SUCCESS
MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
Founder and Contributing Editor

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CONTENTS FOR JUNE

Cover by THE WILL BRADLEY STUDIOS

DEPARTMENTS

EXPIRATIONS AND RENEWALS.

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

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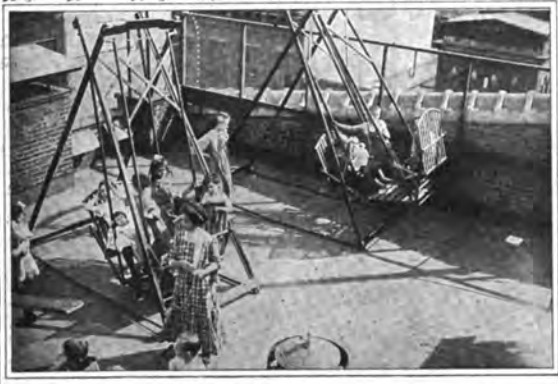
WHAT SUMMER BRINGS TO CITY KIDS



There are playgrounds on the roofs for romping children and hospital ships for delicate babies

While a few are washed by design—

and a few others incidentally—

the great majority take to the dirt pile

Photographs by PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK

When the thermometer hovers about ninety, New York boys have two good ways of getting cool

The outsiders and insiders at a midsummer baseball game

Boy farmers in the heart of busy New York

It is hard to keep real boys out of mischief

A delectable meal under the Williamsburg bridge

Success Magazine Guide to Advertisements and Advertisers

Looking Ahead with the Editor of

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON HAS GONE TO GERMANY to investigate municipal regulation of the public health in certain German cities, notably Dusseldorf. They are doing great things, these Germans, in the way of safeguarding individual men, women and children from the ravages of unnecessary disease. Dr. Hutchinson is much more than a vigorous and witty writer; he is a seasoned student of the health problems that arise wherever masses of people are herded together in cities. And further, while he is abroad, Dr. Hutchinson has promised to look up material for one or two other articles of a lighter nature. These will be announced later.

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE HAS GONE MOTORING IN ALGERIA, and has promised to return with a new and lively story of her adventures there. The many who read and laughed over her "Diary of a Fattish Girl" will look forward eagerly to the new recital of experiences.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE HAS UNDERTAKEN A LITTLE JOURNEY "With a Junk-man in Arcadia." Some of Mr. Le Gallienne's most charming sketches have been cast in the form of fancy-free wanderings out on the open road. This time he is wandering with an old-fashioned peddler and junk-man along the byways of quaint old Connecticut. His narrative will be published as a short serial.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD HAS TRAVELED ALL OVER WESTERN CANADA "from Lake Superior to the Arctic Circle, from the Peace River country to Hudson's Bay." He has "lived with factors, has spent months at a time with the missionaries, and has traveled thousands of miles with the men of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, in canoes, on snowshoes and sledges, and on horseback in the prairie countries." No writer, therefore, is better equipped to narrate the rough romance of that remarkable little band of frontier policemen that has been called "the finest body of men in the world." His article, "World Hunters of the North," presents an astonishing picture of new empires of the northland that await only the coming of the railroad to take their place among the useful regions of the continent. And more than this, it gives to those of us who lead the more humdrum life of city and town a new conception of human possibilities in discipline, hardihood and heroism. The same Mr. Curwood wrote "The Valley of Silent Men," that will be published serially in the July and August numbers.

IMPORTANT ARTICLES IN THE JULY NUMBER

TWENTIETH CENTURY CATTLEMEN By Inis H. Weed

The Evolution of the Cow Puncher into a Business Man with a Boiled Shirt and a National Organization.

THE PRICE OF CLOTHES By Mary Heaton Vorse

A Further Illumination of the Background of the Cost-of-Living Problem; following "A Plea for Pure Fabrics" and "The Empty Linen Chest," by the same author.

THE RELATION OF ALCOHOL TO DISEASE By Alexander Lambert, M.D.

And the Effects of Its Excessive or Moderate Use Upon the Body and the Mind.

THE WOMAN WHO TEACHES CHICAGO By Rheta Childe Dorr

In One Year's Work Ella Flagg Young, Chicago's First Woman Superintendent, has Lifted the City's Schools Perceptibly Nearer Honesty, Democracy, and Usefulness.

A FEW OF THE EXTRA GOOD FICTION STORIES

THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN (In Two Parts) By James Oliver Curwood

An Elemental Love Story of the North.

JANEY AND THE LITTLE BLIND GOD By Inez Haynes Gillmore

Little Janey's Last Appearance in SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

THE AUTOMATIC BABY By Ellis Parker Butler

A New Generation of Infants, Germless, Voiceless and Hopeless.

HAUGHTY KITTY HARTIGAN By Edna Kenton

THE WIND OF CHANCE By Mary Heaton Vorse

MADONNA By George Middleton

THE OLD ROSE UMBRELLA By Sylvia C. Bates

THE MAN UNDER THE CAR By Bailey Millard

And, furthermore, in an early number, Will Bradley will present a novel and helpful idea for the beautifying of town and village streets.

YOUR WEDDING-DAY

Drawing by CLARA ELSENE PECK

SUCCESS
MAGAZINE
JUNE, 1911

Your Wedding-Day

By Alice Garland Steele

Frontispiece by Clara Elsene Peck

YOU wake with a start to immaculate sunshine and the soft, pure glow of a morning in June. All night you have traveled the white way of visions and dreams, and they still tremble about you — why not? It is your wedding-day!

For a few minutes you lie quite still, your eyes gravely tender. The unknown and mystical is come upon you and you wait, quiescent, under the miracle of it! Through the open window comes the early chatter of birds; you know just why they are singing, and why the earth glows green, and why the corner of sky which you can see is so blue. Somebody, your Aunt Jean, said it would rain, but you knew it would not rain. It is your wedding-day!

You turn your eyes to your sister's face, where she lies beside you; she is still asleep. Somehow you are glad of that — you want to have this perfect waking all to yourself. The day is yours, set apart and separate; though they may share in it, only for you shall it be complete! Besides, your sister, you realize it sadly, lacks sentiment; she is older than you and she has never been engaged; in fact, you have an idea she has never wanted to be. Jack says it is because she went to college, but *you* think it is because she has never been in love. Love, after all, opens the Gate Beautiful!

And yet, and yet you wish she would wake up and say something nice to you; something about its being the last time together and all that. It is the last time for so many things! A little lump comes into your throat and you close your eyes quickly, the lashes lie wet on your cheek. The last time to wake in this sunny, flower-decked room, with the things in it you know by heart; the Christy Girl over the dresser, and the Gibson Girl between the windows, and the little bookcase with the funny old "Elsie books" that mother used to read, and your first copy of "Lucille," and "When Patty went to College," and Capt. Charles King's stories of Laramie. When you read them you intended to marry a lieutenant, but the only West Point boy you ever knew couldn't hold a candle to Jack! Suddenly, at thought of him, you realize it again, this wedding-day.

You sit up, flinging the hair back out of your eyes, and then softly, very softly, you get out of bed and go to the window. You remember something about praying with one's face to the East. You find it now, gold and rose and pearl, and slip to your knees as you whisper something, very inarticulate, about the day and Jack and your future. You do not say "amen," for it has no ending — it fades off into a vision of a high white altar, and Jan Morris and Elsie Burney in rose-leaf gowns, and your mother smiling — or will she cry?

You start suddenly as a soft tap sounds on the door and her voice says: "Dearie — are you up?" You do not answer, but you flit across the room and open to the sight of her familiar face. She is dressed, but she looks tired and a little bit sad.

"Mother," you whisper, "it's — it's not raining!" And she smiles and pats your shoulder.

"No, Trixy, my little girl will not begin with shadows. Are you rested, dear?"

You nod, and then bury your head on her shoulder. From downstairs come the sounds of a waking household; someone is sweeping the lower hall, and your father is calling to your little brother:

"Bobbie, get up, sir, at once!"

Oh, this dear home, to be yours no longer! Your mother, perhaps, feels something of it too, for she is holding you close. But presently she raises your head and says cheerfully: "Trixy, dear — don't linger, the florist is to be here at nine, and your Aunt Jean will come early."

You kiss her tempestuously, for no reason whatever except that she is just mother, and then you retreat into the rose-decked room.

Your sister is swinging her Indian clubs. "Hello," she says, "whatever got you out so early? I say, Trix, it's clear after all — and the barometer said stormy." There is almost, in her tone, a hurt note that the barometer was misleading.

You merely nod, busy with your hair brush. She watches you awhile in silence.

"You look as excited as anything Trix, and the thing hasn't even begun yet."

"Well," you retort, "I guess if it was your wedding-day —"

"Mine?" she opens her eyes and stares at you, then she laughs. "Well, it isn't, and I guess it's a good thing. Who'd take care of mother, I'd like to know!"

"Father," you answer bravely, but your lips tremble. Are you, after all, only selfish in wanting to go away with Jack?

"Father!" she echoes, and smiles at you pityingly.

"Of course," you say, "doesn't he love her best of all of us? Isn't he more to her than just daughters? Didn't she — marry him just the way I'm marrying Jack?" Your cheeks are burning, and you turn hastily to your hair-brushing.

Your sister hums "Fair Cayuga's Waters" and goes on swaying her Indian clubs as if wedding-days, after all, did not matter.

You are dressed and ready to go down-stairs; as you stand a moment at the door you turn to her; she is so much a part of this rose-decked room and the things you are saying good-by to! You know all at once how you love her, this sister of yours — you call her name softly:

"Rose, I — I'm not going to wear that turquoise ring any more. I'll have my solitaire and the pearl that Uncle Mac gave me, and — and my wedding-ring — will you take it, just to — remember?"

She whirls quickly, and before you know it her arms are about your neck. "Trixy, Trixy, and you always loved it, and you're talking as if you were making a will! O Trixy, dear, how I'll miss you!"

As you run quickly down the stairs there is a warm glow still about your heart! Your father, at table, is behind his newspaper, but he puts it down at your entrance and says: "Hello, how's our little bride?" You go over and edge upon his knee and pull his mustache and do not feel a bit like a bride until your little brother comes in and seeing you there, crys, "Baby," at which you subside with all possible dignity into the nearest chair.

He wants to know a number of disconcerting things; how often folks can be married anyway, and why didn't you have it at church like all the big weddings and funerals, and if you are going to be piggish and take all the presents away with you, even the picture that you said was ugly, that Cousin Janet sent — and if what Aunt Jean said was true, that you were too young, but that your mother had foolish ideas about a love-match? And so on, through the whole meal.

You try to answer him patiently, but you are glad when your mother comes in and sends him up to help Jackson tag the trunk. You are not hungry, but you take a cup of coffee, and then you go upstairs.

The florist is there, and the two parlors are white with daisies and green with fern and glowing with Golden-Gate roses. The bay window at the end is a leafy bower, and tropic palms stand high above your head. You tie the bow yourself that will shut you and Jack inside, and admire the white and green stand-

[*Continued on page 50*]

There is a class in horse judging at the Camp

Life at the Farm Camp is full of diversions

Hunting for the prize ear

Gardening on a country school ground

Products or rural Iowa

A Revolution in Rural Education

The Schools of Page County, Iowa, follow the Boys and Girls Home and Teach Them How to Live

By HERBERT L. QUICK

Illustrated with Photographs

WHEN Roosevelt's Country Life Commission was alive — we'll have another one of these days! — it laid down and made orthodox this postulate of rural progress: *The welfare of rural life demands a new kind of rural school!*

And of all places in the world, the country is the place for the child to make intellectual advancement. It can't help learning lots more of the really important things of life than can the city child. It sees the yearly miracle of seed-time and harvest. It sees the breast of Mother Nature bared to the suckling lips of a hungry race. It hears the birds' songs, and sees their immemorial household economy. It has a part in the only business left to us, in which food, shelter and clothing are produced visibly before the family eye as a part of the family task. When it ceases creeping, it toddles out into a kindergarten as wide as the horizon, as brilliant as the sun, as fragrant as the rose, and as free as air. And yet the country child, over most of this nation, must go to schools so poor that it is placed at a disadvantage when compared with the city child. One of the strongest influences that draw country people to the city — I think the very strongest — is the desire to place the children where they "can have better schooling."

Does it astonish you? If you do not know country life, you have a right to be astonished, seeing that this is America. New England is the mother of American progress in her gift to us of the free school — and the free schools of Old New England were in the main rural schools. The "deestrict" school will some day be celebrated in verse and smothered in history, if it has its due. Tolstoy said that it is America's greatest gift to the world. And it is — greater than the cotton gin, greater than the telegraph, greater than tamed electricity, greater than the press, greater than emancipation, greater than the sewing machine, greater than the reaper, greater than the steel plow, greater than the twinned rails shining from coast to coast, greater than these and their kind, all together and multiplied; because the "deestrict" school has made all these possible.

But the rural school has degenerated. I don't assert that it is worse than it was seventy-five years ago — in fact I suppose it is absolutely better in many respects. In others it is absolutely worse. It does not attract teachers of the character then engaged in rural school work. There are other things that pay better for the bright boys and girls. Its salaries are no higher — or not much higher — than then, and folk that lead in any community need more money than then. So the rural teacher does not lead any more. Methods have improved, but good methods are not automatic teaching agencies. Personality, and even more than that, ideals and spiritual activity are needed. Lacking these, th rural schools are, perhaps, absolutely poore than they were half a century ago. And rela tively, they are nowhere as compared with th progressive city schools. Rural life suffer from competition — the competition of th city, and therefore suffers not more from it schools remaining unprogressive, than by th rapid progress made by urban schools. Suc are the considerations, in part, that impelle the Country Life Commission to say that w need a new kind of rural school.

And while the Commission was engaged i its investigations, the new kind of rural schoo was germinating. When God gets ready fo change, he produces not a single change, bu conditions that make for mutations. Whe the reptiles began to evolve into birds, I sup pose they did it, not in one case alone, bu here and there, hither and yon, going and com ing, and from Dan to Beersheba, until the ai was thick with birds, and the reptiles acquire their sempiternal and ill nature through bein supplanted and overshadowed by avian form Similarly the very thought-waves that im pinged on the brains of the Country Lif Commission and made them say that th schools should be made over, doubtless touche thousands of other brains, and worked evolu tion in many schools. Mr. Benson of Wrigh County, Iowa, was fervid with the spirit o prophecy, and has now gone to Washingto to work for the Department of Agriculture i the interests of good rural schools. Th

County Superintendent of Wake County, North Carolina, is another prophet of the merger of the work of the farm with the life of the rural school. I met a teacher in Page County, Iowa, Mrs. Huftalen of the Norwich school, who in Delaware County in that state, years ago was making the new rural school as well as the people would let her. Dr. Sanford A. Knapp of the Department of Agriculture was ready for his enrollment of 46,000 Southern country boys in corn growing clubs, so as to give agriculture in the rural schools a footing in plowed ground. The reptilian stage of the country school was ripe to change for the avian, fangs were trying to evolve into beaks and scales into feathers. There were agitators in many places. But I think the great prophet of the new era, the greatest person in the educational world, is Miss Jessie Field of Page County, Iowa, Superintendent of Schools.

She was a country teacher and a pupil of the rural schools of this county in southwestern Iowa. Her family is related to the great Field family whereof Cyrus W., Stephen J., Henry M., and David Dudley Field are the first to be thought of, but to whom should be added Susan B. Anthony, the Anthonys of Kansas, and David J. Brewer. Jessie Field's grandfather took up a farm in Page County when it was prairie. She was teaching in Montana when a vacancy occurred in the office of County Superintendent of schools — an elective office. She had brothers in Page County, who said, "Go to! Why isn't Jessie the proper person for County Superintendent?" They wrote an insurgent platform for her — insurgent educationally — and nominated her. She did not come home to make a campaign, but she was elected. Then she came home.

Page County before the Revolution

She found the schools decadent, inferior, and as competitors for the favor of parents and children, whipped by the town schools. Just why ninety-seven other County Superintendents in Iowa and an almost proportionate number of similar officers in the other states, were willing to stay whipped and inferior, while Jessie Field rose and fought, who can say. She told me that when she visited the schools, the children used to slink behind the buildings and peer at her as if they had been wild, or she an animal in a zoo, and suspected of being dangerous. The school buildings were abominable, she tells us, and the people who sent pupils to them were always wishing that their children might have the "advantages" of city schooling.

Do you wonder that the rural population in the old and rich states is falling off?

Don't think for a moment that Page County, before Miss Field's advent was a sort of country-school slum. Not at all. It was probably in better case than most counties — than your county, perhaps. The schoolhouses were not fit for the uses of children in this twentieth century; but are yours?

Now a person of genius of the soaring and commanding sort, in Miss Field's place, would have written for the educational press on the need for better school facilities, and wordily advocated the consolidated rural school, and township high schools. Undoubtedly, Miss Field would like to have all the rural schools consolidated into graded schools, to which the remoter pupils would be transported in public vans, free of charge. That is the way things should be done, and Miss Field knows it. She knows that every township should have its high school, and therein, shops for manual training, kitchens for domestic economy, and about it, gardens and fields for agricultural training. Those things must come in every rural neighborhood before the new kind of rural school shall have fully arrived. But Miss Field's genius is not of the soaring and commanding sort. Instead of soaring, she walked with her people. Instead of commanding, she taught.

Another Instance of the same sort comes to my mind as I write—an Instance of two thousand years ago.

How to make the rural schools over — this was her problem. How to do this using the old, bad schoolhouses, and the old, discouraged, uninspired, defeated incompetent teaching force — *and without increasing taxation.* And in view of the fact that rural schools are made by rural populations, how to get the people of Page County to do the making over for themselves. Two things were perfectly plain: if the schools could be made to vibrate to the beauties of country life, they would become interesting to the pupils; and if they could be made to relate themselves to the work of farming, they would become interesting to the parents. After that taxation would adjust itself.

Easy to do? No, indeed! The most difficult thing in the world is the task of inducing people to adopt new ways of doing old things. And teaching is about the oldest thing in human experience. Yet, in five years, the rural schools of Page County, 125 of them, have been metamorphosed. Two-thirds of the teachers of the old time are there yet, but they are now competent, confident, ahead-of-the-times teachers, getting higher salaries for doing better work, and making themselves and the schools centers of social activity. The schools are still in the one-room houses; but they are mostly new, architecturally — pretty, nicely decorated, well-cared-for schoolhouses. And the pupils are filled with the belief that farm life is the best life in the world, that Page County is the best place in which to live on a farm, and that the finest work in the world is that of growing the most that can be grown on a farm, and of getting the most happiness that can be got out of rural life. The teachers are proud of being Page County country teachers. They are offered places in town and city schools, but they refuse. They like the country schools best.

In December the county farmers' institute was held at the little town of Clarinda. The schools were in the saddle in the farmers' institute. Miss Field was conducting it. There was a quarter-acre of school exhibits in the basement of the armory — corn, wheat, oats, all kinds of seeds and vegetables, models of schoolhouses and grounds, farm devices such as gates, poultry houses and piggeries, raffia work for the little ones, sewing, cookery, and every sort of domestic economy exhibits. I went into the county at this time and visited school after school. At each we called for a show of hands of those who had done something for the school exhibits at the farmers' institute. In all these schools only one pupil was found who failed to raise her hand—and that was a little girl who had entered school the day before our visit.

"What did you do for the show?" I asked of a little girl of six.

"I sent ten ears of corn, and five buttonholes," she replied.

"I did a raffia napkin ring," said another little tot, "and I cut shingles for the schoolhouse."

The "shingles" were card-board oblongs for the model schoolhouse with which that school took the premium. These children were doing things with their hands. They were learning the beauties of the farm life. One boy had taken a prize for the best acre of corn. He grew ninety-three bushels on his farm—without fertilizers.

In Mrs. Huftalen's school, I saw a big boy working with a rack of Agricultural College bulletins at his elbow, and a text book on agriculture on his desk. He was writing an essay on Raspberry Culture — and he was fortifying every statement by actual experience, either his own, or that of other raspberry students. He said that the text book was good enough in its way, but give him the bulletins — they went to the bottom of the subject. No superficial information for him!

I recalled that my nearest approach to actualities in the essays which I wrote in the Iowa rural school from which I was graduated was a mighty composition on "The Influence of the Puritans on American Life." I did this exhaustively in five hundred words. But the student of Raspberry Culture was putting into English facts of his own life, and no crude guess as to the Puritans.

Mathematics and Fertilizer

They have an arithmetic of their own in Page County. In it are problems of the farm, and not of the counting room. "If in the top soil of your field there is phosphorus to the weight of 2,100 pounds, and a crop of corn takes off ten pounds, how many crops of corn can be grown before the soil becomes exhausted?" "How much is this phosphorus worth at the present market price of phosphates?" "What would it cost you per acre to keep the phosphorus content of the land up to its present richness, at the present price of phosphates?"

"If a crop of clover, through the bacteria in its roots, adds nitrates to the soil to the value of $20 per acre, what is the real value of a clover crop, if fed to cows, and x percentage of the fertility of the clover returned in the manure, assuming that the cow will produce y butter, and it sells for z a pound?" "If a hen of a good laying breed will lay 200 eggs a year, and a scrub hen will lay 100, and it takes the market price of 7 dozen eggs to pay the hen's keep, how many hens of the pure laying strain will it take to be worth a flock of 100 scrubs?" "Make an inventory of your farm property."

Now when the pupils of the Page County schools began bringing "sums" of this sort home to work, Page County farmers began to prick up their ears. There was some sense in this. This wasn't any new-fangled useless folderol. This made the boys and girls worth

[*Continued on page 45*]

A popular time of day at the Boys' Farm Camp

The corn judging division of the Farm Camp at work

Children at Prayer

By Burges Johnson

So many earth-bound thoughts in moments past,
So many sordid trifles in each day
Have held me to their level, that at last
I can not pray.

But kneeling here in answer to my need
Are my sweet intercessors! All my cares
And skeptic thoughts roll from me as I plead—
"Lord, hear *their* prayers."

The Reformer

By Harvey J. O'Higgins

Author (with Judge Ben B. Lindsey) of "The Beast and the Jungle"

IT was injustice that drove Wickson in to town originally — the injustice of a father who ruled his starved farm with all the exacting imperiousness of incompetency aggravated by indigestion.

"I got to go, maw," the boy said. "I can't stand it any longer."

The mother paused in her kitchen work long enough to raise her eyes to the window and regard the outer world to which he was escaping.

"What are you goin' to do?" she asked.

He replied: "I'm goin' to be a lawyer."

She finished wiping the dishes before she went upstairs for the few dollars that she had "put by."

"I'll pay it back," he promised.. She kissed him rather timidly — as she might have kissed her husband in his earlier days of worried preoccupation.

"Good-by, son," she said. "And God bless you."

He walked away from the house with nothing but the clothes he wore and her money in his pocket. It was a gray day, threatening rain. Someone shouted angrily at him from a field as he went past it. He saw a span of steaming horses, a plow, and a man at the plow handles, standing small and distant — strangers to him. The man was his father. He went down the muddy-rutted road, occupied with his plans.

He arrived in the city about noon, and he showed no bewildered awe of his surroundings. He set about finding himself work, in the rain, sturdily self-reliant and wholesome in his young simplicity. At four o'clock, he was interviewing James McPhee Harris, who was then just newly engaged as counsel by the Purity League of the state; and Harris, immediately interested in the poise of a strong character, accepted his own interest as the impulse of benevolence and employed Wickson as office-boy on the impulse.

By Harris's advice, he rented a bed in the Y. M. C. A. building, where he shared a room with another of Harris's protégés, an art student named "Jack" Arnett, who was afterwards to be the sculptor of the "Wickson Memorial." Before he went to sleep that night, Wickson wrote a letter to his mother and sent her back one of her own dollars, "on account."

He proved to have a brain as hardy as his body. He studied — as he worked — methodically, thoroughly, and without the effort of a frown. He became chief clerk of Harris's busy office, by virtue of a mechanical efficiency that was the first expression of an integrity of mind on which Harris came more and more to rely. He shared in Harris's prosecutions of the vendors of "picture post-cards," the proprietors of "nickelodeons," the managers of "variety shows." As junior partner of the firm, he himself conducted some of the Purity League's later cases against saloon-keepers and the owners of "dives." When Harris became president of the local "Drys," Wickson succeeded him as attorney for the League — and so came to prosecute the "white-slave" cases that first made him notorious. His election as District Attorney, on a reform ticket, followed unexpectedly. The rest of his official career is too well known to need recounting.

The sculptor of the "Wickson Memorial" has studied his features from photographs that were taken before his election — before experience had softened his young faith in the law — when his face showed a clearer determination and more righteous intolerance than in his later years. He stands, in bronze, on his granite pedestal, stiffly erect, with one arm doubled across the small of his back to grasp the other at the elbow, in a characteristic attitude. His chin is held high. He looks as if he had been stood up, with his arms pinioned, to be shot — a touch of artistic "prophecy after the fact." At the foot of his pedestal, a bronze "Grief" is crouched, weeping in her hair.

It was McPhee Harris who originated the public protest against the bare feminine shoulders of this tragic figure. Fortunately the protest failed to be effective. Arnett's "Grief" is now rather more widely known than Wickson himself It will probably be famous to a posterity that will have no very accurate knowledge of the event which the memorial was erected to commemorate.

I

That event began, for Wickson, in an interview with McPhee Harris, who came smiling in to the District Attorney's office soon after Wickson arrived there for his morning's work. "Just a moment, Arthur," he apologized, for taking Wickson's time; and Wickson shook hands with him, without replying.

Harris's smile was something more than polite; it was the smile of austerity made benevolent by the conscientious fellow-feeling of a professing Christian. His chin, clean-shaven between gray side-whiskers, repeated the bony conformation of his narrow skull, bald between two thin hushes of gray hair. He stroked his stiff felt hat as he explained: "I had a visit, last night, from friend Toole." The "friend" was given with an arch sarcasm. Wickson leaned forward on his table desk, intently.

"We have put the 'fear of God' into them," Harris assured him. "They are prepared to nominate a ticket of good men."

Wickson waited, silent.

"We are to name them — practically all. They reserve a few of the minor offices — as for instance, the sheriff and the county clerk and recorder."

"So as to control the local machinery of elections," Wickson said. He had a high, unpleasant voice.

"Perhaps so," Harris conceded amiably, as he sat down. "It is difficult to get everything at once. They will accept our nominee for the Supreme Court."

"Because they control the rest of the bench."

"Still — we must *begin*. And one is a beginning. We are to have also the coroner and two of the county commissioners, some of the members of the legislature, some Senators and some of the State officers. The details are not yet decided upon. It is, largely, for us to decide. They are very conciliatory."

Wickson asked, at last: "And the District Attorney?"

Harris looked steadily at him to reply "And the District Attorney."

Wickson studied that look; it reserved something; it was also somewhat meekly defiant.

To Wickson, McPhee Harris had become intimately known as a man of naturally indecisive character and small mind strengthened and enlarged by the sense of a Divine Power relying upon him as Its instrument. There was in his look, now, the glint of that resolute instrumentality. Wickson probed and questioned him with a silent gaze.

"They do not think," Harris admitted "that we can reelect *you*. They believe that you have made too many enemies."

Wickson nodded and rose — as if, having uncovered "the nigger in the woodpile" (as he would have called it) he could now con

centrate his mind on *that*, instead of on the familiar face behind which the secret had been concealed.

"So!" he said, thoughtfully.

He had been carried into office on a "reform wave" that had been blown up by a windy agitation against the "red-light district." As long as he had devoted his office to a crusade against "vice," he had been backed by the Purity League, by McPhee Harris, by a federation of women's clubs, by the churchgoers and all the "good people" of the town. But, of course, he had found vice protected by the political organizations, for whom the vicious stuffed the ballot-boxes; and when he attacked the organizations, he found them protected by the rich men of the community, who owned the public-utility franchises that had been voted to them by the politicians. He had made "enemies"—not only in the dive district, but among "our best citizens on the Hill." He had been accused, first, of "playing politics," then of "attacking vested rights," and finally of "stirring up class hatred." He had offended some of the most generous contributors to the funds of the Purity League. He had offended Harris.

He was walking up and down the shabby carpet of his office, his head bent, his hands clasped behind him in the manner in which he was to stand enduringly in bronze. But his face was not the face of the statue. Nervous excitement, worry, and its consequent indigestion, had eaten off his flesh; his cheek-bones protruded; his eyes had burned themselves back into dark hollows, where they smouldered with a red-lidded sparkle. His rough shock of hair had grown sparse, in a dry tangle.

"Mac," he said suddenly, "when you look out that window and see the upper town—the Hill with its church spires—you see it as the abode of decency and virtue and everything that's godly. And you see it warred upon by the vice of the lower town—where everything is sin. Eh?"

Harris did not look at the window. He looked at Wickson and laid aside his hat on the table, to hear an argument and prepare himself to answer it.

"When I look out that window," the District Attorney continued—and he went to the window as he said it—"I see the upper town as the abode chiefly of the men who keep the lower wards living in the dirt and evil conditions that *breed* sin. I see the lower town working in conditions of pollution to pay the money that makes the Hill rich—decent—respectable. That's the difference between us. And there doesn't seem to be any way of reconciling it."

His office was on the sixth floor of the Settle Building. He looked down upon the roofs of half the city in the autumn sunlight. "It isn't vice that I want to fight any more," he said. "It's the conditions that *make* vice."

"And yet," Harris retorted, "you will admit, I suppose, that there may be such a thing as 'honest poverty'?"

Wickson wheeled on him. "I'll go further. I'll admit that there may be such a thing as honest wealth."

Harris spread his hands. "I do not wish to think," he said, "that you have lost your faith in the spiritualities. I do not wish to believe that you have become wholly a materialist. God has manifested himself in your work." He spoke without any trace of cant, with conviction. "You have been a great power for good. But in struggling against the evils of this world, I think you are forgetting to rely upon the saving grace that can alone work the miracle of regeneration in the soul of evil."

"I know," Wickson sighed. "I know. You're sincere, you believe it. There's no use arguing."

"There is nothing to argue."

Wickson ran his hand through his hair, hesitated, and then sat down again at his desk. "Well, they don't think that I can be re-elected, eh? They tell you that 'the boys' won't vote for me—the rank and file. I've made too many enemies. A lot of good people think I shouldn't have mixed into politics at all. Eh? Some of our own friends don't like my remarks about the connection between street-railway franchises and 'protected vice.' Bill Toole—coming, I suppose, from old Bradford himself—offers to compromise on a good ticket, on condition that I'm dropped."

"No!" Harris cried. "No! That's not true."

"Not in so many words. Of course not. But if you had insisted on having me on the ticket, it would have come down to *that*. Isn't that so? Isn't it?"

"I don't believe you could possibly be re-elected."

"We didn't believe I could be *elected*, in the first place; yet we made the fight."

"There's no necessity of running any such risk. We are to have the nomination for the office. We shall pick a good man."

Wickson reached the papers on his desk. "McPhee," he said, "if it were only a question of the office, I'd be glad to go out. But there's more than that. There's—however, it's useless for us to talk. You'll have to excuse me. I'm busy." He unfolded a typewritten sheet and pushed the button for his stenographer.

"Very good," Harris replied, thin-lipped. As he took up his hat he looked down upon ingratitude coldly. "I expected as much. Good morning."

Wickson paid no heed. He allowed Harris to go out of his life as he had passed his father plowing in the field—out of his life and out of his thought—for he had one quality of largeness: he cherished no resentments.

His stenographer answered the bell. Wickson, without raising his eyes, said "Get me Collins on the phone."

The clerk replied: "He's been waiting here to see you."

Wickson tossed aside the sheet eagerly. "Send him in."

II

There was nothing personal in the furnishings of Wickson's room—an official table littered with papers, some bare chairs, a collection of framed photographs of his predecessors on the plastered walls, and beyond that, not even a bookcase. There was nothing characteristic about his "ready-made" clothes that hung on him as if their one purpose was to impede his impatient movements. In his interview with Harris he had been impersonal, withdrawn, dry, and harshly definite. He had seemed as colorless as his surroundings.

But now, to receive the detective Collins, there came a relaxing in the muscles of his face and a meditative widening of the eyes that deepened in the pupils. He pushed his papers back from him. His hands opened idly. He began to beat a tattoo on his desk-blotter, looking aside out of the window and allowing his mind to rove, with his eyes.

He did not turn as Collins entered, hat in hand, and closed the door behind him; nor did Collins look at him. The detective crossed to a chair with a certain noiseless placidity. He was plump, clean-shaven, commonplace, with mild and rather vacant brown eyes, broad-shouldered, short and slow. You might suppose him to be the proprietor of a small hotel. (He did not look genial enough for a saloon-keeper, yet he had the figure that you would associate with the chairs of a hotel lobby.) He looked, in fact, most inoffensively human—with the bronze button of a fraternal order on his lapel and a masonic pin in his necktie.

Yet Collins (or "Cole" or "Colburn") had been brought to town by the Purity League from Washington, with enough "scalps" on his official belt to give him a reputation in those circles where fame can have no notoriety if it is to have any success. He was rated, by Wickson, as "the only *real* detective I ever knew." Certainly nothing more unlike the detective of tradition ever walked into a room.

He turned his chair to face the door, sat down squarely with his hands spread on his knees, and said: "Billy tells me that Madge was down at Headquarters the day before yesterday. She's keeping Cooney. He's out again. They're using her to frame it up with him to bump you off."

Wickson raised one eyebrow at him, in a musing blank of friendliness. "Tom," he said, "McPhee Harris has slumped on me."

Collins repeated: "They're going to try to bump you off. They've got Cooney ribbed up to it. They're keeping him just drunk enough to do it. He's going to shoot you. That's what he's hanging round the Court-house for."

In the earlier days of their association, Wickson might have questioned "Are you sure?" or asked incredulously "How do you know?" But he had long since learned that Collins never spoke till he was sure, and that the means by which he made sure were not open to inspection. For Collins, officially the local "manager of the Purity League," sat apparently always idle in his office, but idle at the heart of his web, with invisible strands out in every direction to catch the harmless necessary facts. His sources were not known even to Wickson. He himself rarely appeared in his activities. He was the receiver of a human telephone system, the laying of whose wires was his painful and intricate and most accurate art.

"When you challenged that juror yesterday," he said, "Sotjie didn't turn white because he'd lost the man. It was because

City Neighbors

By Maud Going

I HEAR their voices through the floor and wall,
I hear their footsteps passing overhead.
I brush against them in the common hall,
But never knew the child down-stairs was dead
(Such strangers are my neighbors)—till I saw
As I passed by—white ribbons on the door.

Cooney had come in behind you. He was afraid Cooney was going to shoot. That's what gave me the tip — the way his hands shook. I've given orders to our boys to keep Cooney outside the rail. Plummer will trail along with you, after this."

The Sotjie of whom he spoke was the Chief of Police, under indictment and now coming up for trial on charges of corruption in office and protecting ballot-box frauds. Cooney was an ex-policeman whom Wickson had sent to prison for "shaking-down" in the "red-light district." And Collins's report meant that the Chief of Police was conspiring with the ex-policeman to murder the District Attorney.

Wickson considered the incredibility of such a plot for a moment of detachment. "The strangest part about it," he said, "is that these fellows are able to do such things just because no decent American citizen would believe it possible. It's a funny situation. You can't go out and cry 'Help!' because, if you did, everybody would think you'd gone mad." He snorted a dry laugh. "Well, I don't see what *I* can do. He could come up behind me on the street any time."

"No. No. I think not," Collins held.

"Why not?"

"It never happens that way. They always seem to wait for you somewhere that they know you'll come — and work themselves up to it."

Wickson tipped back in his swivel chair and clasped his hands behind his head. "I'm done anyway, Tom," he said. "Our own people have gone back on me. They don't believe they can reelect me. And I can't win without their support. . . . I don't seem to be able to make them understand what the game is in this town. I can't make them believe it — any more than we could make them believe that Sotjie was putting up Cooney to shoot." He swung a fist down on the table. "My God! If we could only make them *see* these things."

Collins shook his head, with slow finality.

"We can't, of course," Wickson agreed. "We can't reach them. We can't make them believe it. I wouldn't have believed it myself when I first came in here — hardly. And sometimes I wake up at night, now, and wonder if I haven't been dreaming it."

Collins nodded solemnly, looking at his feet.

Wickson began to pace up and down the room again. "Besides," he asked, — with an air of relieving his mind of something that had long been burdening it — "what's the use of us prosecuting this man Sotjie? He's not to blame. The town has to have a Chief of Police, and they'll always get someone who'll do what Sotjie did. And if we could reach old Bradford and the 'higher-ups,' what would be the use of prosecuting *them*? As long as these public utilities are waiting around like public gold mines for someone to steal them, they'll be stolen. It's a whole community that's been to blame. You can't prosecute a whole community. And prosecuting a man like Sotjie is like prosecuting a man for having typhoid fever — when he got it drinking from a city tap!"

Collins looked worried.

"Of *course*, I have to prosecute. Just as you have to get evidence. That's what I'm paid for. That's what I'm here for. And if they shoot me for it, Bradford and the rest will be the first to sign a testimonial to my good character — so that *they* shan't be suspected of any lack of public spirit." He laughed, rather despairingly. "It's funny, isn't it?" He sat down. "God, I'm tired of it," he said.

Collins mused behind a mask of mild vacuity. He had not been so much listening to Wickson's argument as considering the state of mind that spoke in the words. He indicated his conclusion when he replied: "I'll put Plummer on your door." (If he had spoken out that conclusion, he would have said: "You probably don't much care whether you get shot or not, just at present, but it's my business to see that you're protected.")

Wickson did not understand — and did not try to. "Tom," he asked, "what do you think about things — the way they are in this town? What the devil can we do?"

The detective rubbed his palms on his thick knees. "I guess," he said, "the trouble with me is I don't get time to think — about 'things' — taking them in the large. I'm too busy trying to dope out what the other fellows are thinking?"

"Well, then, what do you suppose they're thinking now?"

"They're thinking they've got to stop you from trying this case against Sotjie — if they *can*. If you go ahead, you'll mark them, with the evidence you've got, so that they'll never be able to touch you for fear of making the town too hot to hold them. And if you go ahead they'll maybe lose the election. If they're going to stop you, they've got to stop you *now*. I don't think they want to kill you, but they want you in the hospital till after elections. That's dead sure. You've got to be careful."

It was Collins's opinion that the District Attorney somewhat lacked the instinct of self-preservation. He admitted to himself that Wickson could not have done his peculiar work for the community if he had had that instinct very highly developed. And consequently he accepted as natural Wickson's lack of attention to the warning that he must be "careful."

Wickson had glanced at his desk calendar, at the mention of elections — as if to figure

[*Continued on page 48*]

June

A Rhapsody of Defiance

By Richard Wightman

Stand back, ye irking devils of despair!
Behold, my head is bare
To the balmed breeze from off the sapphire sea
And lifted to the sun. For unto me
The Voices call, call resonant and clear —
"*Live, man! Live strong! Another June is here!*"

June! Look — a belted bee is in the rose,
And soon will stagger in his flight to close
The comb with weight of gathered sweet. And, see —
A redwing's on the flag and swinging free!
I catch the flash of crimson mid the jet,
As there he balances above the wet
Lush grass beside the pasture-pond, where slow
Brown cattle at the evening go.
Now, too, the brook its cheery gossip spills
Into the pools among the shaded hills,
Or widens in the meadow to caress
The crisp tanged leaves of the o'er-bending cress,
While in the riffles finning trout await
With upstream heads the fall of fly or bait.

Up from their earth the floral children rise
And blow their kisses to the wooing skies
In gleeful troth, and deck themselves anew
With filmy fabrics spangled o'er with dew.
The useful grass along the fertile plain
Stirs in the heat and becks the friendly rain,
And high the lark his silver lyre tunes
To sift on all below its mystic runes.
Bird-song and bloom and reach of trellised vine!
The Voices call, and all the earth is mine,
And for my feet the clovered paths that go
Where poise and peace abide!

And so —
Stand back, ye irking devils of despair!
A glass of June-wine in the odored air
I lift to Nature — to her hills and trees,
To wave and shallop by the bouldered leas,
To star and sun, to night and dewy dawn,
To days to be, to plaints and sorrows gone,
To life, to love, to Woman and to Man,
And to the utter goodness of the Plan.

"Will you give me a five-dollar gold-piece?"

Janey Dabbles in High Finance

By Inez Haynes Gillmore

Author of "Janey Takes a Thinking Part," "Janey Peers Behind the Veil," etc.

Illustrations by ADA C. WILLIAMSON

UP-STAIRS in the guest-chamber of the Warriner house, Mr. Philip Martindale was working over a manuscript which considered the career of certain "tainted money" barons. Mr. Martindale read his introduction for the fifth time. Then he shook his head. Seizing a sheet of typewriter paper, he inserted it neatly into his machine.

"On the one hand," he clicked off rapidly, "they are acclaimed as captains of industry, philanthropists, patriots, heroes. On the other, they are reviled as serpents, vampires, vipers, ghouls. It is our object to lay the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth before the readers of *The Moment*. It is our intention to go over the careers of these gentlemen with a microscope — to examine every act, to scrutinize every motive, to link minute, hidden, past cause to monstrous, obvious, present effect. It is our purpose to follow the course of the so-called "tainted money" from the instant it leaves the pocket of the proletariat to the instant it arrives — a philanthropic gift or bequest — in the treasury of the charitable institution or the university. Without prejudice or favor, we shall — "

Mr. Martindale's typewriter stuttered. Mr. Martindale's fingers stopped. Exerting his will, he brought his thoughts back to his manuscript. It was no use. Mr. Martindale realized that he was only going through the motions of composition. That divine perturbation of the brain which cast his thoughts into sledge-hammer diction had evaporated utterly from it. Mr. Martindale arose from his seat, lighted a cigarette and strolled down-stairs to the library.

Simultaneously the door at the other end of the room exploded inward and Miss Jane Elizabeth Blair, accompanied by Miss Caroline Benton, made an entrance which, for noise and speed, could be excelled only in vaudeville. "Mother," Janey burst out, still panting from the long run up the driveway, "will you give me a five-dollar gold-piece?"

Mrs. Blair stared at her daughter — glared at her. "A five-dollar gold-piece," she repeated. "Janey Blair, have you gone crazy?"

"No, mother," Janey answered in a reassuring tone, but still panting. "Then, mother, will you give me a quarter?"

"Well — of all things! Of course not! What would a little girl like you do with twenty-five cents?"

Janey ignored the question. "Mother," she went on with no diminution of her eagerness, mental and physical, "will you give me a penny?"

"Why, yes, you may have a penny if you want it," Mrs. Blair said placidly. "You'll find my pocketbook in the left-hand corner of the top drawer of my bureau. Not the big top drawer — but the little top drawer — under the mirror — the left-hand one, remember, behind my veils."

Mrs. Blair walked through life, habitually incurious in regard to the psychological processes of her little daughter. Not so, Uncle Jim. He was always asking Janey questions. Perhaps it was because he was a novelist. As Mrs. Blair left the room, he took up the catechism just where she had left off.

"What did you want the five-dollar gold-piece for, Janey?" he asked, interrupting his little niece in what promised to be aerial exit.

"Oh, nothing," Janey said. "You see Elsa Morgan's uncle in Buffalo has just sent her a five-dollar gold-piece for her birthday. It's awfully pretty. So I thought I'd like to have one too. I didn't 'spect I'd get it though, for I most always ask for something I can't have. Then I met Nora McCarty, and her brother in New York's just sent her a quarter. So I thought if I couldn't have the five-dollar gold-piece, I'd like a quarter. I couldn't have that either. But I don't mind — a penny's just as good." Janey started her little wings — which is to say her slender arms and legs — and resumed her biplanal flight.

"The root of all evil seems to have thrust no tendrils into yon innocent heart," Uncle Jim remarked to Martindale who, equally amused, had been following the dialogue. "How goes the muckraking, Phil?"

"Rotten!" answered Phil. "Jim, do you ever get stopped by your inability to put your own convictions into words?"

"Bromide, leave my house!" Uncle Jim commanded languidly. "About a hundred times a day."

"Oh, shut up! I'm not talking divine afflatus or any of that rot. I mean — see here — you're convinced of the thing yourself, and yet when you get it into words it doesn't ring right."

"Then you're not really convinced. The trouble with you, Phil," Uncle Jim went on, "is that you have absolutely no sense of humor when you take your muckrake in hand. Not but that you're witty as the deuce. And not but that you've plenty of sense of humor on your personal side. What I mean to say is that you've never yet laughed at the people or the things you've attacked. And, believe me, Phil, you'll never pull off a big piece of work until you do."

"Oh, slush!" Mr. Martindale interpolated.

"You're too unmitigated and ferocious," Uncle Jim went on cheerfully. "You don't use a rake — you use a club with nails in the end."

"You bet your life I do," Mr. Martindale said with a gleeful satisfaction. Short, blue-eyed, topped with a wig-like mop of curly flaxen hair, his slenderness made him almost boylike beside Mr. Blair's twinkling, iron-gray, middle-aged bulk. In point of fact, though, he was Uncle Jim's junior by only five years. "You wait until I get through with this tainted-money push," he continued. "I'm going over them with a barbed wire currycomb. For of all the pirates, horse-thieves, yeggs, second-story men — and then some!" he concluded weakly, as Janey cyclonically reentered the room.

"It wasn't behind your veils," she said, "it was under your gloves, but I — where'd mother go?"

"Oh, Janey, you're going over to the village. Do you think you could pay a bill for me?" asked Mr. Martindale.

"Of course I could, Mr. Martindale," Janey answered loftily. "I often pay bills for mother — that is, she writes everything down and puts the money in an envelope."

"All right!" said Mr. Martindale. "I'll put the bill and five dollars in this thick envelope with a rubber band about it — see. Mr. Mallon will give you twenty-five cents in change. Now you and Caroline may spend five cents each. Then put the fifteen cents back in the envelope. Do you know how much five cents is?"

"Well," Janey admitted, "I always get the five-cent pieces and the ten-cent pieces all mixed up — it seems to me that the five-cent pieces ought to be more because they're bigger. But Nora's going too and she won't make any mistake."

"Nora?" Mr. Martindale asked.

"She's one of that gang of six children from the East Side that the farmers are boarding here," Mr. Warriner explained. "You remember I told you about that Settlement House scheme."

"Oh, goody," Janey was in the meantime saying to the round-eyed Caroline. "We never had so much money except on the Fourth of July and then we never really spent it ourselves for somebody always went with us and carried it in a pocketbook."

Nora McCarty, perched on the stone which marked the entrance to the driveway, tranquilly awaited their coming. Nora was a tall girl of twelve. Tallowy and thin, she was as obviously a product of the city, as freckled little Janey and berry-brown little Caroline of the country.

"Did you get the five-dollar gold-piece?" she asked.

"No," Janey said regretfully, "I didn't. But — "

"Did you get the quarter?"

"No," said Janey regretfully, "I didn't. But — "

"Say, ain't your family the tight-wads!" Nora remarked in a critical spirit. "Didn't they come troo with nuttin'?"

Janey understood only dimly. Mystification was her constant state of mind when she was

"Look out for pirates, highwaymen and such like"

with Nora. This, to Janey's great regret, was seldom — only when they met going to the post-office. Janey found Nora's society fascinating. For, to every convention that Janey recognized as an immutable social law, Nora was insurgent. Uncle Jim called her a "sulphite." Nora thought things that nobody else thought. She said them as fast as they came into her mind. And she put them in a language all her own. On the subject of Scarsett for instance — thus Nora, as they started for the village.

"Oh, ain't it the dead old hole? Nuttin' doing from morning till night. Gee, I'll be dippy in the nut if I don't go back to N'Yoik pretty soon. Why in N'Yoik it's just wan thing after anudder. The ice-cart and the hoikey-poikey cart and hoidy-goidy man and then the theayter! Little old N'Yoik for mine. Aw, gee, see who's here! Where'd the little wop come from, Janey?"

"That little boy who's crying," Janey said, "is Tony Ferrero. I don't know what you mean by a 'wop.'"

"A 'wop's' a ginney," Nora explained.

"Well, I don't know what a 'ginney' is," Janey said sullenly.

"Aw — back up! — a 'ginney's' a dago."

Janey shut her lips. But it was no use. Curiosity rose and overwhelmed her. "Well, I don't know what a 'dago' is," she admitted reluctantly.

"Ain't it the limit — a 'dago's' an Eyetalian."

"Yes, Tony is an Italian," Janey said. "What's the matter, Tony?"

The subject of this discussion, a youth of about six, was hanging over the fence of the road that led to the station. At Janey's question he lifted a little olive face, through whose dirt parallel streams of tears had worn parallel white waterways. The rest of him was mainly a pair of huge, black, velvety eyes, held in their sockets by a soppy mass of eyelashes.

"Pepi and Pietro and Giovanna and Giuseppe are going to Paradise Park — and they won't take me — and I'm waiting here — to see them go by," Tony emitted between howls.

"I think that's perfickly dreffle," Janey said wrathfully. "Why won't they take you, Tony?"

"Because I've got only five cents," Tony said, opening a dirty paw to prove his statement, but still howling industriously. "And they've saved up enough money — and I want to go-oo-oo too-oo-oo."

"Have you ever been to Paradise Park, Janey?" Nora asked.

"Of course," Janey said in a superior tone. "It's the most wonderfulest place you ever saw, Nora. All the buildings are white and in the night, it's lighted with colored lights, and there's a pond with a pink fountain and real swans in it, and a beautiful lady, with no clothes on, dives from a great high place into the water, and there's a circus, but you have to pay ten cents to go in, and a tent where they tell your fortunes, and a lovely lady, covered with beads and pink stuff on her face, told me I would marry a dark-complected gentlemum with eleven children. Oh, it was just like fairy-land."

Tony set up a fresh sob at each new item in Janey's catalogue of wonders. Nora's upper lip quivered like a rabbit's. "Gee, why didn't me brother draw me a bigger check," she said regretfully. "Still," she went on philosophically, "the hayseed where I board says I gotter pick berries this afternoon. I'll take Paradise Park in some day before I go. I bet Coney has it beat, though."

"I bet it hasn't," Janey said indignantly. "Once a lion got loose in Paradise Park and nearly ate everybody up."

At the thought of this unparalleled attraction, Tony emitted a howl so long and sustained that there was no comforting him. When the little girls left, after a minute or two of vain remonstrance, he was still weeping.

"Oh, here's Mallon's," Janey said. "Come in, Nora."

Mr. Mallon greeted them jocularly. "And what can I do for you this morning, Miss Blair?"

"Mr. Martindale asked me to pay a bill here," Janey began importantly, removing the elastic band from the envelope. "Here's the bill, and here's five dollars."

"All right! Al-l-l-l r-r-r-right!" said Mr. Mallon. "Two-seventy-five from five leaves two dollars and a quarter. I'll put the change back in the envelope, Janey. Look out for pirates, highwaymen and such like."

"Yes, Mr. Mallon," Janey said obediently. "But I guess you've made a mistake. Mr. Martindale said that bill was four dollars and seventy-five cents, and you'd put twenty-five cents into the envelope."

"Well you tell Mr. Martindale," Mr. Mallon said, "that he's just like all the rest of them litery fellows that come down here — kinder absent-minded and unpractical. That bill's two-seventy-five as plain as the nose on your face, although I did make it a four first and then changed it to a two. You tell him for me that we'll all be cutting coupons off him if he don't look at his bills a little closer."

"Yes, Mr. Mallon!" Janey docilely took the envelope. When they were outside, "Say, Janey, what are you going to buy with the two dollars?" Nora asked.

What was she going to buy with the two dollars? That was a new idea. "Why I wasn't going to do anything with it," Janey answered as one who had already considered and decided this point. "I was going to bring it back to Mr. Martindale."

"Bring it back!" Nora said in the extreme of patronizing scorn. "Aw gee, ain't you the mutt! *Bring it back!* Why, don't you know that money belongs to you?"

"Belongs to me," Janey repeated with an intonation, electric with surprise. "Why, Nora, how can it?"

"Easiest thing you know," Nora asserted. "Now if somebody gives you some money to do an errand and it don't come to as much as they expected, then you take the extra change. Sure you do! Why, don't I know?" she went on with an increasing volume of moral indignation, as Janey's expression continued to question this statement. "Why, don't me brother, the bell-hop, always take the extra change and don't me brother, the messenger boy, do the same and don't me father tell them to do it? Me Michael makes five dollars extra that way some weeks."

"But, Nora!" Janey stopped and thought hard. She was finding all this evidence fairly overwhelming and yet, somewhere in the logic there was a flaw. For an instant she chased it futilely about in her thoughts; it always eluded her. "If it is mine oughtn't I to put it in the bank — you know mother and I are saving up for a bicycle?"

"Aw bicycle nuttin'!" Nora said in accents fairly impassioned with conviction. "Spend the money while you got it. Be a sport! See here, Janey," she added with one of those expansive bursts of generosity to which, in the case of other people's funds, we are all susceptible, "Why don't you give the little 'wop' enough to take him to Paradise Park?"

"Why that's what I'll do," Janey said with a beaming face. "Nora, if Mr. Martindale gave me five dollars and told me to take five cents for me and five cents for Caroline and the bill that he thought was four dollars and seventy-five cents was, really and truly, two dollars and seventy-five cents and I am bringing back fifteen cents and I give Tony fifty cents, how much is left for me to spend?"

"Oh, gee," said Nora. "Hand me that one at a time, will you?"

Janey complied. And considering everything, Nora solved this problem in higher mathematics with lightning rapidity.

"One dollar and sixty cents," she announced finally.

The next morning Mr. James Martindale found himself in fine writing fettle. His typewriter began to clack busily fifteen minutes after breakfast. Twelve o'clock came and a first draft of his article lay completed on his

desk. Before going down-stairs Mr. Martindale read his peroration — read it and smacked his lips over it.

"What is our final decision in regard to these gentlemen of the tainted money? Is there anything that can be said in excuse, aught that can be urged in extenuation? We have looked at the matter from every point of view and we find — nothing. Can we even dignify them by comparison with the highwaymen of an older time? For those gentry robbed only the rich and — it has been said — gave often to the poor. How about the financial foot-pads on the highway of our modern industrial life? We find there no such mitigating nobility. For they rob only the poor. It is true, that, in a certain left-handed way, they may be said to give back to the poor — in those numerous gifts to charities and educational institutions which have already been considered. But here again we must look for the motive. Are these gifts really gifts or are they monuments to a vainglory? No, we can find no excuse for them. Barnacles on the ship of state, festers on the body of the commonwealth, they stand our chief obstacles to illumination, enlightenment, progress and freedom."

Mr. Martindale put his manuscript down, ran lightly down the stairs and joined the group on the piazza.

It was an attractive group.

Pretty, blond Mrs. Blair, in a soft blurred muslin of rose and black, worked at her filet lace. Mrs. Benton swung in the comfortable Gloucester hammock, her glance turning at regular intervals to brother who slept in his blue bassinet. Mr. Warriner puffed comfortably at his pipe, a pitcher of lemonade at his elbow. Down by the fairy pond, a bobbing flaxen head and a bobbing brown one indicated that Janey and Caroline were engaged in one of their mysterious games.

Mr. Martindale inserted himself into the Indian chair, finding pipe and tobacco to his hand on one of its broad arms. He puffed for a few moments in silence. "Oh, say," he said suddenly, "didn't I hear Caroline crying in the night?"

"She was sick about an hour," Mrs. Benton explained. "Only tummy-upset."

"Janey was restless too," Mrs. Blair said. "She wasn't sick exactly, but she tossed and turned and talked in her sleep all night long. I can't think of anything that could have made them sick. Surely there was nothing harmful in that blanc-mange dessert."

"No," Mrs. Benton agreed. "As far as that goes, the children hardly ate a mouthful for dinner. I couldn't force anything into Caroline."

"Well," said Mrs. Blair philosophically, "I suppose we must expect these kickups about once in so often. But it does seem queer that the two children should be sick together. Why here's Mrs. Dean — I didn't see you coming, Laura — you must have come down over the cliff. Mr. Martindale, let me introduce you to Mrs. Dean. Mr. Martindale, Mrs. Dean."

Mrs. Dean bowed. She shook hands with Uncle Jim and Mrs. Benton. Then she settled her big, wholesome bulk of blond womanhood into the steamer-chair and with a sigh of relief accepted the fan and the glass of lemonade which Mr. Warriner offered. "It's *so* hot the moment you get out of the shade," she explained, "and I'm so tired. Ethel was sick all yesterday afternoon and part of the night."

"Oh, you poor thing!" sympathized Mrs. Blair. "You know Ethel, Marcia, she's that darling little thing that lisps so. What's the matter with her, Laura?"

"Oh, nothing serious — sick at her stomach. It seems that she and Janey and Caroline went on a prolonged spree yesterday — Janey bought her a whole bag of candy. Janey is the most generous little thing I ever saw — I think she'd give her head away if it wasn't fastened to her shoulders."

"I believe that's what's the matter with our children," Mrs. Blair said with a gleam of intuition. "Don't you remember, Mr. Martindale, you gave them each five cents and I gave them a penny?"

"Will I have to go to prison?"

The talk ranged desultorily over neighborhood interests for a quarter of an hour.

"Well, I must be getting back to my suffering offspring," Mrs. Dean said at last. "I held her hand the whole morning and now I guess I've got to read to her. Here's Mrs. Elliston coming up the drive. I must go. If I wait until she gets here, I'll stay an hour."

"I never saw such a conscientious mother as that girl is," Mrs. Blair commented. "Ethel's her only child and she just lives for her. If anything happened to her, I don't know — Good afternoon, Mrs. Elliston. Mr. Martindale, let me present you to Mrs. Elliston. Mr. Martindale, Mrs. Elliston. Do sit down, you poor child. This lemonade will cool you off. Did you ever see anything like the heat of that causeway?"

Mrs. Elliston was little and pretty and brown. Great dark circles under her eyes seemed to accent a certain fretful childlike quality of her personality. She shook hands with Mr. Martindale, greeted the more familiar members of the circle, gave herself up finally to monologue.

"Mr. Elliston told me to tell you, Mr. Martindale, that he's coming over here to-night to quarrel frightfully with you about that last article in *The Moment*. But I won't quarrel with you. If there's anything I hate it's an infant industry. I say give it an inch and it becomes a trust. Girls, don't I look like a string? — I feel like one. I was up all night with John. I never had such a time with him in my life — sick to his stomach. About two I called Doctor Robinson. But I couldn't get him. Mrs. Robinson say there's a perfect epidemic of tummy-upset to-day — she said three other children. Nanny Phelps and Bee Boland and little Jo Harris were sick all night long. Doctor Robinson didn't get a wink of sleep. And that reminds me, Mrs. Blair, will you ask Janey — I'm begging this of all the parents — not to offer John any more candy. Janey's the soul of generosity. And yesterday afternoon she took John into Simpson's and gave him two ice-cream sodas and a big bag of candy. That wouldn't have been so bad, but it seems she finished him off with half a dozen pickle limes. But don't think I'm finding any fault with Janey. Mr. Elliston and I are both so crazy about her, I'll buy her this moment if you'll sell her to me."

Mrs. Blair said, "Why certainly, Mrs. Elliston, I'll speak to her about it." Mrs. Blair talked with unusual vivacity during the rest of the call. But at moments her manner became a little distrait. And their pretty caller had hardly moved out of ear-shot before, "How could Janey have spent so much money?" she burst out. "Eleven cents would never pay for two ice-cream sodas and all that candy and those pickle limes." She gazed blankly at her trio of listeners who, equally blank, gazed back at her. But before anybody spoke, "There's the telephone," she exclaimed. "I'll answer it."

She returned to the piazza, a look of utter perplexity on her face. "Why, it was Mr. Ferrero," she said. "You know, Jim, the Italian that has the little greenhouse on the lower road. He wanted to thank me because Janey gave Tony — that's the youngest boy, Marcia, the one with the wonderful eyelashes — fifty cents to go to Paradise Park yesterday. *Fifty cents!* Why, Janey never had fifty cents in her life. What do you suppose it means?"

Again nobody answered. But everybody's face grew slightly serious.

"Call her up," Mr. Warriner said, "we'll put her through the third degree."

Mrs. Blair marched into the house and rang the dining-room bell furiously. Janey and

[*Continued on page 40*]

Mending Broken Men

A Prison that is Founded Upon Honor, Self-Respect and the Dignity of Useful Labor in the Open Air

By George Creel

THE road camp — a clean, orderly collection of white tents — dotted a great pine grove at the foot of the mountain. Among the convicts, trooping in from the day's work, were murderers, forgers, train robbers, burglars and all the dark what-not of crime.

Back at the ranch, some miles away, the master of the cider mill was a "life timer,"

Convicts Packing Fruit in a Prison Ranch.

proud as a peacock over the warden's praise of his apple vinegar. Of the men that sang and sweated in the orchards and alfalfa fields, many came under the heading, "desperate criminals." The very boy that drove us had blood on his hands and was "in for life." The fat cook, all anxiety while awaiting judgment on his mince pie, had committed a terrible crime, and the youthful waiter, who humbly begged our opinion of some pathetic daubs in oil, was doing "twenty to thirty."

And not a single man in stripes! Nowhere an armed guard! Working on ranches and roads, fifty and one hundred miles away from the penitentiary—in no manner distinguishable from free labor — just one thing stood between these men and escape. And that thing was the "word of honor" they pledged the warden when he gave them chance to leave cramped cells for healthful, helpful work in the open air.

Even in the penitentiary itself, crouched grim and ugly under jagged granite cliffs at Cañon City, there was this same sense of sun and hope and courage, the same startling absence of those angers, hates and dull despairs that mark the average prison.

"Criminal nature!" As Thomas T. Tynan, the young warden of the Colorado State penitentiary, propelled his sturdy bulk into the automobile, his merry Irish face lost its usual smile, and he fairly snarled the words. "That's the kind of talk that makes me sick. I tell you, there isn't any! Come right down to it, and this thing they call 'criminal nature' is only human nature at its worst. Look at those men! Take 'em one at a time. Honest to goodness, I've been on many a camping trip with fellows that weren't half as fine and likeable and square. When theorists talk to me, I tell them that the real 'criminal problem' is to get rid of these criminologists that fill the people with a lot of solemn dope about criminal eyes, criminal ears, criminal mouth, and that sort of stuff. It's all poppycock. Why, shave that shock head of yours, take off the collar and tie, put yourself in a ticking shirt, and the average criminologist would weep with joy at the sight. Not long since a man came in who had all the beauty of a Christ picture, but after the barber and tailor got through with him, he looked the kind of a fellow we hate to meet on a dark night.

"Ever hear that story," he continued, "about the lawyer who took his wife to court? After she had looked around a minute, she gave a sudden shudder. 'My,' she whispered, 'what an awful creature the prisoner is!'

"'Sh-h-h!' her husband hissed. 'The prisoner hasn't come in yet. That's the judge.'

"That's what this criminology business does for us. It establishes hard and fast preconceptions in the average mind, and makes for instinctive prejudices and fake conclusions. Every man who gets arrested is necessarily a criminal, the place for criminals is the penitentiary, and the purpose of the penitentiary is punishment. It's all wrong. History doesn't hold an instance where cruelty ever cured an evil. There was a time when offenders against the law were hanged on gibbets along the roadside. We've gotten away from that wicked stupidity, but we still cling to the idea of some extreme punishment that will beat goodness into bad men."

"As I understand it, your system — "

"System!" Warden Tynan's interruption sounded like a tire explosion. "Always some word to boggle over. It's because we all sit around waiting for somebody to draw up a system or present a program that we don't get anywhere. Words! Words! They fall on individual endeavor like a wet blanket, and keep each man from hustling out, using his head and heart, and doing his level best to better the conditions at hand. I haven't got any system. I don't want any. When I took this job, a lot of knockers asked what I knew about 'criminal nature.' I told 'em I didn't know a dad blamed thing. But after years of commercial traveling, rubbing up against all sorts of people, I felt that I did know *human* nature, and was perfectly willing to let it go at that."

Tom Tynan, let it be explained, was a "drummer" at the time of his appointment. Governor Shafroth, sick to death of graft and mismanagement in connection with state institutions, wanted a warden who would conduct the penitentiary with the same measure of honesty, efficiency and competency that private business demands. And so he waved th organization to one side, turned down th eager horde of loyal workers, and named Tor Tynan.

The confidence was not misplaced. In th first month, the young warden poked a stubb forefinger into a thousand and one dark hol of graft. He found that the ground had n even been broken for buildings that were r ported in process of erection — that the pen tentiary had paid for more coal than had bee received for the use of all Cañon City — tha there was no check on sales or purchases, an that prices were what the favored merchan chose to ask — that the prison, in fact, was r garded as legitimate loot by a certain sele coterie. He went to work and smashed tha "prison ring" to the fineness of a "buste incandescent lamp." He started accurat bookkeeping, called for bids on every purchas and bought and sold in the open market. A ter securing contractors' estimates on the co of new buildings and various repairs, he jo fully "sicked" competent convicts on the di ferent jobs, and did the work for about on tenth of what it would have cost had he l it out. A "life timer" drew plans for th new hospital, carpenters and masons taugh others the secret of skill in stone and woo and this beautiful new building, which othe wise would have cost the state $75,000, w finished for $15,000.

He screened the entire prison, freeing co victs from the wretchedness and danger infectious diseases carried by flies, replace leaky roofs, sold broken stoves and rusty pip to the junk dealer, and installed modern hea ing and plumbing; sent rutted flagging to t hog pens for feeding platforms, and saved th cost of the new concrete floorings and wal in brooms alone. And all of this work w done by the men themselves, the entire inst tution being repaired and improved at a min mum cost to the taxpayer.

He reorganized the tailor shops and kitc ens, gave the prisoners warmer, better-fitti clothes and improved the food. Drunken, i efficient keepers, with no recommendation sa political "pull," were discharged, and orde given that there should be no more striki or cursing, but that all offenses against di cipline must be reported to the warden for l action. Armed guards were banished fro within the walls, as Warden Tynan believ that this constant threat incited violence. I threw dark cells open, unlocked dungeons, a let it be understood that the day of t "square deal" was on. Sunday "audience were instituted, and every prisoner with quest or complaint was allowed to come befo the warden and "make his talk." Within month he had knives on his desk that h been sharpened in secrecy and hate — la

Ute Pass Road Camp near Green Mountain Falls.

here by men from whom the weight of re-enge had been lifted.

With reference to the "criminal problem," o much can any warden do. And so much an any governor do, for the world is full of Tynans. They are not found, however, among allot-box stuffers and saloon bosses, and it is rom these, too often, that governors choose heir office holders.

But Tom Tynan didn't stop at "cleaning p" penitentiary conditions. As he worked, is vision grew, and his mind sung with new nd big ideas. Now the penal laws of Colo-ndo are very sane and amazingly humane. n the first place there is the "indeterminate entence." Instead of being sent to the peni-entiary for a definite term of years, as in most ther states, the offender is given a minimum nd maximum, that is, from one to three, or ix to ten, or twenty to thirty. If he conducts imself in model fashion, he wins one month good behavior time" during the first year, wo months in the second year, three in the hird, and so on. At the expiration of his min-num sentence, minus "good behavior time," e is released on parole. But he continues the ard of the state. On the first of every month the first year, and every three months hereafter until final release, he must report is occupation, surroundings and prospects to he warden. If he fails, an order for his re-rrest goes forth, and he is brought back to the enitentiary to serve his maximum sentence.

The Colorado law also permits the employ-ent of prisoners on outside work, and for ll labor performed "on honor of trust" away rom the penitentiary, an additional ten days f "good time" is allowed. There is no sug-estion of the contract system in this, the oving idea having been to work state pris-ners on highways, thereby giving them an utdoor life and at the same time building oads that could not otherwise have been af-orded. It was under this law that Tom Tynan set sail for big results. Under other dministrations, only a comparatively small umber of "short timers" have been given his privilege of road work. Warden Tynan hanged all this. Wherever a county wanted road built, and was willing to make an ap-ropriation to cover the necessary additional xpense, he put out his road camp, and started he work. And in selecting his men he paid bsolutely no attention at all to length of sen-nce or nature of crime, but took them as ney were pushed forward by his system of raded rewards. This plan, carefully laid, nabled him to study each prisoner, determine is character and reliability and decide just ow far he could be trusted. As a conse-uence there are eight "life timers" on the oad, and "border terrors" work side by side ith petty offenders from the city.

Red Hill in the Foreground, Showing Roadway Constructed by Prisoners.

Ask Warden Tynan, and he will tell you that he has had his chief trouble with "hoboes." He has found the petty offenders — "jellybacks," he calls them — not half so susceptible to reclamation as the so-called "desperate criminals" and not nearly so worthy of trust.

During 1909-1910 fifty miles of road were built — splendid scenic stretches — almost half blasted out of solid rock. These great thoroughfares cost the taxpayers only $56,700, an amount that included the cost of ten overseers, feed of teams, and the purchase of $3,788 worth of horses, tools and equipment that reverted to the state. Had the work been done by contract, the cost would have been $212,160, so that the convicts practically earned $155,460 on the road work alone.

Holding that farm labor came under the meaning of the law, Warden Tynan commenced renting ranches on the "half-crop" plan. At the present time he is farming seven hundred and fifty acres. Upon taking charge he found a drove of sixty hogs and a small bunch of chickens. He added some blooded swine to the drove, purchased an incubator and selected convicts to "boss the job." The earnings from these sources — farms, pens and brooderies — for the biennial period ending December 1, 1910, were $38,000 in cash, and $16,290 in consumed products.

The amount saved to the state during the same period by having the prisoners repair and build in and around the penitentiary was $106,746, so that it will be seen that Warden Tynan balances a total of $316,496 in cash and labor against the $225,000 appropriated for the upkeep of the penitentiary, practically $91,496 profit from an institution that is usually regarded as so much dead weight — and all accomplished without interference with free labor and without capitalizing the helplessness of the prisoners.

Of the seven hundred and odd men in the penitentiary, a daily average of three hundred have been employed outside the walls, coming to strength and decency and self-respect in the sun and wind, and enabled to go back into the world without prison pallor or furtive eye.

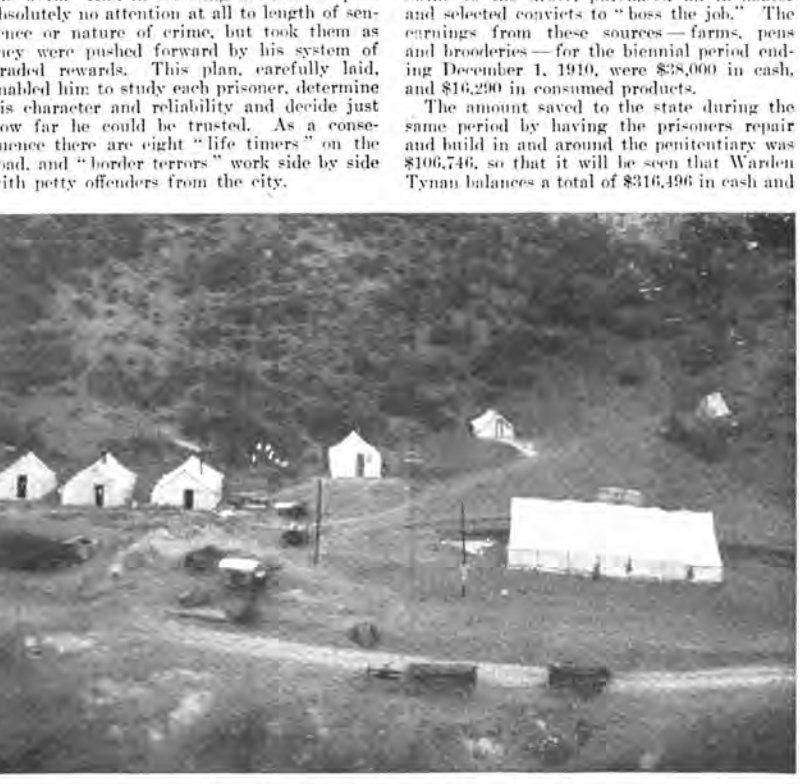
Again, with reference to the "criminal problem," as much as this can be done by any state. Colorado conditions are not peculiar, and these laws can be adopted by any commonwealth without any great change or clash. The New England criminal, in his essentials, differs little from the Western criminal, and any plan that reclaims the one will be successful with the other.

Mending broken men, instead of shattering them into still more useless bits, is not a reform made possible by certain local conditions, but a big, necessary idea, workable anywhere.

But it is in what he hopes to do, rather than in what he has done, that the young warden's chief importance really lies. Bowling along in the machine, between road camps and ranches, now voluble, now silent, he developed his idea of what a penitentiary should be, and what penal servitude should do. A dreamer, perhaps, but the kind that makes his dreams come true. A builder of air castles, maybe, but with foundations under them. Such men, dynamic couplings of idealism and achievement, are leading the sane and successful revolt against the "practicability" that is unimaginative, the "conservatism" that is stupidity and tradition. In increasing numbers they are throwing off the dead weights of customs and precedent — they call from community to community — fast-forming groups lock shoulders — and out of it all is a national movement pushing forward to efficiency and fairness and to the fraternity preached by Christ.

"After all, what is a penitentiary but the human record of society's own crimes and failures?" He waved an emphatic arm at the mountain's amazing harmony of colors — at the pastel tints of horizon and plain. "Would God have taken such pains to make the world beautiful if He had meant to put evil into the hearts of men? The prison, with its wretched huddle of unfortunates, is the result of our own greeds, rapacities, cruelties and ignorances. Slums, saloons, predatory wealth, social and industrial injustices, debasing environments, lack of opportunity, corporation corruption — these things make crime and criminals. We must get at the social and economic causes — remove the curse of involuntary poverty — equalize opportunity —" his voice trailed off into a mumble, and he sat silent for a bit.

[*Continued on page 38.*]



Ninety Convicts are Worked from this Camp.

A Little Dream of Empire

A Tragic Episode of the Mexican Revolution

Preceded by a Letter and an Editorial Explanation

EL CENTRO, CAL., March 9, 1911.

A barb-wire fence marks the last of the American frontier in the desert of the Colorado, the line between California and Lower California On the north side of the fence Americans have stood and watched a revolution in progress on the south side. They have seen a town taken by insurgents, men killed and government buildings burned, and they have shaken hands with rebel generals across the fence. They have seen troops attempt to retake the town and retire defeated, and after watching a battle and listening to the hum of bullets through an afternoon, they have gone to their homes and their peaceful affairs, as from a show, at the fall of the curtain of night.

In one of the little towns of the Imperial Valley, north of the barb-wire fence, the editor of a local paper was reading his proofs, and he barely glanced up as a young man in well-worn corduroy entered the room and laid some papers carelessly upon the table at his elbow.

"Perhaps you may want to print that; if not, your waste-basket is big." The young man spoke the words curtly, turned and went away, and the editor looked neither at him nor the papers he had left, but retained a vague impression from his cursory glance that the fellow was young, roughly dressed, and possibly a sort of hobo. Wanderers of that type, previously rare in the desert, had appeared in numbers since the waves of war had begun breaking against the barb-wire fence, and they were drifting back and forth across the line.

When the day's work was done, the editor picked up the manuscript so negligently left, and read it. And then he went out upon the streets of El Centro, and searched for the man in corduroy, but with little hope of finding him, for he had not fixed face or form in his memory and there was no signature to the manuscript. The search was futile.

The editor took the manuscript across the street to the editor of the other local paper, and they agreed that it was not country newspaper "stuff," and that it would be unfair to the unknown author of "A Little Dream of Empire" to accept his careless gift and let his story live but a brief hour and be buried in their files with the news of the day.

This is all that we know of the origin of the story. It is a vivid sketch of Mexicali and the Mexican insurrection, and if it is as good a tale as we think it is, it is worthy a larger audience than we can command for it. We have retained one page of the original manuscript, substituting a typewritten page, that we may identify the author certainly if a claimant ever appears in answer to the advertisements we shall publish to attract his attention. If no claimant shall appear and prove his claim within a reasonable time, your check for the story shall be given to the Red Cross, which is caring for the wounded of both sides, who are brought to the barb-wire fence, delivered to the American troopers on guard at the line, and taken to the hospital in Calexico, the American border town.

ALLEN KELLY, Imperial Valley Press.
A. D. MEDHURST, Daily Free Lance.

This is the letter just as we received it, and here follows the story. We have forwarded our check in payment for it to Mr. Kelly, with permission, in case he fails to find the unknown author within a reasonable time, to turn it over to the Red Cross Society.

THE EDITORS.

I

F I were a philosopher
might reflect. As it is,
shall tell the story simpl
There isn't much to tel
just the events of a fe
days, the futile aspiratio
of a human pawn on t
chessboard of Destiny.
is a bit of true pathos
a mosaic of farce; a tragedy of a comic-ope
revolution.

It happened at Los Cuerros, which, if yo
look upon the map, is somewhere just acro
the imaginary line which separates the Unit
States from the land of *Mañana*. Los Cue
ros consists in the main of about half a hu
dred buildings given to the drinking of stro
liquors and the playing of games of chan
Then there are the dwellings of our sisters
scarlet and other buildings which are devot
to purposes worse than any of these. For t
land to the north made an effort to be decen
and many things, driven across the borde
made here their last camp. The place is
depôt for smugglers of coolies and opium, a
a refuge for petty offenders whose malfeasan
never rose to an importance justifying extr
dition.

Near the border is the custom house in t
hands of Mexican government officials, a sle
fat-jowled set who wring bribes from the ri
and blood from the poor with equal avidit
Then on the barren plain which surrounds t
town are the wretched mud huts of the *ch
los*. How they eke out an existence in so i
hospitable an environment, God only knows
seems to care. But this I know: when t
cattle were butchered the poor came to t
abattoir — grizzled old men, lean-faced wo
en and smiling children — and carried off t
offal, every scrap of it, for food. All this, b
no more than this, is Los Cuerros. There
not a residence worthy the name, not a buil
ing devoted to the more legitimate pursu
of commerce, not a church, not a school.
is a nest of parasites on the desert; a to
of two nations with the virtues of neither.

But at the time I best know, it was hard
a scene of gayety, however rough. The gari
lights no longer disputed the serene supre
acy of the myriad stars, and the musical

lence was unbroken by the mechanical discords of the electric piano. Well I remember those nights of earth and sky and crisp cool air, when we heard only the stealthy tread of some marauder in our own ranks, or the incisive "*Quien vive?*" of some unseen sentinel. For we of the Army of Liberation were in possession. A strange admixture we; in truth more like an armed mob than an army. Outlaws from both sides of the border, Yaqui and peon, derelict and super-tramp, cowboy and adventurer, socialist and malcontent — undrilled, undisciplined and without a leader worthy the name; but all intoxicated by freedom from the thousand restraints of organized civilization which had so long held us in check.

Among those who formed the group to which I belonged was a tall slender lad, who seemed to command attention without consciously demanding it. Lithe and dark and sinewy, his was the brow of the intellectual and the eye of the dreamer. As bloodthirsty as a young wolf, he had the deportment of a high-school boy; an adventurer with the mien of a cavalier; an outlaw with the imagination of a poet. We became acquainted one night as we paced a lonely beat side by side. That day we had passed through our first skirmish, he and I in the same rifle-pit, and had laughed at the bullets and jeered at the enemy as we drank wine and smoked cigarettes of the loot of Los Cuerros.

But on the other side it was tragedy, real tragedy, for the soldiers of the Dictator, peaceful little Mexican peasants who had been torn from their beloved families and their small ranches of maize and *frijoles*. Clad only in clothes of light cotton, with sandaled feet and straw sombreros, they had marched over mountain and desert, through chilly nights and burning days. They had climbed rough boulder-strewn paths, and waded canals in which, even on the desert in January, the water was icy cold. And with empty bellies and faint hearts they had arrived. One volley had they fired, then, withered by the fire from our rifle-pits, they had recoiled, only to be

[*Continued on page 41*]

Those "Good Old Days" of the Drama

Why our Stage Isn't What it Used to Be—and Why it Never Was

By Glenmore Davis

Author of "Our Billion Dollar Smile," "The Moving Picture Revolution," etc.

"The Golden Age Never Was The Present Age."—Poor Richard's Almanack.

FROM time to time some ancient gentleman bursts into print on the subject of the Good Old Days of the stage, wails over the lamentable depreciation in public tastes, raves about what he is pleased to call "the classics" and wonders in a spasm of hysteria what we all are coming to anyhow. These patriarchs of all ages doubtless mean well, but why has it never occurred to them that their remarks are without originality? Don't they recall that when they were young men and women, old folks used to sit about the tallow dips, lamenting the same old lamentations, emitting the same old nonsense? In nearly every instance these disconsolate friends are men and women of culture and refinement, and yet if they would reach around to a bookcase, pull down any antique tome and turn over the pages, they would find that they are plagiarizing other old people who insisted on airing similar views in the winter of their lives.

Why is it that the stage and home cooking are the only things that have consistently been on the decline for the last three hundred years? And why, if half what these old folks say is true, haven't the dramatic and culinary arts reached the bottom by this time? Anybody with one good eye and recourse to a public library can ascertain with ease that ever since the advent of George Frederick Cooke in this country, bewhiskered pessimists have been comparing the contemporary stage with the one of a dead generation, to the great disparagement of the former. There must be a limit, a bottom, a finish somewhere to the pit into which American theatricals have been tumbling for the last one hundred and ten years. If we are on the way to the demnition bow-wows and have been heading there since the days of Hallam, when are we due to arrive?

An elderly and eminent critic, recently the author of an autobiography in which he was kind enough to make occasional mention of Richard Mansfield, heads the present-day list of carping antiquarians. Out of key with all the rest of the literary orchestra, he seems to find the major output of living authors and playwrights juiceless, tasteless, insipid. Ibsen, Sudermann, Hauptmann, D'Annunzio, he has never been able to commend. Our younger American authors do not hold a candle to the writers of yesteryear. "Mrs. Dane's Defense" left a bad taste in his mouth and an indifferent performance of "Cymbeline" drew a four-column adulatory review, a considerable portion of which was devoted to praise of a relative who, at the time, was probably the worst living or dead actor in any country. "Prejudiced" is a mild word and an easy one. For many a year this scholarly gentleman has been prejudiced in favor of the people he liked and who liked him. The fact that most of them have preceded him to a land where it is hoped there is no stage, may explain his preference for the past. If so, the same topsy-turvy reason may apply to other worshipers of the Good Old Days.

The writer has lived not half so long nor so wisely as the man in question. He regrets that William J. Florence, Billy Burton, Sir Henry Irving, Mary Anderson and Dion Boucicault were not intimate friends of his, but gets a crumb of satisfaction from the knowledge that he is tied with the stage Nestor in that neither ever shook hands with Shakespeare, Sir William Davenant, Congreve, Molière, Lope de Vega, Wycherley, Colley Cibber, Goldsmith or Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The author does know Eugene Walter, Wynchell Smith, Henry Arthur Jones, David Belasco and Augustus Thomas, and he admits a speaking acquaintance with Paul Armstrong and Channing Pollock. He believes he knows a good play from a bad one, that he can tell efficient acting when he sees it and that he is quite capable of comparing To-day with Yesterday if literary remains furnish any basis for comparison. Incidentally, he does not believe in the Good Old Days; in fact, he is of the decided opinion that they never existed. And he thinks he can explain why old plays are not received as they once were, why they never will be and why they should not be — all without the aid of a confederate or a net.

For every lasting change in men and things there must be a reason — a fact that applies equally to governments, religions, fashions, scientific developments, literature, dramatic art and pies. Bromidic and axiomatic is also the law of supply and demand. This rule has always been in force and as long as it has existed you can gamble that the demand has been the immediate paternal ancestor of the supply. Franklin discovered a means of hauling electricity out of the heavens, but if the world had felt no need of this mysterious electrical power, there would be no trolley-cars and no incandescent lamps to this day. To the pig-tailed Chinese we are indebted for gunpowder and the compass, but if there had been no demand for these interesting improvements we would still be hunting partridges with slung-shots and we would never depart willingly out of the sight of land. If some

prehistoric Columbus had not hit upon the wonderful idea that man could exist the year round in any fertile part of the earth and had not thus stumbled upon the necessity of wearing clothes through certain seasons we at this minute would be sitting in the shade of a fig tree, in some even and easy locality close to the equator, throwing stones at the ring-tailed monkeys. And if the bulk of the theater-going public, which, each year since the days of Æschylus had been growing better educated and better equipped to pick the wheat from the chaff, had not decided that it preferred Pinero to Shakespeare and Ibsen to Sheridan, it would have said so. Whenever the supply exceeds the demand, something happens to the producer, and when this something fails to materialize, we can take it for granted that the consumers who created the demand are still hungry and are not dissatisfied with the kind of victuals furnished them.

Education is responsible for most of the economic changes of which we wot — education and the amalgamation of the races which has been going on so rapidly since the period of voyage and discovery created for England a vast empire and brought about that fusing of the world's blood so noticeable in the United States. Once upon a time — and that not so very long ago — the great majority of men and women in civilized countries could not read or write. In those days talk was the medium of expression and the ears were the organs through which most folk received information. The great men of the world were talkers and the most important messages — political, religious, philosophical — were delivered by word of mouth by statesmen, prelates, learned doctors and actors. Since talk was the medium, talk of any kind directed to a crowd was of necessity burdened with a deal of extraneous matter introduced for a purpose. Every talker had a message for mankind. Every preacher, orator and playwright was a publicist. There were fewer men of learning; therefore talkers were in the minority, and talk, contrary to an ancient statement, was golden. Education cost a fortune. The poor for centuries were listeners.

The Age of Talk

Now the tables are turned. The majority can and do read and write. Talk is cheap and few people are influenced by it. The day of the orator is over. The lecture platform enlists the efforts of mediocre rather than colossal minds. The church no longer gets the cream of young masculine mentality. Actors are no longer educators, because playwrights have become entertainers. And with the change in talkers brought about by a change in listeners, there has come, not unnaturally, a change in talk. It is another exemplification of the old law of supply and demand. Plays are a kind of talk. Their change in character was coincident with the educational uplift and the sag in the market value of oratory.

To-day there are only three classes of men who find the vocal chords productive of great financial results. They are after-dinner speakers who have goods to sell; actors who entertain and singers who appeal to our esthetic tastes. Patrick Murphy, David Warfield and Enrico Caruso are fair examples of these three classes.

That the stage is successful as it reflects nature seems to be a demonstrated truth. That the world, its people and their customs have changed with years can not be gainsaid, and, since Mr. Cicero's remark still holds good, it would appear no more than right that plays, which are the reflections of fluctuating things, should betray a corresponding mutability.

The unreasonableness of some of the so-called reasoning by which the Palmy Days are proved to have existed (by the way, they always were in the youth of the narrator — between thirty and fifty years ago) is peculiar. Possibly "funny" is the better adjective. Because Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, Cyrus, Xerxes and Alexander are considered better generals than Bismarck, Lee, Grant, Kitchener and Kuropatkin, the village debating society does not of necessity believe that the science of war has not advanced during the Christian Era. John Marshall may have excelled our present Chief Justice as a judicial phenomenon, but that fact — if it is a fact — does not carry with it a proof of latter-day constitutional asininity on the part of our higher courts of law. Rufus Choate may or may not have been an abler lawyer than his nephew Joseph. If he was, are we to suppose the bar has gone to the dogs? Because Edwin Booth had the better of E. H. Sothern in ability, ducats and fame, is no reason for jumping rashly at the conclusion that "The Easiest Way" isn't ten times as good a play as "The Two Orphans." And the presence of Webster's 7th of March speech in all Fourth Readers does not prove that apple pies were better in the 1850's than they are in 1911.

Not that Alexander, Chief Justice Marshall, Mr. Booth and the pie of sixty years ago were not all right. Dear, no! But let's get the tense correct. They *used to be*. Try as you will, you can not bring them back. Perhaps it is just as well. Alexander would surely shy at an automatic magazine gun; old Mr. Marshall never could live through a corporation trial; Booth would have the jim-jams watching a Hippodrome performance and the pies at Childs' Restaurant are perfectly satisfactory, now that they are made by Standard Oil.

To return for a moment to the Age of Talk. Things were done differently then. If you can't, possibly your father can remember a time when Henry Ward Beecher, William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner and Roscoe Conkling were big men of the nation. Why? Because they were equipped with silver, gold and honey-coated tongues and the people loved to listen. The people also paid to listen. To be a preacher, a teacher or a political orator was the height of a young man's ambition. When he went to the university, this young man bent his energies to win the prize in oratory and the brightest, ablest man generally won. Hence the Andrew D. Whites and the William H. Tafts of to-day. It paid well to be a good talker, and young men then as now were looking for financial as well as popular rewards for work well done. The best lawyer was a man of the Daniel Webster type — a clever mouther of well-sounding words. The best preacher was a pulpit Demosthenes. The great teachers were lecturers, and the student, instead of going to recitations where he took an active part in the proceedings, spent his collegiate days listening to an interminable series of vocal fireworks and his collegiate nights at his debating club where he tried to beat the record of Patrick Henry. The actor never felt so good as when he could walk to the apron of the stage and deliver a five-sided speech jammed with the muscle-rending, tear-compelling, heart-breaking, brain-fagging lines of "Ingomar" or "Spartacus." The author loved to write this stuff and the audience simply reveled in it. When they read, they read speeches. The few who could write wrote from the tail of a cart, from the top of a stump, from the hind side of a pulpit or from a lecture platform.

Revised Edition of Webster

If Daniel Webster were alive to-day and should carry on the way he did, he would be a legal curio, clad in hand-me-downs, an evangelical exhorter or a medicine man selling a five-dollar panacea to Maine farmers for the paltry sum of one dollar — absolute cure or money refunded. To make the Bunker Hill speech go to-day, he would need at least a good black-faced comedian, with a banjo to fill in the gaps when he was tapping the water pitcher on the little table to his right. If he were wise — as he certainly was — he would do none of these things, but would confine his efforts to corporation arguments, would spend most of his time in his workroom, and when the vocal work became necessary, would hire for $50 a week a capable graduate of an Iowa debating school.

You see the times really have changed. There is no doubting it. This is a work-a-day, mechanical age in which the talkers have little chance unless their words sell goods or entertain. We get our information in other ways. There are libraries in Painted Post, Jimtown, Medicine Hat and Steam Corners. The day of the spellbinder has passed even in Killawog, N. Y., and George M. Cohan is more acceptable than any Chautauqua lecturer in Providence, R. I. About the pleasant fires in a hundred cities, you may hear of a wintry night, good-hearted old fellows telling the glories of Macready, Lawrence Barrett, the elder Sothern and Lydia Thompson. Just how familiar they were with the talents of the entertainers of Yesterday is a question. Whether or not they would prefer to patronize them now instead of Forbes Robertson, William Collier and Anna Held is another question. Distant hills — well, you know how green they look, and absence certainly does give a fillip to fond recollections, doesn't it?

Some Good Live Dramatists

Just as our utilitarian times reflect themselves in a literature which is almost devoid of poetry, and in progress of a mechanical and industrial nature rather than in verbal pyrotechnics, so they are mirrored on the stage as they actually are, instead of in the pompous, strutting fashion of the past. The changes in the drama are the changes in the times. Edwin Booth, Edwin Forrest, John Gilbert, John Brougham, Lester Wallack, Laura Keene, Fanny Davenport, Charlotte Cushman, Mme. Modjeska, Mme. Janaushek, Joseph Jefferson are dead, but there are a lot of good actors alive. "Mazeppa" has been among the dramatic discards for generations, but Eugene Walter had written two American plays better than any produced in the Western world during the history of the whole Booth family. Have you read any American dramatic pieces written prior to Bronson Howard? Eliminate Sheridan and Goldsmith and try to find a British playwright since Shakespeare who could hold a candle to Pinero. Belasco, Oscar Wilde, Rostand, Ibsen, Collier, Sudermann, Tolstoi, Bernhardt, Jane Hading, Rejane, Julia Marlowe are not "has beens." They are of the present. They are as good, if not better than their prototypes of past decades. They reflect the world as it is and they are all monumentally and deservedly successful.

Fifty years ago there was not a worth-while playwright in America. To-day there are fifty. Nor were the woods of those days filled with good actors. Edwin Booth, the best we have produced, once went on record as saying that the very actors and actresses who now loom up as the Macreadys and Siddonses of the Good Old Days were bad, very bad. He probably knew. Not every painting three hundred years old was made by an old master.

The most interesting book on the early days of the American stage was written by W. B. Wood and published in 1854. Mr. Wood lived a life of distinction and usefulness up to the very time of his death and remembered plays and players as far back as 1797. He was no misanthrope, no pessimist, no cynic. He viewed the world through rose-colored glasses and yet was not free from the glamour of the Long Ago. In the preface of his "Personal Recollections" he remarks: "Undoubtedly the stage has recently been in a miserable state." He refers to the stage of the early fifties. Yet the actors and plays at which this remark must have been aimed are the subjects of adulatory chapters in Laurence Hutton's "Plays and Players," published in 1875. Who and what were they? Well, here are some names.

To old Mr. Wood they reflected "a miserable state." To Mr. Hutton they brought back fond memories of "Palmy Days." Among the players were Henry Placide, Charles Burke, William E. Burton, Mary Taylor ("Our Mary"), Frank Chanfrau, Joseph Jefferson, John Brougham, William J. Florence, the elder Hackett, E. L. Davenport, Davidge, Lester Wallack, Charles Wolcot, John Owens, W. H. Chippendale and Julia Dean. The plays of that "miserable time"? You would recognize few of the titles. They were not good enough to last despite the pleasant memories they called to the minds of the old gentlemen of thirty-five years ago. They must have been

[*Continued on page 40.*]

The Atheist

By Mary Heaton Vorse

Author of "They Meant Well," "Boughten Pants," etc.

Illustrations by ARTHUR HUTCHINS

MR. CRAFTS peered over the edge of his paper. He was a short, round-faced man, bald, with fresh color, and wore spectacles. He was in his shirt sleeves, and his feet, encased in stout socks, rested upon a chair.

His sister-in-law viewed the public display of stockinged feet with disapproval; the greatest amount of *déshabillé* permitted her husband, as regarded his shoes, were elegant Romeo slippers. The general atmosphere of her sister's family enraged her. With so many children and so little money she should have been anxious. She was as calm and placid as a pan of milk; young-looking, too. A countenance as innocent of worry or guile as that of the youngest baby was perched upon the top of her round motherly body.

"I should think," began Mrs. Stratton again, but the words were blown from her mouth as by a strong wind.

Wild yells were heard and the running of feet. The twins dashed past the sitting-room door and out of the front door, slamming it behind them, with Daniel hot upon their trail.

"Mercy!" gasped Mrs. Stratton. "Mercy, what's that?"

"The children," responded Mrs. Crafts mildly.

"I know it's the children," snapped her sister. "I don't need to be told it's the children. Why your nerves aren't shattered, Susan —"

"That's not noise," said Dora. "You ought to hear us when we're really playing."

The twins were holding the door with all the strength in their arms against Daniel, pulling outward on the door, and he crept away silently, leaving them holding the fort against an imaginary foe.

"There's Daniel," took up his aunt. "Why don't you make that great boy do a stroke of work, Susan? Why don't you make him fix the palings? There's not another fence in the neighborhood that hasn't been at least whitewashed this year."

Mr. Crafts' round, pleasant eyes had not left his sister-in-law since he had let down the blind of the paper. He now pushed his spectacles up from his brow and regarded his yard and the fence through the poor-spirited and meager bay window. It seemed to him that he had never really looked on the yard before. It was unkempt, but to Mr. Crafts' eye, the litter of old wheels which Daniel was evidently constructing into sliding apparatus of some kind and the amateur tent that the twins had put up were not unlovely. And while Dora's bower was not of roses, it bloomed cheerfully in the midst of the surrounding masculine confusion and disorder. With her own hands Dora had made a little booth just big enough for one little girl to sit in and sew. Over this she had twined morning-glories. It was planted square in the middle of the yard; it was in the way; one had to avoid it when rushing around. There it stood, a little temple commemorating feminine efficiency, with its neat little strings and the neat little flowers growing over it. It was the one spot of leavening order in chaos. There it sat, a blossoming emblem of its owner's spirit, a trifle aggressive, but an everlasting tribute to the world of orderly beauty. This was Dora, her father reflected, in the Crafts' household, where the beauties of the spirit and of the intellect were the only ones ever considered. To Dora alone was given the practical mind; Dora alone had the eye of outward vision. Dora must have noticed the missing pickets, just as her aunt had, which gave the little fence across the Crafts' yard the effect of a much neglected set of teeth.

"That yard could look better," he confessed, "and next Sunday morning I'll take a whack at it."

As if to emphasize the enormity of this statement, the twins burst in at the door while, to avoid observation, Daniel joined his sister under the table. The table-cover heaved and billowed out like an insecure circus tent caught in a high wind. The wind howled around the house and a shutter banged. It was as if all nature, animate and inanimate, echoed Mrs. Stratton's shocked:

"Why, what do you mean, David? Sunday! Mend your fence Sunday?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Crafts mildly. "Sunday was the word I spoke, I think. Why not Sunday?"

"Why not Sunday?" said his sister-in-law. "Ask me why not Sunday? Why, ask your own children: ask the babe in its mother's arms why not Sunday. Ask Dora; ask Daniel —"

And, indeed, out from underneath the table-cover appeared two surprised and serious faces. They had ceased their silent scuffle and each one protruded a head over which the fringe of the table-cover fell fantastically, like some strange type of hair. In Dora's face was consternation; in Daniel's, deep surprise. The first thing that either of them could remember was being led to the First Congregational Church.

Mrs. Crafts was the only one in the room who gave no evidence of surprise. She rocked placidly back and forth, explaining to her sister:

"Father's not going to church any more. He don't think it's honest, believing like he does, to go to church."

"No, sir!" said Mr. Crafts, with some vigor. "I don't believe in upholding a lot of conventional lies any longer. Church going has degenerated into a meaningless ceremony instead of an act of worship. A bowing down before a lot of man-made and outgrown dogmas!"

"Well, I never!" gasped Mrs. Stratton. "Well, I never! How you can sit there, David Crafts, and utter words like that before your two innocent children."

"I am glad to have 'em hear me," Mr. Crafts took up mildly. "I want 'em to think. I don't want 'em to come up in blind darkness like I did, subscribing to a lot of doctrines that they don't really believe — things you don't believe either, Lucilla."

"Things I don't believe!" said Mrs. Stratton. "Don't I believe everything I ought to?"

"More than you ought to," said her brother-in-law with exasperating tranquillity.

"I believe in the Scriptures," went on the irate lady. "I believe in going to church and doing your duty. I don't believe in trifling with your conscience — and the Creed and the Ten Commandments I believe in."

"Ah!" said her brother-in-law. "But don't you believe in evolution, Lucilla? You've read Darwin; you've read Huxley and Herbert Spencer, because you had to write about them for the Woman's Club. Well, then, what becomes of the Scriptures? Do you mean to sit there and tell me, Lucilla Stratton, that you believe about Jonah and the whale? You, a grown woman! What about that course your Woman's Club took in zoology — the study of the higher mammals? Don't sit here and tell me you believe any whale ever took Jonah in and gave him a free room while he swum him across the sea."

Mrs. Stratton retired behind her dignity:

"I never gave that whale much thought, David," she told her brother-in-law with freezing hauteur. One gathered that the whale was not a delicate topic for discussion in a decent sitting-room. She *did* believe in evolution; she *had* read Herbert Spencer. All was true that her brother-in-law had said, but she belonged to the First Congregational Church as well, and her husband passed the plate therein.

"What have we got to go on for all our beliefs?" continued Mr. Crafts relentlessly. "Take a lot of our church doctrines — predestination, for instance; men made them up. I've got just as good a right to make up a doctrine to-morrow, and as good as lots of those we pretend to subscribe to. And as for the Bible — that's — or much of it is, nothing but allegories. You've just now said you didn't believe in Jonah and the whale —"

"I beg your pardon," disputed Mrs. Stratton. "I never said —"

Here Dora emerged from beneath the table. She went up to her father and put her hand upon his arm, asking him with her practical seriousness:

"Father, don't you believe in the Bible?"

The awful definiteness of childhood is only too frequently disastrous to our higher flights of fancy. To this attack Mr. Crafts could only reply feebly:

"Why, sure, my chicken; sure I believe in the Bible. It's the noblest book we've got."

"But you just said —" began Dora.

"Now, see here, Dora," said her father firmly. "There are some things you're too young to understand yet."

"Don't we have to read our chapter every morning any more?" asked Daniel gleefully from beneath the table. "Don't we have to have prayers any more?"

Here Mrs. Crafts broke through her composed silence:

"Indeed you do," she announced with that definiteness that her offspring knew could not be disputed. "Prayers just the same. What do your morning prayers and your Bible have to do with your father's not going to church?"

"But father don't believe —" began Dora again.

"See here," said Mr. Crafts, arising. "You don't understand geometry, do you?"

What David Crafts felt like was a fool.

"No," said Dora in a small tone.

"Well, then, if I were to try to talk about something that you would have to know geometry to understand, you wouldn't ask a lot of silly questions, would you?"

"No," she replied.

"Well, this is just the same. Don't let me hear any more about it."

He strove to leave the room.

"Say, pa," said Daniel, "do I have to go to church?"

"You ask your mother," evaded Mr. Crafts with as near a touch of irritation as he ever showed.

"You see, David," took up his sister-in-law, "what your dreadful example is doing already."

Mr. Crafts grunted and made good his escape:

Good Lord! What a narrow world it was, where one could arouse such a storm from one's own sister-in-law, and even from one's own offspring, just by saying that one was going to do a little piece of work on Sunday!

Christians! he fumed to himself. There weren't any Christians in this community. The old hard law of the Old Testament held them. They had made a fetish of the outer observations and had lost the spirit, and he for one was going to protest. He was going to raise one little standard for freedom of thought, for respect for the inner spirit of religion instead of a slavish down-bowing to its outer clothing.

This road of reflection gave him no small satisfaction; the pleasant feeling, too, of one who was doing what was for him pioneer thinking. For in Freemansville the canker of doubt hadn't attacked the body politic. People's beliefs had rather broadened with the passing of years, but the good old New England Sabbath was unimpaired. A hush brooded over all things. Children in Freemansville didn't dispute with their parents as to whether they could play certain games on Sundays; it had never occurred to them that they could. They sat in staid groups in their own yards and learned their Sunday School lessons, read the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress," and between the hours of ten and eleven the whole population of Freemansville, the men dressed in their decorous black clothes, the women in their Sunday-go-to-meeting attire, the children starched and scrubbed and brushed within an inch of their lives, all repaired to church.

After the church bells had stopped tolling this little town was as though plunged in enchantment. Nothing stirred. For a few minutes after church had begun you might hear the click on the cement walks of the principal streets of the rapid steps of some belated worshiper; then silence.

It was within the memory of man that hot discussions had been waged as to the moral effect of the Sunday papers, and the more rigorous families still excluded these demoralizing publications from their doors and refused to be contaminated until Monday.

So it was no wonder that this declaration of Mr. Crafts should give him the sense of spiritual freedom and spiritual adventure; no wonder that to his children his words should seem immeasurably daring. His announcement had affected both Dora and Dan profoundly. Dora was troubled and she voiced her feeling with directness.

"Oh, mother!" she cried out. "You don't suppose father means what he says! Aren't we queer enough already without father hammering on the fence palings on Sundays and getting us all laughed at?"

"Queer enough already, child? What do you mean?" echoed her mother.

"How are we queer?" asked Daniel belligerently, feeling to a shade the nonconformity of their household, but being unwilling to admit it before the proprieties in the shape of his aunt. He, too, was troubled, but with a deep perplexity; it touched him on the intellectual side.

Had, then, these long and tedious church hours been of no use? Were they really superfluous? Had he been cheated out of that much of life? That was what Daniel Crafts wanted to know, but hadn't the words to put it in. And if churchgoing was superfluous—churchgoing with its scratchy collars and stiff shoes and unnatural cleanliness—was he going to have to continue in it just because he was a boy? Oh, deep and crushing injustice if this were true!

All he could find to say was:

"Ma, if pa don't have to go to church, why do I?"

"Because I say so, son," replied his mother with a cheerful definiteness.

"You see," moaned Mrs. Stratton, "you see, Susan! Now's the time to take a stand. I don't for a moment suppose David's in earnest — I don't suppose he's really grown sinful overnight —"

"Look-a-here, Aunt 'Cilly, my father's not sinful and don't you call him so!" These astonishing words came from Daniel. He stood before his aunt lowering.

"Mercy! What ails the child?" exclaimed his astonished relative.

"Don't you call him sinful, that's all!" admonished Dan, and strode from the room, his face as flaming as the red of his hair.

"You see what happens when a father departs from the path," Mrs. Stratton took up, looking after her departing nephew. "Something told me that things were wrong last Sunday, for all your calm ways, Susan, when David didn't go to church. But I couldn't guess 'twas as bad as this."

Mrs. Crafts replied nothing, but rocked gently as she darned a sock.

The next Sunday Mrs. Stratton stopped at her sister's house on her way to church. The Crafts family were all ready. The baby had been left with Cousin Ann Lewis whose rheumatics didn't allow her so long a walk as church; the twins and Daniel and Dora were ready, shining and starched and uncomfortable as all Christian children should be; Emery had gone on ahead in his usual unsociable and misanthropic manner.

"Where's *he*?" inquired Mrs. Stratton.

"In bed," responded Mrs. Crafts.

"What ails him?" asked Mrs. Stratton with concern.

"Nothing that I know of."

"Nothing! You don't mean to say, Susan, that that man's just wallowing in his bedstead on the Sabbath morning?"

Dora, her cheeks crimson at this attack on her parent, and an uncomfortable sense of calamity enveloping her, burst out:

"He's not wallowing, Aunt 'Cilly; he's reading the Sunday paper."

"And you stand there before me, Susan Crafts," accused Mrs. Stratton, "you stand there before me calm and tell me that your husband's in bed reading the Sunday paper and just ten minutes to get to church in — What are you going to do about it? That's what I want to know?"

"Nothing," responded Mrs. Crafts, smiling.

"You're never going to leave him lay!"

"Why, yes, Lucilla," her sister answered.

"I don't understand you," her sister groaned. "If my husband was to act that way I'd never raise my head again — never!"

Mr. Stratton was waiting at the Crafts' gate. His face, never too cheerful, bore on it the expression of consecrated gloom appropriate to the Sabbath.

"Where's David?" he asked.

"David's not going," responded his wife with deep and bitter meaning. "David's in

his bed. He's not sick; he's just in bed, reading the Sunday paper. That's what comes of going back on the faith of your fathers."

Mr. Stratton's mind was slow to catch the full meaning of the idea that his wife had handed over to him with so much feeling. He rolled it over without speaking; finally he pronounced sentence, and to Dan and Dora their uncle's words someway sounded a funeral knell to the old order quite beyond their aunt's emotional criticisms.

"I always knew," he said, "that David had no business head, but I never supposed he was utterly lacking."

In just what his brother-in-law was utterly lacking he didn't explain. He didn't need to; he was just lacking utterly, and that finished David Crafts. Even Mrs. Crafts, who never argued, was stung by the finality of his tone into saying:

"Well, Henry, I don't think you have any call to say that, because David is following his conscience."

"She calls lying in bed and reading the Sunday papers 'following his conscience,'" groaned Mrs. Stratton.

The rest of the walk to church was in gloomy silence broken only by Fannie Stratton saying once:

"Wouldn't it be awful, father, if Uncle David dies before he repents," and Mrs. Stratton's scandalized:

"Hush, child!"

But in every curve and gesture of the Stratton household, one gathered what an awful catastrophe it would be to this hitherto spotless family should one of its members — even though a member by marriage — commit such a social mistake as to die unrepentant. One gathered that Heaven would never seem the same to them should David Crafts be absent for such a reason.

During the walk the blood rushed hot into Dan's red head. He wanted to fight somebody; he wanted to tell everybody that his father was just as good as anybody else's father whether he stayed in bed on Sundays or not; that it was his father's business and that he liked his father, atheist or repentant, better than ten thousand million other fathers. During church this same keen desire to vindicate his parent possessed him. He felt as if every eye was upon him; as if everybody was criticizing his dear and kind parent; as if all that hypocritical crowd, who weren't half so good to their boys, were saying:

"Ha! David Crafts is staying home. David Crafts is a free thinker."

As for Fannie's sinister remark, that didn't bother him a bit. There was justice somewhere, and wisdom; the Power that could make all things good in the world would see how good Daniel's father was, church or no church. Indeed, in some certain ways divine service was a comfort to him today. It had more meaning than it had ever had before. It saved him from the vast feeling of loneliness. This feeling that a Higher Power and he were in the secret of his father's goodness in the midst of a hostile world gave him a truculent, even a lowering air, and caused his aunt to say:

"Poor child, he's taking his father's conduct to heart and is carrying it off with bravado. I always knew there was something good in Daniel."

Meanwhile, at home, David Crafts was boring himself. The first Sunday he had stayed home from church he had had a genial feeling of endless time before him. The day had been to him spacious and harmonious, and he had had a book he wanted to read. He had been possessed and upheld by the feeling of spiritual adventure. He hadn't told his wife why he wasn't going; he had merely announced that he was not, and had been vaguely disappointed when she hadn't asked him why.

He kept it from her for several days, suspecting that his resolution would bring down a heavy artillery of woman's arguments; and these he had been prepared to meet, but no argument had come. Indeed, she had made no comment at all, but had smiled and said: "Very well, dear." He had looked forward with a certain delighted dread to the encounter with his wife, instead of which there had been that annoying *contretemps* with the children with whom he hadn't exactly thought to reckon yet.

It was disconcerting. When a man breaks away from the traditions of a lifetime he would like to have a little notice taken of it by those nearest to him. It was pretty cold comfort lying there in bed with the Sunday paper — and for a man of Mr. Crafts' intellectual tastes the Sunday paper left him with the disagreeable sensation of having made a full meal on pop-corn — to tell himself that he was glad his wife took it so sensibly. This was the way, of course, any man would wish to feel about it, and the way very few men really would feel. You want a little ruffling on the drums when your soul goes marching on. If there is no opposition from the wife of one's bosom it would be kind of her to cheer one on one's lonely way. None of these things had occurred.

The absurdity of his own position struck him. He saw himself as he really was, a tiny speck in the midst of a vast cosmos, speculating on its own egotism and vanity: a pink-faced, good-natured little man with gold spectacles over his near-sighted eyes, in the midst of a sea of Sunday papers, feeling puffed up with the importance of his revolutionary act. And at this realization of himself he laughed with some bitterness.

"This sort of way of passing the day," he decided, "is lax; I'll get up and mend that fence."

He paused at finding only his every-day clothes that he had left there. It had been his wife's custom to spread out his Sunday "blacks" as all the good women of Freemansville did. Hang it all! What had Susan thought of him? And a disagreeable suspicion that Susan probably thought him — well, not a fool, but let's call it foolish — still further withered the pleasure of this Sunday.

Mr. Crafts was no carpenter. Neither to him nor to his wife had the powers given much practical ability. The Crafts boys would never be able to throw in the faces of their wives "the pie that mother used to make," for mother's pie was as uncertain as April weather. And David Crafts, when he drove a nail, pounded his own fingers first with discouraging regularity. Nevertheless, he managed in an amateurish fashion to fill up the gaps in the fence, his usual even temper growing worse as he did so. This was a fine way, wasn't it, to spend one's only day of rest he thought? He was as grouchy toward his job as though it had been assigned him by some unreasonable taskmaster.

As he worked on, the only person toiling in all that quiet town, a chilling sense of isolation came over his spirit. The banging of his hammer echoed and resounded in the calm quiet of the Sabbath. An awful loneliness seized him. For many years, every Sunday, unless storm or illness had kept him home — and such occasions had been rare — he and his wife with an ever-growing brood of children had walked decorously to church; had bowed to all their friends with becoming Sabbath mien. It was the one social gathering of the week. There you met and exchanged a few words with men and women whom you never saw from one week's end to another, and this reunion in church, even though no words went with it, brought one in touch with one's old friends. It kept one on the church

[*Continued on page 36.*]

"Don't you dare to call him an atheist!"

Self-Improvement Through Public Speaking

By Orison Swett Marden

IT does not matter whether one wants to be a public speaker or not, a person should have such complete control of himself, should be so self-reliant and self-poised that he can get up in any audience, no matter how large or formidable, and express his thoughts clearly and distinctly.

In all ages oratory has been regarded as the highest expression of human achievement. Young people, no matter what they intend to be, whether blacksmith or farmer, merchant or physician, should make it a study.

Nothing else will call out what is in a man more quickly and more effectively than the constant effort to do his best in speaking before an audience. When one undertakes to think on one's feet and speak extemporaneously before the public, the power and the skill of the entire man are put to the severest test.

A writer has the advantage of being able to wait for his moods. He can write when he feels like it; and he knows that he can burn his manuscript and try again if it does not suit him. There are not a thousand eyes upon him. He does not have a great audience criticizing every sentence, weighing every thought. He does not have to step upon the scales of every listener's judgment to be weighed and picked to pieces, as does the orator. He may write as listlessly as he pleases, use much or little of his brain or energy, just as he feels like doing. There is always a chance for revision and improvement. In music, whether vocal or instrumental, what one gives out is only partially one's own; the rest is the composer's. In conversation, we do not feel that so much depends upon our words; only a few persons hear them, and perhaps no one will ever think of them again. But when a person attempts to speak before an audience, all props are knocked out from under him; he has nothing to lean upon, he can get no assistance, no advice; he must find all his resources in *himself;* he stands absolutely alone. He may have millions of money, broad acres of land, and may live in a palace, but none of these avail him now; his memory, his experience, his education, his ability, are all he has; he must be measured by what he says, what he reveals of himself in his speech; he must stand or fall in the estimation of his audience.

The occasions for after-dinner speaking are increasing enormously. A great many questions which used to be disposed of in the office are now discussed and settled, and all sorts of business deals carried through, at dinners. Never before was there any such demand for dinner oratory as to-day.

We know men who have, by dint of hard work and persistent grit, lifted themselves into positions of prominence, and yet they are not able to stand on their feet in public, even to make a few remarks, or put a motion, without trembling like an aspen leaf. They had plenty of chances when they were young, at school, in debating clubs, to get rid of their self-consciousness and to acquire ease and facility in public speaking, but they always shrank from every opportunity.

There are plenty of business men to-day who would give a great deal of money if they could only go back and improve the early opportunities for learning to think and speak on their feet which they threw away. Now they have money, position, but they are nobodies when called upon to speak in public. All they can do is to look foolish, blush, stammer out an apology and sit down.

Some time ago I was at a public meeting when a man who stands very high in the community, who has the respect and confidence of every one who knows him, who is king in his specialty, was called upon to give his opinion upon an important public matter on which he was well posted. He got up and trembled and stammered and was so confused, self-conscious and "stage struck" that he could say scarcely anything. He had power and a great deal of experience, but he stood there, as helpless as a child, and felt cheap, mortified, and embarrassed. Probably he would have given anything if he had early in life trained himself to think on his feet and say with power and effectiveness what he knew.

At the same meeting, a shallow-brained business man, in the same city, who hadn't a hundredth part of the other man's practical power, got up and made an effective speech. Strangers no doubt thought that he was much the stronger man, simply because he had cultivated the ability to say his best thing on his feet, and the other man had not.

> THE PRACTICE OF PUBLIC SPEAKING, *the effort to marshall all one's forces in a logical and forceful manner, to bring to a focus all the power one possesses, is a great awakener of all the faculties. The sense of power that comes from holding the attention, stirring the emotions, or convincing the reason of an audience, gives self-confidence, assurance, self-reliance, arouses ambition and tends to make one more effective in every way.*
> *One's judgment, education, manhood, character, all the things that go to make a man what he is, are being unrolled like a panorama in his effort to express himself. Every mental faculty is quickened, every power of thought and expression stirred and spurred. The speaker summons all his reserves of experience, of knowledge, of natural or acquired ability, and masses all his forces in the endeavor to express himself with power and to capture the approval and applause of his audience.*

The effort to express one's ideas in lucid, clean-cut, concise, telling English tends to make one's every-day language choicer and more direct, and improves one's diction generally. In this and other ways speech-making develops mental power and character. This explains the rapidity with which a young man often develops in school or college when he begins to take part in public debates or in debating societies.

In speaking before an audience, one must think quickly, vigorously, effectively. At the same time one must speak through a well-modulated voice, with proper facial and bodily expression and gesture.

Nothing will tire an audience more quickly than to hear everything expressed in the same monotonous tone. It is a great art to be able to raise and lower the voice with sweet, flowing cadences which please the ear.

Gladstone said, "Ninety-nine men in every hundred never rise above mediocrity because the training of the voice is entirely neglected and considered of no importance."

It was said of a certain Duke of Devonshire that he was the only English statesman who ever took a nap during the progress of his own speech. He was a perfect genius for dry uninteresting oratory, moving forward with a monotonous droning, and pausing now and then as if refreshing himself by slumber.

In youth the would-be orator must cultivate robust health, since force, enthusiasm, conviction, will-power are greatly affected by physical condition, and he, too, must cultivate bodily posture and have good habits at ease command. What would have been the result of Webster's reply to Hayne, the greatest oratorical effort ever made on this continent, if he had sat down in the Senate and put his feet on his desk? Think of a great singer attempting to electrify an audience while lounging on a sofa or sitting in a slouchy position!

An early training for effective speaking will make one careful to secure a good vocabulary by good reading and a dictionary. One must know words.

There is no class of people put to such a severe test to show what is in them as public speakers; no other men who run such a risk of exposing their weak spots, or making fools of themselves in the estimation of others. Public speaking—thinking on one's feet—is a powerful educator except to the thick-skinned man, the man who has no sensitiveness or who does not care for what others think of him. Nothing else so thoroughly discloses a man's weaknesses or shows up his limitations of thought, his poverty of speech, his narrow vocabulary. Nothing else is such a touchstone of the character of one's resources and the extent of one's reading, the carefulness or carelessness of one's observation.

Close, compact statements are imperative to effectiveness. Learn to stop when you get through. Do not keep stringing out conversation or argument after you have made your point. You only neutralize the good impression you have made, weaken your case and prejudice other people against you for your lack of tact, good judgment, or sense of proportion.

The Debating Club is the nursery of orators. No matter how far you have to go to attend it, or how much trouble it is, or how difficult it is to get the time, the drill you will get by it is often the turning point. Lincoln, Wilson, Webster, Choate, Clay, and Patrick Henry got their training in the old-fashioned Debating Society.

Join just as many young people's organizations — especially self-improvement organizations — as you can, and force yourself to speak every time you get a chance. If the chance does not come to you, make it. Jump to your feet and say something upon every question that is up for discussion. Do not be afraid to rise to put a motion or to second it or give your opinion upon it. Do not wait until you are better prepared. You never will be.

Every time you rise to your feet will increase your confidence, and after a while you will form the habit of speaking until it will be as easy as anything else. A vast number of our public men have owed their advance more to the old-fashioned debating societies than anything else. Here they learned confidence, self-reliance; they discovered themselves. It was here they learned not to be afraid of themselves, to express their opinions with force and independence. Nothing will call a young man out more than the struggle to hold his own in a debate. It is strong, vigorous exercise for the mind as wrestling is for the body.

Do not remain on the back seat. Go up front. This shrinking into a corner and getting out of sight and avoiding publicity is fatal.

It is so easy and seductive, especially for boys and girls in school or college, to shrink from the public debates or speaking, on the ground that they are not quite well enough educated or posted at present. They want to wait until they can use a little better grammar, until they have read more history and more literature, until they have gained a little more culture, confidence and ease of manner.

The way to acquire grace, ease, facility, the way to get poise and balance so that you will not feel disturbed in public gatherings, is to get the *experience*. Do the thing so many times that it will become second nature to you. If you have an invitation to speak, no matter how much you may shrink from it, or how timid or shy you may be, resolve that you will not let this opportunity for self-enlargement slip by you.

An almost fatal timidity seizes upon an inexperienced person, when he knows that all eyes are watching him, that everybody in his audience is trying to measure and weigh him, studying him, scrutinizing him to see how much there is in him; what he stands for, and making up their minds whether he measures more or less than they expected.

Some are constitutionally sensitive, and so afraid of being gazed at that they don't dare to open their mouths, even when a question in which they are deeply interested and on which they have strong views is being discussed. At debating clubs, meetings of literary societies, or gatherings of any kind, they sit dumb, longing, yet fearing to speak. The sound of their own voices, if they should get on their feet to make a motion or to speak in a public gathering, would paralyze them. The mere thought of asserting themselves, of putting forward their views or opinions on any subject as being worthy of attention, or as valuable as those of their companions, makes them blush and shrink more into themselves.

This timidity is often, however, not so much the fear of one's audience, as the fear lest one can make no suitable expression of one's thought, the terror lest one will make "a fool of oneself."

The Orator Forgets Himself

The hardest thing for the public speaker to overcome is self-consciousness. But no orator can make a great impression until he gets rid of himself, until he can absolutely annihilate his self-consciousness, forget himself in his speech. While he is wondering what kind of an impression he is making, what people think of him, his power is crippled, and his speech to that extent will be mechanical, wooden.

Even a partial failure on the platform has good results, for it often arouses a determination to conquer the next time, a resolution which never leaves one. Demosthenes' heroic efforts, and Disraeli's "The time will come when you will hear me," are historic examples.

It is not the speech, but the man behind the speech, that wins a way to the front. One man carries weight because he is himself the embodiment of power, he is himself convinced of what he says. There is nothing of the negative, the doubtful, the uncertain in his nature. He not only knows a thing, but he knows that he knows it. His opinion carries with it the entire weight of his being. The whole man gives consent to his judgment. He himself is in his conviction, in his act.

One of the most entrancing speakers I have ever listened to — a man to hear whom people would go long distances and stand for hours to get admission to the hall where he spoke — never was able to get the confidence of his audience because he lacked character. People liked to be swayed by his eloquence. There was a great charm in the cadences of his perfect sentences. But somehow they could not believe what he said. The orator must be sincere. The public is very quick to see through shams. If the audience sees mud at the bottom of your eye, perceives that you are not honest yourself, that you are acting, they will not take any stock in you, no matter how eloquent you may be.

It is not enough to say a pleasing thing, an interesting thing, the orator must be able to convince; and to convince others he must have strong convictions.

Very few people ever rise to their greatest possibilities or ever know their entire power until confronted by some great occasion. We are as much amazed as others are when, in some great emergency, we outdo ourselves. Somehow the power that stands behind us in the silence, in the depths of our natures, comes to our relief, intensifies our faculties a thousandfold and enables us to do things which before we thought impossible.

Great Occasions Produce Orators

Great occasions, when nations have been in peril, have developed and brought out some of the greatest orators of the world. Cicero, Mirabeau, Patrick Henry, Webster and John Bright might all be called to witness to this fact.

The occasion had much to do with the greatest speech delivered in the United States Senate — Webster's reply to Hayne. Webster had no time for immediate preparation, but the occasion brought all the reserves in this giant, and he towered so far above his opponent that Hayne looked like a pigmy by comparison.

The pen has discovered many a genius, but the process is slower and less effective than the great occasion that discovers the orator. Every crisis calls out ability, previously undeveloped, and perhaps unexpected.

No orator living was ever great enough to give out the same power and force and magnetism to an empty hall, to empty seats, that he could give to an audience capable of being fired by his theme.

In the presence of the audience lies a fascination, an indefinable magnetism that stimulates all the mental faculties, and acts as a tonic and vitalizer. An orator can say before an audience what he could not possibly have said previous to going on the platform, just as we can often say to a friend in animated conversation things which we could not possibly say when alone. As when two chemicals are united, a new substance is formed from the combination which did not exist in either alone, the speaker feels surging through his brain the combined force of his audience, which he calls inspiration, a mighty power which did not exist in his own personality before he rose to his feet. No public speaker ever forgets that first, surprising feeling of confidence.

Actors tell us that there is an indescribable inspiration which comes from the orchestra, the footlights, the audience, which it is impossible to feel at a cold mechanical rehearsal. There is something in a great sea of expectant faces which awakens the ambition and arouses the reserve of power, which can never be felt except before an audience. The power was there just the same before, but it was not aroused.

The Magic Power of Eloquence

In the presence of the great orator, the audience is absolutely in his power to do as he will. They laugh or cry as he pleases, or rise and fall at his bidding, until he releases them from the magic spell.

Wendell Phillips so played upon the emotions, so changed the convictions of Southerners who hated him, but who were curious to listen to his oratory, that for the time being he almost persuaded them that they were in the wrong.

When James Russell Lowell was a student, said Wetmore Story, he and Story went to Faneuil Hall to hear Webster. They meant to hoot him for his remaining in Tyler's cabinet. It would be easy, they reasoned, to get the three thousand people to join them. When he began, Lowell turned pale, and Story livid. Webster's great eyes, they thought, were fixed on them. His opening words changed their scorn to admiration, and their contempt to approbation.

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THE WAR OF 1912.

With the national conventions scarcely more than a year away, the Presidential race seems to have narrowed down to four important names, Taft, LaFollette, Harmon and Wilson. The prospects of these candidates can now be discussed with some degree of accuracy.

President Taft seems at this time to be in the lead as candidate for the Republican nomination. The President's assets are the tolerant, if not fervent, support of the more conservative sections of the country, the control through Federal patronage of the State organizations, especially in the South, and the natural unwillingness of the party in power to admit within the period of four years that it has made a mistake. One looks in vain for enthusiastic support of the President among the rank and file of his party. Yet it is not impossible that, secure in the possession of the Southern delegates and of the big representations of the machine-ruled States, New York and Pennsylvania, he may secure a majority of the one thousand or more delegates in the convention.

The principal obstacle to the success of his program is Robert M. LaFollette. The Wisconsin Senator seems now to be the accepted standard bearer of that large and growing portion of his party which has lately been crystallized into the National Progressive Republican League. Senator LaFollette's long and faithful services in behalf of progressive policies and in opposition to machine rule in Congress entitles him to that position. The LaFollette followers number in his support the greater part of the Mississippi Valley States, including possibly Illinois, those of the Rocky Mountain States that have thrown off corporation control and, with California newly established in the Progressive column, the entire Pacific Coast. The Northern New England States may also belong to the LaFollette delegation, which has already assumed formidable proportions.

Theodore Roosevelt is an uncertain quantity in his relation to the Republican nomination, though it would be folly to deny that he may influence the choice greatly. In fact, it is in no wise impossible that the convention may turn to him as a compromise candidate.

On the Democratic side matters are apparently not so far advanced; in fact, the Democratic convention with its two-thirds rule and its absence of "postoffice delegations" is less likely to be a prearranged affair. Judson C. Harmon has for some months been regarded as the leading candidate and that fact in itself constitutes a considerable asset. In pursuance of his ambition, Ohio's Governor has steered a cautious course, committing himself to nothing and offending nobody. The ancient political principle that when in doubt a party should choose a colorless, respectable candidate, may secure him the nomination.

On the other hand, the youthful candidacy of Woodrow Wilson has acquired considerable dynamic force. The manner in which he stepped out of the academic atmosphere of Princeton, pried New Jersey out of the Republican column, "trounced" the boss whom he had been accused of serving and forced through the legislature a modern, democratic election and primary system, a corrupt practices act, and an employers' liability law, has appealed to the imagination of the people of both parties. As to the final result, much undoubtedly depends upon the events of the next six months in Ohio and New Jersey—and upon the attitude of William Jennings Bryan.

With the nominations still in doubt, it would be futile to attempt a forecast as to the result of the election. There is a reasonable hope that those of a progressive mind may be able to cast their ballots either for LaFollette or Wilson—possibly they may even be permitted to choose between these two sincere progressives.

DEMOCRACY'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

The decision of the people in the 1912 elections will depend also upon the result of the summer session of Congress—especially upon the Democratic success in revising the tariff. Thus far the House majority has given evidence of a sincere desire to make revision of the more unpopular schedules of the Payne-Aldrich law. Wool and cotton will certainly suffer some reduction in the lower House, and there is a good chance for relief in the steel, lumber and sugar schedules. Of course the Senate, in which the reactionaries of both parties control the important committees, will make sad havoc of the House program. But with the Progressive Republicans apparently anxious to support substantial downward revision, the Democrats really have a remarkable opportunity to demonstrate their sincerity on tariff matters. If they are able to conquer Baileyism, with its thinly-veiled opposition to genuine Tariff Reform, they may hope for popular support in 1912. The House Democrats have begun well by voting almost unanimously for reciprocity, by providing for a "farmer's free list" to correct the inequalities of the Canadian agreement, and by reiterating their oft-expressed belief in the direct election of Senators.

INTERVENTION UNPOPULAR.

It is significant of a wholesome state of public opinion in America that the Mexican situation, the mobilization of our troops on the border and vague threats of intervention in the troubled affairs of our Southern neighbor have not been productive of a spirit of "jingoism" among our people. If the President had any notion that, with our troops maneuvering conveniently along the Rio Grande, any little excuse for intervention would be acceptable to our people, he must have been grievously disappointed. There is no appreciable sentiment for intervention. On the other hand, the President's warning that Mexican bullets will not be tolerated in American atmosphere has met with general approval.

It becomes more and more evident that the Diaz dictatorship is unpopular with the majority of the Mexican people and that its collapse is imminent. That we should intervene to support this tottering dynasty for the sake of American investments there seems to us a violation of the very principle upon which our government was founded. In fairness to the President, it must be said that he has not as yet publicly expressed a contrary opinion.

NO VOTE, NO CENSUS.

If a genius for publicity is, as it seems to be these days, a most important qualification for political life, the franchise should be handed to the English suffragettes with deep salaams. It is foolish for a woman to slap a great burly policeman, says English editorial opinion, a perfect lady will not kick a prime minister, a womanly woman will not leave home and family to spend her days in jail. Thus the suffragette and her methods are condemned. Meanwhile the press groans with the record of her doings, the world reads with admiration, disgust or amusement and more people are thinking suffrage than ever before in history. There is more method in this kind of madness than the opposition editors realize.

The latest move of the suffragettes against the integrity of the English census is an excellent example. When the advocates of votes for women left their homes and assembled for

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the night in a public hall to avoid being counted by the census takers, English public opinion pretended to be unconcerned. It won't hurt the census much, it said, and anyway nobody cares how many people there are in London. Besides, it chuckled, the ladies have confused the voting roll and the census list.

Meanwhile the cause received its usual measure of publicity, columns and pages of it, interviews, photographs, speeches, placards, music-hall jokes and sermons. All of this is grist for the suffrage publicity mill. We cheerfully add our portion—and our congratulations.

THE BACONIANS.

Some people collect birds' eggs, postage stamps, first editions or prehistoric pottery; others play golf, raise pansies, or go to baseball games. But there are folks who spend all their leisure time believing that Bacon wrote the works of Shakespeare. The confirmed Baconian knows very well that the immortal William was a low fellow, with more of a taste for poaching than for literature, and that it is extremely doubtful whether he could read or write. One of the most inveterate of Baconians is Dr. Orville W. Owen of Detroit. It will be remembered that Dr. Owen, with the aid of a long key-word in "Love's Labor's Lost," and a device which combined all the essential features of a dining-room table, a merry-go-round and a filing cabinet, once reproduced the alleged original Bacon story now existing in mutilated form in the works of Shakespeare and other impostors.

Now Dr. Owen is in England digging in the River Wye for a vault which was constructed there by Francis Bacon and which, Owen's private information states, contains the mysterious manuscripts and the head of Shakespeare, who was killed by Bacon and buried there. The eyes of the Baconians of two continents are upon Owen in his damp and muddy undertaking. Some regret is expressed by Baconians that the discovery could not have been made in time to spoil the celebration at Stratford-on-Avon of the three-hundred-and-forty-fifth anniversary of the birth of the eminent poacher. It is high time, they think, that the myth that Shakespeare wrote his own works should be forever dispelled.

MORE LABOR WARFARE.

These, briefly, are the undisputed facts of the dynamite conspiracy case. John J. McNamara, Secretary-Treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, was arrested in Indianapolis charged with murder in connection with the dynamiting of the Los Angeles *Times* building on October 1, 1910. His brother, James W. McNamara, and another iron worker, Ortie McManigle, were also arrested. The famous detective, W. J. Burns, has turned over to the Los Angeles authorities a long confession, signed by McManigle, implicating the union officials in the Los Angeles and other explosions to the total of one hundred and twelve fatalities and three and one half million dollars damage. The Western Federation of Miners and the American Federation of Labor are raising funds to defend their members.

So much for the facts; the rest is conjecture, charge and countercharge. Burns and his men are accused of extorting the McManigle confession by "third-degree" methods, and the detective and others have been arrested on the charge of kidnaping in connection with the Indianapolis arrest. On the other side, the explosions are declared to have been the result of a far-reaching conspiracy of organized labor against its enemies.

The facts will doubtless be found to lie somewhere between these extreme views. General Harrison Grey Otis, owner of the Los Angeles *Times*, is an unrelenting union hater who has stopped at nothing in his war upon organized labor. It is not unlikely that certain union members, desperate and anarchistic, should have committed this crime. It is impossible to believe that there was official union sanction of a deed which was so certain to injure the cause of labor. The defense fund raised by the unions and socialists ought to secure a fair hearing for the accused men. We seem to be in for another Moyer-Haywood affair with lawlessness and bitter prejudices on both sides and a tangled snarl for the Goddess of Justice.

EXCLUSIVE ANNAPOLIS SOCIETY.

The Naval Academy at Annapolis has recently been called upon to decide a question which will no doubt form an important precedent in the conduct of our naval affairs. A young woman, the daughter of a Yale professor, was visiting a lady in Annapolis and was introduced into the exclusive circles of the Academy society—in fact one young midshipman went so far as to take her to a dance. Later it was discovered, to the horror of the authorities, that the young woman had been a student of domestic science, that she was, in fact, making herself useful at the home of her hostess, and was accepting some compensation for her services. An Academy officer with a fine, unswerving snobbishness censured the unfortunate "middy" for the deed he had committed. The matter was taken up higher, however, and the head of the Academy finally made a formal apology to the young woman and her father—and housework escaped narrowly from everlasting disgrace.

HORSECARS DOOMED.

A United States judge with no imagination and no reverence in his soul for the past has ordered that certain horsecar franchises in New York be declared void and the tracks torn up. This eminent Philistine seems to take the narrow view that since the tracks are a public inconvenience and the cars obviously not useful for riding upon, their privilege of obstructing the streets should be abolished. The decision does not apply to all of the New York horsecar lines, but it is evident that the end is in sight. The battered, germ-filled, stove-heated, rollicking old Noah's arks, drawn by medieval horses, are soon to be a thing of fragrant memory.

With their passing goes a national joke, the forlorn hope of paragraphers, one of the sights which New York offers a horde of delighted visitors and, saddest of all, one of the few links which bind New York to a historic past. Some day the old craft that tinkles past Union Square bound, nobody knows whither, will disappear in the East Side wilderness never to return. We are an irreverent, utilitarian people. Depew and Ballinger are gone, Diaz is not to be with us long, Cy Young is said to be entering his last year of baseball. The judge might have let the horsecar die of old age.

THE OLD CORN BROOM.

Brooms are "going out" too—the old hand-power kind made of broom-corn. Our best families have taken to vacuum cleaners; office buildings go in for soft, brushy brooms made of bristles. The sale of the old-fashioned brooms is on the decline. The farmers of the broom-corn country in Illinois swear they will raise no more of their product until the manufacturers assure them better prices than they have received in recent years, and the broom-makers can't do that because they are already administering oxygen to their perishing business. Even an infant industry requires less coddling than one which has passed its prime.

The *TA*

By

Pictur

1 THERE were three wicked Pirates
Who terrorized the sea—
One was white, and one was black,
The third he was Chinee.

2 They dwelt upon an island
Which, quite a while ago,
They'd towed away and stolen
From an archipelago.

3 They lived in peace and plenitude,
As pirates mostly do
(Except when they are fighting
Or when supplies are few).

4 But one fine day the villains found
That all their food was eaten,
And all their drink was drunken up
From constant triple treatin'.

5 So forth they launched their saucy ship
And hoisted up her anchor—
Their oaths were deep, their frowns were dark,
Their hearts were filled with rancor.

6 They sailed the seas for seven days,
For seven nights they sailed—
And at the set of every sun
Each pirate thinned and paled.

7 Each pirate paler, thinner grew,
And daily leaner shrunk,
Until to keep the cold away
They slept three in a bunk.

8 "What is yon speck upon the sea?"
At last one pirate cried;
"I 'spec' it is a sail, yoho!"
The black blackguard replied.

9 Then all three heaved a greedy sigh
And headed for the ship—
An oozy kind of longing gleamed
On every pirate lip.

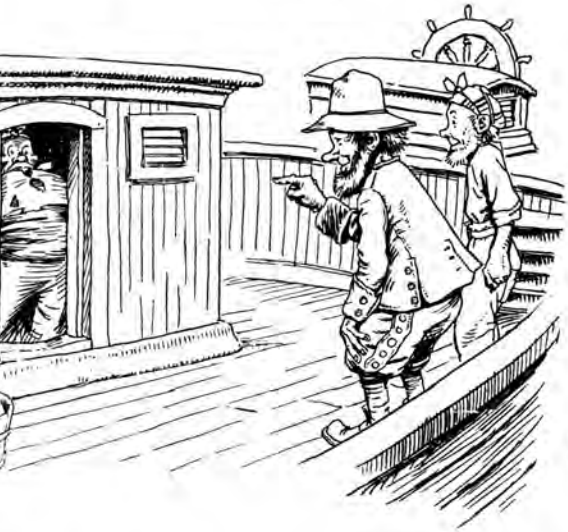
10 They clambered to the vessel's deck
(The crew feared what might happen),
One cried: "What is your cargo, sir?"
"Dried apples," said the cap'n.

PIRATES

"No other food we have on board,
And mighty little water;
We've been becalmed just eighteen days
Three hours and a quarter."

"Of apples, then, we'll eat our fill,"
The yellow pirate roared,
And stalked into the cabin,
Where he sat down by the board.

The crew brought in dried apples,
And more and more and more,
And those three empty pirates
Ate skin and meat and core.



14 And then they drank what water
The cabin boy could find,
And soon they lit their pipes and smoked,
Enjoying peace of mind.

15 But not for long in peace they smoked—
For soon the fateful fruit
Made each expand to such a size
He busted through his suit.

16 Each pirate swelled to such a size
As never was before,
And not one man of all the three
Could pass the cabin door.

17 "We'll keep you swells as prisoners!"
The artful captain said,
And bade his crew set sail for home—
Himself went off to bed.

18 So, if the story told is true
(I have no cause to fib it),
The captain took those three to land
And hung them to a gibbet.

Mrs. CURTIS'S HOME *Corner*

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

The Simple Cottage for *Summer Day*

LET me make a plea for the sane vacation. Many women go away summer after summer, utterly exhausted before a holiday begins by preparations for it. In the fall they return frazzled of nerve and physically worn out because the summer has been one long agony, trying to dress, keep house and entertain as people do who have thrice their means. This aspiring to a Newport establishment on a Coney Island income goes on North, South, East and West all over our continent, year after year. As time goes on, it grows worse, because the daughter follows in the steps of her mother and the next generation is bound to be more lavish than the last. One thing that makes the heart ache is the thought of American men toiling and denying themselves to give such a prodigal family the only sort of vacation that seems to satisfy it.

If men, women and children could be made to understand the blissfulness of a simple holiday, the vast, migratory portion of a nation would learn how much more enjoyment, health and rest could be got from the simple life than from an unending effort to be "just as good" as our neighbor. Every one has to adapt advice to suit one's circumstances; still from what one woman has learned during many seasons of "cottaging," a few ideas may be gleaned that will prove useful.

Avoid Dress-up Resorts

If you would have real rest, get as far away as you possibly can from dress-up resorts, where boardwalks, pier-bands, bowling alleys, trollies, Midways and bathing beaches disturb the public peace.

It pays to spend a little money early in the season on traveling around to search for a cottage. I learned this lesson after one tragic experience, when we were set down bag and baggage in front of a mean, weatherbeaten, ugly, little, gingerbread house, amid a waste of sand and brush. It had been extolled by a real-estate man as "A Cozy, Sumptuous, Seaside Retreat, Far from the Madding Crowd." It was so far from the madding crowd that butcher, milkman and baker had to be bribed to come near us, and it was only sumptuous in the matter of rent. Still we could not lay a finger on anything that was a lie in the man's description; it was simply a case of an advance agent's extravagant adjectives. His statements were all of a piece with the claim that his cottage was screened. It was—screened with saggy, half-rotten mosquito netting. We had signed a month's lease, so we "stuck it out." Since that experience the ten to twenty dollars I spend each spring on investigating what is offered us proves well worth the money. Occasionally we find a place we like so well one summer that we engage it for the following season. The trouble with this, however, is that every household finds it hard to make plans twelve months ahead and stick to them.

Before renting a cottage various things ought to be closely investigated: sanitary conveniences, the water supply, methods for disposing of garbage and waste, the kitchen stove, fly screens, beds, bedding and cooking utensils. When all these necessities are foun to be up to the mark one can exist on bar floors and with the plainest sort of furnitur

It is a good plan to take along, even to cottage guaranteed to be "well supplied wit everything," a number of articles which ma be needed for a big family or for unexpecte company. There may be a sudden deman at any time for extra silver, linen, cookin utensils or bedclothes, as occasionally suc things are not all that would be desired. Sa air tarnishes silver and rusts tin or iro Never carry solid silver with you; I learne this lesson after having several teaspoon thrown over the cliff among the debris of a oyster roast. Plated ware is cheap and u bleached linen is good enough for shore need Weeks before we move I begin to make a li of all the etceteras needed for decent livin and send a box by freight so that it will b on hand before our arrival.

Simple Furnishing the Best

It is an excellent plan to go ahead of th family and get everything in readiness. Yo have no idea of the extra comfort this mean You can see that the landlord carries out hi agreement to have the house cleaned; I eve like to superintend the cleaning myself. Th woodshed or coalbin has to be plenished, th refrigerator stocked, marketing done, be aired — there are a thousand things to be a tended to. If these details are left till yo are surrounded by an eager, hungry famil there are a few days when life seems anythi but a vacation. Generally I plan to spe two days at this sort of job, boarding mea time at a nearby hotel.

No matter where you go the decorations the cottage should be of the simplest for Once when I unlocked the door of a pleasa little cottage I gasped in dismay at the fir glance I had of the interior. Never in n life had I seen such an assortment of ge gaws; the walls were covered with posters, th ceiling was hung with stuff which looked li Christmas-tree decorations, there were Ja nese lanterns, banners, wasps' nests, fla trivial, passe-partouted pictures, and a pe fectly indescribable mess of trash everywhe Shelves were loaded with shells, dried starfis seaweed, stones — any old thing the sea h cast up. Tidies, lambrequins and tablecove in the last stages of dusty, faded decrepitu were hung on every bit of furniture in t living room. The bedrooms were as ba There were dust-catching bureau covers, pi cushions, ribbony trash, satin-covered bottl pintrays and pincushions. The place look like a mausoleum for a twenty-year horde useless Christmas gifts. Since it was ha to tell where to draw the line in clearing u before the scrubwoman began her job stripped the entire house of dust collecto They filled a closet. I follow this plan wh ever we go, because every summer cottage is tomb for more or less trash that helps to ma housekeeping a burden. I have seen pret little bungalows, which look indoors like city billboard. The only decorations we gi space to are vases that are filled each d with fresh wild flowers, boxes of growing fer and branches of spicy pine.

We use rugs only in front of beds. T lower floors of a cottage are much easier

keep clean if they are bare. When scrubbed twice a week early in the morning and dried by letting a breeze sweep through the house labor is reduced to the minimum.

One must-have in every summer cottage is a comfortable fireplace. Cool days at the shore, in the mountains or the woods are a certainty at any part of the summer and a big, cozy, crackling fire on a wet night or a chill day becomes not only a luxury but a necessity.

Amusement for Rainy Days

All the year round, I fill a "wet day box" which goes with us for the summer. Into it go jig-saw puzzles, magazines which hold interesting reading that is good for any time, games for the children, books, fancy work, or some craft job. You would be astonished, if you try this plan, to find what interesting things accumulate. I pick them up at bargain counters and in all sorts of places. Last year it was suggested that each one in the family keep during the year an envelope into which interesting clippings were put. Nothing was to be read aloud until a wet day or a cold evening came, when we had to sit around the fire. The fun these envelopes afforded on our "shut-in" days can never be told.

One of the pleasantest cottages we ever knew in was built and furnished by a woman who spent more ingenuity and thought on it than she did money. A village carpenter made a good deal of the furniture, to which she gave the finishing touches. Toilet tables were boards attached to the wall by brackets; over them stood excellent mirrors which did not cost as much as the fearful distorters we often encounter in a rented house. She bought the mirrors cut in proper sizes at the factory, had them backed to protect the quicksilver, then around them the carpenter set plain, varnished, picture-molding for frames. Seats were fitted into window spaces, by the fireside, or in jogs of the wall. They were covered with green denim and when I lifted hinged lids they showed a clean interior lined with paper cambric. Thus she did away entirely with bureaus. There is nothing more aggravating than the joggly, cheap, ugly bureau of a shore cottage with balky drawers that would make a saint swear. The boxes were suited to hold waists, underwear, shoes or skirts laid out full length; besides they served for chairs. The dining room had a neat wash cupboard with white-enameled shelves; there was a buffet made like a toilet table and the big dining-room table was immaculate with a white oilcloth cover. The entire house was done in white enamel or white oilcloth and green denim. Before each bed was laid a strip of grass matting bound with green; all over the house the curtains were neat strips of unbleached cotton, and the same material bordered with a green-and-white cretonne was used for spreads. Everything had a spotlessly clean, cool, summery appearance which was so attractive that one did not hesitate at paying a good rent. This woman was wise enough to know that the average housewife prefers cleanliness and comfort to gimcrackery, lurid imitations of good furniture, and the flamboyant things which are a delusion and a snare. What she saved on furniture she spent on comfortable mattresses, good springs, warm blankets, a first-class stove and substantial granite cooking utensils.

Leave Your Troubles at Home

Provide yourself with a few, good, necessary things and forget your "possessions." Did you ever take stock of all you own when you occupy a cottage in some green, breezy, beautiful unfashionable place? You own a stretch of white shining beach, great, rugged rocks where the ocean dashes and foams, a wide expanse of blue, the wash of waves for a lullaby of nights and ozone fine enough to make the sick well. The joy of living is then too precious to be sacrificed to elaborate housekeeping or a futile, foolish anxiety to keep up with the procession.

EDITORIAL *Chat*

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Self-Consciousness the *Foe* to Succes

TIMIDITY, shyness, and self-consciousness belong to the same family. We usually find all where we find any one, and they are all enemies of peace of mind, happiness, and achievement. No one has ever done a great thing while his mind was centered upon himself. We must lose ourselves before we can find ourselves. Self-analysis is valuable only to learn our strength; it is fatal if it makes us dwell upon our weaknesses.

Timid, shy people are morbidly self-conscious; they think too much about themselves. Their thoughts are turned inward; they are always analyzing, dissecting themselves, wondering how they appear and what people think of them. If these people could only forget themselves and think of others, they would be surprised to see what freedom, ease and grace they would gain; what success in life they would achieve.

Thousands of young people are held back from undertaking what they long to do, and are kept from trying to make real their great life-dreams, because they are afraid to jostle with the world. They shrink from exposing their sore spots and sensitive points, which smart from the lightest touch. Their supersensitiveness makes cowards of them.

Oversensitiveness, whether in man or woman, is really an exaggerated form of self-consciousness. It is far removed from conceit or self-esteem, yet it causes one's own personality to overshadow everything else. A sensitive person feels that whatever he does, wherever he goes, or whatever he says, he is the center of observation. He imagines that people are criticizing his movements, having fun at his expense, or analyzing his character, when they are probably not thinking of him at all. He does not realize that other people are too busy and too much interested in themselves and other things to devote to him any of their time beyond what is necessary. When he thinks they are aiming remarks at him, putting slights upon him, or trying to hold him up to the ridicule of others, they may not be even conscious of his presence.

Going Through Life Encased in Ice

What a misfortune it is to go through life apparently encased in ice, yet all the while full of kindly, cordial feeling for one's fellow men! Shy people are always distrustful of their powers and look upon their lack of confidence as a weakness or lack of ability, when it may indicate quite the reverse.

Morbid sensitiveness requires heroic treatment. A sufferer who wishes to overcome it must take himself in hand as determinedly as he would if he wanted to get control of a quick temper, or to rid himself of a habit of lying, or stealing, or drinking, or any other defect which prevented his being a whole man.

"What shall I do to get rid of it?" asks a victim. Think less of yourself and more of others. Mingle freely with people. Become interested in things outside of yourself. Do not brood over what is said to you, or analyze every simple remark until you magnify it into something of the greatest importance. Do not have such a low and unjust estimate of people as to think they are bent on nothing but hurting the feelings of others, and depreciating and making light of them on ever possible occasion. A man who appreciate himself at his true value, and who gives hi neighbors credit for being at least as good a he is, cannot be a victim of oversensitiveness

One of the best schools for a sensitive bo is a large business house in which he will b thrown among strangers who will not handl him with gloves. In such an environment h will soon learn that every one has all he ca do to attend to his own business. He wi realize that he must be a man and give an take with the others, or get out. He will b ashamed to play "cry baby" every time h feels hurt, but will make up his mind to gri and bear it. Working in competition wit other people, and seeing that exactly the sam treatment is given to those about him as t himself, takes the nonsense out of him. H begins to see that the world is too busy t bother itself especially about him, and tha even when people look at him, they are n usually thinking of him.

Good Clothes Unlock the Tongue

I know a young man who was so self-con scious when a youth that he would cross th street to avoid meeting any one he knew. H was completely confused when any one he wa not accustomed to see chanced to speak to hi on the street.

He tells me that he used to go out in th country and talk to himself seriously about h failings. "Now, Arthur, either there is some thing in you or there is not; and I am goin to find out," he would say. "Do not be fool. You are just as good as anybody el so long as you behave as well. Hold up you head and be a man. Do not be afraid to fac anybody. Go about among people as thoug you were somebody. Quit this everlasting sel depreciation, self-effacement. You are God child, and you have just as good a right t this glad green earth as anybody else."

Shy people should dress well. Good clothe give ease of manner, and unlock the tongu The consciousness of being well-dressed give a grace and ease of manner that even religio will not bestow, while inferiority of garb ofte induces restraint. As peculiarities in appar are sure to attract attention, it is well to avoi bright colors and fashionable extremes, an wear plain, well-fitting garments of as goo material as the purse will afford.

A college course is of inestimable value to boy or girl of over-refined sensibilities. Ofte times, when boys enter college as freshme they are so sensitive that they are alway being hurt and their pride stung by the u conscious thrusts of classmates and compa ions. But after they have been in college term, and have been knocked about and ha dled in a rough but good-humored manner b youths of their own age, they realize that would be the most foolish thing in the wor to betray resentment.

Thousands of people are out of position and cannot keep places when they get ther because of this weakness. Many a good bus ness man has been kept back, or even ruine by his quickness to take offense, or to rese a fancied slight. There is many a clerg man, well educated and able, who is so sens tive that he cannot keep a pastorate lon From his distorted viewpoint some brother sister in the church is always hurting hi saying and thinking unkind things, or thro

ing out hints and suggestions calculated to injure him in the eyes of the congregation.

Carrying About an Injured Air

Many school-teachers are great sufferers from oversensitiveness. Remarks of parents, or school committees, or little bits of gossip which are reported to them make them feel as if people were sticking pins into them, metaphorically speaking, all the time. Writers, authors, and other people with artistic temperaments are usually very sensitive. I have in mind a very strong, vigorous editorial writer who is so prone to take offense that he can not hold a position either on a magazine or a daily paper. He is cut to the very quick by the slightest criticism, and regards every suggestion for the improvement of his work as a personal affront. He always carries about an injured air, a feeling that he has been imposed upon, which greatly detracts from an otherwise agreeable personality.

The great majority of people, no matter how rough in manner or bearing, are kind-hearted, and would much rather help than hinder a fellow being, but they have all they can do to attend to their own affairs, and have no time to spend in minutely analyzing the nature and feeling of those whom they meet in the course of their daily business. In the busy world of affairs, it is give and take, touch and go, and those who expect to get on must rid themselves of all morbid sensitiveness. If they do not, they doom themselves to unhappiness and failure.

Self-consciousness is a foe to greatness in every line of endeavor. Some of our best writers never found themselves, never touched their power, until they forgot their rules for construction, their grammar, their rhetorical arrangement, by losing themselves in their subject. Then they found their style.

It is when a writer is so completely carried away with his subject that he can not help writing, that he writes naturally. Then he shows what his real style is.

No orator has ever electrified an audience while he was thinking of his style or was conscious of his rhetoric, or trying to apply the conventional rules of oratory. It is when the orator's soul is on fire with his theme, and he forgets his audience, forgets everything but his subject, that he does a really great thing.

No painter ever did a great masterpiece when trying to keep all the rules of his profession, the laws of drawing, of perspective, the science of color, in his mind. Everything must be swallowed up in his zeal, fused in the fire of his genius — then, and then only, can he really create.

No singer ever captivated her audience until she forgot herself, until she was lost in her song.

Could anything be more foolish and short-sighted than to allow a morbid sensitiveness to interfere with one's advancement in life?

I know a young lady with a superb mind and a fine personality, capable of filling a superior position, who has been kept in a very ordinary situation for years simply because of her morbid sensitiveness.

She takes it for granted that if any criticism is made in the department where she works, it is intended for her, and she "flies off the handle" over every little remark that she can possibly twist into a reflection upon herself.

The result is that she makes it so unpleasant for her employers that they do not promote her. And she can not understand why she does not get on faster.

No one wishes to employ any one who is so sensitive that one is obliged to be on one's guard every moment lest one wound him or touch a sore spot. A man wants to feel that his employees understand him, and that they take into consideration the thousand and one little vexations and happenings which are extremely trying, and that if he does not happen to approach them with a smiling face, with consideration and friendliness in his words or commands, they will not take offense. They will think of his troubles, not their own, if they are wise: they will forget self, and contribute their zeal to the greater good.

Continued from page 25

The Atheist

steps to ask a word about the health of this one or the welfare of some boy away at college. And there was the sermon to be discussed and criticized, the weighty affairs of church government, the administration of church funds to be gone into. And there were those simple acts of worship; the joining in prayer and the singing of hymns, that brought to one such a tranquil feeling of peace and of duty done.

Yes, sir, David Crafts felt as lonely as Job's turkey, and he pounded the nails and his fingers alternately to get that fence finished; and then,—never again! Whether he went to church or not any more, Sunday was a day of rest, by gum! Physiologically and ethically, one should make it so.

It was here that the first returning churchgoers passed and turned upon him astonished eyes. They passed first by ones and twos and then in more closely serried groups; little family parties; knots of friends. The families that had marched to church as one had split up into little neighborhood groups of appropriate ages. And all these people stopped to say: "Good morning, Mr. Crafts," or "Good morning, Dave," according to their age and how well they knew him. And each voice held a different inflection of surprise, disapproval, or indignation. Little Minnie Blake giggled with her hand in front of her fresh little impudent face.

The emotions of David Crafts, alas, were not those of the reformer. He felt far from the enlightened visionary who had talked to Lucilla Stratton the day before. He didn't feel as if he were heralding a new Jerusalem where man would worship his Maker face to face and be free from dogma and "conventional religiosity," as he called it. No, David Crafts, hammering pickets unhandily into his fence in the face of his churchgoing neighbors, felt like none of these things. Not one high emotion remained with him to console him. What David Crafts felt like was a fool, and yet the "Casabianca" that lurks in all men worthy of the name kept him to his post. If he were a fool, then let him not be ashamed of it and turn and run. If he were a fool, he was just as much a fool before they came past, and if he couldn't stand the broadside of their looks, if he couldn't stand the giggling of Blakes, he was a poor worm surely. But, oh, how he wished he had begun his task half an hour earlier!

Mrs. Crafts and the children, returning with the Stratton family, heard the blows of the hammer and saw the faces of those ahead of them turned toward the Crafts' house.

"He's mending it," gasped Mrs. Stratton. "What are you going to say to him, Susan?"

"Nothing," responded that lady cheerily. "It's David's business, not mine."

"I wonder at you," said her sister. "I wonder at you. Everything that the father of your children does is your business. If you don't see your way clear to speaking a few words, I do."

"But not here and now," suggested her husband firmly. "The town's all agog as it is. You don't want to give them that much more to talk about."

And how much they did have to talk about already was measured in the emphasis of his tone.

When Mrs. Crafts turned in at her own gate, all she said was:

"Are you going to whitewash this afternoon?"

There was no bravado in this; she was interested to know.

"No, I'm not!" responded her husband. "It looks to me like rain." And though the sun was shining brightly, his tone was one that no wife would have cared to dispute.

Daniel, meanwhile, had disappeared. He had disappeared because Skinny Redmond, who was walking with him, had said:

"Your father's breaking the Sabbath." And his cousin, Hubert Stratton, had said:

"Uncle David don't believe in Sunday any more. He's an atheist."

"He ain't," replied Daniel.

"Sure he is," said Skinny, "if he don't believe in Sunday. That's what makes 'em so."

"You're a liar," remarked Daniel. It was all he needed. He had been longing to champion the faith of his father.

"I'll fight you to-morrow," said Skinny.

"You can fight me to-morrow if you want to," replied Dan, "but I'll fight you now. Come inside Gates's yard," he added sternly, "or I'll fight you right here—right here in front of the whole town. I don't care if I'm arrested; I don't care if you're arrested; I don't care what happens." The fires of rage gleamed in his eye; the fierce rage of the redheaded. Hypnotized by it, Skinny and Hubert stepped behind the shelter of the evergreen hedge in the Gates yard. Two old maiden ladies now lived in the back of the house and seldom put up the front shades, and the boys made frequent encampments among the overgrown and scraggy shrubbery.

And there occurred the famous thrashing of Skinny Redmond and Hubert Stratton. For Daniel thrashed them one after another; he was blind to the shouts of "Enough!" and drunk with the desire to defend his father.

"Don't you dare to call him an atheist!" he shouted while engaged industriously in what is known among boys as "hammerin' the face off'n 'em."

It was when Hubert was trying to pull him off Skinny that he turned on him and the second fight occurred. He went home covered with the damp mold from the ground, his nose bloody, but his spirits refreshed. It was only when he got inside the door and heard his mother's shocked:

"Why, Dan, you've been fighting!" echoed by his father's:—"Have you been fighting on Sunday, sir?" that he remembered that warfare with fists was the one thing forbidden. Mr. and Mrs. Crafts were both upholders of the universal peace. They didn't believe in giving their boys toy soldiers or cannon to play with; they didn't believe in military drill in school, or anything that should inculcate the martial spirit.

Mr. Crafts, his disposition already tried by the ordeal of the morning, now broke out:

"Go to your room, Daniel, and I'll come in a moment."

Daniel mounted the stairs; the injustice of life welled through him. Supposing he was to die that week; supposing he was to get drowned going swimming, or a trolley was to run over him—a motor-car would be better because a fellow that would let himself be run over by a trolley would be a chump—then think how his father would feel when his uncle Henry said:

"Why, only last Sunday Dan licked Hubert on your account."

But, curiously enough, it didn't occur to Dan to enter into any explanation with his father as to the cause of his fight, nor did it occur to Mr. Crafts to ask why Daniel had been fighting. He punished violence with violence. Daniel knew it; that was the end of it. There is a knack in giving a good thrashing as well as in anything else, and Mr. Crafts had no technique and not enough practise to make up for his natural lack of ability. Thrashing his children played the very mischief with Mr. Crafts' nerves; he felt himself a brute and thought himself rather much of a mollycoddle that he felt such a brute.

He ended the ceremony with an admonition against further fighting which made no impression at all upon his son. Dan intended to fight if he got thrashed every day for it. A sort of sacred rage possessed him. Older people might turn the eye of criticism toward the head of his house, but while Dan Crafts had fists boys shouldn't do it.

After Sunday-school he sat quietly in the yard learning his lesson for the next Sunday; a foresight as a rule known only to girls. He

sat there studying and dreaming — dreaming that the scandalized town that had wagged its tongue at his father was Goliath and he was David. A very high passion of loyalty flamed in his heart.

Meanwhile, to his father, the day was falling more and more flat. It is not with impunity that at forty-six one trifles with the habits of a lifetime. He made one or two remarks about the conventional attitude of Christians toward religion and the well-spring of their faith in the churches, and receiving no satisfactory answer from his calm wife, at last he inquired with exasperated suspicion:

"Are you trying Tolstoi's non-resistance idea with me, Susan?"

"Why, no, father," she replied tranquilly. "Why should I?"

Here Emery, the scorner of the family circle, the maker of mysterious experiments — Emery, the one silent member of a garrulous household, spoke:

"I'm glad you aren't going to church any more, father." His ears stood out crimson in his embarrassment. "I haven't believed in God for a long time."

"What!" shouted Mr. Crafts. "What's that you're saying — that I don't believe in God? It's because I believe in God *more* that I don't go to church. You — you young jackanapes — you think you know more than all the men and women who have ever lived — don't let me hear any more nonsense from your mouth about not believing in God!"

Emery, wounded and angry, drew his loose-jointed, overgrown self to his feet.

"I thought you were liberal-minded," he said darkly.

"Leave the boy alone," said Mrs. Crafts indulgently. "He'll get over it."

These two remarks suddenly took the flame of indignation from Mr. Crafts and left him still more depressed. He went to his work Monday without the usual feeling of refreshment that a calm New England Sabbath gave him. He had the feeling that the world was all out of joint; life stretched before him unpunctuated by any peaceful attendance at public worship. As he neared his own door Monday night, life took on still more unpleasant forms. There was Daniel in the midst of a crowd fighting madly, fighting blindly; the other boy was getting the worst of it.

What had happened to the world, Mr. Crafts wondered. There was Emery talking about not believing in God and Daniel forever fighting. Sons were a hideous responsibility.

"Daniel!" he shouted. "Daniel, you come out of that! Come along with me!"

There is a certain cadence to a father's voice when he says that that lets the world know what's up. It penetrated to Mrs. Blake who was hanging out clothes in the next yard.

"If you're going to punish Daniel," called this lady, "don't you think you ought to know what he's been fighting about first, Mr. Crafts? That boy's been fighting the whole town o' boys because they say you're an atheist and a Sabbath-breaker. Seems to me 'twould be more logical if you weren't to give him any cause to fight."

Silence fell between father and son. The little crowd of boys had unostentatiously slipped away. Daniel kicked the pebbles out of the walk with his toe and looked down on the ground. Chivalry had fled; the embarrassment of both was as deep and real as their emotion.

Mr. Crafts looked away and coughed once or twice, then led the way into the house, Daniel following. At the sitting-room door he turned to Dan and said:

"Well, son, I wouldn't fight any more for that reason. I'll be going to church next Sunday." And, striving for a light yet philosophical tone, he explained to Mrs. Crafts: "I've been thinking over the matter of conventional churchgoing, and while from an abstract point of view it is right for me to stay away, from a practical point of view it's right for me to go."

Mrs. Crafts smiled pleasantly but made no reply of any kind.

"There has been far too much talk about this whole matter," said Mr. Crafts with finality, and took up the evening paper.

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Mending Broken Men

"Lord!" He shook himself free from abstraction. "What a lot to do! But it's being done. Lindsey, Whitlock, Heney, Folk, La Follette, Steffens—I tell you, no man has any right to be discouraged."

The machine turned sharp, roared through a pine grove, and calmed down in front of the head tent. Cooks, commissaries, blacksmiths—all those whose care was the camp—came running up to shake hands. Tynan looked them square in the eye and they looked him square in the eye. The talk was of "the road," coming work, a captured squirrel, comparative merits of teams, cardigan jackets for the coming winter, and a new record that was to be tried on the camp's graphophone that very night. No metropolitan audience, awaiting the advent of the latest tenor, could have shown keener or more delighted anticipation.

The head man had frank blue eyes and a wonderfully wholesome look. As we whirled away the warden mentioned his name—"eight to nine years for bank wrecking"—and his story flashed to mind. He and his partner were men with new ideas, new methods and much daring. After rustic triumphs, they went into the city, and were making good. The metropolitan bankers were also municipal politicians. Ugly rumors attacked the new men and their banks—then a "snap" receivership—sudden indictment—fast and furious trial—penitentiary! To be sure, no depositor lost money—subsequent events proved that the banks were solvent, and tales of a packed jury gained circulation—but the two men were in prison—ruined, discredited—and the wife of one had died of a broken heart.

"Desperate criminals!" The warden shrugged disgust. "The closer one gets to these fellows, the more one realizes that bad men are nothing but bad boys grown up. See what Lindsey has done for the kids. Why, his percentage of reclamation is almost ninety per cent. Treat a convict squarely, make a plain, straight appeal to his manhood, and the same results will be secured in a prison that Lindsey gets in his Juvenile Court. All that it takes is patience, common sense and never-failing squareness. Half of the poor devils have never known what it was to have an even break in luck. Why, it's wonderful how they respond to kindness, the slightest interest in their welfare and future. Poor unfortunates, pathetic even when their crimes are terrible! Ever read Brand Whitlock's 'Turn of the Balance'?

"We've got to get away from the old 'get even' idea. Imprisonment isn't society's revenge upon the offending individual, but society's effort to correct and reclaim. The penitentiary that releases unbettered and unstrengthened men is not only a millstone about the taxpayer's neck, but a menace to the society that it is supposed to protect. Instead of sending broken, revengeful men back into the world, in no wise reformed, but simply resolved to greater cunning, we must send back *mended* men, eager and willing to be of use. Reclamation—not further damnation.

"The penitentiary should be the last resort. Many a man is doing time when justice would have been better served had he been paroled from the bench. The trial judge now has the power to parole in misdemeanor cases. This law should be extended so as to take in felonies. What if a man has stolen to get medicine for a sick wife? I have a fellow who's doing three years for that very thing. What if there is technical guilt without criminal intent? What if it is a first offense attended by unusual or mitigating circumstances? Right there—in the court room—is where such men should be given another chance. What's the danger? The sentence hangs over them and they live under the eye of the law. If they fail to make good, or if it turns out that confidence has been falsely reposed, they can be rearrested and imprisoned without further proceedings."

And although Warden Tynan refrained from commenting upon this phase of the matter, parole power vested in the trial judge would also act as a brake upon the prosecuting attorney's office. There's an evil that cries for correction!

Take the case of Jim, the life timer that drives the prison carriage. A finer type of sturdy young American manhood could not be wished. Everything about him invites trust and liking. He had been in Colorado six months, chopping timber to support the wife and five little children. His employer tried to beat him out of $64 that he had worked for in snow and cold. Jim was out hunting. He stopped at the man's place and made another effort to get the money. He swore on the stand, and had a witness to back him up, that the man cursed him and jumped at him with a knife in his hand, and that he shot in self-defense. The prosecutor, in addressing the jurors, called upon them as friends of the dead man.

"I'd have revenge!" he shouted. "I'd have revenge!" Tears rolled down his cheeks. "Will you let a stranger come here and kill a friend without getting revenge?"

And they took Jim away from his ailing wife and five babies, and sent him to the penitentiary for life.

Some measure of approach to the uniform sentence must also be secured. Suppose two men commit an identical crime. One hires a good lawyer, the judge happens to be feeling fine and the jury has had a good dinner. He gets a light sentence. The other retains a pettifogger, finds the prosecutor unusually fiery, the judge's liver is out of order, and the jury tired and peevish. He gets all the law allows. In every penitentiary there are hundreds of these unequal punishments, and they breed hates and bitter resentments.

Swinging back through Cañon City, on up into the valley, our machine began a climb to the "Sky Line Drive," another convict labor contribution to Colorado's wonderful scenic stretches. The top of a great "hog back," rising seven hundred feet above the level, has been pared off, and the razor-like ridge transformed into a metropolitan boulevard; on one side a blood-red valley dashing in crimson waves against purple mountains, on the other, a hundred mile sweep of smiling plain, green with orchard and fertile field. So narrow the road, so dizzy the height, that one gets a sense of rope dancing. The descent is a series of graceful curves, calling for extreme slowness, and as the engine ceased its throbbing, the warden talked again.

"Total depravity," he said, "is insanity; its victims should be in asylums, not penitentiaries. In every sane being there is a spark of manhood that can be fanned into some sort of blaze. That's the idea! Self-respect should be coaxed and encouraged, not cursed and smashed." He took off his hat, and meditatively pulled at his hair. "Stripes must go. They stand for shame and disgrace, and make for loss of self-respect. It would surprise many how even the most hardened criminal hates them, and feels their humiliation. It has been the rule that every convict entering the prison should be put in stripes, and kept in them for ninety days. After that, in the event of good behavior, he was changed to blue. I have decided to stop it. Just as the law presumes innocence until guilt is proven. I mean to presume that every new man means to do the right thing until he disappoints me. He will be put in blue at the outset, and entered as a prisoner of the first class. The ignominy of stripes will be reserved as a form of punishment. Unless a convict falls down or refuses to make good I want him to go out of prison without ever having known the shame of a zebra suit.

"Single cells throughout! The evils of two men in the same cell are too apparent to mention. And every cell should have its sanitary equipment. There again economy can be

made to go hand in hand with decency and sanitation.

"But it isn't enough to make the physical and mental environment of the prisoner helpful, cleansing and inspiriting. The penitentiary must not rest satisfied with the proper care of the prisoner, or be content with mere attainment of his willingness to earn an honest living after his release. We must see that he knows *how* to earn that honest living. Half the men that come to me are men that never had a chance — unfortunates grown to manhood without intelligent impulse or direction. Out of their very helplessness they cheated and robbed, stole and killed. Can't you see that mere moral reformation will not free society from the menace of these men? They must be taught something to do.

"Contract labor is out of the question. The system epitomizes all that is vicious, and no state with any sense of honor should permit this vile, soul-killing slavery. The people are simply made to share in the profits of slave dealing, and with the added danger that the slave will eventually know his day of release, and have the opportunity to revenge himself upon the society that has broken and abused him. Industry is penalized, while the weak and the shiftless are gotten rid of as soon as possible. And the competition with free labor! God knows, existence isn't such an easy problem that the honest man can afford to have unpaid convicts pitted against him.

"Education, of course. Every illiterate should be taught to read, write and figure. I'm just whipping my school idea into shape, but it's wonderful what that hour a day has accomplished already. And the trades, professions and even arts! Why not? Among the prisoners we find skilled craftsmen, musicians, bookkeepers, stenographers, mechanics and artisans. What's wrong with putting them in charge of classes picked with reference to their talents and desires? My manual training school is getting along splendidly and not only is the state being given thousands of dollars in skilled labor, but the men are being provided with a means of livelihood after release.

"But these city occupations don't appeal to me. We must teach the men something that will keep them out and away from the temptations of the town. As the city, in most instances, *was* their ruin, so will the city *be* their ruin.

"Yes, the farm's the thing. Most of my criminals are city products — ill-nourished, drink sodden, stunted. We must bring them back to the land, for in the land there is healing and increasing strength. Under the instruction of employed experts, they will come to health, wholesomeness, usefulness and profit. In the fields they would learn soil values, crop care and all the details of scientific farming and agriculture. In the orchards, the nursery business; in the barns, all about dairying; in the brooderies, the secret of poultry raising, and in the pens, hogs and their care. Look at Frank, the chap that takes care of the chickens and ducks and geese at the 'pen.' He didn't know a thing when he came in, and now three men are waiting to employ him as a poultry expert when he gets out. On a 1,200-acre tract I could make use of two hundred and fifty men.

"And the road-building idea must be expanded and improved. The state should plan a scientific system of great highways, stretching from border to border — great arteries for the fuller life of the whole people, and rich in benefit and development. Such work, by permitting larger camps and greater centralization of men, would permit us to use twice the present number. Under skilled overseers we can teach them scientific road building in all its branches from simple scraping to hard rock work. Farming and road building! Life in the open!" The warden threw his strong arms wide and high. "That's the idea! Sun, wind and clean air. Hope, strength and happiness!"

And then the glow died out of his eyes as he looked at the sturdy back of honest, faithful Jim. "Something ought to be done for life timers," he said. "A law should be passed that will give hope to this class of prisoners.

I have ninety-four of them and I am willing to say that half of them could be fitted to go back into the world and be of use to themselves and others. But the state has condemned them to death in life, and all their industry, repentance, reformation and ambition is hopeless, valueless."

The ten-mile stretch of road from Cañon City to the top of the Royal Gorge is Exhibit "A" in Tom Tynan's case for the convicts. Bitten out of many-colored rock, it unrolls like an Oriental rug. High and higher, now festooning precipitous cliff sides, now halving exquisite upland valleys, it winds a wonder way, ending at the very brink of the great abyss that is one of the wonders of the world! Three thousand feet below, the Arkansas River is a tiny smear of silver paint. Across the Gorge, beyond the dark forest, the Greenhorn Mountains rear black and grim. And behind and above the Greenhorns, the Sangre de Christo range sinks savage saw teeth into the whirling clouds. The whole heaven is drunk with the wine of sunset. Pile after pile of floating fleece put amazing colors off and on like a model displaying shimmering silks in some Parisian shop. Mating eagles swoop close, and in the wild light the piñons writhe against the rocks with all the fierce grotesqueries of Japanese wrestlers. How Gautier would have loved it! What larger glory could have come to color-loving Keats!

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

It is not strange that Tom Tynan gets results. He belongs to the race of One Idea men. Plainly impatient during the half hour of Royal Gorgeousness, the machine was barely pointed downwards before he took up the thread of his dreaming.

"And when the prisoner has been reformed — strengthened in body and mind, taught means of livelihood and the habits of industry — what then? Must he go out with nothing in his pockets but his hands? I don't think so. No fair man can think so.

"The released convict must have some money; enough at least to tide him over the first few months — to keep him from feeling like a vagrant — to prevent his despair and relapse. I am in favor of a law that will pay the men a certain salary toward the end of the sentence — say one dollar a day for the last sixty days. It is my endeavor to have every prisoner go back into the world from the ranch or road—clear-eyed, brown-faced—and Heaven knows these fellows earn the money.

"That's easy. But here's another idea along the same lines that isn't so simple. What about the married men in the penitentiary? What about the wives and children upon whom the burden of existence, as well as the weight of shame, is suddenly shifted?

"I think I've made a good financial showing. The institution is self-supporting — even more than that, for against the state biennial appropriation of $225,000, I balance $316,496 in earnings. But I can't feel very proud, for I feel that this profit is at the expense of a lot of unhappy women and helpless little children. Surely there should be some division of the profit that comes from releasing the energy of the prisoners. It doesn't seem right to me that the state should take all and give nothing to the wives and babies. Deprived of its head, the family generally falls back upon the community for support. Or else it goes to pieces, and is blown here and there by the winds of evil. It comes to me more and more that we have got to consider the convict's family as well as the convict himself."

"Careful, Warden. Guard against the wrath of the mighty. Remember, no less a personage than President Taft has expressed the fear that penitentiaries can be made too comfortable — that men will actually commit crime in order to secure the advantages of penal servitude."

"Rot!" His jaw shoved out like a ledge of rock, and he whacked his knee with emphatic fist. "That's not only untrue, but ridiculous. Every man's got the instinct of freedom. And more than that, I have yet to find a convict — even amongst the lowest and most hardened — who doesn't feel the shame of the penitentiary. 'Too comfortable,' indeed! Why, you could give them luxury and leisure and they'd still count the minutes to the day when they can go and do as they please.

"The man President Taft was speaking for — the property holder — stands square in the way of all penitentiary reform. He's not thinking about the criminal as a man, but as an offender against property rights. Ninety per cent of crimes are against property — about ten against the person. If we listened to this sort, we'd still be cutting off the hands of petty thieves. They are not in favor of the correction and reclamation plan. They'd be afraid to take a chance on it. No, what they want is punishment — to beat into the convict not respect for the law, but a terror of property. Ancient fears, hatreds, cruelties and cowardices — our sorry heritage from the days of barons and serfs. But they can't stop us. Nothing can stop us. The world is growing better because it can't help growing better."

Rajah, the Tynan terrier, was waiting for us on the carriage block, patiently balanced on his three legs. As the warden jumped out and bent to the little crippled dog his character became suddenly clear. He is not a theorist, "high brow" or "reformer" — not a "message bearer" or a "man with a program," but an every-day sort who isn't ashamed of his belief in Christ's teachings — who holds to the Golden Rule without bragging about it — and best of all, who puts his whole soul into every job.

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Those "Good Old Days" of the Drama

satisfactory in their day. So were kerosene lamps, four-story office buildings, clipper ships and stage-coaches.

You, who live in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Boston, Philadelphia or Enid, Oklahoma, and feel a desire for theatrical entertainment, have an opportunity to choose between many and various styles of footlight amusements. New York with its ninety-seven playhouses offers anything from Maurice Maeterlinck to Louis Mann, Caruso to Richard Carle, Warfield to Weyburn, Zeigfeld to "The Zebra," Shakespeare to Shubert. The best grand opera the world has ever listened to, light opera as good as the times require, Hippodrome spectacles which are to the pantomimes of the Old Days what an aeroplane is to a bob-sled; Mrs. Fiske, Julia Marlowe and Nazimova, each of whom is a better actress than our grandparents could see fifty years ago; Forbes Robertson, David Warfield, Lew Fields, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, Edith Taliaferro, Leo Dietrichstein, Otis Skinner, Christie McDonald and George M. Cohan, any one of whom would have been a blessing to the ante-bellum existence — these and scores of other names punctuate the present and put the past to shame.

But suppose the Good Old Days were with us still — suppose you and I, in our white beaver hats and purple coats with brass buttons, were standing on the steps of the Astor House at six o'clock in the evening of March 8, 1856. Suppose we wanted to go to the theater. Here's what we would have to pick from:

The Wood and Marsh Juvenile Comedians, "the greatest novelty of the age," at the Broadway Varieties, 472 Broadway, admission 25 cents; the Ravel Family and Mlle. Robert in "The Elf King" at Niblo's Gardens, and the ballet, pantomime and everything that went with them — all for 50 cents; Planche's five-act drama "The Knights of the Round Table" and a farce "To Oblige Benson" at Wallack's; "The Winter's Tale" at Burton's

Theatre; "Herne the Hunter" at the Broadway; "The Love Chase" and a farce called "Novelty" at Laura Keene's Varieties and a pictorial lecture: "An Excursion to China and Japan" at the Broadway Athenæum. And after we had decided which of these wonderful attractions we should see, we would have to eat hurriedly, for the curtains in those days went up at seven o'clock.

Aren't you glad you're alive — NOW? Aren't you willing to let time go on changing? And don't you think the rubber plant is more indicative of the Good Old Days than is the palm?

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A Little Dream of Empire

driven again and again to the firing line by their officers with drawn swords. For four hours this strange travesty of war had continued, when at last, fearing our bullets more than the wrath of their superiors, they had broken all bounds in terror-stricken flight and the sinking sun heard the clear full notes of the bugle sounding retreat.

With another leader we might have sallied out and captured all, but whether our general, who also had been drinking of the loot of Los Cuerros, remembered only too well the proverb which commends the building of a golden bridge for a fleeing enemy I do not know.

But this I know, the night closed in over the drunken disorder of our trenches, and the miserable picture on the government side, where the dead and wounded lay abandoned on the field. It was a wonderful night, made luminous by a silent silvery crescent which seemed to smile serenely down upon our petty turmoil. Above in hundreds flew the wild fowl, and across the plain came the high-pitched notes of the lean little prairie wolves, as they feasted on the dead that scarce were cold and watched with malignant eyes the feeble struggles of the wounded.

It was a night to strip bare a man's soul and show it forth in its true form as God and his fellow man had made it. For a while we paced silently, the boy, whom we called Slim, and I. Then he paused and spoke.

"Listen. The coyotes are both the undertakers and the priests. They are chanting the *Miserere* over the dead."

I smiled at his odd fancy. After all, what was the difference; the quick sharp tooth of the hungry scavenger, or the slower worm. It was only the death rite of the followers of Zoroaster in a strange land. He continued speaking and I listened. Anything had been better than loneliness, and we were thankful each for the other's company.

He told me of the life which had been his and the dreams of which he had built the future. Of his past there is little to say. An adventurous spirit that drives one to deeds of heroism at one time may at another cause the commission of criminal acts, for the right man in the wrong place is as bad as the man who is altogether wrong. It was of the golden future that I listened with greatest delight, for his was the mad impetuous enthusiasm of youth, and an ambition unchecked by the limits of the probable. He told me of the old land of Mexico.

One Mexico I knew, but the land he produced before my imagination that night was a new and fascinating land. He spoke of medieval cities, of bounty and beauty, of cathedrals and palaces filled with the treasures of centuries. A land it was of fertile soil and untold mineral wealth, a vast region inhabited by a gentle and industrious people, awaiting only the man of genius and resource to build for himself an empire and live with the magnificence of an Eastern prince. Slowly, lovingly, lingeringly, he pronounced the names of the provinces in his future kingdom, —Mexico, Oaxaca, Zacatecas, Coahuila, Chihuahua, Tehuantepec and a score of others, dealing with each barbarous name with sonorous affection. Did I believe him? Perhaps not. It may be that I believe the days of romance are past, or even that they really never existed.

In the few following days that he was with me I saw him often. Ever busy, full of life and spirit, he became a corporal and sought to whip his reluctant squad into some semblance of military order. It was thankless work, for our patriots were a restless lot under discipline. Sometimes, under the gentle stimulus of alcohol, they indulged in grandiloquent descriptions of the Utopia for which we of the army were preparing the way; but in general they thought more of the present needs of food and sleep and a bottle than the liberation of a tyranny-stricken land. But some success was his, and his squad became the crack squad of our hope-chaos of an army. His reward came when he was detailed to take his men and capture a small post held by the *rurales*.

Of that fight I know little. Perhaps there isn't very much to know. It is said that the *rurales* fled after losing two of their number by the first volley, and Slim's men, eager for blood and loot, had been forced to content themselves with burning everything in sight and turning the stock adrift on the range.

In the morning he had marched forth proudly at the head of his little band of twelve. They made a brave appearance, — in overalls, in khakis, in corduroys; in Stetsons, in caps, in sombreros; gringoes and Mexicans, carrying guns of half-a-dozen calibres and makes, but all wearing a generous touch of flamboyant red, and a happy, eager smile that they had been chosen. Ragged, perhaps a trifle; unshaven, yes, a few; but picturesque certainly. Undrilled but efficient, truly they looked the part of the guerrilla. That night he came back just as proudly, but this time he did not march.

All went well with him until he reached our lines in returning. Not a man had received a scratch, and he brought with him a dozen captured guns and ammunition of which we stood so badly in need. As he approached our first outpost he was challenged by a drunken Yaqui sentinel. To the latter's "*Quien vive?*" he shouted back "*Liberales victoriosos,*" and gave the countersign. Of what happened in that sentry's mind I profess ignorance. Perhaps it was so muddled by the fumes of alcohol that he knew not what he did. Be it so or not, he raised his rifle and emptied the magazine into the body of the advancing corporal. Then, with a cry of terror, he threw down his gun and fled. We never saw him more.

Reverently, tenderly, they brought the wounded boy in. His pale face shone with strange animation, and only a slight bloody froth between the lips, still parted in a smile, and the nervous twitching of his long slender fingers, gave evidence of his mortal hurt. We placed him on a cot and gathered around him. There was no surgeon with us, and the least of us knew that here was a case beyond the surgeon's skill. I held his hand while he talked feverishly, quickly, almost deliriously. He too knew the end was near and wanted the time to pass unnoted, that there might be no waiting for the grim visitor.

As he talked and laughed, ever more feebly, I watched a dark spot on the sand at my feet. Drop by drop his life blood came dripping through the canvas of the stretcher, and as the spot grew his life ebbed. But he did not know of this gruesome barometer which held my helpless gaze till near the very end. When the spot had grown to great proportions, the blood gathered in his throat and he spoke with difficulty. Then he asked to be raised, and I put my arm under him and lifted him that he might spit out the blood.

As he spat, he saw and understood. He sank back weak and limp. "*Adios.* I did not know it was so near. Think of me when you reach the City of Mexico." After that he was silent. As his eyelids slowly drooped, I ran my forefinger down upon the wrist below the thumb and in a moment his feeble pulse had ceased to beat. I lighted a match and passed it before his lips, then, taking the red scarf from round my neck, I placed it over his face, and signing myself with the cross, I walked away.

He came to conquer an empire.
Requiescat in pace!

Point and PLEASANTRY

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

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

NO CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE RETURNED UNLESS STAMPED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED.

Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

No Help.

A ST. LOUIS traveling man, making his first trip through North Dakota, woke up one May morning to find the ground white with snow.

"For Heaven's sake," he asked the hotel clerk disgustedly, "when do you have summer out in this God-forsaken country?"

"I don't know," replied the clerk. "I have only been here eleven months."

—F. E. Ringham.

No Time Wasted.

Olaf Larson, working in a millinery warehouse, backed into an elevator shaft and fell down five stories with a load of boxes. Horror-stricken, the other employees rushed down the stairs, only to find him picking himself unharmed out of the rubbish.

"Ess de boss mad?" he whispered cautiously. "Tal' 'em Ay had to come down for nails anyway."

—A. W. Hedrich.

Tough on Texas.

A young lieutenant from a New York regiment surveyed the Texas scenery gloomily and reflected upon his great distance from the lights of Broadway. The smoke from a smelter, and the swirling sand from the low-lying hills had spoiled the lieutenant's disposition.

"Tell me," said an editor from El Paso, "isn't there some hidden purpose behind this mobilization?"

"There is," replied the lieutenant, "we are going to force Mexico to take back Texas."

—A. R. Kenner.

Abrupt.

Judge Stevens had a slight hesitation in his speech, but that affliction did not prevent his using long words. One morning his dog Snip got into a fight with another dog. Tapping him with his cane Judge Stevens exclaimed "D-d-d-dis-con-t-t-t-tin-ue."

—Mildred L. Cate.

New Bed Needed.

"During the days of gold fever in California," said an old sea captain, "our ship was so crowded that you could hardly get a place to sleep. 'Captain,' said a man when we were three days out, 'I have just got to have some place to sleep.'

"'Where have you been sleeping?' I asked.

"'I have been sleeping on a sick man,' the passenger said, 'but he's getting better now.'"

—M. R. Lyon, Jr.

Shifting the Blame.

An Indiana assessor had trouble getting people to list dogs for taxes.

"Got a dawg?" he asked.

"No," was the answer.

"Well, I'll 'sess you one anyway—not my fault if hain't got any—plenty of dawgs."

—C. V. Wolford.

Every Little Helps.

On the morning after the Charleston earthquake a family was sitting half clad, shivering in the dawn.

"Oh, Aunt Fannie," said the young woman, "there's a horrid big worm on your shoulder."

"Leave it on, Aunt Fannie," said the young woman's husband. "You need all the covering you can get."

—Winifred S. Hanes.

Methodical.

"Say, Lem," said a long-haired farmer looking into the door of the barber shop, "how soon kin yer cut my hair?"

"In about half an hour," replied the barber.

"All right," he said and departed. In a few minutes the door opened again. "Say, Lem," asked the farmer, "sun time or standert?"

Bill.

Elected to Heaven.

An African Methodist revival was in progress at Buxton, Iowa. Brother Johnson had "wrastled" long and hard in an effort to "get religion." At last the minister rose wearily.

"Ladies and gentlemans," he said, "I move you that Bro' Johnsing's sins be forgiven him."

"I second dat motion," came simultaneously from a dozen dusky throats. And his sins were unanimously forgiven.

—Jane Brookshire.

Down to the Rind.

A grocery salesman entering a store found the place in charge of the delivery boy. Upon being asked where the proprietor was, the boy replied,

"I am the whole cheese here." The traveling man departed, leaving a note for the proprietor, which the boy promptly opened.

"Permit me to suggest," it read, "that you are nearly out of cheese."

—T. Warden.

His Flag Was Up.

When the crowd assembled for their game of ball Johnnie, the pitcher, was missing. Jimmie was sent to investigate.

"Is Johnnie at home?" asked Jimmie of the sister who answered his knock.

"Course," answered the sister, "don't you see his shirt on the line?"

—F. Hale.

Irrelevant.

An associate justice of the Supreme Court of Patagascar was sitting by a river.

"I wish to cross," said a traveler. "Would it be lawful to use this boat?"

"It would," was the reply; "it is my boat."

The traveler thanked him, and rowed away, but the boat sank and he was drowned.

"Heartless man!" said an indignant spectator. "Why did you not tell him that your boat had a hole in it?"

"The matter of the boat's condition," said the great jurist, "was not brought before me."

—Frank C. Bunting.

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A Revolution in Rural Education

more on the farm. And it made 'em more contented, too, by gum!

Gradually the good work took hold of the people — who after all, are wiser than all the specialists in the world. Bad boys became good boys. A great moral and spiritual enrichment came and is coming to Page County. The problem of moral education in the schools seems to be solved when the schools are merged with the life.

They call it "correlation," in the Page County schools — the correlation of the school with life. And that is just what it is. There is no great gulf fixed between the school hours and those of out-of-school. Education dominates all. A nice girl armed with a teacher's certificate makes a whole Domestic Economy course with an oil stove costing three dollars, and a few pots and pans. It is the case of Mark Hopkins on one end of a log, and a student on the other end: Mark + student = university. School goes home with the Page County children, and the home kitchen becomes a branch of the domestic economy course, aided by the home sewing machine. School goes into the field with the boy, and the plowing becomes a lesson on soils, the husking a lecture in plant breeding, the butchering a period in stock-judging. And this drags the parent to school, too; so that Page County has become school crazy. If every county in America could become similarly insane, the railways would break down in three years under the loads of produce. For such insanity will make it possible for two boys to make homes for their two girls on the land that formerly was adequate for only one couple; and happy, well-educated pairs, too, they will be, where formerly they were sure that farming was only for those who couldn't "do better."

Last year, the State Superintendents of most of the Southern States formed themselves into a special car party, and toured the North to learn of matters educational. They stopped in Page County and learned of Miss Field and the splendid army of noble teachers she has trained. They were delighted and amazed. They did not know that there were such schools — so full of beauty and happiness and poetry and goodness and corn and pigs and poultry and soils and button-holes and cookies. I think they went away in the belief that in Miss Field they had seen the Horace Mann of the rural school. Not that other educators have not known what the schools need.

The principles are those of Froebel, Pestalozzi, Mann and Francis W. Parker, whose "New Education" and "Quincy Methods" did so much stirring-up thirty years ago. The point, however, is this, — nobody knew how to take a county full of the ordinary rural schools, and a corps of the ordinary rural teachers and DO IT. Miss Field has done this, so far as to have made in Page County what Dr. Winship of the Journal of Education calls "the best rural schools in America."

On February 4 at one o'clock there sat down to a banquet in the great armory at Clarinda, the county seat of Page County, six hundred farmers and farmers' wives. They organized the banquet for the purpose of doing honor to some of their country school pupils who had deserved well of the republic. In olden times, this might have been done to celebrate some heroic act in the driving off of a foe or the stopping of the inrush of the ocean through some failing dike. But these children were banqueted because they had won trophies at the short course in the State College at Ames in cooking, sewing, stock-judging, and grain-judging. The cooky girl came away with a trophy, which she must defend with her trusty recipe for three years. The county is agog. A thrill pervades the air. The children are teaching the adults to live together and make feasts. It has become a good thing to be in Page County on a farm.

The Individual INVESTOR

The *Passing* of the "*Speculative Game*"

SUCH a striking change has taken place in investment conditions in the United States since SUCCESS MAGAZINE entered the field of financial journalism some six years ago, that it will be well worth while for the readers of this department to turn aside temporarily from the study of investments themselves and cast a glance backward. At the outset the editors of the magazine had no other purpose in mind than to protect as many individuals as could be reached, primarily the readers of this magazine, from the wholesale imposition that was being practised upon the American people in a thousand different ways, to the enormous financial damage of the innocent and blameless victims. The cynical view of the work that has been carried on by six or eight of the leading magazines in the financial field has been, of course, that it consisted merely in the almost useless endeavor to save the credulous from the natural results of their own folly. The editors of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, in common with the few others who had then taken the trouble to inform themselves, absolutely knew that millions of dollars were being taken every year from men and women who not only were not trying to get something for nothing, but who were endeavoring by every means at their command to investigate in advance what they mistakenly regarded as their "investments." The trouble was, simply, that the public was at an enormous disadvantage with the bidders for its money because it knew no more about the means of safe-guarding itself than it did about the unimaginable cleverness and villainy of the human vultures who preyed upon it without let or hindrance.

Later, the purpose of the management became twofold. It began to be clear that hand in hand with a desperate need for the protection of individual owners of capital, particularly the owners of small accumulations of savings throughout the length and breadth of the land, went the opportunity to serve the nation by checking the dissipation of a truly fabulous stream of capital and turning it into the safe channels of legitimate industrial and community development.

The Encouragement of Thrift

Few persons realize what really happens to the hard-earned funds that are turned over to uncaged criminals of the get-rich-quick variety. The money gets rapidly into circulation again and seldom does its receivers any lasting good, but it returns to honest uses chiefly by the most unwholesome routes. Any experienced police official in any of the larger cities can tell you where nine out of ten professional "investment" swindlers spend their leisure hours and their unclean incomes.

Out of the primary idea of protecting the finances of the individual, and thus the economic solidity and moral health of the nation, there developed still further motives on the part of those who engaged in the attempt to educate the average man on the use and management of capital. It is obvious that when you have begun to persuade men and women not to give up their money to the highest and least responsible bidder, you have at once begun to persuade them into habits of thrift.

The word has a dull, prosaic sound and it may be a commonplace by now to say that it was by that quality alone that the French nation raised itself in a short thirty years from abject prostration to at least the second rank among the banking powers of Europe. That phase of the work can be left to take care of itself for the present. In the near future it will need no preaching, for even extravagant America will have learned something of its meaning.

Another argument, one which may appear more strongly in the present state of affairs and will be considered at length in a subsequent article, has to do with the effect that a wide distribution of good investment securities is bound to have upon the management of the corporations themselves and the acts of their officers.

But to get back to the subject—a vast change has come over the mind of the average American with a few hundred or a few thousand dollars, to tuck away in a safe place to return him a satisfactory rate of interest. Our survey of present conditions may for convenience begin with a glance at Wall Street. The evils of the "stock game," as it has come to be called, by no means are confined to Wall Street or even to New York but the extent to which the financial business of the country is concentrated in the lower end of Manhattan Island, and the rapidity with which the complexion of things there reflects the composite mind of the United States as a whole, makes Wall Street exceedingly useful to point a moral or adorn a tale.

"Wall Street is Dull"

The present writer has no intention of entering into a discussion of the stock market or the level of security prices there. At this moment, Wall Street itself is less interested in the flat, stale and unprofitable hen-tracks on the tape than in what the rest of the country has done to its business.

Wall Street is dull. When you hear that said south of Fulton Street, or anywhere else by a man who earns his bread and butter in that diminutive section of the country, you understand without asking that he means the business of buying and selling stocks. It is a strange habit that clings to the typical Wall Street man to speak of the doings of the Street without reference to the state of the bond business. It is a tradition handed down from the time, not so very far in the past when the "big money" was in the "whirligigs," the constantly rising and falling stocks of the newer promotions, or of the railroads which happened to be the new-found playthings of the newly-made millionaires.

Except for a comparatively few which offer special facilities for the purchase of securities in small lots, the "commission houses" are in most cases not making their office expenses, to say nothing of interest on the $60,000 or $70,000 tied up in a seat on the Stock Exchange, and the working capital with which they would like to be doing business. It is safe to say that the mileage of leased wires leading from western and southern cities into the brokerage offices of Wall Street at the present time is less than it has been at any time in the past ten years.

It is in this sense only, however, in respect to the "in and out" trading in highly speculative issues, most of which is done on margins of varying thickness, that Wall Street

is dull. The business of its bond houses and that of other firms not exactly falling in that category, which handle the better class of unlisted securities, if not exactly flourishing, is at least moderately good and has been for several months. One old and thoroughly respectable investment house enjoyed average sales during the first three months of this year of twenty-five million dollars a month.

It is a curious coincidence and one that tells more about this very change in the spirit of financial America that we are trying to make clear than any amount of discussion would, that this particular house has never thought it worth while to own a Stock Exchange seat. This means that none of its members is a member of the Exchange, as technically only individuals are members of that organization. The writer is momentarily expecting someone to break into print with a declaration that the Stock Exchange could be lifted bodily out of Wall Street without that community's being any the worse off. And he would come pretty near proving his point, too.

Without any disrespect to the real pillars of American finance and industry who grace that neighborhood, it can be said that the dullness of the speculative end of Wall Street is due to the very same causes which have put so many stock concerns of another class out of business. Too many people have learned that when a man not only marks the cards, but, on top of that, refuses to deal you any you had better stay out of his game. When this magazine first began the publication of articles based upon nothing more radical than this almost foolishly harmless and undeniable proposition, no end of perfectly worthy and intelligent folks called it "disturbing confidence." Some of them went further and expressed the cynical view of the work already alluded to here.

Sound Business has not Suffered

By this time all of them, except the hopelessly mossbacked, have tacitly conceded that deserved and well-founded confidence has felt no shock whatever. The fact of the matter is that it is easier to-day to sell good securities directly to investors than it was before the so-called disturbance of confidence, which disturbed only the "confidence game," began. Whether the work of arousing the investor to his dangers and his opportunities was or was not coincident with unwise or selfish political agitation and whether or not such agitation, if that term accurately describes it, did harm to the country's business, are questions with which this discussion has nothing to do.

While we are on the subject of Wall Street, it may be as well to say, in justice to that much abused district, that much of the out-and-out swindling promotion of fake stocks from headquarters located in New York is in Wall Street but not of it, and that the best elements in the financial district have at all times been extremely anxious to rid it of these parasites, just as they have been opposed to the practice by the more or less recognized "leaders" of the stock market of methods not very far removed from the tactics of the underworld of finance. Another very large part of such promotion, as most persons know by this time, is not even conducted from Wall Street, but perhaps from quarters in the office-building section of Fifth Avenue, perhaps from Kansas City or Seattle. It happens that tons of worthless securities have been manufactured in and sold from Wall Street offices, but that is not a Wall Street game. Even the big concerns whose spectacular careers have recently come to sudden ends through raids on their offices in lower Manhattan, whose fictitious orders on both sides of the market have at times almost crowded legitimate business off the Broad Street "curb" market, never really played a Wall Street game. Primarily the "game" of Wall Street, using the term to embrace all the morally unjustifiable, if indeed not legally criminal, employment of deceit, misrepresentation and falsehood for the harvest of wholly unearned speculative gain, is not conducted with fictitious securities at all. It is played with the perfectly good securities of honestly conducted corporations.

Your genuine "fly-by-night" organizes his own corporations and is hampered neither by rules to play by nor by any other form of organization, nor by the investment of capital in any fixed form. He is as much an adventurer as any American with the army of the insurrectos in Mexico and as easily folds his tent in the night time and steals away. When, as sometimes happens, he appears to be facing the music with a grit worthy of a better cause, it is nearly always because he has miscalculated his chances and knows it is too late to get away.

To-day hundreds of thousands of Americans who, five years ago, had given the matter so little thought that they fell prey to the first sharper who happened to cross their path, have for good and all turned away from the allurements of the gold mine and oil well promoter. The average business man, farmer or salaried man has likewise turned away from the day-to-day fluctuations of the stock market. In the olden days it was said with truth that the man who let stocks or wheat alone was the man who had burned his fingers playing with that particular sort of fire and that every man had to buy so much mining stock in his life. Both games are still played, but on an enormously reduced scale.

Speculation in stocks on the larger exchanges, where alone it is possible to carry on any considerable degree of manipulation, is unquestionably down to a minimum, whil the sale of worthless paper engraved as stoc certificates is at the moment hardly activ enough to pay the expense of advertising an distributing it.

Most encouraging of all, some hundreds o thousands of our fellow citizens have learne that there is no rule of thumb by which in vestments can be judged, that every case mus be judged on its merits, though according t well recognized principles of business an finance. They have learned that mining an oil prospects may do well enough for thos who devote their lives to the study and de velopment of such resources, but cannot b called investments in any sense of the word It is no longer possible for the word invest ment to be abused at it once was.

We have not intended to give the impres sion that we think the work is done. Ou own idea is that it has just fairly begun People are still throwing their money away i some quantity and it still remains to con vince them of what they are doing and sho them the better way. Then, again, there i always the rising generation for an audience But the burden of the work to be carried o in this department is to keep its readers in formed of the current developments in th field of investment and finance and to con tinue to carry on the war against dishones promotion.

Continued from page

Janey Dabbles *In High Finance*

Caroline emerged immediately from the bushes that skirted the fairy-pond and came running up the path.

"Janey," Mrs. Blair said sharply the moment her daughter appeared on the piazza, "where did you get the fifty cents that you gave Tony Ferrero and where did you get the money to buy candy for Ethel Dean and John Elliston?"

If Mr. Blair thought that the conference was to be a third-degree affair, he was doomed to disappointment. "Why — why — " Janey stuttered for a moment. But it was palpably the surprise of one who has been asked a question so simple as to require no answer. "Why I took it from the change when I paid Mr. Martindale's bill at Mallon's. Mother, can I have all the lemonade I want?"

Mrs. Blair sat down very suddenly in her chair. "Took it from the change from Mr. Martindale's bill," she repeated stupidly. "What do you mean?"

Nobody could be more ready with explanation — or more facile — than Janey. "Why you see Mr. Martindale told me to pay a bill at Mallon's. He put five dollars in the envelope and he said that it would come to four dollars and seventy-five cents and he said that there would be twenty-five cents left and he said that Caroline and I could spend five cents each and he said to bring back fifteen cents."

Janey bobbed up to the surface of all these words and paused an instant for breath. Mr. Martindale confirmed her statements with nods.

"Go on!" her mother said in a stony voice.

"Yes, mother, I will," Janey acceded. "But when I got to Mr. Mallon's he said the bill was only two dollars and seventy-five cents and so I spent all the rest of the money and brought home fifteen cents to Mr. Martindale just as he told me." Janey paused and looked benignly about her as one who will accept praise for a duty well done. "Oh, yes, and I forgot to tell him what Mr. Mallon said. He said that Mr. Martindale was like all litery fellers and he didn't notice that the four on the bill had been changed to two."

"And how did you spend this money?" Mrs. Blair asked, still stony.

Janey's face lighted up. It was evident that she was going to enjoy this passage of her narrative. "Well, in the first place I gave Tony Ferrero fifty cents to go to Paradise Park. And then I invited all the children I met to have sodas — Ethel Dean and John Elliston and Nannie Phelps and Bee Bolan and Jo Harris. We didn't have *ice-crea* sodas because we all thought we'd rather hav ice-cream cones beside — all except John Elli ton, who said he'd rather have ice-crea sodas, so he had two. Then I bought a whol lot of pickles and pickle limes and pop-cor and gum and cream-cakes and tarts, and dough nuts and two pies. And I bought candy wit all the money that was left — the sixteen-for a-cent kind and then we divided it round We had twenty-nine pieces each. And mothe it was great fun. I never spent any mone before — except pennies — because you alway go with me and keep it in your pocketbook But I love spending money. I'd like to do i all the time."

Janey stopped.

Her mother stared at her an instant. Then "Janey Blair," she said in a heart-broke tone, "do you know that you are a thief an that if you were a big girl, you'd be arreste and go right straight to prison. I don't kno what I'm going to do." And then Mrs. Blai burst into tears.

There was an instant explosion of the peace ful piazza scene. Janey, who had never see her mother cry, shrieked with terror. Caroli began — not to cry, but to bawl — becaus Janey did. Brother waked up and added hi baby remonstrance to the volume of sound Mr. Warriner and Mr. Martindale, paralyze by the suddenness of the storm, stood stock still

The explosion ceased almost as soon as i began. Mr. Warriner silenced his sister, wit a peremptory, "Stop crying at once, Miriam don't you see that child hasn't the remotes idea of the value of money — she hardly know what money's for. You've never let her spen any and she has no sense either of honesty o dishonesty about it." He took his little nie into his lap. "Stop that noise at once, Janey or I'll lock you up in your room." Mrs. Ben ton succeeded in hushing Caroline. Brothe finally consented to lie still and bubble at th world at large.

"Now, Miriam, you'd better let me deal wit Janey," Uncle Jim said. "Now, Janey," h began, "when you got all that change bac from Mr. Martindale's bill, didn't you *kno* that it belonged to him, no matter if there ha been a mistake?"

"Yes, Uncle Jim," Janey said with he usual succinct directness. "I did. But Nor said it didn't."

"Oh, *Nora*," Uncle Jim said in the voice of one who has at last found the clue to a labyrinth. "And what did Nora say?"

"Nora said that when you went on an errand and it came to less than you expected, the money belonged to you. Nora says that's what her brother, the bell-hop, does and her brother the messenger boy does. Nora says her father tells them to do it."

"Oh," said Uncle Jim, and again, "*Oh!*" He seemed very much relieved about something. And even the mother of the criminal withdrew from her handkerchief a face that showed a gleam of hope.

"Now, Janey," Uncle Jim went on, "Nora was wrong. That money did not belong to you. It belonged to Mr. Martindale. It was his in the beginning and nothing could make it yours unless he gave it to you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Uncle Jim."

"So that what your mother said was right—you really stole the money. Not that you meant to do it—"

"Will I have to go to prison?" Janey interrupted in a panic.

"No, no, no, Janey," Uncle Jim reassured her hastily. "But as long as you took that money from Mr. Martindale, you see you owe it to him."

"Oh, how can I ever pay it back?" Janey said, appalled.

"I will return the money to Mr. Martindale," said Uncle Jim, "and then I'll show you a way to earn it so that you can pay me back. Every morning you are to put Mr. Martindale's desk and my desk in order for us before we start to work. Do you understand?"

"Oh, Uncle Jim!" Janey said, "I'd *love* to do it."

"And now, Janey," Uncle Jim went on, "after this, I'm going to give you five cents a week spending-money. And you're to do just what you please with it—spend it or save it—do you see?"

"And now," he added in the tone which meant conclusion, "are you sorry you took that money?"

"Uncle Jim," Janey said, employing the clearness with which ever she examined her own mental processes and the engaging candor with which always she described them, "I am sorry and then—sort of—I aren't sorry. I'm dreadfully sorry I took the money from Mr. Martindale, but I'm terribly glad that Tony went to Paradise Park."

Exercising that perverted sense of humor which Janey had often noted with disapproval in grown-ups, Uncle Jim and Mr. Martindale seemed to find this comic. At least, they kept breaking into laughter and then trying to conceal it.

"The whole infant population on the blink!" Mr. Martindale remarked. "I don't suppose the Great White Way of Scarsett has witnessed such a spending jag in the course of its history."

He was still laughing when he arose to return to his work. He continued to laugh all the way up-stairs. But, as he took up his manuscript, a sudden seriousness fell upon him. Something about it seemed to trouble him. He read and reread the final paragraph. Then he sat for a few moments thinking hard, a half smile on his face. At last, ignoring the typewriter, he took up a pencil. A few vigorous strokes slashed out the closing sentences. He added.

"But after all is said, is there not something that can be brought in excuse—something to be urged in extenuation? Is it after all that these gentry of the tainted money coffers are deliberate highwaymen and footpads? Is it not rather that, giants though they be financially, they are still pygmies morally—that, like children in their reasoning, the glory of the end blinds them to the foulness of the means. In the last analysis, much that seems evil in human nature is only ignorance. Dirt has been defined as misplaced matter—why not evil as misplaced energy. Surely it can hurt none of us to exercise this slight charity toward those whom, otherwise, we must condemn utterly."

The Reformer

Continued from page 14

out how many weeks remained — had turned the yesterday's leaf to arrive at the day's date, and had found a note in his own handwriting. He reached at once to his desk telephone. "Send Arnett in," he directed, "as soon as he comes. Yes."

"He's leaving for New York, this afternoon," he explained to the detective. "I promised him a letter." He began to scratch squares and crosses on his blotter with a dry pen. "Do you think Bradford or any of the big ones know about Cooney?"

"Not if they can keep from knowing it. That's the sort of thing they make it their business not to know."

"Come in!" Wickson called to a knock at the door. And "Hello, Jack!" he greeted the sculptor. "I nearly forgot about you. What time does your train go?"

"It doesn't go," Arnett said, taking the outstretched hand. "I'm staying to do a portrait bust of old Bradford — "

"Bradford!"

"On an order that Harris got me."

"Bradford!" Wickson turned to enjoy the joke with Collins. The detective had already gone — inconspicuously — and the door had closed behind him.

III

Arnett sat down at once, on his shoulder-blades, in the loose-jointed attitude of a tall man whose work kept him on his feet. He felt in his pocket for his inevitable pipe and hooked it into the muscled corner of his mouth. "I sold him my 'Nymph' too," he said.

He was as unconsciously individual in his appearance as the detective had been consciously indeterminate — a lank, black-haired, strong-handed man in clothes that showed the dust and plaster of his studio in spite of brushing. His eyes were wrinkled from a puckered scrutiny; he watched Wickson (and took no note of his background) with a professional interest in the human animal as it expressed itself in its externals.

"A bust of Bradford!" Wickson laughed. "That's great! Do you ever do tombstones?"

Arnett sucked his cold pipe, humorously. "Are you going to hang someone?"

"No. They're going to hang me."

"What for? General offensiveness?"

"For trying to can Sotjie. They have a man out to shoot me."

Arnett took his pipe from his teeth as if to put aside his jocular air with it. "What's up? Do you mean it?"

Wickson nodded, smiling.

"Who's doing it?"

"Well — Sotjie, first of all. And then — the men who have helped to make Sotjie what he is, including Bradford. And then — all of us who have allowed conditions to become what they are in this town. You, for instance. You never vote, do you?"

"Murder? You mean murder?"

"No. The man'll be drunk. It's a fellow I sent up, three years ago, and he has *that* grievance. It'll only be manslaughter. He'll probably commit suicide anyway."

Arnett stared at him. "Are *you* growing fanciful?"

"You'd think so, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, pshaw, Wick! I don't believe it."

Wickson laughed. "I knew you wouldn't. That's why I told you." He began to gather up the papers from his desk. "The devil of it is, I don't want to prosecute Sotjie — I don't feel that he's been to blame — but conditions make it necessary. And I don't suppose he wants to shoot *me* — if he could avoid it. It's a gay life. Will you walk over to the court with me?"

Arnett rose silently, dropped his pipe into his pocket, and looked a long time at the lining of his hat before he put it on. "Why don't you have him arrested?"

Wickson patted him on the shoulder and turned him to the door. "We can't do that, until he shoots me."

"If you *know* he's going to shoot you, you can *prove* it."

"You think so?" He turned the knob. "There are a good many things in this business that a man knows and can't prove."

With the opening of the door, the activities of the outer office interrupted them and silenced Arnett. He followed or waited for Wickson as the District Attorney excused himself to a visitor, gave instructions to an assistant, bent to hear a hurried report in confidence, or stopped to "jolly" a newspaper man. When they reached the elevator, a young detective, Plummer, was with them. He stood aside, at the ground floor, and followed them out to the street, carefully unalert, with the comprehensive glances of an apparently idle eye.

"But I don't get this thing, at all," Arnett complained, as they turned up the street.

Wickson took his elbow. "I'm in the position of a policeman in a thieves' quarter — where the political boss of the quarter protects them — in return for their help in elections. Eh? Only in this case, the whole town is the quarter, and Bradford is the political boss, and he hasn't been able to keep me from bothering the thieves, and so the thieves are going to 'get' me."

"Oh, come off," Arnett broke in. "Bradford isn't *that* bad."

"Surely not. I'm putting it very crudely, of course. I'm willing to believe that Bradford doesn't see it that way at all. He probably feels himself as much the victim of conditions as I do. He'll tell you that the thieves run the town — that he has to operate the street railway — and that he couldn't operate it unless he stood in with *them*. See? He'll tell you that the fault is with the citizens who won't be bothered with politics — who leave the thieves to take that trouble. But, you'll notice that when I try to rouse those citizens, to make them take an interest, I get notice from Bradford, through Bill Toole to McPhee Harris, that I can't be reelected."

The street was busy with street-cars, wagons, hurrying people and the displays and activities of trade — the business of a fair from which Arnett's mind was as much withdrawn as a nun's. Usually, he walked through it unseeingly, hurrying to escape it. He looked at it now as the public life in which Wickson played a leading part, and blinked at it, feeling himself asked for advice about it, and bewildered to find that he could not see below its shifting surface. He shook his head blankly.

"*I* don't know. I don't know what to make of it," he complained.

"If it were only the case of the policeman and the thieves," Wickson said, at the Courthouse steps, "it might be a good thing to let them shoot. If it would attract attention to the conditions — But I don't want them simply to 'mangle' me — "

Arnett caught him by the sleeve, alarmed by the very matter-of-factness of his tone. "My God, Wick! You're not going to do anything so foolish?"

Wickson smiled slowly at him, in a sort of amused appraisal of his horror. "It isn't what *I'm* going to do that counts. It's up to *them*. I have to go ahead with my job. However, I don't believe they'll dare. . . . You run along now and get to work on your bust. Come in and tell me how it goes, will you? I hope you're not going to do the old boy in the flesh, like your 'Nymph.'"

Arnett laughed, nervously relieved by the jocularity. "I believe Harris got me the order so I'd have something to do with clothes on. He thinks I do the other because it sells — such being the depravity of the artistic rich!"

"Well, good-by," Wickson said. "Be good."

"And *you* be careful."

Wickson waved his hand and turned up the

steps. Arnett brushed against the nonchalant Plummer as he hurried off.

And half way down the block, the sculptor remembered that he had seen this man in the elevator — that he had seen him pass into the Court-house, look around the corridor and come out. And now he was following Wickson into the Court-house again!

He hastened back with a frightened suspicion that he had seen the assassin.

IV

Arnett lost himself, at once, in the corridors of the ground floor, where the doors were marked "County Commissioners," "Local Imp.," "Sheriff," on the yellowed frosting of their glasses; and when he demanded breathlessly of a passing clerk "Where'll I find the District Attorney — Wickson?" the official replied curtly "Settle Building," and went on about his business.

He blundered upon the elevator shaft and had to wait endlessly for the cage to descend to him. The elevator man replied, to his confused explanations: "Second floor. First door to your right," and held him, despairing in the cage, until three other passengers came one by one at their leisure. He had the feeling of a man in a nightmare shouting for help to people who passed him either deaf or horribly indifferent. And it was as if he had wakened to the comforting realities when he came to the open door of the court-room and looked over the heads of the spectators on their benches, and saw Wickson talking at the counsels' table with a pious-looking young lawyer in spectacles. Plummer had disappeared. Arnett sat down quickly on a near seat, afraid that Wickson might see him and suppose he had some message.

The judge had not yet entered from his chambers. There were only three jurors in the jury-box — for the others were still to be chosen from the panel. A buzz of low-voiced conversation hung over the groups of lawyers, court officers and privileged spectators within the rail; those in the public seats coughed and scuffled their feet, uneasily expectant. In the light of high windows the room was shabbily ugly, with walls painted a sort of greasy robin's-egg blue and its cheap furnishings worn by the contact of innumerable bodies — as repellent as a prison, as sordid as the tragedies that had soiled it, as if the beautiful ideals of justice had left it to be a place only for the craftinesses of statutory law.

Arnett frowned at its repellency, but he stayed. The expectancy of the others held him; he wished to hear more from Wickson, who had piqued him with his superior air of a man of dangerous affairs talking to an idler of the arts; and the District Attorney's "*You*, for instance. *You* never vote, do you?" remained with him as a reproof for having never played a citizen's part in such scenes as this in the court-room, for example. He leaned back in his seat and puckered his eyes at Wickson.

Wickson was consulting with an assistant upon a jury list of typewritten names, each followed by a few brief notes that represented Collins's work of investigation upon each — an investigation that had been made, with Collins's usual ingenious audacity, by a man who had pretended to be taking the current census. Wickson frowned in an attempt to keep his thoughts from wandering from his assistant's explanations. It was not that he had lost interest in his work, but the work itself seemed to have receded from him. Harris's message — that he could not be re-elected — had suddenly put his duties as District Attorney into the past, as an activity already ended. And because the feeling was merely a feeling and not conceived in the form of a thought that could be hidden, it had influenced him unconsciously in his interview with Collins, and worried the detective; it had given an air of genial superiority to his manner with the sculptor, and piqued Arnett; and now, confronting him with an empty future and the futility of his work, it moved him to an action that seemed recklessly unreasonable to everybody who did not understand it. And nobody understood it.

Cooney, the ex-policeman, had slunk into the court-room and stood propped against a rear wall — a dishevelled, unshaven, blowsy derelict of a man, horrible but pathetic. Wickson saw him with pity, with a fellow-feeling, with a desire to aid him — being himself, in his own mind, "a down and outer" like Cooney. He said a word of excuse to his assistant, passed the bar, and came down the aisle toward the ex-policeman. Arnett half rose from his seat before he realized that Wickson was not coming to him; there was a solemn friendliness in the face that ignored him — a look that turned him to watch and listen.

Wickson put his hand on Cooney's shoulder, and said: "I'm glad to see you 'out' again, Cooney. I've been mighty sorry for what happened. I had to do it. We all have to do things sometimes that we don't want to do. But if I can help you anyway now, I want to know it. Eh?"

Cooney scowled up at him out of bloodshot and befuddled eyes, dropped the puffed lids sulkily and muttered something unintelligible.

"I've never felt that it was your fault," Wickson went on. "I know what it is to be a policeman in this town. I know what the conditions are. If you think of any way that I can help you to make a fresh start, come and see me, will you?"

Cooney looked up again, and there was the beginning of a maudlin self-pity in his bleary gaze. "I don't want to fight vice any more," Wickson said — with his absurd seriousness that never saw itself incongruous in any circumstances. "I want to fight the conditions that *make* vice."

Cooney's eyes had turned aside to see the approaching detective — Plummer — who was hurrying down the aisle to protect his charge. And into that drunken brain there must have flashed some instant suspicion that Wickson had come to hoodwink him with a show of friendliness until the others could surround him. He cursed out an oath. A revolver seemed to leap into his hand with a single gesture. It exploded in Wickson's eyes at the same moment that Plummer, struggling against Arnett's mistaken interference, got his little automatic under Arnett's arm and shot a triple flash at Cooney.

The ex-policeman leaped as if he had been speared in the side, and fell screaming. The District Attorney staggered back with his hands to his face and stiffened in Plummer's arms. Arnett jumped to him and caught a wet wrist. "Are you hurt?" he cried.

Wickson relaxed in a long, tired sigh that slowly shuddered down to a choking catch in the throat, where the blood strangled it.

. . . . . .

At the mass meeting of indignant citizens who gathered to pass resolutions upon this "irremediable loss to the community" a subscription was started to pay for a "suitable memorial" of the tragedy; and the list of subscribers, as published in the morning paper, began magnificently with the name of William D. Bradford. (McPhee Harris was not far behind him.) It was Bradford, as president of the Wickson Memorial committee, who formally handed over the completed monument to the Mayor, at its unveiling; and he stood, proudly modest, on the wooden platform, before the transfixed figure of Wickson turned to bronze, while His Worship felicitated himself and the city upon "the possession in our midst of a citizen whose public spirit puts him always in the forefront of every public movement to — to beautify, to — to elevate — to raise the tone of our public life both by his private benefactions and his activity as a citizen of the public life of our city."

Wickson's white-haired mother, a little deaf, on the back row of the platform seats, heard the burst of applause, thought the Mayor was speaking of her son, and wiped a flattered tear from her cheek.

The bronze face above her remained impassive.

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Your Wedding Day

ards that will form the aisle; you are so glad the parlors are big enough, and that this dear home is to see it all straight through to the end — there needs be no white altar but the altar of home, and this four-walled sanctuary that has sheltered all the long, beautiful years of your girlhood shall give you at last into somebody's else keeping!

Jack, to-day, stands for "somebody else"; you are thinking, somehow, less often of him than of the things you are leaving, and that is as it should be, for all the days and years to come will be full of him, but this one last day is for home!

You linger about the rooms in their bridal trim, and seek out the old sofa that has been hidden in one corner because it is "really too shabby"; you tinkle the keys of the piano that has stood most of all for "practise-hour"; you consider the funny old family portraits with loving eyes. And then Aunt Jean comes!

She puts everything right that she considers the florist has put wrong, and she 'phones final orders to the caterer, who has had them for two weeks, and finally you run off up-stairs, smiling.

The door of one room is closed, but you open it softly. On the broad couch there is a shimmer of satin, misty wreaths of illusion, you stand gazing upon it all, the slippers, the gloves, the little details that are to make you a bride; and yet you know you would not be a really-true bride at all, without this white, white something in your heart that is like a dove nestling there! All the morning you have been conscious of it; it came when you awoke, and you know that it will not leave you till the day is done.

You go out very softly and try to busy yourself about household things; you help the maids brush up and straighten for that final, divine event; you get out your mother's gown, and your father's new frock-coat, and your little brother's best suit; in the midst of it all the bell rings and you hear Uncle Mac's voice in the hall — yes, and Jack's!

As you turn the second landing, one of the maids stops you. "Wurra," she says, "don't look at him, Miss Beatrice, dear — it's bad luck to see your man before the ciramony!" but you only laugh gaily and go on.

Uncle Mac is in the parlor, and Jack stands in the hall alone. You look at one another for a full, long minute, then you say: "Hello," very shyly, and hold out your hand —

Well, he kisses you, and heaven and earth meet in that kiss! Suddenly you flutter away from him. Uncle Mac has come back and it is a relief to bury your face against the lapel of his coat. He holds you at arm's length, and his jolly face is wistful.

"So this is the day you cut away from us all, you little Trixy, just for the sake of being married to Mr. Jack, going to drop your old Uncle and all the rest, eh?"

You put one hand over his mouth. "If you say that — I — I'll send Jack away forever!" You are very near tears, but Jack steps into the gap —

"Look here, Uncle Mac, didn't you go and get married yourself?"

Oh, it is the one irrefutable, unanswerable argument. Uncle Mac is vanquished. He strokes your head gently —

"Well, well, little girl, just you go on loving everybody — we'll adopt Mr. Jack — that's the way we'll fix it!" And you know that it has been settled for the rest of time.

And then Jack goes away, to come again at precisely ten minutes to five.

You have lunch, and all the time you are eating snow-pudding, you are wandering in the garden of the gods — it is growing so near now, the beautiful thing that is to come! Your mother, with a look of quiet understanding, comes and carries you upstairs to Bobbie's little room quite at the top of the house, and puts you, in a kimono, on his small, white bed.

"Try to sleep, dearie," she says, "until it is time to dress; yes, I'll attend to the girls, Jan and Elsie shall come to my room. No, Aunt Jean shall not disturb you. There, dear, sleep." She pulls the shade low and softly closes the door behind her.

You realize, all at once, how tired you are, and how happy; the year has been so beautiful! You thought you would like to go on being engaged forever, and yet now you are glad that in three short hours — three short hours, you close your eyes, and your lips are smiling — there will be an end to being engaged — you will be married!

You wake with a start. Someone, Bobbie, is calling you. His voice, in high treble, breaks through the dream that has enfolded you.

"Hey, Sis, Ma says to get ready! Everybody has come — old Miss Latimer and Aunt Judith and Uncle Fred and Elsie and Jan, and I guess if you don't hurry up Jack will get married to somebody else — Elsie looks just a peach, and say, will you tie my tie, please?"

You open the door hurriedly and put the final touch to his dressed-up little person. He has put a white carnation, culled from the parlor, in his buttonhole, and your eyes grow misty for a moment as you hug him on your way downstairs; you pass, fleet-footed, to the room with the closed door — your hands are trembling, and your lips.

You have gotten as far as the white slippers when your mother comes in, and Aunt Judith. Somehow they adjust the wonderful gown and your mother pins on the veil and the orange blossoms; her hands are steady, but her lips are tremulous; she does not speak to you, but when you are all ready she kisses you on the forehead, and something tells you that it is the kiss of renunciation! Then she leads you downstairs.

At the foot your father meets you. "Beatrice," he says gravely, "your mother and I have — a gift for you — we hope that you will be as happy" — he pauses to clear his throat, "as happy, you and Jack, as we have been."

He has thrust something, a paper, into your hand; you do not know whether it is for a hundred or a thousand, and you don't care. Whatever it is, it stands for you as the measure of their loving sacrifice! Through a sudden mist you seek his face, but he is not looking at you. He is looking at your mother, and you see it, the old, forgotten bride-look, come back to her eyes. You know it. Oh, you know it! They are going back to that day which meant for them what this day means for you! And so you just say "Daddy —" and pass on, to the room where Elsie and Jan are waiting.

They meet you gay with laughter, fluttering about you like two nodding June roses. You survey them as from a great distance; the day, the hour, sets you apart — you are now and will be forever different; the Gate of Girlhood is still open, but you are already on the other side of it, and in a few minutes it will close, and Jan and Elsie will be back of it, until it opens again, some day, for them!

From somewhere down-stairs you hear music. Oh — oh, they are playing "The voice that breathed o'er Eden"! Aunt Jean pulls you into line, calls excitedly for your father, and so, on his arm, preceded by a smiling Jan and a breathless Elsie, you slowly go down the stairs.

You are trembling, and you are sure you are pale, but the strong arm steadies you, and you lean upon this great, big father of yours, feeling just a little girl once more. There, in the bay window, the minister who baptized you is standing, and there, too, a tall young man in a new frock coat and a white gardenia, who keeps his eyes on your face. Is it Jack, and are you really giving yourself to him forever?

Your eyes, for a moment, travel mistily over a sea of friendly faces. Someone, Cousin Mary, who is a widow, gives an articulate sob, and then, suddenly, you find your mother! She is smiling at you, the old, mother-smile

you know so well, and all at once you send a wavering little smile back at her, as you used to when you were a little girl, going off to school! Still keeping your eyes upon her face as she stands there, clear-eyed and beautiful, you advance to Jack and place your hand in his — there is no longer any fear that you will forget, or faint, or falter!

Together, Jack and you repeat like little children all the minister tells you to say, but of it all, one line sings itself over and over in your consciousness, because God's law and your heart are in it: "Till death us do part!"

It is still sounding its sacred note when you turn, smiling, the ring upon your finger, to meet them all, these people who have known you all the years of your life, and you know that just two things will stand out forever from this wonderful wedding-day, lasting through the years, and making it still real and present to you — those words and your mother's kiss! The rest of it is most of all a dream, a dream of June — of life's gay living and the heart's glad giving.

You walk between the standards, with Elsie and Jan and Jack's best man behind, to the distant dining-room, and there, back of bride roses, you sit and cut the wedding cake, and wonder if every wedding is as beautiful as yours! And your little brother sits and watches you with a new sort of awe in his eyes, and once he looks at your ring and asks if you are "going to keep it on forever, and never take it off at all?" and you lean over to the dear little duffer, and say: "Yes, Bobbie, al — al — always!"

And then you hurry upstairs, and into a little gray gown that gives you away completely, but which you insisted upon having because once upon a time your mother had worn gray, too — and then, when somebody calls up that the carriage is waiting, you flutter downstairs again, the two June roses clinging to your neck, and you put your little gloved hand into everybody's hand, and kiss all the aunts and uncles and cousins and some of them — the ones you like best — twice, and you hug Bobbie tight till he wriggles out of your arms, very miserable and cross because he wants to cry and doesn't dare to, and last of all, you come to your father and mother!

Both of them have you at one time, it seems, and suddenly you don't want to go away at all, and all you care about in the wide, wide world is the outreach of your father's arms, and the touch of your mother's kiss! You cling to them both, desperately, while Jack stands by, his face pale and his eyes gravely troubled, and all at once you realize how good he is, and how dear, and how he is giving up his home too, and his mother and father, just to take you out into the dim and untried future, and work for you all the years of his life. You give your mother a last kiss and turn to him —

"Jack," you say steadily, "I'm ready, dear — "

He puts you, very tenderly, into the coach, and neither of you care about the white ribbons that somebody has tied to the harness, or the rice and confetti that are showered after you. It is growing dusk, and the faces on the front steps gleam through it; dream faces already, for your own are set to a new and wonderful world.

"Good-by," you whisper, "dear ones, all of you, good-by — " and you lean far out, watching them and waving your damp little handkerchief, until they fade out of view and you can see them no longer. You sit back, very still; you are not crying; you are not even sad; you only feel the wonder and the mystery and the strangeness of it, and the grave beauty of the new fact — you are married!

Through the coach window you can smell the moist, damp sweetness of the earth, and hear the soft twitter of birds calling. Jack leans down, very simply, and kisses you.

"Trixy," he says, "do you hear them, the birds outside? It is nesting-time!"

You know what he means — you know that you too are building a new life together, that shall be fair and fine and true!

"Jack — " you say tremblingly, "Jack — isn't it beautiful — *till death us do part!*"