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SILENT MEN

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TO
DAY

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BABY

The Price of
CLOTHES

The RELATION of
ALCOHOL
TO
DISEASE

Haughty KITT
HARTIGAN

JANEY and the
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STUDIOS

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ORISON SWETT MARDEN
Founder and Contributing Editor

Published Monthly by The National Post Company, 29-31 East Twenty-Second Street, New York.
E. E. Garrison, President and Treasurer; David G. Evans, Vice-President; Samuel Merwin,
Secretary; John S. Rogers, Assistant Secretary; J. L. Gilbert, Assistant Treasurer.

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



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

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A Word About the "Great Outdoors"

August Number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE

THE next number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE will be the biggest, brightest and best in its history. A magazine, like a man or a woman, is none the worse for an annual freshening up; and so for the August number we have decided to pack away the working tools, forsake the dusty town and turn light-heartedly to the open road.

The "Great Outdoors" Section of the August SUCCESS MAGAZINE is to be practically a complete magazine in itself, containing thirty-two pages printed on heavy coated paper. It will be stitched into the middle of the regular August number. The extra quality of the paper in this special section, and the fact that it will be printed on flat-bed instead of the more rapid rotary presses, insures beauty and finish in both type-matter and illustrations. The single copy price will be advanced to twenty-five cents for this issue. Elsewhere in the present number will be found a special announcement to those regular subscribers who may wish to cooperate with us in giving this special issue of the magazine a very wide distribution; it is enough to say here in regard to the price that there will be no extra charge to regular subscribers.

The "Great Outdoors" Section will contain stories of travel, adventure and sport; articles about farming, flying, exploring and gold-hunting; paintings and photographs of the great green-gray world of out-of-doors from Paris to California, from Canada to Panama. Here follow some of the writers and their subjects.

James Oliver Curwood, author of *The Valley of Silent Men*, which begins in this issue, has been following the work of the ever-dramatic Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, and has written an article *World Hunters of the North*—not fiction, this time, but fascinating fact—upon their work in exploring the great, uncharted wilderness northwest of Hudson Bay. Mr. Curwood knows his subject more thoroughly than is often possible to those who write on the exploits of other men. As a special agent and investigator for the Canadian Government he has traveled into almost every part of the great Canadian wilderness.

Antony H. Jannus, one of that marvelous new race of bird men, learned to handle an aeroplane as a baby learns to walk, a little at a time. His article *Learning to Fly* is the vividest description that has yet been written of how it feels to leave Mother Earth and to trust oneself for the first time to the treacherous unseen currents of the air. It is a simple, intimate article, one that answers most, if not all, of the questions that the subject of aviation brings up in the mind of the inquiring amateur.

Kingscroft, better known to the neighbors as "that man King's place," is the fanciful name of a homestead in California that was built up into a successful home by vigilance, sacrifice and never-failing faith in the dignity of useful work in the open air. It is as whimsical, humorous and human an experience as one could find in a summer day's journey, and it is written by the woman of the family that has worked out this particular back-to-the-land experiment.

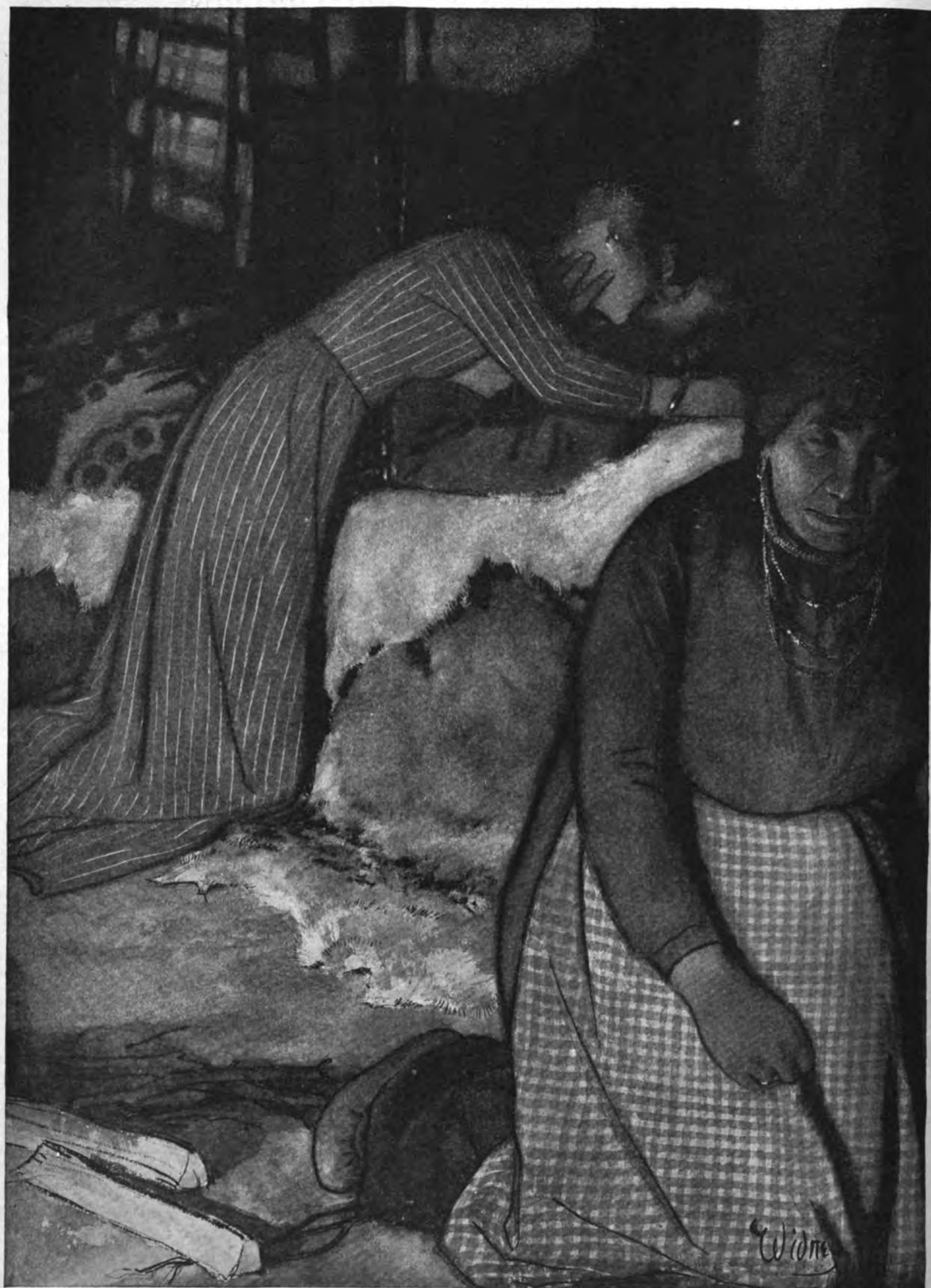
William L. Finley reminds us that the farmer, whether he knows it or not, has an extra hand who asks no wages but his board and who renders service that can not be estimated in dollars and cents. His article is about bug-eating, crop-saving birds and it is called *The Last Days of the Scarecrow*.

One hardly expects to look to France for hunting stories, but F. Berkeley Smith found one there, just a little way outside the gates of the capital. His article *Out of Paris with a Gun* is a friendly narrative of a day's shooting over a French estate, seasoned with memories of the food that was eaten and the things that were said by the guests. We do not recall ever before being permitted so close a glimpse into the character and habits of the French sportsman.

It's a far cry from Paris to the wilds of interior Panama, where we are permitted to join Albert Edwards in *Gold Hunting in Panama*. We do not find any gold to speak of, but we do get our fill of quiet adventure. Mr. Edwards has just returned from a sober scrutiny of the big canal, but he found time for this interesting side excursion with a company of gold-mad prospectors on the trail of the ancient Spanish freebooters. His narrative of the expedition is diverting and interesting.

There is a good deal more in this special open-air section that might stimulate anticipation; there are pictures and articles about country houses, about camp-fires on the booming, breezy beach, about golf and baseball, tennis, mountain climbing, motoring, fishing and swimming.

As a matter of fact, before we knew it this out-of-doors spirit had broken out of the section where it belongs and had run riot through the entire number. Richard Le Gallienne's *Travels with a Junk Man in Arcadia* is full of the quiet charm of rural Connecticut. *The Old Rose Umbrella* by Sylvia Chatfield Bates and *Marrying Jane* by Martha Bensley Bruere do not stay indoors any more than the law allows, and there is the spaciousness of the far north in Mr. Curwood's *The Valley of Silent Men*. We find that the poets, too, have taken their muses to the woods and seashore. There will be plenty of the other kind of thing—serious, helpful, reflective articles for the close of the summer day—but the breezes will blow through it all and it will all breathe the spirit of vacation. We venture the hope that when August comes in hot and breathless, our "Great Outdoors" number will not be unwelcome.



In the darkness he found and kissed a pair of lips, soft and warm

Drawing by G. C. WIDNEY, Illustrating *The Valley of Silent Men*

The Valley of Silent Men

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustrations by G. C. WIDNEY

“Y
OU are going up from among a people who have many gods to a people who have but one,” said Ransom quietly, looking across at the other. “It would be better for you if you turned back. I’ve spent four years in the Government service, mostly north of Fifty-three, and I know what I’m talking about. I’ve read all of your books carefully, and I tell you now—go back. If you strike up into the Bay country, as you say you’re going to, every dream of socialism you ever had will be shattered, and you will laugh at your own books. Go back!”

Roscoe’s fine young face lighted up with a laugh at his old college chum’s seriousness. “You’re mistaken, Ranny,” he said. “I’m not a socialist, but a sociologist. There’s a distinction, isn’t there? I don’t believe that my series of books will be at all complete without a study of socialism as it exists in its crudest form, and as it must exist up here in the North. My material for this last book will show what tremendous progress the civilization of two centuries on this continent has made over the lowest and wildest forms of human brotherhood. That’s my idea, Ranny. I’m an optimist. I believe that every invention we make, that every step we take in the advancement of science, of mental and physical uplift, brings us just so much nearer to the Nirvana of universal love. This trip of mine among your wild people of the North will give me a good picture of what civilization has gained.”

“What it has lost, you will say a little later,” replied Ransom. “See here, Roscoe—has it ever occurred to you that brotherly love, as you call it—the real thing—ended when civilization began? Has it ever occurred to you that somewhere away back in the darkest ages your socialistic Nirvana may have existed, and that you sociologists might still find traces of it, if you would? Has the idea ever come to you that there has been a time when the world has been better than it is to-day, and better than it ever will be again? Will you, as a student of life, concede that the savage can teach you a lesson? Will any of your kind? No, for you are self-appointed civilizers, working according to a certain code.”

Ransom’s strong, weather-tanned face had taken on a deeper flush, and there was a questioning look in Roscoe’s eyes, as though he were striving to look through a veil of clouds to a picture just beyond his vision.

“If most of us believed as you believe,” he said at last, “civilization would end. We would progress no farther.”

“And this civilization,” said Ransom, “can there not be too much of it? Was it any worse for God’s first men to set forth and slay twenty thousand other men than it is for civilization’s sweat-shops to slay twenty thousand men, women and children each year in the making of your cigars and the things you wear? Civilization means the uplifting of man, doesn’t it, and when it ceases to uplift, when it kills, robs and disrupts in the name of progress; when the dollar-fight for commercial and industrial supremacy kills more people in a day than God’s first people killed in a year; when not only people, but nations, are sparring for throat-grips, can we call it civilization any

longer? This talk may all be ballyrot, Roscoe. Ninety-nine out of every hundred people will think that it is. There are very few these days who stoop to the thought that the human soul is the greatest of all creations, and that it is the development of the soul, and not of engines and flying machines and warships, that measures progress as God meant progress to be. I am saying this because I want you to be honest when you go up among the savages, as you call them. You may find up there the last chapter in life, as it was largely intended that life should be in the beginning of things. And I want you to understand it, because in your books you possess a power which should be well directed. When I received your last letter I hunted up the best man I knew as guide and companion for you—old Rameses, down at the Mission. He is called Rameses because he looks like the old boy himself. You said you wanted to learn Cree, and he’ll teach it to you. He will teach you a lot of other things, and when you look at him, especially at night beside the campfire, you will find something in his face which will recall what I have said, and make you think of the first people.”

Roscoe, at thirty-two, had not lost his boy’s enthusiasm in life, in spite of the fact that he had studied too deeply, had seen too much, and had begun fighting for existence while still in bare feet. From the beginning it seemed as though some grim monster of fate had hovered about him, making his path as rough as it could, and striking him down whenever the opportunity came. His own tremendous energy and ambition had carried him to the top.

He worked himself through college, and became a success in his way. But at no time could he remember real happiness. It had almost come to him, he thought, a year before—in the form of a girl; but this promise had passed like the others because, of a sudden, he found that she had shattered the most precious of all his ideals. So he picked himself up, and, encouraged by his virile optimism, began looking forward again. Bad luck had so worked its hand in the moulding of him that he had come to live chiefly in anticipation, and though this bad luck had played battledore and shuttlecock with him, the things which he anticipated were pleasant and beautiful. He believed that the human race was growing better, and that each year was bringing his ideals just so much nearer to realization. More than once he had told himself that he was living two or three centuries too soon. Ransom, his old college chum, had been the first to suggest that he was living some thousands of years too late.

He thought of this a great deal during the first pleasant weeks of the autumn, which he and old Rameses spent up in the Lac la Ronge and Reindeer Lake country. During this time he devoted himself almost entirely to the study of Cree under Rameses’s tutelage, and the more he learned of it the more he saw the truth of what Ransom had told him once upon a time, that the Cree language was the most beautiful in the world. At the upper end of the Reindeer they spent a week at a Cree village, and one day Roscoe stood unobserved and listened to the conversation of three young Cree women, who were weaving reed baskets. They talked so quickly that he could understand but little of what they said, but their

low, soft voices were like music. He had learned French in Paris, and had heard Italian in Rome, but never in his life had he heard words or voices so beautiful as those which fell from the red, full lips of the Cree girls. He thought more seriously than ever of what Ransom had said about the first people, and the beginning of things.

Late in October they swung westward through the Sissipuk and Burntwood waterways to Nelson House, and at this point Rameses returned homeward. Roscoe struck north, with two new guides, and on the eighteenth of November the first of the two great storms which made the year of 1907 one of the most tragic in the history of the far Northern people overtook them on Split Lake, thirty miles from Hudson Bay post. It was two weeks later before they reached this post, and here Roscoe was given the first of several warnings.

“This has been the worst autumn we’ve had for years,” said the factor to him. “The Indians haven’t caught half enough fish to carry them through, and this storm has ruined the early-snow hunting in which they usually get enough meat to last them until spring. We’re stinting ourselves on our own supplies now, and farther north the Company will soon be on famine rations if the cold doesn’t let up—and it won’t. They won’t want an extra mouth up there, so you’d better turn back. It’s going to be a starvation winter.”

But Roscoe, knowing as little as the rest of mankind of the terrible famines of the Northern people, which keep an area one-third as large as the whole of Europe down to a population of thirty thousand, went on. A famine, he argued, would give him greater opportunity for study. Two weeks later he was at York Factory, and from there continued to Fort Churchill, farther up on Hudson Bay. By the time he reached this point, early in January, the famine of these few terrible weeks during which more than fifteen hundred people died of starvation had begun. From the Barren Lands to the edge of the southern watershed the earth lay under from four to six feet of snow, and from the middle of December until late in February the temperature did not rise above thirty degrees below zero, and remained for the most of the time between fifty and sixty. From all points in the wilderness reports of starvation came to the Company’s posts. Trap-lines could not be followed because of the intense cold. Moose, caribou and even the furred animals had buried themselves under the snow. Indians and half-breeds dragged themselves into the posts. Twice Roscoe saw mothers who brought dead babies in their arms. One day a white trapper came in with his dogs and sledge, and on the sledge, wrapped in a bear skin, was his wife, who had died fifty miles back in the forest.

Late in January there came a sudden rise in the temperature, and Roscoe prepared to take advantage of the change to strike south and westward again, toward Nelson House. Dogs could not be had for love or money, so on the first of February he set out on snowshoes with an Indian guide and two weeks’ supply of provisions. The fifth night, in the wild Barren country west of the Etawney, his Indian failed to keep up the fire, and when Roscoe investigated he found him half dead with a strange sickness. Roscoe thought of



"You can cut down some of this," he said. "Its better burning than back there."

smallpox, the terrible plague that usually follows northern famine, and a shiver ran through him. He made the Indian's balsam shelter snow and wind proof, cut wood, and waited. The temperature fell again, and the cold became intense. Each day the provisions grew less, and at last the time came when Roscoe knew that he was standing face to face with the Great Peril. He went farther and farther from camp in his search for game. But there was no life. Even the brush sparrows and snow hawks were gone. Once the thought came to him that he might take what food was left, and accept the little chance that remained of saving himself. But the idea never got farther than a first thought. He kept to his post, and each day spent half an hour in writing. On the twelfth day the Indian died. It was a terrible day, the beginning of the second great storm of that winter. There was food for another twenty-four hours, and Roscoe packed it, together with his blankets and a little tinware. He wondered if the Indian had died of a contagious disease. Anyway, he made up his mind to put out the warning for others if they came that way, and over the

dead Indian's balsam shelter he planted a sapling, and at the end of the sapling he fastened a strip of red cotton cloth — the plague-signal of the North.

Then he struck out through the deep snows and the twisting storm, knowing that there was no more than one chance in a thousand ahead of him, and that his one chance was to keep the wind at his back.

This was the beginning of the wonderful experience which Roscoe Cummins afterward described in his book "The First People and the Valley of Silent Men." He prepared another manuscript which for personal reasons was never published, the story of a dark-eyed girl of the First People — but this is to come. It has to do with the last tragic weeks of this winter of 1907, in which it was a toss-up between all things of flesh and blood in the Northland to see which would win — life or death — and in which a pair of dark eyes and a voice from the First People turned a sociologist into a possible Member of Parliament.

At the end of his first day's struggle, Roscoe built himself a camp in a bit of scrub timber,

which was not much more than bush. If he had been an older hand he would have observed that this bit of timber, and every tree and bush that he had passed since noon, was stripped and dead on the side that faced the north. It was a sign of the Great Barrens, and of the fierce storms that swept over them, destroying even the life of the trees. He cooked and ate his last food the following day, and went on. The small timber turned to scrub, and the scrub, in time, to vast snow wastes over which the storm swept mercilessly. All this day he looked for game, for a flutter of bird life; he chewed bark, and in the afternoon got a mouthful of Fox-bite, which made his throat swell until he could scarcely breathe. At night he made tea, but had nothing to eat. His hunger was acute, and painful. It was torture the next day — the third — for the process of starvation is a rapid one in this country where only the fittest survive on from four to five meals a day. He camped, built a small bush fire at night, and slept. He almost failed to rouse himself on the morning that followed, and when he staggered to his feet and felt the cutting sting of the storm still in his face, and heard the swishing wail of it over the Barrens, he knew that at last the moment had come when he was standing face to face with the Almighty.

For some strange reason he was not frightened at the situation. He found that even over the level spaces he could scarce drag his snow-shoes, but this had ceased to alarm him as he had been alarmed at first. He went on hour after hour, weaker and weaker. Within himself there was still life which reasoned that if death were to come it could not come in a better way. It at least promised to be painless — even pleasant. The sharp, stinging pain of hunger, like little electrical knives piercing him, were gone; he no longer experienced a sensation of intense cold; he almost felt that he could lie down in the drifted snow, and sleep peacefully. He knew what it would be — a sleep without end — with the arctic foxes to pick his bones, and so he resisted the temptation and forced himself onward. The storm still swept straight west from Hudson's Bay, bringing with it endless volleys of snow, round and hard as fine shot; snow that had at first seemed to pierce his flesh, and which swished past his feet, as if trying to trip him, and tossed itself in windrows and mountains in his path. If he could only find timber — shelter. That was what he worked for now. When he had last looked at his watch it was nine o'clock in the morning; now it was late in the afternoon. It might as well have been night. The storm had long since half blinded him. He could not see a dozen paces ahead. But the little life in him still reasoned bravely. It was a heroic spark of life, a fighting spark and hard to put out. It told him that when he came to shelter he would at least feel it, and that he must fight until the last. And all this time, for ages and ages it seemed to him, he kept mumbling over and over again Ransom's words.

"GO BACK — GO BACK — GO BACK —" They rang in his brain. He tried to keep step with their monotone. The storm could not drown them. They were meaningless words to him now, but they kept him company. Also, his rifle was meaningless, but he clung to it. The pack on his back held no significance and no weight for him. He might have traveled a mile or ten miles an hour and he would not have sensed the difference. Most men would have buried themselves in the snow and died in comfort, dreaming the pleasant dreams which come as a sort of recompense to the unfortunate who dies of starvation and cold. But the fighting spark commanded Roscoe to die upon his feet, if he died at all. It was this spark which brought him at last to a bit of timber thick enough to give him shelter from wind and snow. It burned a little more warmly than. It flared up, and gave him new vision. And then, for the first time, he realized that it must be night. For a light was burning ahead of him, and all else was gloom. His first thought was that it was a camp-fire miles and miles away. Then it drew nearer — until he knew that it was a light in a cabin

window. He dragged himself toward it, and when he came to the door he tried to shout. But no sound fell from his swollen lips. It seemed an hour before he could twist his feet out of his snow-shoes. Then he groped for a latch, pressed against the door, and plunged in.

What he saw was like a picture suddenly revealed for an instant by a flashlight. In the cabin there were four men. Two sat at a table, directly in front of him. One held a dice box poised in the air, and had turned a rough, bearded face toward him. The other was a younger man, and in this moment of lapsing consciousness it struck Roscoe as strange that he should be clutching a can of beans between his hands. A third man stared from where he had been looking down upon the dice-play of the other two. As Roscoe came in he was in the act of lowering a half filled bottle from his lips. The fourth man sat on the edge of a bunk, with a face so white and thin that he might have been taken for a corpse if it had not been for a dark glare in his sunken eyes. Roscoe smelled the odor of whisky; he smelled food. He saw no sign of welcome in the faces turned toward him, but he advanced upon them, mumbling incoherently. And then the spark—the fighting spark in him—gave out, and he crumpled down on the floor. He heard a voice, which came to him as if from a great distance, and which said, "Who the h—l is this!" And then, after what seemed to be a long time, he heard another voice say, "Pitch him back into the snow."

After that he lost consciousness.

A long time before he awoke he knew that he was not in the snow, and that hot stuff was running down his throat. When he opened his eyes there was no longer a light burning in the cabin. It was day. He felt

strangely comfortable, but there was something in the cabin that stirred him from his rest. It was the odor of frying bacon. He raised himself upon his elbow, prepared to thank his deliverers, and to eat. All of his hunger had come back. The joy of life, of anticipation, shone in his thin face as he pulled himself up. Another face—the bearded face—red-eyed, almost animal-like in its fierce questioning, bent over him.

"Where's your grub, pardner?"

The question was like a stab. Roscoe did not hear his own voice as he explained.

"Got none!" The bearded man's voice was like a bellow as he turned upon the others. "He's got no grub!"

"We'll divvy up, Jack," came a weak voice. It was from the thin, white-faced man who had sat corpse-like on the edge of his bunk the night before.

"Divvy h—l!" growled the bearded man. "It's up to you—you and Scotty. You're to blame!"

You're to blame!

The words struck upon Roscoe's ears with a chill of horror. He recalled the voice that had suggested throwing him back into the snow. Starvation was in the cabin. He had fallen among animals instead of men, and his body grew cold with a chill that was more horrible than that of the snow and the wind. He saw the thin-faced man who had spoken for him, sitting again on the edge of his bunk. Mutely he looked to the others to see which was Scotty. He was the young man who had clutched the can of beans. It was he who was frying bacon over the sheet iron stove.

"We'll divvy—Henry and I," he said. "I told you that last night." He looked over at Roscoe. "Glad you're better," he greeted. "You see—you've struck us at a bad time.

We're on our last legs for grub. Our two Indians went out to hunt a week ago and never came back. They're dead—or gone, and we're as good as dead if the storm doesn't let up pretty soon. You can have some of our grub—Henry's and mine."

It was a cold invitation, lacking warmth or sympathy, and Roscoe felt that even this man wished that he had died before he reached the cabin. But the man was human; he at least had not cast his voice with those who had wanted to throw him back into the snow, and Roscoe tried to voice his gratitude, and at the same time to hide his hunger. He saw that there were three thin slices of bacon in the frying pan, and it struck him that it would be bad taste to reveal a starvation appetite in the face of such famine. He came up, limping, and stood on the other side of the stove from Scotty.

"You saved my life," he said, holding out a hand. "Will you shake?"

Scotty shook hands limply.

"It's h—l," he said in a low voice. "We'd have had beans this morning if I hadn't shook dice with him last night." He nodded toward the bearded man, who was cutting open the top of a can. "He won't!"

"My God—" began Roscoe.

He didn't finish. Scotty turned the meat, and added:

"He won a square meal off me yesterday—a quarter of a pound of bacon. Day before that he won Henry's last can of beans. He's got his share under his blanket over there, and swears he'll shoot anyone who goes to monkeying with his bed—so you'd better fight shy of it. Thompson—he isn't up yet—chose the whisky for his share, so you'd better fight shy of him, too. Henry and I'll divvy up with you."

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He stopped with a terrific jar, and for the first time during the fall he wanted to cry out with pain.



It will only be necessary for the nurse to put the nozzle in the baby's mouth, turn the spigot, and watch the dial

The Automatic Baby

A New Generation of Infants, Germless, Voiceless and Hopeless

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," "Our National Game," etc.

Illustration by RODNEY THOMSON

FOR the last ten or fifteen years I have viewed with alarm the rapid progress of the efforts to create an absolutely automatic baby, and I have—to use a cultured expression—fought the movement tooth and toe-nail. But while there are still great numbers of babies that are treated as if they were adorable playthings, there is good reason to believe that in a few years all babies will be entirely automatic, like the penny-in-the-slot gum-sellers and the self-feeding music-box. I am almost discouraged.

At the first sign of an attempt to standardize and sterilize the babies, I organized the "Fond Fathers' Oop-de-baby Association of America." For thousands of years fathers have been permitted to oop-de-baby unrestrained, and this right was one of the first rights attacked by the advocates of the automatic baby. I considered it a double blow, at the baby and at the father, and resented it as such. If a father may not oop his own baby, what is the world coming to?

Ooping the baby is a father's greatest pleasure. It is the act of grasping the baby under the arms, tossing the baby into the air and catching it on its down-trip, while the words "Oop-de-baby!" are repeated at each toss. This is repeated until the baby is hysterical, or drops on the floor by accident. It is then handed to its mother.

The first stand taken by the Amalgamated Mothers was announced in the words "No more oop-de-baby!" and it is now a brave father that dares oop his own child. But the movement did not stop there. Happy in having placed the fathers under control, the next great step taken by the promoters of the automatic baby was the formation of the "Society for the Suppression of Grandmothers." The grandmother is the greatest enemy of the sterilized, unrooked, unknissed, uncuddled baby. The adamant stubborn-

ness of a grandmother is almost beyond belief. She will kiss the child! Regardless of germs, microbes, Infusoria and rules, she will take the cuddly little thing in her arms, hug it up tight with cooing words, and kiss it. Right on the mouth, too!

The members of the Society had to be exceedingly firm with the grandmothers.

"Mother," the member would say, "please do not kiss that child on the mouth!"

"Very well! Very well!" the grandmother would say, just a little huffed. "But I am sure, my dear, I kissed you on the mouth a million times when you were a baby, and you seem none the worse for it."

"I prefer, mother, not to have my baby kissed on the mouth!"

"All righty, 'ittle baby!" the grandmother would say, patting the baby on the cheek, "grandma can kiss the pretty 'ittle footsie!"

"Please, please, mother!" the member would say appealingly; "please do not kiss baby on the foot! Baby might put her foot in her mouth afterwards!"

"Well!" the grandmother would say, pulling her shawl over her shoulders, and arising with tears in her foolish old eyes, "I see this is no place for a grandmother. Good-by, baby, I am not wanted here!"

"Goodness! Goodness!" the member would exclaim as she washed out the baby's mouth with an antiseptic after the grandmother had gone; "Mother is so old-fashioned!"

In this manner—and only after constant snubbing—the grandmothers were taught to leave the babies alone, and now the grandmothers are as well suppressed as the fathers are. In squashing the grandmother the Amalgamated Mothers removed one great obstacle from the path of progress. Grandmothers—possibly you will not believe this but it is a fact—actually used to rock their babies! Indeed, they did! They had an instrument, or piece of furniture—now seen only in museums—so built that it would sway to and fro, and into this they used to put the baby, and then sway the whole affair back and forth,

singing a lullaby. The machine was called cradle.

Personally I have never wished for the rehabilitation of the cradle. The cradle was abolished by the Amalgamated Mothers. It was abolished by common consent of the fathers upon the introduction of the flat dwelling—Harlem size—and as a mere measure of safety. The bedroom of a flat, when containing a rocking-chair with two rocker points and a cradle with four rocker points, was a place for a father at dead of night. A father routed out of bed in the middle of the night has never been known to escape hitting the point of a rocking-chair rocker with his shin, and when six rocker points were congested in one small flat bedroom—! Either the cradle or the father had to go. The cradle not being able to support the family, went.

But grandmothers not only used to rock their babies in cradles; they actually, at times took their babies in their arms and lulled them. A grandmother would hold her baby against her breast and rock it there, amusing to it! The Amalgamated Mothers have pointed out the awful effect this had on the child. I am not just sure what the awful effect was. Perhaps it was baldness. I know a great many men who were rocked when they were babies that are quite bald now. That must have been the effect of the rocking.

As an opponent of the automatic baby the grandfather was no more advanced than the grandmother. When the grandfathers were fathers, and a baby was crying with the pain of teething, a grandfather—even one of supposed intelligence—would take the baby from the cradle and walk the floor with it at one o'clock in the morning, singing:

"I got to the river and I couldn't get across—
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!

I bet my money on the old blind hoss—
Doo-dah! Doo-dah day!"

Imagine (the Amalgamated Mothers say) the effect on the child! Of course the u

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The Cattleman To-day

*The Evolution of the Cowpuncher into a Business Man with a Boiled Shirt
and a National Organization*

By INIS H. WEED

Author of "Daughters of the New South"

Illustrated by MAYNARD DIXON



"Looking for New Range"

The Texans were great explorers. They moved West (to the Apache country in the South) and North, reaching out new country into which to move their herds when crowded off the prairie by overstocking and increasing settlement. The opening of Oklahoma and the Cherokee strip to the grangers was the last of their great day in the prairie lands.

NOT so many years ago the cowboy had orders to keep his fingers on the trigger; to-day such actions savor of Wild West shows. Not so long ago the cattleman was vowing perdition to fences (and he meant it); to-day he is all for fencing. Not so long ago it was every cowman for himself; to-day it is "join," "cooperate," "help push." Why the change? Franklin's old saw gives the answer, "We must all hang together or we'll all hang separately."

The cattlemen were obliged to organize on a national basis some eight years ago to get their business interests effectively represented in Congress—in other words, to keep from being eaten alive, first by the transportation interests, then by the manufacturing interests, and finally by the sheepmen who, when profits in cattle took a slump, sprang up on every hand like the mythical dragon's teeth. The cowmen call themselves by the good mouth-filling name of the American National Live Stock Association. All stockmen are welcome, but the membership is made up chiefly of cattlemen, the sheepmen preferring to flock by themselves. These men represent over five hundred million dollars in live stock, a source of gigantic power in an age when money is the ruling force—if organized.

The cattle business was one of the last of our industries to be organized on a national basis, for several reasons. First of all, the cattle industry is not well adapted to large scale production. Men have tried again and again, in farming and stock raising, the large scale methods which have been so successful in many other industries, only to discover that the intensive method brings a larger return than the extensive method. The inherent nature of the agricultural and stock business prevents the operation of the huge centripetal force which is rapidly drawing the control of industry into the hands of a few.

A second reason for the lateness of this organization is the isolation and intense individualism of the stockmen. Their remoteness, out on ranch and range, makes them of necessity the last to feel the impetus of a new movement. The cattlemen live to themselves; they have their own homes, their own herds, their own free way. Inevitably they feel themselves and their business independent. Thus, notwithstanding the tremendous cumulative wealth they represent, because of their belated cooperation they have also had to endure tremendous waste and deprivation.

Perhaps no one can ever measure their loss through lack of organization; the wasteful warfare between the homesteaders and the cattlemen; the unjust freight rates—unjust both to the stockmen and to the consuming public—which no single cattleman could influence; the needless loss from cars not being supplied at the times needed for shipping cattle, from overcrowding, and from creeping, snail-like trains; the unspeakable loss of human life and money through inability to cope with bovine disease on a national scale; the lack of organized representation in Congress, while the well organized manufacturers regularly gave the cattlemen the small end of the deal on tariff rates; and, last, the almost incalculable loss from lack of conservation of pasturage. The Free Range is one long story of waste and disorganization, with its overcrowding, its ruin of good pasturage, its poorly conditioned stock, its brutal wars with sheepmen in which thousands of sheep were driven over precipices, or clubbed to death, its ghastly waste of cattle whose bones are strewn for a thousand miles because of too extensive methods—the lack of fences on the open range and too little shelter, food and water in reserve; neither a short list nor a pleasant one.

So thought more than one foresighted cattleman, so thought more and more of them as time passed. They saw that only organization on a national scale could control this

waste, but their voices were scattered. Finally, some of the wealthier cattlemen began to retire, to move into town, to dip into other kinds of business. They began gradually to talk organization. "Get together, boys," was their advice.

Prices, too, were bad; only the best managers and the most fortunate made good money. Big cattlemen here and there began to clean out their herds and transfer their entire capital to other business. The rest did considerable thinking; their muttering and grumbling turned into a definite roar. At last the national organization was a fact.

It didn't take the cattlemen long to discover that organization pays. Every year now their number increases at the National Livestock Association meetings. Last year they met in Denver; this year, down in the famous Texas cow town, Fort Worth. The trains bore them in from every state in the West.

"I'm from Dakota, myself," volunteered one man when the clan was gathering in the Texas town.

"Well, I've traveled four days to be here," remarked the man from California as he passed around the cigars.

The meeting this year was so interesting and so significant that it is worthy of description. Fort Worth was hospitality itself, with open doors and bands and flags and banners flaunting the bull's head over wall and street. The great foyer of Fort Worth's gorgeous, new hotel was crowded with cattlemen forming and reforming in little groups as they shook hands with one another, and saluted old comrades. Though they were here for serious business, the air was filled with a huge good fellowship.

"Hullo! Passamore! When did you blow in?"

"Well, well, old man! I didn't expect to see you here. Bring the family?" This, simultaneously from two cattlemen, as they made for each other and shook hands.

As one stood in the crowd the buzz of talk



The Old-Time Californian Cowman—Spanish Type

This is a type now little known. Strictly Spanish and colonial in their style and methods, the old Californian cattlemen differed widely from the Texans. They were for the most part forced out of California in 1877 and 1880 by the passage of land laws finally breaking up the old Spanish grants for settlement. They then spread over Arizona, New Mexico, Eastern Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Many went to Montana and Wyoming, where they met and mingled with the Texans. Out of this combination grew the northern and mountain types of to-day.

brought many bits of comment, disconnected yet typical.

"Here comes Pryor, lookin' like he'd win a blue ribbon! See here, Pryor, what kind o' fodder do you use to keep you lookin' like a racer? Ain't you as old as the rest of us? Lemme see your teeth."

A cattleman lifted his sombrero to some one in the gallery. "That's one o' the Wagoner girls up there," he said. "The old man give 'em two million apiece all 'round for Christmas, did you hear?"

"Look, there's Boyce," came a deep voice; "he's gettin' a complexion like a drug clerk since he took to nursin' that baby bank of his."

More conversational fragments came drifting in.

"What do you know about that rate deal the Southwest Tariff Bureau's tryin' to put on us?"

"There's Bob again with his pants tucked in his boots. Comes like that every year. Despises the rest of us. None of your city ways for him."

"Well, I have limits, myself," came a reply, "but Edith, that's my girl who's at school in Washington, says 'no more ready-mades for you, father, I don't care how good the material is. You've got to be measured by the very best tailor in New York.' An' I was. When she kissed me good-by in the Grand Central Depot she says, 'Keep 'em pressed, father. Remember to keep 'em pressed.'"

From the mezzanine floor one looked over the balustrade at the crowd below.

"Yes, more'n five hundred million dollars

in live stock these men represent," commented a lean, tanned Texan to his neighbor, evidently a traveling salesman from the East. "You see that little group of three standing down there near the statue? No, on the other side. Well, that man on the right with the big sombrero—he's worth three millions, I guess, an' the man on the left he's worth a couple o' millions maybe, but the old one facin' this way he's so rich I reckon he don't know how much he is worth. Don't look it, do they? Mighty plain and just every-day lookin', aren't they?" He smiled and blew a ring of smoke. "We men like 'em that way—down here in the Southwest."

EVERY-DAY MILLIONAIRES

"Funny, tho', the way it throws the life insurance men off the scent every now and then. Heard about a company's sending a new man, an Easterner, down to Victoria, Texas, to write life insurance. Now, that's the second richest small town in the country—just full of retired cattlemen, you know."

"Well, he came down, keen as a setter pup. He was pointin' for big game sure."

"The manager came down, after a bit, to see how he was a-gettin' on."

"'Pretty well,' says the young dog, 'my only trouble's telling millionaires from common every-day laborers. I buttonhole a man and we sit down on the curbstone and talk life insurance for an hour or so. I succeed in writing him up for a thousand dollars, maybe, and then I find I might just as well have bagged him for a hundred thousand.'"

Just here, however, conversation was interrupted by a general shout as through the

door in the great room below there surged a scarlet-bedecked mass of men with grotesque suits and masks, with devils' horns and bells. They darted about through the crowded room marking their men and carrying them off with lightning-like rapidity. The victims were subject to much good-natured fun and scoffing as they were borne through the crowd.

"That, you see," laconically explained the Texan to the traveling-man, "that's a gentle little custom which prevails among the Knights of Bovinia of roundin' up a few o' the Mavericks, also for securing seven dollars per from our eminent townsmen who've forgotten to pony up for the general entertainment."

There was a smoker on the opening night, but the next morning the convention settled down to serious business at the "opera house."

What is this work and what has the Association accomplished? Let us review their principal achievements during the past eight years.

The Government returns show that, although there has been a marked increase in the price of farm stuff generally, this has not been true of cattle, especially the unfed cattle of the ranges. The consumers cannot lay the high price of meat to the cowman. It's the dealers and the railroad between us and the cowman who bring up the price. Some years, even when beef had been very high in the retail market, the cattleman, after he has subtracted the carrying cost from the sale price of his animals, has been receiving a price below par. Although this rate robbery was enormously unjust, and although the capital represented in the live stock industry is equal to 73% of the par value of the stocks and bonds issued by our railways, the transportation corporations were so gigantic, and the individual cattleman so small by comparison, even though he might be a "cattle king," that he couldn't help himself. Every year he had to hold out his hand to the bee.

The Association, however, finally got in its sting. After a five years' fight they helped get the Interstate Commerce Act so amended in 1908 that the Interstate Commerce Commission has the power to prescribe rates. This resulted in a reduction of from \$5 to \$7 per car on cattle rates, and has saved the cattlemen millions of dollars. Even then the Santa Fé Railroad, and probably other roads operating in the same territory, were able to make, as shown in the Texas Cattle Raisers case, a modest 59.3% profit.

Rates, however, are not the cowman's only trials of transportation. Perhaps he speaks for cars three months ahead, and drives his 2,000 or 3,000 cattle to the freight yards at the time agreed upon only to find an empty track. At once begins the expense of buying fodder for the herd, and the sitting around watching them eat up the profits. When the cars finally arrive, if the number is short, the animals have to be crowded in with the almost certain risk of more loss. Then perhaps the cars crawl over the country at the rate of 12 miles an hour, and this inefficiency costs the cowman still more, in fodder, and in the shrinkage and deaths of the imprisoned creatures suffering from crowding, from long standing, and from thirst.

To prevent this needless waste, the Association is urging the Interstate Commerce Commission to prescribe the speed limit when necessary, to secure reasonable service, and the proper treatment of live stock.

The cattleman is growing canny about the Congressional game; it's so very complicated. He is studying the rules carefully, but so far the manufacturing interests have won the prizes.

If you don't mind profanity ask the cowman about the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. It is a sore point with him. Here is a fairly typical response expurgated.

"The tariff ain't exactly what you'd call a pleasant cud to chew on. There's the manufacturer. He was that pious about gettin' the duty off hides so as he could give the workman cheaper shoes. The workman! The

workman! He's always the cat's paw. Of course everybody lets out a holler for cheap shoes. The duty goes down and hides pour in from South America, but"—the cattleman's eyes narrowed shrewdly—"the price of leather goods goes up, and the shoe trust is simply that much to the good. I tell you, I see red every time I look at my herd and think how the shoeman's doing me exactly a dollar fifty on every head of cattle I've got."

A San Francisco paper makes the following dry comment:

"Shoe manufacturers have notified the retail trade that, notwithstanding the new tariff on leather, there will be no reduction in the price of their product. The reason given shows that the boot and shoe trust is not deficient in humor. It declares, with every aspect of seriousness, that vegetarianism has grown so common in the country as to affect seriously the use of beef for food and the production of cattle to supply it. Hence, dear hides, and a regrettable necessity of sticking to the old prices. Probably the cutlery trust will also be affected by the soft habit, and may even raise the price of table knives."

Likewise the cattlemen find the taste of Canadian reciprocity exceedingly bitter as may be seen by the comment of the President of the Texas Cattle Raisers Association.

"Let us look into this for a moment. The Congressman from New York introduces a bill and will tell you that it was intended as a blow to the beef trust; the Congressman from New Orleans is going to introduce a similar bill. He wants beef to come in from Honduras and from that country down there, and he says it is a blow at the beef trust. The reciprocity to be negotiated with Canada they say will be a blow at the beef trust.

"I want to ask you this one question: *Who in these United States of America can slaughter and pack your beef, obtain refrigerator vessels and find cold storage and unload it, and who has the channels of trade to distribute it? Not any living soul outside of what they choose to call the beef trust.*

"And I give it as my opinion that instead of being a blow at the beef trust, it is delighted with the prospects. Do you see if it takes cattle from Canada free, with a cent and a half duty on the meat, it looks like the man who raises the steer is the fellow that gets it in the neck every shot?"

In justice, however, to the Simon pure democrats among the cowmen, it should be said that there are some in the ranks with a long-range vision who stand for free tariff despite the immediate costs.

During the last few years our public range has rapidly shrunk in its dimensions, owing to the recent improvement in dry farming and irrigation. It is still, however, a goodly stretch, nearly equal in extent to Germany and France. This unapportioned grazing land has been one of the national free-for-alls. Heretofore the slogan has been "Grab!" To-day it is "Conserve!" The preservation of our grazing lands has become a necessity to the stockman, his children, and his children's children—indeed, to all the nation's children.

For years, to each stockman who used the public range, the world was still young, and it was his, without fence or bar, without let or hindrance. There is an old cowboy song which gives the spirit of the early days.

"My ceiling is the sky, my floor is the grass,
My music is the lowing of the herds as they pass,
My books are the brooks, my sermons are the stones,
My parson is a wolf on a pulpit of bones."

However, as the century drew to a close, the cowboy's grassy floor became more and more thickly dotted with herds and their lowing came to have for him a hoarse tone of menace for the future.

Worse yet, there were flocks, too, as well as herds—ever-increasing, ever-nibbling flocks



Indian Cowboy Type—Montana

Rapid settlement in northern range—forcing cattlemen to lease range on Indian reservations—has developed this peculiar type of Indian cowboy, in appearance very picturesque—half cowboy, half Indian

of sheep which poured onto the grazing lands in spring and ate everything before them tight to the ground, leaving a desert behind of what had been the cowman's sweet grass pasture. It seemed to him a modern version of the plague of locusts.

There grew to be forty million of these insatiable sheep competing with fifty million cattle. They literally destroyed hundreds of thousands of acres on the good ranges. When the cowman came to market his stock they were light and the prices accordingly low. Clearly, the sheepman was his natural enemy.

The world was no longer young. Each cattleman was anxious to secure the best sweet grass and a source of water. Yearly, as winter passed and spring came it grew increasingly necessary to make an early start for the summer pastures, now no longer endless. With waste-making haste the stockmen drove on herds and flocks and trampled down the young, tender grass in their efforts to secure a foothold.

WAR WITH THE SHEEPMEN

This vast, unfenced, unregulated competition went on. It got so that the stock ate in summer, not only all the summer pasture but the winter pasture as well. Some of the cattlemen were ruined; others sold out; others stayed in the struggle.

Now the cattleman has always figured on a certain sliding percentage of loss, more especially winter loss, due to the extensive methods of his business. It has always been difficult for him to ship in enough feed for large herds in emergencies; and with no fences on the range it has been next to impossible, in the Northwest, to find his stock in big storms.

The increasingly poor condition of the cattle, owing to lean pastures, made them fall even more readily a prey to the ravages of disease. In the Northwest it also increased the loss from severe weather. As the cattleman watched the consequent increase of the yearly tragedy of poor beasts pawing the snow to get at the dry grass, wandering blinded and sore-eyed from the white glare of the plain, eating the thirst-creating snow for water, and perishing by hundreds and thousands in the blinding, driving storms, their carcasses strewing the plains mile after mile

—as the cattleman contemplated the consequent increase of this tragedy due to the summer inroads of sheep upon his pastures, his sense of justice and fair play was outraged. Had they not always been his—these pastures? He knew the sheepman had not caused all this loss and misery, of course, but he had increased them. Then too the sheepman was a tangible enemy as disease and storms are not. He could be got at, and he came to stand to the cattleman as the source of all his troubles.

All winter the cattleman nursed his wrath, and when the spring drives started, and he overtook or met the enemy who warred upon his hopes, who made his cattle lean and his prices low, more than once there was open battle. Shepherds were shot or bound and their herds either driven to pour themselves over the precipice in dumb, fleecy tide or thousands of mothers and lambs ridden among and clubbed to death.

The spring drive of sheepmen to the pastures became a military march in watchfulness and precaution, with herders on guard by night and by day for their enemy, the cattleman.

Sometimes it was not the stockmen who paid the price in these rude struggles. Sometimes the flocks were owned by small shareholders in the East. One flock of thousands which was savagely destroyed represented the united hope of women garment workers in New York whose flying fingers and pinched economy had accomplished this saving against the day when they could no longer work.

What a painful social tangle of human effort! What a useless waste of land and goods! What a scandal to a nation supposedly in state of peace!—and all because of our shortsighted methods. It seemed, as is so often the case, that affairs had to get as bad as they possibly could before they began to mend.

Notwithstanding all this waste and loss, however, there was a howl raised to heaven by the stockmen using the Arizona forests when the so called national forest reserves were first created in that state, and an attempt was made to regulate this disastrous competition. They raged at the thought of

(Continued on page 30)

The Woman Who Teaches Chicago

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

By RHETA CHILDE DORR

Author of "What Eight Million Women Want," etc.

When the news came in the fall of 1909 that a woman had been elected superintendent of the public schools of Chicago, the nation looked on with surprise, not unmixed in some quarters, with misgivings. When for the first time in its history the National Educational Association threw off "masculine domination," making Chicago's first independent president of the powerful organization, Ella Flagg Young became the most talked of woman in America. It is our duty to review Mrs. Young's administration and to take stock of her achievements. Mrs. Dorr here tells the fascinating story of what a strong personality and a fresh, vigorous idea have done for the schools of Chicago.

—THE EDITORS.



ELLA FLAGG YOUNG

To understand the significance of this accomplishment it is necessary to know something about the woman herself and the situation which confronted the Chicago schools at the time of her appointment.

A LIFE SPENT IN SCHOOLROOMS

Mrs. Young has been a teacher during two-thirds of sixty-six years of life, and she has spent more than forty years in the Chicago schools, occupying every sort of position from grade teacher to president of the Normal College. Entering the schools a young girl just out of the class room, she served her apprenticeship in the elementary schools. She earned her promotion to the high school, and afterwards became school principal, school supervisor and district superintendent.

It being impossible, at that time, for a woman to rise to a higher position in the system, Mrs. Young resigned from public school service. She went to the University of Chicago, and for a period of years was associated in the famous School of Education with its brilliant founder, Prof. John Dewey, now of Columbia University. Many of Professor Dewey's most valuable theories were worked out in collaboration with Mrs. Young.

Leaving the university in 1905, Mrs. Young became president of the Chicago Normal College, a position she held at the time of her appointment as superintendent of schools.

There is no phase of public school life in Chicago with which Mrs. Young is not intimately acquainted. She knows hundreds of teachers personally, and many hundreds more by sight. She trained numbers of teachers

in her normal classes, and there still remain in the system many who served under her principalship.

If Mrs. Young, before her appointment, was well acquainted with the Chicago schools, so were the school authorities well acquainted with Mrs. Young, a fact which again makes her appointment all the more remarkable. For the school authorities knew that Mrs. Young differed in essential respects from any superintendent Chicago ever had before. They knew that she believed in a democratic form of school management, instead of in the autocracy which reigns everywhere in educational systems. They knew that she would claim absolute independence of action for herself. They knew that she would never yield an inch to business interests. You have to know something about the conduct of public school affairs in our large cities to realize the extraordinary departure from tradition which the appointment of Ella Flagg Young indicates.

The real facts in the case may as well be stated frankly. Mrs. Young is a great educator, but she was by no means appointed solely on that account. She is an object of veneration to the women teachers of Chicago, but no Board of Education ever appointed a superintendent to please the women teachers. Mrs. Young received her appointment because there was a situation in the Chicago schools with which the Board of Education was utterly unable to cope, but to which it could not with dignity surrender. Her appointment was a compromise with the situation. It was made in the hope of ending a ten years' struggle of conflicting interests, the same kind of a struggle which is carried on ceaselessly in almost every large school system in the country.

In its subservience to business interests, the successive Boards of Education in Chicago have gone beyond the limits usually deemed polite in public school circles. They have been so generous in the matter of disposing school lands that many valuable plots in the heart of the city were practically given away. The few plots still owned by the schools have been leased to great corporate interests for something like one-third less than rentals paid for adjoining properties. So careful of the feelings of certain public utilities corporations have the Boards of Education been, that the companies were allowed for years to evade the payment of their taxes, a share of which should have accrued to the school fund.

A crisis was reached in January, 1909, when, in order to assist the tax-dodging policy of the companies, the Board of Education cut the salaries of the teachers seventy-five dollars a year.

The teachers met in their organization known as the Teachers' Federation, and asked each other what was to be done. What was done is a matter of general knowledge. Under their leaders, Margaret Haley and Catherine Goggin, they became a labor union, affiliated with the Chicago Federation of Labor. Backed by the organized labor forces the two women leaders began a superb fight against the tax-dodging corporations. They obliged the Supreme Court of the state to order an appraisal of the properties; they forced the State Board of Estimate and Apportionment

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LITTLE more than a year ago it was announced that a woman, Ella Flagg Young, had received the appointment of superintendent of schools in Chicago. This office, which is rewarded with a salary of ten thousand a year, is next to that of superintendent of schools in New York, the highest prize in the educational world in America. It has been more coveted than the presidency of any college or university. It carries with it more power, more distinction, more opportunity than any collegiate office in this country.

That this power, this great opportunity, should have been bestowed upon Mrs. Young is all the more remarkable when it is considered that few high prizes in the educational world have hitherto fallen to women. But that is not the only tradition which was violated by the appointment of Mrs. Young. For example there is a tradition, practically amounting to a rule, that superintendents are not developed out of the teaching force. A candidate, in order to qualify for a high educational office, must have been for a long time removed from the schoolroom. Also he must be imported from a distance. Too close an acquaintance with local school affairs is not a recommendation.

It was almost equally an innovation in school affairs to behold a superintendent with no commercial ambitions, no business affiliations, no interests whatever outside of education. It almost strains credulity to record what such a superintendent of schools is able in a short time to accomplish. Mrs. Young was given no new opportunities. The appropriation for the school year was no larger than it had been. Yet Mrs. Young, within a year after her appointment, had done at least these things: She had

Raised the teachers' salaries;

Given every school child in Chicago a seat in school;

Extended manual training into the lower grades;

Added some extremely practical and interesting features to the curriculum in the elementary grades.

She did all this without raising any additional money, building any new schools, or adding any more hours to the school day.

to perform this duty, long neglected; they forced the corporations, which included several traction companies, the Chicago Telephone Company, and the Chicago Gas and Electric Light Company, to pay into the city treasury the taxes they had for years withheld. The teachers added to the income of the city the neat sum of \$600,000 a year, and of this sum \$250,000 belonged to the school fund.

THE FIVE YEARS' WAR

This much accomplished, the teachers sued the Board of Education and compelled the Board to pay their back salaries. This state of warfare between the Board and the teachers lasted for five years.

One by one the teachers successfully surmounted the obstacles which the Boards of Education placed in the way of promotion and salary advance. Their last fight, directed against the entire policy of the city superintendent, E. G. Cooley, resulted in the downfall of the administration, the complete surrender of the Board, and the appointment of Ella Flagg Young.

Out of something like sixty candidates for the position, the Board selected five who were considered especially strong. Ella Flagg Young was one of these five candidates. One after another, in alphabetical order, the candidates were called into the Board room and put through an examination. The examination was partly educational, and it ended in each case with a question: "If you were superintendent of schools in Chicago, what would you do with the Teachers' Federation?"

Mrs. Young was the last candidate examined. It is not quite fair to say that she was examined at all. At the first question Mrs. Young quietly reminded the Board that its members were not educators, and hence were not capable of giving her an educational test. She pointed to her forty years' record in school and college work, and suggested that they allow that record to speak for her. Then came the question: "What would you do with the Teachers' Federation?"

"Gentlemen," said Mrs. Young, in effect, "the Teachers' Federation was organized to combat certain conditions, many of which have already been altered. Certain conditions remaining deserve to be altered. When that is accomplished the Teachers' Federation will be in a position to render valuable service to the schools. It would be my ambition to enlist that service."

It was late in the day, almost night in fact. Dinner hour was overdue, but not a member of the Board stirred from his chair. They wanted to hear more of this extraordinary woman's ambitions for the schools of Chicago. They began to ask her questions, much as though they themselves were school children. For two hours Mrs. Young sat at the head of the long table in the Board room and talked to these business men about children, education, industrial training, vocational work, the preparation for life which true education should supply.

One Board member gave me his assurance that he had never passed a more interesting two hours. "I did not know before," he confessed, "that the public schools meant all that to a city."

Mrs. Young became superintendent by unanimous vote. Her appointment was for one year only, and it is believed by many in Chicago that there was no intention of retaining her services longer. A business Board needs a business superintendent. But in this emergency the Board needed a peacemaker, and the fact that Mrs. Young was, in addition, a great educator, was only one more reason for appointing her.

Whatever plan the Board may have had for dropping her at the end of the year was frustrated by Mrs. Young herself, by an incurable habit she has of making good at every job she engages in. Before the year was up she had made so good that the Board dared not attempt to replace her.

In the first place Mrs. Young had more than fulfilled her promise of restoring peace

in the ranks of the teachers. For the first time in years the Teachers' Federation ceased to be an aggressive body. Its sword was forged into a plowshare. The whole strength and efficiency of the teaching force became concentrated on the work of educating children. An innovation more startling in public schools affairs, any teacher will tell you, is not on record.

To understand how so much was accomplished you will have to know something of Mrs. Young's unique and compelling personality. She has, to begin, a great mind, a mind in which the leading characteristic is order. There is no mental waste, there are no loose ends, there is no displacement of ideas. A mind like this plans a school system as an architect plans a great building, as a field marshal plans a campaign.

An architect does not lay brick, nor does a field marshal carry a musket. Mrs. Young never does any work which an assistant ought to do. She parcels out the routine work of the department among several assistant superintendents, retaining for herself those tasks which no one but the superintendent can do. For example, she does not attend to such mechanical tasks as assigning and transferring teachers, considering applications for leave of absence, and the like. She does not spend hours over miscellaneous correspondence. She does not supervise evening schools for adults. She appoints able assistants to attend to these matters. They report to her and are responsible to her, but she does not do their work.

By employing people to attend to the routine of school management, Mrs. Young is able to get an enormous amount of work done, and at the same time is herself left free to think, to plan and to devise. She never wastes her energies. She makes every effort count. As one of her colleagues in the Normal College said of her: "I never knew a person who lost so little time."

When Mrs. Young became superintendent of schools she lost no time in putting the schools and all school affairs in order. She raised the teachers' salaries by an orderly rearrangement of school funds. She made a thorough study of the budget, and when she found a department where money could possibly be spared, she transferred that money to the salaries fund.

At the time when she assumed office there were nearly nine thousand children on half time in school. By the end of the year the number had been reduced to 3,206. This was effected in some instances by a readjustment of district boundaries, permitting children in a crowded district to attend school in a district less crowded. In other cases room was

found for the homeless school children by the simple expedient of converting an assembly room or a gymnasium into a classroom.

By lopping off a few frills in the higher grades, Mrs. Young was able to give the children in the fifth and sixth grades the manual training all such children need, but which they very seldom get. Mrs. Young knows that the great majority of children leave school as soon as they reach the age of fourteen, and at the completion of the sixth grade. Therefore the younger children need manual training more than the older ones need it. Before these children who leave school at fourteen stretches a long life of toil in factory, shop and department store. Mrs. Young believes that the public school owes more special attention to these children than it does to the minority who are financially able to go to high school and after that to college.

The greatest work Mrs. Young has done is to rearrange, for the benefit of the majority of the elementary grade children, the entire grade curriculum. She has not yet completed this rearrangement. Time and money will be required before it can be completed. But she has made a wonderful beginning.

MAKING OVER THE COURSE OF STUDY

In rearranging the course of study, Mrs. Young took her first step in organizing the schools on a democratic basis. She invited every school organization in the city to cooperate in council. She asked for the teachers' ideas, and invited their criticism. Experience had taught her the value of such cooperation.

There is room here for no more than a single feature of the new curriculum. Every lesson, from arithmetic to history, is so conducted that it has a direct bearing on modern life. It has a direct relation to the affairs of the community, the every-day life of Chicago.

Do you remember the painful process of learning to read? Have you lately visited a primary school? "See the cat." "The cat has a rat." "John has a ball." The children drone or shout or bawl these stock phrases in expressionless tones. The words have for them no vitality, no interest. They suggest no ideas whatever.

In Chicago's primary schools they no longer waste time on "the cat has a rat." They talk about the postman, milkman, grocer, fireman. The school world and the daily life of home, just these things which touch the child's own experience, these alone are drawn upon for reading and spelling themes, and even for kindergarten and manual training work.

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"I never knew a person who lost so little time."

The Relation of Alcohol to Disease

And the Effects of its Excessive or Moderate Use upon the Body and the Mind

By ALEXANDER LAMBERT, M.D.

Visiting Physician to Bellevue Hospital, Professor of Clinical Medicine, Cornell University

Author of "Hope for the Victims of Narcotics"

I N the simple heading of the subject-matter of this article there are contained such possibilities of facts and fancies, truths and errors, and wide differences of opinion, that it seems wise to define not only its meaning, but some of the words themselves. What is disease? To many people it is a definite concrete thing which seizes one in its clutches, holds one captive, or possesses one for a second time, and then if overcome releases its grip and one is free and in good health again. But disease is not an entity, even though some agents, as bacteria, are living organisms. It is the lack of some processes which these agents overcome, and others which they set in motion, as manifested by disturbances of various functions of different organs in the body that make up some of our diseases. Our bodies are often in a state of delicate equilibrium, and if some one gland fails to secrete, or secretes too abundantly, the resulting condition may become a disease. As health is a harmonious relationship between the various functions of different parts of the body, so disease is a disturbance of this harmony. The question of the relation of alcohol to disease becomes a question as to whether or not this narcotic if taken into the body can react on the various tissues and organs of the body to such a degree as to disturb the equilibrium of health. And, furthermore, can this disturbance of healthy equilibrium be permanent and the body acquire a lasting diseased condition?

HOW IT AFFECTS DIFFERENT MEN

Alcohol is classed here as a narcotic and not a stimulant, because we shall see later that alcohol is rather a paralyzer of functions, even when it seems to stimulate, than a producer of increased output from any organ. The time honored idea that alcohol is a stimulant and that, if used in moderation, it is a tonic, is so ingrained in the average mind that it is with the greatest difficulty that men can be made to realize that even in what seems moderate doses it may injure them. This is especially true as one sees men who all their lives have indulged moderately in alcoholic beverages from which seemingly no harm has resulted. The truth, perhaps, is best summed up by the old adage that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, and there is no question that the effects of alcohol in small or moderate doses is vastly different from its effects in large doses, or in long continued, excessive use. Different human beings react differently to similar amounts of alcohol, and conversely, identical amounts of alcohol will affect different individuals in different ways, even when it poisons all of them. For instance, if alcohol sets different processes in motion which bring about damage to the individual, we find that in some persons it has injured the heart and arteries, in others it has affected the liver or stomach, leaving the brain and nervous tissues free from damage, while in still others the body in general seems to be untouched and the brain and nervous tissues suffer the injuries.

It is not uncommon to see a man who has partaken freely of alcoholic beverages all his life with neither he nor his friends conscious that his intellect has suffered or deteriorated thereby, to find suddenly that his circulatory and digestive systems are seriously and permanently damaged. On the other hand, many a drunkard has become a burden to his family and the community, with his personality deteriorated, his intellect rendered useless, while his circulation and digestion remain unimpaired, and he lives long years a nuisance and a burden to his environment.

Since I have made the distinction between moderation and excess in the use of alcohol, it will be well to define what is regarded as excess, and what moderation, in order that the effects of both may be considered. Physiologic excess, it seems to me, has been best defined by a brilliant Frenchman named Duclaux, who says that any one has drunken alcohol to excess who one hour after he has taken it is conscious in any way of having done so. If after a drink of any alcoholic beverage has been taken, wine, whiskey, or whatever it may be, an hour later we feel ourselves flushed, tongue loosened, or if we are heavy and drowsy, or, if we find our natural reserve slightly in abeyance, if the judgment is not as sternly accurate as before partaking of the beverage, if the imagination is unusually active and close consecutive reasoning not as easy as before, if we think we do our work much better, but next morning realize we haven't accomplished quite as much or done it as well as we expected, then we have shown a physiologic excessive intake of alcohol, and an amount which if continued will produce damage somewhere in the body. Moderation in the use of alcohol means that it be taken in amounts of which one remains unconscious. This may seem a narrow and hard line to draw, and may seem to confine the amount of alcohol that may be consumed to much less than many people wish to indulge in. How much in actual amount this should be with any given individual depends upon that individual alone, and no one can be a law to any other individual than himself. If a man be engaged in severe manual labor, and muscular exercise, he can consume more alcohol without detriment than when leading a sedentary life, although the character of the work that he will do may not be as good as if no alcohol were taken.

THE MODERATE USE OF ALCOHOL

The above definition, however, must suffice. We must fix some standard between moderation and excess, and the more accurately we define moderation, the more narrowly do we confine it. Judged by the above standard, alcohol taken in moderate doses does not seem more than to stimulate the digestive processes of the stomach, increase the flow of blood through the heart, increase the circulation in the periphery and skin, dilate the capillaries, and make it easier for the circulation to complete its cycles. When absorbed into the body in such doses, it can act as a food, and, in fact, as much as is burnt up by the body does act as a food, although it differs from other foods in that it is never

stored up. It can replace in energy-giving properties sugars or fats, and being burnt up by the body can give out the equivalent of sugar and fat in muscular energy, and heat generated and given out by the body. Its effect is similar to that obtained by sugar and fats which are taken up by the body when needed and in the amounts requisite to the body at the moment, and it seems to be treated as far as can be seen as other foods for fuel. But it is not an economical fuel because the human organism does not perform its work as well as when there is no alcohol in the ration. Simultaneously when being consumed as food it is exerting its drug action. In this process it is the more easily available, and thus the sugar and fats are stored up while the alcohol is burnt up; it spares the fat consumption, often causing an increase of bodily weight through the putting on of fat. To those who are accustomed to its use, it seems also to spare the protein consumption of the body, but to those unaccustomed to its use it has the opposite effect, increasing the destructive breaking down of proteins.

DANGER SIGNALS UNHEEDED

Moderate indulgence in alcoholic beverages adds to the pleasures of existence with a great many men, and while it seems to increase their pleasures and broaden the extent of their mental experiences, it cannot be said to increase their powers of accurate mental activity, though it temporarily increases the imaginative flow of ideas. It relieves the feeling of both body and mental fatigue for the time being, an effect which may be an advantage or may be a distinct disadvantage, for fatigue is Nature's warning when to stop, and if we dull ourselves to this feeling and leave the warning unheeded, we may easily go on to harmful excesses of overwork and overexertion. It is doubtful if the moderate drinking of alcohol, as we have defined moderation, sets in motion processes which may so disturb the equilibrium of the body as to cause disease.

Broadly speaking, the excessive use of alcohol injures the body in two ways. It injures the functional cells of the different organs, for alcohol is distinctly a cellular poison, and it further disturbs the nutrition of the organs by its injurious action on the blood vessels which supply nutrition to the various parts of the body. Whether to replace the destroyed cells or as a result of the congestion there is also an increase in the connective tissue framework of the various organs. The action of alcohol on the circulation is one of the earliest effects which is shown after it is taken into the body. The flushing of the skin is a beginning paralysis of the minute capillary blood vessels. If habitually indulged in, the effect is a continuous dilatation of the vessels, although it seems for a while in the early stages that there is a toning up of the circulation. Yet excessive indulgence brings with it always a lowering of the blood pressure and finally the chronic congestions in the internal viscera. The action on the heart at first is to make it beat fuller and stronger, but if continued, the ef-

feet is also one of paralysis of its muscle and a diminution of the output of work done, and finally it is a paralyzer of the heart's action. In some persons, through its injury to the cardiac blood vessels and intrinsic muscle of the heart, it sets in motion those morbid processes which result in angina pectoris.

Beginning with the stomach, we find that when alcohol is taken in excess it not only disturbs the processes of digestion that are then going on, if it is taken in greater amount than five per cent. of the stomach content, but it also acts directly on the mucous membrane, producing an irritant action. We have formed here a chronic congestion of the mucous membrane which produces swollen cells, and the digestive glands of the stomach produce an excess of mucus which interferes with digestion, and the resulting congestion interferes with the gastric secretions. It ends in producing a swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, often with hemorrhages. These processes may go on to an atrophic form of gastritis, in which the mucous membrane may be so atrophied that it is unable to secrete sufficient gastric juice. The acid of the gastric juice, combining with certain substances in the intestine, is one of the stimulants which causes the production of the pancreatic secretion. The pancreas not alone digests the meats and other proteids, but it changes starch into sugar, and also has a fat splitting ferment. Thus we see that pancreatic digestion is a most important function, and does much more in the digestive work than the stomach. When therefore the acids of the gastric juice are lacking, there is an insufficient stimulus to the pancreas to pour out its complex juices and complete digestion.

THE ATTACK UPON THE LIVER

Alcohol is so rapidly absorbed from the stomach and the upper intestine, that it does not as a rule produce much change in the small intestines. The absorption of the digested food from the intestinal tract by alcoholics when recovering from a debauch is greater than normal, provided they have ceased from their alcohol. The absorbing powers of the intestine remain a long time, and is the reason that so many alcoholics appear so well-nourished. The acids of the gastric juice also stimulate the excretion of bile from the liver, and combining with the same ferment, the secretion, being taken up by the blood, stimulates the liver to an increased secretion of bile. If therefore one has so injured the stomach with the taking of alcohol that the mucous membrane is unable to secrete a proper gastric juice, it is readily seen that the proper stimulation to the liver and the pancreas are lacking, and the equilibrium of the entire digestive process of the body is upset. The blood from all the intestines goes directly to the liver, the circulation of this organ being so arranged that the blood must filter through and bathe the liver cells before it is gathered into a central vein and returns into the general circulation. In fact the liver is the great chemical laboratory of the body, and the complex processes that go on there are as yet but little understood. The processes which I have described as generally characteristic of alcohol are seen to a very marked extent in the liver. There is a chronic congestion, and there is very frequently various forms of degeneration in the hepatic cells, and in many cases an increase in the connective tissue to such an extent as to cause the disease known as cirrhosis of the liver.

Alcohol may also under certain circumstances produce such excessive fatty degeneration in the liver, as in itself to be a menace to existence, for if the liver ceases to do its proper work, the whole minute nutritive chemistry, the metabolism of the body, breaks to pieces. The liver stands an enormous amount of use and abuse, and it is one of the last organs to give way under great strain, but when its functional processes do break down, the existence of the individual is not much further prolonged. The liver can consume and break down a certain amount of alcohol, but when more is poured into it

than it can assimilate, some of it must go through into the general circulation and over the body, flowing to the brain and poisoning this organ, and the other nervous tissues.

The action of alcohol on the nervous tissues constitutes, in the eyes of the majority, the main injury that alcohol does to a human being. Certain it is that the action of alcohol on the brain does more to distort and pervert a man's relationship with his environment, than any other action which alcohol has on the body. It is through the poison of this organ that the personality of the individual is so changed and so poisoned that a degeneration of the individual in character and morals is brought about. It is here, too, that the widest differences of tolerance and intolerance to alcohol are shown. Some men may consume enormous quantities and their mental balance apparently remain intact. Other individuals cannot take a single glass of wine without being distinctly affected by it, or rendered unmistakably drunken. The gross injuries found in the brain of those dying from the effects of alcohol are partly due to the effect of alcohol on the circulation and the injury to the blood vessels, thus diminishing the nutrition of the brain and injuring the brain tissue itself, and besides, as we have seen in other viscera, to the increase in connective tissue.

It is not necessary here to go into the details of the minute formation of the cells, how each cell is formed of a cell body and many branches, as one may conceive, growing like a tree or bush with the many branches stretching out and touching other branches of related and adjacent cells. When these dendrites or branches are in contact, there is an interrelationship between the processes of the two cells. Alcohol causes a retraction of the tiny branches one from another and the cells are disassociated, so that the mental processes become disassociated from each other, and the cells themselves degenerate and are unable to carry on their functions; thus we see the functions of memory and of the reproduction of images by memory prevented, the inability of the mind to reason, through the inability of the mind to call up former experiences, feelings and ideas, and a weakening of the power of each cell to take in impressions.

Every person who drinks alcohol to excess will not show every form of mental deterioration that may be produced by excessive indulgence, and the degree of deterioration in intelligence which goes to make up the sum total of mentality varies greatly in different individuals. All who drink alcohol to excess, however, show some diminution in their judgment. Judgment means the power of recalling various memories of perceptions through the senses, which have come in from the outside world, memories of ideas, memories of emotions, and all the complicated association of ideas that these bring up, and in the recalling of them weigh each one with the other

and judge of the value between them. This also means reasoning and decision for action. This power of reasoning and judging is weakened in the alcoholic, and in any brain long poisoned by alcohol it is an impossibility to exercise it. Memory itself is also weakened. There is excessive forgetfulness of the recent past, and in some cases of advanced alcoholism there is absolute forgetfulness of wide gaps of years; a man may be unable to remember anything from the last five minutes back for twenty years, and then remember back to childhood. The memories of childhood are more easily stamped on the brain than are those of adult life, both because it takes less to impress a child, and because there is not the complexity of ideas crowding into the brain, nor the complexity of association of ideas to be recorded. Therefore memories of childhood make a deeper impress and last longer, and so the complex memories of the adult are the first to be forgotten in the alcoholic, and those of childhood remain.

EFFECT UPON MEMORY AND JUDGMENT

Besides the absolute forgetfulness, there is another form of forgetfulness in the alcoholic which often produces a ludicrous result. This is a perversion of memory. The person may be in a perfectly strange place and meet strangers, and yet be convinced that he has seen the place and met the strangers before, and greet them as old friends. This feeling of having been there before occurs in normal, healthy people, and may be simply the expression of momentary fatigue, or proceed from some unknown cause; but it is grossly exaggerated in the alcoholic, and cannot as easily be straightened out as in the normal mind.

The imaginative faculties of the mind are at first heightened by alcohol, and this often produces bright, witty remarks in those who have taken enough alcohol to have their imaginations stimulated and their judgment slightly inhibited, so that their ideas crowd readily to their minds and their tongues are loosened. Often, however, they say things which though bright and witty had better be left unsaid, and this is an indication of the beginning paralysis of their judgment. The imaginative faculties, however, are not constructively increased by alcohol, and it does not conduce to reproduction and creative ability, which requires memory and constructive thought. In this connection Kraepelin's experiments have shown that alcohol makes easy the liberation of movements from the cortical areas of the brain, that is, the transformation of ideas and memories of movements into deeds, but no real mental power is given; for while a man may feel that he is doing things better with than without alcohol, as a matter of fact he is not doing them so well. This sense of self-approbation is very characteristic of the alcoholic. His judgment is gone, not only in regard to his mental processes, but very essentially regarding himself, and it may be truly said that while alcohol shrinks the judgment, it swells the self-conceit. This abnormally good opinion of his diminished abilities renders the alcoholic exceedingly complacent; he is persuaded that at any time he can give up drinking if he chooses, and he is unable to appreciate the rapid deterioration of his intellect. One cannot separate the will of an individual from his personality, and the weak-willed individuals, while they may possess many other agreeable characteristics, are lacking in the progressive force which strong characters possess. Alcohol weakens the will, causes the personality itself to deteriorate, and there is a lack of initiative; there is the ever ready specious explanation why nothing is ever done; there is a boastful conceited estimation of what can be done. With the judgment perverted the alcoholic cannot at the proper time in the right way, no matter how much he may be willing to admit the necessity for correct action, and on the other hand he is equally powerless to prevent wrong action on his part, especially when such action has any

[Continued on page 46.]

The Broken Door

By JEANETTE MARKS

THIS is the place! I know
The broken door, the ragged
bed of bloom
Where poppies grow,
Row after row.

This is the place.
A year ago her footprint
Marked the garden path
With tender hollow.
But now?
Time's step is slow to follow.

Haughty Kitty Hartigan

By EDNA KENTON

Illustrated by FREDERIC DORR STEELE

I

KITTY HARTIGAN had not been in the National Press Clipping Bureau three days before her aura was clearly defined. Already, on the third day, she was going out to luncheon with Miss Murphy, the stenographer, who got fifteen dollars a week, and was called Miss Murphy by all the readers and clippers, as well as by her employer. Only two other girls had over seven dollars a week. Kitty herself had but four dollars to start, since she had all of the National's list of subscribers and their complicated wants to learn.

But her memory was good, and she made short shrift of the typed pages she was set to memorize, though over parts of them she stared and over others laughed. An Eastern manufacturer of baby-carriages and go-carts desired all birth notices the country over; and a New York tombstone company wished all deaths — in country papers only — from New York to the City of Mexico. A Chicago firm had its order in for all mentions of leg and arm amputations — it dealt in artificial limbs and placed its advertising matter so. Dozens of Senators and other American statesmen desired "all mention." All of these, and hundreds like them, Kitty had to learn.

Kitty Hartigan's home was on Chatham Court, almost within shadow of the great gas tanks. Through all the savory district of "Little Hell," spreading from Market Street to the river, and reaching as far north as Division Street, she was known as a girl who held her head high. Her father, Tom Hartigan, rode with Engine Eleven from its Dearborn Street house, and her stepmother, only ten years older than Kitty, took care of her two elder children and the ill-kept twins. Kitty was the only child of the first wife, but she had no stepchild's traditional place in the Hartigan home, owing solely to what "Little Hell," with unwilling admiration, called "Kitty Hartigan's air."

It was this same pride that brought Kitty to the Press Clipping Bureau. When young Dan O'Meara, six feet one, the probable successor to his idolizing father, the Elm Street saloonkeeper and political boss, was accidentally shot dead in his father's place of business, life ahead suddenly stretched out very somber and dreary for Kitty Hartigan. It was to have been the grandest wedding in "Little Hell's" history. After the gorgeous funeral, Tom Hartigan had just one word to say: "Ye'll kape on as before, with a father that's able to care for a grievin' gurril."

But Mrs. Hartigan's busy tongue dripped corrosive hints and Kitty turned her face toward industry. She had long since made up her mind about the back-breaking drudgery of factory work, about clerking, standing all day and spoiling the figure. She would have none of this. She answered advertisements and finally, fortified by a high school training, she came to the Bureau.

II

Before many weeks passed, Kitty became a marked figure in the Bureau. She developed rapidly into a clever reader, with a genius for

remembering, not only orders, but all the emphases and prohibitions with which they were hedged about, and she was promoted with unusual speed from country papers to the more important state and city ones. She had always read dubious literature, to be sure, but the habit of reading stood her in good stead now, for the secret of success in her work lay in the facility with which she caught the gist of a column at a glance, and located significant names and phrases on the pages as unerringly as if they were printed there in black-face type. At the end of her third month she was drawing her seven dollars a week, and was all but abreast of the head readers, the girls who drew their nine dollars and read nothing but the various editions of the city papers all day long. It soon became whispered about that her deep mourning had its romantic cause; that she was the girl one of the more flamboyant papers had featured as "the Chatham Court Princess" in the two days' excitement over Dan O'Meara's death, the girl who was to have been married to the murdered man, and her aloofness from most of her fellow readers and her natural "air" brought her, here, the old unwilling admiration and grudging sympathy.

"You were wise to go into deep mourning," observed Celeste Murphy one noon, when, in a rare spasm of economy, she lunched at one of the many girls' clubs down-town, and brought her hot roast-beef sandwich and ice-cream to Kitty's table. "You're young enough to make it effective without it's being a real waste of time, especially as you got in the papers. And between you and me, girls of your type and mine can't do better than black."

"I hate black," said Kitty suddenly, more of the cause than the effect.

"Absurd!" said Miss Murphy. "Your red hair makes it perfect. In other things you could so easily look fast; in black you can always seem quiet — that's the new order, my dear."

Kitty felt startled, but held her peace.

"It was just that effect that got you your place," Celeste added. "Mr. Clymen has a perfect passion for effects, and — to tell you the truth, you rather floored me at first — I took you for a lady friend instead of a girl after a job."

Kitty felt unreasonably confused, but held her tongue, after her manner when at loss.

"Mr. Clymen's been very kind to you indeed," Miss Murphy added cheerfully. "But he's that way to all the girls — that's why they all call him 'poppa' — it means — nothing."

Then to Kitty, child of her ward and wise with the wisdom of the slums, the purport of the friendly little talk blazed clear, and she straightened herself beside Celeste's full-blown splendor with a touch of the brogue that came when she was excited and angry.

"I've my own father, and Dan's that's like a second. I'll not be needin' a third."

For a moment the girls measured each other; both of them sprung from the city's slums, Kitty Hartigan from "Little Hell," Celeste straight out of Halsted Street near the stockyards; each of them moralless, though one still clung with a fancied hold to a technical morality that the other had flung aside. Material expediency was the raw motivation of each

life; if, with Kitty, it meant the marriage altar, it was in no sense a higher prompting than Celeste's. The manager, Clymen, possible way of escape from a hard, working world, had dropped below her horizon after the first day, when she learned he was married and therefore ineligible in her scheme. Even without the involuntary flattery of Celeste's fear she was entirely willing to let that young woman's playground alone.

III

As the year wore on, Kitty found another reason, other than prudence, for keeping the men about her at a distance. Spurred on by his father, Dan's younger brother Jimmy came courting her. Kitty's beauty had appealed to some deep old-country instinct of Old Dan's heart, transplanted Connemara peasant that he was. His idol was dead, but Jimmy remained, though Jimmy was neither steady nor straight-eyed. But marriage works wonders — Old Dan sought solace so.

In January Kitty wore Jimmy's first gift to the office, a necklace of turquoise matrix set in gold. Jimmy had a good friend on South Clark Street before whose narrow door swung the three balls, and Jacob Katz chanced on many a rare thing in his varied trade. During the morning recess Kitty allowed the girls to handle it, and as she absorbed their praises they caught the donor's name and motive.

Later in the morning, as Kitty bent above her Iowa papers, she heard a familiar voice:

"What's this, Katinka?"

Bobby Mason had come in, the Western Clock Company's clock winder, who appeared every Wednesday morning to set the office clock by standard time. He was a brisk little fellow no taller than Kitty, and markedly fair. His eyes looked merrily into hers when he called her Katinka, and she never resented it, though all the others called her Miss Hartigan always.

"Here's a clipping, Bobby," she returned condescendingly, tearing out a paragraph from the *Muscatine Journal*. Bobby was a subscriber to the Bureau, paying five cents a clipping for notices of new churches or school-houses going up anywhere in the country. These buildings must have clocks, and Bobby made many a side commission so.

"But what's this, Katinka?" he repeated, after reading of the new ward school in Muscatine.

"It's a chain," said Kitty languidly. Languor seems to go with haughty beauty.

"You needn't answer, Katinka," said Bobby unabashed, and wound the clock.

After that Bobby noticed the weekly gift as quickly as the girls. Because Kitty sat so near the clock, he talked to her more perhaps than to the others; and after a time he told her bits of his affairs. "I made good on that Joplin church down in Missouri," he would say; or, "You tipped me off a good thing in that Strawberry Point schoolhouse over in Iowa." One day he told her of his success with the Muscatine schoolhouse.

"It was your fault, too, Katinka. Let's make it McVicker's. It's 'Sins of Society' to-night."

"No," said Kitty. But her voice trailed over the vowel. "You can't come for me," she said after a bit, and Bobby's eyes twinkled.



"What are you up to, Kitty?" he asked. He had never called her Kitty before.

"I can use my fists," he said. "But I know what keeping company with an Irishman means, so let's make it a dinner to-night, before the show — that way we don't either of us go home."

"Well," assented Kitty hesitatingly.

"Did it work, Katinka?" Bobby asked the next week, when he came into the Bureau.

"Work what?" Kitty asked scornfully, without raising her eyes.

"Jimmy," Bobby answered. "I see you got a new ring."

She preened her shining head and smiled gloriously on Bobby, being entirely grateful to him for playing his unconscious part of "a city swell" in her story to Jimmy. That recital had brought her the ring and, such as it was, Jimmy's pledge.

"He's stuck on you, Miss Hartigan," one of the little clippers ventured to remark as the door closed after Bobby. Kitty tossed her head.

"That little runt!" she said. Jim O'Meara was tall and big, floridly colored and black-mustached. Mason was small and slightly stooped, having a cough and a narrow chest, and did not compare favorably with the beef-eater O'Meara. Kitty was accustomed to Jimmy and his neighborhood greatness; she

had not yet compared him to his disfavor with any man but Dan — and Dan was dead.

IV

It is hard for a man to be his own bad fate. Jimmy himself, meeting Kitty a few weeks later in her own office-building, introduced her to his companion, a young lawyer who had offices on the eighth floor and with whose admiring glances Kitty had often fenced. Felix Shadwell's imperfectly concealed astonishment at the possessive manner of O'Meara's introduction opened Kitty's eyes for the first time to Jimmy's possible defects. The contrast between the two men was unbelievably great, and as Shadwell, with a last glance at Kitty, left them and Jimmy fell into step beside her, she turned on him sullenly.

"Cut the red neckties, Jim," she said. "They always made Dan sick. You're too black and big to wear them. You look like an organ-grinder."

"Play up to Shadwell a bit, Kit," O'Meara returned. "He's able to do me dirt or be a good fellow and he likes a pretty girl."

"You'll be mad if I do —" He interrupted her.

"Lay your bets I'll be mad if you don't. If

you knew stenography, I'd get you into his offices — He's got some stuff in there —" There O'Meara stopped, knowing that Kitty was a coward save in her own battles, and that his were not hers yet. But there was a coal contract investigation brewing that might so easily be chilled before it reached the press, and he added dictatorially:

"Play up to him; if he's for it, go out with him, and play the sniffles game for all it's worth — he seems soft enough to stand for it."

Now sniffles made on Jimmy about one-tenth the impression that a rain-drop makes on granite, as Kitty knew, and a chance of softness in another man's nature was not unalluring. Kitty's eyes began to glance and gleam, and, secure in her bondage, she began in imagination to lengthen her tent cords. Play up to Shadwell? Most certainly she would!

So, after the manner of the woman huntress, she began to set traps for Felix Shadwell; in the elevators, at the lunch-counter in the office-building where they met on several rainy days; and finally, at O'Meara's bidding, she accepted a dinner and theater invitation from him. For the first time in her life, she was deliberately cheapening herself, and before the

[Continued on page 44]

The Price of Clothes

What the Consumer of Ready-made Clothing Pays for Shifting Styles and a Wasteful System of Distribution

By MARY HEATON VORSE

Author of "A Plea for Pure Fabrics," "The Empty Linen Chest," etc.

HOW much more do you suppose you are paying for the suit that you are wearing than you legitimately should? Certain articles are made by a

the utilitarian and necessary arts, has become an accomplishment by which young women of slender means, by the use of hand work and attention to detail, make their clothes rival those of their more well-to-do friends. Of course there is still many a conscientious mother who makes all the clothes for her children and even those of her grown daughters, but even with the revival of sewing and teaching of it in the public schools, it is hard to believe that the making of garments is a matter of course thing it was once. Indeed, the high price of ready-made clothing has driven the middle-class woman back to the home. The trend to the present is entirely the other way. Ready-made clothing is taken away, not only from the individual consumer, but from the ready-made business of the country. We were much surprised to find that

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a most ingenious explanation of its reasons for so doing.

This jump in the price of clothes has occurred in almost all the various branches of the clothing industry, and when the individual consumer asks why, he is informed vaguely that prices have risen and that the cost of labor is greater than it used to be.

Exhaustive studies have been made of the difference between the cost of production of apples, say, and their price as paid by the ultimate consumer. The same thing has been done concerning the cost of raising vegetables, and meat and flour. We can find out just how much it costs the farmer to produce his wheat, just how much it costs the mills to produce the flour; just what is paid for transportation and what the middleman gets, and just how much our present slipshod methods of distribution are costing the household. This investigation has been made concerning nearly every article of food, but in the question of clothes, which is equally important, we know none of these things.

If it were a possible thing to jot down the rise and fall of the prices of ready-made clothing, it would put a similar chart of the market to shame. Not only would one see the spectacle of the same kinds of goods at all sorts of varying prices according to different seasons of the year, the same goods sometimes dropping fifty per cent, in one day, but one would find absolutely similar goods selling at one and the same time at prices just as if, for instance, the Central stock should be quoted on the same day in Pittsburg and New York City.

Take a shirt-waists as an illustration. It is difficult to say how many shirt-waists and blouses are sold in the United States. The shirt-waist is a huge one; it has millions of people in it and its employees number in the tens of thousands. In the big concerns sell shirt-waists at different stores, not only in different towns, but in the same city. In the same town a shirt-waist at wholesale for the same price as a shirt-waist manufacturer, sell for one dollar, and another for one dollar and a half. In the same town women's white undergarments are repeatedly seen identical in different towns and even in the same city, selling for a quarter, a dollar and a half, and all the while the buyer was getting a bargain. In the same town white goods and shirt-waists are sold all the year round at different stores. The same shirt-waist, for instance, sold at one store and in another, we can not tell; in a shop with the same name, or one in the most famous city, you will find the same shirt-waist. Often it is quite

to make a survey of the market, for conven-

ience, divide clothes into two classes; the clothes for which a standard of price has been arrived at, and the clothes whose prices rise and fall and vary to a great extent during the year.

Among the clothes whose prices are stable—that is, where certain articles are sold throughout the country for a certain stated price, and where you know that if you have a certain price to invest you will get a certain article, are men's and women's shoes, men's cotton underwear, men's hats; working clothes such as overalls, jumpers, etc., and certain brands of men's shirts and collars. If one could find out accurately how much collars, men's straw hats and underwear actually cost the manufacturers, the men who wear these garments would probably never put them on without murmuring the mournful word, "Stung!" Yet, after all, there is a standardization of price for these articles—a certain definite country-wide price has been arrived at. That, at least, is a step in the right direction.

WHAT STYLE DOES FOR PRICES

Now look at the other type of clothes—the clothes of variable value, the clothes whose prices rise and fall inexplicably during their life history. In the lead come women's hats. The wild, mad story of female headwear is not one that we can enter upon here, for women's hats should not be considered for a moment in the same class as clothing. One can no more value the female hat intrinsically than one can value a picture by the number of yards of canvas and the amount of paint expended upon it. Let us not, then, think of women's headgear as clothing at all. The fact that the man's straw hat, which costs the manufacturer a matter of cents, should be paid for in dollars, is bad enough. A trifling, almost imperceptible, variation in style, which makes last year's hat a very little different from that of this year—and the difference is so slight that the average man can not recognize it when he sees it—is the luxury that is being paid for at such a price, and it indicates what a great part psychology plays in the price of clothes the moment you have passed the want mark and are using clothes for other purposes than those of covering and warmth. The very second that that elusive thing called "style" enters in, the price of clothes goes leaping. As style is more variable in women's clothes than in men's, you will therefore find the whole category of women's garments in a greater state of unrest. You will look in vain for a standard of value in even such things as women's white shirt-waists, or cotton underwear whose fashions do not change fundamentally during a period of several years.

In men's clothes you find the variant of prices greatest in neckties and waistcoats. In men's clothes, too, when one passes from the necessary into the fashionable, and indulges in those trifling variations of cut, or new fabrics, which are the mark of "really good clothes," the sober-minded garments go sky-larking in price.

Let us then dismiss this class of clothing for both sexes, as style is paid for in terms of works of art. Ideas, invention, newness, things intangible—qualities, not material values—are what command price. And yet these very elusive things, which the average plain man does not care a snap of his finger about, influence also the price of his middle-class business suit.

How much should clothes cost? What do they actually cost the manufacturer? To these questions it is almost impossible for the outsider to find an answer. The manufacturer buys his goods at wholesale prices which are very far beneath the prices that the individual consumer would pay. The cost of manufacturing the plainer kinds of garments is surprisingly low. It is low for two reasons: one is the very simple one, that the white goods workers are among the most underpaid workers in the country; the other is that the splitting up of the operations for the making of even a simple garment into a number of different processes has resulted in

a very great reduction in the cost of manufacture. The average woman with a machine at her command knows how much cheaper it is to make certain articles of apparel at home than to buy them all made up, even though she is not an expert seamstress, and even though she buys her material at the high retail rates.

The one place in which we can find with any accuracy how much clothes actually cost is in the reports of the United States Government, in which it is told how much the soldiers have to pay for their clothes. Here, alone, our feet are upon solid earth concerning the price of clothes.

The soldiers of the United States Army wear good clothes—that is, clothes suitable for the purpose for which they are designed, and clothes that with ordinary protection will stand a great deal of wear and yet continue to look good. In a former article it has been described how the cloth for these garments is tested. Now, for the cost.

The new olive-drab woolen uniform consisting of breeches and tunic costs the soldier \$8.46; \$5.28 for his coat, and \$3.18 for his breeches. His linen collar costs him four cents. His woolen olive-drab gloves cost thirty-seven cents. His canvas puttees cost him sixty-six cents, and he can buy woolen mittens for thirty cents, and overalls for fifty-seven cents. His stockings cost him as follows: cotton, eight cents; heavy woolen, twenty-four cents; light woolen, fourteen cents. His dress trousers of twenty-two-ounce Kersey, the material of which is sold to officers at \$2.30 a yard, cost \$3.03, and his dress coat of the same material is \$5.76. He pays for his khaki breeches \$1.37 and for his khaki service coat \$1.58. His chambray shirt is fifty-two cents; the olive-drab flannel shirt, \$2.94, and the muslin one, only thirty-one cents.

The most expensive item of all his equipment is his olive-drab overcoat, which costs him \$15.11. These clothes are sold to the soldier at cost plus a very tiny additional price which the government has to pay for storage, and in the case of the organized militia, with the cost of packing added.

There are two things to be borne in mind in looking over these figures. The government, when it sells a dress uniform of twenty-two-ounce Kersey to a soldier for \$8.79, is exactly in the same position as are the big clothing establishments when they sell a suit of clothes to you. That is to say, it has already paid two legitimate profits; it has paid the manufacturer of the cloth a fair percentage, and it has also paid for the making of the clothes. The army does not have its own shops. Uniforms are almost entirely

made by contractors. Yet a soldier can buy a dress uniform for \$8.79. What would you have to pay for a suit of similar quality?

In the first place, cloth of the same perfection of weave and durability is hard to come by in the retail market. One may, however, form a slight idea of the difference between the price that the soldier pays for his clothes and the price paid by the vast ununiformed army of ordinary men. In a recent investigation made by the United States Government concerning women employed in the men's ready-made clothing business, the following statement was made in the report:

"The general wholesale clothing trade as applied to coats, vests and pants, distinguishes its product in a rough way as cheap, medium and high-grade. The first class would embrace clothing that is sold at wholesale for eight dollars or less per suit. Medium-grade clothing would range from this figure to about fifteen dollars; high-grade, fifteen dollars, or over."

That is to say, the cheapest clothing in the market made in the cheapest way, and from the most inferior material, costs the consumer more than the dress uniform costs the soldier. For since the government has paid the manufacturer and contractor a just profit, it is evident that the reason that clothes cost us so much more than they cost the soldier, is the manner of distribution.

DISTRIBUTION IS AT FAULT

A faulty and unjust means of distribution is the reason why our clothes cost what they do. It is not the manufacturer who is making the large profits, as a rule, but the retail tradesman.

The ordinary man pays a price, varying from fifty per cent. to over one hundred per cent., according to the article which he buys, beyond that which the soldier pays. Moreover, even the man who can afford to pay fifteen dollars for his suit, is not at all sure of what he is getting for his money. Certain firms sell a fair business suit for this price, but in the many samples secured in the preparation of this article, the widest range of material was offered for the same price and the widest difference of cut and finish was observed. Moreover, the lower you go in the scale of prices, the greater is the difference in what you may get for your money. In other words, the less a man can afford to pay for his clothes, the more he is at the mercy of chance.

Look over the prices of some of the other articles which a soldier buys. For woolen gloves of a similar quality to the soldiers' thirty-seven cent ones the ordinary man will have to pay between seventy-five cents and one dollar. The same difference may be found in the price of puttees, and so throughout the list. The price of the soldiers' shirts and those ordinarily sold at retail are hard to compare, so far in durability does the chambray shirt outstrip the ordinary fifty-cent or seventy-five-cent shirt.

Now, of course, the retail clothes dealer has not only to maintain the overhead expenses of his store, advertise, stand ready to make alterations—in many shops made free of charge—and maintain a delivery service, but he must also gamble in that elusive thing called style. These are the reasons he will give for this tremendous advance in price, reasons which make the actual cost of selling a garment as great as its cost of production.

Now if the retail dealers were making only their just profit, then one would expect to find that great ununiformed class of men employed in the traction companies clothed as well as the soldiers for a slightly higher cost. This, however, is not the case.

On a certain transportation line in New York City, for instance, the summer uniform costs the men fifteen dollars. Because of a certain stuff demanded, the uniform has to be bought at a particular place. The men complain of the fact that the suits are of poor and flimsy material, as they certainly are.

[Continued on page 50]

Sunlight and the Sea

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

SUNLIGHT and ships at sea,

Clouds as still as stars.

Out beyond the vast to-be

Of earth's horizon-bars.

Take my hand and let us go

Where the winds may lead.

Earth and time are all we know;

Life is all we need.

Dawn-flush and flying foam,

Tides that beat and turn.

Now the vast beyond is home,

And there our altars burn.

Take my hand; our cottage hearth

Is flaming in your eyes.

Earth shall be our garden-garth,

Our tent the summer skies.

Janey and the Little Blind God

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of *Janey Peers Behind the Veil*, *Janey Dabbles in High Finance*, etc.

Illustrations by ADA C. WILLIAMSON



"Caroline," Janey's voice had a desperate ring, "that little blind god shoots everybody."

T was that hour, vibrant, iridescent and evanescent in its magic, which followed dinner and preceded bed—the hour which Janey Blair had her private reasons for suspecting was the shortest in the whole

twenty-four. Janey did not know why—she was not even conscious of her sensations—but the very look of the room at this time always gave her a vague feeling of delight. The green-shaded reading-lamp made an oasis of light in the center-table. And fading off from this golden island, through twilight softly lustrous to shadow deeply brown, marked here by the black bulks of furniture and there by glittering lines of books, the room finally lost itself in murk and mystery. Mr. Warriner (Uncle Jim), correcting manuscript, monopolized the big table. He had spread typewritten pages all over the shiny mahogany. Mrs. Blair, writing letters on a pad which she held in her lap, sat in one of the big wing-chairs. Mrs. Benton sat in the other, sewing. At a small table near, Mr. Timothy Dix and Mr. Richard O'Brien, two of Uncle Jim's author-friends, quarreled over their chess. At another small table, nine-year-old Janey and five-year-old Caroline played "Everlasting"—and playing employed only the softest of whispers. Janey had discovered that if they were very quiet indeed, they were sometimes forgotten. The big clock would strike eight; a whole fifteen minutes would pass before either mother realized that bedtime had come and gone. Those stolen moments were very precious to Janey. It was as if, wandering through Eternity, she had come across the Great Loom, had snipped off, while nobody was looking, a yard or two of Time, new, beautifully clean and delicately fresh.

"Jim!" said Mrs. Blair suddenly. There was a crisp, clear note in her voice half in-

terrogation, half command. And by that token, had her utterance been "Janey!" that astute person would have known that it was no time to parley. Everybody looked up. Even the chess-players suspended their maneuvers. "Jim," Mrs. Blair continued, "I'm going to ask you to do something that you'll hate and loathe, and I sha'n't blame you if you do, and you can refuse me if you want, although I don't think you ought to. For when you look at it from my point of view, you'll see that it's really a kind of duty, considering all they did for us when we were children and father and mother were struggling so hard. Besides, the poor little thing is so alone in the world and there isn't another living creature can do it for her but us, and—"

Mrs. Blair paused for breath. Uncle Jim, Mr. Dix and Mr. O'Brien burst out laughing. Mrs. Benton did not laugh. Neither did Janey nor Caroline. Any female-being would know that you would find out all about it if you only waited long enough.

Uncle Jim was the first to come out of his mirth. He passed immediately into a frown, and he groaned. "Laugh all you want, you two," he said, addressing his fellow-authors, "but I'm in for it—sure! That New England conscience of hers is on the rampage again. And although she speaks me so fair, she's already made up my mind for me. I might just as well say yes now as later. What is it, Miriam?"

Mrs. Blair did not smile. Her mind was so constructed that it could not hold a project and a perception of the humorous at the same time. "I think," she went on, "that it is our duty to offer Peggie Pennell our house to be married from. She's all alone in the world except for us, and that Westerner she's engaged to hasn't any people here. It would make her feel as if she belonged to somebody. A girl ought to have a wedding, especially when she's as pretty as Peggie."

Uncle Jim looked relieved. "Is that all?"

he asked. "Why, that's all right of course, Miriam. Give her a dozen weddings if you want, one at the house and one at the church and three or four on the road between."

"But you see, Jim"—and now Mrs. Blair's voice was distinctly soft and conciliating—"I want it to be a pretty wedding. I want Janey and Caroline to be flower-girls and that college friend of hers, Jeannette Jordan, to be maid of honor, and I want you to give her away."

Uncle Jim's paralyzed fingers dropped their pen. It rolled across his clean manuscript, throwing off little spatters of ink all along the route.

"Give her away! Me! Climb into undertaker clothes on a hot summer day! Why, Miriam, I'd rather—I—I— Certainly not! And anyway she's a suffragette and he's a socialist. To be consistent, they ought to be married in a prison cell or a lion's cage or a flying-machine or a forty acre lot—something austere and solitary. They can't eat their cake and have it too."

Janey and Caroline shared none of Mr. Warriner's terrors. "Oh, please, let us be flower-girls, Uncle Jim!" they pleaded. "Oh, please!"

"Well, a wedding is about all most girls have in their lives, you must remember, Jim." Mrs. Blair said in a humble voice, ignoring this infantile enthusiasm. "And poor little Peggie's never had a blessed thing happen to her."

"She slapped a New York policeman in the face in that East Side strike," Uncle Jim remarked with some heat. "That ought to be glory enough for any woman. Many a time, I'd have been perfectly willing to take a life sentence for punching a New York policeman. Then I'd think of you and Janey and have to restrain myself."

"Slap a policeman!" Janey said, awed. "Oh, Uncle Jim, how did she dare! I should just as soon think of slapping a— a wicked fairy."

"It would be infinitely safer, Janey," Uncle Jim observed.

"Jim, I do wish you wouldn't talk about such things with the children about," Mrs. Blair protested. "And I was thinking that Mr. Dix and Mr. O'Brien would be ushers."

The chessmen were swept to the floor in the wake of twin movements, equally panicky, on the part of the players.

"Oh Mrs. Blair," Tim began in a terrified voice. "I never was an usher in my life! I'd put the whole tea-party on the fritz, the moment I opened my mouth to make the responses."

"You don't have to make the responses," Mrs. Blair said in contempt. "All the ushers have to do is to precede the bridal procession up the aisle. And if you're going to be married yourself in the fall, you might just as well get used to it."

Uncle Jim's sunburnt face broke into its jolliest full moon smile. "Now you're shouting, Miriam," he approved. "If you can pull Dick and Tim into it, then my answer is an enraptured, yes."

Mr. Dix made futile movements towards his neck as if to loosen his collar. Mr. O'Brien seemed to catch the infection of Uncle Jim's mirth. "You're quite right, Mrs. Blair," he said, "we must begin to break Tim in. I'll train him. I'm a great success at

weddings—I own sixty-nine scarf-pins and the championship cup for endurance. It has often been remarked that nobody ever looks at the bride when I take part. Now tell us about that little girl."

Uncle Jim answered: "Peggie's a second cousin. She's an illustrator. She's a suffragette. She's as pretty as paint. And she's the most out-and-out little vixen that I ever laid these two eyes on. From the bottom of my heart, I pity that helpless Westerner who's marrying her. She's a shrew. She's a virago. She's a Xantippe."

Mrs. Blair had in the meantime been fumbling in her desk. "Here's her picture." She handed an unmounted photograph to Mr. Dix. The chess-players examined it.

"I feel myself getting converted to equal suffrage with lightning rapidity," Mr. O'Brien announced.

And then the invisible cord broke. The sword fell.

Janey and Caroline, being of that temper which can not inhibit curiosity, ran to the chess-table where Mr. O'Brien still held the photograph. Their cries, "Let me see it! Oh, give it to me!" would perhaps not so certainly have brought disaster. But, unhappily, they "snatched." That was fatal.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Blair, "quarter past eight and those children still up!"

The inevitable, invariable nocturnal tragedy repeated itself. A pandemonium of protest broke out. It deepened to argument. Finally, waiving discussion, the two mothers haled their offspring upstairs to the accompaniment of Caroline's sobs and Janey's wails. As usual, this ear-racking grief stopped the precise instant the mothers moved out of hearing. "What do they do at a wedding?" Caroline asked briskly, negotiating a teardrop.

"I don't know," Janey answered in the midst of a sob, "I think it's something like a funeral. For Hazel Snow said her mother cried all the time at her sister's wedding and so did her aunts and the grandmother. And yet everybody dressed up perfectly lovely for it."

Caroline cogitated. "What's 'in love,' Janey?" she asked finally.

"Why, Caroline Benton!" Janey exclaimed. She experienced that shock which inevitably comes when we are asked to explain the obvious. "It's—it's—why it's—" Janey stopped short. She was experiencing that shock which inevitably follows the first, when we find that we can not explain the obvious. "Why, Caroline Benton, you know in fairy-tales how princes and princesses are always falling in love."

This simple statement satisfied Caroline. But it had the reverse effect on Janey; it roused a curiosity, hitherto dormant.

"Uncle Jim," she asked next morning when the three men were enjoying their after-breakfast smoke, "how do you know when you're in love?"

Uncle Jim showed no surprise. It had fallen to his lot to answer most of the questions of Janey's nine-years'-long existence. "Janey," he said, "as I have been a bachelor all my life, I have been a stranger to the softer feelings. But Mr. Dix, yonder, who fell into Cupid's net last summer, will answer any questions that you put to him."

Mr. Dix, with a wave of his pipe, silently abrogated his privilege in Mr. O'Brien's favor.

"Janey," Mr. O'Brien asked promptly, "did you ever have the measles?"

"Oh, yes," said Janey, radiating reminiscent delight, "it was perfectly bee—*yu*—tiful. Mrs. Machintosh sent me some grapes and a picture puzzle, and mother read to me, and Uncle Jim wrote me a story about—"

"Spare us Uncle Jim's story!" interrupted Mr. O'Brien. "Now, did you know when you caught the measles? No, you did not. You just woke up and found you had them. That's how you know you're in love. You just wake up some day and find it in your system."

"Mr. O'Brien," Janey protested indignantly, "I *did* know when I caught the measles. Red spots came out all over me. Do red spots come out on you when you're in love?"

Mr. O'Brien's face took on that baffled look frequent with those who argue by analogy. "No," he said, "but—"

"Do you have to take medicine?" Mrs. Blair not being present, Janey interrupted at will.

"No," Mr. Dix interposed. "There's no cure known to man. They're working for a love-toxin in all the European laboratories, but nothing's been discovered yet."

Janey's face displayed disillusion. This was so different from fairy-tales. But then so much of life was.

"What do they do then, if they don't take medicine?"

"They get married," Mr. Dix answered. "And does that cure it?" Janey demanded with unconscious cynicism.

"No," Uncle Jim hastily interjected, "they live happily ever afterward—just as they do in fairy-tales."

"But—but—then you don't like it when you're in love," Janey reverted to the most perturbing of these new facts.

"I should say *no*," Mr. O'Brien answered with emphasis—"I mean I should *yes*. I mean I should say nothing. Come to think of

it, Janey, I don't know anything about this love thing. There's no such feeling."

"But how do you catch love in the first place?" Janey went on.

"'Catch love' is pretty good," Mr. O'Brien commented. His face knotted into deeper wrinkles the longer he considered the question. "Assistance, James!" he called to Uncle Jim.

"Don't look to me for help," Uncle Jim answered. "That's what I'm up against all the time, translating the universe, stuffing the incomprehensible, the unknowable and the ineffable into words of one syllable. Sometimes I'm tempted to adopt Miriam's methods—straight mendacity or unblushing evasion. But in the end, I always come round to my own conviction that the only moral thing to do is to answer an intelligent question as intelligently as I can. If she's got the brain to put the question, she's got the mind to understand some of the answer. I can't slam doors in her face. Result, when I'm not running to the dictionary, I'm beating it to the encyclopedia. I'm rapidly achieving omniscience."

(Continued on page 37)



They shamelessly admired rose-pink hair ribbons and rose-pink chiffon frocks

The Exceptional Employee

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

R. CARNEGIE says "The most valuable acquisition to his business which an employer can obtain is an exceptional young man. There is no bargain so fruitful."

By the exceptional young man, Mr. Carnegie means the one who is always looking out for his employer's interests, the young man who keeps his eyes open, who is always trying to make suggestions for improvements in the business, who is always studying for some better, simpler, more efficient way of doing things.

The exceptional boy or young man is the one whose main ambition is to help along the business, to further his employer's interests in every possible way; the one who stays after hours during the busy season to help out wherever he can. The exceptional young man is one who, when any emergency arises in the concern, has a valuable suggestion for its solution. The exceptional young man is the one who settles difficulties among the other employees without rupture, who is always trying to avoid friction, to keep peace and harmony in the firm. He encourages the dull boy or the boy who can not seem to get hold of the business; he is always ready to give a lift whenever needed, gives a word of cheer to the discouraged. The exceptional young man is the one who is always on the alert for business, who is so polite and attentive and obliging to his customers that everybody wants to deal with him; who makes friends for the firm, who adds dignity to the house.

Never before was there such a demand for the exceptional, the resourceful man, the man who can think, who can devise new and original ways of doing things, the man who can grasp the needs of the situation and solve them with his resourcefulness.

Napoleon said that his soldiers fought so well because every man carried a field marshal's baton in his knapsack. In other words, every man in Napoleon's army expected advancement and was prepared for it.

I often get letters from employees who complain bitterly that they have remained in the same position for many years, with practically no advancement in salary or prospects. But there is usually something wrong with these employees. They lack enterprise, lack a comprehensive grasp of affairs; often they work mechanically; have a mere superficial knowledge of the business, and hence they are not the kind of material the employer is seeking for promotion.

Knowledge is power everywhere, and especially in one's own specialty. I know young men who have been clerks in stores for many years in the same department with no advancement, who never appear to show the slightest interest in any other department, or in the way in which the business as a whole is conducted; they are simply cogs in a wheel; mere automatons working mechanically so many hours a day, and they are always glad when the day's work is done.

This lack of interest in the business, this indifference of the employees to learning anything outside their own routine, is fatal to promotion. What would become of the business if the proprietor were to show the same indifference, the same lack of interest as do these automaton clerks?

The principle of advancement, of growth, of progress, is the same whether in employer or employee. Business grows because of enterprising, progressive, up-to-date methods.

Promotion for the employee requires the same pushing, vigorous, alert methods.

Lack of ambition, laziness, the disinclination to pay the price for promotion and success, is one of the greatest curses of the employee. A mere wish, a mere desire to get on, unless backed with resolution, "push," the determination which never looks back, will never accomplish anything.

Most people who fail to get on would resent the accusation of laziness; but it is the real cause in multitudes of cases. What keeps so many employees back is simply unwillingness to pay the price, to make the exertion, the effort to sacrifice their ease and comfort.

If you think more of your comfort and your ease and of having your little pleasures as you go along than of your great life purpose, you need not expect to make any great dent on the world. Men who do this are made of sterner stuff.

If you want to be advanced, you must be dead-in-earnest and enthusiastic over your employer's business. You must go to the bot-

The first thing the successful employee must realize is that he is really working for himself. Every bit of work he does heartily, honestly, thoroughly, is developing his own capacity, making him a bigger, broader, more capable man. If he robs his employer of time or energy, he is robbing himself more because he is practising dishonesty, and cultivating weakness which will slowly undermine his character and destroy his reputation for trustworthiness.

The men who have done great things in the world have been prodigious workers, particularly during the time when they were struggling to establish themselves in life.

Young men who are sticklers for hours, who are afraid of working overtime, who want to leave the office on the minute or a little before, who are always a little late in the morning, or who take their employer's time for their own personal uses — such employees never get very far.

In every large establishment there are a few employees who show promise and are sure of promotion. They stick and dig and hang on to their task when other people are in a hurry to quit. They do not measure their hours by the clock, or their obligation to their employer by the amount of salary they receive; they do not feel that, when they begin work earlier or stay later, it is an injustice on his part not to pay them for overtime.

I have never known an employee to rise very high who dealt out his service by measure, according to strict hours, who thought his was overworked if asked to stay overtime, and who shirked extra labor.

If there is anything that makes a bad impression upon an employer it is a manifestation of indifference to his interests, a selfishness that measures every demand by personal interest.

If you want to be something more than the average worker you must do something more than average work. If you expect to become an important figure in the world of commerce a captain of industry, instead of a common soldier in the ranks of labor, you must put your shoulder to the wheel.

If you envy your employer his freedom from restraint, his independence, his financial power, it will pay you to inquire into the methods by which he rose from employee to employer. You will perhaps find that he worked for many years from twelve to eighteen hours a day for a small salary, that he rarely took a vacation, that he put every ounce of energy he possessed into his business.

Very little things influence employers. I know one who had been watching a young man for a long time, but who finally decided not to offer him a position because of a little ungentlemanly thing which occurred in an elevator. He thought it was an unmanly act and it so prejudiced him against the man that he decided not to take him as he had fully intended to do.

Every little while an employee is surprised to get a call from some other establishment when he never dreamed that they knew anything about him; but he finds that they had been watching him for a long time and know all about his habits in business and outside, his ways of doing things, and his character, and had decided that he was just the man they wanted to fill an important position.

We can not always tell what stands in the way of our promotion. Employers are very human, and they are influenced by their likes and dislikes. They think a great deal of their own comfort. Employees who have disagreeable traits, unpleasant peculiarities, who an-

THE EXCEPTIONAL YOUNG MAN

is the one who looks upon his employer's interests as he would his own, who regards his vocation as an opportunity to make a man of himself, an opportunity to show his employer the stuff he is made of, and who is always preparing himself to fill the position above him.

The exceptional young man is the one who never says, "I was not paid to do that"; "I don't get salary enough to work after hours or to take so much pains." He never leaves things half done, but does everything to a finish.

The exceptional young man is the one who studies his employer's business, who reads its literature, who is on the watch for every improvement which others in the same line have adopted and which his employer has not, who is always improving himself during his spare time for larger things.

tom of it; study it, get a comprehensive view of it; know just as much about it as possible. If you intend to take up the same line of business yourself, your present opportunity of observation and study will be of untold value to you. At present you are really an apprentice, being well paid for your work.

When your employer finds that you have a lot of enterprise; that you are trying to learn as much about his business as he knows himself, he will begin to think that you are made of promotion material. But if he sees that your ambition is just to get your salary and have as easy a time as you can, you will never attract his attention, except for a possible blacklist. An employer wants no dead-wood around him. He wants live wires. He wants employees who have ambition enough to be willing to pay the price for promotion.

STUDY YOUR OWN BUSINESS

You can always get plenty of books and literature along the line of your employer's business, and when he finds that you are keeping your eyes, ears and mind open, that you are studying his business, he will keep his eyes on you. Your employer is not blind. Do not think because he is not constantly patting you on the back that he is not taking your measure.

tagonize them, or who make them nervous or uncomfortable are not as likely to be promoted, other things equal, as those who are always agreeable to them and who have a pleasant, attractive manner. One's manners have much to do with one's promotion.

A proprietor often advances an employee because he likes him, because he is agreeable and obliging, even when there may be others who have more ability.

Employers go very largely by the impressions which employees make upon them. If an employee gives an unfavorable impression, and the employer becomes prejudiced, it always counts in his future dealings with him. He can not avoid it. It is a factor which often outweighs superior ability.

We see the same thing in politics and in business everywhere. Appointments go very largely by favor. While a man may be perfectly just and not have the slightest desire to take advantage, he is unconsciously influenced by his prejudices, his likes and dislikes.

A great many people are kept down through foolish antagonisms which they might prevent if they only used more tact and diplomacy.

It is very poor policy for an employee, even when he knows he is right and his employer wrong, to make it unpleasant for him.

Then again, it always encourages an employer to see that those about him act upon his suggestions, and try to improve themselves.

You will find that your employer will notice every bit of evidence of your improvement. He knows very well whether you are looking up or down, growing or shrinking, whether you have a future or *no*.

THE IMPORTANCE OF STAYING AWAKE

When you have nothing especial to do, just keep your eyes open and observe, study human nature, watch others' methods of doing things. Keep drinking in knowledge at every pore. See how much information you can absorb. Many a man who has started in business for himself has found of untold value the knowledge which he picked up when an office-boy.

You may think that because you are only an office-boy you do not amount to much, and you may be longing for promotion; but did you ever think of what it means to stand right at the elbow of a manager, or of your employer, to stand beside the executive head, where you can see into a great many secrets which are hidden from other employees whom you envy?

Think what an opportunity it is to size up a situation, to absorb the secrets of the business! Why, your employer would not sell for a great deal of money the information which you are getting for nothing.

Think of what it means to be able to study at close range a man who is actually succeeding in life, a man who is doing things, and to be able to see how he does them!

You are not in a commercial school now, where transactions are made on paper. You are in an actual business school, where everything is real, and you have a chance to see how things are done; and, if you have learned to use your eyes, you can absorb that which money will not buy.

Never forget that your employer has eyes, too, and that he is watching you. He may not appear to notice you, but it is his business to "size people up," to measure and weigh them, and the first thing you know, there will be a vacancy, which you can fill if you are prepared for it.

But the boy who is doing "just well enough not to get discharged," who is barely hanging on to his position, will not be promoted.

Remember that most positions in business houses are vacated suddenly — by sickness, by death, or because of the incapacity of the incumbent. The great thing is to be ready when the vacancy occurs, to be found not wanting, but right on the spot with the ability to "make good."

There is nothing that will please your employer more than to see that you are always on the alert, that you are quick to see things that need to be done, and quick to do them.

How many employees have lost a chance for promotion by grumbling about doing something which did not strictly belong to them, or work which they thought belonged to somebody else! If there is anything an employer despises, it is a grumbler, a growler, a kicker.

Readiness, willingness to do anything at any time, a disposition to oblige, to accommodate, these are qualities that win the employer's admiration.

No matter if it is a little inconvenient to you — if you have to postpone your supper or your evening's amusement — if you can please your employer, you have scored an advantage which he will not forget.

ANTICIPATE YOUR EMPLOYER'S WANTS

The employer does not want to beg people to do things for him, and the boy who wants to get on ought to regard every opportunity to render a little additional service as a great advantage to him, a chance to get a little deeper into the confidence of his employer, to get a little nearer to him.

Anticipate your employer's wants. Think for him, plan for him when you can. He will appreciate it, and will gradually learn to depend upon you. In this way you may make yourself indispensable to him.

Try to keep little annoyances away from him, the things which fret him, nettle him. Try to keep people away from him whom you know he does not want to see. If he finds that you are trying to protect him and to make his work easier and pleasanter, you may be sure you will not lose by it.

It is not what you are paid for doing that he will appreciate half as much as that which you are not paid for, but which you do voluntarily and gladly. This is a test of your quality. The spirit with which you do what you are not obliged to is the measure of your desirability in your employer's estimation.

I have been interested in trying to find out whether men who have achieved things worth while were ever out of employment for any length of time. I find that a large number of such men never sought a position in their lives and have never been out of employment since they were boys.

We all know that, as a rule, it is the incompetents who are out of employment. It is disheartening to try to find efficient people in the employment offices. The great mass of people floating about from office to office have never developed real skill in doing any one thing. Most of them are slipshod and slovenly, and have never formed the habit of doing things to a finish, the habit of accuracy, of thoroughness, of conscientiousness.

It is astonishing how many young men are trying to get a living without hard work. It does not seem possible that so many people could live off of one another without really producing anything themselves. Everywhere we see young men looking for easy places, short hours, and the least possible work for the greatest possible salary.

It is a pinching, narrowing, contracting policy, this trying to get something for nothing. It narrows the individual, stunts the growth, stops the expansion. There is something demoralizing in trying to get through life without a struggle; without doing one's part. It is the determination to take a manly part, to do one's full share in the world, to amount to something, the willingness to struggle for advancement — the pushing out, the struggling on, the striving upward — that makes the man or the woman.

Even if it were possible to get a living with a very little effort, you could not afford it. You could not afford to coin your brain into dollars, to make dollar-chasing the ambition of your life. There ought to be something larger in you than that. There is something in you which will not be satisfied with this sort of a life, something which will protest against selling yourself so cheaply. You can not respect yourself unless you are doing your best, making your greatest effort to bring out the best thing in you.



The World Wants Brainy Men

"Brains" are always in demand and are paid a "premium" because brainy men do things.

Brains wear out as certainly as the body if not properly nourished.

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is a true Brain and Body food. It nourishes and strengthens the nerve centres—feeds the nerve cells.

Daily wear and tear is replaced by the natural food elements stored by nature in the Wheat and Barley of which Grape-Nuts is made.

Grape-Nuts food does much to keep one right for business or frolic.

"There's a Reason"

Read the "Road to Wellville" in packages of Grape-Nuts.

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The Pulse of The World

TWO MOMENTOUS DECISIONS

Ordering the dissolution of the Standard Oil monopoly and the Tobacco Trust, and particularly in instructing a lower court to supervise the attempt of the latter group of companies to reorganize their business in harmony with

the spirit of the Sherman Act as now interpreted, the Supreme Court has deliberately set itself the task of finding a way out of the tangle in which nearly all modern business has become involved. SUCCESS MAGAZINE has never had much faith in the Sherman Act; both in our own editorial comment and in Charles Edward Russell's articles on "The Power Behind the Republic" it has been pointed out that the purpose of the Act was in direct conflict with the irresistible economic tendency of the time toward combination and cooperation. The problem appears to be, not how by arbitrary enactment to restore competition but rather how to prevent great combinations of capital from overtaxing and oppressing the people. The recent decisions of the Supreme Court appear to have been aimed in this direction. These decisions can only be judged after the people have had time to observe their results. If the Standard Oil monopoly and the Tobacco Trust are going to be able to find forms of reorganization that will amount to an evasion of the court's orders, they will undoubtedly have ninety million and odd pretty dissatisfied persons on their hands. Another Northern Securities fiasco would hardly be palatable now.

Therefore we shall await with keen interest during the next six months the evidence as to the effectiveness of the Supreme Court as a trust buster. If Justice White and his associates have really found a method of preventing the oppressions and injustices of big business operations without seriously injuring what is legitimate in business activity, they will have earned our everlasting gratitude. If they have not, something else will have to be done.

ROME'S COLOSSAL MONUMENT

There has been dedicated in Rome a monument to Victor Emanuel II that will cost when completed something like twenty million dollars. Its erection has made necessary the destruction of interesting ruins of ancient Rome and has cost in terms of days' labor almost as much as New York's subway. The building is to be not only a monument to Victor Emanuel but a museum of mementos of Italian liberty and unity, the patriotic shrine of modern Italy. It is the most colossal structure of its kind in the world with an equestrian statue of the liberator king forty feet high.

The ideal of Italian liberty and unity is worthy of lasting commemoration. One can not help wondering, however, whether a small country in which poverty abounds and education suffers for lack of support could not have done something simpler and more appropriate than to emulate the Emperors and the early Popes in building vast monuments at the expense of the people.

AN AMAZING NUMBER OF NICKELS

In the year 1910 the street railways of New York City carried nearly one and one-half billion passengers. In 1860 they carried only fifty million. What is even more significant than this tremendous actual increase is the fact that the yearly number of rides *per capita* has risen since 1870 from 100 to 312. With the expansion of the city, it grows increas-

ingly hard to walk from one's home to one's work and rapid transit becomes, correspondingly necessary.

Where is this all to end? New Yorkers will soon be averaging more than one ride each per day. It is estimated that by 1950 the city will be taking the inconceivable number of ten billion rides a year at an annual cost of five hundred million dollars.

These figures are stupendous because of the amazing size of New York's population, but the principle they represent applies equally to every growing city in the country. That municipality which proposes to hand over to private interests for a long period of time the use of the people's streets and the monopoly of the people's transportation facilities should study these figures and devote itself to serious reflection.

THE RECALL OF JUDGES

The New Mexico constitution has been vigorously opposed by those of a progressive mind because in its present form it is almost impossible of amendment. On the other hand, Arizona has been widely objected to, the President concurring in the criticism, because, in her zeal for democratic institutions, she has included elective judges as subject to the recall. The House by a vote of 214 to 57 passed a resolution granting admission to both territories provided they take a popular vote upon the questions subject to criticism.

This seems to be a wise and fair solution of the difficulty. The candidates for statehood are to be given an opportunity to vote separately upon the provisions in question. In our opinion the outcry that has been raised against the recall of judges is entirely unjustified, being based upon the assumption that the people, who are wise enough to choose their judges can not be trusted with the authority to recall them. At the same time whether it is reaffirmed or not, the proposal has already proved indirectly useful in calling New Mexico's attention to the menace of an almost unamendable constitution.

THE GREATEST LIBRETTIST

The late Sir W. S. Gilbert left behind him a classic in the literature of nonsense. But while the *Bab Ballads* will live long in the affections of un-grown-up people, it is probably as librettist of *The Mikado*, *Pinafore*, *Patience*, and those other inimitable comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan's which have delighted the English speaking world for a quarter of a century, that his greatest fame will lie. By a sad coincidence, the news of his death by drowning came on the day of the revival in New York of the delightful, satirical, tuneful *H. M. S. Pinafore*.

Gilbert, like all of the real humorists, was essentially a serious man; he loved the England whose follies and foibles he satirized. His humor was kindly and it was clean.

Perhaps that is why — that and the happy accident of his association with the composer, Sullivan — these classic comic operas are welcomed so eagerly to-day by a public grown weary of the spectacular burlesque that masquerades as musical comedy.

MEXICO'S NEW DISASTER

Poor Mexico seems fated to violence and disaster. No sooner had Diaz taken his departure for Europe, leaving behind him a general feeling of gratitude and relief, than the most disastrous earthquake Mexico had seen in a quarter of a century visited Mexico City, destroying many buildings and causing the loss of one hundred lives. Later came the news that the earthquake was simultaneous with a violent eruption of the Volcano Colima and that it shook Mexico from ocean to

ocean. It is estimated that thirteen hundred people were killed and the disaster thus takes its place among the most serious in history.

"LET THE SENATE KILL IT"

Whatever failures the special session of Congress may have to answer for it is evident that they will not be chargeable to the Democratic House. The Canadian Reciprocity bill which, at least in President Taft's opinion, was the principal reason for the session, was passed promptly by the House. It endorsed the direct election of Senators, passed a free list bill and prepared the way for other tariff reductions. The Senate has thus far, not only failed to pass these measures, but it has shown considerable reluctance about voting upon them at all.

"Let the Senate kill it," a favorite old maxim of the political trickster, is based upon the fact that the Senate is not responsible to the people. If it had no other merit, the direct election of Senators would be justified as putting an end to the execratory powers of the upper chamber.

STATE INSURANCE—ENGLAND'S BOLD STEP

With the Lords' Veto Bill safe through the Commons with a good chance of passage without serious amendment, England's attention is shifted suddenly to state insurance. In introducing his bill for insurance against sickness and unemployment, Lloyd George appeared in Parliament for the first time since his physical breakdown. The measure, he points out, is only part of that social legislation which he promised two years ago and for which he desired increases in the income, inheritance and land taxes.

The proposed law is a gigantic innovation, bold in conception and intricate in detail. The sickness insurance plan, modeled on that of Germany, will affect nearly fifteen million workmen who will contribute about eight cents each, weekly, to the insurance fund, to which his employer will add six cents and the government four. It is estimated that the fund thus created will produce two and one-half dollars weekly during an illness of not over three months and a dollar and a quarter weekly for permanent disability. A similar system will provide insurance against involuntary unemployment, though, to begin with, its operations are limited to the engineering and building trades.

England has committed herself to such labor legislation; it is for this she is forcibly removing the Lords from the path of progress. That she is ready for so radical a step is indicative of the seriousness of her workers' problem.

WOMEN'S PARLOR CARS

New York women did not take kindly to the offer of a traction line to provide separate cars for their use, most of them preferring the society of men, with all its drawbacks, to segregation. It will be interesting, therefore, to see how the proposal of a western railroad to install separate parlor cars for women will appeal to the supposed beneficiaries of this arrangement. The railroad promises to fit up the ladies' cars with cozy corners, couches and buffets with electric grills. The idea is that women, who are practically barred from smoking cars by reason of their prejudice in favor of air to breathe, will thus secure retaliation, as no man but the harmless, necessary conductor will be permitted to enter. If the special car idea takes with the ladies, why not special trains with everything aboard — the reading club meeting in the library car, bridge on the back platform, electric curling irons and automatic back-hookers in every berth and in the nursery a machine that rocks the baby and points out the sights to the children? Some day the comic weeklies may be poking fun at the old-fashioned, co-educational train in which men, women and children had to put up with each other's society for hours at a time.

THE CORONATION

Before this reaches its readers King George's coronation will have been stowed safely away in the storehouse of the past—where in our opinion it rightly belongs. A multitude of Americans have found it possible to attend this celebration and to leave dollars by the million in the willing hands of London tradesmen. It has been a good show, for those who like that kind of thing, and may conceivably have been worth the expense and discomfort of living in London at this season.

In some quarters objection has been raised to the appointment of John Hays Hammond special representative of our government at the coronation. It has been argued that Mr. Hammond's well-known connection with the Jameson raid, as well as with various ventures in Central America and Alaska, renders him unfit to be our representative at King George's big party. For our part we prefer to accept Mr. Hammond's appointment as a sign that we do not take the anachronistic, meaningless function in London over-seriously.

We can not get excited over the appointment of John Hays Hammond Special Ambassador to the Court of George V. What concerns us is the suspicion that he has been for some time special ambassador of the Guggenheims at the Court of "William III."

NEW HOPE FOR CHINA

The signing of the Anglo-Chinese agreement upon the suppression of the opium traffic puts an end to a century-old crime of the British Empire. For the first time England has definitely agreed to cooperate with China in putting an end to commerce in opium by limiting the importation of the drug from India, the entire traffic to cease in 1917. The Chinese government has for years made sincere efforts to suppress the traffic by gradually forbidding the use of opium and the growing of poppies within the empire. Progress was slow, however, so long as Great Britain continued its highly profitable traffic from India.

It is over a century since the British East India Company fostered the use of opium among the Chinese and half a century since China was penalized for attempts to throw off the curse. During this period Great Britain has made a profit of over two billion dollars from Indian opium. She must be held largely responsible for the spread of the opium habit around the world. The new treaty is a sign of England's belated, but none the less welcome, national sense of shame.

THE LIBRARY OF THE PEOPLE

New York City's magnificent new Public Library is the result of ten years of labor and of the expenditure of nine million dollars, aside from all the money and effort that went into the making of the Astor, Lenox and Tilden libraries of which it is in part composed. It is a graceful structure of white marble, sumptuously decorated and scientifically equipped to take care of four million books. With the exception of our great national storehouse at Washington, it is the most ambitious library building on the continent. It will be one of the show-places of the metropolis; it will attract sight-seers, and no doubt readers, in large numbers.

Of even greater significance, in our opinion, are the forty branches of this same New York Public Library, scattered throughout the city, convenient to the homes of the people and actually used by them in great numbers. Other large cities, of course, have similar systems. There is something about a great library structure, no matter how well equipped, that is not conducive to the reading of books. Too often a big library is a house to keep books in—not a house from which books may be taken. It was once said of the old Astor Library that it was admirably adapted to protecting books from the curious.

It is the small branch, near at hand, open nights and Sundays, with open shelves for browsing, books that may be taken home and a librarian who knows one's name and one's needs, that tempts the city youth into the society of books. The big library is the storehouse, the laboratory—and the show window.

CABBAGES AND CANDY

A Pennsylvania woman claims to have discovered a process for making candies out of vegetables. If the discovery proves to be of practical value we shall doubtless soon become familiar with the product, though the process may remain a secret. Long cooking, she says, is an essential part of the program, after which the pasty vegetable mass is molded into attractive forms. Potato caramels, carrot nougats, turnip fudge, beet marshmallows and bean toffy are among the confectionery triumphs announced. It is even solemnly stated that a tempting confection has been made of parsnips.

If all this proves true, the good lady will have accomplished two desirable results at one blow. She will have been the first to convince children that garden truck is acceptable for internal use, at the same time providing strong competition for sulphur-bleached marshmallows, fudge colored with iron rust, furniture-polish bonbons—in fact, for all the glittering combinations of chemicals and glue that a child with a penny has at his command.

A boon to juvenile humanity surely; we should credit the entire story gladly if it were not for the parsnips.

SOCIALISM AND THE COLLEGES

The Intercollegiate Socialist Society has chapters for the study of Socialism in thirty colleges throughout the country. No longer ago than five years most of our institutions looked with deep suspicion upon the theories of Carl Marx and attempted to keep the youth out of harm's way. That was found difficult to do, so the colleges, grown wiser, now permit these study circles, often with the cooperation of members of the faculty. Recently representatives of the Society packed Carnegie Hall in New York while Victor Berger, the Socialist Congressman, spoke from a platform draped with college flags—rather a remarkable indication of increasing tolerance all around.

Once people were persecuted for unorthodox beliefs; to-day they are asked to explain them. Printing presses, public schools and universities, cheap periodicals, rural mail delivery, trolleys and telephones have made a total wreck of the old idea. The rising generation evidently proposes to do its own accepting and rejecting—with its eyes open.

HOW TO KILL THE GOOSE

St. Louis barbers have come to the conclusion that the tipping system has greatly increased the number of men who shave themselves and has brought about a serious condition in the barber's trade. It is not at all unlikely that this is true. Neither would it be surprising to learn that many men take street cars to avoid the tip extortions of the cabmen, that people choose those restaurants, if they can find them, in which boys are not hired to stand at the door and exact dimes for hat checking; that travelers deliberately choose day-coaches where they are safe from tip-hungry porters—in short that there is a general peevishness about paying twice for everything one gets.

Various nationalities react differently to the shock of an exorbitant charge. Your Frenchman protests volubly on the spot; your German invokes the wrath of a paternal government; your Englishman labels himself "rate-payer" and writes letters to the *Times*. If the barbers understand things correctly, the American prefers absent treatment.



Little Scalps Kept Clean with
LIFEBUOY SOAP

CHILDREN need more attention than grown-ups in taking proper care of the hair and scalp. A frequent shampoo with Lifebuoy will not only keep the scalp clean and healthier, the hair vigorous and glossy, but will destroy the germs of infectious disorders to which they are exposed at school or play, if it is used for the Bath and all toilet purposes. They like it and enjoy using it because it "feels so good."

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Civil Engineer	Building Contract	Architectural Draftsman
Textile Manufacturing	Industrial Designing	Commercial Illustrating
Stationary Engineer	Show Card Writing	Window Trimming
Telephone Expert	Advertising Man	Stenographer
Mechanical Engineer	Bookkeeper	
Electrical Draftsman		
Electrical Engineer		
Elec. Lighting Supt.		

Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____



One of the Food and Fruit Booths



Suggestion for a Poster to be used within the town and in neighboring towns



A Poster or Sign-board to be erected within the Park. Signs of this character may be made by mounting upon a suitable background pictures cut from magazine covers or printed posters and adding appropriate lettering



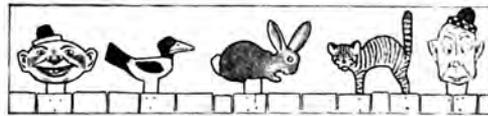
contrast to the Clown and Donkey, the Horse and Man are richly attired, that there may be variety on the road to Banbury Cross



One of the many Sign Posts that should make it impossible for children to get astray and miss any of the good things



The Merry-go-round is not the least of the attractions which may be provided



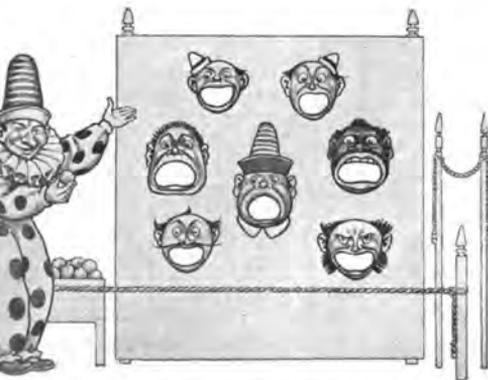
Just so that boys can throw stones



A Lemonade Booth



A plan suggesting a possible arrangement. Almost any pasture or picnic ground will do. There should be trees and, if possible, a building.



Some Laughing Faces at which to throw balls



Swinging

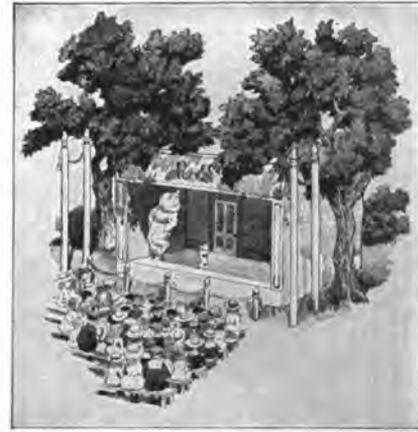
ville

festive page of pic-
ville, a Fourth of
for Little Folks,"
eared in the May
t with such a gen-
sion of interest that
ked Mr Bradley to
extend the idea and
more fully.

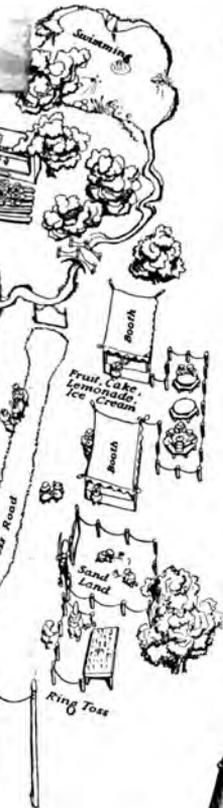
nt it here in its en-
the hope that
ewed pleasure
e smaller sizes
ome serious re-
part of the
-THE EDITORS



To add to the joy of the day, the attendants should all be in costume. This donkey rider is but one of many schemes which would delight little folks



The Open Air Theatre



This Bakery has no connection with the "Good Things to Eat" booths, but it has the very latest appliances for up-to-date cooking, and is in charge of a real up-to date baker



Front elevation showing the plan of the Open Air Theatre shown above. Older brothers should take charge of the carpenter work and older sisters should plan the artistic decorations throughout the Park

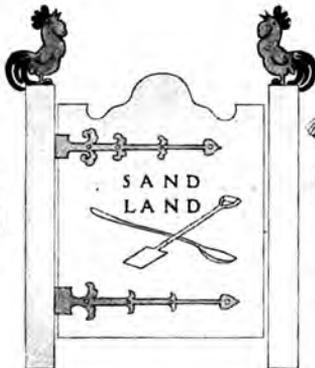
of the Park.
d be suitable.
, water



seesaw



The Ring Toss Man



Gateway and Soldier at the entrance to the Sand Piles



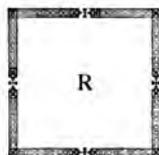
The Swimming Pool

Mrs Curtis's Home Corner

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS



A Kansas Cooking School



REFORM frequently has its start in Kansas, then, like heaven, works its way throughout our great country. More than one Kansas innovation, which has made good, broke out in Emporia where that original genius, William Allen

White, runs the most breezy, practical, out-spoken paper you can find in a library file.

Editor White never fostered a better scheme than is now afoot in Emporia for backing a free-to-all cooking school. It is not a domestic science college or a university of domestic requirements or any other high-brow institute; it is a plain cooking school and its very name shows level-headedness. One citizen offered a building to accommodate the classes, others fitted it up, a teacher was found and the Emporia *Gazette* roots for it as heartily as San Francisco did to get its institution.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

William Allen White believes that every woman, rich or poor, ought to know how to cook, even if she has to go without the higher branches of education, and he is going to see that she learns—in his own town at least. Listen to this editorial:

One of the important things reformers overlook in remaking the world is the need of cooks—good, plain, every-day cooks who can cook steak without curling it, boil water without burning it and peel potatoes without gouging them. Food enough is wasted in cooking to feed one-fourth more people than eat it. A large per cent. of every man's wages goes into the slop bucket, and the poorer the man, generally, the larger the per cent. wasted.

Women who can fix over the "come backs" are more important to the salvation of the world than women who can paint china or do drawn-work. The need of hash and bread pancakes is a crying one in this Vale of Tears. The need of women who know how to fix good things out of scraps, who put up fruit and don't live out of cans, is as urgent as any other reform now before the country. The woman with a large pile of tin cans in her alley is a menace.

This town needs a cooking school, a free common school of cooking, and we need it every day in the year.

Emporia's school has started, for the town woke up to the need of it and the boom of it. Doctors endorse it, and business men are giving prizes to pupils who can bake tip-top bread or transform some left-over dabs into a wholesome dish. There are prizes that really allure, such as a kitchen cabinet for the housewife and a dozen photographs for the young girl. The school is free to all and gathers its pupils from every class in town.

Kansas is probably much like any other American community where you find poor women, as well as rich, who do not know how to cook. The servant question in Kansas is about as crucial as it can be anywhere, and women of all classes have to do their own work whether they hanker for that brand of exercise or not. The same conditions exist,

more or less strenuously in every corner of America, and nothing in the way of scholarship is so sorely needed to-day as knowing how to prepare plain, every-day food palatably, economically and wholesomely. Every woman ought to be able to cook whether she does it with her own hands or directs a servant.

We have cooking departments connected with the public schools, only they are not as yet looked upon by the board of education as a necessity. A multitude of womankind can scramble through life without knowing much about higher mathematics, but you can't make high-brow teachers believe that. They pound away at mathematics every day of the week, and cooking is crowded into an hour-long lesson once or twice a week. Outside the towns and cities are thousands of country schools where no such thing as classes for cookery exists and, in spite of tradition, the poorest kind of cooking exists in rural districts.

In a town or city where schools of cookery do exist, the fees, as a rule, are high, and classes meet at hours convenient enough for the lady of leisure but not for the busy housewife or the working girl. Besides, too often they give most attention to fancy dishes instead of every-day food.

What this country needs even more than libraries, missions, humane societies, peace leagues or picture galleries are practical common sense cooking schools where the wives of the present generation as well as the next can be taught to make the best possible use of food. Such instruction can not be too simple because it must appeal to a class that knows as much about chemistry as it does about Hebrew and Greek. The "highfalutin'" teaching in some schools does nothing but scare off a plain country woman or a girl with a limited education.

The very term "Domestic Science" is formidable instead of alluring.

What we need to-day is to study our audience, then dispense with a lot of academic notions and get down to rational common sense in teaching the common tasks of life. First of all, make every girl and woman understand the dignity of household labor, and the necessity of wholesome, well-cooked food, then teach her to do every detail of the work as perfectly as it can be done. I believe that some day—and that day may not be so very far distant—every town and village will consider a cooking school as much of a necessity as a church. It will be free to all classes endowed or managed by the State, and the course of study instead of being elective will be compulsory.

A QUART OF FRIGIDITY

Housewives often assert that they can not afford to make ice-cream because it is an expensive dessert. I doubt if they have figured how little a frozen dessert does cost. If they had, they would find they were mistaken. Salt and ice cost no more than the gas necessary to bake a pie or pudding, and as for the work, it is easier to twirl the crank of a freezer than to make a pie. Besides, in sultry weather, you do away with the heat of a stove.

To get back to the cost of a frozen dessert. One reason perhaps for the general impres-



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CALENDAR—Thirty-ninth year will open Sept. 19, 1911;
Second Term, Dec. 19, 1911; Third Term, March, 5, 1912;
Fourth Term, May 25, 1912.

Mid-Summer Term, April 2, 1912; Mid-Summer Term, June 26, 1912.

that ice-cream or sherbet costs more than baked or boiled dessert is that the average cook-book deals with large quantities and the item "a pint of thick cream" makes the economical housewife turn to the next page in a hurry. Only, most of these recipes are intended for company quantities and you can serve twenty or thirty people with the contents of the freezer. An average household, including, perhaps, six hungry mouths, needs a quart of coolness, and the quart of coolness is as cheap as any dessert you can have without something that utilizes left-overs. To suit the woman who wants a small, chill treat for an average family I have arranged a number of good recipes which can be prepared in a quart freezer with a small piece of ice and at no great cost.

First let me offer a few instructions about freezing in general.

Never put a liquid in the can until the cream is perfectly cool.

Always use the same proportion of ice and cream for freezing; three parts of ice to one of cream.

When a recipe calls for liquor do not put it in until the mixture to which it is added is perfectly solid. If you do, it will never freeze and will be a mushy consistency.

Do not draw off the salt water till the cream is frozen. When the ice begins to melt and the brine to appear in the bucket, the freezing process begins.

Never put in fruit with a creamy or custard mixture unless it has been perfectly cooled. The fruit will freeze as hard as ice and stays long before the dessert is frozen.

Stalk candied fruit in sherry for an hour before it is needed and add when the cream is nearly frozen.

When several flavors are used together, a longer time requires a long time to mellow and the mixture should be frozen three hours before it is wanted, then packed and set in a place until wanted.

When cream is to be served brick fashion, do not freeze it very hard at first or it will not freeze easily.

Turn the crank slowly at first, then quickly when the freezing sets in. This gives a fine, creamy texture to the cream.

Remember these measurements; one cup of cream is needed to make a fruit cream, adding when needed to a quart of cream or custard, rolled macaroons, brown bread crumbs, candied nuts or cocoanut add one of the stuff to one quart of cream.

TWO STANDARD ICE-CREAMS

There are two mixtures which are the base for nearly all creams. Philadelphia cream is the most expensive; then you may have a hard cream which is enriched by eggs instead of a larger amount of heavy cream. If prepared properly, it is quite as good as the more expensive dish, indeed some people prefer it because it lacks the buttery richness of Philadelphia cream. Either of the recipes can be used with all sorts of variations. In each case there is a pint and a half of liquid which, when frozen, will fill a quart pail and is sufficient for six people.

Standard Ice-Cream: Scald a pint of rich milk in a double boiler, mix half a cup of sugar, two teaspoons of flour and a dash of vanilla. Beat the yolk of one egg and add to the dry mixture, then pour over it the scalded milk and beat till mixed smoothly. Return to the double boiler and cook until the hard coats a spoon, beating it all the time with a wire whisk. Lift immediately from the boiler and strain, then cool, add one cup of sugar and two teaspoons of flavoring.

Philadelphia Cream: Mix one cup of heavy cream with two cups of rich milk, half a cup of sugar and two teaspoons of vanilla.

A very pleasant change from creams are the sherbets which may be varied according to the fruit supply of the summer. They cost less than cream, and in hot weather they are most refreshing. They require more time to freeze than cream. If you want a light, fluffy consistency add to the mixture a teaspoon of dissolved gelatine.



The Good Road For Universal Service!

Every man's home faces on a road which connects with every other road and leads to every other home throughout the whole land.

Main highways connect with cross-roads so that a man can go where he chooses, easily and comfortably if conditions are favorable. But the going is not always the same; some roads are good—some are bad.

The experts in the South illustrate the difference by showing four mules drawing two bales of cotton slowly over a poor, muddy cross-road, and two mules drawing eight bales of cotton rapidly over a first-class macadam highway.

The Bell Telephone lines are the roads over which the speech of the nation passes.

The highways and byways of personal communication are the 12,000,000 miles of wire connecting 6,000,000 telephones in homes on these highways. Steadily the lines are being extended to every man's home.

The public demands that all the roads of talk shall be good roads. It is not enough to have a system that is universal; there must be macadamized highways for talk all the way to every man's home. A single section of bad telephone line is enough to block communication or confine it to the immediate locality.

Good going on the telephone lines is only possible with one policy and one system. Good going everywhere, at all times, is the aim of the Bell system.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

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This picture shows simply an exaggerated case of what happens when Soap Powder is made by the new method.

Each Grain of Soap Powder is **POPPED—FLUFFED—FLAKED**—it fills more space—yet does no more work.

Besides—Water is added to increase the weight—again decreasing the value of the Powder.

PEARLINE IS NOT POPPED, FLUFFED, FLAKED, WATERED.

PEARLINE is the same **DRY—DENSE—CONDENSED—EFFICIENT** Soap Powder it has been for 30 years. A tablespoonful will do the work of several of these Popped, Look-Big Powders. PEARLINE is more than ever

BEST BY TEST



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THIS PHOTO SHOWS SIXTY KERNELS OF CORN BEFORE AND AFTER POPPING. 60 KERNELS OF UNPOPPED CORN WEIGH 6 GRAMS AND FILL 3/8 OF A CUBIC INCH. 60 KERNELS POPPED WEIGH 6 GRAMS AND FILL 7 1/2 CUBIC INCHES. WEIGHT REMAINED THE SAME—VOLUME INCREASED 16 TIMES.

The Business of Public Utility Corporations

is among the most substantial of the country's industries by reason of the necessity for their products, the tendency to growth of communities served, natural freedom from competition and the economies effected through consolidation.

Bonds of such properties constitute a safe investment, providing they conform to certain stringent requirements. They yield more liberally than Municipal and Railroad bonds of equal security.

But it is important that purchases of bonds of any class be made on the recommendation of investment bankers whose judgment, based on ample experience and the result of thorough investigation, has been demonstrated to be sound over a period of years.

Successful Investment Is Dependent Upon Accurate Information

Our two pamphlets mailed to investors on application:

"THE MOST SATISFACTORY BONDS" covers the growth in popularity of Public Utility bonds, the underlying cause, their salability and the influence of the Public Service Commissions. It also explains the responsibility of the investment banker and describes the searching investigations preceding the purchase of these bonds. Illustrated graphically.

"READY REFERENCE MANUAL" contains 230 pages of condensed statistical data concerning the more important Public Utility Corporations. The completeness and accuracy of the information and the systematic arrangement combines to make a useful little volume for ready reference.

Ask for above pamphlets and July Investment Circular No. G-59

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The First Step Towards Investment

The habit of saving is the first step towards investment. After a savings fund has been accumulated, however, it should not be invested until knowledge has been gained of the principles underlying conservative investment.

Once undertaken, the investment of money soon becomes an established custom. But much depends upon getting the right kind of a start. Therefore, in making your first investment keep well within the limits of conservatism. Remember that investments represent varying degrees of safety, and do not allow the temptation of an excessive rate of interest to overshadow the more important consideration of safety as to principal.

In these days it is not difficult to obtain sound investment bonds to yield approximately 5 per cent, and which, in our judgment, combine:

1. Safety as to principal;
2. Convertibility into cash;
3. Opportunity for profit.

It is our function as investment bankers to give investors all possible information upon this important subject, and we are always ready to extend to you the facilities of our comprehensive organization.

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WE do not offer any securities, but buy and sell for customers on commission only, and our study and experience qualify us to give intelligent advice to investors.

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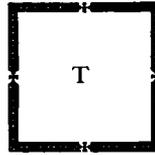
SCHMIDT & GALLATIN

111 Broadway
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The Individual Investor



Securities of Public-Utility Corporation



TEN years ago it would have been almost impossible to imagine, certainly to foretell, the scale on which public-utility corporations have developed to-day, or the popular interest in their securities. Now they play so large a part in the active investment field that no one, casting his eye about for the means of employing a little interest or dividend money coming in the first of July, can overlook them.

While these securities have their good and bad points, as all securities have, it is only fair to say that the remarkable progress they have made in public favor during the past few years is due principally to their solid merit. Gas, electric light and street-railway companies have sprung up so thickly in every part of the country that they have scarcely been catalogued, little companies have grown big, and weak ones have waxed fat and strong, while many of the older companies in the larger cities have not only been placed on a sounder financial basis than they had ever had before, but have also been divorced from politics, to the vast benefit of their patrons, their bondholders and stockholders and the respective communities in which they operate.

IN THE BAD OLD DAYS

It is within the recollection of most of our readers, no doubt, that corporations of this class, almost without exception, smelled bad. Each represented an alliance of capital with a local political organization. Sometimes the bulk of the money came from New York or Boston; more often there were from one to half a dozen local street-railway magnates, owners of the gas works and electric light plant. They were widely suspected, usually with good reason, of owning the city council and of nominating all the candidates for mayor. The mass of the citizens in any community knew no more about the real inwards of its public-utility companies than if these had been strictly private business enterprises. Profits were supposed to be large, but no one knew with any degree of certainty how large, nor what proportion of them was necessarily diverted into campaign funds, bribes and hush-money.

These conditions gradually became impossible, not only because the cities, towns and villages have been purifying their politics and demanding honesty and efficiency in every branch of municipal affairs, but because the growth of such industries demanded more capital for their proper development than could be obtained from small groups of individuals. With the necessity for an appeal to a wider public for funds came also the necessity for publicity of accounts and profits, more assured and permanent tenure of franchises and, in general, a more wholesome and businesslike administration of their affairs.

All this, of course, is familiar ground. The process is by no means complete, but so powerful has been the movement in the direction of better municipal politics that the men who have organized all the new corporations of the past five years have preferred to deal openly and fairly with the public through its official representatives, by that means gaining for themselves and associates franchises of

definite terms and duration and freedom from political blackmail.

Quite as important, but far less generally understood, is the great movement toward the centralization of control of public-utility. About ten years ago a few bankers conceived the idea that an organization of trained engineers and business men, brought together for the specific purpose of managing gas and electric plants, or street-railways, or both, could get better results by bringing local plants in a number of cities under one management than could be obtained by the independent management of widely scattered concerns. The "holding company" has been abused and misused, but it has been of immense benefit in this particular field. A holding company controlling, say, the electric light plants in from two to a dozen towns and cities can give each such a supervision expert electrical and mechanical engineers no one of the companies could afford by itself. There is the further advantage of purchasing supplies in quantity. But greater than either of these advantages are the benefits that accrue in a financial way. Such an organization naturally has a larger and more permanent credit than any single company, because its earnings are not dependent upon the earnings of any one community, and it is frequently in a position to buy in at low prices the stocks and bonds of companies bankrupt or approaching it, strike a bargain with the city authorities for a new franchise on condition of making thorough repairs at important extensions, and then with its ample means, carry out the contract to the letter. There are large but legitimate profits in operations of this sort.

In almost all the public-utility holding corporations of recent years investors have been offered the opportunity to buy the bonds or preferred stock of the holding company or the underlying bonds, that is those of the controlled operating companies. In other words the scattered investors have been invited to take the places next to the property and the profits, while the comparatively small group of individuals exercising actual or practical control have voluntarily placed themselves last in the line.

DIVIDENDS INSTEAD OF REPAIRS

The great common fault of the earlier transactions and other public-service corporations was that dividends were too often paid with money that should have gone to the upkeep of the physical properties. That was the key to the miserable breakdown of the New York traction system. Of course, the first and chief sufferer in a company whose physical properties are allowed to run down is the common stockholder, and if the common stock is in the hands of the controlling interests, as permanent investment and not for the mark purposes of a day, the properties are extremely likely to be well maintained.

It is a further advantage to the small investor that these securities are seldom listed on any of the big exchanges. It would be all but impossible to manipulate the price of a security to extravagant figures and then unload from \$5,000,000 to \$20,000,000 of successfully in a so-called "private" market that is, the over-the-counter transactions of a few investment houses.

Finally, a powerful recommendation which

the public-utility securities have had on their side and still have is their comparatively high rate of return on the investment. An interest yield of four and one-half per cent to five and one-half per cent on their bonds, occasionally a little more, has been the rule, while their preferred stocks commonly yield six to seven per cent. In no other large class of securities have such high returns been combined with an equal degree of safety of principal and interest.

Nothing that has been said in this article is to be understood as meaning that stocks and bonds of any public-service corporation should be bought with closed eyes. As with every other class of investment, the writer would say, by all means find out everything you possibly can about any company whose securities you contemplate buying. Insist upon satisfactory explanation upon the following heads:

Is it a holding or an operating company? If the former, what operating companies does it control, and how does it control them? What franchise rights have the controlled companies, and what is the life of the franchises?

What stocks and bonds have the controlled companies outstanding and what portion of such issues does the holding company own?

What has been the net income of the holding company applicable to interest or dividends on the issue you contemplate buying for a number of years past?

If an operating company, what corporation or group of individuals control it, through what means (ownership of preferred stock, common stock, etc.) is the control exercised?

What reputation does the controlling interest bear for successful management of such concerns, and what is the record of other enterprises which they have controlled?

How do the operating companies provide for repairs and depreciation of their plants?

How often do they report earnings?

Generally speaking, the bonds and preferred stocks of holding companies owning the stocks of a large number of concerns, in various parts of the country are the safest, though in the case of bonds the mortgage securing them is rarely a direct lien upon the properties, but rests upon the stocks of operating companies as collateral, a feature in no wise objectionable in itself. The direct first mortgage obligations of operating companies, of course, offer a greater degree of security and in case of reorganization are sure of preferential treatment.

Gross and net earnings over a series of years are the final test of the worth of both stocks and bonds. If gross earnings show a fairly regular increase of from six to ten or twelve per cent, a year it may be taken for granted that the properties are well located, in increasingly populous and prosperous communities. Net earnings, because of wage adjustments, fluctuations in the price of coal and other factors, show more varying rates of increase. To make bonds attractive to the conservative investor, the company's net earnings, after the payment of operating expenses, depreciation reserves and taxes, should for at least two or three years have been equal to one and a half times the annual interest charges. The better bonds are those of companies earning their interest charges twice or thrice over. As to preferred stocks, it is more difficult to lay down rules, but if a company has a record of substantial increases in annual earnings for a number of years, is in safe hands, and is located in a growing community, you may venture to put a portion of your capital into its preferred stock at a satisfactory price.

A final word on a subject of more importance than any that has yet been touched upon. Select your bankers with care and then trust them. If they are the right sort and handle the kind of securities you are looking for, they will be able to tell you more about the companies whose securities you contemplate buying than you could hope to find out for yourself, and it will be trustworthy information.



FOR JULY INVESTMENT

We offer the unsold portion of

\$1,500,000 United Coal Company 6% Bond Secured Coupon Notes

TAX FREE IN PENNSYLVANIA

Dated December 31, 1909

Denomination \$1000

Due January 1, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919 and 1925

Safe Deposit & Trust Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa., Trustee

The notes we are offering are part of an issue of which \$750,000 have been sold and are in the hands of banks, institutions and private investors.

The United Coal Company has recently acquired control of the Merchants Coal Company. These combined properties have been recently appraised at over \$19,000,000, while the combined bonded debts of the Companies aggregate but \$11,481,000.

The United Coal Company now stands third in the amount of coal mined annually in the Pennsylvania field. Its properties are located in the famous Pittsburgh District and in the Johnstown Basin, Pennsylvania.

The properties of the Merchants Coal Company are located in the Johnstown Basin and in Preston County, West Virginia. The total area of thick coal contained in the Johnstown Basin is less than 20,000 acres, of which the Merchants Coal Company owns 14,000 acres and the United Coal Company 4,000 acres. This Basin contains all of the thick, high grade coal of the "Upper Kittanning" or "C" Prime seam in the County.

We call attention to the following points, which contribute to the attractiveness of this investment—

1. The large equity in excess of the bonded debt, amounting to nearly 70% in the property controlled and operated.
2. The ample sinking funds, by the provisions of which the bonded indebtedness will be retired before one-half of the coal in the seam now being worked is mined.
3. The control of more than 35,500 acres of valuable coal lands, containing 552,400,000 tons of coal.
4. The unexcelled shipping facilities.—Each of the ten mines owned and controlled by the Company is located on at least one of three great railroad systems, three of the mines in addition being located on the Monongahela River. The Company also owns 1010 steel cars and 150 river craft.

We recommend these notes for conservative investment. Special circulars and additional details will be furnished upon request.

Price Upon Application

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¶ Booklet describing Bonds and properties on which they are based, map of New York City showing location, and financial statement sent on request.

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Editorial Chat

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN



Luck—OR Preparation

A WELL-KNOWN actor who was listening to a theatrical discussion, made this reply to the remark that when a play was once "hoodooed" no amount of advertising or hard work would make it a success again:

"Do you know what 'hoodoos' are? They are bad plays, bad actors, bad management. When a lot of people get together and try to force a success without first taking care that the enterprise they are pushing has in it the elements of success, they lay their failure to a 'hoodoo.'

"They point to this or that ill omen which was observable from the first, and say that they should have known better than to sink their money in anything that was so manifestly marked for its own by bad luck.

"If they had devoted half the care to finding a good play, putting it on the stage as it should be put on, and selecting for it actors who had the intelligence to understand what was required of them, they would find no occasion to complain of bad luck, and no reason to howl about being relentlessly pursued by 'Hoodoos.'

"When sailors tell you that a certain ship is 'unlucky' because she has been wrecked several times," says Arthur Brisbane, "you are more than likely to find either incompetence or a big barrel of whisky in the captain's cabin.

"When a speculator, who has become rich suddenly, strikes a run of bad luck and loses everything he has, it is safe to assume that he is only reaping the reward of dishonest methods.

REAL REASONS FOR FAILURE

"In most cases, when a man is followed by what he calls 'hard luck' there is some reason for it other than mere chance.

"Either he lacks the courage to get on his feet after he has been knocked down by a chance blow, or his methods are wanting in energy or sincerity, or he has not the force of character required to overcome the obstacles in his way."

In 1851 Edward Clark advanced seven hundred dollars to a struggling young inventor by the name of Singer. This seven hundred dollars increased to many millions.

John Jacob Astor's father was the butcher of Waldorf, and he wanted to apprentice his son to a carpenter, but he did not have the sixty dollars necessary with which to do it, and the young man came to America. From his coming resulted the largest ownership of real estate in New York City, perhaps in the world.

Were the remarkable results of these men's efforts due to mere luck or to being prepared to seize and make the most of the chance when it came?

Many other men have had the same or just as good opportunities as Roosevelt, yet have done nothing worth while with them. Some have sacrificed them to ambition, some have traded them for a cheap notoriety and temporary fame.

Luck had opened the same door to other men as to Roosevelt, but they did not measure up to the opportunity.

When Lincoln was studying at night and working so hard to improve himself, his young

friends laughed at him for preparing for what would probably never come to him. "Well," he said, "I will study and get ready, and maybe the chance will come."

He knew that if the chance did come, it would never get away from him, for he would grasp it with hooks of steel and with a grip which never lets go.

The trouble is that most young men are not willing to pay the price for success.

A great many young men lose their heads when "luck" opens the door. They seem to think that they were born under a "lucky star," that everything is coming their way.

Many a man has been ruined by a "run of good luck."

When everybody is talking of what a lucky man you are, you may be pretty sure that you are on dangerous ground; for you are likely to get the "big head," one of the most fatal business disasters; for, when a man gets the "big head," he does not take the same precaution, the same infinite pains. He is more venturesome, and he unconsciously banks on his reputation for being "lucky."

WEAK MEN CALL IT LUCK

There is not a particle of reason why the good luck which followed you should continue for even a single day. There is no science back of it, no principle behind it. Results are produced by causes only, and the cause must be as large as the effect.

It is the weak man who calculates on "luck" helping him along, and trusts to somebody to boost him into a position or waits for someone to die and leave him a fortune.

The man who is made of winning material makes out his life's program, reasons out every move. He does not depend upon winning a victory by chance. He leaves no loopholes for failure. He plans every move ahead just as a shrewd chess-player does. He does not depend upon a "lucky" move or a mistake of his antagonist.

These flimsy excuses are mere makeshifts, which as a rule are confessions of lazy weaklings, admissions of a lack of disposition to push one's way.

The strong, positive man does not reckon upon the "luck" he may have. There is no place for it in his program. If it comes to him, he looks upon it as Roosevelt looked upon the death of McKinley—as a mere incident in his life, which had very little to do with his real success, for that is a personal matter, dependent upon one's own efforts. There is no pull in it; there is no "luck" in it. It is simply what a man does for himself, what he does with the success material that has been given him; what he does with the opportunity that is given him; what he is.

How otherwise can you account for the fact that some men never have any very bad "luck"? They push steadily ahead all their lives. While they have some disappointments, yet the general trend of their progress is always ahead. There is always a definiteness in their lives.

You are not "down on your luck" physically until you are first so mentally. You are not beaten; you just surrender.

Yet we see people on every hand who are wondering why they do not gain the victory after they have surrendered.

Take a new inventory of yourself, revise

your vocabulary, cut out every word which discorages, cripples, cramps and weakens you. Never harbor in your mind a word which holds there a disease or failure suggestion.

As long as you think you are down on your luck and that fate is against you, and you talk about it, and think about it—just as long as you act like a failure, and radiate a failure atmosphere, you will draw failure to you, because you make a failure magnet of yourself.

You must put yourself in a success attitude. Act boldly, and face your difficulties bravely. Nobody is going to help a man who does not believe in himself, who has surrendered before the battle begins. The most hopeless thing in the world is the man who will not try, the man who has given up, who has lost his grip and who will not try to get on his feet.

PROTECTING THE FACULTIES YOU ARE USING

The man who is determined to make the most of himself will be very jealous of the faculties which he uses in his specialty, because upon them depend his success and happiness. It makes all the difference between success and failure—between happiness and misery—whether he keeps these faculties always in perfect condition for doing the maximum of which they are capable, or abuses them by overwork, by driving them when they need rest, or by injuring them through dissipation. Faculties which are fagged, demoralized by a vicious life, or whose excellence is cut down in any manner, will only cripple a man's achievement and mar his career. No doubt it is possible to accomplish a greater amount than the average man does, by the scientific shifting of the exercise of faculties.

The sense of fatigue applies only to the faculties you have been holding on a stretch for a long time. You may often rest as effectively by shifting to some other faculty as by absolute quiet.

If one weary of his work will pick up a book he likes, he will feel an immediate relief from the strain, a tonic which acts like a cooling breeze from the ocean on a hot, sultry day.

All the faculties are never tired at one time, and by the systematic changing of one's work so as to use a different set, one can work many hours without fatigue or injury. Some men, by shifting their occupation, work nearly all of their waking hours without fatigue.

Men in the swirl, the rapids, of our modern strenuous life, need to have some fad, by which to gain relief from the terrible strain.

A prominent New York lawyer recently showed me, in the basement of his home, a large workshop with turning lathes for wood and iron, and all sorts of tools for working out mechanical devices. When he gets into his shop he is a boy again.

If you want to accomplish a great amount of work and practically lengthen your life, you can do it by a thorough, systematic habit of thought control, by learning how to focus the mind with power on one thing, and then, when certain faculties show signs of fatigue, shift to another set, and still another.

HEADED TOWARDS A GOAL

There is nothing more evident in the construction of the human body than that we were not only intended for action, but for forward movement towards a goal. Every fiber of our body, every mental faculty, everything about us, indicates that we were intended for an idle, aimless life, but for a definite forward purpose, that we are headed towards a goal. Ambition itself is a mere forerunner, a forward looker, a courier running ahead, pointing the way to the goal predestined in every fiber of our being by our peculiar fitness to do that one thing. The man who ceases to progress, who has lost this forward movement, is abnormal.

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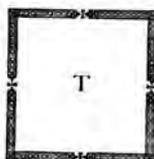
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THE HOME COMING.



HEY say that John Nicholas Bessel, the poet, went away from home at a tender age and for a while wrote home glowing letters about his prospects. The letters finally ceased. One cold evening when the snow was piling up in the main street of Seneca, Illinois, the elder Bessel sat down to supper and looked dolefully at the vacant chair. But beneath his plate he found this note:

"DEAR DAD:

"Please meet me at the old bridge at midnight and bring a blanket or a suit of clothes. I have a hat.

—JOHN."

—FRANCIS M. CERRY.

FULL PARTICULARS.

The young woman presented a check payable to Gretchen H. Schmidt and endorsed it without the middle initial.

"See," explained the teller, "you have forgotten the 'H.'"

"Ach, so I haf," she said blushing, and added hurriedly "Age 23." —C. E. SHENK.

ALPHABETICAL TIME.

A Chicago firm finding that there were twelve letters in their name erected a clock over their door with letters instead of numerals. One day a passerby gazed at the dial, deeply puzzled.

"Say fellers," he said, poking his head in at the door, "is it half past Morgan or a quarter to Walter?" —EDWIN TAHRISSE.

BRIDGET'S RESOLUTION.

The secretary of a social club was presented with a cut glass loving cup. His servant surveyed the object the next morning.

"Look at thim three handles on th' pitcher," said Bridget. "They know if Oi break one of thim handles they'll have two left, and if Oi break two they'll have one left, so they'll always have one. They will, will they. I'm not so sure about that."

—CHARLES M. STALEY.

MIST HAVE MEANT PARAGON.

They could not have been otherwise than rather young, though I could not see them on account of the screen. "You're the only girl for me," he told her—"you're all my fancy painted you—the very paregoric of woman-kind!" —S. CALE.

HER COIF.

She wore beneath her Easter hat. Some junk that made me smell a "rat." Some other head had worn it first—This fine, peroxide wienewurst.

I rudely asked her whence that pile Of stuff done in such wondrous style. She cried: "Tis not a pile of stuff: It merely is a style of puff!"

—STRICKLAND GILLILAN.

TOO DANGEROUS.

In the struggling days at Tuskegee, Booker T. Washington found that he would have to use an old chicken house for a schoolroom.

"Uncle," he said to an old colored man, "want you to come down at nine o'clock to-morrow morning and help me clean out 'hen-house.'"

"Law now, Mr. Washington," the old man expostulated, "you-all don't want to begin cleanin' out no 'hen-house roun' yere in de da time."

—L. P. JEFFERSON.

ECONOMY.

It was at a reception and the lady, who had been reading up on health culture, mistook Lawyer Williams for his brother, the doctor.

"Is it better," she asked confidentially, "to lie on the right side or the left?"

"Madame," replied the lawyer, "if one lies on the right side it often isn't necessary to lie at all."

—NELLIE WALKER.

TURNING NIGHT INTO DAY.

When the doors opened in the little Indiana theater a farmer wandered in and looked around.

"Ticket, please," said the doorkeeper.

"The only thing I've got agin these here op'rys," said the Hoosier as he walked away "is that they don't begin till bedtime."

—HAYES GREENAWALT.

EXPERT ADVICE.

The prison turnkey found the two cellmates deeply engrossed. One pored over the market reports of a newspaper and figured on the margin with a pencil. His cellmate sat expectant.

"Bill," said the mathematician at last "you could make thirty-four dollars a night stealin' hogs in Iowa."

—ALEX GARDNER.

THE REMNANTS SAVED.

At a prayer meeting in a preparatory school a teacher was the only lady in attendance. A student having prayed the Lord's blessing upon the male faculty members present added "And now, Lord, we ask Thee to bless this Thy hand-maiden, who has assembled herself together with us."

—O. P. SUENEFFELT.

IT LOOKED GOOD TO HIM.

The teacher was demonstrating the powerful corrosive effects of intoxicating beverages upon a stomach's lining. The class looked on with horror when she poured some ninety-five per cent. alcohol on an egg, thereby causing it to shrivel and coagulate. The demonstrator was pleased to observe the interest displayed by the janitor who had come in for the waste baskets. It was well known that he had need of such warning.

"Ma'am," he asked timidly, "wud you mind telling me where you buy yer liker?"

—ARRAH GORRAH KELLY.

JANEY AND THE LITTLE BLIND GOD

Janey waited patiently for all this jargon to stop. She set her lips in the most determined of pink lines.

"How do you catch love?" she reiterated stonily.

"What Mr. O'Brien told her, she repeated later to Caroline.

"Caroline Benton, how you catch love is the queerest thing you ever heard of. There's a little god named Cupid and he isn't any bigger than Jerry Morgan. I know—for Mr. O'Brien showed me his picture in one of Uncle Jim's books. He doesn't wear any clothes and he has wings and curly hair and he's perfectly bee—*you*—tiful. He's blind and he has a bow and arrow and he shoots anybody he wants to and they fall in love with each other. And no matter what they do, they can't cure it. He's worse than the truant officer. Mr. O'Brien says the only thing is to run away. I'm going to watch for him all the time and when I see him coming, I'm going to—"

Janey's voice faded away. Silently but with furrowed brow and clenched hands, she added this new perplexity to an existence already encumbered with problems.

"Cousin Peggie and Mr. Jacks got shot when they didn't know it," she said finally with a deep sigh. "Mr. O'Brien told me. They didn't want to be in love at all."

"Mother," Janey asked later, "did you and father fall in love with each other?"

Mrs. Blair gasped. "Janey Blair, you are the strangest child I ever saw in my life. Of course we did."

"Mother," Janey went on, "did that little blind god shoot you with his arrows?"

A kind of facial revolution set itself up in the midst of Mrs. Blair's pretty bluntness. Janey did not know, of course, that it was embarrassed shyness displaying itself in a blush. She only realized that her mother's voice was very soft when she said, "I reckon we did, Honey."

"Mother, did he ever shoot Uncle Jim?"

Mrs. Blair's blush changed to sadness. "Janey," she said after a perplexed pause, "don't ever ask Uncle Jim about this. The little god did shoot him. But the lady died."

"And did he shoot Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and Mr. and Mrs. West and Mrs. Kingdon?" Janey went on.

"Yes, I suppose so," Mrs. Blair's voice began to develop a restive note.

Instinct warned Janey of approaching opposition. "Mother," she pleaded, "just one more question. Did he shoot Mr. and Mrs. Lawton?"

"Why of course he did. Now, Janey, I will not—"

"Mother," Janey said in a horrified tone, "I shouldn't have thought he would dare to shoot a minister. And, mother, I shall watch for that little god forever and ever and ever and ever. He won't get into this house without my seeing him. And mother"—in her effort to forestall maternal criticism, Janey's words fairly tumbled out of her mouth—"I'll just ask one more question because Caroline and I don't know anything about it. What do you do at weddings?"

"I've found out about weddings, Caroline!" Janey promptly carried the tidings to her cousin a few minutes later, "you walk up the aisle of the church. You carry flowers. I guess you wave American flags like Memorial day."

For the next week, Janey and Caroline played only at weddings with their dolls. The discussion of the bigger question—this love-peril—died temporarily for lack of subject matter. The arrival of the wedding party gave it a new impetus. There came three, Miss Margaret Mary Pennell, or Cousin Peggie, who was the bride, Mr. Adrian Jacks, who became Cousin Ajax, who was the bridegroom and Miss Jeannette Jordan, who became Aunt Jeannette, the maid of honor. As specimens of the human kind so recently shot by Cupid,

Janey studied the betrothed pair with interest. Perhaps she expected to discover the arrows protruding from their hearts. At any rate, every time she looked at them, her little freckled face screwed up into its intensest look of pity.

"I'm just going to love Cousin Peggie awful hard," she announced to Caroline, "that little blind god ought not to have shot her—she's an orphan."

Cousin Peggie did not, however, need the assistance of pity. Her very first words to the children instituted conquest; her superior methods in doll dressmaking and in doll millinery completed it. Besides, both Janey and Caroline had to an extreme degree the instinct of their age and sex to worship comeliness. And Cousin Peggie was, as Timothy Dix phrased it, "the human limit in prettiness."

She was so little and slender that a stranger, glancing at the playing-house group, would have taken her for one of the children. She had very brown, very curly hair, very pink, very velvety cheeks, very tiny, very sparkling teeth, very big, very golden eyes. It was her eyes in particular that you noticed. Whenever they fell on any member of the opposite sex, they filled with scorn. Huge as they were, they could not contain it all; the surplus actually overflowed and transferred itself to a very small, very tip-tilted nose.

Cousin Ajax was as big as Cousin Peggie was little. He was as fair as she was dark. He was as gentle as she was fiery. She appeared never to notice him. But whenever she was in sight, his blue eyes followed every move of her little, fitting figure. He tried very hard to please her. But it appears that was a thing that mere man could not do.

Cousin Peggie hated men. She was a misandrist.

Cousin Ajax hated women. He was a misogynist.

Cousin Peggie delivered a lecture on men to the authors the very night of her arrival. Uncle Jim warned his guests not to listen to her—he said she was "suffraging." Whereupon Cousin Peggie locked both doors of the living-room. She said if any one of them left that place before she had told them what she thought of their sex, it would be over her dead body. Uncle Jim foolishly set up a defence of his criminal kind. Whereupon Cousin Peggie hissed:

"Cousin Jim, instead of contradicting incontrovertible logic, you had better be learning some of those arguments. For next winter, you are going to address my working girls' club on this question."

That evening Cousin Ajax delivered a lecture on women—egged on by the authors. Listening to it, Janey swelled until she was as globular as a little toad with pink indignation. He said that he had never liked women. He said that he did not trust them. He said that if he could have his way he would abolish the whole sex. He said that it was his conviction that they ruined a man's prospects. He said that he personally never intended to have anything to do with them. He said that if you let yourself get on speaking terms with one of them it is all over. After that you could neither get along with them or without them.

At first, Janey wondered if Cousin Peggie would ever speak to Cousin Ajax again. But when Mr. O'Brien whispered, "You see, Janey—it's all the fault of that little blind god I told you about," she began to understand. It seemed to her that the plight of this pair of lovers was the saddest she had ever known. She brooded over it a great deal. She suggested all kinds of ways out. But none of them seemed quite right. Finally she hit upon what seemed a wonderful scheme. There was in Scarsett a pair of houses on separate lots, one the exact duplicate of the other. Janey suggested that after they were married,

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The BOYS' MAGAZINE is on sale at all newsstands at 10 cents a copy.

Cousin Peggie live in one and Cousin Ajax in the other. Cousin Peggie approved this idea. But Cousin Ajax would not even consider it.

"It's no use bothering about us, Janey," he concluded, shaking his head in a most melancholy manner, "we're lost. Nothing can save us now."

This was true. After a while, Janey could see that for herself. The most dreadful part of it was that the lovers themselves were fast becoming reconciled to their condition. There were moments when they seemed almost happy. Inevitably, Janey began to lose interest in their situation. It was then that she took Miss Jordan's case under advisement.

Until then, Janey had hardly noticed Miss Jordan. Tall, quiet, stately, no flame of emotion shot from Aunt Jeannette's glacial, blue eyes when she looked at men. It was more as if she did not see them at all. At first Janey did not think her pretty. But one day she burst into Miss Jordan's room just as that lady removed the last pin from her hair. Before Janey's very eyes the great pale-gold mass dropped to her neck and then, slipping and sliding over her shoulders, flowed like a shining river down, down, down, until it hung below her knees. Outside the illustrations of fairy-books, Janey had never seen such a sight. Elsa Morgan's blond mop seemed a mere fringe in comparison. Golden hair was the supreme personal possession to Janey. Thereafter she was Miss Jordan's shadow. Especially she haunted her room at hair-dressing times.

"Aunt Jeannette," she asked anxiously on one of these occasions, "did that little blind god—you know who I mean—Cupid—did he ever shoot you with one of his arrows?"

Miss Jordan laughed so hard that she fairly flopped into a chair. A half-constructed tower of gold toppled and tumbled about her shoulders.

"You funny little thing, you! Of course he hasn't. I don't intend that he shall either."

"Oh, I am so glad!" Janey breathed fervently. "Oh, please be very careful, won't you?"

In spite of Miss Jordan's reassurance, Janey mullied the matter over. That afternoon, coming back from the village, she met Aunt Jeannette and Mr. O'Brien starting for a walk.

"Oh, now that you two are alone," she said in an alarmed voice, "do be careful about that little blind god, won't you?"

To her great distress, neither of them seemed to realize the seriousness of the situation. Mr. O'Brien—the very person who had first drawn her attention to the peril through which the whole world walked—Mr. O'Brien laughed so hard that he had to lean up against the stone wall. As for Miss Jordan—the same kind of soft panic which manifested itself in Mrs. Blair's look disturbed for an instant the composure of her creamy clear-cut face.

"Janey," Miss Jordan said decisively, and Janey felt that she was also addressing Mr. O'Brien, "do you know what a talisman is?"

"Oh yes," said Janey, "there are lots in the 'Arabian Nights.'"

"Well, I always wear a talisman." Miss Jordan's slender, long-fingered hand went to the ruffle at her neck. Nestled among the laces there was a yellow button, bearing in purple letters the motto, VOTES FOR WOMEN. "As long as I wear that, Cupid can't possibly harm me."

"And I, Janey," said Mr. O'Brien quite as seriously—and Janey felt that he was also addressing Miss Jordan—"I have a talisman too." He pulled his flannel coat aside. On the pocket of his waistcoat hung a little leather case. He drew from it a stylographic pen. "Just as long as I carry this, the little blind god has no power over me."

As the wedding-day approached, Mrs. Blair and Cousin Peggie became more and more absorbed in festive preparation. This preoccupation left Miss Jordan entirely to Mr. O'Brien's care. Their walks grew in length and frequency. But no matter what time they started, the Argus-eyed Janey would come tearing in their wake. "Have you got your talismans?" she would ask anxiously. But

this was the only extraneous idea in a mind now entirely occupied with the impending sacrifice to Hymen. She was not more excited than Caroline, however. It seemed as if their first wedding never would come. To help it along, they submitted without a murmur to unparalleled discomforts in the matter of trying-on.

It must be confessed here, however, that disappointment and disillusion perched on their banners. For from every canon of the child's code of enjoyment, the event proved a failure. The worst of it was that it started with a meretricious promise of great excitement.

The night before, for instance, the grown up principals had a "rehearsal." Janey was not to blame if the unwise use of that word started in her mind anticipations of a theatrical performance of some kind.

Then again, a whole morning spent in decorating the church with bunches of wild roses and miles of white ribbon established Janey's conviction that something excitingly Thespian was about to occur. By two o'clock, Janey and Caroline, carrying little silver baskets heaped with roses, were walking from mirror to mirror until they had exhausted the entire Warriner supply. In the short ones, they shamelessly admired rose-pink hair ribbons and rose-pink chiffon frocks. In the long ones they unblushingly adored bare knees, white silk half-hose and white kid slippers. By a quarter to three, they had been whirled to the church in the Morgan motor. A little later came Aunt Jeannette, also in rose-pink and looking, in her big, pale, glacial blondness, like a sea princess who had just emerged from the ocean. A little later came Cousin Peggie, all in snow-drift white, like a wonderful little bird confined in a cage of shimmering lace. Latest came Uncle Jim, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dix, who seemed very strange in their solemn clothes and their solemn faces. The organ began to roll its thunders through the church. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dix started up the aisle. As directed, Janey and Caroline pattered after them. Behind, Aunt Jeannette fell into line, and last of all came Cousin Peggie and Uncle Jim. The procession moved very slowly through two sections of gayly dressed wedding-guests who whispered first, "Oh, the little darling!" and then, "Oh, doesn't she look sweet!" Everybody stopped at the altar where Mr. Lawton and Cousin Ajax were waiting. There occurred what to Janey seemed a very serious conversation—a kind of catechism—in which Mr. Lawton held the major part and Cousin Peggie and Cousin Ajax occasionally contributed a low-voiced remark. Just as Janey was beginning to wonder when the wedding would begin, she discovered that it was all over.

That was positively all there was to it.

Not that there were not supplementary proceedings of a fairly interesting nature. People kept coming to the house all the afternoon. There were things to eat and drink. Caroline and Janey had all they wanted of every color of ice-cream. After a while the married pair disappeared. When they came back they ran straight through the living-room and jumped into a carriage which had mysteriously appeared at the door. It looked as if they were afraid people would notice the shabby clothes which they had put on. People did notice them. They threw things at them—rice and old shoes. After this curious event, everybody went home. Uncle Jim, Mr. Dix and Mr. O'Brien immediately changed into the very worst clothes they owned. They dropped into chairs, grabbed their pipes and for nearly an hour emitted nothing but puffs of smoke and grunts of comfort. The ladies did not change their clothes at once. Mrs. Blair sat down and deliberately proceeded to weep into her handkerchief. Both Mrs. Benton and Miss Jordan joined her in this soul-satisfying rite.

There was no denying it. From Janey's point of view a wedding was just plain stupid. It could not compare with Christmas or Fourth of July. It was not even so good as Washington's Birthday or Memorial Day. It was perhaps a little more exciting than Thanksgiving. From beginning to end, there

had been no fireworks, torpedoes, flags, banners, torch-lights, recitations, songs or cheers.

After that, life in the Warriner household fell to a very quiet level. Miss Jordan went away the next day—a wobegone Janey shadowing her up to the last moment. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dix left the following Saturday. Janey would have been inconsolable if her divinity had not sent her a collection of tiny clay houses bought in the New York Chinatown. The children spent all their time laying out villages by the side of the fairy pond. Occasionally, Janey wrote a much-rubbed-out-and-written-over letter to Miss Jordan. It always ended: "Don't forget about that little blind god and always wear your button wherever you go."

Weeks passed. One morning, Mrs. Blair running swiftly through her correspondence burst suddenly into pleased laughter. "Oh Jim! Oh Maria! Just listen to this! It's from Peggie. Of all things. But I knew it was coming. I told you so!" She read:

"You may tell Janey that all unawares, we entertained an extra guest at the wedding—a little, blind, naked boy with a bow and arrow."

Here Janey pricked up her ears. "Cupid in short. On that occasion, he did a very neat job in archery, using the heart of Jeannette Jordan and Dick O'Brien for his target. Dick said that rose-pink gown did it for him. What I'm trying to tell you is that you'll get notes about the engagement in a day or two. They're simply mad about each other."

"Oh," said Janey in a long-drawn-out wail of sorrow. "Oh, I remember, she didn't wear her button that day. She said it wouldn't look pretty at a wedding. She said Cupid wouldn't dare come into a church. And I suppose Mr. O'Brien forgot his pen."

But nobody paid any attention to her. Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Benton were sparkling with talk and laughter just as if something desirable had happened.

Janey arose from the table. She walked slowly down to the fairy pond. Caroline was already there, working at the Chinese village. Janey did not join her. She sat down on House Rock and meditated.

"Caroline," she said after a while, "did you notice a little god anywhere about the church the day of the wedding—you know that one I told you about—Cupid—he's blind and carries a bow and arrow."

"No, Janey," Caroline said. "I didn't either," admitted Janey. She fell into another deep meditation.

"Caroline," she burst out after a while with one of her rare illuminating child generalizations, "do you know some things never happen when you're around. Santa Claus comes down the chimney, the stork brings the babies and Cupid shoots people but you never seem to see them."

"Yes, Janey," Caroline said. "Caroline"—Janey's voice had a desperate ring—"that little blind god shoots everybody. It doesn't make any difference being blind. He always finds a way."

"Yes, Janey," Caroline said. "Caroline," Janey concluded, and there was the resignation to the inevitable in her tone, her face and her drooping little figure, "he'll shoot you and me some day."

"Yes, Janey," Caroline said.

MR. SAMPSON, OF BOSTON.

In Copley Square, Boston, a building now in process of demolition contains an enormous sign which reads as follows:

OLD ART MUSEUM BEING TORN DOWN BY ROBERT R. McNUTT

A small placard tacked upon a corner of it bears the modest inscription:

NO HELP WANTED.

AN INTANGIBLE LEGACY.

"I dun heah, Liza, dat yo' Aunt Jerusha dun meck yo' her heir by de law. What yo' dun get?"

"Dee see—dat I dun et up an' wore out."

The Cattleman To-Day

ences and rent. Was not the land theirs such as a homesteader's land was his? You couldn't convince them that profits could be greater under regulation, and there are still plenty of cowmen "from Missouri" in this respect.

Gradually, however, such practical results have been secured from experiments with conservation on the forest reserves that stockmen using them are to-day practically a unit, not only in favor of their maintenance, but of the extension of federal control to the public grazing lands through the creation of lease law.

Billy Hopewell, who uses one of our largest forest reserves, said over a year ago—"On the national forests I know where I'm at. I can conduct my business on a definite basis. This last year I have constructed a number of reservoirs and am steadily improving my water supply. I now know how many calves I can raise a year. I can handle my business on an intelligent basis and greatly prefer to pay the fees charged me by the Government (20-25c. per head) than to go back to conditions of free range on the public domain."

W. S. Wheeling of Lake City, Colorado, bears him out. "We graze during the summer-time more sheep and cattle and horses than any other single county in the Rocky Mountain Region. Our cattlemen, and we are all small cattlemen up there, are protected from these sheepmen by the forest reserves. It would not be possible for us to run a hoof of cattle in that county if it wasn't for this protection."

It is the statement of S. J. Shelan of Wyoming, that in Fremont County, a farming country with about five hundred small ranches, nearly every one of them favors some kind of Government control on the range, for the reason that they cannot raise any stock unless they put them in alfalfa pastures, as the sheepmen have eaten up everything in the way of grass on the public range of Wyoming.

The Association is begging Congress to straighten out the tangle. They ask for the apportionment of public lands into grazing and agricultural districts according to the character of the country and for an adequate lease law. This year seems opportune inasmuch as Congress is inclined to take up the adjustment of disputed questions relating to the public domain, such as coal lands and water rights.

In conclusion it should be pointed out that the overcrowding which brought this movement for legislation to a focus does not mean that we have reached the limit of our production; for when this nation has doubled its production of live stock, it will still average a smaller number of head per square mile of arable farm and pasture land than all of Europe.

THE FIGHT AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS

The cattleman is trying to do his part in the tuberculosis campaign. Go back to the Texas convention for a moment. A cattleman was helping out a local cub reporter with his convention story. Suddenly the delegate reached over and picked out a man from a nearby group.

"Here, here's a committee man you ought to meet, Alphonse de Riegles. The bee in his bonnet's bovine tuberculosis." While the possessor of this French name shook hands with the cub reporter, another man in the group drawled:

"Yes, you ought to meet Alphonse. You'll admire him," a protesting gesture from de Riegles, "but it takes some time a-knowin' him to get all his lines. Just meetin' him in that scrumptious Denver Club o' his an' notice'n the cut o' his clothes an' seein' him sport around town in his new machine, you might think he was a dandy—if you hadn't seen him roundin' up steers an' didn't know how he i bis muscle is."

"He's plain mad on the subject of bovine tuberculosis, is Alphonse," ran on the amiable persecutor and entertainer of the group. "He's what you'd call a propagandist. He sees arguments for the T. B. campaign in songs an' cocktails an' grazing herds and books an' business deals. Everything's grist for his mill. That's why he's so effective. That's why we put him at the steering gear of the Committee on Sanitary Boards."

Naturally, the redoubtable Alphonse refused to be serious after such an introduction. Little by little, however, he dropped back to his hobby and told the cub in dead earnest what tuberculous meat and milk and butter are costing the nation in loss of life.

"Why, eight and one-half per cent. of all cattle given the tuberculin test by the Bureau of Animal Industry have been found tuberculous. Think what that means to human beings!"

THE ACUTE SHIPPING PROBLEM

"We're working tooth and nail to get uniform state laws and the real thing in the way of enforcement. There are so many lines to this enforcing game, tho'," two sharp lines came between his eyes, "TRYING to keep the herds on the ranges free from diseases, TRYING to get all the box cars disinfected, TRYING to prevent the transportation of diseased cattle, and TRYING to keep tuberculous animals out of exhibits."

"Uncle Sam's made a little headway though, hasn't he," asked the reporter, "with 'the fine system' for shipping diseased cattle?"

The committee man looked his disgust.

"Well, not so you can notice it!" he said. "The shippers beat the game, every day in the year—shove in the whole bunch, send them along sick or well, and just figure in the fines as 'incidental expenses.' If Dr. Allen can get a sanitary commission empowered to shunt all those sick cattle back at the shipper's expense, making two freight bills and a dead animal on his hands, the shippers may begin to sit up and take notice, but not till then."

The most spirited scene at the Fort Worth "opera house" was drumming up the funds for next year's work.

"As you all know, it takes money to fight a trust and to keep a few friends at court," said Murdo Mackenzie, from the convention platform. "It cost us twenty thousand dollars last year, and I hope you're going to subscribe nearly as much as that this morning. I'll set the ball rolling with five hundred dollars."

"One thousand dollars from the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association," called its President, James Callan.

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars from the Kern County Land and Cattle Co., California," said H. A. Jastrow.

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars from the Z Bar Ranch."

"Twenty-five dollars. D.—L.—cowboy."

"The list wouldn't look natural without the four sixes on it," said Burke Burnett, rising. "I've been giving a hundred dollars ever since we were in harness."

"Sit down, gentlemen," calls President Jastrow to three men in the rear, evidently about to tiptoe out of the room. "You're mistaken, gentlemen, you don't need another drink before lunch." There is a general laugh as the men subside.

The cattlemen's convention wasn't over yet, though. No, indeed! There was the dance still. When you meet only once a year you have to do a great deal of playing. You simply couldn't start back without a dance—a "sure enough" cowboy ball of the old time sort—or as near to it as you could organize in these days of ultra-modernity.

To be quite honest, it was only an imitation cowboy dance after all. Times will change. The good old days are passing. To-



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day the "boss of ceremonies" has to for the wearing of evening dress. That tells story. The picturesque fringed buckskins, suits, the belts and scarfs, the colts and spurs, all of which came the nearest to being a national costume of anything we have ever had are gone.

The cowboys' ball is not vividly pictured as in the eighties. Still, it is interesting. The great circular hall was crowded set deep along the walls with spectators and participants, men in business suits, and women in every kind of costume from a tailored to a reception gown. Most of the men, in prime of life, have spent from twenty to thirty years in the saddle. These vigorous, bronzed, ruddy, genial men created an atmosphere of hearty good will.

Some gray-haired fiddlers who have played for cowboy balls these twenty-five years were tuning up, and, best of luck, Dave Wheeler, poetic fame, is there "to call off" just as used to do in the early days!

"Only quadrilles at this ball," said the Mayor, so only quadrilles it was. The young people watched while their elders opened a ball. They were a little heavier to be sure than in their younger days, but no less jolly. Dave called off the figures in stentorian tones. "Slute yo pahntchs! Al' man left!"

"A little louder, Dave," called a dancer from the outer edge.

"Mount a chair an' kind o' shoot yo orders over," called another above the strains of the "Arkansas Traveller," and the sound of the dancing and the laughing.

Dave did so, and one realized, as never before, the limitations of the vocabulary which describes sound. Dave's calling off was stentorian, eloquent, flowery, vivid, strange. The orders were unlike anything you have ever heard, but the older men obeyed them perfectly.

The younger ones got a bit mixed in the figures and Dave had to dismount from time to time and go around getting them untangled. "Times is a gittin' wus and wus," grumbled Dave to one perplexed set. "I reckon it won't be more'n a few years no till nobody's dancin' anythin' but these high collared, fangdangled two steps."

Just now, a few of the newly rich don't go to the cowboys' dance at all. Anything common? Oh, dear no! They get up a theatre party and while they are being amused by some indifferent acting, a table is laid for them in a tea room of the luxurious hotel—a little post-theatre supper, you know, with orchids and gauze ribbons, four kinds of fragile glasses and a glittering array of silver tools.

For all the gaiety of the dance, the occasion which meant most to some of the responsible men, officers, was after the committee meetings, next day, when they gathered round a long table—thirty of the plainmen—to christen a punch bowl and ladle, a measure of good-will toward the retiring President.

"This was the best of all," said Colonel Prior. "Every fellow was feeling with the other fellow. Each man's heart went out to the other."

"We'd had our differences in the committee room and on the convention floor. Some wanted the tariff off cattle and others said 'No,' but we'd left all that behind. We were men with a common background, a common experience. We'd all come up through a hard fight to get our start. We'd all lived in the saddle. We'd all gone through years of danger and hardship and exposure and monotonous, patient labor. It takes a certain kind of character to come up through all that. We know each other for men, and there is no finer comradeship on earth than ours."

This peaceful scene about the punch bowl is the successor to the old process known as "shooting up the town," the full dress ball and the theatre party have replaced the old square dance. It is a symbol of what has happened to the cattle business. The old picturesque, independent, wasteful days are over; the cowpuncher has become a business man.

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The Woman Who Teaches Chicago

I have seen the most extraordinary examples of clay-modeling done by seven and eight year old children in one school. These little second grade infants were telling in clay the story previously told them by their teacher. I did not have to be told that the story concerned the bringing of milk from the farm to the city. There it all was in bas relief in the plastic clay; the barn-yard, the cattle, the farmer on his milking-stool, the milk-wagons loaded with tall cans, the station and the waiting milk-train. I saw also an original piece of work by small children, showing in clay bas relief the work of street-cleaners in the vicinity of the school.

It has been found possible to give even very young children an idea of government and of the interdependence of people in the community, knowledge certainly as valuable as arithmetic or English. Says the teacher to a class of these small citizens: "Who pays the grocer?" "Father," comes the response. "Who pays the iceman?" "Father," again.

"Who pays the postman?" "Nobody knows, or does the teacher tell. It is part of the children's outside work to find out about the postman. Thus from the primary grades are children given a knowledge that they live in a community and are members of a community life.

Ask your fourteen year old office boy, ask your school child, a few simple questions in municipal government. Ask him how the public schools are supported, or who pays for the water he drinks, or how the fire department is managed, and see how little the average school curriculum hitches on to life.

A CLASS IN POISON IVY

In the upper grades of the Chicago schools citizenship of a very important character enters into the classroom work. As an example, the poison ivy crusade entered into by the Bradwell School is interesting. A number of children in this school had suffered by coming in contact with poison ivy growing rankly in the neighborhood. In the civics class in the sixth grade, the children voluntarily took up the discussion of means of eradicating this poisonous growth. The use of salt and kerosene was suggested. The children studied the cost and the work involved, as well as the personal risk assumed by those who should apply these remedies.

The class finally decided that the enterprise was beyond their strength, and they resorted to a petition to the Board of Health. The nature of a petition, the necessity for absolute truth and fairness in its wording, also the responsibility of proving every statement, were dwelt upon. The next step, after home discussion and consultation with grown up friends, was the composition, and this took the petition into the English work of the school.

When the petition was finally formulated to the satisfaction of the children, the geography class took a map of the school district and divided it into eight subdivisions. A committee of boys was appointed to work in each sub-district, securing signatures to the petition. Committees of girls were assigned to secure data as to people who had been poisoned by the ivy, and the length of time spent in each case from school or from business.

The next step was to get the petition into attractive form. A teacher brought a spray of poison ivy into the classroom, securely sealed in a glass jar. The art class studied the characteristics of the plant, and from them composed the decoration for the cover of the petition. After all this work the petition was formally presented to the Board of Health. The children were most disappointed when the board replied that, for lack of a city ordinance covering such matters, it could take no

action. The close of the school year brought the crusade temporarily to an end.

Last fall the attempt to exterminate the ivy was resumed in the Bradwell School. In the English class, letters were written to property owners. A correspondence was carried on with the Corporation Counsel and the State's Attorney. Acting upon this official advice, the children wrote to the Mayor, asking him to procure the passage of a city ordinance forcing the removal of the ivy. The Mayor in his reply referred the children to the City Forester, who, in turn, passed them on to the Department of Agriculture in Washington.

By this time the children knew that their city was a corporation; they understood perfectly the workings—also the non-workings—of half a dozen departments. They had a knowledge of the charter granted by the State through which the city has a right to make laws. They had learned to write business letters, they had added immensely to their vocabulary. Best of all, they had developed a new field of thought. They had learned to think in social terms.

Wouldn't you, Mr. Business Man, be glad to get a stenographer or a clerk who had been trained in a school like that?

One more democratic feature of Mrs. Young's curriculum. The children have added to their history, geography and civics, what is called the Chicago course—a course in Chicago. Mrs. Young has reasoned that since the children, or most of them, are destined to live in Chicago, rather than in California or Panama, they need a great deal more information about the history, geography, industries, and resources of Chicago and its neighborhood than they do of other localities. In history, for example, the children study the usual simple chronicle of the development of the United States as a nation. But they study in addition a special history of Chicago. The thrilling story of Father Marquette, General La Salle, and other intrepid explorers who penetrated the wildernesses of the old Northwest; the founding of Chicago; the chronicle of Fort Dearborn in the War of 1812; the slow growth of the city; the great fire, and the subsequent rapid development, with reasons for the same; the Columbian Exposition and its results.

In geography the children traverse the Balkan Peninsula, just as children do in other schools, but they also do some wandering about the city they live in. They visit industries in the neighborhood of their schools, and are taken in groups to the steel works, to various factories and to the great shops. They also visit Chicago University, the Field Museum, the Art Institute, the City Library, and the parks.

So much, and more which has been left untold, has Ella Flagg Young done for the children of Chicago. What she has done for the teaching profession, not only in Chicago but all over the United States, remains to be told. Her example and her inspiration are likely to work a revolution in school management.

OPENING THE DOOR TO LIFE

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Continued from page 10

The Automatic Baby

cultured little creature ceased its wailing, or wailed less and less loudly until it dropped sleep in the warm arms, but ever after that it wanted to be carried when any tooth business was going on. And words can hardly express what an awful thing that is. Half the read I have of entering a dentist's office comes, they tell me, from that very thing. Going to the dentist's should be a pleasure, but ever grandfathered persons grew so used to being carried and sung to while our tooth affairs were going on that now we do not feel comfortable in a dentist's chair. If a dentist wishes to prove this just let him take one of his grandfathered clients and carry him up and down the floor, singing "Doo-dah! Doo-dah!" to him while he works on the tooth, and he will see how quickly that full grown man drops asleep in his arms. Mere habit, contracted in infancy, I assure you! A result, they tell us, of criminal grandfathering, now apply suppressed.

THE MODERN SPORT OF BABY CHARTING

Once rid of the father, the grandfather, and the grandmother, the Amalgamated Mothers have proceeded rapidly in their work of charting the baby and creating schedules by which he may be operated automatically, but we would keep up the fight against the supremacy of the mechanical child if the baby itself gave us the slightest hope and assistance.

I hate to mention such a thing—it seems almost indelicate—but there was a time when mothers nursed their babies. This operation was, of course, opposed by the Amalgamated Mothers as a relic of the dark ages, and if the babies had proved a little more progressive, the feeding process would, by this time, have become a simple matter, being done with a large force pump in about two seconds, the whole machinery being worked by an electric motor, such as babies are now bathed by being held up in one hand while they are sprayed with sterilized water from a nozzle held in the other and. In time the Amalgamated Mothers hope to evolve an output of babies sufficiently standardized to accept food from force pumps. The food will be made of predigested bran and supplied by the American Baby-filler Company in tanks that can be stored in the cellar. From the tanks pipes will run to the germ-proof nursery, and it will only be necessary for the nurse to put the nozzle in the baby's mouth, turn the spigot, and watch until the dial above the crib indicates that exactly eight ounces of food have entered the baby. The nurse will then close the spigot, and the baby will go to sleep.

That this condition of affairs, so greatly desired by the Amalgamated Mothers, has not been reached is due entirely to the baby. So far the baby refuses to be fed by machinery. He goes to sleep by schedule, awakens by schedule, has his daily lung-expansion cry by schedule, and is on schedule from morning to night, but he refuses to accept one uniform food, pumped into him by machinery. Why, no one knows! It is a mystery. Since the ancient method of feeding has become a mere poetical term, the baby clings to his bottle as if of the bottle was the last hope of a conservative. But this is not so. The bottle does not represent the grandmother and the old-style mother. Even the bottle is sterilized between meals, and is given hygienic shapes, and an automatic, self-feeding nipple, and its contents are pasteurized!

THE BABY ACTUALLY LIKES IT

To tell you the whole bitter truth, the baby does not mind being made automatic! The baby that is unrocked and uncradled and un-suddled, and fed patent ready-made foods, and sterilized, and scientifically reared, really thrives! He is put out of doors when the weather is two notches below zero, and his

hands get warm! He is plumped into bed without a pat or a lullaby, and he drops off to sleep like a little pink log! He awakens at uncanny hours of the night, and instead of howling, he winks a couple of times and goes to sleep again! He begins to teethe, and when he wails, instead of being fed and filled with soothing syrups, he has his food supply cut down to a minimum, and he teethes without fevers or stomach riots! He is bathed as a crocodile would be bathed, and he loves his bath!

I would not stand treatment like that, and you would not stand it, but the baby does. They take away his rubber comforter and he sucks his thumb. They tie his thumbs in sterilized thumb bags so he cannot suck them, and he gets along very cheerfully without sucking them. They refuse him his natural food and he takes to cow's milk with delight. They refuse him cow's milk and offer him farm-grown cereals, malted in a factory and diluted with hot water, and he thinks it is nectar! Now, what do you think of a citizen like that? That is what babies submit to right now in this Twentieth Century! And love it! If it were not unsanitary to do so they would cry for it.

Why, it was only a few years ago that Emerson—Ralph Waldo Emerson, you may have heard of him—was cracking up the baby as the one absolutely independent character of history, the boss of the universe and a tyrant of the deepest dye! And now look at the baby! He is a regular mother-pecked mollycoddle.

When Emerson—Ralph W.—was alive, you could not get a baby to open its mouth to let you extract a piece of newspaper on which it wished to gag unless you held the child down with one knee and used both hands. And now what? The baby is not allowed to touch a newspaper, and if you handed it one it would never think of it as an article of food, and if you told it the newspaper was good to eat and begged it to eat it, the baby would not take a bite of it until the clock struck the proper scheduled food hour! And as for opening its mouth it will sit up and open its mouth and hold it open to let in a big swab of antiseptic cotton soaked in boric acid water, and not even whimper! Perhaps the baby is thankful to have that much attention paid it. I don't know. I don't know what to think of the baby.

A DISCOURAGING OUTLOOK

If I thought I could expect any support from the babies, I would continue my fight against the Amalgamated Mothers and their automatic baby idea, but the whole attitude of the baby is discouraging. I feel that he is becoming a downtrodden slave, and I would be willing to go ahead and raise a subscription to start a crusade to free the baby from the threatened bondage to the Scientific Motherhood, but the little rascal doesn't want to be freed. Instead of rising in his might and yowling for the rock-a-bye cradle, he sleeps contentedly in a flat crib, and I believe he would sleep as happily on a polished hickory plank, or hung from the chandelier by one leg. After eating germs, and drinking microbes, and breathing Infusoria for centuries until one would suppose he could not be happy without them, he is germ-proofed and he grows fat!

What is the use of starting crusades for a fellow like that? You might as well start a crusade against the live-boiling of potatoes and look for gratitude from the potatoes. So I say: Let the little tykes be germ-proofed and sterilized and modern-methodized for all I care! I am not going to bother my head about their rights any longer. I am going to desert them and start a "Society for the Amelioration of the Feelings of Huffed Grandmothers." The individual that deserves my sympathy is not the baby, it is the grandmother.

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HAUGHTY KITTY HARTIGAN

theatre evening was over, she came to see that the smirch of Jimmy O'Meara had besmirched her in Shadwell's eyes. If she had not been moved, over the supper table, to tell him of her pathetic love tragedy than which, to Kitty, nothing more moving had ever been written, her beauty might not have been sufficient to excuse her, but a knowledge of Dan did put a different aspect on things. Jim was the poor substitute—the girl was clearly not happy—then let results show for themselves and the devil take the hindmost—such is apt to be a man's unclear reasoning, when a girl as beautiful and as equivocally placed in life as Kitty, is involved.

But if Shadwell's reasoning was not clear, Kitty's was like crystal. Here was her man! She looked him up; she had discovered in her clipping bureau how to look up people. She looked up his family, his mother, his sisters. She had a surreptitious little scrap-book made up of stolen clippings of his successes professional and social. She scanned the society columns for mention of his name and found it often. She began to beautify herself as she had never done. One of her high school friends was a manicurist and hair-dresser. Kitty looked her up, and exchanged the trimming of hats, in which she was an artist, for nail and hair treatments. Her friend too had a "chance," and was expending all her finesse, as Kitty was, toward "landing him." Women do help each other sometimes, and Kitty and her friend worked together. From the voluble manicurist she learned the values of creams and various baths, and the latest hints from Paris and the East as snatched from the attire of the parlor's patrons. Jimmy gave her gifts, clothes as well as jewelry, and Kitty became merciless in her voiced and unvoiced demands upon his purse. Upon the neck of one man she climbed to clasp the shoulders of another, and she took from Jimmy ruthlessly and without humor, to adorn herself for Shadwell.

For some reason then, all through the late winter, the coal contract investigation slumbered as did, perforce, O'Meara's wrath. He was a man versed only in the elemental traits of women, but Kitty's attitude had changed and he knew it. Yet he knew of no reason, save only Kitty, why Shadwell's firm did not strike, and it was not time yet to call off his dog. But he watched her, day and night. More than once Kitty looked up from her seat beside Shadwell at the play to see O'Meara's lowering eyes fixed upon them, and across the restaurant his eyes would follow them through the courses of the dinners or the suppers that Shadwell ordered with a worshipful knowledge of the last degree of heat and coolness.

V

There came a night and a day in which Kitty lived with fear. For the first time in her life a mortal terror filled her. Jimmy had made her know it. She was aghast at his demand and its possible outcome. But above and beyond all, she feared him. He had peeled off the thin veneer of his civilizing, and she saw the brute at last, and was terrified. And she had promised to do his command.

"I'll be outside the door when you go in and when you come out," he had told her. "I want the impression of that lock, and you're to get it—understand!"

At three o'clock the next afternoon, Kitty, who had been pale and ill-looking all day, got up from her reading-desk to leave the room. All the office talk that day, through the several recesses, had fallen like silence about her ears, yet she knew too, dimly, that it had all centered about Bobby Mason and his lungs. He had told them all good-by that afternoon. The doctors had told him he must get away immediately. He had been very pale and thin and hollow-eyed these days, but his eyes blazed brightly every time they turned on Kitty. She, in her superb young health, really tried

not to let him see how she shrank from his always cold hand and his racking cough. She had failed, but only he knew it. Heretofore he always stopped by her desk for a brief talk, but this afternoon, through all the good-by, he never spoke to nor looked at Kitty. She knew why, and in her misery put upon her the man who owned her, she sought instinctively, of the three men who loved her, the one who loved her best of all.

With the thought of his loneliness, tears came to her eyes. "He's sick and about to die!" she thought painfully. "And I didn't tell him good-by." The pathos of it held her as she went down to the eighth floor to Shadwell's offices, ostentatiously holding a pile of the clippings she often brought down to him in these latter days.

But, seeing O'Meara far down the hall, the sight of him drove all other thought from her mind. She feared him immensely; she feared that obedience to this great, lustful, devastating beast was all there was for her in life, and she hated him with a hatred that leaped through her like fire. Still she hesitated standing before Shadwell's door, and O'Meara turned in the empty hall; then, in desperation, she turned the knob and entered.

"Here's some clippings for Mr. Shadwell, Betty," she said to the attendant at the switchboard. "Shan't I take them right in?" he said he'd leave some in there to take back.

"Sure!" said the telephone girl carelessly. And Kitty walked across the reception-room to Shadwell's private office and knocked. O'Meara met her, and she opened the door.

Once within, she went quickly to work. O'Meara had drilled her the night before, and she knew all the technique of her loathed task. But her fingers blundered, and it seemed to her hours that she worked.

Suddenly she started up with a faint scream. The door behind her had opened if it were Shadwell—the man of them all that she loved! But it was only Bobby Mason, who loved her! All the facts, deductions, and inferences went forth through Kitty's brain in surges, and because it was Bobby, her nerve came back. He loved her too much not to help! But his eyes were cold and hard as he looked at her.

"What are you up to, Kitty?" he asked. He had never called her Kitty before.

"I—" began Kitty and stopped. He looked at her hands and took her poor tools away.

"I thought you cared for—him," he said briefly; he did not look at her.

"I—do!" Kitty whispered. She did not look at him.

"I was in th' office there, settin' the clock said Bobby thickly. "I saw you come in here—I knew he'd gone out—and I didn't see you come out quick enough to match what you told Betty. I—you're mixed up with a crew, Kitty. I thought I'd butt in, and I'm glad to have. Don't you know Shadwell's ruined the proof on O'Meara gets out. Don't you know Jim O'Meara's slated for the 'pen,' and it's where he belongs! What's got into you?"

"I'm—afraid," said Kitty Hartigan.

"O' him!" Mason laughed. "Come on. Get out o' here before Shadwell gets back!"

Kitty hesitated; then she dragged herself back. "I can't—I must!" she gasped. The Bobby seized her.

"You're goin' to get out o' here," he said fiercely. "Come!"

He dragged her to the door; then, with some semblance of order he walked with her through the outer office to the corridor. Down at the far end O'Meara still lingered.

"Go on up to the Bureau," Bobby told her. "Go on, straight up!" he repeated anxiously.

But it was too late. O'Meara had heard the words and the tone of the voice, and was coming toward them. He caught Kitty brutal by the arm. "I've been waitin' for you," he snarled.

At the sound of his voice, Kitty's courage

ared briefly. "You've waited for the last me, Jim O'Meara. I've done the last dirty thing for you I'll ever do —"
Blind with rage, his reddened eyes staring at the girl, O'Meara's hand went to his hip pocket. Something flashed, and like a cat, Mason sprang upon him, and that which O'Meara's bediamonded hand held spat and screamed — but at Bobby instead of the girl. Bobby staggered and his hold relaxed; a few wounds later he fell back against the elevator cage. Office doors opened all along the corridor, and through the smoke Kitty cried out in horror as a little stream of blood spilled from the young man's lips. Then clerks and stenographers began to pour out into the hallway, but not before O'Meara on the floor below stepped into a descending elevator which carried him for the time out of reach. And just as Bobby, with a faint smile that Kitty Hartigan was never to forget, sunk into a rumpled heap beside the shaft, Shadwell popped out of an ascending elevator, and stared in consternation at the two.

VI

It was late that night when Shadwell came out at last from Mason's room at the hospital, and walked down the silent corridor to where, at its end, Kitty Hartigan sat, thinking thoughts she had never thought before. A man had given his life for her; Bobby was dying, and she was the cause. She had seen him first of them all, after his removal to the hospital, and after the doctors had said there was no hope. His first question had been:
"Do you care for him, Kitty, straight and honest?"
"Oh, I — care," Kitty muttered painfully. I — care. He's finer than I, and brought up different, and he's a gentleman, and I'm — she could not finish, but she flung up her head at last. "But I could be a lady! Look at me, had I am, with what I came from. And I had them send me to school, and I'm no factory hand like the most of the girls — and I'd go to school longer and slave to learn how, and with the chance and time there's not a girl could put it over me. And there's this I know — after I met him I knew it! — that if I can't have him or the sort he is, I'll wither and die before I'll run the chance of bringing a child of mine into the ruck I was born in — they'll have the best chance or none, so help me!"
"I never knew you thought of children, Kitty," Bobby whispered, looking at her with his clear eyes that come after one has beheld death. And she, with no thought of sex but for own, looked clearly back.
"I never knew I did till now. Maybe it's been that, without the words or the thought, that's made me climb and climb. If I can't have him, I'll have nobody but a man's fine. I'll marry a gentleman or no one at all. But, oh, I want —"
Mason slipped his hand about her shoulders as she knelt beside the bed, "I'd not be interfering — if it wasn't my last job," he said at last. "And it's not my tale to tell, unless you say so. But — I want to tell Shadwell, it's how this happened, and why. It's got to be told, some story — the police are waiting outside right now — the truth's best."
Kitty raised her head and stared. "Tell him! That I was tryin' to — I've never been named so in my life. He'd never speak to me again."
"You're not nineteen," said Bobby fondly. I'll tell him that. And this — that I love you."
"And it's for that you're dyin'!" Kitty sobbed with her wonderful brogue.
Bobby set his teeth. "If it's rid you are of that black devil O'Meara, it's a grand death to me. But I was nailed, Kitty dear. It's just sick instead of slow, and that's better."
So it came that for one slow hour that was longer than all the years of her life, Kitty Hartigan, splendorless, humbled, and forlorn, sat on a hard bench at the end of the hospital corridor and thought things she had never thought before. At last she looked up and, with a fear that whitened her lips and blackened her golden eyes, watched Shadwell walk

the length of the hall. He stood before her a moment; then he sat down beside her. A white capped nurse glanced at them curiously as she passed.
"There's no time to talk out here, Kitty," Shadwell said abruptly, "because the time is short in there, and there's one thing Mason wants done before he goes — Will you marry me, Kitty, here, to-night, before the end?"
The girl's lips parted and she tried to speak, but her voice was gone. Shadwell laid his hand over hers. "Don't be frightened," he murmured. "It's sudden, but Mason's been talking to me, telling me things — things I never knew about you before. He told me everything."
"Why he's dyin'?" Kitty asked. "What he caught me — doing?"
"You never let me go home with you, you know," Shadwell went on steadily. "So we had the danger meetings down-town, and things have gone fairly far between us already — But Mason's seen the place you live in, the stepmother, and the neighbors — and you, sprung of yourself out of it all. He says life isn't fair to women — it isn't. He says that women more than men have the right to choose — and why! He told me what you said in there to him to-night — Is it yes, Kitty, and the rest to be worked out together?"
Kitty Hartigan began to tremble. "I'm not nineteen yet," she began with a pitiful memory of Bobby's sympathetic words. "There's everything that I don't know. But I never had a chance, or saw a chance, I didn't take — and I never will."
Shadwell smiled a little. "Then you'll take me?" he queried, but his smile died as she lifted a face tragic in its pallor to him.
"I'll take you like I've taken them all, because I've got to," Kitty Hartigan said. "And it's not you that's giving it, but Bobby. I know it. You love me, but I'm not your kind — and not the other kind — and you've not known what to do with me. With the others — they've thought I was above them all. I'll take you. If you'll give me my chance, there's nothing I won't do to make myself fit. And what I can't do, if there's anything, the chance'll be there for the children, to live with from the beginning —"
She stopped short in her voicing of that thought-filled hour, for she was not speaking now to a dying man, and the blood rolled in waves over her face as Shadwell turned her face to his and looked into her eyes, until she shut them against him. Then she felt a kiss on her lips that was unlike any kiss he had ever given her, and the slow tears were rolling from her eyes as she opened them.
She went to Mason's room, and sat beside him during the hour of delay. Then Shadwell came, with a court-empowered friend, and in the bare, cool room, with Mason and a nurse for witnesses, Shadwell and Kitty were married by the unadorned civil rite. And there, an hour later, the man who dared to play *deus ex machina* in Kitty Hartigan's life, died serenely.
"I want you to take me over to Chatham Court to-night," said Kitty after her tears were shed, and she and Shadwell were waiting down-stairs for his car. "And I want you to meet my father some time. He'll not be there to-night — he's on the night-shift at the Engine House. But some other time —"
"We could stop on our way over and tell him. You'd rather, wouldn't you?"
"I care for my father," said Kitty, a pale defiance in her voice. "The rest of them may go, as they've always gone, their own way. But I care for my father."
"And then," she added chokingly, after Shadwell had put her into the warm car and had given the chauffeur the address of the Dearborn Street Engine House, "I want you to tell me what you want me to do — if you want me to go away first — to school, to study French and music — I'll go and work like I've never worked before — because — I must — I tried to say no, and I couldn't, for, oh, I love you, love you —"
"What I want you to do, Kitty," Shadwell said cheerfully, "is to go over to England

9 Years Here

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tients, the outlook is always very grave. A broken leg or arm does not bring with it any such danger to those who have led sober lives. The process of recovery from disease and accident, owing to the deteriorated nervous system and the poisoned circulatory system, is much slower in alcoholics than in others.

WEAK WILLS INHERITED

Unfortunately, the injury which alcohol does, and the processes of deterioration which it sets on foot, do not end with the individual. Alcohol poisons and injures the germ cells of both sexes, and the offspring of those addicted to its use may inherit a weakened and injured nervous system. The taste for alcohol, the craving, so called, is not inherited. This idea that, because a man has an alcoholic father or mother, he inherits the taste for alcohol, is a superstition that has been used by the weak as an excuse both for overindulgence in alcohol, and as a further excuse why no attempt should be made to check their indulgence. What is inherited is a weak, unstable intellect and personality, prone to excesses in all things, one that is weak-willed and weak in resistance to temptation, and one more easily affected by alcohol than the ordinary normal individual. There is also often inherited a lack of moral perception and moral sense, causing the individual to do things which make one doubt his sanity; yet he can not be called insane, but really wanders in the border line between mad and bad, which is often worse than insanity itself. Alcoholic inheritance does not stop at instability of the nervous system or weakness of the personality, and one is rather staggered to realize the high percentage of imbecile, epileptic and weak-minded children that may be born to alcoholic parents. A detailed study of the imbecile school-children throughout all Switzerland showed that fifty per cent. of them were born in the days nine months after the periods of greatest alcoholic indulgence, such as the New Year, the Carnival, and the grape harvest, and that the births of the other half of the imbeciles were evenly scattered through the remaining thirty-eight weeks of the year. It has been shown that in France, Germany, Poland and Switzerland, from twenty-eight to seventy per cent. of the epileptics in some of the institutions were the descendants of alcoholics. Denuce, in comparing the results of the health and death rates between ten alcoholic families and ten non-alcoholic families, found that in the alcoholic families out of fifty-seven children, twenty-five were still-born or died in the first month of life; twenty-two were designated as sick, and ten as healthy—while in the non-alcoholic families, five were still-born or died early, six were sick, and fifty were healthy. Thus only 17.5 per cent. in the alcoholic families were healthy, while eighty-two per cent. in the non-alcoholic families were healthy, and only eighteen per cent. not healthy. The percentages, therefore, were almost exactly reversed. These statistics mean that not alone may the chronic alcoholic bequeath his poisoned nervous system to posterity, but from the statistics in Switzerland of the imbecile children, we must realize that even a temporary debauch may leave a curse upon the innocent child; they also mean that alcohol produces those processes in the individual which tend to the degeneration of the race, and tend after a few generations to extinction, and thus does Nature benefit the race by turning a curse into a blessing through the extinction of the degenerate.

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Continued from page 9

The Valley of Silent Men



"Thanks," said Roscoe, the one word choking him.

Henry came from his bunk, bent and wobbling. He looked like a dying man, and for the first time Roscoe saw that his hair was gray. He was a little man, and his thin hands shook as he held them out over the stove, and nodded at Roscoe. The bearded man had opened his can, and approached the stove with a pan of water, coming in beside Roscoe without noticing him. He brought with him a foul odor of stale tobacco smoke and whisky. After he had put his water over the fire he turned to one of the bunks and with half a dozen coarse epithets roused Thompson, who sat up stupidly, still half drunk. Henry had gone to a small table, and Scotty followed him with the bacon. But Roscoe did not move. He forgot his hunger. His pulse was beating quickly. Sensations filled him which he had never known or imagined before. He had known tragedy; he had investigated to what he had supposed to be the depths of human vileness—but this that he was experiencing now stunned him. Was it possible that these were people of his own kind? Had a madness of some sort driven all human instincts from them? He saw Thompson's red eyes fastened upon him, and he turned his face to escape their questioning, stupid leer. The bearded man was turning out the can of beans he had won from Scotty. Beyond the bearded man the door creaked, and Roscoe heard the wail of the storm. It came to him now as a friendly sort of sound.

"Better draw up, pardner," he heard Scotty say. "Here's your share."

One of the thin slices of bacon and a hard biscuit were waiting for him on a tin plate. He ate as ravenously as Henry and Scotty, and drank a cup of hot tea. In two minutes the meal was over. It was terribly inadequate. The few mouthfuls of food stirred up all his craving, and he found it impossible to keep his eyes from the bearded man and his beans. The bearded man, whom Scotty called Croker, was the only one who seemed well fed, and his horror increased when Henry bent over and said to him in a low whisper, "He didn't get my beans fair. I had three aces and a pair of deuces, an' he took it on three fives and two sixes. When I objected he called me a liar an' hit me. Them's my beans, or Scotty's!" There was something almost like murder in the little man's red eyes.

Roscoe remained silent. He did not care to talk, or question. No one had asked him who he was or whence he came, and he felt no inclination to know more of the men he had fallen among. Croker finished, wiped his mouth with his hand, and looked across at Roscoe.

"How about going out with me to get some wood?" he demanded.

"I'm ready," replied Roscoe.

For the first time he took notice of himself. He was lame, and sickeningly weak, but apparently sound in other ways. The intense cold had not frozen his ears or feet. He put on his heavy moccasins, his thick coat and fur cap, and Croker pointed to his rifle.

"Better take that along," he said. "Can't tell what you might see."

Roscoe picked it up and the pack which lay beside it. Roscoe did not catch the ugly leer which the bearded man turned upon Thompson. But Henry did, and his little eyes grew smaller and blacker. On snow-shoes the two men went out into the storm, Croker carrying an ax. He led the way through the bit of thin timber, and across a wide open over which the storm swept so fiercely that their trail was covered behind them as they traveled. Roscoe figured that they had gone a quarter of a mile when they came to another clump of trees, and Croker gave him the ax.

"You can cut down some of this," he said. "It's better burning than that back there. I'm going on for a dry log that I know of. You wait until I come back."

Roscoe set to work upon a spruce, but he could scarcely strike out a chip. After a little he was compelled to drop his ax, and lean against the tree, exhausted. At intervals he resumed his cutting. It was half an hour before the small tree fell. Then he waited for Croker. Behind him his trail was already obliterated. After a little he raised his voice and called for Croker. There was no reply. The wind moaned above him in the spruce tops. It made a noise like the wash of the sea out on the open Barren. He shouted again. And again. The truth dawned upon him slowly—but it came. Croker had brought him out purposely—to lose him. He was saving the bacon and the cold biscuits back in the cabin. Roscoe's hands clenched tightly, and then they relaxed. At last he had found what he was after—his book! It would be a terrible book, if he carried out the idea that flashed upon him now in the wailing and twisting of the storm. And then he laughed, for it occurred to him quickly that the idea would die—with himself. He might find the cabin, but he would not make the effort. Once more he would fight alone and for himself. The Spark returned to him, loyally. He buttoned himself up closely, saw that his snow-shoes were securely fastened, and struck out once more with his back to the storm. He was at least a trifle better off for meeting with the flesh and blood of his kind.

The clump of timber thinned out, and Roscoe struck out boldly into the low bush. As he went, he wondered what would happen in the cabin. He believed that Henry, of the four, would not pull through alive, and that Croker would come out best. It was not until the following summer that he learned the facts of Henry's madness, and of the terrible manner in which he avenged himself on Croker by sticking a knife under the latter's ribs.

For the first time in his life Roscoe found himself in a position to measure accurately the amount of energy contained in a slice of bacon and a cold biscuit. It was not much. Long before noon his old weakness was upon him again. He found even greater difficulty in dragging his feet over the snow, and it seemed now as though all ambition had left him, and that even the fighting spark was becoming disheartened. He made up his mind to go on until the arctic gloom of night began mingling with the storm; then he would stop, build a fire, and go to sleep in its warmth. He would never wake up, and there would be no sensation of discomfort in his dying.

During the afternoon he passed out of the scrub into a rougher country. His progress was slower, but more comfortable, for at times he found himself protected from the wind. A gloom darker and more somber than that of the storm was falling about him when he came to what appeared to be the end of the Barren. The earth dropped away from under his feet, and far below him, in a ravine shut out from wind and storm, he saw the black tops of thick spruce. What life was left in him leaped joyously, and he began to scramble downward. His eyes were no longer fit to judge distance or chance, and he slipped. He slipped a dozen times in the first five minutes, and then there came the time when he did not make a recovery, but plunged down the side of the mountain like a rock. He stopped with a terrific jar, and for the first time during the fall he wanted to cry out with pain. But the voice that he heard did not come from his own lips. It was another voice—and then two, three, many of them. His dazed eyes caught glimpses of dark objects floundering in the deep snow about him,

and just beyond these objects were four or five tall mounds of snow, like tents, arranged in a circle. A number of times that winter Roscoe had seen mounds of snow like these, and he knew what they meant. He had fallen into an Indian village. He tried to call out the words of greeting that Rameses had taught him, but he had no tongue. Then the floundering figures caught him up, and he was carried to the circle of snow-mounds. The last that he knew was that warmth was entering his lungs, and that once again there came to him the low, sweet music of a Cree girl's voice.

It was a face that he first saw after that, a face that seemed to come to him slowly from out of night, approaching nearer and nearer until he knew that it was a girl's face, with great, dark shining eyes whose luster suffused him with warmth and a strange happiness. It was a face of wonderful beauty, he thought—of a wild sort of beauty, yet with something so gentle in the shining eyes that he sighed restfully. In these first moments of his returning consciousness the whimsical thought came to him that he was dying, and the face was a part of a pleasant dream. If that were not so he had fallen at last among friends. His eyes opened wider, he moved, and the face drew back. Movement stimulated returning life, and reason rehabilitated itself in great bounds. In a dozen flashes he went over all that had happened up to the point where he had fallen down the mountain and into the Cree camp. Straight above him he saw the funnel-like peak of a large birch wigwam, and beyond his feet he saw an opening in the birch-bark wall through which there drifted a blue film of smoke. He was in a wigwam. It was warm and exceedingly comfortable. Wondering if he was hurt, he moved. The movement drew a sharp exclamation of pain from him. It was the first real sound he had made, and in an instant the face was over him again. He saw it plainly this time, with its dark eyes and oval cheeks framed between two great braids of black hair. A hand touched his brow, cool and gentle, and a sweet voice soothed him in half a dozen musical words. The girl was a Cree.

At the sound of her voice an Indian woman came up beside the girl, looked down at him for a moment, and then went to the door of the wigwam, speaking in a low voice to someone who was outside. When she returned a man followed in after her. He was old and bent, and his face was thin. His cheek-bones shone, so tightly was the skin drawn over them. And behind him came a younger man, as straight as a tree, with strong shoulders, and a head set like a piece of bronze sculpture. Roscoe thought of Rameses and of his words about old Rameses, "You will find something in his face which will recall what I have said, and make you think of the First People."

The second man carried in his hand a frozen fish, which he gave to the woman. And as he gave it to her he spoke words in Cree which Roscoe understood.

"It is the last fish."

For a moment some terrible hand gripped at Roscoe's heart and stopped its beating. He saw the woman take the fish and cut it into two equal parts with a knife, and one of these parts he saw her drop into a pot of boiling water which hung over the stone fireplace built under the vent in the wall. The girl went up and stood beside the older woman, with her back turned to him. He opened his eyes wide, and stared. The girl was tall and slender, as lithely and as beautifully formed as one of the northern lilies that thrust their slender stems from between the mountain rocks. Her two heavy braids fell down her back almost to her knees. And this girl, the woman, the two men were dividing with him their last fish!

He made an effort and sat up. The younger man came to him, and put a bear skin at his back. He had picked up some of the patois of half-blood French and English. "You seek," he said, "you hurt—you hungry? You have eat soon."

He motioned with his hand to the boiling pot. There was not a flicker of animation in his splendid face. There was something god-like in his immobility, something that was awesome in the way he moved and breathed. His voice, too, it seemed to Roscoe, was filled with the old, old mystery of the beginning of things, of history that was long dead, and lost for all time. And it came upon Roscoe now, like a flood of rare knowledge descending from a mysterious source, that he had at last discovered the key to new life, and that through the blindness of reason, through starvation and death fate had led him to the Great Truth that was dying with the last sons of the First People. For the half of the last fish was brought to him, and he ate; and when the knowledge that he was eating life away from these people choked him, and he thrust a part of it back, the girl herself urged him to continue, and he finished, with her dark, glorious eyes fixed upon him and sending warm floods through his veins. And after that the men bolstered him up with the bear skin, and the two went out again into the storm. The woman sat hunched before the fire, and after a little the girl joined her and piled fresh fagots on the blaze. Then she sat beside her, with her chin resting in the little brown palms of her hands, the fire lighting up a half profile of her face and painting rich color in her deep-black hair.

For a long time there was silence, and Roscoe lay as if he were asleep. It was not an ordinary silence, the silence of a still room, or of emptiness—but a silence that throbbed and palpitated with an unheard life, a silence which was thrilling because it spoke a language which Roscoe was just beginning to understand. The fire grew redder, and the cone-shaped vacancy at the top of the tepee grew duskiest, so Roscoe knew that night was falling outside. Far above he could hear the storm waiting over the top of the mountain. Redder and redder grew the birch flame that lighted up the profile of the girl's face. Once she turned, so that he caught the lustrous darkness of her eyes upon him. He could not hear the breath of the two in front of the fire. He heard no sound outside, except that of the wind and the trees, and all grew as dark as it was silent in the snow-covered tepee, except in front of the fire. And then, as he lay with wide-open eyes, it seemed to Roscoe as though the stillness was broken by a sob that was scarcely more than a sigh, and he saw the girl's head droop a little lower in her hands, and fancied that a shuddering tremor ran through her slender shoulders. The fire burned low, and she reached out more fagots. Then she rose slowly, and turned toward him. She could not see his face in the gloom, but the deep breathing which he feigned drew her to him, and through his half closed eyes he could see her face bending over him, until one of her heavy braids slipped over her shoulder and fell upon his breast. After a moment she sat down silently beside him, and he felt her fingers brush gently through his tangled hair. Something in their light, soft touch thrilled him, and he moved his hand in the darkness until it came in contact with the big, soft braid that still lay where it had fallen across him. He was on the point of speaking, but the fingers left his hair and stroked as gentle as velvet over his storm-beaten face. She believed that he was asleep, and a warm flood of shame swept through him at the thought of his hypocrisy. The birch flared up suddenly, and he saw the glisten of her hair, the glow of her eyes, and the startled change that came into them when she saw that his own eyes were wide open, and looking up at her. Before she could move he had caught her hand, and was holding it tighter to his face—against his lips. The birch bark died as suddenly as it had flared up; he heard her breathing quickly, he saw her great eyes melt away like lustrous stars into the returning gloom, and a wild, irresistible impulse moved him. He raised his free hand to the dark head, and drew it down to him, holding it against his feverish face while he whispered Rameses's prayer of thankfulness in Croe.

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"The spirits bless you forever, *mecani*." The nearness of her, the touch of her heavy hair, the caress of her breath stirred him still more deeply with the strange, new emotion that was born in him, and in the darkness he found and kissed a pair of lips, soft and warm.

The woman stirred before the fire. The girl drew back, her breath coming almost sobbingly. And then the thought of what he had done rushed in a flood of horror upon Roscoe. These wild people had saved his life; they had given him to eat of their last fish; they were nursing him back from the very threshold of death—and he had already repaid them by offering to the Cree maiden next to the greatest insult that could come to her people. He remembered what Rameses had told him—that the Cree girl's first kiss was her betrothal kiss; that it was the white garment of her purity, the pledge of her fealty forever. He lifted himself upon his elbow, but the girl had run to the door. Voices came from outside, and the two men reentered the tepee. He understood enough of what was said to learn that the camp had been holding council, and that two men were about to make an effort to reach the nearest post. Each tepee was to furnish these two men a bit of food to keep them alive on their terrible hazard, and the woman brought forth the half of a fish. She cut it into quarters, and with one of the pieces the elder man went out again into the night. The younger man spoke to the girl. He called her Oachi, and to Roscoe's astonishment spoke in French.

"If they do not come back, or if we do not find meat in seven days," he said, "we will die."

Roscoe made an effort to rise, and the effort sent a rush of fire into his head. He turned dizzy, and fell back with a groan. In an instant the girl was at his side—*ahead* of the man. Her hands were at his face, her eyes glowing again. He felt that he was falling into a deep sleep. But the eyes did not leave him. They were wonderful eyes, glorious eyes! He dreamed of them in the strange sleep that came to him, and they grew more and more beautiful, shining with a light which thrilled him even in his unconsciousness. After a time there came a black, more natural sort of night to him. He awoke from it refreshed. It was day. The tepee was filled with light, and for the first time he looked about him. He was alone. A fire burned low among the stones; over it simmered a pot. The earth floor of the tepee was covered with deer and caribou skins, and opposite him there was another bunk. He drew himself painfully to a sitting posture, and found that it was his shoulder and hip that hurt him. He rose to his feet, and stood balancing himself feebly when the door to the tepee was drawn back and Oachi entered. At sight of him, standing up from his bed, she made a quick movement to draw back, but Roscoe reached out his hands with a low cry of pleasure.

"Oachi," he cried softly. "Come in!" He spoke in French, and Oachi's face lighted up like sunlight. "I am better," he said. "I am well. I want to thank you—and the others." He made a step toward her, and the strength of his left leg gave way. He would have fallen if she had not darted to him so quickly that she made a prop for him, and her eyes looked up into his whitened face, big and frightened and filled with pain. "Oo-ee-ee," she said in Cree, her red lips rounded as she saw him flinch, and that one word, a song in a word, came to him like a flute note.

"It hurts—a little," he said. He dropped back on his bunk, and Oachi sank upon the skins at his feet, looking up at him steadily with her wonderful, pure eyes, her mouth still rounded, little wrinkles of tense anxiety drawn in her forehead. Roscoe laughed. For a few moments his soul was filled with a strange gladness. He reached out his hand and stroked it over her shining hair, and the girl laughed with him, low and soft, and a radiance such as he had never

seen leapt into her eyes. "You—talk—French?" he asked slowly.

She nodded.

"Then tell me this—you are hungry—starving?"

She nodded again, and made a cup of her two small hands. "No meat. This little—so much—chek—flour—" Her throat trembled and her voice fluttered. But even as she measured out their starvation her face was looking at him joyously. And then she added, with the gladness of a child, "Feesh, for you," and pointed to the simmering pot.

"For ME!" Roscoe looked at the pot, and then back at her. "Oachi," he said gently, "go tell your father that I am ready to talk with him. Ask him to come—now."

She looked at him for a moment as though she did not quite understand what he had said, and he repeated the words. Even as he was speaking he marveled at the fairness of her skin, which shone with a pink flush, and at the softness and beauty of her hair. What he saw impelled him to ask, as she made to rise, "Your father—your mother—is French. Is that so, Oachi?" The girl nodded again, with the soft little Cree throat note that meant yes. Then she slipped to her feet and ran out, and a little later there came into the tepee the man who had first loomed up in the dusky light like a god of the First People to Roscoe Cummins. His splendid face was a little more gaunt than the night before, and Roscoe knew that famine came hand in hand with him. He had seen starvation before, and he knew that it reddened the eyes and gave the lips a grayish pallor. These things, and more, he saw in Oachi's father. But Mukoki came in straight and erect, hiding his weakness under the pride of his race. Fighting down his pain Roscoe rose at sight of him and held out his hands.

"I want to thank you," he said, repeating the words he had spoken to Oachi. "You have saved my life. But I have eyes, and I can see. You gave me of your last fish. You have no meat. You have no flour. You are starving. What? I have asked you to come and tell me, so that I may know how it fares with your women and your children. You will give me a council, and we will smoke." Roscoe dropped back on his bunk. He drew forth his pipe and filled it with tobacco. The Cree sat down

mutely in the center of the tepee. They smoked, passing the pipe back and forth, without speaking. Once Roscoe loaded the pipe and once the chief; and when the last puff of the last pipeful was taken the Indian reached over his hand, and Roscoe gripped it hard.

And then, while the storm still moaned up over their heads, Roscoe Cummins listened to the old, old story of the First People—*the* story of starvation and of death. To him it was epic. It was terrible. But to the other was the mere coming and going of a natural thing, of a thing that had existed for him a for his kind since life began, and he spoke it quietly and without a gesture. There had been a camp of twenty-two, and there were now fifteen. Seven had died, four men, two women and one child. Each day during the great storm the men had gone out on the futile search for game, and every few days one of them had failed to return. Thus four had died. The dogs were eaten: Corn and flour were gone; there remained but a little flour and this was for the women and the children. The men had eaten nothing but bark and roots for five days. And there seemed to be no hope. It was death to stray far from the camp. The morning the two men had set out for the post, but Mukoki said calmly that they would never return. And then Roscoe spoke of Oachi, his daughter, and for the first time the iron line of the chief's bronze face seemed to soften, as his head bent over a little, and his shoulders drooped. Not until then did Roscoe learn the depths of sorrow hidden behind the splendid strength of the starving man. Oachi's mother had been a French woman. Six months before she had died in this tepee, and Mukoki had buried his wife up on the face of the mountain, where the storm was moaning. After this Roscoe could not speak. He was choking. He loaded his pipe again, and sat down close to the chief, so that their knees and their shoulders touched, and thus, as taught him by old Rameses, he smoked with Oachi's father the pledge of eternal friendship, of brotherhood in life, of spirit communion in the Valley of Silent Men. After that Mukoki leaped from him and he crawled back upon his bunk, weak and filled with pain, knowing that he was facing death with the others.

To be concluded

Continued from page 49

The Price of Clothes

More or less the same state of things obtains among the other traction companies of New York City. The uniforms made of material far inferior to that employed in the United States Army, cost the conductors and motormen fifty per cent. more than the soldier pays for his clothes. On the other hand, the resplendent policemen of New York City, the specifications of whose uniforms are higher than the Army specifications, are said to spend \$7.50 each a year for the cloth of which their uniforms are made.

While the price of labor has increased, the actual cost of making a garment through the division of garment making into so many different operations—there are no fewer than fifty required to make a coat—has decreased. Moreover, many of the great clothing stores make their own clothes, thus suppressing the middleman. All this is to the advantage of the manufacturer. He has cut the cost of manufacture and the cost of distribution for his own gain.

Where does the ordinary consumer come in? How has he been benefited? He is benefited in one way. If he can afford to pay a fairly large price, he can buy a better cut and finished suit than he could have bought ten years ago. The skill in making clothes has advanced. The big clothing houses will show you with pride how much better the garments they make to-day are than those which they made for the same price five years ago. The better article does not cost the manufacturer more.

So in the last analysis the better system of manufacture and distribution has benefited the ultimate consumer but little, except as he has been benefited by what one might call the natural evolution of ready-made clothes. It is paying and will continue to pay from fifty per cent. to one hundred per cent. over the cost of manufacture for our present retail system of distribution. While the soldier may buy his woolen gloves for thirty-seventy cents, the average man will have to pay twice and three times as much for gloves of the same quality. The garment you bought last year for one price may go up mysteriously next year fifteen to twenty-five per cent. while the prices of women's garments will continue to ramble about as temperamentally as heretofore.

If there is a certain profit on food stuffs which public sentiment demands shall not be overreached, if the municipalities can limit the price of gas, if the maintenance of prices in the lumber business, can be looked upon by the government as an unjust restriction of trade, there doesn't seem to be any reason why wearing apparel, for which such vast sums are annually expended, should not come under similar scrutiny. When the building trades and the gas plants and the butcher have a limit put upon the profits which they are permitted to make, why should the clothing business in all its branches be exempt from any criticism and be permitted to raise the price of clothing or cut down the quality of the goods as it chooses?

A Ten-Minute Lesson on Chowders

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

With a big steaming tureenful of chowder you have a dish which requires no after-parade of meat and vegetables; indeed, with a salad or dessert, it provides a square meal. The knowledge of the average cook on the chowder question is usually confined to the soup with clams for a base. She may be surprised to know that she can choose from a dozen chowders, provided she has the ingredients at hand and knows how to concoct such savory dishes, for chowders are all made in much the same way. They are as cheap, nutritious and savory a dish as you can put on the table.

If you have a left-over of chicken or fresh boiled fish, it can be converted into a delicious chowder. There are generally enough scraps left from a meal of stewed, roasted or fried chicken to make a chowder. You will be surprised how little is required for the base of the dish. Save bones, meat and gravy—everything except skin which has been crisped brown in the oven and is apt to give too strong a flavor to the soup. Break up the bones. If you own a pair of poultry shears, use them for snipping purposes. Pick off the bits of meat and lay them aside. Put the bones, any left-over gravy, a stalk of celery and a few slices of onion into a soup kettle and boil gently until the bones are clean. Lay in the bottom of a saucepan several cups of par-boiled or cold potato cut into cubes, the chicken meat finely diced, a teaspoonful of minced onion, a liberal dust of flour, and pepper and salt. Stir lightly with a fork, then pour over this the strained stock and a quart of scalded milk. Let it come slowly to a boil, stirring frequently. Cook till creamy, add a tablespoonful of butter and serve with crackers.

The same method can be followed with the remains of a turkey. Do not use a morsel of browned meat or skin or fat; a chowder should be white, with neither flavor nor color of roasted meat.

One pound of solid, white-fleshed fish makes an excellent chowder. Halibut, cod or haddock are better and more economical than fish which have more bone and skin than flesh. Set the fish to boil in enough cold water to cover and cook gently for twenty minutes. Lift it out, and when cold break into flakes. Return any bones to the liquor to cook for ten minutes. Strain this stock over a layer of potato cubes with the flaked fish, a sprinkling of scraped onions, flour and seasoning. Add scalded milk and a tablespoonful of butter. Cook as directed for the chicken chowder.

There are recipes innumerable for clam chowder. Many call for tomatoes, chopped carrots, bits of ham with thyme and parsley. One I know advocates shredded cabbage, and nearly all require onion fried in salt pork. The recipe we use in our kitchen is different from any of these, and the result is a thick, creamy white soup, with no fat floating on top as when salt pork is used. I find that many people like it better than the regulation clam chowder of the cook books. Get one dozen clams. Tell the fish man when he opens them to send you every drop of the liquor. Strip off the tough muscle and put that portion through the meat chopper. The soft, pulpy stomachs of the clams may be cut in two. Cover the bottom of the kettle with potato cubes; over these put the chopped clams, a dust of flour and one onion cut into fine dice. The chowder is at its best when the onion is not visible, for all you want is an onion flavor. Drain the clam liquor through cheesecloth, as there is always sand in it. Add this, then the scalded milk, a generous portion of butter and salt and pepper. Stir gently while the soup simmers for ten minutes. If you like crackers in it, lay half a dozen on top of the chowder, after it is poured into the tureen.

An oyster chowder is prepared in exactly the same way except that the raw oysters are cut into pieces with a knife. This is a good, delicate soup, but lacks the salt-sea flavor of clam chowder.

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