tugela River in the early days of the Boer War.

Any one possessed of the most rudimentary military knowledge will understand how hard it is for regular troops, marching in column, and dependent on supply trains and an unbroken line of communication, to operate against scattered bands of natives in a country where every one goes armed and mounted,

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where the fighting men ride at large without maintaining regular camps, and where horse and cattle can be had for the taking.

Military operations in such a country mean marching hither and thither against an unseen foe, being potted on steep mountain trails from behind trees and boulders or from across deep ravines, with an occasional fierce night attack upon worn-out soldiers lulled into fancied security by treachery.

This method of fighting in Mexico today recalls the days of guerilla fighting in the Cuban *manigua* during the Ten Years' War there when 150,000 Spanish regulars were required to hold down Cuba. Only in Mexico the fighting ground is far larger and wilder than that of Cuba ever was. Moreover, Cuba is an island, where every important seaport was in the hands of the Spaniards, with countless interior forts and blockhouses connected by a strong barbed-wire *trocha* and military roads.

Mexico has no such forts, nor blockhouses, no convenient sea or *trocha* to confine the fighting ground and cut off retreat, nor are there any 150,000 soldiers wherewith to put down the rebels. Even if there were larger forces, complete success might be more than doubtful in the light of what modern Mexican history tells us of the ill success of Marshal Bazaine's large army of seasoned French veterans when pitted against Juarez' and Diaz' ragged rebels.

In a country like Chihuahua the inhabitants can not be starved into submission as was done in Cuba, for there are cattle everywhere. These cattle, to which the bandits help themselves so freely, are the property and mainstay of the supporters of the government. Besides all this, the *vaqueros* and Indians of northern Mexico make much more formidable fighters than did the black plantation hands of Cuba.

For fierceness and fighting prowess the Chihuahuens are to be compared only to our own Texans and Rocky Mountain men or to the wild Circassian mountaineers of the Caucasus and the Balkans, who gave the Russians and Turks such endless trouble for generations.

Stubborn Guerilla Warfare

All this should be remembered by those who are inclined to speak lightly of the present-day fighting in Mexico. It is only fair to say, in view of the difficulties and arduous character of military operations in that country, that Diaz and his regular army men have done wonders. So far, at least, Diaz has succeeded in preventing the spread of the trouble to other provinces, and above all he has managed to keep his main railway line through Chihuahua fairly intact and running. Except the border station of Mexicalco across the line from Calixco in lower California, no important town or railroad junction has been allowed to fall into the hands of the rebels. (None at least up to the time when this was written.) In face of the difficulties above mentioned, the greatest military genius could not have done better.

Even Napoleon's generals first came to grief when face to face with the guerilla warfare of old Spain. Thus, too, in our own days of telegraphs, military railroads and machine guns, it took 265,000 British soldiers two years to prevail against 30,000 Dutch farmers in South Africa.

For those who have not been in Mexico the most eloquent testimony of the extreme difficulty of military operations against shifting bands of armed natives will be revealed by a mere glance at Frederic Remington's stirring pictures of Mexican ranch life and mountain work on every other page of his "Pony Trails."

Another American artist who has spent several years in this rough country—Edward Borein—fully confirms every word that Remington has written of the indescribable roughness of the mountain ranches of the Sierra Madre.

One experience that this artist had in this very country, first described and depicted by Remington, is typical not only of life in Chihuahua, but also of certain peculiar new-

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paper work of which there have been many instances lately.

While Borein was working as an artist on the Hearst and Tarazos ranches in Chihuahua and Sonora a few years ago there was an outbreak of Yaqui atrocities. One mountain trail in particular was known to be haunted by the Yaquis, several white travelers having been murdered while traveling over that trail. So it soon came to be avoided by travelers, and the trail was all but covered by grass. About this time Borein determined to return to his home in San Francisco. Of course he was warned not to travel over that trail, if he set any value on his life.

A Mexican *jefe politico* even went so far as to forbid the American to travel along that trail without the escort of soldiers, but no soldiers were forthcoming. Meanwhile, the artist had come to the shrewd conclusion that the dreaded trail was probably safer than any other; for it had been avoided so long that the Yaquis must have grown tired of watching it. So Borein and one other American companion rode boldly over the trail, without bothering the *jefe politico* for permission or escort. Thus they rode for several days and nights through the heart of the Yaqui country.

A Newspaper War

Sure enough, throughout their trip they did not encounter a single hostile Indian. Their reasoning proved to be correct, for during that same time another party of travelers, riding over a parallel trail, were ambushed by the Yaquis and massacred to a man.

When Borein and his companion got to the mining town of Minas Prietas at the end of the Sonora Railroad, some two hundred miles away from the Yaqui country, they were accosted by a newspaperman who had come all the way from Seattle to write up the Yaqui war. He had established himself at the hotel for the time being without bothering to push further on into the interior.

"What experience did you have with the Yaquis?" asked the correspondent.

"None at all," said the artist. "We never saw a single Yaqui."

"What?" exclaimed the disappointed newspaperman. "Impossible! They told me you came from Baveira through the Yaqui River valley."

"So we did," assented the artist, "but the Yaquis never bothered us."

Thereupon the correspondent sat right down at one of the hotel tables and began to write furiously, covering page after page with his writing. Late that night he filed his long despatch at the telegraph office.

A fortnight later Borein saw the story as published in the Seattle paper and afterward reprinted in untold other newspapers all along the Texas and Arizona frontier and elsewhere in the United States. It was a thrilling story, telling under big scare headlines how two hundred Americans were penned in by a fierce band of a thousand Yaqui warriors at Minas Prietas (the very place from which the despatch was filed), and how, unless American troops came to the rescue, not one of all those two hundred Americans was expected to escape alive. And so the story ran on with a wealth of hair-raising and blood-curdling details sufficient to arouse all the borderland to arms.

As a matter of fact, says Borein, he and the correspondent were the only Americans in Minas Prietas on the night when the despatch was written, and after he left there next morning the total American colony was reduced to just one—the correspondent.

Ever since that day Borein has shown a disposition to doubt the truth of any Mexican war story printed under a frontier date line. Many Americans now living in Mexico are inclined to agree with Borein.

Borein's experience with this form of imaginative journalism may furnish a clue to President Diaz's reluctance to allow many of the American war correspondents now gathered at Mexico City to depart for the "front" in Chihuahua.

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Gray Hairs Seeking a Job

out of a situation twenty-four hours. And why? His hair and whiskers are as white as snow; and he stands erect, and there is the spirit of a Napoleon in him. He radiates force and energy. He lives much with youth, and he touches the men and things of his time.

I know men in the sixties who, if necessary, could get employment in good positions without difficulty almost anywhere because they believe in themselves, because they radiate energy, life, because they are interesting, youthful in spirit, no matter what their gray hair and wrinkles may show. They have not allowed the years to count, age to double them up or make them look dry and seedy. They are trim, buoyant, enthusiastic, fresh, responsive. They have not allowed their hope or vivacity to die out of them.

When an old man comes into an office to ask for a position, his very attitude of mind and manner has everything to do with his getting it, if there is a vacancy which he could fill. He must apply for the position with the expectation of getting it, and not with the conviction in advance that his offer will be declined.

He must show that there is a great deal of unused force, a lot of good work in him still. He must show this by his very self-confidence and air of assurance, by the very manner of a conqueror.

He should know that he needs to be more careful about his dress, his appearance and the impression he makes than a young man who is strong, vigorous and forceful.

What the employer wants is the best there is in a man. He is inclined to take an applicant at his own estimate and if he comes crawling into his presence like a whipped dog, as though he expected to be turned down, the employer knows by his attitude that he does not himself think that he is suitable for the position. The employer wants energy, force, persistency, stamina, grit, determination, and he knows that these must come from a strong vitality; that there must be the evidence of victory in the appearance and manner of the applicant who expects to be successful.

In our investigation, we have found that while it is undoubtedly difficult for men after forty to get positions in lines where they had no previous training, yet many employers are anxious to hold on to men who have grown up with the business and who have learned it from the bottom, because their greater experience and wisdom often more than compensate for their lack of the vitality and buoyancy of youth.

Some men remain fresh, aggressive, self-sufficient, all their lives. They never seem to stop growing. They are always taking on new nutriment and they keep every nerve-cell, brain-cell, muscle-cell growing. These people never grow old. They always impress you with a fresh youthfulness and vigor ordinarily found in young manhood.

Everywhere we see old men who are filling responsible positions quite as ably as young men. If a man has not squandered his life forces by vicious living, if he has lived simply and sanely, the very rightness of his wisdom, the strength of his judgment, the accumulation of his expert knowledge, the broadening of his mind, the brightening of his whole nature, the enriching of his experience ought much more than to compensate for his little loss of buoyancy, agility and swiftness. A life properly lived is like the rolling of a snowball. It ought to increase, to grow constantly larger and richer to the very end.

Selfishness, greed, avarice are great enemies of youthful appearance. Love, kindness, sympathy, a spirit of helpfulness, are great life prolongers as well as happiness producers.

No employer wants to hire a whiner, a man who does not think himself any good, who has no confidence in himself, who is always telling his age, who is always pouring out tales of

hard luck, and telling how everything has gone against him.

If he wants anybody, he will hire you even if you have gray hairs, if you show that you are still a soldier in life's battle; that the fires of ambition are still at their height, and that you are resourceful, progressive, original, individual. Hope is an important agent in getting a position, but despair gets nothing.

There is a powerful rejuvenating influence in always appearing young and trying to feel young. Walk as though you were young. Don't drag your feet as though age were creeping over you. Walk with a light, springy step. Don't let your movement or your brain lag.

You can not tell much about a man's age by his years. He may be old at forty—young at seventy-five.

If a man loses his interest in everything, if he does not associate with those who are full of animal spirits, young life, those who are vivacious, if he does not enter into the life around him and become a part of it, if he is as dry and juiceless as a sucked orange, everybody will avoid him, and nobody will want to employ him.

An editor of a daily paper, when asked why he did not employ men over fifty replied: "Although a man may do just as much work after this age, he takes himself too seriously." He did not like to have people around him from whom the youthful spirit had evaporated. He wanted optimism—men in whom hope was large. He wanted the exuberance, the enthusiasm and the zest which usually belong to younger men.

It is not so much a question of years as it is a question of the loss of buoyancy, of hopefulness, of that exuberance which is characteristic of young life. If a man has been good to himself in his earlier years, if he has taken good care of himself, and has not squeezed out all the juices of his youthful, joyful, nature, if he has not sapped his vitality by unscientific, vicious living, if he has practised plain living and high thinking, has conserved his energy, his life force, has not overstrained his resources, he is young at almost any age.

It is the burned-out, the spent man that is not wanted.

The employer hires young people, just as he buys young horses instead of old ones, because there is more future in them.

The fact is that men who are beginning to show their age are often their own worst enemies. They admit their defeat, and yet are surprised that employers think as they do.

There is nothing so utterly disheartening as hopelessness. If a man in the vigor of his strength loses his position, his business, his property, he still has hope, confidence that he can get on his feet again at some time. But when an old person loses property and position the chances are comparatively small of his ever getting on his feet again, or even into a position of comparative ease and comfort, unless he possesses courage and grit.

I believe that such a position is even harder for a man than for a woman, because a man out of a position without prospects does not know what to do with himself. He is much more helpless than a woman who can work in most anywhere in a household, who can generally find some kind of work even though she gets very small compensation. She does not have that feeling of utter hopelessness and helplessness which the unemployed old man feels, especially a man who has led an active, strenuous life.

I always feel pained when I see these unfortunate men in cities carrying advertisements on their backs, or doing menial work when by ability and education they were naturally fitted for much better things. For gray hairs to be begging bread, to be looking in vain for a situation, to be wandering homeless, friendless in old age, is certainly pitiful.



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Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

A PROVIDENT GAMBLER.

S MITHERSON went home one evening after a bad day at the gambling table. "Wife," he said, "have you anything to eat?"

"Yes, lots of things."

"Well, cook up everything in the house—everything."

"Gracious! Are you so very hungry?"

"No," answered Smitherson with finality. "I'm going to sell the stove."

—E. ALLEN READ.

DAMAGING SLOWNESS.

"What 'bout dem chickens, Mr. Johnsing, dat Caspah dun stole—get dem back?"

"Some ob dem, Marcus. Yo' see I o'deh de con't papahs onto him, but dey wer slow in gettin' ob dem out, an' Caspah's family bein' big, de chickens wer dun s'arved befo' de papahs. I jes' dun got de fedders."

—CLARK ELLIOTT.

THE TRAGIC DIFFERENCE.

William was lying on his bed, face downward, sobbing desolately. His mother took him in her arms, the whole eight years of him. In a few minutes she learned all. It was a girl, and she had sent him a note.

It read:

"Dere Willyum:
I luv yu the best But Henery givs me the most kandy.
Isabel."

—JULIUS GINELL.

TO THE BRIDEGROOM.

You may not have noticed it, but they button in the back.

Life is a discipline, and so you had better take time by the forelock and be prepared.

Purchase from some large dressmaking establishment one of those bulgy ladies who have neither head nor legs, known as dummies or dress-forms. Procure an old gown of your mother's or sister's, and each morning practise fastening it down or up the back.

Set it in a rocking-chair, so that it will wiggle, and see whether you can get the right button or hook into the right buttonhole or eye. When you can do this, say once out of four times, have the buttons changed to a size just too large for the buttonholes, and begin all over again. If fairly clever at this, try a row of hooks and eyes invisible to the naked eye.

Then substitute for the metal eyes a few loops of thread, well lost in the meshes of a jungle of lace.

Do not use a strong light, for you will often have to perform in the twilight or early morning. Speed is requisite, and there should be a few pins and needles thrust into the gown at unexpected points.

At first you may use the language that comes naturally; but gradually this should be discontinued, and replaced by something less offensive. Count ten before you really express your feelings.

If you are able to pass through this course successfully, fastening the gown straight in three minutes without profanity, you may proceed to the next lesson.

—TUDOR JENKS.

A PUT-UP JOB.

Hamilton Webster (called "Ham" for short), had just been elected sheriff of a county in one of the Western States. He had received strict orders to keep no prisoner in solitary confinement. One evening he found himself in possession of but two prisoners, one of whom escaped during the night. The next morning he opened the cell of the one remaining, a man arrested for horse stealing, and proceeded to kick him out, remarking: "Git out of here, you pie-face! You stayed in to get me in trouble over that durned solitary confinement regulation, didn't ye?"

—M. L. DANN.

FASHION IN SACERDOTAL GUISE.

Mamie attended kindergarten at Christ Church and was very much impressed with her surroundings. "They are so stylish at that church," she explained to her mother. "Every morning two men come down to the kindergarten to say prayers, wearing black hobble skirts with white overdresses."

—HENRY M. McDOWELL.

COMMON AT THIS SEASON.

(With apologies to Robbie Burns.)

My heart's on the diamond,
My heart is not here;
My heart's on the diamond,
A-chasing the sphere,
A-chasing the round ball and bating also;
My heart's on the diamond wherever I go.

—LOUIS AST.

UNAPPRECIATED.

The attorneys for the prosecution and defense had been allowed fifteen minutes each to argue the case. The attorney for the defense had commenced his argument with an allusion to the old swimming hole of his boyhood days. He told in flowery oratory of the balmy air, the singing birds, the joy of youth, the delights of the cool water—

And in the midst of it he was interrupted by the drawling voice of the judge.

"Come out, Chauncey," he said, "and put on your clothes. Your fifteen minutes are up."

—ESTELLINE BENNETT.

BAEDEKER STARS IT.

An American archeologist with a great enthusiasm for the period of the Caesars was wandering about the Roman Forum one morning, when a woman poked her head over the wall.

"Hey!" she said, in the familiar accent of Western New York. "What place is this?"

"This is the ruins of the Forum," responded the archeologist.

"And what might that be?" she asked.

Amused, but glad of a chance to induct a fresh mind into his hobby, the archeologist explained. He waxed eloquent; he began at its foundation; he pictured the pageant after pageant of history, the successive armies and races that made that spot memorable. Finally he ran down for want of breath.

"My!" she said. "Quite a historic spot, isn't it?"

—WILL IRWIN.

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The BOYS are After You

An event of supreme importance in the lives of eleven diminutive though very useful citizens was the visit to Washington of the 1910 prize winning boys from eleven Southern states. No one who is or who has ever been a boy can fail to appreciate the delight of being one of a group of eleven youthful corn-raisers, each the best in his state, on a free excursion to the national capital. Secretary of Agriculture Wilson awarded the diplomas of merit, after which ceremony, in charge of their own chief, Professor Martin, they were presented to President Taft and then shown all the wonderful sights of the capital. They visited Congress, Mount Vernon, the various departments, the Congressional Library and probably not least in interest, the Zoo.

The basis upon which these prizes were awarded was that of the profit rather than the size of the yield. In other words the cost of producing the crop was taken into account. What follows is the record of the prize winners' yield on their demonstration and the cost of production per bushel.

Name.	Address.	No. Bu.	Cost.
Hughey A. Harden	Alabama	.120	32c
Ira Smith	Arkansas	.119	8c
Joseph Stone	Georgia	.102 5/8	29c
Stephen G. Henry	Louisiana	.139 8/10	13.6c
Wm. Williams	Mississippi	.146 4/7	18c
W. Ernest Starnes	N. C.	.146 2/7	27c
Floyd Gayer	Oklahoma	.51 1/2	8c
Jerry H. Moore	S. C.	.228 3/4	43c
Norman Smith	Tennessee	.125 1/2	37c
Wm. Rodger Smith	Texas	.83 1/9	13 2/3c
Maurice Olgers	Virginia	.168	40c

Of these eleven boys Stephen G. Henry of Melrose, Louisiana was awarded the highest honors at the National Corn Show at Columbus, Ohio, and was declared the winner of the Brush automobile offered as the first prize. It will be of interest to know something about this boy and his achievement.

Stephen is the youngest of five boys in the Henry family. Last year he won three premiums in "all round" corn work in Louisiana and various prizes at fairs. Within a year he has won as prizes the Governor's gold watch, \$25 in gold, a pig, two sheep, a corn planter and finally—supreme delight—the automobile.

The Department's summary of his process is as follows:

Stephen broke his ground, planted in early December, plowed 8 inches in depth, subsoiled, and the land was thoroughly pulverized by cultivating and disking. His corn was planted on March 17th, rows 4 feet apart, and 18 inches in the row. Two tons of stable manure was put upon the acre planted, and part of his crop froze, which necessitated a replanting on May 20th. The corn was cultivated six times with hoe and cultivator; all suckers removed from the hills; Mosby's Prolific variety of corn was raised on this plot. A good crop of peas was also grown between rows after the last cultivation.

So much for the pennant winners in this national league of corn raisers. Theirs were the big prizes but they were not the only prizes. In all, forty thousand dollars was offered by public spirited merchants, some of it in cash and some translated into such heart-gladdening things as trips, ponies, pigs, bicycles, watches and farm implements. Under the spur of this competition small agriculturists throughout the South were for months eagerly studying the circulars from Washington, robbing stables and poultry houses of their fertilizer and discoursing learnedly about nitrogen, potash and phosphorus, deep plowing and shallow cultivation. In some states governors and school superintendents gave diplomas to all who exceeded the 75 bushel mark. Often the award of diplomas in a county seat was the occasion for a large gathering of farmers. In one Mississippi county forty-eight boys averaged 92 bushels to the acre. The record book in Washington

shows the names of one hundred boys from all over the South with an average of 133.7 bushels, an achievement more significant than an occasional freak yield.

In South Carolina there was a lad who was aroused to a pitch of unquenchable ambition by reading of the success of the boys in the state who had won prizes and distinction in the corn contests. He was unwilling to admit that he could be "beat out" by any boy when it came to raising corn, for he had the farm spirit strong within him. His father evidently considered the contest as something of a joke—at least so far as the winning chances of his own boy were concerned. Finally, in sheer self-defense against the boy's persistent appeals, he told him that he might have the use of an acre of stump land on the strict understanding that the stumping or after-work should not involve the outlay of so much as a quarter of a dollar. Day after day the boy toiled at the heavy task of stump digging. When, at last, he had cleared all or nearly all the stumps from the measured acre, the father incidentally remarked that he would simply have to have that cleared acre of ground and if the boy was still determined to try a contest acre, he would have to clear the stumps from another piece for that purpose.

Even this cruel stroke of injustice did not dishearten the lad. He took the spade and pickax and tackled the stumps on another acre.

Although the boy's legs often flagged in the course of the toil which he put into his contest acre, his spirit never did. His work of cultivation was as persistent as his appeals to his father had been at the outset. The week of October first this corn crop was officially measured and attested. The yield was 84 bushels, while his father's corn, which adjoined the contest acre on three sides, made a yield of only nine bushels.

Here was proof against which even the father's stubbornness could not hold out. It is now telling his neighbors:

"I wish I'd only known twenty years ago what that boy has proved to me about raising corn; to-day I would not be about as poor and as naked as a toad!"

Another resolute boy, living in Arkansas, contrived to get his father to plow his contest acre according to the Government method of deep plowing. This is permitted by the contest rules on condition that the time of the man and the horses thus employed is charged against the crop. But when the time for cultivating came, the boy found that all the horses on the place were not only busy but worked to their full capacity. It was hard for the father to spare a team for so much as a day, although he was in sympathy with the boy's ambition. The boy, however, decided that his acre must be cultivated when it needed cultivation and not when it was convenient. When in this mood his eye fell on the two goats which inhabited the stable. They were speedily "broken to cultivator" and with them he did the entire work of "tending" his acre, which produced fifty bushels according to the witnessed measurement.

The corn club movement is showing the "grown up" farmers of the South the need for scientific instruction in agriculture and the importance of raising other crops than cotton. It has a lesson, too, for the great corn states of the West. But best of all is its effect upon the boys themselves, the kindling of ambition and of the desire for education.

After this article was completed the announcement came that death had put an end to Dr. Knapp's labors. His service to the cause of scientific agriculture is worthy of lasting recognition. In all his long and useful life Dr. Knapp never trained upon the unprogressive farmer a more deadly weapon than the Boys' Corn Clubs. "Wake up," he said, "the boys are after you. They are learning fast and their class yell is 'double the crop to the acre and halve the cost.'"

The Individual INVESTOR

By MONTGOMERY ROLLINS



The Evils of the Proxy System

AFTER the winter snows had receded from the deep valleys and mountain slopes before a piercing western sun in the depths of the Rockies, a raw-boned bronco hesitatingly limped up to the corral of a mountain ranch. His knees were hairless and worn to a leather-like callous. He was saddled and bridled. Reins of the heavy ranchero type were firmly caught over the pommel of a deep-seated Mexican saddle. Months before, as the first winter's snowstorm flickered down into the mountain fastnesses, he had bucked his rider into a bunch of chaparral, and with a snort and kick at his freedom had bolted for tall timber. Frequent glimpses of him had been obtained during the winter, but his agility had enabled him to evade every attempt at capture. Thus he had experienced a precarious existence, finding a bite of forage here and there near some oozing spring, or browsing upon the branches of the trees. But, whether drinking or cropping from the ground, he had been forced upon his fore-knees, being fettered by the very effective check of the reins. He had been most securely curbed, and in a very simple manner. Desperate hunger finally forced him again to seek the more kindly hand of his master.

This episode symbolizes the ease with which that much criticised, and, at times, maligned "corporate power," as we term it, may also be curbed in its control. The horse suffered in his mistaken freedom; the guiding hand of his master would have been better, in the end, than the liberty which was callousing his knees and starving his body. May not mistaken freedom in corporation management be callousing the consciences and starving the souls of men? Would not the guiding hand of the masters, the shareholders, be better in the end? This guidance is very easily exercised. The check on the management's headlong career of power may be as simply and surely applied as the check on the mountain horse.

Easy Supremacy Through Proxies

In the last number of *SUCCESS* MAGAZINE emphasis was laid upon the desirability of the individual investor taking more direct interest in the weal or woe of municipal and other corporations selected as an outlet for his funds. It was shown how few stockholders actually attend the meetings of their companies, and the easy supremacy obtained by those managing their affairs was mentioned. An explanation of many such matters, perhaps not clear to the average reader, can be had through his better understanding of the power which he himself represents, and which power he so heedlessly delegates to others through the form of a "proxy."

The reader may ponder as to how the necessary quorum is obtained to transact properly the business of an immense corporation, if the stockholders, representing a majority of the stock, do not attend in person. We are not to suppose that the favored few, enjoying the direct control of such an aggregation of capital as the United States Steel Corporation, actually own and have in their possession sufficient shares of the stock to vote the affairs of the company, especially when we take into consideration the tremendous number of

smaller, but still enormously large, concerns under the same managing influence. They do not have this immense ownership. Such influence as men of this class possess could not be generally exercised anywhere but in America. British shareholders permit no such unquestioned use of their property as is allowed in this country. They properly call themselves "proprietors" and attend the meetings; often they "make scenes," and, if their protests are ineffectual, they openly express their ideas through the press, or write to or interview the company's officials.

In America the officers of the company have smoother sailing. Once obtaining the management of a large company, and then having actual ownership of possibly but ten to twenty per cent. of its capitalization, the rest is easy. The stock books are open to those dictating its policy, and they can readily reach the holders, and so long as the dividend return is satisfactory—and sometimes even when it is not—without thought or reason and oft-times against their own best interests, the latter, upon request from the officers, will forward their proxies to be voted on as these officials see fit.

What Is the Remedy?

If this proxy habit should be generally discontinued, the mighty power, exercised by the few over the many, would be cut in twain, and, probably, reduced three or fourfold. It would then be necessary for such "Captains of Industry"—as they are somewhat improperly termed—to obtain by purchase the control which they now exercise by juggling with the funds of others, or to lessen and loosen their grips in many directions.

Voting by proxy is something that deserves very serious consideration on the part of our investing public; it is an exceedingly important link in our financial chain. The power within the grasp of the thousands of individual investors whose small holdings in the aggregate dominate the situation, and which, delegated to others, give them vast control, is a power not appreciated.

At first, there seems little answer to make to the holder of a few shares of stock of the Union Pacific Railroad who can sincerely remonstrate against attending the annual meeting of the company held in Utah. The holders of ten shares of stock, with dividends of one hundred dollars per annum, could ill afford the expense or time to attend a meeting several thousand miles away. Perhaps it is not feasible to suggest a remedial measure that will accomplish, at one fell swoop, anything radical in this line, but slowly and surely, much might be done.

Do not many foreign banks and bankers represent—and very honestly so—the interests of stockholders in the many corporations whose securities they have distributed broadcast among their clients, by voting these shares *en bloc* at the several corporation meetings? It may be taken for granted that a local banking house in any of our cities, such as Albany, Cleveland, etc., intends to represent the interests of its clients rather than to further the aims of the greater bankers or corporation managers whose securities they have distributed among their customers. Why would it not be feasible and proper, and really a duty, for those thousands of small invest-

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ment dealers to offer to represent their clients, where the shares have passed through these bankers' hands? It is within the realm of good business judgment on the part of all interested that some such method as this should be adopted.

As a nation, we fail to appreciate the value of the voting franchise. The laxness on the part of so many of our voters in failing to declare their will at municipal elections has become a public menace, and we adopt the same careless, heedless attitude toward our corporations. If every shareholder would handle his proxy intelligently in some such way as suggested, or, perhaps, by some far better plan, not presented here, extravagant and selfish management, so frequently rife in the corporate world, would be immensely restrained. Even a small, but continually growing attendance on the part of intelligent men and women at the annual meetings of our corporations, exercising their natural rights as stockholders to question the management, might, through the light of searching cross-examination, disclose many a weakness, or be preventive of wilful wrong-doing. The citizen who fails to take any interest at the primaries or elections of his city puts himself beyond the right to criticize municipal mismanagement. Those who have been freest in their fault-finding of Wall Street, the Stock Exchange and the corporations, will usually be found to be shareholders who have not only refrained from attending any of the meetings of their companies, but who have been beguiled by the innocent-looking two-cent envelope, in which those in control have invited proxies, and who have meekly sent them in. Those investors, likewise, are beyond the pale of the right of objection.

Guard Your Own Interests

Do away with the proxy fetish and so-called "Wall Street" will not have a tithe of its power. If it is possible for a few men, or a single banking house, indirectly to control a corporation of fifty or one hundred millions of capital by the ownership of no more than five per cent. of its stock, they can, by this process, control ten equally large corporations by owning what would be the equivalent of half the stock of one. Here, then, is a rough and ready illustration of what the delegation of power by proxy means. It plainly shows how, by a process of hypnotism—for lack of a better word—a banking house appears to possess the control of vast interests, and the very fact that it appears to have this control gives it unwarranted strength in the world of finance. Cut off all these proxies, and to be sure of the control of any one of these hundred million dollar corporations, the house would have to invest something over fifty million dollars, supposing the stock to be selling exactly at par.

It is not intended to preach here. No animus is felt toward those who in many instances are ably managing our vast corporate interests. You and I would be likely to seek the proxies of the majority of the stockholders in any company which we were managing; it is but human nature to do so. Everything else being equal, we all move along the lines of least resistance. So long as a willing public will, upon simple written request, forward us the desired proxies, there is no great incentive for us to take their investments off their hands in order to obtain the voting right on stock which we do not own. Let us, therefore, not be too harsh in our judgment of the corporation managers who are casting our votes for us. They are but trundling along the ways which we are grading and smoothing for their travel. We are the ones to be criticized, not they.

Far better to send in no proxy at all, than to vest our voting rights in men we know nothing about. Can we declare ourselves innocent if evil doings are disclosed upon the part of those to whom we have sent our proxies? It seems that the time-honored stricture upon the eating of stolen fruit might apply here.

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Continued from page 20

The New SENATE

not been a hopeless split in the Democratic ranks in Tennessee: he was elected as an independent Democrat. Several Democrats, much more prominent than he had ever been as candidates, but all efforts to agree on any one of them were without avail. Lea was chosen of his party who had fought the machine of Governor Patterson and by the Republicans, because he possessed striking qualities as a politician, because he owned the leading morning newspaper of Nashville, which had been edited by Senator Carmack in life and which had continued to fight for Carmack's principles, and because there were really few members of either wing of the party who were opposed to him.

As the friend of Gifford Pinchot, the enemy of the San Francisco ringsters, and a real fighter of tested ability in the ranks of the Progressives, Judge John D. Works, of California, gives more than ordinary promise. He made the race against A. G. Spaulding, a former professional baseball player and now the wealthiest sporting goods manufacturer in the country. The vote was remarkably close, Spaulding carrying a majority of the legislative districts, but Works received the greater number of ballots in the state as a whole and was elected to succeed Senator Flint. He belongs to a distinguished coterie of California Progressives, among the other members of which are Hiram Johnson, the new governor, and William Kent, who succeeds Duncan McKimley in the House.

One of the best known of the new Senators is John W. Kern, of Indiana. The fact that he was a candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with William Jennings Bryan in 1908 has given him a prominence which would seemingly place him before others elected to the new Senate. He is an avowed friend and champion of Mr. Bryan, whose presence in matters political has turned out to be little short of phenomenal, in spite of the fact that he is so often out of harmony with a large element of his party. Though he is rated as a Progressive, Kern is a "ring" politician. He stands with Tom Taggart, the Charles F. Murphy of Indiana.

Those who know Kern best believe him to be honest, but they do not believe him to be capable of rising above the influences of the "ring." The Progressive cause has not gained by the substitution of Kern for Beveridge.

Senator H. L. Myers, of Montana, who succeeds Thomas H. Carter, has been highly praised for the stand he took in the fight twelve years ago against W. A. Clark in his money-mad race for the United States Senate. For some remarkable reason Clark was condemned, and all of those who opposed him were praised in the fight, though there was corruption on both sides.

Joseph Dixon, the other Senator from Montana, is said to have been elected with the aid of the money and votes of the Amalgamated Copper Company, but he has seen the light, and the one thing which the Amalgamated desires the most in this world is to beat him in 1912. If Myers is what his constituents claim he is, he and Dixon will give Montana a status not enjoyed by any other state in the Union. This is tremendous when one considers how corruption-ridden the state is.

Atlee Pomerene, of Ohio, is worth watching. The worst thing ever said about him is that when elected he was a country district attorney who had never mingled in big politics, and was therefore practically unknown. He was opposed for election by Edward Hanley of Dayton, an avowed trust advocate. At the last, Pomerene's candidacy was advocated by Governor Judson Harmon, who is for the initiative, referendum, recall and the popular election of Senators, in spite of the fact that he has been openly accused of being



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More About Remembering

ARTICLE II

(IF YOU DID NOT READ ARTICLE I, SEE APRIL SUCCESS)

IN the April issue **ELBERT HUBBARD** told the readers of **SUCCESS** about my School of Memory. **HUBBARD** knows that the men I am helping most are you Managers, Secretaries, Teachers—men and women in business who need the Quick Thought Accurate Judgment, Unhesitating Decision—in short, the Responsive Memory which presents Facts to you when Facts are needed. **HUBBARD** recommended my System to you because he knows that hundreds of readers of **SUCCESS** have already raised their standard of efficiency by taking my method. Now I am addressing you personally. Increased efficiency, greater abilities, higher standards are all for you, my booklet will explain. Simply cut out and mail coupon below. Accuracy of Memory is not all that is covered by my method. Remember the man who was called upon to speak—He arose, stammered, sucked air, gurgled ice-water—forgot—and sat down in the kindly silence. Memory in Relation to Public Speaking was what he required. That is one of the many subjects in my Method. It is very simple; you do not realize the capacity of your own brain until you have put it through a few easy exercises. Ability is latent within you, simply it needs developing. You will be surprised to note how quickly and accurately a trained faculty responds.

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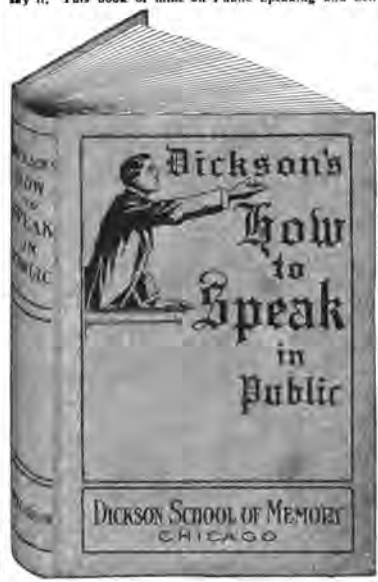
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a reactionary. It was Harmon who finally threw himself into the breach when he thought it necessary and caused the election of Pomerene.

One of the most notable victories scored last November was that of Charles E. Townsend over Julius Caesar Burrows, of Michigan. From the day he entered the Senate eighteen years ago, the latter was a champion of monopoly. He was the friend of every Trust whose cause was in any way discussed or disposed of by that august body. He was the friend and unfailing ally of Aldrich and Hale. Probably his most obnoxious performance was as chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections in conducting the "vindication" of William Lorimer. Townsend has worked with and voted with the Progressives on more than one occasion. He was one of the authors of the rate law under which so much has been done toward regulating the railroads. He is an able debater, but is a bit timid about taking the initiative. In other words, he is a disciple, after long deliberation, instead of being an apostle like Cummins, La Follette, Bourne and Owen. However, he was by far the best man with insurgent inclinations that Michigan afforded.

About the most important thing we know concerning James E. Martine, the new Senator from New Jersey, is that Governor Woodrow Wilson believes in him, and succeeded in securing his election after the hardest sort of fight with James Smith, Jr., who, when in the United States Senate more than a dozen years ago, won no laurels either as a friend of the people, or because of distinguished ability displayed. Even Martine's warmest advocates have not claimed that he was particularly above the average, but in all public utterances he has shown himself to be for those things for which Wilson stands and is fighting, and that is regarded as a hopeful sign.

Probably the most talked of man in the country for a brief period last fall was Charles F. Johnson, the new Senator from Maine. When the Democrats swept that state, it was generally conceded that he would be elected Senator. He had been a candidate for the office several times before, and stood out above the other aspirants. Johnson enjoys the reputation of being a man of the strictest integrity, one who can truthfully boast that in securing his election he did not spend even the price of a postage stamp. His expense account was zero, so his friends claim, and in this respect is the smallest on record. Not a great deal is known of his stand on public questions, inasmuch as he has done very little talking since his election. He is ranked, however, as more of a radical than a so-called conservative.

At the time this article was written, no Senator had been chosen in New York, Iowa or Colorado. It was certain, however, that in New York and Colorado the men named would be Democrats, and in Iowa a Republican.

In the make-up of the new committees for the Sixty-second Congress, the Progressive Republican Senators played excellent politics. They demanded the addition of La Follette and Cummins to Finance; Bourne and either Dixon or Poindexter to Appropriations; Gronna, of North Dakota, to Agriculture; Cummins, of Iowa, and Brown, of Nebraska, to Judiciary; Crawford, of South Dakota, and Works to Privileges and Elections, and Borah to Foreign Relations. By the rule of seniority, Clapp, a Progressive, became chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee. The Progressives asked for the addition of Cummins and La Follette. These are the great committees of the Senate, and with the Insurgents and Democrats already members, it is possible for the Progressives to control the report on every bill referred to them. With the rules as they are and the House of Representatives overwhelmingly Democratic, President Taft is likely to have to consider, during the special session, legislation that never entered in the remotest way into his program.

Chautauqua Reading Course

1911-12

Referring to page 52 of the May issue of **SUCCESS MAGAZINE**, you will see that **SUCCESS MAGAZINE** is able to present to its readers an opportunity of joining the new Chautauqua Reading Course for the American year, which begins September, 1911.

The new Chautauqua Reading Course may be briefly characterized as a popular survey of American Ideals and Practices to-day. A trained British observer will depict "The Twentieth Century American," comparing it with American type with the English type of institutions as people from whom we became separated for independence sake. In "The Spirit of American Government," a keen critic of the constitution of the United States will present a study of that written document revealing the fundamental difficulties we meet in trying to make it fit entirely new conditions and serve the modern ideals of democracy.

"Twenty years at Hull-House" will tell the social service story of personal touch with almost every conceivable "social problem" of present day concern in America. "As We See Ourselves," in drama, novel, short story, etc., will review typical literary forms of expression of our social and economic life especially since the Civil War. The literary side of the course will be further strengthened by a volume dealing with the "Materials and Methods of Fiction," fiction being one of our chief products in the field of literature.

The travel element of the course will consist of a timely "Reading Journey Through South America," and a review of some typical achievements in "American Engineering" will concretely bring before the reader results of the modern scientific spirit and technical training represented on an unprecedented scale by such specialized professions as mechanical, marine, sanitary, even "efficiency" engineering.

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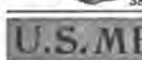
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A Pageant of LIBERTY

VII. Italy.
Italian liberty might well be epitomized by the spectacle of a red-shirted Garibaldi leaning from the balcony of the Foresteria (the balcony could be made out of two packing boxes and a bit of railing) and addressing the jubilant Neapolitans on Sept. 7, 1860, at the close of his conquest of the Two Sicilies.

VIII. Liberty.
The final float would be devoted to displaying the charms of the most statuesquely beautiful young woman in the community—who would be dressed and accoutred rather like the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, only, one hopes, with far more charm.

In this order the procession would parade the principal streets. Then, finally, it would march to the stadium (or athletic field) for the dramatic part of the pageant, if this part were deemed desirable.

The idea already outlined is capable of almost infinite expansion, for most of the immigrant nations in our country have undergone struggles, inspired, directly or indirectly, by 1776.

Suppose a town wishes to celebrate its next Fourth with a Liberty Pageant;—it has merely to select an Independence Day Committee as Springfield did. This committee prepares a list of the different local nationalities, decides on the most important modern struggle for liberty in the history of each, and finally, on the characters or events that will most simply and effectively epitomize that struggle in float form.

Behind the national floats international ones might follow, representing such world-movements as those for:

- Religious liberty.
- Freedom of speech.
- Freedom of the press.
- Abolition of slavery.
- Popularization of government.
- Abolition of special privilege.
- Abolition of mob rule.
- Abolition of child labor.
- Emancipation of Woman.
- Extension of the elective franchise.

This last float might be escorted by youths of twenty-one and others who had, during the year, qualified as voters. Admission to this escort might be made an impressive ceremony, like the assumption of the *toga virilis* in ancient Rome, and the honor might be denied temporarily to any candidate who had ever been convicted of a crime or put on probation.

The title of each float could be painted on a light standard and carried by a single man, walking in front of it. So much, then, for the possibilities of expanding the idea. On the other hand it is capable of just as extreme contraction and simplification for use in the smaller, less wealthy communities.

By taking a little more care in costuming the marching escorts, an effective pageant could be arranged with only five or six floats.

Indeed, it is not absolutely essential to have floats at all. Nearly all of the situations suggested above could be adequately represented by appropriately costumed groups on foot; and there would even be this positive advantage, that leaders like Garibaldi and Kolokotronis and Black George might appear at the head of more realistically adequate bodies of troops than could be assembled upon a float.

The idea of the masque has as yet been worked out only tentatively. Its development is the business of the pageant poet.

Could anything make more swiftly and surely for national solidarity than in some such way to stimulate each of our myriad national elements to bring the best that it has to the service of the future America? What deed more patriotic and fitting could be accomplished than to transform the birthday of modern liberty from a day of meaningless destruction into a day of construction fraught with profound significance?

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