SUCCESS

MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
Founder and Editor

AND

The National Post

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Cover by ARTHUR LITLE

THE "GREAT OUTDOORS" SECTION

DEPARTMENTS

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EXPIRATIONS AND RENEWALS.

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

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In The Editor's Confidence

The New Declaration of Independence

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, delivered a remarkable Fourth of July address this year in Faneuil Hall, Boston. As reported in the Boston *Advertiser*, it ran in part as follows:

"Since the Declaration of Independence was written a new kind of government has arisen in states politically free, which exercises over their citizens a control quite as difficult to resist as was the control of King George and his ministers over the people of the Colonies. That new interference with the 'inalienable rights' of man, and particularly with his liberty and his pursuit of happiness, is industrial government, which now affects the daily lives of men and women more immediately and intensely than political government does.

"This industrial government is an outcome of the factory system and of the freedom of association secured since the middle of the last century alike for employers and employed. It is a strong control which is the result of a new sort of freedom. Its great power is derived from capital amassed in amounts which equal the capitalized income of many political governments."

If we were to venture adding a word to this diagnosis of the world-shift from political to industrial government, it would be that back of Dr. Eliot's "factory system" lies the mighty fact of the application of science in human affairs on a vast new scale. The world of 1776, a world in which individuals actually could exist on a pretty independent individualist basis and in which families and small communities actually could maintain a reasonable amount of independence of other families and other communities, was a world immensely different from that in which we live to-day. The telephone, the telegraph, the railroad, steamship and trolley have bound the world tightly together. They have completely substituted not only organized industry, standardized commodities, and universal distribution, but above all, standardized knowledge and the instantaneous world-consciousness of the daily press for the community-isolation of the past. The very fiber and texture of civilization has been altered.

Dr. Eliot goes on to suggest that we draw up a new declaration of independence. This new document would, he says,

"inevitably address one exhortation to the mass of the people—namely: Resist monopoly in every phase or form and deal alike with all monopolies of credit or money or transportation or beef or wheat or of some manufactured product or of some kind of labor.

"A new Declaration of Independence would give vigorous expression to the popular conviction that the natural resources of the country, including the public health, are not to be sacrificed to secure immediate profits to a few individuals or corporations to-day. It would also recognize the direct functions of government in preventing evils and in promoting human welfare.

"All action by government which clearly prevents industrial evils or promotes the bodily and mental welfare of industrial workers tends to increase industrial freedom. All action by government which tends to facilitate the voluntary division and redistribution of great properties, to prevent the diseases and vices which cause most of the degrading poverty or are caused by it . . . will improve industrial conditions and commend democracy to the confidence of the world."

This declaration is, we believe, in harmony with the widespread progressive thought of to-day, as is also Dr. Eliot's further statement that "dependence on wages or salaries is to-day the rule instead of the exception," and that even guaranteed support to each worker would be nothing more than the slaves of any sensible slave-owner have always had. Also his conclusions appear reasonable and strong:

"Democracy is the form of political government which best promotes freedom and social justice. Hence the importance of considering together on this Independence Day the inroads which other authorities and powers have made since 1776 on our democratic liberties and of studying the means of resisting these inroads.

"We shall best praise the men of 1776 by trying to emulate under our new conditions their foresight, wisdom and courage."

That Dr. Eliot appears to distrust many of the most promising devices for furthering industrial democracy with which the various peoples of the world are to-day experimenting need not concern us here. Neither need we permit ourselves to be disturbed by the vagueness and even helplessness of his plea that we "resist monopoly in every phase or form." No one man, however distinguished as a student of life, can be expected to think out every phase of so vast a problem. Certainly in advising a new declaration of industrial independence, Dr. Eliot has contributed a thought that must stimulate many an honest but bewildered mind.

Success Magazine has long recognized this fact of the recent change in the form of our civilization. In both signed articles and editorial utterances we have tried to make the fact clear, notably in Mr. Russell's thoughtful series, "The Power Behind the Republic." *The National Post* was founded on a recognition of this fact and of the need of a patient if sometimes spirited search for the realities in a new and puzzling world where the accumulated lessons of history are far less valuable than they were during the relatively stable centuries before the change to a new epoch began. The combined magazines will go on much in the spirit of Dr. Eliot's "Declaration," but with rather more faith than he in the various experimental devices employed by those groups of progressive men who are groping hopefully if painfully toward the light. For it looks to us very much as if the "mass of the people" must experiment or be overwhelmed.

The beginning of an era is necessarily a time of experiment. The nations of the world—this nation among them—are already in the new era. The only possible way to "return to competition"—a return for which Dr. Eliot appears to plead—appears to us to be the impracticable way of returning to the stage coach, the sailing ship, the tallow candle and the pony post. The only possible way to live comfortably with the new monsters of capital is to try out one by one, every device that looks as if it might bring them to terms.

We are frankly for going forward; are for soberly, thoughtfully seeking the path to freedom.

Beginning with this issue SUCCESS MAGAZINE and THE NATIONAL POST are united in one publication; the new magazine to appear monthly and to be sent to the subscribers of both periodicals. This union, combining as it does the well-known qualities of SUCCESS MAGAZINE and the fresh young enthusiasm of THE NATIONAL POST, makes possible, we believe, a better and stronger magazine than either and a significant contribution to American magazine literature.—THE NATIONAL POST COMPANY.

"D-didn't you ever love a woman?"

Drawing by DALTON STEVENS. Illustrating "THE OLD ROSE UMBRELLA"

SUCCESS
MAGAZINE
AND
The National Post

THE OLD ROSE UMBRELLA

By Sylvia Chatfield Bates

Frontispiece by Dalton Stevens

One evening.

LET me say in the first place that it can be used either as an umbrella or a parasol, that I bought it for Rosalinda on her birthday, and that it is old rose because her eyes are gray and her cheeks just touched with the color her name expresses. Also, it seemed to me that in the little gray, winding street which I see from the latticed window of my study, a dash of Linda's own color would be enlivening on a rainy day and positively exhilarating on a shining one, when she comes by and smiles in at me, or waves her hand, or even sometimes stops for a chatty morning call.

It is quite seemly that she should call on me or come to spend the day, as has happened on occasions, and that I should give her the most beautiful umbrella I could find, for, although I like to count myself still young, it was twenty-two years ago last month that I became the godfather of a small gray eyed rose colored baby, who was and is Rosalinda. Since that day the most important thing in the world has been that she should be happy. And so, although I believe she no longer counts silver mugs and woolly lambs, lockets and pink silk slippers, or even wonderful umbrellas the summit of earthly welfare, it is my joy to give to her exquisite things, yet, perforce, modest. To see her gray eyes flash starlight and the color deepen in her cheeks as she says, "Oh, you dear old thing! What a perfect duck of a dangle! But you're too extravagant, Justin," is to me the reward perfect — short of the impossible.

She has always made it plain to me that she considers me very old. Perhaps it is because she has no "real" father by way of contrast, nor mother either for that matter; one brother, whom I have long since ceased trying to reform and who rarely startles this sleepy little university town with his presence, being the extent of her family connections. At any rate her habit of addressing me as "cunning old Justin" or "dear old thing" or "my aged godsire," and a pretty little way she has had, at least until lately, of rising to give me a chair, have seemed to me anything but complimentary. It may be, however, that she is beginning to see reason on this point, for the other day as she sat curled up on the window seat in the sun, close to my desk, waiting for me to finish a business letter, she suddenly remarked:

"What do you think, my dear? I've been looking long and hard and I can't see a gray hair in your head!"

I waited to sign myself, "Yours truly, Justin Mallory," before answering stiffly, "I never supposed there were any. Why are you so surprised?"

"Oh, well," with her wonderful smile, "when a man is beginning to get on——"

"How old." I brought my fist down hard on the blotting paper and smirched my signature, "do you think I am? In Heaven's name!" I added, for it has always exasperated me that Linda could never remember my age, pleading as an excuse that if I would only stay the same a little while she could do it beautifully. Imagine my astonishment, therefore, when she answered smoothly, "Forty-two years, three months, and eleven days."

"And do you call that 'getting on'?" I inquired so savagely that she burst into her pretty laugh and leaning forward patted my shoulder.

"I am only just beginning to understand," she said, "that it isn't"; leaving me in doubt, as usual, which one of her remarks to believe. She sobered down quickly, however, and took upon herself my search for the proper envelope, insisting upon addressing it, in accordance with her theory that letters bearing her pretty feminine characters are opened first.

Somehow, it has seemed to me, of late, that Linda very easily falls into that sweet gravity, which, although very becoming, is for her rather unusual. Of course in the woolly lamb days there were periods of profound melancholy, damp with tears and sometimes, I am bound to say, resonant with shrieks, when her small woes were frequently — I thank God for it — sobbed out in my arms. She was a dear morsel. It was never long before, with her gray eyes still flooded, she would giggle a little and say, "All well now, Justin." But the woolly lamb days are over, and even a rose silk umbrella, though cherished lovingly I will admit, is not a universal panacea. For several months now, yes, as I think of it perhaps for a year, it has seemed to me that something has troubled Linda; but we have both of us grown too old, alas! for the comforting of other days.

It has worried me. Not that there has been anything perfectly tangible or of lasting effect. She has never for long ceased to be my joyous Linda, easily sent into gurgles of helpless laughter, forever mischievous in spite of her twenty-two years. Yet, such strange looks have fled across her face! Her eyes have widened pitifully at times, as if in fright — at nothing. And once or twice when I have come in late in the afternoon from a solitary walk or errand I have found her sitting in my study, crying. Each time, as it happened, she had been "too busy" to go with me when I stopped for her at her door. Each time she jumped up and laughed at my alarm, and looked so distractingly beautiful that I was obliged to invent an excuse to go out again and walk around and around the block. When I came back, I remember, she was calmly making tea. Only an extra flush in her cheeks and her loosened hair gave sign.

I have puzzled day and night, turning it over and over. And to-night I know. She has told me!

It has rained all day, pouring or drizzling alternately, and at about five o'clock it was gloomier than ever. Sitting at my desk I caught sight of the old rose umbrella bobbing down the street. Long before she had reached the steps I was holding the door wide open for her.

"Good afternoon, my dear. Why, what a smiling Justin! Has something nice happened?"

She thrust the dripping umbrella at me and popped into the study.

"Of course there has," I said, following her, "you're here."

"Is that all? My, but you're dark and dreary!" She shivered though it wasn't cold. "Where's your lamp? You mustn't work in this light; you'll spoil your eyes."

Having lighted the candles, drawn the shades and jabbed the poker at the smouldering fire, she sat down before it and whipped out some funny little crocheting she does by candle light. (I think it is for me, and am eaten with a dreadful curiosity concerning what it will finally become.) And I unlocked a cupboard, also, like the advice, a relic of old days, and offered the small beautiful person occupying my hearth rug a plateful of cookies.

"For a good girl," I said, pinching her cheek.

She laughed up at me. "We'll never outgrow that cupboard, will we, Justin?"

"Never," I replied emphatically. "In fact, what's the use of outgrowing anything? You told me the other day, or at least implied, that I am growing younger —"

"Oh, but not too young!" she exclaimed. "Never callow!"

"Very well. You can tell me when to stop. As for you yourself, you're nothing but a little bit of a—"

"Justin! Don't—d-dear!"

She suddenly threw her crocheting on to the floor, where it narrowly missed the fire; and her eyes sparkled quick tears. I rescued the work, marvelling. She hid her face in the wing of her chair and sobbed once. The room was very still. But after a while one big gray eye came peeking out from the wavy hair.

"Why don't you say something?" she inquired.

"There is something," I said, "at the bottom of all this."

She flashed me a frightened look.

"Isn't there, Linda?"

"Well, n—naturally—"

"Aren't you going to tell me?"

She moved her head slowly from side to side, and pulled at the hand I held. It didn't come away.

"Why not, dear?"

"Not unless you guess," she qualified.

I plunged wildly in the dark.

"Linda—is it a man?"

To my consternation she flushed violently, a deep rose, over her face and brow and neck. As for me, I must have hurt her hand horribly, for she cried out. When I looked at her again she had hidden her face in the chair, as before—I kissed her hand—

"Little girl—" I began, and stopped.

I could feel her trembling.

"Don't s—say anything, Justin. He—he never—will!"

"Is he blind, and deaf?" I asked huskily. "Is he an ass?"

She giggled a little, hysterically.

"Oh, no," she said, "he's the best man—in the world."

It is often in one evening, you see, that there come the stab of joy and the stab of pain.

I put her hand down gently, and settled back in my chair. Racing madly through my head were images of all Linda's small circle of acquaintances. I rejected them one after another, only to take them in again for reexamination. Linda in love! The adored Linda in love with a man who doesn't love her! It is hard to imagine; but it explains, pitifully, perfectly explains. All the strange wonderful little smiles at the fire, the quick rush of beautiful tears, even the new womanly tenderness with me whom doubtless she has dreaded to hurt—it explains! And he is "the best man in the world." Ah, little Linda, I wonder!

Another evening.

I thought at first that she would be self-conscious and shy. Yet she's not. She is secure in the knowledge that I have not guessed the name of the man. And, if anything, she is franker in her affection for me. I don't for a moment doubt that she has always loved, in a way, her "funny old Justin."

For a week we kept apart, and then she came down to see me—just as I was opening the front door to go to her—and repentantly spent the day. In honor of the visit, I closed my desk by the latticed window and we went to the city, where in the shops the clerks alternately mistook us for father and daughter, or husband and wife, to my confusion and Linda's delight.

"Aren't they silly?" she giggled. "Isn't it fun?"

To-day we have been for a picnic by the sea, just she and I. In fact we have had such an outing once or twice a year ever since she was a little thing and used to race around on the sand in her bare feet with her skirts tucked into her belt. We go to a place Linda loves. It is a beach which is as yet untouched by summer cottages and family picnics—a stretch of desolate sand, behind us green and golden meadows, then the hills. Here great breakers crash, in their magnificence, all for Linda and me.

The old rose umbrella appeared to-day as a parasol, a gay daub of color on the beach. It shed its pinkness over Linda in her white linen gown, very tenderly, it seemed to me. She had been a little pale when we started, and I thought her gray eyes had never been so large and clear and grave. But her lips smiled, and the pretty laughter readily slipped out.

We settled ourselves in the shelter of the grassy sand dunes, where we could watch the surf foam white against the dark, blue ocean.

A fat little red note-book, in which Linda has been writing diligently of late with the promise that some day—maybe—I should see, had made the journey in my pocket. I pulled it forth. But she was not quite ready for literary criticism as yet.

"No, dear," she said, putting her hand on mine and patting it in a motherly fashion, "not now; wait until after luncheon. It would make me ill to see anything *I* had created, in the face of this, just yet," with a nod at the sea. "Let us get used to it."

I did not stir for fear she would take her hand away.

We ate our luncheon hungrily: tiny sandwiches, cool delicious salad, little cakes, all of Linda's manufacture. And then, with a charge that I should not dare peek at the red note-book, Linda comfortably went to sleep, her head resting on my folded coat and the umbrella, for shade, securely planted in the sand. Her slim, soft, little figure soon curled up like a child's, and her cheeks became flushed. I mounted guard, faithfully frightening away what Linda calls the "wild animals."

After an hour she stirred and smiled, without opening her eyes.

"Hello," she murmured, "are you bored?"

"Rather," I replied; "do you think you can manage to stay awake now?"

"Maybe."

She yawned and languidly lifted her eyelids.

"I thought perhaps you'd go for a walk," she said; "you used to."

"Did I?"

I took up the red note-book and opened it, at which she sat up, wide awake.

"You promised, Linda!"

"Oh, well," falling back on her elbow; "but if you laugh——"

The little book, I found, is exactly what Linda had claimed for it, and no more. It is a conglomerate of "Ideas" ranged jauntily in a series, but absolutely unmassed. There are little jokes that are all her own, little epigrams that made me frown and smile, an occasional small sermon at which I would have given a fortune to laugh. I found in the book that Linda has distinct "views" in matters more or less fundamental and startlingly varied. On War, for instance, and Dieting; on Literature as a Profession, and Children's Baths. However, the "Ideas" are for the most part rather fanciful than serious, queer conceits without reason or rhyme, or world-old romance natural to a simple, normal heart.

During my reading Linda walked far down the beach, and I dared copy a bit, here and there, that I liked.

"Of what were you thinking, little girl, when you wrote this?"

"Arcadia"

"A little house in a hollow land,
Smothered with roses, crimson and sweet,
A garden of love by a tender hand;
A gateway where you and I, dear, meet."

Here is part of her "List of Beauties."

"To me," she writes, "these things are identically beautiful. I mean—oh, it is hard to make clear!—that, as Justin says, the keen thrust of appreciation in response to each is the same.

"*One:* A volume of 'The Idylls of the King' bound in light blue leather, stamped with gold.

"*Two:* The ocean in a lake-like calm arched over by a sky in which is piled one white cloud, tower on tower against the blue; rising straight from the sea, on the edge of the rocks, a gray castle with a flame-red banner drooping from it.

"*Three:* The story of *Elaine* and *Lancelot*.

"*Four:* A man's voice that is all music and resonance, all tenderness and yet aloofness, a living note of purity.

"*Five:* 'The clasp of a well-loved hand, warm and close but deferential, with the gentle lift and slow, unclasping fingers of chivalry untouched by passion."

Yes, dear Linda, now I think you are grown up; very girlish, but grown up.

I went down the beach after her, and when we met I bowed very low.

"A lady with 'Ideas,'" I said, "is to be saluted."

She was embarrassed at first, but when we had sat down and had begun to talk about the little book of essays she might some day write, she became more natural. She knew nevertheless, that I had seen those last two items in her strange "List of Beauties." She knew also that I was conscious of her knowledge. What she did not know was my pain at her memory of the handclasp of another man.

When our literary hour, as she was pleased to call it, was over, therefore, I found courage haltingly to ask her a question that has been following me day and night. The red note-book was open, as I spoke, at the page we were aware of.

"Linda," I said, and felt myself flush "does this—man—know what I—have guessed?"

She looked at me gravely and did not answer at first. Then a queer little smile flickered.

"He knows," she said at last, "that I love some one; but he does not know it's he."

"Is he more than ordinarily stupid?" I inquired.

"No," she shook her head; "he's considered clever. Don't scowl so, dear, it isn't becoming!"

"I'm not scowling," I said crossly.

We had another pause, in which Linda built tiny houses in the sand, and demolished them.

"I suppose, Justin," she finally said, and lost her breath a little at the start, "that it would be simply o—odious for me to—to tell him."

Is it a grown up Linda after all? I was obliged to scowl more than ever.

"You know, little girl," I stumbled, "there are—things—called conventions, that most people think it good and wise to keep."

"But don't they depend entirely on the people?" she pleaded. "*Elaine* could tell *Lancelot*."

"Ah, dear, in the days of chivalry—Could you be sure, *now*, that he would understand?"

Then she paid me with charming, earnest courtesy the most wonderful compliment I have ever had.

"If it were you," she said and stopped, "if it were you, you would understand!"

To that I could say nothing. We fell to watching a solitary schooner full-sailed against the cloud castles. The long thunder of the breakers seemed suddenly to me monotonously sad, grandly and eternally mourning the little sorrows of men. She felt it too, I think, at the same instant, for she shuddered. It took me a long time to tell her at last what I knew I must.

"But after all," I ventured, "you would never value his love if you had to ask for it."

I swear I didn't mean to frighten her. In such timid startled haste she said I was perfectly right that I felt as if I had struck her.

By and by I leaned nearer and took her hand, a thing I rarely dare to do.

"Little girl, I wish I might help," I said.

She did not stir for a moment. Then she turned to me, her beautiful eyes full of tears. She raised my hand and sweetly, innocently kissed it.

"Dear old thing!" she said, with a wonderful smile.

[*Continued on page 78*]

TRAVELS WITH A JUNK MAN IN ARCADIA

By Richard Le Gallienne

Author of October Vagabonds; The Painless Revolution, etc.

Illustrations by John Walcott Adams

Chapter I

Which I First Meet With "Old John"

I SHALL never see my old friend again, and I hope that, somewhere in the green infinite distance, in which I still fancy him wending on, with that leisurely jingle of quaint bells, he knows how I miss him, this spring day. It as just such a day, a year ago, that we ok the road together, as it had been just ch a day every year, farther back than most uld remember, that had made the neighrs at Shepherd's Corners say to each other: I reckon it's about time for Old John to be the move again." He had already been Old John" when even the quite old men of e district had been boys, and I shall never rget the overwhelming and quite startling pression of immemorial age he made upon e when I saw him for the first time. It was wards the end of a hot summer afternoon, d I had been lying half asleep down in the d orchard, the ungathered apples making a lden floor about me, and filling the air with e winey smell of their decay. Suddenly om behind the huddle of moldering barns the top end of the orchard, there had come wn to me a dreamy jingle, as of elfin bells aken somewhere among the green boughs, d I had risen and crunched my way through e rotting apples and the dappled sunlight to the farmyard. There, enthroned on his rt, like some vast old bearded king in a iry tale, sat so fantastic a figure of an old an, that, for a moment, I could hardly beeve that he was real, and I looked at him ith plain astonishment. King Lear and Rip an Winkle immediately flashed through my ind, for there was that about him which inevitably suggested both. Everything about him—except, incongruously, his horse, a handsome stallion of fine breed and evidently well cared for—seemed old, unfathomably old, dusty, faraway and forgotten. As in the theater, the ghosts of kings always appear behind a screen of spectral gauze, so his pale but keen blue eyes seemed to look at me through a veil of cobwebs, the cobwebs of a hundred years. In one of the old barns stood an old disused wagon, long since filled with mice-nests and festooned with spider's webs, a monument of dust and dilapidation. I had sometimes said that one day, I would bring it out into the sun, mice-nests and spider-webs and all, and drive it down to the station to meet some smart visitors of mine from town. It was just such a phantom conveyance on which my strange visitor sat, with his odd regal air, and I could well have believed that he had so sat in some old barn, lost in a Rip Van Winkle dream, the spiders spinning their webs about him, and the mice making their nests in his beard, for a hundred years; till, suddenly arousing himself, he had thus startlingly issued again into the light of the sun.

"Was I going to do anything with my apples, he asked"

Such was my first sight of Old John—a vision of spectral age. Presently he spoke, though I had hardly expected it of him, expected him rather to fade away slowly on the air, as he had come; or speak, at least, with a faint far-off voice, after the manner of ghosts. But no! his voice belied his antiquity, for it was still strong and had once been rich, and, though there was a certain country homelinesss in it, it chiefly struck one by its unexpected refinement. It was not the farmer speech of the district either in accent or in words. It was the voice of one gently born, a little roughened and ruralized by life in the open air and contact with simple people. Heine has told us how he once met Jupiter fallen on Christian times, in homely garb, selling rabbit-skins for a livelihood, but still the god beneath all his disguise. Such I thought must have been the voice and bearing of Heine's god in exile—just such a voice and bearing as Old John's. He was not selling rabbit-skins, but his cart was loaded, after the manner of the professional junkman, with piles of newspapers, bottles, tinware, old clothes, and such human waste. But his business with me concerned other merchandise. Was I going to do anything with my apples, he asked. He thought that probably he could make good use of them for cider. I invited him to walk down into the orchard with me, and as he descended from his cart, and hitched up his horse with a reassuring affectionate word, as though talking to an old friend, I was struck by his great height, his massive frame and erect figure. A long great-coat, fastened at the throat with a safety-pin, enveloped him from head to foot, a worn and ancient garment, but still preserving those lines of style which a good coat can never lose while it hangs together, and on his head was a vast sombrero hat of an equally dilapidated distinction.

I wish you could have seen the fine sweep with which he presently raised this to an old lady visitor of mine, who had come out on to the veranda at the sound of the little bells. No old clothes could obscure the manner of that salute, or the tone of his: "A fine summer day, madam," as we passed down into the orchard. The apples were pretty far gone, he said; but, still he could do something with them, and, after a little calculation, he made me an offer for them.

"No," I said, "give me a jar of the cider, and I think I shall have the best of the bargain."

"Yes! I'm a pretty old man

"I loved a circus licking, or no icking

"Come on, old girl," I said, "what's the matter with you?"

All right, he assented. It should be as I wished. Apples for apples, was fair dealing; but, as good cider was a matter of three years, it seemed hardly fair that I should wait so long for payment. I ventured to hint—for I was quite fascinated by my new acquaintance, and wanted to see more of him—that if he would only drop in and see me for a chat from time to time, I should feel more than repaid.

"So you like talking to old fellows like me?" he said, turning to me with a smile. I answered with appropriate disparagement of my own day and generation.

"It was the same with me when I was a young fellow," he went on. "I liked nothing better of an evening than to sit on the old

Old wives would bring their troubles to him

stone bridge of my home-town, listening to the old fellows spinning their yarns——"

Here we were joined in the orchard by my beautiful old lady visitor, to whom again Old John made his courtly bow, and continued:

"My young friend here has been telling me that he likes talking to the old folk—and, madam, when I see you, I can well understand it."

This, with a respectful gallantry, quite in the grand manner of a time long gone by. Wonderful is the power of the inner spirit over the outer envelope of a man. As Old John bowed and smiled, one gave no more thought to his moldering wardrobe, and, if one had, one would have been ready to maintain that the safety-pin fastening his weather-worn coat was quite in the latest mode.

"But, madam," he continued, "who talks of being old to you? To me, if you will excuse me, you seem young as lilacs in April, a little maid running about in short frocks." Old John evidently took a pardonable vanity in his years, and was, I could see, only waiting to be asked their number.

"Yes! I'm a pretty old man," he said, in answer to the inevitable query. "If I live till the fifth of September I shall be a hundred and three."

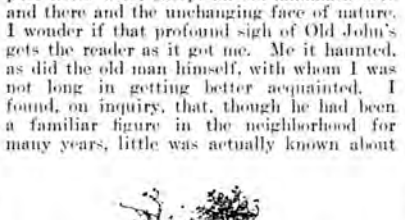
I rather suspected my friend of a little artistic exaggeration, but actually I should not have been surprised if he had proclaimed himself a thousand, for his age seemed a positive quality independent of the count of years. It was not so much that he was so old by the almanac. He seemed to be embodied antiquity, dateclessly stretching back into unrecorded time.

"Yes! I'll come and visit again soon," he said, as presently mounting his cart, he prepared to leave, "and you shan't wait three years for that cider. I have a jar or two down at the barn you shall have. I don't drink it any more myself. It's too powerful for my old head nowadays." He paused a moment, and a wistful expression came into his face, as though his thoughts had gone wandering away into the past. "Yes!" he said presently, referring back, "I used to like talking to the old men too—and I should like it yet, but the trouble is I can't find any old men to talk to. I'm like a prize-fighter who's beaten everybody, and can't find anyone any more to fight with. Well, we'll be going, Willliam"—this to his horse, and with another courtly wave of his hat, and "a good-day to you, friends," he was once more jingling his way down the leafy lane.

Chapter II

Why Old John Peddled Junk

To like talking with old men, but to have grown so much older than the rest of the world that you can find no really old men to talk to! No one even contemporary to compare notes with, except an old landmark here and there and the unchanging face of nature. I wonder if that profound sigh of Old John's gets the reader as it got me. Me it haunted, as did the old man himself, with whom I was not long in getting better acquainted. I found, on inquiry, that, though he had been a familiar figure in the neighborhood for many years, little was actually known about



Only half-a-dozen of the very oldest graves in the churchyard were older than he

him. He was not a man of those parts, a his folk were vaguely supposed to be away somewhere in Maine. Friendly, but unco municative, he had talked to no one of history, but an impression that he was of g old American stock, and had seen a great d of the world, prevailed and invested him w a certain involuntary respect. He had s denly appeared in the place years before, a taking possession of a ruined barn, had li there, with his horse and dog, ever since, cept for that mysterious annual journey which none knew the destination or purpo It was conjectured, though, that probably J John, on these absences, went to see his fo One characteristic of his had particula commanded the consideration of the distri his extraordinary understanding of and pow over animals. He was, among his various tivities, a successful breeder of horses, and stallion, "William," was much in demand country wide and, like his master, only scended to junk as a side-show. John, t was a learned authority on the raising hogs, and his advice on all questions "stock" was sought by the wisest. Nor w there any sickness pertaining to anim

Thus had begun his wandering way of life

which he was unable to cure. It all seem to come to him by instinct, that nature-knowledge which is mysteriously born with so men—"just a gift"—as the country peop say, like the gift of making money. And the gift of making money usually comes the love of it. Old John's gift with anima no doubt, was nine-tenths his love of the

Of the love-affairs of four generations he was the kindly historian

Perhaps he had loved some human creature less somewhere in the shadowy past, but ce tain it was that no human thing was as ne and dear to him now as "William," and w "William" knew and showed it, if ever hor did. Their love for each other was a prover and if you asked about Old John's way life, you were always told that he was a "he mit" and lived all alone with his horse the "Old Barn." His collecting of junk w little more than an excuse for being neig borly, for he was anything but a mi-santhrop and, if he loved animals more, he loved h followmen too, and took a fatherly interest the gossip of their lives. Old wives wou

ing their troubles to him as he sat on his
rt at their house doors, and he was always
their service to do their little shopping for
em, on his visits to the little neighboring
wn where he disposed of his multifarious
llections. Of the love affairs of four gen-

April ends with pitiful broken promises of spring

ations he was the kindly historian and only
lf-a-dozen of the very oldest graves in the
urchyard were older than he. His junk-
siness, therefore, you will see, was of the
ature of a hobby, a form of dilettanteism;
t, at the same time, it had one serious ob-
ct, which on one of my visits to him in his
l barn, he confided to me. He was saving
to buy—what do you think? Well, wait a
inute and I'll tell you.

From the main barn he had partitioned off
tiny room, furnished with a truckle-bed, a
oking stove, and pegs from which hung his
tique wardrobe. On a rough shelf were a
w battered books—a treatise on farriery, a
Pilgrim's Progress," an enormous old Bible,
nich I suspected of containing his family
nealogy, and a collection of farmer's alma-
cs. A print of Lincoln was pinned up on
e wall, and there was an old musket leaning
one of the corners. As one sat on the one
air and looked out into the dusty barn, the
eck haunches of "William" protruded from
s stall, which was close up against the little
om, divided only from his master's bed by
e partition, in which there was an opening
rough which "William" could thrust his
ad when he had a mind to, and the old man
uld stretch out his arm and pat him in the
nely night. The rest of the barn was
owded with various litter, old iron, newspa-
rs, and so forth, carefully sorted out, after
kind, and where the light came in at the
eat open door, Melchizedek known as "Mel."
r short—a setter of great age and wisdom,
editated in the sun.

To celebrate my visit, the old man had pro-
ced from some dim recess a jar of his fa-
ous cider.

"I don't use it myself any more," he said,
t seems too strong nowadays for my old
ains"—and, for sure, it was a potent mate-
al, I can attest!—"but, as this is a special
casion, I will join you in a little Jamaica

The starlings are back again

m. Good old Jamaica is hard to get now.
o one seems to drink it any more, except
re and there an old fellow like myself. But
ere's nothing like it for old bones, 'specially
you're a bit rheumatic."

So we pledged each other, and presently any
ffness that had been troubling the old man's
ngue left it, and he talked, told me of his
yhood, talked more about himself, as he
id afterwards, than he'd talked to anyone
for fifty years. I was glad to flatter myself that all the liking had not been on my side. It all came of "William" pushing his head through the partition and joining in the conversation with a friendly whinny.

"Wonderful things, animals!" said the old man, "far more human than you and I, if they could only speak. And when you come to know them, they speak as plain as anyone and lots more sense. Even in hogs there's a sight more sense than most people think to. But, of all animals," continued the old man, taking a sip at his old Jamaica, "of all animals, my favorites are elephants."

"Elephants!" I exclaimed in some surprise. Somehow, the old Arcadia barn had not suggested elephants.

"Oh, yes!" he replied, "I've had several elephants in my time."

"You don't mean it!" I said. "How in the world did you come to take up with elephants?"

"Well, its long ago," he went on, "goes back to when I was quite a bit of a lad. I might say that the whole course of my life was decided by an elephant." I waited while he drew a few puffs at his corncob.

"It was this way. As a boy, I wasn't a great one for school. Birds' nesting, and hunting was more in my line, and putting up my fists, and yes! running after the girls. I was more often to be found at fairs than at the schoolhouse, and many a good licking my old dad used to lay on my shoulders, till they got too broad to mind them. And of all things I loved a circus. Traveling menageries were more in fashion in those days, and one couldn't come within twenty miles with-

He was a "hermit" and lived all alone with his horse in the "Old Barn"

out my being off after it, licking or no licking. Well, it happened when I was about fifteen, that I heard of a show a little back from where I lived, and, of course, I up and cut away. Now, as luck would have it, just as I got to the village, I found the place in no end of a commotion. The elephant had broken loose and the keeper could do nothing with it. Just outside the village was a pond. And there, up to his knees was master elephant spouting the dirty water all over the folks, and bellowing ever so. The whole village was out and drenched to the skin. And there on the edge of the pond stood the keeper calling to it and holding out a big pumpkin to tempt it with. Elephants, you must know, are great ones for pumpkins. But no! The elephant wouldn't budge, and went on squirting the water about like a water spout."

The old man paused to lubricate his tongue, and set his pipe going again.

"Well," he continued, "I don't know how it was. I don't understand it to this day, but suddenly it came over me that I could manage him. 'Give me the pumpkin,' I said to the keeper. 'What do you know about elephants?' said he. 'Never mind, let me have a try at him.' 'You'd better be careful young fellow,' he said, 'he's killed two men already.' 'He won't kill me!' I said. And the Lord knows why, but I seemed so confident, that the man gave me the pumpkin and in I stepped to the pond almost up to my middle, holding out the melon. 'Come on, old gal,' I said, 'What's the matter with you?' The folk all shouted, 'He'll kill you for sure, you young fool!' but you'll hardly believe it, and I know no more than you how it happened, but when he sees me, the elephant held his

He was a learned authority on the raising of hogs

trunk quite still, and gave me a queer look out of his wicked little eyes for full half-a-minute. Somehow I wasn't scairt. I seemed to feel we were going to be friends. Then all of a sudden, as meek as a maid, he reached out his trunk and took the pumpkin and down with it into his great mouth. Then before I knew what he was going to do, and you may bet I thought it was all over with me, he stretched out his trunk again, wound it round my waist, and lifted me, as gently as a woman holds a baby, right up on to his back, and marched right out of the pond home to the village." I couldn't help smiling, and Old John saw me.

"John, you're a wonder!" I said.

But the old man looked a little sternly at me, and affirmed the truth of his story so convincingly that I was ashamed of my momentary scepticism.

So true, indeed, was it, that, when at last the time came for him to return home, nothing could keep the elephant from following him; and finally in despair the circus manager offered to engage him to go along with the show. Anything more after the boy's roving heart can hardly be imagined, and young John jumped at the offer.

Thus had begun his wandering way of life, and he had gone on wandering ever since. Seven elephants had during this period been his bosom friends, and now, in his old age, his fancy was once more turning toward the gigantic pets of his boyhood. To add an ele-

[Continued on page 69]

The cherry-tree that shadows my window

MY ESCAPE FROM HOUSEHOLD DRUDGERY

A Personal Experiment in Domestic Efficiency—with Some of the Results

BY MARY PATTISON

Ex-President of the New Jersey State Federation of Woman's Clubs

Illustrated with Photographs

THE need for a Declaration of Independence in home management had never been made manifest to me until I found myself suddenly occupying an executive position. Then I discovered that money, time and health were the three factors this new work of mine demanded, and was confronted by two apparently incompatible obligations; on the one hand were my personal and domestic duties, on the other were the newer activities imposed upon me as President of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs.

Under my existing arrangement of home obligations, it seemed impossible for me to crowd in another duty. I had either to engage more servants, or to find some other way out of the difficulty. Additional servants meant more time in training them to better ways of procedure, and a double expense to the home. So I began a systematic stock-taking of those responsibilities which were already overbalancing my energies and resources.

I came to the conclusion that absolute self-independence was as necessary to me as the manager of my home, as it was to any other manager in any other position of trust. This was the goal toward which all my energies must be directed, and for this end my success was dependent upon two factors. The first was the reorganization of methods of housework along modern scientific lines; the second was the elimination of all non-essentials.

The reorganization of housekeeping methods is best effected by the installation of time, labor and money saving devices throughout the house, but mainly in the kitchen, which is woman's domestic laboratory, and the pivot around which the rest of the house revolves. This method seemed to me practical and I resolved to give it a trial.

In the eliminating of non-essentials I also began in the kitchen. I had, as I soon discovered, an accumulation of useless cooking utensils. There were some iron pots, heavy to lift and hard to clean, which I disposed of, not without some misgivings, for they were almost family heirlooms. I also put away all the unused pieces of old china, many of them left from my mother's and grandmother's pantries. I was surprised to find the time saved by this simple change in the order of things. The old keepsakes were better cared for than when exposed to continual view, and there was no dusting, washing or bothering with things seldom used.

In order to discover just how and why conditions had developed into their present form, and why the cost of living became greater continually, I decided to try the work myself. I discharged the servants as a starting point for investigation. Obviously this was the most direct, and indeed the only way to realize the desired funds to carry on my work as President of the State Federation. In addition to the saving of three servants' wages, the difference in monthly bills was immediately noticeable.

My kitchen was large, and the labor of preparing a meal left one physically exhausted. When I wanted a spoon or a fork, I had to walk to one end of the room, for a towel I went to the other side, for a pan somewhere else. There was coal to carry up from the cellar, ashes to carry down; there was dust continually and a fire that would go out. The confusion was maddening and the arrangements seemed the worst possible.

As I stood one day in the center of the pantry, I was suddenly seized with the idea of turning it into a kitchenette. My pantry was of good size with china closets built in. There was a sink, with hot and cold water supplied from the cellar. A large built-in refrigerator was already in place there, connected with a drain into the cellar and supplied with an outside door through which ice could be put without the inconvenience of carrying it through the house. I had gas and electric connections made at once. Since that time, I have been able to prepare all my meals in the kitchenette. A small gas stove with broiler and portable oven, I find sufficient with the use of a fireless cooker. The stove is placed on a shelf to obviate leaning over. The oven door is glass, doing away with opening the door so often at the waste of energy and heat. Now, when I stand in the center of my kitchenette, I can put my hand on anything needed in the preparation of a meal by the simple act of turning. The folly of walking miles, back and forth, day in and day out, is dispensed with.

Having made this beginning, I began to realize as never before, the meaning of commonsense organization of home duties. With the money that had previously gone to support the servant system, I installed, from time to time, new and modern conveniences which mean an economy of further expense and time. I began with the kitchen, then went to the laundry, and finally through the entire house. At the end of the first year, I owned a dishwasher, a washing-machine, a vacuum cleaner, a fireless cooker, electric irons, and many other modern appliances, not the least useful of which is the dustless mop.

Unpleasant Duties Eliminated

The old-time household duties also disappeared to a great extent. Scrubbing was no longer a necessity. I found a waxed floor, with simple but effective rugs, just as practicable as in other parts of the house. The next step was to eliminate that second frightful bugbear of housekeeping—washing the pots and pans. No dish or kettle used in cooking was allowed to become cold before being washed with a combination wire and bristle brush. The hand thus came in contact only with the handle of the vessel, doing away with the most unpleasant part of dishwashing, while the immediate cleansing minimized labor by preventing particles of food from drying and sticking to the sides of the utensil.

Table tops of glass and marble also helped to reduce labor in the kitchen. These were constantly kept spotless by the free use of paper napkins as "wipe-up rags." The employment of paper is one of the most valuable means of saving work. Paper napkins when bought in quantities are very cheap, they are absorbent, easily handled and may be quic disposed of.

Another of our schemes was to have all g bage instantly dropped down a tube from sink to an incinerator in the cellar, do away with that most unpleasant chemi combination of a mixture of nondesc scraps, so unpleasant to the senses of sig smell and touch. We have not as yet reac Mrs. Rorer's ideal of minimum waste, but are striving to approach it, for therein lies other real source of economy.

A great deal of dirt, and the labor of moving it, was prevented by having all ve tables washed before they were brought i the house. To this end I devised a little d table near the pump on the back porch, a step from the garden. We live in the co try and grow some of our own vegetables, the principle of leaving all possible dirt o side is one that could be applied almost eve where. All market deliveries were left i basket just inside the door, obviating the r ning in and out of delivery boys.

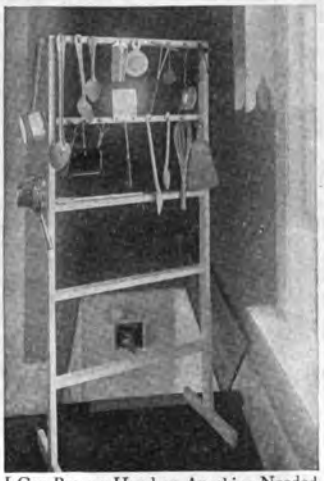
Keeping the silver clean was one my greatest difficulties. After considera thought, I invested the first fifty dollars sa in an electric buffing motor which, I thoug could later be used for other purposes. In effort to have it strong I chose a too power one. It proved dangerous to stay in the ro with it while in operation, for it threw sm things, such as salt cellars and spoons, wil about in the air. I again began investi tions, however, and finally succeeded in fi ing what seems to me to be the best gene machine for all domestic uses.

This electric motor, which approximated ideal, was used with different attachments perform many of the duties of ordinary hou keeping. Merely touching a button did aw with much of the drudgery of the past. fore long it became almost a personality the household. "James the Great" named him, because he surpassed the m efficient butler in thoroughness, dexterity a swiftness. With his assistance I can mys perform all the duties attendant upon hou keeping in less time than it would have tak me to tell the three servants what was to done.

The motor is light enough to be moved any part of the kitchen or throughout house. Independent of all attachments, nevertheless can be turned to any sort of wo Nothing is too heavy or too trivial. A sim cord connection with an ordinary sixte candle-power outlet gives the necessary pow Thus equipped, what does "James the Grea not do? Roll him to the coffee mill and less than a minute he will have the cof ground for breakfast. He freezes ice-cre for dinner in six minutes after it has be put into the freezer; he grates cheese chocolate on baking day, chops meat, polis silver. Place him in contact with the sucti sweeper in any room which has an incand cent lamp attachment and he will clean house. He does not object to brushing shoes, or even to doing the family washi for part of his equipment is an electric tub

This last device made it possible for woman to do all our washing and ironing

It Allows Each Person at the Table to Serve Himself in Turn and Does Away with Passing

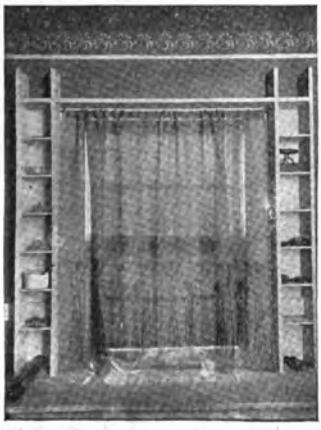


I Can Put my Hand on Anything Needed in the Preparation of a Meal by the Simple Act of Turning

The Oven Door is Glass, Doing Away with Opening the Door so Often at the Waste of Energy and Heat

Roll him to the Coffee Mill and in Less than a Minute he will have the Coffee Ground for Breakfast

In Planning the Kitchen Beautiful I Tried to Utilize every Corner for Convenience and Good Effect



The Opening of this Experiment Station in June this Year Cleared the Way for the Wider Application of Household Theories and Practices

one short day (which hitherto had been a matter of three days at least). Such a condition was furthered also by our dispensing almost entirely with table linen, substituting doilies, paper napkins and towels, and by choosing such garments to wear as needed least time in laundering, such as silk, lisle and crêpe.

By doing away with all the unsightly dishrags, towels, scrubbing brushes and the usual clutter of cleaning materials, I prepared a way to achieve "the kitchen beautiful." Of all the rooms in the house, it is the one that belongs most particularly to the woman; it should be pervaded by an atmosphere of comfort, restfulness and exquisite cleanliness.

In planning the kitchen beautiful, I tried to utilize every corner for convenience and good effect. I was especially intent on making this part of my home the most attractive, with a harmonious color scheme carried out in detail. The walls were done in a silver gray. The woodwork was painted white, with all dust-catching edges cut in black. A border was stenciled in white, black and old red, in appropriate designs. The curtains were of silver gray scrim, stenciled to match the walls. The floor was stained, finished with varnish and waxed.

Kitchen Work in a Drawing-Room Gown

My reforms made it possible and safe to go about kitchen work in gowns of suitable material for the drawing-room, even with a train. Largely for convenience, however, I designed a sort of protective uniform. It was more like a studio apron than the usual "old plaid badge of servitude" seen in the kitchen. Most of us wo...en have had sad experiences getting hurriedly out of such a garment. To obviate this need, I made mine an easy slip-on, fastened with a single button in the back, attractive and artistic. The cap was modeled from a Liberty cap, that it might serve not only the necessities of practical usefulness and beauty, but also that it might be a symbol of the liberty we were working to secure for woman in the home.

I was not alone in my work for domestic independence. The Chairman of the Department of Home Economics of our Federation of Women's Clubs had suggested to the State organization the need of an experiment station for home economics, thoroughly outfitted so that devices could be tested, foods examined and reports given. No longer needing the servants' quarters, I offered the four rooms and bath, which they had formerly used, to the Federation for one year for this purpose.

The opening of this Experiment Station in June this year cleared the way for the wider application of household theories and practices. Housekeeping is there to be made a study, and the enthusiasm of the hundreds of women who attended the first lectures and demonstrations shows the interest in and value of modern methods. Questions will be answered after practical tests and thorough experiments. Domestic worries and uncertainties will be subjects for solution. The business of housekeeping is largely made up of trivialities, hence nothing is too small to be investigated, nor, on the other hand, is any difficulty so large that we do not hope to sift it down to its causes and find a remedy.

The establishment of this Experiment Station was not, to be sure, accomplished without difficulties and criticism, such as, "domestic independence is not practical," "the devices are too expensive," and many similar strictures. I can only answer these by pointing to what my unaided or servantless efforts were able to accomplish by the reorganization of my own home along lines of efficiency. The first year of my work in the State Federation ended with a record of visiting and addressing forty clubs, attending eighteen committee meetings, traveling 5,780 miles, writing about twenty-five hundred letters and postals and sending numberless messages by telephone and telegraph. In addition to this public work, I did all that was necessary in a large country house, had under my care a family of four, and fulfilled all the social obligations devolving upon a member of a hospitable community. I also bought many new and interesting articles for the house which would not have been possible or even safe with tho average servant; did not spend one penny for house repairs; brought the cost of everything down, even the coal for the heater; lived better, and did not have a day's sickness to record.

As a means of securing independence in my own case, there has been worked out a daily program. In presenting it to the general reader as a possible suggestion, it is with the understanding, of course, that all homes differ, and that only the universal and underlying principles are the same.

Our train service makes it necessary to breakfast at seven o'clock. Having arranged the table as much as possible the night before, we are ready for breakfast in the morning in from two to fifteen minutes. Fruit, cereal, eggs if desired, with toast and coffee prepared at the table on electric devices, constitute the meal. The coffee is filtered into a thermos jug and remains hot until any hour it may be desired. Such a meal, served for four, is readily cleared away in from fifteen to twenty minutes. Taking a few minutes to run over the floors each morning with a dustless mop reduces special cleaning times which are again minimized by the use of a vacuum cleaner, on no especial day, but whenever found convenient. The beds have by this time been aired for an hour or more and are ready for spreading. It really takes one person just four minutes to make the ordinary bed. The tidying-up process is made simple by cultivating the habits of the family so that each looks after his own bath-tub and basin, clothes, etc. A forethought for the evening meal as to soup, meat, or vegetables, by putting them hot into the fireless cooker, made it practical for me to take the 9:15 train to any part of the State when necessary, or to attend to Federation work accumulated at home. A simple luncheon was left ready to serve—salad, soup and cold meat left from the night before. Upon the arrival of the evening train, if I had spent the entire day away from home, it was a simple matter to take the dinner, thoroughly and deliciously cooked, from the fireless cooker.

The Mechanical Dining Table

We devised an interesting arrangement for the family table service, adapting and combining to our special uses an efficieney table seen at the Engineers' Club of New York City, and an English breakfast stand, known as "The Susan." Our device consists of a round flat board so constructed as to revolve upon a pivot placed on a pedestal in the center of the table. It allows each person at the table to serve himself in turn and does away with passing. The top of "The Susan" is high enough above the top of the main table to leave space for salad and desert beneath it, veiled from view by a lace cover until time for serving. This arrangement, together with a wheeled cart upon which is placed an electric heater, makes it possible to conserve all the essentials of comfort with no crowding of dishes, reaching or passing, everything ready when wanted, the esthetic side maintained, and above all, no silent images moving about, imposing a feeling of constraint. It takes thought, of course, to work out menus best adapted to the scheme and to be thorough in planning all that will be required at each meal so that no one need jump up. We can sit about the table as long as we chose, knowing that we keep no one waiting but ourselves.

While our plans had been carried out up to this point with gratifying results, we had not tried them out except in a small way. Would our methods be equally satisfactory in the handling of bigger situations or a larger number of people than as yet had come within the scope of our management? A chance to make this test soon came to us.

Our daughter was to have a birthday, and in my double effort to please her and to prove that my system had in no way interfered with the traditions of our home, I asked her what sort of a celebration would please her most if she could have anything she wanted. Somewhat to my surprise she replied, "A great big dinner party of about twenty people, more people to come in the evening and let me choose them all."

I found that her idea was that we could easily hire a cook and some men to serve and it would not be any trouble at all for mother. But that was not the way to develop my plan. I was on my mettle to do this thing all myself, without extra work or fatigue, and this is how I proceeded.

Beautiful table-linen is, and always has been, a joy to the housekeeper, but it requires careful laundering, and that was just what I wanted to prevent in my plans for the dinner. I had seen decorative paper used for a lot of foolish superfluities, costly and generally inartistic, adding to rather than reducing one's cares. Why not make it serve a purpose and meet the needs of such an occasion as this? Three large white crêpe paper table-cloths such as may now be purchased almost anywhere, covered our great table beautifully with garlands of feathery green at the piecing and a huge basket of lovely garden roses in the center. The beginning was made. Splendid large dinner napkins were found thirty inches square, in heavy, velvety, white paper, as well as imported paper plates in all sizes a choice of decorated or undecorated. The tumblers and silver, of course, were indispensable.

An Automatic Dinner Party

The next consideration was for a menu that would take care of itself after being prepared. Here the fireless cooker was brought into use. Solid jelly bouillon was turned out two days before the feast, leaving the cooker free to roast two boned hind quarters of spring lamb, and boil some prettily cut string beans and rice. The rolls and cake were made by a woman in the neighborhood. A dainty appetizer, grapefruit, a "delectable salad," salted nuts and bonbons, with a tray of chocolate parfait and cake, completed the feast. Coffee was served from a thermos jug in a tea cart in the drawing-room.

Place cards showed the destination of each guest and the beginning was simple. The tiny bouillon bowls were left on the table near the tumblers. As the other courses progressed, the used paper plates were passed to me from either side of the table and disposed of in a quaint old Dutch basket, so arranged as to take charge of the silver in a separate compartment. The passing of the plates made some exercise for the guests, especially those nearest the basket end, but nobody seemed uncomfortable or unhappy. A wheeled cart at the host's left disposed of the meat and vegetables at the proper time.

After the guests had left the dining-room there was nothing to need attention except to place the glasses on the wheeled cart, carry the basket of silver to the dishwasher, and bundle the paper table-cloths, napkins and plates together for a morning fire. To do this, and also to reduce the table to its original size, took two of the more intimate guests exactly eight minutes. The room had thus been transformed with almost no effort and we were ready to receive the other guests of the evening. The refreshments, served later on paper plates, consisted of ice-cream frozen by the electric motor, cake and punch.

It was all pronounced a success, and was considered especially wonderful by many who were accustomed to being waited upon on every occasion. One woman declared that she had never felt more freedom or comfort in any house in her life. No one seemed to suffer from the absence of servants, and there was very little more for me to do than there had been on previous occasions, in merely adjusting the servants' misdirected efforts. I had, besides, the infinite satisfaction of having taken myself the first steps in proving the possibility of Domestic Independence through a different and more efficient management.

THE MESSENGER

By D. O. Edson, M.D.

Illustrations by Percy F. Cowen

I

T is seldom that a man is flashed before the world an infraction, a prodigy, proclaiming out of time and generation truths yet unthought beyond their being listed on the great sheets of mystery. I say seldom, yet there have been such, there are, and will be always.

Fortunately, it is not a calling, a profession, to be put on like a suit of clothes, for were such the case, doubtless few would don the uniform, for the titles it has carried with it, like all titles, symbolize the common opinion of the world. In the past they have ranged all the way from heretic to witch, while the present still stigmatizes them as visionary and fool.

Jimmie Cronin was a fool. At least, in the eyes of his father—Jim Cronin, livery stable keeper and horse trader—Jimmie was a fool. To his mother he was a little angel slipped through the crack of dawn, where other angels must still in awe be standing. To both father and mother he was an only child; an immeasurable measure, made doubly large my delicate health and gentle ways. From the top of his misshapen head to the tips of his fine pointed fingers he was delicate. His life was spent in the company of his mother, where the gentleness of one reacted on the other until mother and child lived in an atmosphere seraphic. So pervading did this atmosphere become that when three holidays happened to range themselves in line and Jim remained at home, he, Hayfoot Jim—Old Hoss Cronin, would take upon himself almost cardinal virtues that nothing but a horse trade would have disturbed: horse trades were, therefore, the saving clause in Jim's life and kept him a good provider.

There is no way of knowing when little Jimmie's head began to work. Lying in his mother's lap, with his big brown eyes looking up into hers, he would listen to the songs she crooned, never sleeping in the daytime, but always listening with smile of love or frown of perplexity. And the mother, from watching that big face, so full of wonder and faith, had the deep recesses of motherhood tapped to the full mysteries of maternal joy. Tears, silent tears, of something joyful beyond other expression, were hers. And Jim—Hayfoot Jim—coming in to his midday meal, would often say: "Leaking again, Mother! I declare you leak worse than an old boat"; or, going over to where mother and child were seated by the window, where the soft light of spring or the golden shafts of fall came in, he would draw up a chair, and seating himself directly in front of them, would watch the big misshapen head and delicate hands until—well, like an old horse trader who finds his trade beginning to show up weak points, would rise from his seat to voice the subject beyond the storm center—"Well, Mother, how about dinner?" or, shaking his head, he would say, "Nix on the horse business for him, Mother."

And the four seasons came and went while Jimmie crawled himself into boyhood, where they shortened into two, while he questioned himself into youth and his mother and Mary Sharp, the servant, into fertile imagination that brought with it the reward of broader horizons.

Flowers formed the subject that filled this little misshapen head that grew like a pumpkin on its thin stalk. Toddling about the house with this ever-growing member, Jimmie looked to every one but his mother and Mary Sharp a deficient. To his father he was indeed a fool, but never was there a moment when those little arms were not welcome to reach about his neck or that heavy head to rest upon his shoulder.

But flowers to Jimmie were humans; they ate and drank and grew up like people

But mother, Mary Sharp and flowers were the whole wide world to Jimmie, and flowers were everywhere in and about that little house above the village. In summer they bloomed and flourished all about the place, but chiefly behind the house where their narrow strip of land extending back slipped down a slight incline to a narrow trickling stream that seemed to linger by twist and bend before it straightened out to hurry down the valley, past the village and the livery stable.

In winter, in every corner of that little house where a beam of light could find its way, flowers bloomed and grew with Jimmie asking questions, directing them quite as often to the flowers as to Mary Sharp and his mother: "Why are these blue and these red and those white?" he would ask, pointing. "Each flower, Jimmie," his mother would answer, stopping in the midst of some work to place a hand each side of the heavy wobbly head, "chooses its own color; some day mother will let you see all the colors they have to choose from, in the morning when the sun is rising"; and Jimmie never forgot that answer. At other times, perhaps to Mary Sharp, it would be—"Why do things fall down? Why don't they fall up, Mary?" until it was easy to see Jimmie was a fool.

Once his father found him behind the house industriously throwing stones in the air with one hand, while the other he swept beneath them trying to find the string that pulled them down; and all the rest of that day Hayfoot Jim was depressed.

But flowers to Jimmie were humans; they ate and drank and grew up like people.

When Jimmie was ten he had read all the simpler works on horticulture and some of the deeper scientific ones he had culled from the lesser works as references.

The only people with whom Jimmie would talk unreservedly were his mother and Mary Sharp. With these two loving souls long confabs were held, with Jimmie listening and questioning, occasionally stimulated to some long speech, throaty and muffled by the big tongue and malformed mouth, almost unintelligible.

His out-of-door life was spent in his garden back of the house: seldom was Jimmie seen in the front of the house, where the main road leading to the village and "the street" passed close to the veranda and the swinging gate.

It was not alone at the suggestion of Hayfoot Jim, or even Jimmie's mother, who had seen and felt the pitying looks on the faces of those who passed that this deficient, this monstrosity, was kept in the background. Jimmie's choice was there among his flowers, to talk to, to play with. Roses, Lilies and Geraniums were the three families that dwelt there, named with surnames; their offsprings as fast as they appeared were given Christian names. Here was Mrs. Whipple, with her gorgeously attired family all in pink, geranium pink. There by the fence, arranged in rows wide and far apart, so that he might

drag in his little chair to sit upon, was Mary Sharp; and Mary Sharp, too, was scandalized to see her ever-increasing family hovering about her—roses blooming—in total disregard of social amenities; while the Lily family arrayed themselves on the other side of the little river crossed by a bridge, a rustic affair fashioned by his mother and the capable hands of Mary Sharp.

When Jimmie was twelve years of age two strange things happened in that garden: a lily, transplanted to a box, grew to a height of twelve feet and then shot out a bud that never unfolded; it looked like a single banana. In a box placed next to the fence a geranium started to grow, sending out tentacles that gripped and climbed until it covered half of it; then it shot out a single bloom as large as your hat, and gray pink in color, a geranium bloom the size of which had never been seen before. When Jim's wife first showed it to him, he said: "A roan flower, eh?" and then as he looked at it, his face sobered as he thought of little Jimmie—a monstrosity, too. Four days later the plant collapsed like a punctured bladder, staining the fence and ground with an ooze-like anæmic blood, and everything within a radius of ten feet died. To Jimmie it was different from that time; he had fed the plants salt as he had seen his father salt the horses. Then it was as though a death had occurred in the household. Now it was different. "Why?"—was the word that echoed through that misshapen head, that silent brain.

With books and a microscope—the one thing he wanted and got that Christmas—he slowly and methodically toiled, filling reams of paper—that but added to his father's hopelessness when he tried to read them—until he had classified a foundation satisfactory to himself, a basis for the work he now silently buried himself in.

Then the winter came with all the flowers again in the house, but now many of them had their roots confined in a meshwork of wire to cling to. Jimmie could now either lift them out of the loose earth without injury or wash all the earth from about their roots to give them other earth, prepared like food.

In the kitchen he would often stand beside Mary Sharp or his mother while they baked, incinerated and sometimes boiled mixtures of earth, lime, powdered stone, and even meal and salt, for the childish game the little fool found such enjoyment in.

And Jimmie's toys multiplied like a young millionaire's. Mary Sharp vied with father and mother to make pleasant what they all felt secretly was to be the little derelict's short visit. For months the saving of sixty dollars was the greatest happiness Mary Sharp ever experienced, to buy him the little miniature X-ray machine he wanted. The catalogue, with an illustration of it, was Jimmie's constant companion. Twenty times a day he would take it from his pocket when alone to look at, to think about. At night Mary Sharp would surreptitiously steal into his room and take it from the little side pocket of his coat to the kitchen, where she would study it quite as interestedly as he. Its number and its description, together with the name of the maker, she carefully copied. Each night for months it was recopied, revised and verified, that no mistake might be made in so important a purchase as involved sixty dollars. Finally it came, and with it Mary's arms about the little derelict's body and a heavy head resting on her motherly shoulder while she cried with the deepest volcanic enjoyment. The gods of Olympus were holding Mary as she was holding the little deficient.

In a room formerly the parlor were Jimmie's toys—a microscope, X-ray machine and a spectroscope. It was from his mother, the spectroscope. The letter that had brought it read: "Please send one of them toys number 116 on your catalogue as soon as possible. Be very careful about packing it, as twenty-eight is too much to pay for a broken toy." It was addressed to an optical company, one of the largest in the city. In the window of this room were now arranged Jimmie's flowers, their roots twining in wire meshwork like tendrils on a lattice. He washed them; he fed them; he tended them; just as his mother and Mary Sharp tended him. The flower doctor was the sensitive plant. Jimmie brought it each day to them, leaning its delicate leaf in contact with each plant until it gave some sign that Jimmie quickly interpreted.

Papers began to accumulate beside his microscope, reams of carefully written matter interspersed with figures; little signs and strange hieroglyphics his mother allowed no one to see; they were kept as much in seclusion, these harmless little things, as the little deficient himself.

He slowly and methodically toiled, filling reams of paper

He was an insatiable little reader. "A reader of words," his mother said, "words without meaning just like those reams of paper accumulating beside his microscope." Jim—Hayfoot Jim—tried one day to struggle through some of those papers. In a prayerful frame of mind he read: "There is an order never disturbed in organic and inorganic matter; it is ruled by undeviating law. Matter has sympathies and antipathies which may be expressed chemically. If a solution of common salt and sulphate of soda be mixed and the fluid of it be evaporated, it will be found that the two salts have rushed together, mutually attracted, forming a crystal always the same, with the same angles and the same number of sides, never forgetting. Throughout Nature in everything, we observe this order of action; abhorring, repelling, or uniting, affinitizing, as it were, each in his turn worshipping the creature of his choice." Jim—Hayfoot Jim—took a long breath and continued: "The result of this is seen in the beauty of plants, where atoms affinitize with atoms to build stalk and stem, arranging themselves to form little fine tubes—capillary tubes—whose power it is to lift water above its level, selecting and carrying other atoms to shape and form themselves according to their unalterable law, their unchangeable desire; mounting higher and higher where each atom calling to its mate rounds out by affinity and love a very deity. So throughout the world of organic and inorganic matter, there is choice, and choice that illustrates the perfect unity that pervades the works of Nature. Is not this intelligence?"

That was the last straw with Jim. "Poor little Jimmie!" he thought—"plants with intelligence! Gee! it's hard—hard." He went to the kitchen, took up his hat and sauntered back to the stable feeling old and depressed.

Once, when Jim came home to dinner rather earlier than usual he found his wife reading those foolish sheets. "Don't, Mother, don't," he said, as he placed his hat on the glass globe that covered the wax flowers on the mantelpiece, "it will only make you blue." Then, "How about dinner?" he asked.

"Go right in the kitchen, Jim; it's on the table," she said, then continued with the foolish sheets. "Those who study Nature," she read, "have said there are but two divisions the organic and the inorganic. There is yet another tangible force which is neither to be tabulated organic nor inorganic; it is light. Light contains all color. Light, like everything else in the world, has its antipathies and affinities. A spectral color is welcomed here, rejected there, until in floral life each flower proudly exhibits its selection, fearless in its choice. Color is but borrowed, loaned like life that comes and goes; at night in the darkness there is still the plant, but there is no color. When life departs there is still the body, but there is no intelligence!" And Jimmie's mother read the meaningless words while thinking of her boy, the little deficient whose delicate hand had traced it all and the appended funny hieroglyphics. Empty letters and arithmetical signs of plus and minus and other strange devices. And all this time flowers were growing, strange in shape and still more strange in color. Over by the window a rose screened from the direct light of the sun shot a single bloom towering above its leaves—the rose was green, water-green in color.

Jimmie Cronin's stack of papers beside the microscope often thinned, like his plants when pruned, but only to grow again to greater volume. His little X-ray machine now buzzed with greater frequency, while its strange purplish light, passing through the spectroscope, shot colored pencils of light straight into pot or box that held a plant. Seated before the table and his microscope, whose lower lens had been removed, replaced by a bit of paper, moistened from time to time from the contents of a glass jar beside him, Jimmie would gaze by the hour into the earth of a potted plant, alternately looking up to make delicate tracings on a pad beside him on the table. These he colored, and always the color he used was the same as the bloom of the plant, or where there was no bloom and it appeared later, the color was the same Jimmie had chosen in his tracings. And these slips, torn from the pad, he would carefully pin to the accumulating manuscript, marking it "Organic and Inorganic Equivalents."

When Jimmie was fourteen years of age he developed a cough. His little body, already small and shrunken, seemed to wither under the hammer blows of it. When a paroxysm would seize him, Jimmie would grab his head with both hands and run in fear to his mother or Mary Sharp. With his little arms about their legs he would brace himself while mother or Mary Sharp would hold the big misshapen thing so insecurely fastened to the childish body. With the first paroxysm, they thought it might have been due to something Jimmie had eaten, but when it persistently grew worse, they sent for the doctor, reluctantly, for Jimmie didn't want him, he didn't like him.

The doctor used to say: "Come, little boy, put out your tongue," and "Now, run along little boy, and play with your toys, I want to talk with your mother."

When Dr. Perkins arrived Jimmie was in the kitchen having a paroxysm, and clinging to his mother. The doctor had entered through the kitchen, having tied his horse in the rear of the house; it was late in the afternoon, and fall. Blow after blow shook the little framework that tried to steady itself beneath the heavy load preciously held in his mother's trembling hands. The doctor slowly pulled up a chair and straddled it, his hat still on, looking over the back of it; he was chewing something. Then Mary Sharp came rushing into the room, her face distorted. She dropped on her knees to the little back, her big hands went about the narrow chest, her heavy thighs pressing steadily against the trembling legs. Then the paroxysm passed. Mary and his mother, still excited, wiped his face and hands that were covered with perspiration. He now sat in his mother's lap, his head against her breast, breathing hard, as though quite exhausted. Mary Sharp was warming a cup of milk in a saucepan right on the coals with the lid off.

Whooping cough," the doctor said, "and it ill break his neck, sure."

Jim Cronin, passing the house and seeing e gate open, tied his horse and came in. As entered the kitchen, his wife looked up, ars in her voice, and said, "It's whooping ugh, Jim," as she would have said "He's ad." Mary Sharp was pouring the milk in cup. She took it over to Jimmie, who ank it, a sip at a time. She said, "Never ind, Jimmie, I had it once."

The doctor rose from his seat, still chew- g. "It'll break his neck, sure, Jim," he id.

Jim beckoned with his head for the doctor follow him out of the kitchen, through the rlor and onto the front porch.

ut on the porch Jim stopped. e was looking across the road a pasture, where cows were azing at the frost stung grass. "Well, you see, Jim," it was e doctor who broke the silence "I *could* rig up a brace, a rt of jury mast to support but I don't know as I'd ad- se it—it's the easiest way out you know." Then he waited, long time, chewing and look- g out over the field, too, as ough they both held the same ew. They knew what to do tter than the women. Jim's nds were in his pockets, his eeches pockets; he was taking e doctor in, through the cor- ers of his half-closed eyes: How long will it take to make ?" he asked.

"Oh, half a day."

"All right, go ahead and ake it." He had ignored the ctor's insinuation and advice, t he didn't forget it.

The doctor shrugged his oulders and went down the eps slowly. When he was out to round the corner of e house to where his horse as tied, Jim called to him om where he stood with his es still half-closed: "I've got at horse for you," he said.

"Oh, have you? Good! How uch?"

"Hundred and fifty," Jim plied; then added, "he's just hat you need."

"You know my price, Jim," he doctor had turned to face m, his hand now resting on the railing at e side of the porch on a level with his chin. "Hundred and twenty-five is the best I can ." Jim hadn't shifted his position.

"Hundred is all I can afford," the doctor id.

"How much do I owe you?" The doctor as going to get that horse if Jim had to give to him.

"Well, Jim, with the brace, about twenty- re."

"How much without the brace?" With e exception of Jim's lips, his expression dn't changed; they had gotten a trifle inner.

"Well, Jim, you know if you don't put it that whatever happens I'm with you." The ctor's eye twinkled as he said it.

"Send me a hundred and the brace, and l send the horse up to-morrow."

The doctor was smiling as he turned to ave. Jim grinned as he opened the front or to enter the house, talking to himself. And whatever happens to you," he said, 'm with you." But no one heard him.

When Jim entered the kitchen little Jim- ie was apparently asleep in his mother's lap th his big head resting against her breast. ary Sharp was standing beside them, her r hand supporting little Jimmie's chin. m drew up a chair and seating himself di- ctly in front of them, took one of the little licate hands in his tenderly, almost effemi- tely. Then, for the first time in many ars, Jim allowed his eyes to res. first on the misshapen head, then on the little delicate fingers, long and pointed. From one to the other his eyes roamed till he could stand it no longer. With trembling lips pressed hard together, his eyes suffused, he arose from his chair suddenly, convulsively. It was indeed old Hoss Cronin stirred to his depth with tender, hopeless, rebellious anger.

Two weeks had passed since the paroxysm in the kitchen. Jimmie's head now rested comfortably in the jury mast. Hayfoot Jim no longer went to the stable evenings. He sat with Mary Sharp and the mother in Jimmie's room, the parlor, with his flowers, his microscope and his other toys. Once Jim looked in the microscope that pointed to the

He took up a dozen sheets hurriedly, went over to the window and read them, every scrap

earth of a potted plant where a flower bloomed. It was a strange looking plant, as strange as Jimmie himself. It had pale leaves, thick and fleshy, with a blue flower almost iridescent. In the microscope Jim saw things flashing here and there like delicate bits of colored glass that reminded him of a kaleidoscope, a poor one too. Then a thought came to him and he looked pleased. He would buy Jimmie a good one to-morrow. The next day he brought it home at dinner time. He held it up to the window for Jimmie to look through; then they both smiled and looked at each other in a pleased manner. Jimmie patted it, then put it on the table beside the microscope.

Again winter came and the days grew short. Suddenly frost clutched at the windows and most of the days snow filled the air. Jimmie watched it all from his warm room, where the white feathery flakes, drifting in the wind, looked like steam. "It must have looked like this," he thought, "when the earth was forming — before it cooled off, enveloped in steam with the sunlight drifting through, forming a rainbow." His big projecting forehead was wrinkled in thought, studiously. "The earth bathed in rainbow light for thousands of years — the sunlight divided into colors, each on its specific errand, like messengers"; — he thought —"lovers seeking in rock and chasm their affinities, to kiss and waken into life, like my X-ray spectroscope, with its colors stealing through pot and earth to stir to deed the sleeping force!" The X-ray doing in a week the work of a thousand years. That was the time he was writing that meaningless stuff that so depressed his father. It began: "Effects are produced by necessity, absolute, unyielding iron necessity. Light — call it what you will — is not an element; it is neither organic nor inorganic; it is a thousand things, subtle as thought and life, as spirit. It contains the force that changes elements from dead to living matter, the inorganic to organic. Its thousands of gradation of color, each affinitizing with individual atoms, holds in its embrace the very shade that fertilized, as though watching over its charge, to crown with bloom of color, its work of love." Then followed on those small bits of paper pinned to the larger sheets, hieroglyphics, symbols and signs that told how mineral potash and phosphate could be made acceptable to plants, heretofore rejected by them through the difference between organic and inorganic potash and phosphate, defied detection by other means.

It told in parallel columns, hieroglyphically expressed, its story; then summarized it, by writing: "The color that fertilized — the color of bloom. The color of bloom—the shaft of light that turned the inorganic to organic."

But Jimmie's cough didn't get any better. The awful stridulous paroxysms had left, but there gradually settled down a deep, hollow, racking cough that shook the little frame like a leaf in a storm. Hayfoot Jim threw all pride to the wind. Jimmie now quite as often sat in his lap as in the mother's or Mary Sharp's, crooned to and rocked. In the last six months they had grown to look alike in face, these two. The unshaven face of Jim was not unlike the gray-streaked hairy one of the little monstrosity now seated in his lap, his legs dangling halfway to the floor.

Spring came, and with it a slight improvement in Jimmie's health. He seemed to improve in bodily condition. He walked about the house with sturdier legs. He now often sat in a rocking chair outside the kitchen door wrapped in shawls and blankets in the warm rays of the sun. For hours he would bask in the warmth of it, thinking of that wonderful light stealing through blanket and wrap and flesh, to reach each atom of blood and bone.

Dr. Perkins hadn't called since that day he had said in the little deficient's presence: "It'll break his neck, Jim, sure!" In fact, he and Jim didn't even "Howdy!" as they passed on the road, the doctor still driving the old horse.

A great specialist had been sent for to see Mrs. Gardner. Mrs. Gardner was the widow of old Pete Gardner, formerly president of the bank, owner of two saw-mills, the electric light plant and the water-works. Mrs. Gardner was eighty-two years of age and worth half a million. Everybody in the village was worried about her, some that she would die, others that she wouldn't. Every boy and girl in town cherished a secret desire that she might die; something then might happen to the bank or the water-works or the electric plant; anything would be welcome.

It was Jim who met the early morning train and the great professor from the city. He was now driving him up from the depot to the big house with the mansard roof and the conservatory, where flowers bloomed behind glass, flowers to be proud of, to envy. As Jim approached his own little cottage with the great professor seated behind him on the rear seat, he saw his wife at the win-

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TUNNELLING THROUGH THE MIND

Methods by which Psychologists are Able to Recover Lost Articles, Detect Criminals and Even to Cure Disease

By H. Addington Bruce

Author of Dreams and the Future Life, Marvelous Master Sidis, Etc.

IF anybody were to ask me which I consider the greatest of the sciences, I should unhesitatingly reply, "Psychology." All the sciences are good, beneficent, helpful to mankind. But there is none which, for vital significance to the human race, can compare with the study devoted to the phenomena of the mind. Especially has this been true in the past twenty-five years.

In that period came dawning appreciation of the all-important part played by the mind in the affairs of the body. In that period, for the first time, began the exploration of that vast interior region known as the "subconscious," in which, as in the depths of some dark mine, lie hidden at once the mind's greatest riches and most dread potentialities. To-day, enheartened by the discoveries they have already made, the psychologists, the tunnellers of the mind, are hard at work, constantly adding to the store of man's knowledge — and man's control — of his inmost being.

Something of the methods they use, and of the results they have achieved, is what I want to set before you — in particular, to make plain the means whereby they probe into the mind's remotest recesses, and the reasons for their probing.

On the morning of February 6, 1908, the supervisor of the Zurich hospital for the insane reported to Dr. Carl G. Jung, the head of the hospital, that one of the nurses had the preceding day been robbed of a sum of money, kept by her in a pocketbook hidden among the linen in a cupboard in her room. The nurse, a Miss Blanke, shared the room with the head nurse of the hospital and another nurse, an intimate friend of the head nurse's. As the only ones supposed to have access to the cupboard were the head nurse and Miss Blanke, suspicion naturally fell on the former, and the supervisor, who was much upset, declared her belief that the police should at once be notified.

"No, no," said Dr. Jung decidedly. "I am sure there is no need of calling in the police to settle this affair. We ought to be able to find out for ourselves, and quietly, who actually is guilty. I want you to obtain from Miss Blanke immediately a detailed statement of what was in her pocketbook — not the money merely but anything else it contained."

During the supervisor's absence, he resumed his scrutiny of some papers on his desk. To all appearance calm and unperturbed, he was inwardly seething with excitement. He could regard the theft with comparative indifference, but not so the opportunity it offered for making practical trial of a novel method for the detection of crime; a method which was invented, or at all events first applied, by Dr. Jung himself, and which is to-day being studied with the keenest interest by psychologists, jurists, and police officials in many lands.

Technically known as the association-reaction method of mental diagnosis, it is in essence a psychological "third degree." Painless, simple, easily operated, it is unquestionably far superior to the ordinary, cruel methods of the police inquisition in getting at the guilt or innocence of a suspected person. Its basic principle is that emotions tend to reveal themselves through disturbances in the mental processes.

In using the association-reaction method, the investigator reads aloud, one by one, a list of one hundred or more words, and asks the suspect to respond, as he hears each, with the first word that comes into his head. Thus, the word "cat" may bring the response "dog"; "water" may give rise to the association "land"; and so on. In every instance, the time taken in making the responses, or associations, is carefully measured by a chronoscope, or by a stop watch.

Now, while most of the words in the list are chosen at haphazard, there are always some included which refer directly to the mystery to be solved. The idea is that, if the person suspected is really guilty, the emotions aroused by the catch words will so disturb him that there will be a lengthening of the time of his associations for these words, or for the words immediately following them, or for both. Or, there may be at first an abnormal shortening of the association time, followed by an equally significant lengthening. He may still further betray himself by the character of the associations he makes. If, however, the catch words have no emotional meaning to him, there will, of course, be no excessive time variations.

A Mental Third Degree

This was why Dr. Jung asked Miss Blanke to enumerate everything that the pocketbook had contained. It was his aim to get a few catch words to include in his test list.

"The pocketbook contained," she told him, "a fifty franc banknote, a twenty franc piece, some centimes, a small silver watch-chain, a kitchen stencil, and a receipt from Dosenbach's shoe shop. The pocketbook itself was of a dark red color and was made of leather."

"Good," he responded. "In half an hour send the three nurses to me, one by one. Just tell them I need their help in an experiment."

Rapidly he drew up his list. As catch words, he selected the name of the nurse who had been robbed, plus the following words: cupboard, door, open, key, yesterday, gold, banknote, money, seventy, fifty, twenty, watch, chain, stencil, pocketbook, to hide, dark red, leather, centimes, stencil, receipt, Dosenbach, theft, to take, to steal, blame, suspicion, court, police, to lie, to fear, to discover, to arrest, innocent. These he distributed among twice as many indifferent words, in such a way that each catchword was followed by two indifferent ones. His trap was then ready to be sprung.

The head nurse's friend was the first examined. She appeared to be cool and collected, and acted as though she fully believed she was doing nothing more than taking part in a psychological experiment. So, likewise, with the nurse who attended to the cleaning of the room. But the head nurse showed marked excitement, her pulse registering 120 immediately after the examination. Dr. Jung felt that it was scarcely necessary to look further for the thief.

When, however, he began to analyze his written record of the three nurses' association times, he experienced a great surprise. He had expected to find a striking time variation in the head nurse's associations for the cri cal and non-critical words. Instead, he fou hardly any variation. For the non-critic words, her average association time was seconds; for the critical words, it was 2 There was, likewise, little variation in t case of the nurse who cleaned the room, h average association times being 2.7 secon for non-critical words, 3 seconds for critic But the figures for the head nurse's frie told a very different story.

Her average association time was only seconds, for the words that had no bearing the theft; for the catch words it rose to average of 3.2 seconds, or an average vari tion of 1.2 seconds as against .2 seconds f the head nurse and .6 seconds for the thi nurse. Moreover, the friend's individual sociation times for the catch words show amazing variations, rising from little mo than one second, to 4, 5, 6, and even mo seconds. To the expert psychologist, it w evident that despite her external self-contr the test list had provoked within this nurse veritable emotional storm.

"We have suspected the wrong person said Dr. Jung to the supervisor, "and I ha learned with increased emphasis how deceitf appearances can be. The head nurse is inn cent, but her friend is guilty. These stat tics prove that beyond doubt. You may safe accuse her of the theft."

And, in fact, before nightfall, the unhap woman, realizing that she had been clever caught, broke down and made a full co fession.

This is only one of several instances which the association-reaction method of me tal diagnosis has been successfully employ to entrap a criminal. Whether it is invariab helpful for this purpose has yet to be dete mined by long and systematic experiment tion with every kind of evil-doer, from t man who commits a crime in a moment passion, or under the stress of some gre necessity, to the habitual offender. In a event, quite apart from the question of utility as a crime detector, there is one u to which the association method may be pu and to which it is now being put daily, th marks it out as a real boon to humanity.

Every physician has had the experience being baffled in his diagnosis and treatme of a case through the unwillingness or inab ity of the patient to narrate facts in his ea lier history that may have a direct caus connection with his present trouble. Th may be facts of which he is ashamed, or fac which he has forgotten. In either case, t association-reaction method affords a rea means of getting at them.

Of course, it is necessary for the physici to select words having the proper emotion value; and as a guide in the selection, stran though it must seem, nothing is more usef than the patient's dreams. Readers of th magazine will remember that in an article "The Meaning of Dreams" I pointed o that dreams are far from being the haphaza products of imagination they are general supposed to be; that on the contrary th have an emotional foundation correspondi with some present or past reality. It is l cause of this that they are so valuable to t physician who would employ the associatio reaction method to assist him in his work.

I can make my meaning clearer, and at the me time show exactly how the method is sed for medical purposes and the excellent sults following its use, by citing an example om real life. About two years ago a young oman applied to a New York physician, Dr. . A. Brill, to be treated for extreme nervousss. She had been perfectly well until three onths before, when, she said, she had begun suffer from a complication of disorders, inuding insomnia, loss of appetite, constant adache, irritability and stomach trouble. o physical cause for her condition could be tected, and Dr. Brill suspected that it was ue to some secret anxiety, but the patient rnestly assured him that she "had nothing her mind."

Having at one time studied under Dr. Jung, was well acquainted with the workings of e association-reaction method, and he deded to make use of it to learn the facts hich he believed she was concealing from m. With this in view he asked her to write t her dreams and bring them to him.

"But," said she, "I never dream, except hen I am troubled by indigestion, and then y dreams are so absurd that they are not orth telling."

"Never mind," was his reply. "Whenever ou do happen to have a dream report it to e."

Laughingly she promised to comply, and he day brought him the following dream:

"I dreamed that I was in a lonely country ace and was anxious to reach my home, but ould not get there. Every time I made a ove there was a wall in the way—it looked ke a street full of walls. My legs were as eavy as lead; I could only walk very slowly if I were very weak or very old. Then ere was a flock of chickens, but that seemed be in a crowded city street, and they — the hickens — ran after me, and the biggest of l said something like: 'Come with me into e dark.'"

"There," she said, "that is my dream, and you can make head or tail of it, it is more an I can. It is so ridiculous that I am hamed to tell it."

But Dr. Brill was already at work drawing a test list, with the more striking words the dream sprinkled through it. Twice read the list to her, noting not only the ne of her responses, but also their char-ter.

He was immediately impressed by the fact at certain of the dream words — such as chicken," "street," and "dark" had caused noticeable time variation; and that she had so given in her responses words that would ot ordinarily be associated with the test ords. Especially peculiar was the associaon of "mystery" and "marriage" with the ord "dark." The suspicion formed in his ind that a disappointment in love might be the bottom of all her disease symptoms. ut he did not at once give voice to this idea; stead, he sought to obtain corroboration om her own lips without her appreciating s purpose, by means of another method of ind tunnelling known as the method of free sociation.

"I want you," he said to her, "to concenate your attention on the word 'chicken,' d state the thoughts that come to you in nnection with it."

Her reply, given after a few moments of ent meditation, was:

"I remember now that I could see only e biggest chicken; all the others seemed urred; it was unusually big and had a very ng neck and it spoke to me. The street in hich I saw it recalls where I used to go to hool — the block was always crowded with hool children."

She paused, and began to blush and laugh. "Go on," said Dr. Brill encouragingly. What next?"

"Why, it recalls the happy school days hen I was young and had no worries. I en had a beau, a boy who attended the same hool. We used to meet after school hours d walk home together. He was lanky and in, and the girls used to tease me about m. Whenever they saw him coming, they said, 'Belle, here comes your chicken.' That was his nickname among the boys."

Stopping suddenly, she exclaimed:

"Dr. Brill, it couldn't be possible that the chicken with the long neck, that I saw in my dream, was my old beau!"

"It begins to look very much like it," he smiled. "Have you seen him lately?"

"Not for months."

"And before then?"

Little by little the whole story came out. They had kept up their acquaintance after the school days were long gone. Three times he had asked her to marry him, but each time she had refused, because although she "liked" him she was not at all sure that she "loved" him. At last she had decided that the next time he proposed she would accept. But he had not proposed again. And shortly before she became ill she had heard that he was paying attentions to another young lady.

"I take it," interposed Dr. Brill, "that he is not so well off as he might be, and that this had something to do with your refusing to marry him."

"What makes you say that?"

"In your dream I note that you state: 'Every time I made a move there was a wall in the way; it looked like a street full of walls.' A street full of walls might easily signify Wall Street — hence money. That has been the real obstacle, has it not?"

She confessed that he was right.

He then explained that the one great cause of her ills was her insistent, if subconscious, brooding over the disappointment she had experienced, and that her cure depended upon her ability to overcome this mental attitude. Realizing for the first time, as a result of the dream analysis, that she was really in love with the man she had three times declined to wed, she soon solved the problem. Only a hint was needed to transform him into a suitor once more, and within a very few months they were happily married.

The importance of being able to bring to light and scrutinize one's inmost thoughts is still more impressively shown by the discovery that to thoughts, sometimes so far buried beneath the threshold of consciousness that one is not even aware of entertaining them, most distressing maladies are often due. This is true not merely of obviously mental troubles, but sometimes of diseases that seem to be wholly physical.

For example, a woman walking in an isolated place is menaced by a vicious dog. She manages to escape without injury, and before long has practically forgotten the incident. But, a year, two years, perhaps five years later, she may unexpectedly develop symptoms of disease. It may be that she suffers from a paralysis of the limbs; her eyesight may be affected, or she may complain of abdominal pains easily mistaken for some real organic disorder, and frequently leading to unnecessary operations. All the while her trouble is at bottom due to a subconscious recollection of the shock she experienced when the dog attacked her; and not until this mental cause has been removed can a cure be confidently looked for.

It often happens that the mere act of recalling to consciousness the submerged ideas that have caused the malady is enough to bring about a cure, but the free association method is a tedious process, and much use is made of other methods by physicians who have the necessary training. Thus, it has been found that by putting the patient into the sleep-waking state the lost memories connected with his malady tend to crop up into full recollection. The same result is secured, and more rapidly, by hypnotizing the patient.

Hypnotism, indeed, whenever it can be used, is the surest of all psychological instruments for boring into the human mind. It would almost seem, judging from the results of certain experiments, that a hypnotized person can recall every incident in his career, even from his earliest childhood. To cite a single illustration, a hypnotized patient of the famous Dr. Charcot was taking part in some experiments at a clinic in Paris, when Dr. Parrot, the medical visitor to a Parisian orphanage, entered the room. To the surprise of everybody present, the hypnotized subject, a young woman, immediately addressed him by name. Dr. Parrot declared that he had never seen her before, and the patient, on being brought out of the hypnotic trance, said that he was an utter stranger to her. But when investigation was made, it developed that at the age of two the patient had been for a time an inmate of the orphanage with which Dr. Parrot was associated.

Profiting from this enlargement of the memory during hypnosis, psychology has been able to advance the practice of medicine. No matter how remote the origin of a mentally caused disease, it can almost always be discovered by the aid of hypnotism. A typical and most instructive case is reported by Dr. Pierre Janet, who is probably the most eminent of psycho-pathologists, or medical psychologists. It is one of many that he has successfully treated by the same means.

There was brought to him a girl of sixteen suffering from a singular "tic" or persistent convulsive movement. All day long she continued turning her right hand, as if she were

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A Song of the Marshes

By Maud Going

Man is the lord of the land and the moon is
the queen of the sea.
But the marshes have neither lord nor queen,
the fair wide marshes are free.
Their blossoms flaunt in the wind, which
sows what the frost doth reap,
And all the marsh is astir with a life that
never knows sleep.

Swallows twitter and dart, while in the sun-
glad weather,
Grasses and rushes and rippling reeds, dance
down the wind together.
Oh, the idle, sunny marshes so jubilant and
free!
The shimmering, singing marshes, that
neither are land nor sea!

Sparkle of myriad fire-flies, frogs that twang
through the night,
Whirling of water-beetles on pools where the
moon shines white;
A stir of things in the darkness, lurking
where shadows abide,
Things that are hungry and stealthy, things
that raven and hide.

The water-rat gnaws at the roots and the
night-heron cries for his prey,
Till the dawn-wind sighs in the reeds, and
the marsh-wren heralds the day.
Sound and movement always—life is so eager
and free,
In the whispering starlit marshes that neither
are land nor sea.

Then summer ends in the marshes, and all
their singing is done;
Gone is the flashing of wings, and the glanc-
ing of fire-flies gone.
Only the wind sighs on through the rushes,
withered and sere.
Earth yields harvest, and so does the sea; but
none reaps harvest here.

Untasked—untaxed for their treasure, un-
furrowed by share or keel,
The marshes are left alone, while the chill
gray sea-mists steal
Over the stiffening reed-beds—the clinging
mists from the strand—
Veiling the sorrowful marshes that neither
were sea nor land.

MARRYING JANE

Georgiana Educates her Daughter for the Profession of Matrimony

By Martha Bensley Bruere

Author of The Family Clearing House, Over the Salary Wall, Etc.

Illustration by Arthur Litle

MY cousin Georgiana is a commuter's wife who not only runs her household on an expense budget, but also enforces her demands for the good things of life on society in a way which makes the moderate salary of John, her husband, stretch like india-rubber in her hands. We have a newly acquired relative-in-law, a professor in a Western college who thinks he's progressive because he courteously entertains most of the radical ideas of the day, but he can not reconcile his progressiveness with that of Georgiana, because hers does not satisfy itself with mere theory but insists on being acted upon. When the Professor asked her for what profession she was educating her daughter Jane, and she, calmly fixing him with her brown eyes, answered, "matrimony," he was much shocked.

"Do you still belong to the time of Jane Austen?" he asked sarcastically. "Is it your idea that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife?"

He did not allow Georgiana time to answer. He dashed on to say that he didn't think a girl ought to have to marry for a home; that he believed in educating her to support herself, and then if marriage happened her way, all right. He didn't hold with the old theories about the subjection of women, said that Jane ought to be a useful member of society, not a parasite; spoke a few glowing words about how immoral was marriage for convenience, and how no woman who sold herself into a loveless marriage had a right to hold her skirts aside for any creature of the streets; and he finished up by saying how disappointed he was to find Georgiana doing such an injustice to her own child.

It sounded beautiful — beautiful and convincing — the way the Professor put it. And I felt myself purring like a stroked kitten, for wasn't that the theory on which I had been brought up? But Georgiana turned on the Professor reproachfully.

"It's you who are living in a past age," she said. "Your ideas aren't even contemporary! Don't you see that I am training Jane for the most up-to-date, least crowded profession there is? I wouldn't *think* of letting her grow up haphazard without specialized training!"

"A girl doesn't need much training to get married," said the Professor, settling himself comfortably into his chair. "I'll admit that she's a very pretty girl and likely to do it easily — but to look well isn't the whole duty of woman."

"It was once — after we'd got over the feeling that it was her duty to bear sons. After that came the idea that she must be good, then thrifty, then a wise mother, then self-supporting."

"But you're not educating Jane to be self-supporting!"

"Oh, we've passed that stage, too! Now we need women who will make over the community into what it ought to be through their homes."

I felt subdued and snubbed and as passé as an extinct fish, but I rallied enough to ask why she had happened to choose marriage as Jane's profession.

"Matrimony," corrected Georgiana. "It's a more inclusive term; marriage is only an incident in it. Why, I chose that profession for her because it seemed to me that her aptitudes were that way. She's well and strong, she has a natural understanding for people, including children, and administrative ability. And then she hasn't any special talent clamoring for expression in art or music which might compensate the community if she didn't make a home."

"But those things are the inheritance of most women," objected the Professor.

"Far from it! Else why should there be that perfectly justifiable cry that women are bad wives and mothers? That most of them don't know their business? I tell you, Jane knows hers! The man who marries her will not draw a blank. Why, when you get right down to it, most of the work of the world branches out from the home and returns to it again. Home making is the most useful work there is, only we don't any longer believe that *every* woman's usefulness lies in that direction. We now recognize it as a skilled profession, like music or law. And I ask you, Professor, in our modern society is there any other road to home making than through marriage? Isn't it a necessary preliminary, like the début of an opera singer?"

"It sounds different, the way you put it," said the Professor, "but it comes to exactly the same thing in the end; you're simply concerned in marrying Jane off."

"I am," agreed Georgiana, "and I'm spending a great deal of time and thought in getting the right man, as I would in finding the right community for her to practice medicine in if she were a doctor. I don't believe in haphazard pairing. I think in marrying her wisely I am doing a service to the state."

"But to set out deliberately to catch a man."

"Catch!" cried Georgiana bristling. "Catch indeed! Why, I'm in deadly terror that some of these inadequate boys will entrap Jane. That she'll fall in love and exchange all she's got for mere support. I'm so afraid that her marriage may hinder her matrimonial career. Look at the best Foxbrooke affords — they're out there on the veranda."

I looked. There were a couple of automobiles standing idle and dejected in the road, a bag of golf sticks lying in the grass, a pile of coats and sweaters slipping down the steps, and a group of boys clustered like a swarm of bees around Jane on the veranda. There were boys in duck with their sleeves rolled up, boys in blue serge, boys in automobile coats, boys just out of high school, boys just in college — *boys*, all of them, there was not a man in the lot.

"Jane's twenty," went on Georgiana; "she's ready for her profession, while these boys haven't started to learn theirs. They'll all be going away from Foxbrooke in a year or two, and if they ever come back here to live it will be when they have small children of their own to bring up in the suburbs. No, there's no proper opening for Jane in Foxbrooke. I can't start her in matrimony here any more than I could start her in law, for, as Aunt Anne once said to me, 'You can not marry the men you do not meet,' and a husband is just as necessary to Jane's career as canvas and brushes are to a painter, or bricks to a builder, or pupils to a teacher. He's a prerequisite, and if we make a mistake in him the chances are that Jane's career won't con to anything."

"It's gambling, Georgiana," I cried. "Yo talk as though marriage were a final thin Suppose her husband dies or she gets a d vorce—how is she going to take care of herse then?"

"Well, suppose she was a singer and lo her voice, or an actress and lost her beaut or an artist and went blind? Everything's gamble so far as guarding against disast goes. Of course a wife may lose her job lil any other worker — but it's a good risk."

As we were being thus frank, I asked Geo giana why she didn't encourage Howard Mo ton, a friend of John's who was everythir that was solid, substantial, middle-aged ar good. Ever since Jane had begun to tie ri bons in her hair, he had been right on th spot — an industrious publicity agent for hir self. I even suspected that his specially e pansive smiles were to prove to her that eve tooth in his head was sound.

"I don't see what Jane would get out marrying Howard Morton, except the sob certainty of bread and butter," said Georg ana; "she needs a good deal more than th as a basis for her life work."

Of course marriage had impended over Jar more than once. Practically no girl reach twenty immune. The nearest approach to fatality — if I can put it that way — w with a young civil engineer, the very youn est brother of Georgiana's very younge friend, whom she asked down to Foxbroo over Sunday. He was talking happily Georgiana about its being his first trip Ea since he left college, when Jane entered th room and he began to babble in his speec At dinner, however, he had got himself hand and he told us stories of camping tri up in the Tetons, and of wandering grizzli and of the discovery of a fossil beast with name sounding like tetrahedron — or som thing geometrical. His conversational att tude toward wild beasts as though they we curb stones or the postman or any other ca ual occurrence, was startling. Jane was interested that when the telephone bell ran instead of rushing to answer as she usual did, she pretended not to hear and looke vexed when Junior called out:

"Oh, Jane! It's Harry Wills wants speak with you."

"Oh, good evening, Harry," said she, ar our guest began to flag in his talk. "It's pe feetly dandy of you, Harry, but I can't. No, honest, I've got an engagement. — Wh mother has company — No, not always; b this time I do — Well, I can't anywa there!" And she hung up the receiver d cisively and bounced back into her chair.

"And did you find where that stream can from, Mr. Hilton?" she demanded breat lessly.

Quite surprisingly, Mr. Hilton's busine detained him in New York, and quite a wo derful amount of that business time he ma aged to spend in Foxbrooke. Jane found he self taking long cross-country walks with hi which were something of a novelty becau she was used to being whisked over the cou try in the automobiles of the "Swarm." B one night Georgiana said to John as he w taking off his necktie:

"How would you like young Hilton for son-in-law?"

Mr. Hilton's business detained him in New York, and quite a wonderful amount of that business time he managed to spend in Foxbrooke.

John turned to her blank and speechless and she answered his silence:

"Yes, that's what I think — what I'm afraid of — at least — "

John sat down slowly at her dressing table and studied his complexion with the care of a beauty specialist, but he didn't contradict her. For by virtue of her twenty years of successful matrimony, Georgiana was infallible. At last he said dully:

"Well?"

"I don't know!" answered Georgiana. "He's a well-bred, well-educated, decent sort of a chap, with a good profession and good prospects. But I gather that he lives mostly in a tent; and this is the first time he has been East for nine years. Can I get on without seeing Jane for nine years? But there — that's not the point. Could Jane get on without coming home for nine years? Could she be happy in a tent? But that's not the point either. I expect a lot more of Jane than just to be happy. Doesn't young Hilton expect more of himself than just happiness? Jane might be happy, perhaps, but I'm not sure she'd be valuable. She's not trained to that sort of thing. I don't see how all she's learned about marketing and the different cuts of meat would help her when she had to live on canned goods and squirrels and caribou. How would she run a family budget on a pack train? How would she get along when not one of the things she's been trained for were needed, and everything she didn't know was? It isn't as though it were for a few months, or for a year or two—it's for always!"

"Georgiana," said John solemnly, as he rolled his necktie into a tight ball and squeezed it, "do you think Jane cares for him? If she does — "

Georgiana appeared to be trying to wrench the foot-board from the bed.

"She's only nineteen, John — it isn't possible! If she does — Oh, I've got to know that — I've *got* to!"

Mrs. Hartley, whose husband was the head of John's firm, helped Georgiana to find out. She wrote from Torexo Park:

"I wonder if you will come and be our neighbors for a month? My daughter has gone early to the shore, and her cottage is empty. I think you would find it large enough and it is all ready. I am sure your young people would have a good time. Will you come?"

Georgiana handed the letter to Jane.

"Would you like to go?" she asked.

The girl's eyes shone and her lips smiled of themselves.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, "Oh, mother! Can we?"

"Yes," said Georgiana, looking at John.

They had only been at Torexo Park a week when Georgiana begged me to come up.

"I have got to have somebody of my own kind," she wrote.

It sounded a bit lonesome and desolate, and yet I knew that it wasn't for her own pleasure she had gone, but to give Jane a chance at that career which could not come off in Foxbrooke. There the "stock and bond" people were only the little rich, spending their thousands in aping the by-products of real society — fashion, exclusiveness and extravagance. They were not the comfortably well-to-do, they were glittering imitations; and Georgiana had taught Jane to scorn counterfeits. Georgiana had reasoned that the real rich must be better than the imitation. Torexo Park was an awful break in her light running household, with its slowly swelling savings account, Junior's education coming on nicely, and the children being covered with clothes as automatically as young birds are covered with feathers. But Georgiana argued that parents always had to make sacrifices to launch their children. One was supposed to establish a son in business — why not a daughter? And then even a household mother has a personality; she doesn't live so entirely in her children as some people seem to think. Does the mere fact of being a progenitor obliterate one's individuality? I think Georgiana had a bit of curiosity on her own part to see what the famous Torexo Park was like, and the much-talked-of people. She knew she couldn't afford it; but she squeezed the budget, geared up the expenditure and went.

"I wish," said she when we were inside her cottage, "I do wish that we had never come."

We were in the tiny sitting-room and the carefully husbanded wilderness mixed with the laboriously produced civilization stretched away below the windows. A groom led a pair of wonderful polo ponies slowly down the twisting road, and two women in the sort of simple clothes that are too expensive even to be copied in the great stores, strolled out of a leafy green tunnel, drifted across an open space, and faded away among the Rhododen-

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THE GERMAN EMPRESS AND PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE

Europe has watched with interest the attentions of various eligible candidates who have sought the hand of the youthful princess or have been suggested by royal matchmakers

The Spot Light

Princess Louise of Prussia, seventh and youngest child and only daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, is nineteen years old, having been born September 13, 1892. Edward Albert, Prince of Wales, heir apparent to the British throne, and the second cousin of the Prussian Princess, is seventeen years old, having been born June 23, 1894. Continental and English gossip linked the names of these two very young persons as future husband and wife on the occasion of the trip of the Emperor of Germany and his family to England at the time of the unveiling of the statue of Queen Victoria, who was his grandmother as well as the grandmother of King George V of Great Britain. Once or twice the royal cousins were seen in public together and rumor needed no further excuse. Denials more or less formal came indirectly from both courts when the report of matrimonial negotiations was spread in published form, but neither country seemed displeased at the suggestion of an alliance. The youth of the Prince of Wales kept the story from being taken too seriously, although, as the life of princes go, he is considered old enough to figure in the diplomatic planning for a marriage which might be arranged for a future time.

But the Princess, who is entitled to be known as Princess Victoria Louise, although she prefers the simple name of Louise, is old enough to wed now, and observers of monarchial politics count that as the chief reason why she will not be allowed to wait for the Prince of Wales to "grow up." Moreover, ever since the English visit, other princeling and kingling suitors have been named for her hand.

The career of a royal princess is marriage, and early marriage. Were Germany weak, or did the country have greatly to gain by some new foreign alliance, Princess Louise would have small chance of a personal choice. But Germany is strong, its ruler is arrogant not only in his power but in the sense of a family succession built upon the lives of six stalwart sons. It may please him to allow his daughter some liberty of selection—among princes. He has nothing to gain by giving his daughter to a king without a throne, like Manuel of Portugal, or the crown prince of a dishonored house, like Alexander of Servia. Nevertheless there are German principalities to be bound closer to the empire, grand dukes of Russia still unmarried, and other princes with claims not to be lightly tossed away, even by headstrong emperors.

And as for England, Englishmen believe that either they must be bound with closer ties of friendship to their trade rivals of Germany or they must count them enemies and fight them. Would another bond of royal relationship be helpful? King George an Emperor William are cousins. If the answe should be yes, Princess Louise points a way

Poor little Princess! How slightly is he happiness considered!

Cardinal Gibbons is receiving th tribute of th public before he lays down his life's work Half a century a priest and for twenty-fiv years a prince of the Roman Catholic Church he will be seventy-nine years of age on Jul 23. His golden jubilee as priest and his silve jubilee as cardinal were observed on June 3

On all sides honors, religious and civi have been heaped upon the venerable prelat Leaders of Catholicism have hailed him a typical of all that is best in modern Church men, and then as Americans have joined wit members of other denominations in praisin him as an ideal citizen.

The recent celebration at Baltimore brough the President and Vice-President of th United States, the Chief Justice of the Su preme Court, Governors, Mayors, Senator Congressmen and foremost citizens to do hi honor. Denominational lines were forgotte and men of every creed united in toastin him as an apostle of patriotism and a valia worker in the cause of right-living. On ever side it was emphasized that it was not Car dinal Gibbons so much as James Gibbons, th man, who was being honored.

"We are not here as members of any de nomination," said President Taft. "We ar not here in any official capacity. As America citizens we are proud that his prominence i the Church brought him twenty-five years ag the rank of Cardinal.

"The rarity with which this rank is con ferred in his Church upon bishops and priest so far from Rome is an indication of th position which he had won among his fello churchmen. But what we are specially de lighted to see confirmed in him and his lif is the entire consistency which he has demon strated between earnest and single-minde patriotism and love of country on the on hand and sincere devotion to his Church upo the other.

"Always we have found him on the side o law and order, always in favor of peace an good will to all men, always in favor of relig ious tolerance and always strong in the con viction that complete freedom in the matte of religion is the best condition under whic churches may thrive."

And this was the sentiment which prevaile in all the other speeches of the occasion.

Cardinal Gibbons has been known as worker in the cause of good government eve since he was raised to membership in th Sacred College. He has preached nationa and civic virtue with unceasing zeal, and hi warfare on moral turpitude has been untiring

More recently the Cardinal has turned hi thoughts to the growth of the cry of frau following elections and the evidences of th use of money in gaining public office. I characteristic manner he has sought the cause

"The better class of citizens so often stan aloof from practical politics and the conduc of campaigns," is his verdict.

"The privilege of voting is not an inheren or inalienable right but a solemn and sacre trust to be used in strict accordance with th intentions of the authority from which i emanates," he continued. "When a citize exercises his honest judgment in casting hi vote for the most acceptable candidate or fo a measure that will best subserve the interest of the community he is making a legitimat use of the prerogatives confided to him."

The Cardinal's is an active mind, one tha keeps in touch with every problem of the day Recently his attention was called to the dela so often shown in criminal procedure. Her was his comment:

"A crying evil that brings reproach upo the administration of justice is the wide in terval that so frequently interposes between criminal's conviction and the execution of th sentence and the frequent defeat of justice b

the delay. Human life is, indeed, sacred, but the most laudable effort to guard it has gone beyond bounds. It seems as though there is a great difficulty to convict, in murder trials especially. Even when a conviction has been reached innumerable delays generally stay the execution."

Cardinal Gibbons is doubly an American; he is both native and emigrant. He was born in Baltimore, but at an early age his parents decided they had had enough of the new world, and with the boy returned to their former home in Ireland. There the education of the future Cardinal began. But they were not destined to remain there long. America had gained a greater hold on them than they had imagined, and in 1848, when James was fourteen years of age, they again set sail for America, and settled in New Orleans. Seven years later, after he had completed his education, James Gibbons entered a seminary to study for the priesthood. He was ordained in 1861.

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CARDINAL GIBBONS

A noted Churchman whose reputation for good citizenship has heaped him with honors at his golden jubilee as a priest

Dr. William Osler having insisted on remaining useful for two years after the period when he believes most men might profitably be chloroformed, gained his reward in a Baronetcy in the distribution of Coronation honors.

He is entitled to accept it, as he is Canadian born and a British citizen. He has been Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford since 1904.

Whether his acceptance of the Oxford chair was a coincidence in time or whether the almost furor-like dissension following his utterances on the comparative uselessness of a man after forty and the reasonableness of chloroforming him after sixty, caused him to seek an abode in another country, Dr. Osler never has been at any pains to answer.

He did indeed show some signs of irritation as the word Oslerization took on a positive meaning and started to work its way into the dictionaries, and he dropped remarks about being misquoted, but he was cautious enough not to attempt any additional explanation. He made both the sensational assertions credited to him, the statement regarding men of forty with the utmost seriousness, and the exploitation of the chloroform theory for men of sixty facetiously, and with a passing on of the responsibility to the novelist Anthony Trollope.

He was delivering an address at Johns Hopkins University and this is what he said:

"I am going to be very bold and loud on a question of some delicacy, but of infinite importance in university life, one that has not been settled in this country. I refer to a fixed period for the teacher, either of time, of service, or of age. Except in some proprietary schools, I do not know of any institution in which there is a time limit of, say, twenty years' service, as in some of the London hospitals, or in which a man is engaged for a term of years. Usually the appointment is *aut vitam aut culpam*, as the old phrase reads. It is a very serious matter in our young universities to have all the professors growing old at the same time. In some places only an epidemic, a time limit, or an age limit, can save the situation.

"I have two fixed ideas well known to my friends, harmless obsessions with which I sometimes bore them, but which have a direct bearing upon this important problem. The first is the comparative uselessness of men above forty years of age. This may seem shocking, and yet, read aright, the world's history bears out the statement. Take the sum of human achievement in action, in science, in art, in literature—subtract the work of the men above forty, and, while we should miss great treasures, even priceless treasures, we would practically be where we are to-day. It is difficult to name a great and far-reaching conquest of the mind which has not been given to the world by a man on whose back the sun was still shining. The effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty years—these fifteen golden years of plenty, the constructive period, in which there is always a balance in the mental bank and the credit is still good.

"In the science and art of medicine there has not been an advance of the first rank which has not been initiated by young or comparatively young men. Vesalius, Harvey, Hunter, Bichat, Laennec, Virchow, Lister, Koch—the green years were yet on their backs when their epoch-making studies were made. To modify an old saying, a man is sane morally at thirty, rich mentally at forty, wise spiritually at fifty—or never.

"My second fixed idea is the uselessness of men above sixty years of age, and the incalculable benefit it would be in commercial, political, and in professional life if, as a matter of course, men stopped work at this age. Donne tells us in his 'Biathanatos' that, by the laws of certain wise states, sexagenarii were precipitated from a bridge, and in Rome men of that age were not admitted to the suffrage, and were called *depontani*, because the way to the senate was *per pontem*, and they from age were not permitted to come hither. In that charming novel, the 'Fixed Period,' Anthony Trollope discusses the practical advantages in modern life of a return to the ancient usage, and the plot brings on the admirable scheme of a college into which at sixty men were retired for a year of contemplation, before a peaceful departure by chloroform. How incalculable benefits might follow such a scheme is apparent to anyone who, like myself, is nearing the limit, and who has made a careful study of the calamities which may befall man during the seventh and eighth decades!

"The teacher's life should have three periods—study until twenty-five, investigation until forty, profession until sixty, at which age I would have him retired on a double allowance. Whether Anthony Trollope's suggestion of a college and chloroform should be carried out or not, I have become a little dubious, as my own time is getting so short."

Sir William Osler, to give him his titular due, was born July 12, 1849.

DR. WILLIAM OSLER AT FORTY YEARS OF AGE

This photograph shows Dr. Osler at the age when he says the average man has reached the climax of usefulness. He emphasized his opinion of the comparative uselessness of men after that age by refusing ever afterward to be photographed. He passed the Oslerization limit of sixty years two years ago, but he expects to defy chloroform indefinitely

The Valley of Silent Men

Part II

By James Oliver Curwood

Illustrations by G. C. Widney

ROSCOE was filled with a great thankfulness that, even at the price of starvation, fate had allowed him to touch at last the edge of the fabric of his dreams. All of that day he wrote, in the hours when he felt best. He filled page after page of the tablets which he carried in his pack, writing feverishly and with great haste, oppressed only by the fear that he would not be able to finish the message which he had for the people of that other world a thousand miles away. Three times during the morning Oachi came in and brought him the cooked fish and a biscuit which she had made for him out of flour and meal. And each time he said, "I am a man with the other men, Oachi. I would be a woman if I ate."

The third time Oachi knelt close down at his side, and when he refused the food again there came a strange light into her eyes, and she said, "If you starve — I starve!"

It was the first revelation to him. He put up his hands. They touched her face. Some potent spirit in him carried him across all gulfs. In that moment, thrilling, strange, he was heart and soul of the First People. In an instant he had drifted back a thousand years, beyond the memory of cities, of clubs, of all that went with civilization. A wild, half savage longing filled him. One of his hands slipped to her shining hair, and suddenly their faces lay close to each other, and he knew that in that moment love had come to him from the fount of glory itself.

Then did Roscoe learn the depths of sorrow hidden behind the splendid strength of the starving man

Days followed — black days filled with the endless terrors of the storm. And yet they were days of a strange contentment which Roscoe had never felt before. Oachi and her father were with him a great deal in the tepee which they had given up to him. On the third day Roscoe noticed that Oachi's little hands were bruised and red, and he found that the chief's daughter had gone out to dig down through ice and snow with the other women after roots. The camp lived entirely on roots now — wild flag and moose-roots, ground up and cooked in a batter. On this same day, late in the afternoon, there came a low wailing grief from one of the tepees, a moaning sound that pitched itself to the key of the storm until it seemed to be a part of it. A child had died, and the mother was mourning. That night another of the camp huntsmen failed to return at dusk.

The next day Roscoe was able to move about in his tepee without pain. Oachi and her father were with him when, for the first time, he got out his comb and military brushes and began grooming his tousled hair. Oachi watched him, and suddenly, seeing the wondering pleasure in her eyes, he held out the brushes to her. "You may have them, Oachi," he said, and the girl accepted them with a soft little cry of delight. To his amazement she began unbraiding her hair immediately, and then she stood up before him, hidden to her knees in her wonderful wealth of shining tresses, and Roscoe Cummins thought in this moment that he had never seen a woman more beautiful than the half Cree girl. When they had gone he still saw her, and the vision troubled him. They came in again at night, when the fire was sending red and yellow lights up and down the tepee walls, and the more he watched Oachi the stronger there grew within him something that seemed to gnaw and gripe with a dull sort of pain. Oachi was beautiful. He had never seen hair like her hair. He had never before seen eyes more beautiful. He had never heard a voice so low and sweet and filled with bird-like ripples of music. She was beautiful, and yet with her beauty there was a primitiveness, a gentle savagery, an age-old story written in the fine lines of her face which made him uneasy with the thought of a thing that was almost tragedy. Oachi loved him. He could see that love in her eyes, in her movement; he could feel it in her presence, and the sweet song of it trembled in her voice when she spoke to him. Ordinarily a white man would have accepted this love; he would have rejoiced in it, and would have played with it for a time, as they have done with the loves of the women of Oachi's people since the beginning of white man's time. But Roscoe Cummins was of a different type. He was a man of ideals, and in Oachi's love he saw his ideal of love, set apart from him by illimitable voids. This night, in the firelit tepee, there came to him like a painful stab the truth of Ransom's words. He had been born some thousands of years too late. He saw in Oachi love and life as they might have been for him; but beyond them he also saw, like a grim and threatening hand, a vision of cities, of toiling millions, of a great work just begun — a vision of life as it was intended that he should live life; and to shut it out from him he bowed his head in his two hands, overwhelmed by a new grief.

The chief sat with his face to the fire, smoking silently, and Oachi came to Roscoe's side, and touched his hands timidly, like a little child. She seemed to him wondrously like a child when he lifted his head and looked down into her face. She smiled at him, questioning him, and he smiled his answer back, yet neither broke the silence with words. He heard only the soft little note in Oachi's throat that filled him with such an exquisite sensation, and he wondered what music would be if it could find expression through a voice like hers.

"Oachi," he asked softly, "why do you never sing?"

The girl looked at him in silence for a moment.

"We starve," she said. She swept her hand toward the door of the tepee. "We starve — die — there is no song."

He put his hand under her chin and lifted her face to him, as he might have done with a little child.

"I wish you would sing, Oachi," he said.

For a moment the girl's dark eyes glowed up at him. Then she drew back softly, and seated herself before the fire, with her back turned toward him, close beside her father. A strange quiet filled the tepee. Over their heads the wailing storm seemed to die for a moment; and then something rose in its place so low and gentle at first that it seemed like a whisper, but growing in sweetness and volume until Roscoe Cummins sat erect, his eyes flashing, his hands clenched, looking at Oachi. The storm rose, and with it the song — a song that reached down into his soul, stirring him now with its gladness, now with a half savage pain; but always with a sweetness that engulfed for him all other things, until he was listening only to the voice. And then silence came again within the tepee. Over the mountain the wind burst more fiercely. The chief sat motionless. In Oachi's hair the firelight glistened with a dull radiance. There was quiet, and yet Roscoe still heard the voice. He knew that he would always hear it, that it would never die.

Not until long afterward did he know that Oachi had sung to him the great love song of the Crees.

That night and the next day, and the terrible night and day that followed, Roscoe fought with himself. He won — when alone — and lost when Oachi was with him. In some way she knew intuitively that he loved to see her with her splendid hair down, and she would sit at his feet and brush it, while he tried to hide his admiration and smother the passion which sprang up in his breast when she was near. He knew, in these moments, that it was too late to kill the thing that was born in him — the craving of his heart and his soul for this girl of the First People, who had

id her life at his feet, and who was removed om him by barriers which he could never ss. On the afternoon of his seventh day in mp an Indian hunter ran in from the forest arly crazed with joy. He had ventured far- er away than the others, and had found a oose-yard. He had killed two of the animals. he days of famine were over. Oachi brought e first news in to Roscoe. Her face was ra- ant with joy, her eyes burned like stars, and her excitement she stretched out her arms him as she cried out the wonderful news. oscoe took her two hands.

"Is it true, Oachi?" he asked. "They have rely killed meat?"

"Yes — yes — yes," she cried. "They have lled meat — much meat——"

She stopped at the strange, hard look in oscoe's eyes. He was looking over her head. he had looked down, into the glory and love her eyes, he would have swept her close in s arms, and the last fight would have been er then and there. Oachi went out, wonder- g at the coldness with which he had received e word of their deliverance, and little guess- g that in that moment he had fought the eatest battle of his life. Each day after this lled him back to the fight. His two broken bs healed slowly. The storm passed. The n followed it, and the March winds began inging up warmth from the South. Days ew into weeks, and the snow was growing ft underfoot before he dared venture forth ort distances from the camp alone. He tried ften to make Oachi understand, but he al- ays stopped short of what he meant to say; s hand would steal to her beautiful hair, and Oachi's throat would sound the inimitable ttle note of happiness. Each day he was ore and more handicapped. For in the joy her great love Oachi became more beautiful, nd her voice still sweeter. By the time the ows began running down from the moun- ins and the poplar buds began to swell she as telling him the most sacred of all sacred ings, and one day she told him of the won- rful world far to the west, painted by the ow of the setting sun, wherein lay the Valley Silent Men.

"And that is Heaven — your Heaven," eathed Roscoe. He was almost well now, t he was sitting on the edge of his bunk, and achi knelt in the old place upon the deer skin his feet. As he spoke he stroked her hair. Tell me," he said, "what sort of a place it Oachi."

"It is beautiful," spoke Oachi softly. Long, long ago the Great God came down mong us and lived for a time; and He came a time like that which has just passed, and e saw suffering, and hunger, and death. And hen He saw what Life was He made for us nother world, and told us that it should be lled the Valley of Silent Men; and that hen we died we would go to this place, and nat at last — when all of our race were gone He would cause the earth to roll three times, nd in the Valley of Silent Men all would vaken into life which would never know eath, or sorrow, or pain again. And He says nat those who love will awaken there — hand hand."

"It is beautiful," said Roscoe. He felt him- lf trembling. Oachi's breath was against his and. It was his last fight. He half reached t, as if to clasp her to him; but beyond her e still saw the other thing — the other world. e rose to his feet, not daring to look at her w. He loved her — too much to sacrifice r. And it would be a sacrifice. He tried to eak firmly.

"Oachi," he said, "I am nearly well ough to travel now. I have spent pleasant eeks with you, weeks which I shall never for- t. But it is time for me to go back to my ople. They are expecting me. They are aiting for me, and wondering at my absence. am as you would be, if you were down there a great city. So I must go. I must go morrow, or the next day, or soon after. achi——"

He still looked where he could not see her ce. But he heard her move. He knew that wly she was drawing away.

"Oachi——"

She was near the door now, and his eyes turned toward her. She was looking back, her slender shoulders bent over, her glorious hair rippling to her knees, as she had left it undone for him. In her eyes was love such as falls from the heavens. But her face was as white as a mask.

"Oachi!"

With a cry Roscoe reached out his arms. But Oachi was gone. At last the Cree girl understood.

Three days later there came in the passing of a single day and night the splendor of northern spring. The sun rose warm and golden. From the sides of the mountains and in the valleys water poured forth in rippling, singing floods. The red baknoesh glowed on bared rocks. Moose-birds, and jays, and wood-thrushes flitted about the camp, and the air was filled with the fragrant smells of new life bursting from earth, and tree and shrub. On this morning of the third day Roscoe strode forth from his tepee, with his pack upon his back. An Indian guide waited for him outside. He had smoked his last pipe with the chief; and now he went from tepee to tepee, in the fashion of the Crees, and drew a single puff from the pipe of each master, until there was but one tepee left, and in that was Oachi. With a white face he rubbed his hand over the deer-flap, and waited. Slowly it was drawn back, and Oachi came out. He had not seen her since the night he had driven her from him, and he had planned to say things in this last moment which he might have said then. But words stumbled on his lips. Oachi was changed. She seemed taller. Her beautiful eyes looked at him clearly and proudly. For the first time she was to him Oachi, the "Sun Child," a Princess of the First People — the daughter of a Cree chief. He held out his hand, and the hand which Oachi gave to him was cold and lifeless. She smiled when he told her that he had come to say good-by, and when she spoke to him her voice was as clear as the stream singing through the cañon. His own voice trembled. In spite of his mightiest effort a tightening fist seemed choking him.

"I am coming back — some day," he managed.

Oachi smiled, with the glory of the morning sun in her eyes and hair. She turned, still smiling, and pointed far to the west.

"And some day — the Valley of Silent Men will awaken," she said, and reentered her father's tepee.

Out of the camp staggered Roscoe Cummins behind his Indian guide, a blinding heat in his eyes. Once or twice a gulping sob rose in his throat, and he clutched hard at his heart to beat himself into submission to the great law of life as it had been made for him. An hour later the two came to a stream, where there was a canoe. Because of rapids and the fierceness of the spring floods, portages were many, and progress slow during the whole of that day. They had made

Continued on page 75

He sprang toward Oachi and caught her in his arms

MAKING A VACATION PAY

By Orison Swett Marden

WHEN someone asked President Roosevelt what particular thing he was going to do at Oyster Bay in the summer, he said he was *going to play just as hard as he could.*

Our great Ex-President entered into his fun in the same strenuous fashion which he carried into matters of state; and this is one reason why he did not succumb under the tremendous stress and strain of his great burden. One's ability to enter heartily, with whole soul and body, into the thing at hand, and then to drop it when through with it, is one of the great secrets of one's ability to carry great burdens without breaking down. Therein lies the supreme value of a vacation.

The man who went away on his vacation timid, vacillating, nervous and captious, the man who used to go to pieces over little things, comes back centered, poised, a safer, saner business man, with sounder judgment and greater initiative. Positiveness and creativeness are increased by a good vacation, and the man should return feeling equal to any emergency, with a lot of dare and courage in his nature, which were absent before. Can anything pay better than an investment in fresh brains, in strong, vigorous health, in increased vitality?

What a miracle of change is wrought in our great city population between the months of June and October! Pale, emaciated, nervous, care-worn, excitable, fractious, touchy men and women are transformed as if by magic. Sun-browned cheeks replace faded ones; dull, tired eyes regain their luster, and lagging steps are quickened into vigorous ones. The tight-drawn lines of anxiety and discouragement are ironed out, and a hopeful, buoyant expression takes their place.

Many men of great natural ability go through life doing mediocre work most of the time, because they never learn the secret of re-creating, refreshing, renewing themselves. There are multitudes of people whose work would improve immensely if they could only learn how to renew, re-create themselves. The sanity and power of all the mental faculties depend upon it. How quickly our courage, enthusiasm, hope, faith, self-confidence, the ability to stick begin to weaken the moment the brain fags! One single hour of intense concentrated effort is worth more than days of *trying to force the brain, in second-class condition, to do first-class work.*

Most men underestimate the tremendous importance of mental freshness and vigor. Good thinking can only come from a clear brain, and a clear brain is dependent upon pure blood; and only good food, plenty of sleep, lots of play, good, healthful recreation in the open air, and mental harmony, can make fresh blood.

It is force, vigor, robustness, spontaneity, that count in one's creative work. If these qualities are absent, the product must be inferior. No great work can be accomplished by an overworked or fagged brain. Many people work hard so many hours during the week that they do not have sufficient rest or recreation on Sunday to get rid of the brain ash, the broken down tissues, from the week's work. You may be sure that when your head feels thick and dull and you have great difficulty in concentrating your mind, there are enemies of your efficiency in your blood in the way of poisons, worn-out dead cells that you must get rid of. Much of this can be done by thinking, by mental chemistry, if you know how to do it, but nothing will take the place of that refreshment and self-renewal which come from plenty of outdoor exercise, sleep and recreation. Forced recreation, exercise taken for the sake of health, amount to very little. The right mental attitude has everything to do with affecting what is desired.

Men who have never learned to play heartily and have spent their lives strenuously in a business or profession have a very hard time to learn to occupy the mind in an enjoyable way while not at work. Many business men seem to think that absolute rest, inactivity, is the kind of vacation they need, but this is often the hardest and most unprofitable kind of work.

I know a man who takes his vacation just as people take a disagreeable medicine, not because he wants to, but because he thinks he needs it, because he is forced to. His vacation is a bore to him because he never has taken time from his strenuous life to learn how to play or how to enjoy himself. He can not play golf, tennis, or croquet, or even cards. He knows nothing of any game. He does not enjoy books. Society bores him.

THE BEST INVESTMENT THAT MANY MEN MAKE *during the year is represented by the expense of their vacation. They are paying out money and earning nothing, but they are putting themselves in superb condition for great business on their return. They are overhauling their physical and mental machinery, renewing, restoring, lubricating, polishing the delicate bearings and putting them in a condition to run smoothly and noiselessly for the balance of the year.*

There is no investment which pays such great dividends as keeping one's physical condition up to the highest standard—upon this hangs all our success and happiness.

The right kind of a vacation multiplies the power and effectiveness of all the faculties; it increases courage, confidence, self-respect; in fact every success and happiness faculty. Could there be a better investment?

I have seen men and women on their vacations who fussed and fretted and fumed and worried so much that they neutralized all the good effects of their outing.

To get the most good out of your vacation you must give yourself to it with your whole heart. You must not hear the hum of your factory, you must not carry with you the burdens and perplexities which have pinned you down and robbed you of your comfort, which have wearied and annoyed you for so many months. If you do, you will return the same wearied, fretting, unhappy mortal that you were when you went away.

We Ought Not to Need Vacations

Every day ought to be a holiday. It is all wrong to look upon life as drudgery, as a hardship. It should be a perpetual joy. There ought to be recreation in every hour's work; a buoyancy and a love for it which would kill all sense of drudgery, but unfortunately we have not yet reached that ideal state and until we do we need vacations.

Most Americans are afraid to let themselves out completely in their play. There is a sort of restraint and fear that they may be going too far, or that it would not be dignified for a man to act like a boy. This restraint keeps many people from getting the best out of their vacation.

Many people dress too much when on their vacation. They feel too restrained, too dignified; they do not get the proper freedo
The result is that they come back from th
dressed-up vacations at fashionable reso
almost as tired as they went. When seeki
health and recreation, one ought to let
everything which restricts and cramps, so th
there will be no strain or tensity anywhere
one's nature.

Just cut yourself off from everything
hind you and feel that you are a free ma
feel the same abandon and buoyancy that t
young animals feel when skipping and ga
bolling over the farm, or that children feel
their play. But if you drag with you all yo
cares and anxieties, the things that have w
ried and harassed and embarrassed you, yo
vacation will do you very little good.

People who work all the time become
dry, and parched and dreary as a desert wit
out rain.

Do not think, my friend, that because y
are hustling every minute, because you "ke
everlastingly at it," you are accomplishing t
maximum of your capability. Your lit
trips in the country, the time you spend ta
ing a friend out sailing, may really count f
much more in your great life work than t
same time spent grinding in your office
factory.

One of the best vacation investments is t
increasing of one's acquaintances, the maki
of new friends. Sometimes the best thin
that have come to us have resulted from a
quaintances formed on our travels and vac
tions. Get rid of this idea that is ingrain
in most of us that when we are not everla
ingly grinding away at our work, we a
wasting time or opportunity. Even from
monetary standpoint a man often makes mo
as the result of his vacation, increasing h
power, his efficiency, than he ever does duri
the same time in his office or factory.

No Musts in a Vacation

I know people whose idea of a vacation
an opportunity to write a book, paint a pi
ture, or to do something which they have n
had time or opportunity to do before. A v
cation for a hard worker ought to mean fre
dom from all "musts." Many people are su
victims of the imperious "must," they ha
such a conviction that they *must* do this, th
they *must* do that, that when they do have
little leisure they can not enjoy it. Such
vacation is not holidaying at all. It is mere
shifting one's work.

To get the most out of your vacation, ke
the "must" out of your play. Just go o
to have a jolly good time, to play, to froli
be a boy again, forget your vocation, forg
the past, be free.

The most important investment you ca
ever make will be that of developing and cu
tivating, what will give you interest, occup
tion, and happiness in your declining yea
Remember that if your whole life is spent
a rut, if all your energies are devoted to yo
little specialty and you gradually lose yo
interest in everything else, when you a
finally forced out of that rut by age or
health you will have nothing to fall back up
for satisfaction or enjoyment.

I know a multi-millionaire who with all h
wealth is absolutely incapable of real enjo
ment, because he can not slow down, he ca
not shut off steam from his mental machine
after he gets through producing. He giv
one the impression that he is always key
up to the highest tension. He makes one fe
that there is nothing worth while outside
business; that it is the chief object and ai
of life.

He has never had time to read, never cult
vated a taste for art or music or literatu

[*Continued on page 61*]

THE

"GREAT OUT DOORS"

SECTION OF

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

FOR

AUGUST

1911

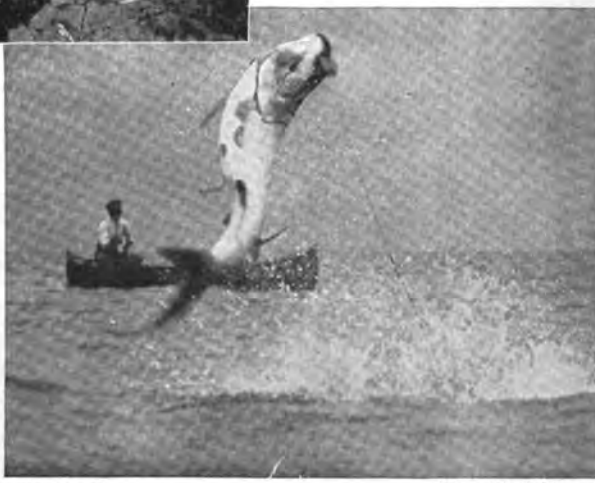
Spearing Suckers

Surf Fishing

Just Fishing

After Trout

After Grayling



Tarpon Fishing off the Florida Coast

Photographs by Paul Thompson

At the entrance to the Great Slave Lake about the shores of which many startling discoveries are being made

World Hunters of the North

The Royal Northwest Mounted Police and their Heroic Work of Exploring and Patrolling a Territory One-third as Large as Europe

By James Oliver Curwood

Author of The Valley of Silent Men

Illustrated with Photographs

"MCREADY is sick with a strange sickness, and I am afraid he is going mad. It's the loneliness. We haven't seen a white man's face for months, and a white woman — not since the earth began."

From Herschel, sixteen hundred miles straight north of civilization — from the end of the earth itself, and the last outpost of the law, these words came down one day by Eskimo runner, dog-team, and Mackenzie River boat from a young half Scotchman named Edward Silkes. It took the letter thirteen weeks to reach a mail train, and before a Government official had put his stamp upon it "something had broke" in McCready's head, and he was mad. But before it happened — by a matter of a half a dozen days or so — Fate played one of its grewsome jokes, and laid Silkes, the writer of the letter, under one of the twenty-one rough wooden crosses which mark the graves of twenty-one men up where the law reaches farthest North.

It is not often that a message like this comes down into the big, smoky world of cities and hustling millions to call attention to what Kipling designated as "the most splendid organization of nation-builders on earth" — the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, Canada's vanguard of civilization. Such messages die on the way down, or are locked up at headquarters, as the secrets of tragedy and romance of the great Hudson Bay Company have been locked up for centuries. And the world goes on with little knowledge of the history-making work of the six hundred and forty-nine men whom Lord Strathcona recently referred to as the "bravest and most fearless men ever trained under arms."

The Unsung Heroes of the North

While the world has been thrilled by the exploits of Pearys and Cooks and Shackletons, men who have set forth in well-supplied ships to reveal the mysteries of worthless terra incognitas, there has been going on in the far North, quietly and without fanfare of trumpets, and amid hardships and perils which few polar explorers encounter, a work that within two years has entirely changed the map of the northern quarter of the continent. And this work has been carried on by unsung heroes like McCready, who went mad, and Silkes, who died — and by others like the man who wrote down from the desolate Arctic plain — the Great Barrens — and said, "I beg to report that our journey to Aberdeen Lake was filled with great danger and misfortune. We were storm-bound frequently, and the temperature fell to sixty. LeBarge died at Baker Island. Scott and I pulled in with only two dogs, living on bark and roots for the last hundred miles. It is unfortunate that three of my fingers were frozen, *and have been amputated.*"

The italics are the writer's. Compare the brevity and the modesty of this report — the telling in half a dozen lines of a story whose tragedy might fill a book, with the lurid and adjective-strewn accounts of the "swift dashes" made by Peary and Cook, and one knows the metal of which the six hundred and forty-nine men and officers of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police is made.

One day four men got off a train at Regina. There was no crowd to meet them, no band to walk behind, not even carriages for them to ride in. They were Inspector E. A. Pelletier, Corporal Joyce, and Constables Walker and Conway. When they went to the Commissioner's office they attracted no particular attention. It was there that one of them happened to pick up a magazine in which there was a lurid description of a "desperate hundred-mile dash over polar ice" by an Arctic explorer. Those four men smiled. They had just completed the longest patrol on record — 3,347 miles through the wildest and most desolate regions of the far North, a great part of which had never before been traversed by the foot of a white man — and they received not even a two-column head in a newspaper! But something better came to them — the thanks of the Prime Minister, and when the next map is issued from Ottawa, these men may point out certain things which have never appeared before, and say, "We discovered that — and that — and that —" But the world will never know.

To-day the little that the world at large knows of the life and actual work of this most remarkable of all police organizations has been seen chiefly from car windows and in western Canadian towns. With headquarters at Regina, the Royal Mounted has been the very back-bone of strength in the building up of the new nation in the west. They have gone ahead of the settlers, they have gone ahead of the railroads, they have made the uniform of the Royal Mounted respected and feared in a territory that reaches a thousand miles east and west and eighteen hundred miles north and south. Only six hundred and forty-nine strong, they have done the work of an army. A cattle thief two hundred miles away from the nearest officer fears the law as acutely as the American lawbreaker who works in the very presence of the police.

"Here is a white man who is selling liquor to the Indians," said the Inspector at Fort Macpherson to one of his men. "He's down on the Indian Hare River, three hundred miles from here. Go and get him." The officer went. He traveled *eight hundred miles* for his man, and he got him. The assignment was no more unusual to this dollar-a-day hero of the Royal Mounted than it would be for a city officer in the States to be detailed to arrest a man in the next county.

Policing a Vast Territory

Last year these six hundred and forty-nine men made 10,489 arrests, and convictions resulted in 9,042 cases. Their wonderful work can be hardly appreciated until one stops to realize that this entire force which patrols a country one-third as large as the whole of Europe is no larger than the police force of a city like Buffalo, Detroit, or Cleveland! The Athabasca and Mackenzie River district, for instance, is patrolled by three officers and twenty-five men, and this district comprises 620,000 square miles, slightly less than a twelfth part of the North American continent, and about a fifth of the whole of Canada. And yet no lawbreaker is safe in the whole of this vast country, for once set upon a trail, a man-hunter of the Royal Mounted is a veritable Nemesis.

If a murder is committed in an American city the whole police and detective force of that city, perhaps numbering hundreds of men, is put into action; if a similar crime is committed in the Mackenzie River district, for instance, *one man* is detailed to bring in the murderer. And in nine cases out of ten he does it. He is absolutely fearless in the face of odds, for only men of indomitable courage are retained in the service. From six months to a year is the time allotted for a "rookie," or new recruit, to prove himself. After that first year he either becomes a "reliable" of the Royal Mounted or a "discard."

The Mounted Police are Frequently Mounted on Dog-sledges and Snow-shoes

In the fifth month of his service a young, smooth-faced "rookie" cornered three desperate cattle-thieves in the Cypress Hills east of Lethbridge, fought them to a standstill, and brought them into headquarters single-handed, one of them almost dead of his wounds. A little over a year later this same "rookie," whose name was Barry, was sent out after a man-killer with those words which are epic in the annals of the Royal Mounted —"Don't come back until you get him." The present writer met this man eight hundred miles north of civilization. He had been after his man for three months. He was still after him. And he followed his instructions to the letter—*he didn't go back until he got him*, though it took him seven months to do the job, and he traveled over two thousand miles!

Explorers as well as Policemen

This is the type of man of which the Royal Mounted is made up, so it is not so strange, after all, that six hundred and forty-nine men should be able to do the work of ten thousand ordinary men. In a way the Royal Northwest Mounted Police is a misnomer. It is not all "mounted," as most people suppose. In the entire service there are only five hundred and forty-five horses, and all but twenty-six of these are in the prairie regions of Alberta and Saskatchewan. An Inspector up very close to the Arctic circle once suggested to me that it ought to be called "The Royal Mounted, Dog-sledge, Snow-shoe and Canoe Police of the Northwest." That name would just about hit the nail on the head, though the writer, instead of saying "Police of the Northwest," would have it "Police *and Explorers* of the Northwest." For it must be conceded that it is something of importance to "discover" a sixth of a continent, to reveal untold millions of new wealth, to add lakes and rivers and even mountains to maps that were naked white spaces five years ago. There is something in this of deeper import than the discovery of a pole, whether at one end of the earth or the other; and as to the romance, the adventure, and the peril of it, the reader may judge for himself.

On the first day of June, 1908, there set out from Fort Saskatchewan one of the most interesting and venturesome exploring expeditions of the present century. In this party were the four men I have previously mentioned, Inspector E. A. Pelletier, Corporal Joyce, and Constables Walker and Conway. To follow them over a journey which took nearly a year to complete, and in which they covered 3,347 miles, would fill a book of tremendous interest to every red-blooded American, and yet practically nothing of their remarkable exploit has ever got beyond Government records, map-makers, and scientific departments. Setting out into the wild spaces *without guides*, dependent only upon themselves, and carrying supplies for many months in their packs and their two small canoes, these four men traveled over eighteen hundred miles of territory never before visited by a white man.

On the twenty-third day of July, Pelletier and his companions branched off into the unknown Dog Rib country adjoining Artillery Lake and discovered what is probably the greatest sportsmen's paradise on earth, and incidentally cleared up a mystery that has for a number of years been puzzling even the great Hudson Bay Company itself. Only a few years ago immense caribou herds roamed over the vast barren plains of the North, but since 1905 they have been rapidly disappearing, and as a consequence the last five years have been largely years of starvation and death among the Indians. It is estimated that fifteen hundred of the pathetically small population of the North have died within that time.

Pelletier and his men cleared up the mystery of the disappearing caribou. They had swung westward and northward into unknown regions. Over hundreds of square miles the country was alive with them. They were in sight from morning until night in herds of hundreds and thousands. On the morning of the twenty-third of July the explorers saw a herd which numbered from *thirty to fifty thousand head*, and a Dog Rib Indian told them that this was *not the main herd*, but that the larger body was still farther to the north. On the twenty-seventh they struck this herd, which must have numbered close to one hundred thousand.

"I would not have believed there were so many caribou in the whole of the North," wrote Pelletier to the Commissioner, "unless I had seen them myself." For hours at a time the party was held up by vast herds swimming across the rivers and lakes ahead of them. At times they were in sight as far as the eyes could see, and were so tame that they would scarcely move out of the way of the canoes when in the water.

This expedition added tremendously to the little that was then known of the great almost uninhabited territory between the north end of Great Slave Lake and Hudson Bay. In traversing a territory seven times as large as the state of Ohio they found a native population *not exceeding five hundred souls*. Time and again they wandered through unknown waterways, and once were so completely lost in a great network of large lakes that they might never have found their way out had Pelletier not hit upon the idea of following the course of the sea-gulls.

English-speaking Eskimos near the Circle

On the morning of August fourteenth, in the heart of the unexplored country along Beverly Lake, occurred an incident which goes to prove that even the most sensational happenings of a modern novel are not beyond the bounds of reason. On this morning the little exploring party came suddenly upon an Eskimo village five hundred miles from Arctic water, and six hundred miles from Hudson Bay. As Pelletier and his companions approached the shore the Eskimo men, women, and children ran down to meet them, and Walker called out "Chimo! Chimo!" which is the usual form of greeting when meeting these people.

They were much surprised by hearing a "Good morning!" in answer, and Walker expressed his astonishment by exclaiming "Holy smoke!" to which the native who had spoken replied very fervently, "Yes, we will smoke." The mystery was soon cleared up. Years before, a man called "Lucky" Moore had accompanied Hanbury on his long voyage to the Arctic coast. He disappeared, and it was thought that he was dead. In place of this, however, Lucky Moore had made himself a chief of the Eskimos, who called him Ameryah, and had gradually induced his tribe to come down farther and farther inland. Lucky Moore had made himself thoroughly acquainted with this unknown country, and told Pelletier that in a distance of five hundred miles east and west there was only one other camp besides his own. The explorers found this camp at the foot of Baker Lake. In a territory comprising fifty thousand square miles there were not one hundred people!

Winter came upon this heroic little party at the northern end of Hudson Bay. They made their own clothing of skins. Once they were wrecked with the temperature forty degrees below zero, lost all of their possessions, and were discovered by natives just in time to save them from perishing. In the long journey down to Churchill they were without fuel for forty-three days, ate their caribou meat raw, and only now and then could scrape up enough moss to boil tea with. They

A Hudson Bay Factor in the Fond du Lac Country

Royal Mounted Police and Indian Scouts at MacLeod

reached Winnipeg on the 19th of March and arrived at Regina on the twenty-first. As I have said, there were no bands to meet them. They are all back in the regular service now.

Two New Lakes Comparable to Ontario

Not long ago a new lake was discovered in Africa. It was not very large, but it called for a good deal of newspaper space, and English papers devoted pages to its discoverers and the people they found living in its vicinity. In the North country there have been made within the last two years discoveries of tremendous importance that have scarcely got into print. It is almost inconceivable to believe that two new lakes, almost as large as Lake Ontario, and a range of mountains two hundred miles long could be "discovered" within a few hundred miles of American cities without creating at least a small sort of a sensation. Yet this is just what happened.

In February of last year, Sergeant MacLeod, of the Royal Mounted, was detailed to undertake a hazardous patrol into the unknown country northeast of Fort Vermillion. The result of his weeks of hardship and peril was the discovery of a lake larger than Lesser Slave Lake, along which the few Indians had never before been visited by a white man. It is probable that the Government will reward MacLeod by naming the lake in his honor. From the most authoritative sources the writer is assured that, outside of those associated with the reports recently submitted to the Canadian Government, not only is MacLeod's discovery totally unknown, but also the still more important discoveries of Sergeant A. H. L. Mellor and Constable Johnson in their exploratory patrol of the country south of the Great Slave Lake in August and September of 1910.

For the last three years the Canadian Government has been devoting a good deal of attention to the locating of the buffalo herds of the far North. This work has been done entirely through the Royal Mounted, and Mellor and Johnson were detailed to penetrate deep into a country which was an absolute terra incognita, inasmuch as it had never been visited by a white man. All knowledge of what lies to the south and east of Great Slave Lake ceases at the mouth of the Buffalo River, and on the latest government maps the country for seven hundred miles east and west and two hundred miles north and south is a white blank.

At the mouth of the Buffalo, Mellor and Johnson tried to induce Indians to accompany them, but the most intrepid of their hunters refused to go. They painted the dangers and hardships of this unknown country in most appalling terms, saying that nothing lived in it but strange and powerful spirits, that it was a country "burning up" and filled with deadly poisons.

On the 8th of August the two explorers started up the river alone, and from that moment were regarded as lost by the natives. When they camped at the end of the first day's journey, strange and sickening odors came to them on the winds. The next day the odors became almost unbearable, and by noon their canoe entered the edge of what is probably one of the most remarkable regions on the continent. It was literally a "world of sulphur." The swamps, the streams, and endless muskegs reeked with it, and though the country was well-timbered and bore berries in profusion, not a sign of wild life could be seen.

Undaunted by their personal discomfort, Mellor and his companion pushed on, and forty-five miles from the mouth of the Buffalo came upon a very large tributary flowing into the main stream from the south. In places this stream was *a mile in width*, and ended in a lake which opened up like a great sea, across which their vision could not travel. After days of exploration the two men judged the lake to be from thirty to forty miles in width and from eighty to one hundred miles in length.

On a particularly clear day Mellor and Johnson were looking to the south and west from a height of land when they very distinctly made out a range of mountains running almost to the southernmost shore of the lake. Penetrating toward these mountains they came upon a number of natives who lived far to the south, and who were prospecting for game close up to the "Burning Lands." The Indians stated that the mountains ran "many days' journey" to the south, and that the river which they had found was known as "the river where once lived the strong men who were not afraid of the rapids."

Mellor and Johnson went only to the edge of the mountains, gathering data sufficient to show that the Caribou Mountains, instead of terminating seventy miles from the Peace River, extend close up to the southern shore of Great Slave Lake.

New Map Making Follows Trip

Had it not been for an almost accidental foresight on Mellor's part the two would never have returned from their romantic and perilous journey. In a swift rapid in the heart of the sulphur country, where they were completely hemmed in for hundreds of square miles by small lakes and streams and impenetrable swamps, their canoe was wrecked upon a rock and all their supplies lost. By a strange and fortunate chance the explorers had cached a small part of their supplies within ten miles of where this accident occurred. Practically rebuilding their canoe, they reached this cache in an exhausted condition, and from there resumed their journey through a country barren of food and life down to the Great Slave.

This patrol has put another big map-making job in the hands of the government, and in the not distant future a scientific expedition will set out to follow up the discoveries of Mellor and Johnson.

A little over a year ago one of the highest officials of the Hudson Bay Company said, "It is impossible to say what we may *not* find in the great unknown regions of Canada. The Hudson Bay Company has been in the country for two and a half centuries, and yet in the face of this fact a large part of the northern part of the continent is absolutely unknown to the white race."

Big Herds of Buffalo near Caribou Mountains

Even since then lakes, mountains, and rivers whose existence were never before known have been discovered, and it is planned that during the next two years the work of the Royal Northwest Mounted will be prosecuted with greater vigor than ever. There are many who believe that, in place of being nearly extinct, there is a country somewhere in the terra incognita of the North where vast herds of buffalo still roam. Since 1908 half a dozen expeditions have been sent out by the Royal Mounted to search for buffalo.

A few years ago it was believed that only a few solitary head still existed. Since then many herds have been discovered. In March and April of 1909 a patrol northwest of Smith's Landing discovered several herds, the largest of which numbered seventy-five head. At the same time a patrol was sent into the country to the southeast, and reported two hundred buffalo. Both expeditions found the whole country through which they passed, and which was heavily covered with timber and brush, literally cut up with buffalo trails and infested by hundreds of wolves. In the autumn of last year Corporal Bates found two hundred buffalo in one herd, and one hundred in another, near the Caribou Mountains, and came upon other herds numbering from ten to twenty head. All of these expeditions have strengthened the conviction that large herds still exist in the unexplored country south of Great Slave Lake, and also in the vast "plain" country between the Great Slave and the Great Bear.

It was once suggested to me by the Commissioner of the Hudson Bay Company that if the "diary of events" which has been kept at each post for hundreds of years could be put into print the result would be a library of romance and adventure which would be of greater interest than the most absorbing fiction. For not only would it be romance, adventure, and tragedy, but also *fact*. And this can also be said of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and particularly of those detailed to service in the North.

Their adventures—curious, tragic, and romantic—would fill volumes each year. Not until one has personally visited the lonely "barrack" of a detachment like that at

Police at the Regina Headquarters

schel, the northernmost limit of the law on the American continent, can one realize to any great extent what the life of these man-hunters and explorers of the end of the earth really is. With the exception of Fullerton, over on Hudson Bay, Herschel is the loneliest police station in the world. It is snug up on the coast, protected a little from the gales of the Beaufort Sea and the Arctic Ocean by sea-walls of rock. At this point is the "farthest north" white man's cemetery of any land, and from the cabin windows one may look across a narrow stretch of lifeless barren to the twenty-one crude wooden crosses that mark the graves of the twenty-one white men who have been buried there.

The Eskimo Marriage Arrangements

This is but one of many desolate police stations where the one great law of life is the survival of the fittest, and where little but tragedy plays a part in the adventures of those who uphold the law nearly two thousand miles from civilization. The little cemetery tells its own story of the fearful toll of human life exacted by the hardships of a land where even trees are killed by the cold, and yet where human beings persist in seeking existence. During the seasons of 1894 and 1895 the whaling bark *John and Winthrop* made her winter quarters at Herschel. During these two winters nine white men of her crew, ranging in age from eighteen to thirty-six years, succumbed to the hardships of the terrible winters and were buried in the little graveyard.

At this lonely station Inspector Jennings and his men have chiefly to do with the Eskimo people and with the men from whalers. It has been the custom of the Eskimo husbands and fathers to "loan" their wives and daughters to whalers for a certain length of time in return for stipulated payments, and this practice has given the police more trouble than anything else. The whaler who takes the woman provides food for himself, her husband and family. On the ship's leaving, the woman's husband receives about ten sacks of flour, some tea, bacon, tobacco, and other supplies.

It has been found impracticable to do away with the practice by an exercise of force, as the Eskimos have now come to depend largely upon whalers for a livelihood, and can no longer live on a meat and blubber diet alone. A year ago a missionary was sent up to bring about a better condition of morals, but right at the beginning the "chief man" put up a conundrum for him, and it has been impossible to answer it to the satisfaction of the Eskimo men. Said this chief, "You minister want me and my people to get marry and no trade wives; then what for you no want to give me grub?" But the Eskimo women may ultimately bring about what the law and the church have failed to achieve, and if they do it must all be ascribed to what is known in police archives as "the regrettable incident of the sleeping sealer."

One day several years ago a white man was crawling along the wild shore near Herschel Island to get a shot at a seal. He got a fine shot—but when he went to secure his game he found that he had killed an Eskimo hunter who had fallen asleep while watching a seal hole in an ice floe. He carried the dead hunter to his igloo in the Eskimo village, and thus met his widow, a fine-looking woman of the Kogmollock tribe. Real romance followed swiftly, and resulted in the first Christian marriage of a white man to an Eskimo in the far North. The lot of this "church wife," as she is called, has been so much better than that of the other women that there is now a growing desire among the unmarried girls to follow her example.

Several times during the past few years the Royal Mounted has investigated what are known as "mastodon finds" in various parts of the frozen North. The remains of several of these animals have been found in a state of perfect preservation. The flesh has been eaten and in the stomachs of the prehistoric monsters in at least two instances has been found the undigested tropical stuff upon which they fed.

Superintendent A. E. Snyder, commanding the Royal Mounted at Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, reported to the Commissioner in 1909 that from north of the Porcupine there had come repeated rumors of the existence of a wonderful tropical region which was still inhabited by mastodons.

"The Indians," concludes Superintendent Snyder, "report having seen the gigantic tracks of these animals."

But little attention was paid to these stories, until in November of last year C. McIntyre and two companions made a most amazing discovery north of the Porcupine. They were traveling by dog-sledge, with the thermometer at forty below, when to their astonishment the temperature began to rise so fast that within a space of two hours they had thrown off their warm garments, and the snow was soft underfoot.

"It seemed," said McIntyre, "as though we were suddenly passing from winter into spring." Soon after they came upon the first of numberless hot springs, the snow disappeared entirely, and dense vegetation took the place of the stunted bush and timber of the plains. Because of necessarily slow travel on foot the explorers were not able to determine the extent of this wonderful oasis in the midst of an Arctic desolation. They found several good-sized rivers flowing with warm water and teeming with fish, and the country was alive with bear, caribou, ducks, pheasants, wild geese, and other game, and gold was found in a number of the creeks. McIntyre will soon start at the head of a second expedition into this mysterious country.

And will he find the mastodon? Is it possible that still deeper in this unknown country there exists a real tropical world? Of course it is improbable, but, as the Hudson Bay Company's official said, it is impossible to say what will *not* be found. For five hundred miles east and west and from two to three hundred miles north of the Porcupine there is a vast unexplored region almost as little known as the planet Mars, and one can hardly place a limit on what the indomitable courage and perseverance of the Royal Mounted may not reveal within this country during the next few years.

"You never can tell—surprises are constantly popping up with us," were the words of a sergeant of the Royal Mounted whom I met several years ago west of Churchill. With two men he was starting into the wild coun-

Prisoners in Charge of a Northwest Territory "Reliable"

between Churchill and the country of the habasca, and when we parted, he said: "We pect to have a fine trip. But you never n tell—surprises are constantly popping up th us." Many months later, away down in American city, I read the newspaper ac-unt of how these men had perished of cold d starvation on that trip, and how only the nes of the three were found in their last mp, picked clean by the wild things. So ose words remain with a particular signifi-nce.

Few words could tell the story of the "un-pected" more tragically than those of Ser-ant Donaldson, who, on August 14th, was charge of a boat carrying supplies up udson Bay to the station at Cape Fuller-n. On this day one of his men shot a num-r of walrus, and Donaldson, with Corporal W. Reeves, was bringing four of the heads to shore. Donaldson was in high spirits. "This is fine," he said, referring to the ease th which they had secured fresh meat. Al-ost at that instant a huge bull walrus rose out of the sea, charged the boat, smashed its side, and as the two men plunged into e water Donaldson cried out, "We are st!" Reeves reached the shore alive, but onaldson was never heard of or seen again. six words he had told the story of the con-ant peril which hovers near the man of the oyal Mounted.

Some of these "surprises" that are always pping up are merely unusual, and a few of em humorous; but they are all mighty in-resting and would fill a book a foot thick ery twelve-month. Sometimes they stun en the veterans of the Royal Mounted—men ho are supposed to be prepared for anything.

"There's a brewery somewhere east of the Hay River," was the report brought in to Sergeant R. Field at the Chipewyan station a little over a year ago. If some one had brought in a two-headed moose, or a live, kicking moose with no head at all, Sergeant Field would not have been more amazed. For the Hay River is a thin black line running through the white terra incognita south of the Great Slave. A brewery—six hundred miles from civilization! And not only that, but in the heart of a country that even the map-makers have left a blank!

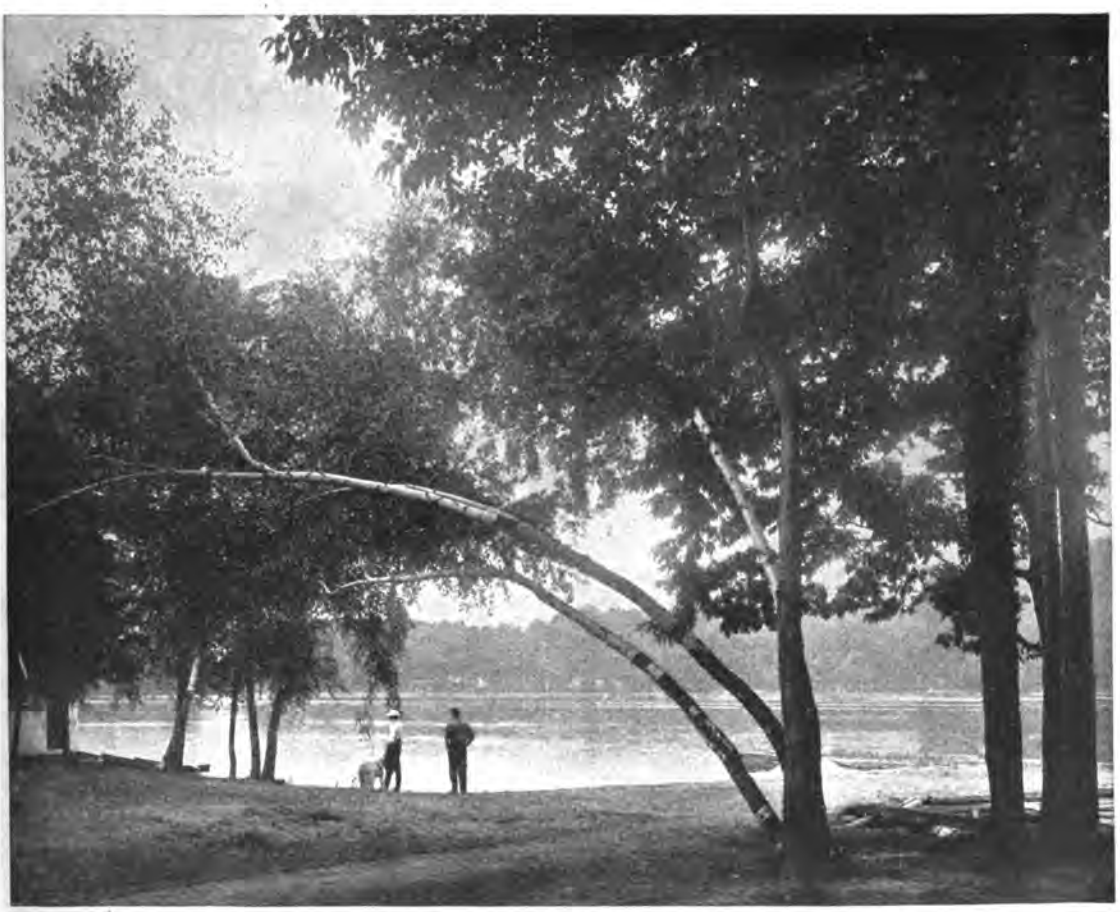
A Brewery Six Hundred Miles from Civilization

Field made a personal investigation, and he found a happy lot of Indians, among whom firewater was quite as common as it used to be down in Kentucky. He found that nearly every buck was the proprietor of a "brew-ery," and that life south of the Great Slave was one long and joyous spree. A strange white man had told the secret of making fire-water to the Indians and they were manu-facturing a "brew" of potatoes, hops, sugar, and yeast, which, when allowed to ferment, was strong enough to cause intoxication. Dur-ing the warm summer months the Indians raised potatoes for this brew, but in almost no instance can they be persuaded to raise anything for food.

As a consequence of this the Canadian Gov-ernment and the Royal Mounted are now facing one of the most serious problems that could possibly confront them in the far North. Game and fish, while abundant in many re-gions, are growing more and more scarce over great areas of territory, and hundreds of na-tives are dying of starvation each year. The rapidly increasing death-rate has led to the question being seriously asked, "Will nearly one million square miles of the northern end of the continent become, within a few years, entirely peopleless?"

Where comparatively large populations and Hudson Bay Company's posts existed half a century or more ago are now uninhabited wildernesses. Along the northern and western coasts of Ungava, which embraces a totally unexplored interior ten times as large as Ohio, the fight for existence has become so tragic that J. D. Moodie, Superintendent of the Royal Mounted at Churchill, reports the natives killing one another for food. Last year one hundred and twenty natives out of a total population of six hundred died of starvation on the Willow River, and during January and February seventy-eight Dog Rib Indians died along the Great Slave. For many weeks not a hair of game was seen, and the entire tribe lived on roots.

It might be interesting to note that since the writing of this article four of my heroic friends of the Far North have perished. Late last fall Inspector F. J. Fitzgerald, with whom I have traveled hundreds of miles, and Con-stables Carter, Kinney and Walker left on the patrol from Dawson to Fort MacPherson. On May first the dead bodies of Kinney and Taylor were found thirty-five miles from Mac-Pherson, and those of Fitzgerald and Carter twenty-five miles from the fort.—*Extract from a letter from the author.*



The Bending Birches at Lake Hopatcong

High Life in a Sailing Dory

Amateur Yachtsmen in Eastern Waters

The Inevitable Capsize

The Simple Delights of the Sailing Canoe—

and the More Commodious Sloop

A Trap-shooting Tournament

A competitive sport that is meeting with increasing favor with both men and women

Out of Paris with a Gun

A Day's Shooting over a French Estate

By F. Berkeley Smith

Author of The Sanity of Paris; A Village of Vagabonds, etc.

IT is better as the Arabs say: "To begin at the beginning."

Dalbert had insisted on my coming to the first night of his new play at the Folies Parisiennes. Dalbert is one of the best fellows in the world, a "bon garçon" with a heart as big as his talent, but he could not possibly understand why I hesitated over three hours of his risqué comedy in a stuffy theater when the morrow promised a day's shooting over one of the gamiest properties in France, and my train left Paris at the crack of dawn.

At the drop of the curtain on his final act I congratulated the author, and bolted for home this December midnight as eager as a tired actor to get to bed, at an hour when the boulevards were thronged and Paris was wide awake for its late gaiety—but neither the late supper nor the cold bird could tempt me to-night—were there not enough live birds awaiting me in Sologne! A vast country below Orleans long famed for its abundance of game—three hours by an express that left the station of the Quai d'Orsay at seven-ten and in which my friend, Duvalet, had reserved a special compartment for his shooting guests. All this he had explained to me in a telegram and a hurried note the day before, reminding me that to-morrow, Sunday, closed the open season for partridges.

Duvalet is one of those simple big men of industry whose family for generations in France has been engaged in the manufacture of tools for a large part of the world. Duvalet's word is as sound as his steel. You would like this quiet, unassuming Frenchman who is the soul of hospitality and, who despite his fifty odd years, is as enthusiastic as a boy over shooting.

As I turned the corner of the Madeleine, en route for my door, I took a final glance at the weather. A black sky and the wind from the South—the atmosphere charged with a thin, vaporish fog as penetrating as the inside of a refrigerator. The streets smeared with greasy mud, a typical Parisian winter midnight. Downpour or not, I had faith in that celebrated country of Sologne which I was to see for the first time, for I know what it contained. Hares and rabbits ad libitum—pheasants and partridges—woodcock and duck.

Among the eight French "guns" invited I was the only foreigner—two dramatists, two authors, one musician, one sculptor, one painter, and the American. I began to wonder how long they would stand my bad French as I climbed my stairs eager for the morrow, and yet I knew Frenchmen well enough to be convinced that if I had been the wild man from Borneo relying on gibberish and the sign language they would receive me like a long lost comrade five minutes after the first formal introduction. There exists a hail-fellow-well-met geniality among Frenchmen following the formal bow which puts you instantly at your ease.

Beside my bed stood in readiness a few old friends—my big valise containing a dry change, a worn leather sack bulging with a hundred shells, a pair of well-greased American boots with moosehide soles—water-tight even in their wrinkled old age—and beside them in its case my 16-bore hammerless gun—the oldest friend of all, for that little gun and I have, so to speak, grown up together. It has known me ever since I was a boy with a new gun and it was *the* gun. I have many others, but they can never be the same.

It is all of twenty years since that little 16-bore and I grew to know each other intimately. We never thought then that we would pass many years in France together afield and some day be invited to Sologne. And so I retired and turned out the electric light and fell into one of those anxious slumbers that usually precedes a daylight train.

At a quarter to six my alarm watch shrilled the hour and I half awoke and finally realized I was not labelled again for the steamer train for America. I opened my French window beneath the roof and looked out with a feeling of relief—it was still pitch dark. In the chill gloom, the massive classic edifice of the Madeleine looked up as silent as a mountain—a few lights still glittered along the deserted boulevard. Honck! Honck! a taxi-auto passed below taking home the weary. Clock! Clock! a tired fiacre horse stumbled along in the slime. Otherwise the streets were deserted—Paris was taking its half hour nap before dawn.

And so I hurried into my clothes, shouldered my duffel and crept down-stairs past the apartment doors of my neighbors. The black cat of my concierge came trotting out from her cellar to greet me in the dark of the big entrance, the only indication of her presence being her weak little mew and the white patch on her nose. As she smoothed her sleek self against my hunting boot, a little girl came towards me out of the gloom of the court carrying three empty milk bottles that clinked together musically. Oh! such a little girl—a mite in a shawl!

"*Bonjour*, Monsieur," said she bravely.

"*Bonjour*, my little one," I returned and called out—"*Cordon s'il vous plait*"—to my sleeping concierge. In response, the heavy door leading into the street clicked open as if it had obeyed my voice. The little girl drew back.

"Pass, my child," I insisted.

"Pass, Monsieur, I pray you!" said she.

Such a little girl! Everything about her, even to her clothes, seemed pinched and meager and thin—this child alone, and it was not yet dawn!

The big door swung shut solemnly upon its big hinges like the barrier of a tomb, and the little girl walked with me to the corner. Not a vehicle in sight, what if I missed my train? I could not lug all those things to the Quai d'Orsay.

"Hélas!" sighed the little girl, quite as anxious as myself. "There are not many fiacres at this hour. Perhaps Monsieur might find an auto-taxi on the other side of the Madeleine—only they cost dear."

She put down her tinkling milk bottles and tucked her small red hands under her skimpy shawl. She would have run to hunt for one had I consented—this mite with her flaxen hair and her wistful gray eyes—at an hour when many an older girl would have been afraid; this child who thought nothing of this boulevard corner at this criminal hour. She was used to it by the year.

"*Eh voilà!*" she cried, and sure enough, a taxi-auto swung in sight and the night hawk of a chauffeur, catching sight of Monsieur the hunter, came crawling towards the curb. He was a genial old chauffeur, and there was a twinkle in his eye as he caught sight of my shooting traps. In France they do not guy the fellow with a gun—they congratulate him.

"Quai d'Orsay," said I, and threw in my belongings.

"A good hunt to Monsieur!" said the little girl, then she stared at something round and bright that filled the palm of her small, red hand—something I could not very well see twice, for I say it was misty and the taxi-auto, with a wrench and a growl, shot away

with Monsieur, the hunter, to the station across the Seine, with the big clock whose great cyclop of an eye illumines the black water below it with wriggling golden eels.

"The seven-ten for Sologne!" I called to the porter as we stopped under the yellow eye.

"*Bien*, Monsieur," and the stalwart one in blue grabbed my things.

As we entered the cavernous station, I looked about me in vain for the ordinary traveler—every voyager grouped around the ticket window waiting for it to open had a gun case slung over his shoulder. A pair of pointers, straining on their leash, brushed past me held in check by a gentleman in a goat-skin coat. There were hunters bearded and booted for the fray—solid Frenchmen in great coats—dapper Frenchmen in smart shooting suits and between their legs and around their heels were cockers and setters and sleek, long-eared hounds who kept the cavernous station reverberating with their eager voices.

Ah! At last! The ticket window is open! Madame back of it rubs her active dimpled hands and her cheeks are rosy and shining like her marriage ring, from soap and water. Instantly she is busy with her little pasteboard slips for first and second "*aller et retour*." The gold pours in under her plump hands and out come the silver and the sous in change.

"*Ah! Sapristi!*" Monsieur with the Henri IV beard has forgotten his dog ticket!

"A thousand apologies, Madame!" he explains for his absent-mindedness.

"It is nothing, Monsieur!" laughs Madame "One at this hour cannot be expected to be awake," and she makes his change. And so, having gotten my own ticket, the one in blue conducted me to the buffet and deposited my traps beside a small table laid with spotless linen and glasses that shone—a table that became cozy a few minutes later with steaming hot coffee, flaky crescents, fresh from the bakers, and sizzling eggs, not quite so fresh from the hen.

"Monsieur is going to have rain," confided the one in blue as he took his leave, at which the garçon agreed with conviction.

There was no difficulty in finding the compartment my host had reserved. The express was in readiness at the bottom of the stairway leading to a fog-choked subterranean chamber, and a label pasted on the compartment window at the bottom of the iron flight announced:

"Reserved—Hunt of Monsieur Duvalet."

The next moment the one in blue was stowing away my traps within, where I was made welcome by the author, a big fellow with twinkling brown eyes and a red beard. Then followed a formal introduction to the two jolly dramatists and another handshake with the other author, the sculptor, the musician and the painter in turn. This done, a pouch of tobacco went round and we settled ourselves with that informal ease of brother sportsmen.

"*En voiture!*" cried the excited "*Chef de Gare*."

Toot—Toot! and we were off for Sologne!

* * *

The dramatists were dozing, so were the rest, all save the painter and myself. He had exchanged the *Matin* for my *Figaro* and having read everything, including the advertisements, he, too, settled his head against the cushioned back for a doze.

While these messieurs are making up for their early rising, let me explain to you as the express slips on down to Sologne, something about French game and its pursuit, and as it is to be a grand *battu* to-day, that is to say, a carefully planned drive by beaters, I shall begin with the duties of the Head Gamekeeper or guard, for it is his business to plan the various *battus* or drives.

You can rely upon one thing, and that is he knows every foot of the ground to be shot over and the approximate amount of game the different sections of field and woodland contain. He must know this by constant observation on his daily rounds and see that the coveys of partridges—the pheasants, hares and rabbits, are left undisturbed until the day of the shoot, which generally occurs on such a vast property as my host's once a week during the five months of the shooting season.

The Head Guard is usually an energetic old veteran in charge of a score or more of younger peasants who act as beaters. These are dressed in long white blouses of waterproof duck, each bearing a conspicuous number, and armed with a baton or stick with which to beat up the game.

The Head Guard forms his score of beaters in line at equal distances from one another so as to reach across the width of the field or woods to be beaten. When everything is in readiness and the "guns" in waiting at the opposite end are in line and at their places designated by the host—(each "gun" back of forked stick bearing a number), the Head Beater sounds his horn and the line of beaters begins to move slowly up on the game.

Everything depends on the planning of the Head Guard. He knows that in this wo with its maze of slim trees and its carpet sodden leaves lie the pheasants.

Let us suppose then that he has decid that the first *battu* for partridges will ta place over the big ploughed field reachi down to the willow brook, after which t "guns" will turn about and face the adjace field, beyond the brook, which will be beat in turn. The "guns" will then walk a qua ter of a mile and take up their stations alo a woodroad skirting a wild field dotted wi alder swamps and skirted by a pine fore The ground here is soft for it is honey-comb with rabbit burrows, and it is as well a f mous cover for hares, who take to any pla in the open where they can hide or dissim late themselves back of tufts or hollows, ju as they often choose the center of a rou ploughed field, lying sleek and alert in so furrow and ready to spring for the borderi woods at the first sign of the enemy.

So you see, on the day of the shoot, the is a place for everything and everything mu be left undisturbed in its place, that the me sieurs with the guns may not be disappointe

Nothing sets the French peasant wild with enthusiasm than the sight of a ha The hare is the perfect symbol of elusivenes He is responsible for most of the shootin profanity in France, for he has a habit saving his hide under strenuous condition "*Mémoire de lièvre*" in French means lite ally a little memory of short duration. Mor over, the hare has two distinct characteristi his timidity and his cleverness in evading t hunter's eye, for he generally chooses a hidi place which is as near as possible the sa golden brown as his coat. Once roused, h covers the ground at a gallop that takes qui shooting to get him, though often he will st short in his tracks and crouch with his lo velvety ears laid close to his back, if yo whistle to him; that is, if you have presen of mind enough to whistle, and *can* whistle the time.

As for the fat little French partridge whose plump meat is dark instead of whi like our partridges in America (and far bett eating), they are often wilder than hawl when once they have been shot at, flying at speed which takes a steady shot to get the and flushing up time and again far out of gu range. In this the *battu* has its advantag despite the height and speed the birds hav gained by the time they pass over the shooter for they rarely fly low to the "guns."

The *battu* or drive is the easiest of a shooting. There is no more hardship nece

sary than to be present, you can even bring along a folding stool and stick it in the ground and sit on it if you are tired, and it is on account of this ease that I believe the *battu* will never grow popular with the American hunter who is used to working hard for what he gets. But in France, as in England, the *battu* is traditional and a part of the social life, a means of entertaining one's friends, of reciprocating other social functions; for these shooting invitations play as much a part in Parisian society as do the theater parties, dinners, balls, and soirées.

Monsieur A is bidden to dine at Monsieur and Madame B's. In return, Monsieur A graciously invites his host and hostess to his shoot. Monsieur and Madame B, in return, invite Monsieur A the following week to *their* shoot and these exchanges of courtesies continue annually. Now it is quite possible that Monsieur B has his shooting property because it is the thing to have, rather than that he is a devotee of the gun; moreover, he may be an abominably bad shot, but he will at least enjoy the luncheons at the different "*rendezvous de chasses*" he is yearly invited to, and pass many an *amusing* day with the game.

"Amusing" is the word; shooting to most in France is purely an amusement—a pleasant promenade for which the birds, hares and rabbits furnish the fun and the cook and the wine cellar provide the sauce of geniality.

But you must not think that all Frenchmen are poor shots—there are others, and plenty of them, whom I would match against any shots of any other race. I know Frenchmen whose skill with a bird gun and whose knowledge of the habits of game are second to none. Indefatigable sportsmen whose unselfish fairness, good manners and common sense in danger you can count on—qualities which are as distinct as their immaculate shooting clothes, for the Frenchman does not go to the shoot looking like a tramp lest he be taken for a tyro or a tenderfoot as thousands of us do in America. He wears a clean soft hat, a well-cut shooting suit, pigskin leggings, dogskin gloves, and a clean starched collar, for you must remember, he must be presentable at luncheon. Invariably he has another complete change in his valise to get into when he returns from the shoot at dark, often soaked inside and out, and spattered with mud.

And yet I must confess that the organized *battu* in France reminds me somewhat of a massacre in a zoological park or a poultry yard. Knowing that every hare, pheasant or partridge is the private property of your host —that he knows from his Head Guard's latest report that he has, let us say, three deer and eighty-five pheasants left to offer his guests on the morrow, makes me feel more as if he had authorized me to kill his pets rather than the wild fowl and denizens of his fields and forests. However, this is only a point of view and if I had been born a Frenchman I should probably feel different.

The French shoot is at least far merrier than the English one, which is so often serious, solemn, and formal like the English shooting breakfasts at which it is usually good form to eat little and say less, though the presentation of nourishment must be nevertheless solemnly served by the butler and his underlings—from bouillon to fruit, my lord. Happily the French shooting breakfast is not like that of the English. It is jolly enough —good food in France is meant to enjoy.

After the "apéritif"—(a glass of vermouth or port) the savory fête begins—spicy hors d'œuvres of fat sardines, sliced tomatoes in mayonnaise, filets of herring, olives, shrimps and cold potato salad. Then a good hot vegetable and meat soup *en "bonne femme"* followed by a sole *au gratin*—a "*vol au vent*," a ragout of hare, a chicken smothered in cream, a vegetable, an excellent salad, a pungent camembert, fruit, black coffee—liqueurs, cigarettes, and cigars; and the best chablis, burgundy, and champagne throughout that your host's cellar affords.

Moreover, this jolly shooting breakfast is kept alive by bon mots, repartee, and hearty laughter, that it may be the better enjoyed and digested and, if there are ladies present, what more does the French sportsman ask? How much the merrier is he for their presence as he saunters forth to shoot, well fed by beauty, compliments, and the cook, and well recompensed at night for his hard day afield with a neatly labelled basket containing a portion of the bag to take back to Paris!

"*Vive la Chasse!*"

Ah! the company is waking up. The painter has rubbed the fog off the window and is gazing out, as we rush on through a vast slightly rolling country of immense fields stretching to the horizon.

"We are in Sologne, my friends," announces the dramatist stretching himself with a yawn. Barely a house is in sight, though the eye can scan for square miles. And now the great fields are left behind and in their place slip by dense stretches of woods—sad, forgotten-looking forests rolling away as did the plowed fields as far as the gray horizon—timber and tangle, dripping and silent in a water-soaked fog; and in the open places, sinister looking bayous and flooded reaches out of whose shallow depths rise the trunks of the dripping trees. In this low-lying country of Sologne, the floods have played the same general havoc as they have over nearly all of France during the last two years. Fatal years for the game!

And now we get into our great coats and reach up for our guns and valises snugly stored in the racks, for we shall be at our host's station in a few minutes. The express has lessened its speed. The fog has given in to a drizzling rain. The woods without seem wilder, the undergrowth more dense, now and then there is a deserted woodroad or the passing glimpse of a trail.

"It is, as you see, purely a shooting country," explains the author with the red beard, who has shot over Sologne for years. "About the only things they raise down here are potatoes and sheep."

We have arrived at a little brick station and our host is waving a welcome to us. With him are two more guests who have come down from Paris by auto with him the night before, and back of him are half a dozen servants ready to carry our traps. Our host's shooting box is the only other habitation in sight, it is just across the road from the station, a plain little brick house with a tiny garden in front and a short double stoop leading to a plain front door held open in welcome by our hostess.

Madame Duvalet is dressed for the day in a dark green corduroy shooting suit and boots, all very simple and unostentatious you see, but the welcome is hearty and the little hall is now piled with our traps and everyone is shaking hands and talking at once, and the valets, in their blue aprons, are lugging our traps up the narrow stairs leading to the clean plain little bedrooms, and running down again for more. All our guns have disappeared to be unpacked from their cases and assembled; and in the tiny salon is a blazing wood fire and beyond a snug dining-room, and luncheon is ready.

"Hurry, my children," exclaims our hostess to the tardy ones up-stairs combing their hair and washing away the grime of the voyage.

I glance at the tall clock in the salon, it is just ten forty-five—I am getting used to shooting luncheons at ten forty-five in France. Besides, we started at daylight and already have a one o'clock appetite, and once started on the shoot we shall not return until dark.

And what a jolly luncheon despite the driz-

Avalon

(Santa Catalina Island)

By Robert C. McElravy

White and fair to look upon
Are the yachts at Avalon,
And the island city lies
Clean and sweet before the eyes,
As the dawn.

Soft and balmy is the air,
'Round the crescent harbor there,
And the boats that ply about
Bring the gay world in and out,
As they fare.

Lanterns swinging in the breeze,
Ragged eucalyptus trees,
Tented city lying still,
Calm of sea and charm of hill,
Vie to please.

When the rush of day is gone,
And the mind to quiet drawn,
It is restful to recall
Once again thy peaceful thrall
Avalon.

zle without—a luncheon to Parisian celebrities, but you would never guess it for, as I glanced around the table at that natural jolly crowd, it was hard to believe that there was not a Frenchman at that table who had not distinguished himself in art or in letters. Those who really do something in life are as simple as children.

Not one of those good fellows save my host I had ever met before the train left Paris, and here we were—or rather here I was, the little American with his amusing French. Oh! it must have been amusing enough, and yet they took me in and received me as heartily as if we had been old friends for years. Some were young and in the prime of their career, and some were gray and jolly like our host, but none were as gracious as our hostess, for Madame was good to look upon since she was very beautiful and merry and full of those rare qualities of human kindness and understanding which win your sincere admiration.

It was a rapid, jolly luncheon to-day, for these December days are short. A hurried puff at our cigarette and a few moments later we were stowed away in two automobiles of our host and en route in the downpour for the hunt.

Ten minutes more, and we were assembled in the rain at the beginning of a woodroad where the Head Guard, a wiry grizzled old peasant, two under guards, a score of beaters, a single mongrel dog, celebrated for his good nose, and a horse and game cart were in waiting.

The spot, as I looked ahead up the woodroad flanked by the drenched silent forest, reminded me of a lonely tamarack stretch in Canada, even to the faint rasping note of some cedar birds chattering in a nearby clump of firs. And as I gazed ahead into the vista of soaked woods, hazy with the winter mist and rain, I realized that never before in France had I seen so melancholy or so wild a country. With the old Head Guard taking the lead, we fell into Indian file along the woodroad, en route to our first *battu* for pheasants. This old woodroad, which reminded me so much of those in our northern wilderness, was as noiseless to tread upon as a sponge, for the soil in this country is mostly a loamy sand and dries quickly.

Presently, we reached the lower boundary of the pheasant wood, the woodroad turning sharply to the right skirting a clearing piled with cordwood. Here the Head Guard left us to return to command his beaters and here one by one, at a sign from our host, a guest fell out of file and took up his stand behind a forked branch bearing a scrap of paper numbered from number one to the last gun. And so, at equal distances, a few yards apart, we slipped in our shells and stood and waited in silence.

Finally, the Head Guard blew his horn—the *battu* had begun!—Again silence and more waiting. Soon I could hear faintly, from the far end of the woods, the beaters approaching, making a peculiar noise with their lips to rout up the birds. Brrh!—Br..r..h!—Brrh!—growing nearer — louder — more distinct. Then a new sound caught my ear. Tut! Tut! Tut!— Tut!—Tut!—the regular beating of wings. And out of the mist of twigs a gold cock pheasant came winging toward me with a skimming flight.

He passed directly over me, and I missed him clean with both barrels. There was a speed in that seemingly slow flight of his that I was not accustomed to; he rattled me with it. He was an old cock and I think he knew I was a new hand on his kind, for he chose me out of the line of guns and did not swerve from his rising course against the leaden sky.

And now things grew lively indeed. The beaters were raising a hullaballoo as they drew nearer and nearer our line of guns.

Bang!—Bang!—Bang! — Bang!—Bang!—the guns were busy all along the line. Hen pheasants and cock pheasants fell headlong with a plump into the dead leaves; but some, like the old cock, skimmed to safety.

"*A vous!—à vous!*" yelled the beaters, and a hare doubled in front of me, then sprang straight for the woodroad. The dramatist got him.

Whirr! a lone partridge—a good shot for my neighbor, the painter, for the bird was high and going like a rocket.

"She bites well, your 16-bore," called my right-hand neighbor, the musician, and I felt better, for it was no easy matter to hold one's own among these Frenchmen—they shot straight. The beaters were now in sight, their white duck blouses looking like canvas nightgowns. Here and there a hiding pheasant flashed up before them.

Then again the horn—the first *battu* was over!

We assembled under a big oak where the game cart was in waiting. Here our kill was laid out in rows; twenty-three pheasants—two hares—and four partridges, all in about thirty-five minutes.

Then, on a quarter of a mile to the second *battu* in a big open ploughed field of hollows and tufts and thickets which was fairly alive with gray rabbits and where we also killed nine hares.

And so the day proceeded until the earl twilight found us cracking away at the duck from the reedy end of a lonely pond. Finally it grew too dark to shoot and we trampe back to the waiting automobiles.

It was night when we reached the snu house of our host and entered by way of th ground floor. We got out of our wet boot before a roaring fire in a gun room paved wit red tiles. And now such a hurrying of littl maids and valets with our dry stockings an a provision of warm slippers. Beyond, in an other snug tile-floored room, the entire ba of game was being counted by the Head Guar and laid out in rows—one hundred an thirty-two in all—and while the two unde guards were busy drying and cleaning ou guns, we went up-stairs for a rubdown and dry change.

Then, down to the cosy salon for a glas of cassis or a mint and water and then in t an early dinner, for our train for Paris lef at nine. And what a good dinner it was, eve jollier than the luncheon! And finally, th train and more hearty good-bys, each of u with a trim oblong basket wrapper into whic had been stowed safely and sewn up for th voyage, a golden pheasant whose majestic ta and iridescent head emerged from the ends o the neat straw package, ticketed with ou name and bearing our host's name and tha of his shooting property as a guarantee at th Paris Customs. And snug within, beside th pheasant, lay a hare and three partridges, a of which is customary and the final duty o one's shooting host. Each gun receiving fiv pieces as his share, the bulk of the bag goin to the estate.

It was midnight when the express rolle into the Quai d'Orsay, and we made our decl rations before the Customs officers.

"How many, Monsieur?" asked the one i authority, glancing at my basket.

"One pheasant, one hare, and three par tridges, Monsieur."

"It is well, Monsieur," returned the one i uniform, and he jotted the total on a pape slip and indicated a small window.

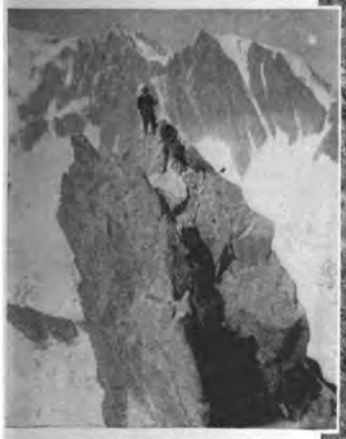
"Two francs, eighty centimes," announce the official back of it. And so, having paid fo my game—since no food, not even a toug chicken, can pass the gates of Paris witho being taxed, the six French "guns" and th American one bid each other good night wit much raising of hats, several bows, and a fina handshake. Formal you say at the end of s genial and informal a day—ah! but that litt touch of formality at the end is typicall French, and has nothing to do with the hear

Lake Mayelen

Aletch Glacier

Ascending "The Giant" Mont Blanc

Another view of "The Giant"



At the Top of the World

Up Mont Blanc

Looking down the Valley of Chamonix

A Dangerous Chasm

Over a Swiss Glacier

A Woman Climber

A Climb that Proved Fatal

The Hazardous Sport of Mountain Climbing

Gold Hunting *in* Panama

An Adventure in the Isthmian Jungle

By Albert Edwards

Illustrations by Howard V. Brown

IT was the quest for gold which brought the first white man to the Isthmus of Panama. The same "*execrable sed d'oro*"—as the brave old missionary, Fray Bartolome de Las Casas, called it—was the motive power of Balboa and Pizarro. Gold built old Panama City. Gold was the bait which drew the Buccaneers. And again it was the thirst for gold—

A negro, named Pedro, who had once worked for him, had come that morning to his office with a bag full of samples

California gold—which woke the Isthmus from its forgotten sleep in '49 and made it once more the world's great "short cut."

In 1911 there is but one gold mine in profitable operation in the republic—The Darien Gold Mining Company at Cana close to the Colombian border.

But the thirst for gold is still a motive power on the Isthmus. Any day you can find some more or less sane-looking individual—in the barroom of the "Metropole" or the "Panazone"—who has a gold project to share with you.

There is the man who in some indefinite way discovered in the moldy archives of Madrid a letter from a monk of Old Panama which tells where the rich treasures of the Monastery of San Francisco were buried at the time of Morgan's raid. The list of jewels and plate reads like an inventory of the Cave of The Forty Thieves. Only a few thousand dollars is needed to discover the hiding place.

Then there is an endless stream of prospectors—men of every nationality and color, men who have followed the scent from Australia to Alaska. They come out of the jungle sallow with fever, gaunt from hunger, with a sack of "dust" or a sample of quartz. All they need is a little capital to open an El Dorado. They are more than anxious to share their enterprise with you.

The present status of mining on the Isthmus was carefully explained to me by a Mr. Moody—a man heavily interested in fruit-growing. Long residence in Central America has given him an intimate knowledge of conditions.

"Not for mine," he said. "I suppose I've turned down a couple of million mining propositions."

"Have none of them panned out?" I asked.

"One. I might have got into a Honduras mine which is paying. But I'm a business man—not a gambler. If I was a gambler I'd hit the roulette wheel, where the chances are only 32 to 1 against you."

About a week later I met Moody in the Cathedral Plaza.

"Well," he said with a sheepish grin, "I've just bought a gold mine."

A negro, named Pedro, who had once worked for him, had come that morning to his office with a bag full of samples—black sand and quartz. He had staked out a claim on the head waters of the Rio Obré on the Atlantic slope. He had made his preliminary denouncement and had come to Moody to borrow money to pay the fee necessary to gain permanent possession. The samples, when submitted to a mining engineer named Duncan, had assayed very high. The two white men had advanced the necessary money for a controlling interest in the enterprise. Duncan was going up in a few days to look over the claim.

It was part of the country very rarely visited by foreigners, so I went along.

"Roughing it" would be an insultingly inadequate term for that expedition.

As it was just before Easter, our little boat was vastly overcrowded. There were twenty bunks aboard and thirty women and as many men. The berths were allotted to the women in the order of their social standing—an easy matter to determine in Panama, for the ladies use perfume instead of soap. The Upper Ten use attar of roses. The Four Hundred take to heliotrope from the world famous *atelier* of M. Rouget. It costs in Panama five pesos for a very small bottle. And so on down the social ladder to *hoi polloi*, who use a greenish-yellow smell at one peso the gallon. The extra ten women and all the men were stowed away in hammocks.

To add to the discomfort we had no sooner passed beyond the shelter of the Taboga Islands when we ran into one of the very rare storms which visit those parts.

I have crossed the Black Sea in a Russian boat overloaded with Moslem pilgrims for Mecca. I have crossed from Tangier to Gibraltar in the dinkey little *Djibel Dersa* with a gale blowing out of the West. The

Gold was the bait which drew the Buccaneers

waves rising higher and higher all the wa across the Atlantic, get frightfully mussed u when they enter the funnel of Trafalgar Ba and the Straits. And I have seen the botto nearly blown out of the barometer off Cap Hatteras. I thought I knew what it was t be tossed about. But I did not.

Our little coastwise steamer was built t cross the bars which form at the mouths tropical rivers, and if she was loaded wit lead to her funnel she would not draw eigh feet. In the morning my knees and elbow were black and blue where the rolling of th ship had swung my hammock into the ceilin

A little after sun-up we swung into th placid, sluggish Rio Grande, and an hour an a half up stream we came to a pier and a co rugated iron storehouse called Puerto Pas sado. The steamer can only get up on th crest of the tide—and for six hours it rest its flat bottom on the mud, waiting the nex tide to go out.

We found Pedro on the dock waiting fo us with three of the sorriest looking horses has ever been my misfortune to encounte But even these sick, mangy, ulcerated brut were welcome. For the water was falling rap idly and a tropical river with the tide out the most desolate spectacle on earth. Ther is a revolting lewdness in the naked slim roots of the mangrove swamp on either side The bottomless mud of the river bed is lik a nightmare from a Doré "Inferno." Her and there a hump of muddier looking mu moves sluggishly—it takes a decided effort the will to believe that it really is an alligato It would be much easier not to believe tha such things live—in such a place.

Penonomé, the capital of the Province Coclé, is only thirteen miles inland fro Puerto Pasado, but with Pedro's horses took us three hours.

It is a typical Central America town—plaza and church and barnlike governmen

We had no sooner passed beyond the shelter of the Taboga Islands when we ran into one of the very rare storms which visit those parts

uilding in the center, a circle of white-ashed, red-tiled adobé houses, and on the dge an irregular cluster of native *ranchos*—uilt of cane and thatch. It is impossible o say where the town ends and the jungle egins.

We had intended to lay in our provisions ere, but Pedro told us it would be unneces-ary. While prospecting on his claim he had aken to his bosom a widow and her farm.

The three men—looking as bold and bad as they knew how—strode out to meet us

Ve would stop the first night with a family f his friends, and the next be at his place here the fatted calf would be waiting us lready dressed in pepper-sauce. So all we id was to secure some real horses and buy ome salt—a present much prized by the Tholo Indians—some cans of butter and jam.

A friend of Pedro brought us some news hich promised excitement. While he had

he supreme moment comes when you drain off the water and look for the "streak"

een in Panama his claim had been "jumped." Three Americans, with a Mexican woman ho passed as their cook, had drifted into Penonomé a few days after Pedro's departure. They heard of his strike, bribed the alcalde, he justice of the peace, and denounced the ame claim. Then they went out to look it ver.

The alcalde was much disturbed by our appearance. He had thought that he had no one o deal with except the negro. Pedro, who was vidently too poor a person to make trouble.

But Duncan is a man of some prominence in Panama, on friendly terms with the Administration. The speed with which the alcalde got down on his knees was amazing.

As we started out the next morning, Pedro's friend told us that the alcalde had despatched a messenger during the night to warn the claim-jumpers.

But we had hardly gone a mile from Penonomé when all speculation about the disposition of the intruders was driven from mind by the immediate difficulty of the trail. It was the height of the dry season and the best time of year for inland travel. During the eight months of rain the way would have been utterly impassable. Duncan had prospected all over the Rockies, he had run an asbestos mine at the bottom of the Grand Cañon and had lived for years in Nicaragua. He said he had never seen a worse trail. It would be nearer the truth to say it was no trail at all. It is, however, marked on the government map *comino real*.

I found out afterwards that it was a beautiful and interesting country through which we passed. But on that trip I saw nothing but the tail of my horse. Once in every few hours we would come to a bit of *savannah* where we could get on and ride—and breathe. But most of it was foot work, pushing the beasts up a fifty-per-cent mud grade or shoving them down one that was worse. Wading neck deep in a river to find a ford was a pleasant relief. I could not make up my mind which was worse—prying the horses out of quagmires or the machete work when we had to slash a passage through the jungle to get past some impossible barrier.

I remember once—we had just dragged the horses up a long hill which was about as good going as climbing the wall of the hot room in a Turkish bath—and a mile long. I leaned up against a giant lignum vitæ tree—its wide spreading branches gorgeous with wistaria-colored blossoms. Wiping the perspiration out of my eyes, I could look out over a wide valley—half the tree tops in bloom. Ten feet away from me hung a giant "Annunciation" orchid—white as the wings of the Archangel. I was about to remark, "By Jove! this is glorious," when there was a snap and a clatter. The cinch had broken! My companions were already a good way down the trail. And by the time I had the pack rearranged on the horse—they were out of sight and I had no time to enjoy the view.

The sun had already gone down when we reached the *rancho* where we were to pass the night. I have a vague memory of hanging my hammock, of eating a sort of stew which Pedro called a *sancochi* and said was good—and of a dog who bayed intermittently the night through.

We made an early start the next morning. Eleven hours more of the trail which was ever just one shade this side of impossibility.

In the middle of the afternoon we topped the Continental Divide and started down the Atlantic Slope. Our barometer registered only a little more than one thousand feet. But it must have been broken—I would have sworn to five thousand.

The Rio Obré was the boundary to Pedro's claim and just beyond it we came to the camp of the claim-jumpers. As we rode towards their tent they made a demonstration in force.

The Mexican girl stood in the background with a Winchester. The three men—looking as bold and bad as they knew how—strode out to meet us, making a great show of jerking their pistol belts into position. I never saw a more melodramatically rigged out bunch of "bad men" off the Bowery stage—leather "chaps," sombreros, red handkerchiefs, mighty spurs. They certainly had made up for the part.

The outcome was a ludicrous anti-climax. I had never realized before how utterly dead the Wild West "Bad Man" is. He has crossed the Great Divide into ancient history.

Duncan tipped me the wink and we threw up our hands and cantered towards them.

"My sons," he said, "I've got a twenty-two single shot, target-pistol somewhere in my saddle bags. My friend here is unarmed. The 'coon' has a gun but he couldn't hit a barn. We're not much on armament—but—we've—got—the—cash. You bought the alcalde for twenty pesos. I could buy him back for twice as much but it's cheaper to have him fired. Your claim's no good, you can't afford to fight in court. Your guns are out-of-date. Money talks. You'd better lope. There are lots of trails leading out of this place. You might get run in if you hang around. *Adios!*"

Their bold, bad manner wilted. When we passed that way again they were gone.

Although we had so easily brushed aside these desperadoes, our troubles had only begun. It was nightfall when we reached the end of our journey—the farm which Pedro had taken

Even a Paris cab-driver could have learned something new in profanity by listening to that bird's conversation

to his bosom along with its fair owner. It was deserted.

Pedro said he could not understand it. But it looked plain to an outsider. Some handsomer man had come along in his absence and waltzed off with the lady.

The matrimonial arrangements of these people is simple or complex—according to your point of view. As nobody ever gets married you hear no scandal about bigamy or divorce. Pedro himself was not in a position to wail over this desertion. I gathered from his camp-fire reminiscences that he had been born in British Honduras, where he had had a "church wife" and child. He had lived for a while in Carthagena where he had left a woman and child, a performance which he had repeated in Boca del Toro and again here.

However, we had little time to wonder over Pedro's domestic status. We were two days' hard riding from the nearest store, without adequate provisions and no cooking utensils. We burglariously entered the deserted *rancho* —I had never realized how sturdily they are built, till I tried to break into this one. A careful search revealed two broken bowls and some gourd cups. We went over the place with a fine tooth comb and our one candle and could find no more. We made a shift to boil rice in one of the cracked pots. It was a sorry meal! But we were too tired to worry much. In the morning we hoped to find, if not the fatted calf, at least some growing vegetables.

We found nothing. The lady in departing had taken everything—even digging up the yams. The more we looked about—the less tenable our position appeared. As I had not been stung by the gold microbe, I was all for a quick retreat to our base of supplies. But not so with these prospectors—white and black. They had the thirst. They were on the scent and a little matter like nothing to eat was a mere bagatelle. The prospector's fever is like first love in its wild insistency. It is unlike it in that it is just as wild the seventy times seventh time as it is the first.

They scraped together a scant breakfast and off we went. It was machete work all the day—except when we waded knee deep in the stream. When we reached the place where Pedro had found his samples it was shovel out and intense excitement. Duncan held the pan and Pedro filled it with gravel and yellow mud. Side by side—on their knees—by the edge of the stream they nursed and rocked the pan. Gradually the coarse refuse washed away and only the coal black sand was left. The tension grew steadily as the process continued. The supreme moment comes when you drain off the water and look for the "streak." Their two pairs of eyes peered over the edge. Yes! There was "color!" At the very edge of the handful of black sand there were half a dozen specks of dull gold. Even my inexperienced eyes could see it. But I, hungry and tired and ill-tempered, pretended not to. How they waved their hands and shouted at me!

All day long the scent held them. Slashing through the jungle, clambering over the rocks, wading up the river—again and again washing out a panful of gravel—and always with vain efforts to make me admit that I saw "color."

Near the place where the quartz vein cropped out they washed one pan of dirt which was really rich. I could see twenty or thirty minute specks of gold. Duncan said there were fifty "colors."

"Why," he said, "it's like a star-chart! Can't you see them sparkling in the black sand background?"

They may have sparkled for him, but I was no-end hungry—having had a poor sort of breakfast and no lunch at all.

About four o'clock we struck our first and only piece of good fortune. In the midst of the jungle we stumbled upon a deserted farm. There were some cocoanut palms and some yams. With much shooting we knocked down half a dozen nuts. We were well supplied with the best of sauces and those cocoanuts certainly were welcome. Pedro dug up some yams, and we made camp again just as dusk.

One day of prospecting did not satisfy them—but it was enough for me and I spent the next days exploring the neighborhood.

Close to the deserted "*rancho*" there was a little river with the queer name of the "Rio Brassos de U." Taking an early morning bath in it, I suddenly set eyes on a most appetizing looking fish. It was a foot and a half long with silver scales—splashed with black and red. We were short on cooking utensils—but a fish can be planked. A waterfall cut off his escape up-stream, so I built a makeshift dam and weir a hundred feet below where he was so peacefully digesting his morning haul of sand flies. A very gorgeous paroquet—in a motley of green and scarlet—jeered at me from a cocobolo tree. Every time I made a jump at that fish the bird croaked out a phrase in his jungle lingo which sounded like—and certainly meant—"Foiled again!" After half an hour's wild splashing about I gave up hope of catching him in my hands or spearing him. I kept at it, hopin to scare him to death, but he had nerves iron. At last I lost interest in the fish an began throwing stones at the paroquet. Eve a Paris cab-driver could have learned some thing new in profanity by listening to tha bird's conversation.

In the afternoon help came. I was dozin in my hammock and suddenly awoke wit the startled feeling that some one was lookin at me. In the doorway of the *rancho* was sour-looking old "brave." It gave little com fort to remember that the Cholo Indians ar a peaceful tribe. I had an uncomfortabl conviction that he was probably the man wh had superseded Pedro in the affections of th widow. Our right to make free with th place was decidedly vague.

However, he was more surprised to see m than I was to see him. With my six words Spanish I soon made peace with him. He an his family appeared to be moving. There wer two women in the party—each one had a bab astraddle of her hips and the younger ou also had a papoose strapped to her back. boy of twelve and a girl of ten were supe intending the maneuvers of a donkey pile high with household goods. By means sleight-of-hand tricks and pantomime and th six Spanish words, I succeeded in trading ou salt for all the food they had and two usabl kettles.

So, although I had no planked fish nor pare quet stew for the prospectors, I managed quit an elaborate supper.

The Indian family camped with us for th night, and by despatching the youngster o to a settlement some miles away we foun fresh eggs and vegetables waiting for ou breakfast and also three husky young Chol —eager for work and a chance to go to tow

So we took our time on the home trail, an leaving the care of the horses and luggage t the Indians were able to walk at our ease an enjoy the manifold wonders of the jungle.

Whether or not the samples we brought bac to civilization will assay high enough to mak the claim valuable, I have, of course, no wa of knowing. That is a matter for experts But of one thing I am sure. Before ma chinery could be taken up that trail or an sort of a labor camp installed a great man thousands of dollars would have to be sun in road building.

The memory of those hungry days and tha bitter hard trail make it easy for me to un derstand that even in this country, where gol is found on every hand—only one mine i paying dividends.

A Pair of Barn Owls is worth One Hundred Dollars a Year to any Farmer

The Young Yellow Throat has a Voracious Appetite for Grasshoppers, Spiders and Moths

The Screech Owl Feeds on Mice, Cutworms and Caterpillars

The Sparrow Hawk Should Properly be Called the Grasshopper Hawk

The Gray Warbler Does Much to Keep Insect Pests in Check

A Woodpecker will eat Thousands of Ants a Day

The Last Days *of the* Scarecrow

Showing that the Wild Bird is not the Farmer's Enemy but an Extra Hand who Works for his Board

By William L. Finley

Author of American Birds

Photographs from life by Herman T. Bohlman

THE real wealth of the country is based upon the products of agriculture and horticulture. The prosperity of the nation depends upon a prosperous farming class. Without the help of our wild birds, farming would be impossible. No other farm hands could accomplish the work entrusted to birds. The wild birds of orchard, field, and forest are Nature's check upon the increase of insect life. With the great handicap of bird destruction in our present day the loss from insect and rodent pests in the United States the past year is estimated to be eight hundred million dollars. This loss can be reduced only when a public sentiment is aroused for proper bird protection. The practical farmer can not afford to ignore the relations that wild birds bear to his crops. They are part of the natural resources of any farm. The farmer will prosper in proportion to the way he encourages these extra hands Nature has given him.

Birds Police Earth and Air

Birds work more in conjunction with man to help him than does any other form of outdoor life. They police the earth and air, and without their services the farmer would be helpless. Larks, wrens, and thrushes search the ground for grubs and insects. The food of the meadow lark consists of seventy-five per cent. of injurious insects and twelve per cent. of weed seed, showing it to be a bird of great economic value. Sparrows, finches, and quail eat a large amount of weed seed. Practically all the food of the tree sparrow consists of seed. Examinations by Prof. F. E. L. Beal, of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, show that a single tree sparrow will eat a quarter of an ounce of weed seed daily. In a state the size of Iowa tree sparrows alone will consume more than eight hundred tons of weed seed annually. This, with the work of other seed-eating birds, saves the farmer an immense amount of work. Nuthatches and chickadees scan every part of the trunks and limbs of trees for insect eggs. In a day's time a chickadee has been known to eat hundreds of insect eggs and worms that are very harmful to our trees and vegetables. Warblers and vireos hunt the leaves and buds for moths and millers. Fly-catchers, swallows, and night hawks are busy day and night catching flies that bother man and beast. Hawks and owls are working silently in daylight and darkness to catch moles, mice, gophers, and squirrels.

The valuable service which birds render about the farm is shown most strikingly in places where insects and rodents have become so numerous as to destroy crops. Birds collect in places where food is abundant, and by giving their whole time to hunting and eating these pests, they become the most valuable assistants the farmers can have. To illustrate, a few years ago a large apple orchard in central Illinois was attacked by canker worms. Prof. S. A. Forbes spent two seasons in this locality studying bird life. He examined the stomachs of thirty-six different species of birds and found that seventy-two per cent. of these were eating canker worms. Taken as a whole, thirty-five per cent. of the food of all the birds of the locality consisted of these worms. Out of a flock of thirty-five cedar waxwings, seven were killed and examined. With the exception of a few small beetles, these birds were living entirely on canker worms. By actual count he found seventy to one hundred and one worms in the stomachs of each one of these birds. If we assume that each waxwing ate a hundred worms a day, which is a very low estimate, the flock of thirty was destroying three thousand a day, or during the month when caterpillars were out, a flock of thirty waxwings would eat ninety thousand worms.

Killing Blackbirds Brought on a Pest of Locusts

A number of years ago blackbirds were exceedingly abundant through eastern Nebraska. They were so plentiful that the farmers believed they were damaging crops so they began poisoning the birds. A single grain of corn soaked in strychnine was enough to kill a blackbird. In the years that followed, great numbers of these and other birds were destroyed during the spring and fall. At the same time thousands of quail, prairie chickens, and other game birds were killed in every county to supply the market. As the birds began to disappear, swarms of locusts took their place. These insects hatched out in countless numbers and began devastating crops. Few fields of grain escaped damage. Many were entirely destroyed. Where blackbirds, quail, prairie chickens, plovers, and

other birds remained, they took to living entirely on locusts. In such localities fair crops were secured solely through the assistance of the birds.

The members of the United States Entomological Commission who witnessed the work accomplished by the birds in this region, said the results were so complete that it was impossible to entertain any doubt as to the value of birds as locust destroyers.

At the same time Prof. Samuel Aughey, of the University of Nebraska, made a careful study of the bird life in the different localities where this outbreak of locusts occurred. He discovered that thrushes, kinglets, chickadees, nuthatches, warblers, vireos, swallows, crows, blue jays, blackbirds, kingfishers, woodpeckers, hawks, owls, grouse, ducks, gulls, and even humming-birds were all doing their best to check the advancing horde of locusts. Some people think that humming-birds live only on the sweet food they obtain from flowers, but this is not true. Four small locusts were found in the stomach of one humming-bird. Forty-seven were taken from the stomach of a yellow-headed blackbird. Six robins had eaten two hundred and sixty-five locusts. Sixty-seven of these insects were found in the stomachs of three bluebirds. One little ruby-crowned kinglet had eaten twenty-nine. Many of these and other birds were feeding their young on locusts. One barn owl had eaten thirty-nine. Even two white pelicans had varied their diet of crayfish and frogs by picking up a hundred and eight of these hoppers. So it would be difficult to obtain more striking evidence showing the commercial value of wild birds as the farmer's extra hands.

The Gulls Were Too Much for the Black Crickets

When the Mormons first settled in Utah, black crickets came in myriads from the mountains and would have destroyed the crops had it not been for the gulls that came by hundreds and thousands from the surrounding lakes. At that time the settlers at Salt Lake regarded the advent of the birds as a heaven-sent miracle, and ever since the gull has been esteemed almost as a sacred bird by the Mormons. About the beet and alfalfa fields when they are being irrigated, the gulls still collect and feed largely on field mice that are so destructive to crops.

Last year complaints were sent in to the Department of Agriculture at Washington stating that field mice were causing great destruction in the alfalfa fields in the Humboldt Valley in Nevada. Men from the Biological Survey were sent to investigate. In places the crops were entirely ruined. The mice ate the stalks and leaves and then devoured the roots. A careful estimate showed that on some of the ranches from ten to twelve thousand mice were getting their living out of an acre of alfalfa. With this multitude to feed, the farmers had little or nothing left for themselves. The abnormal increase of mice was purely an overbalance in nature. The farmers had no extra hands to keep the mice in check. The wild birds and animals that feed on mice had not been protected or they would have held the mice in check. But as soon as the mice increased to such enormous numbers, birds began to collect and feed on them. By aiding these natural enemies of the mice and by using poisons, the number of mice was reduced. Hereafter these extra hands of the farmer will receive more careful protection. If any department in the Government has paid for itself in actual results and benefits to the farming class, it is the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture.

The Hessian Fly, the Chinch Bug, and the Boll Weevil

Working in close conjunction with the Biological Survey, the National Association of Audubon Societies is doing more than any other organization in the United States to save and protect our wild birds, that they may act as extra hands about every farm in our country to prevent such outbreaks of injurious insects and rodents.

According to Dr. C. L. Marlatt, of the Bureau of Entomology of the Department of Agriculture, millions of dollars are expended annually all through the country in the fight against insect pests. This is but a small part of the real loss. After a careful study of the inroads which the Hessian fly makes upon the wheat crops, Dr. Marlatt says it is seldom this insect causes a loss of less than ten per cent of the crop. In 1904 this amounted to over fifty million dollars, while in 1900 the loss in the wheat-growing states from this tiny insect approaches one hundred million dollars. Year after year the losses caused by the attacks of chinch bugs in the Mississippi Valley states have amounted to millions of dollars. For more than a century the cotton worm has been a menace in the South. As far back as 1873 the injury to the cotton crops on account of this caterpillar amounted to about twenty-five million dollars and some years it increased to fifty million dollars.

Few farmers know how to apply the remedy to reduce these enormous losses. They will give more encouragement and protection to birds as soon as they come to realize the great amount of insect food these creatures eat and hence the great amount of work they do about the farm. Birds are very active, continually hunting and eating. Their rapidity of digestion is remarkable. The time taken for food to travel the whole digestive tract of a bird is from forty-five to ninety minutes. A young bird eats about ten times its own weight from the time it hatches till it leaves the nest. By actual count, a brood of three young chipping sparrows were fed a hundred and eighty-seven times in one day by their parents. Birds often raise two or three broods during the nesting season, so the number of insects and small animals destroyed is enormous. A family of four song sparrows seven days old were fed seventeen grasshoppers and two spiders in sixty-seven minutes. A bobolink fed two fledglings nine grasshoppers in twenty minutes. One bob-white that was killed had over a hundred potato bugs in its craw; another had eaten two spoonfuls of chinch bugs.

Mr. Charles W. Nash gives the following experience concerning the appetite of a young robin: "In May, 1889, I noticed a pair of robins digging out cutworms in my garden, which was infested with them, and saw they were carrying them to their nest in a tr close by. On the 21st of that month I fou one of the young on the ground, it havi fallen out of the nest, and in order to see h much insect food it required daily I took to my house and raised it by hand. Up the 6th of June it had eaten from fifty to se enty cutworms and earthworms each day.

One Young Robin Ate 165 Cutworn in a Day

"On the 9th of June I weighed the bird; i weight was exactly three ounces; and then tried to find how much it would eat, it bei now quite able to feed itself. With the assis ance of my children I gathered a large numb of cutworms and gave them to the robin aft weighing them. In the course of that day ate just five and one-half ounces of cutworm These grubs averaged thirty to the ounce, the young robin ate one hundred and sixt five cutworms in one day. Had it been at li erty it probably would have eaten some i sects of other species and fewer cutworms, b this shows about what each young robin r quires for its maintenance when growing; t adult birds require much less, of course. T average number of young raised by a robin four, and there are usually two broods in season. A very simple calculation will gi a good idea of the number of insects d stroyed while the young are in the nest."

In the past farmers have been misguide in their actions by not knowing the econom relations that our common birds bear to agr culture. Hawks and owls are often regarde as more harmful than beneficial to the agr culturist. For example, on June 23, 1885, t Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a b known as the Scalp Act. This was for t purpose of benefiting the farmer by killi hawks, owls, and other creatures that we preying upon his chickens. As soon as the birds began to be killed off, the farmer di covered that mice and other small anima were making heavy inroads upon his cro In a year and a half the sum of ninety tho sand dollars was paid out in bounties to k these creatures which acted as extra han about the farm and did work that no one el could do. A careful estimate showed that t farmer saved $1,875 in poultry which mig have been destroyed, but on the other han there was a clear loss of $3,875,130 in bounti and crop losses. In other words, the Sta spent $2,105 for every dollar saved.

Don't Judge the Hawk by His Habi in the Chicken-Yard

Among many farmers there is a deep-seat feeling against all hawks. They have seen hawk swoop down and carry off a chicken, a the conclusion is that all hawks steal chicke and do nothing but fly about and wait f the chance. If a farmer has seen one of h chickens go sailing off in the clutches of hawk, it is mighty hard to persuade him th a hawk has attributes other than those a professional thief. It is not easy to get a quainted with hawks, so under the circum stances he is not entirely to blame. Ho ever, if one man steals it is poor logic reason that all men steal. So with hawk

Many hawks and owls live almost entirely on moles, squirrels, gophers, mice, grasshoppers, beetles, and the like, and are the most useful birds we have. Many hawks and owls have been shot about farms, when as a matter of dollars and cents they are worth more to the farmer in a month than the chickens he has had stolen in five years' time. A farmer must not lose sight of the ordinary utility of a bird. Because a blackbird is in a grain field, it does not signify he is doing harm.

In our country there are about fifty species of hawks, and some thirty-five species of owls. All of these may be classed as beneficial with the exception of the gerfalcons, duck hawks, sharp-shinned hawks, Cooper hawks, goshawks, and great horned owls.

Hawks Most Valuable Residents of Any Farming Region

The hawks are peculiarly fitted by nature to play their part in the animal world. Their eyes are more perfect than any other organs of sight that exist. They are powerful in flight and have strong talons for holding and hooked bills for tearing their prey.

It is comparatively easy for scientists to determine the economic status of hawks and owls. These birds often swallow the smaller rodents entire or tear them apart, swallowing the fragments. As soon as the nutritious portions are absorbed, the other portions, such as hair, bones, and feathers, are rolled into a ball by the action of the stomach. These are vomited up and are known as pellets, and by examining the pellets which are found about the homes and roosting places of these birds, experts can tell exactly what kind of food has been eaten.

Birds that are commonly known as "hen hawks" or "chicken hawks" are either red-shouldered or red-tailed hawks and are among the most valuable residents of any farming community. It has been demonstrated by a careful examination of hundreds of stomachs of the red-tailed hawk that poultry and game birds do not constitute more than ten per cent of its food. So there is a big balance in favor of the hawk. Out of two hundred and twenty stomachs of the red-shouldered hawk examined, only three contained the remains of poultry.

The sparrow hawk is a bird whose name is against him. He should have been named the grasshopper hawk, for he seldom touches a sparrow while he lives to a large extent on grasshoppers.

Eagle and Owl are Models of Propriety

The golden eagle is one of our largest and wildest birds of prey. During the summer of 1904 we made several visits to the eyrie of one of these birds in the mountains of California. Each time we examined the food remains and pellets about the nest and found a very large part of the eagle's food consisted of ground squirrels with an occasional rabbit. One day we found the bodies of four ground squirrels lying on the rim of the nest. The hills in many places were perforated with the burrows of the squirrels. I am satisfied that this family of eagles consumed an average of six squirrels a day during the period of nesting, and very likely more than that. This low estimate would mean the destruction of five hundred and forty squirrels in about three months' time. If it were not for these and other birds of prey, the country would soon be overrun with harmful creatures of the ground.

As a family the owls are among the most beneficial of all birds from the standpoint of the agriculturist. The hawk hunts by day and the owl by night. The work of one supplements that of the other.

The screech owl is the commonest of the smaller birds of this family. It deserves the fullest protection. Out of two hundred and fifty-five stomachs of this bird examined by the Biological Survey, only one contained the remains of a domestic fowl. Besides being an efficient destroyer of mice, this bird often feeds on cutworms and caterpillars and is of great value in reducing these harmful pests.

The barn owl, like the burrowing owl, is a valuable hand about the farm. A pair of these birds occupied one of the towers of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. When the young were half grown the floor was strewn with pellets. An examination of two hundred of these showed a total of four hundred and fifty-four skulls; four hundred and twelve of these were mice, twenty rats, twenty shrews, one mole, and a vesper sparrow.

Some people think the flicker or woodpecker does more harm than good because he bores into trees. He has a long elastic tongue that is covered with sticky saliva, and this is thrust out to catch small insects. If the flicker was good for nothing else he would deserve careful protection because he is the persistent enemy of the ant family. He seems to have been created and equipped largely for this one purpose. Ants are often a great pest; they infest houses and destroy timber. Worst of all, they protect and care for many aphides or plant lice, which are among the greatest enemies of trees, plants, and shrubs. Among the stomachs of woodpeckers which have been examined by Professor Beal three were completely filled with ants. Two of these contained more than three thousand, while the third contained fully five thousand ants.

And Finally—the Crow

If I were to say that the crow is a helping hand about the farm, many farmers might think I lived in the city. Many might prefer to be without such help. The crow has a reputation as black as his coat. He has been charged with causing great injury to the corn crops, stealing fruit, robbing nests of poultry, and eating young birds.

To determine the real economic status of the crow, the scientists of the Biological Survey examined nearly a thousand stomachs of crows killed in every month of the year and throughout the country. The crow was proven guilty of these charges, but it was also shown that most of the corn that he had eaten was waste corn and the part destroyed while growing was only three per cent of the total food. The destruction of fruit and eggs was only trivial, while on the other hand the amount of harmful insects and mice eaten rendered the final verdict in favor of the crow. It was proven beyond doubt that he was of more real economic value than harm.

The Work and Play of the Country Boy

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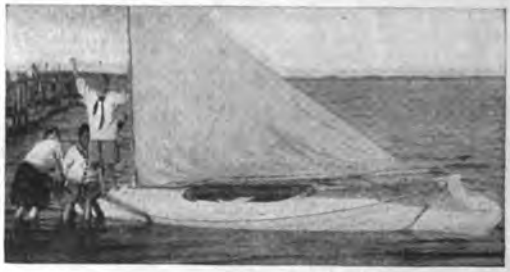
Rockaway Beach

The World's Big Swimming-Hole

Camps for Girls

By Mountain and Seashore



Kingscroft

The Story of a Family that Came Down into California and Founded an Old Homestead

By Ray McIntyre King

Illustrated with Photographs

FOUR years ago this family turned from the town. Our country quest was in search of health. Incidentally, and all essentially, we had to have an income while the invalid recuperated. That decided us on trying a ten-acre proposition, at least for the start.

The lure of climate and a cart-load of circulars inclined us California-ward. It is astounding how one's humble name and address circulates once it crosses the California state line. Every realty firm, board of trade, and chamber of commerce, has a follow-up system of cooperative, persuasive literature that is the very acme of successful "boosting." Thank goodness, they have, else we might have missed—all I'm going to tell you, and a lot more!

We had lived ten years up under the Arctic Circle. Atlases say otherwise, but that is because those gentlemen who make maps never lived there! Yearly we had to see our savings go up in the smoke of long winter fires. The needs of our growing family for warm clothing were sufficient to maintain one or more of the local woolen mills. It was a great country up there for sheep.

A classmate at school when her wardrobe ran shabby used to appear at college functions, as she effusively explained, "just in simple white." As my girls grew, the beauty of her simplicity appealed more and more to me. California climate appeared at a distance to be conducive to that kind of inexpensive simplicity.

For ten years I had gathered from the line the family wash frozen stiff, "rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice." I can't think of anything more provoking than that. Imagine carrying in a frosty, clanking union suit that smites like a handless ghost with icy arms, and kicks viciously with its stiffly frozen footless legs.

"Give me, at least," I said, "a climate where the clothes will dry the day they're hung."

Then the physicians spoke, and their grave fiat came as it usually comes to the professional man, almost too late! That dread Shadow that ever stalks us all—now a league, now a rod, behind, now hid by the farthest hill, now at the very elbow—that relentless, pursuing Shadow had gained a lap on my husband. In agonized fear we hastily packed a few belongings and fled, down to sea level, down to summer, down to healing contact with the ground. Thank God, we far outran the Shadow.

Coming out of the snow-sheds of the high Sierras, and flashing around a curve, I had my first view of the Sacramento Valley. You Easterners who have come down over the summit well remember that first view. If you haven't already crossed the Sierras, you will sometime within the next four years. You'll be coming, anyway, you know, to the Panama Exposition.

You will forever remember that superb first view of the Great Valley spread out below, all gold and emerald and silver sheeted with floating wisps of vapor against the purple Coast Ranges beyond, a valley more entrancingly lovely than the Vale of Cashmere. Often I think of the countless thousands who through the years will ever be coming down into this valley, and do you know, I almost envy them that first exquisite thrill, the wonder and enchantment of that first taste of California! If you are a woman, you flatten your nose against the window-pane and begin to see sights and scenes typically Californian.

"Oh, what's that lovely tree?" you ask. "An olive, well, well. Look! That, I just know, is a palm! And say, what are all those stumps? A vineyard, you don't say! Now children just look at those oranges. We're going to have orange trees in our front yard, too."

It was March when we came, yet look at the grass beside the track. It is green, so green, with a jewel-like transparency, the true green of the California spring, such a green as you never saw back East. It is March, and the snow back home—"but look, patches and blotches and acres of golden poppies! And, oh my, look there! It is March back home and the sno--and if there isn't a man mowing his alfalfa!"

If you are a woman, your feelings get all mixed up. You feel like laughing and you feel like crying, and you feel like singing, for you are coming down into California, the Mecca of your dreams, the last and the best heritage this continent has to offer the homemaker. You glance back along the crowded chair car, crowded with eastern homeseekers. From their excited, happy faces you know instinctively that they, too, feel like laughing and feel like crying and feel like singing, for they, too, are coming down to the Mecca of *their* dreams.

You think this is all rhapsody and balderdash, do you? Oh, fudge, you're not a woman!

The train speeds out across the lush, green meadows, and presently you are in Sacramento. Being a woman, the first thing that impresses you is the beauty and profusion of the flowers—the middle of March, mind you, and great beds of tulips flaming and lawns of callas, virginal white.

Then you begin to say to yourself that it's all a mistake, a big, lovely mistake! This isn't a country of earth, and this isn't a city of earth. No, sir! That train that brought you down out of the Sierras, by some hocus pocus, has landed you, not in California, but right—square—in Heaven! The hallucination persists. Some of you never get over it. I haven't.

We went up the valley a little way to a little town that wasn't on the map four years ago. It is now. It was a placid, snoozy little valley town in the midst of thousand-acre grain fields. The undimmed tropic suns of ten-month summers beat upon its bleached and tawny fields. Pomegranates, orange palms and oleanders grew in its front yards. It had slept a sleeping beauty sleep for a quarter of a century, or more, till a canning company came and began tearing up the landscape, and a land and irrigation company began advertising it. Then we colonists descended upon it, much against its will, and stuck our ugly, new lumber shacks everywhere, and ripped open more ditches and spread our five, or ten, or twenty-acre rugs of green alfalfa all around over the tawny summer stubble fields. And that is how this town got on the map; and that is how about four other Sacramento Valley towns have had

How we by irrigation and intensive farming have redeemed an old wheat field
This berry crop pays at the rate of $400 per acre

We have created a beautiful, income-producing little home

et extra help at the post-office and build new ffice-buildings to house the real estate firms, nd new professional folk; and build new reameries, and canneries, and banks and chools. I tell you, this makes your blood ingle, this empire building!

A land agent took us out to see the colony ands under the irrigation system. There ere only two colonies, then; now they are latting the twelfth. We had our choice of lmost everything on an eight hundred- or a fteen hundred-acre tract. The land agent ad no need to talk. When we saw that beauiful, park-like expanse dotted with magnifient valley oaks, just misted over with the ale, tender green of spring, why, a dumb an could have sold us land.

My husband rather insisted that we ought o investigate other portions of the state beore buying.

"No, no," I pleaded. "Let's camp right ere! I'm afraid if we go on that I'll wake p and find that it isn't true!"

So we have camped right here ever since, nd you can't tell me anything new about the rials and tribulations of starting a little new arm; but I could tell you a whole book about he joys, delights, pleasures and profits of uilding up a little homestead, tree by tree, ine by vine, and literally board by board.

We paid one hundred dollars per acre for en acres of good, well-drained land, with a erpetual water right, water rental one dollar er acre annually. That land was cheap, for spite of our inexperience and mistakes and efficiency, in spite of our handicap of ill ealth and insufficient capital, it paid for itelf in less than three years. Whisper it, for he last time I said something like that in rint I had to sit up nights for weeks and eeks answering inquiries from all over east f the Rockies. The letters poured in from ity folk, usually; rarely from farmers. The riters scaled from college professors to forgn miners. It is significant that when you peak of a bit of California land and a living arned out of doors, that you are sure to touch he throbbing, vital part of some poor fellow

Sunshine and Soil and Irrigating Water

in Pennsylvania, or Indiana, Chicago, or Minneapolis.

The woman who with her family goes back to the land must be endowed, not so much with the ability to do, as with the grace to endure. She must be fortified with a large prevision. She must see her farm, not what it is to-day, a pioneer venture, bare, incomplete, unsatisfactory. She must ever see her home as it will be in five or even ten years, when her ideals shall have been attained. A man, as a rule, makes a better land conqueror than does a woman. Most men realize that a farm is a long term venture, its pot of gold at the end of a long period of endeavor. Seed time and harvest are months apart, ofttimes years. Five years is none too short a period of probation in which to try out country living and the actual income value of a farm.

About the next thing you do after you buy a farm is to name it. That piece of earth assumes for you, as you get acquainted with it, a definite personality. It is a concrete personality of lineaments and character, virtues and vices, and if you are a wise man, you study to learn them, correcting and adapting the perversions to your use.

We promptly named our ten-acre farm *Kingscroft*, which means the king's little farm. He who has his little croft, his little house, his wife and little children, is indeed a king. He has country fare, and health and competence. His treasures are the free, fresh country winds, the full, fair country sun. His is the earth and the fullness thereof. For him the seasons unfold their panoramic glories. The clouds, the clods, seed time, and harvest, all pay him tribute. No man may get more out of life than he; no man may take more away with him to his last, long home.

All this and a lot more of pastoral exultation, the name *Kingscroft* means to us. When we hit upon it, we were so proud of it that we painted it on the rural delivery mail-box, to the utter mystification of those literal, unpoetic folk who came hunting "where on earth that man King lives." And the school children seized upon it and made life a burden to our youngsters—that's what happens when a woman of poetic sentiments butts into country life!—so we scratched the name off the box, and the farm name, *Kingscroft*, is only known in the privacy of correspondence and polite literature. There, I came near forgetting that we do stamp it on eggs and fruits as a guarantee of high quality, and thereby add to our profits.

So endeth the prologue. Enter Adventure, an Invalid, a Town Woman, Five Happy Children, Wealth (an elusive wraith), Animals, etc.

We had to have a house, first thing. Not that we needed a shelter in that April weather when gentle airs and cloudless blue promised only those Arcadian days so popular in California literature. But because we had been somewhat accustomed to having a house around, we built one.

Being the daughter of a carpenter, I made out the lumber lists—and, like my dressmaking lists, they invariably ran short. My husband and another inexperienced man did the building. Now, capable and adorable as my husband is in certain lines, he is not nor never will be a carpenter. I can't trust him to do ten minutes carpentry, without giving him constant supervision, advice, and sympathy. But he and his helper did nobly building our shed-like house. We'd have built it the other way with a gable, only we were afraid we couldn't make the rafters fit together on the same bias. Our house had only two serious faults. The paneled ceiling (panels are all the rage now, you know) wasn't put in right, and the floor sills were unconventionally adjusted, to the despair of every carpenter who has since tinkered with our house. Those, however, were my architectural blunders. The builders followed my directions implicitly.

After building the house, we built the chicken-house. Of course we were going into the chicken business. Being town bred and having only a casual acquaintance with fowls, I nevertheless knew all the printed chicken lore from A to Z. In five months, I am quite positive it was only five months, we were going to begin gathering in the eggs. We bought

Harvesting the First Home-grown Orange

The baby and the tree are the same age—two and one half years

two incubators and I began spoiling eggs, slaughtering the innocents, and, generally, learning things in the chicken business. The first year—well, I don't like to tell. But by the end of the fourth year we were clearing six hundred dollars from our hens annually.

Poultry keeping is no get-rich-quick business. We do find, however, that for every dollar's worth of feed we get two dollars' worth of eggs, which ought to be sufficient profit to satisfy anyone. Our profits would be less, however, if our fowls were yarded. In addition to the grains and cut bone and milk which we supply them, they forage freely in orchard, vineyard, and alfalfa. I think we are doing well to get a dollar and a half to two dollars net from each hen annually. That seems to be the consensus of opinion of California poultry men.

One of our first purchases was Old Bill. He was a rakish-looking daredevil of a cow pony from the Coast Ranges. Only the abnormal demand for horses, occasioned by the sudden influx of colonists into the valley, accounted for Old Bill assuming the role of plow horse. He was a sleek little bay brute with no taste for the simple life. When attached to a plow, he bounded forward, me swinging on the bridle, my husband swinging on the lines and plow-handles, and like the wind, he went whither he listed. A furrow to him was a trap to keep out of. What he didn't mow down, or rip up, he stepped on. It was a destructive hour in young orchard or vineyard or garden, when Old Bill sallied out to plow. We never plowed for more than an hour—it took us all the remainder of the day to rest.

Once I caught the hired man swearing and whipping Old Bill out behind the barn, and I realized it was one of those psychic moments when I had urgent business in the house.

As a buggy horse, Old Bill's eccentricities were even worse. He had a way of bolting unexpectedly that jarred one from center to circumference, not to mention the danger of strained harness giving way.

One night, returning from the county seat, my husband stopped at a lonesome country water trough, and a man stepped out of the shadows and offered to trade horses. About midnight my husband arrived at home, driving a handsome high-bred mare. By lantern light she looked fine, too fine! She was a family nag; the man's wife had driven her everywhere. No doubt she had. Some western women can drive anything from a giraffe to an Eskimo dog team.

The next morning we harnessed her to the buggy, but it took a full half day of united, concerted neighborhood effort to get the lovely creature started. Once he had her going, my husband headed her straight up the valley to the husband of that woman that doted on that mare. When Old Bill came back, he seemed by comparison a reliable and lovable horse. In the glow of renewed affection we actually refused fifty cash for him.

But we had started on the downward path of horse trading, and you know— Next it was a bald-faced animal, the most obedient of horseflesh. When I said "whoa," he stopped so suddenly that the children fell over the dashboard or between the wheels. Once my husband said "back," and that obedient horse promptly sat down on the harrow to his own and all beholders' discomfiture. He was conspicuously bald-faced. One day he was grazing in the pasture alongside the trolley track, when a freight train stopped on the siding.

"For Heaven's sake!" I heard the rear brakeman shout the length of the train to the motorman, "did you ever see such a bald-faced horse?" Now, do you think I could ever drive that horse again?

Next it was ten dollars to boot for a sturdy little white horse, steady and slow, one of the excessively slow kind that can trot all day under the shade of one tree. So again we traded. By this time we had an extensive acquaintance, not only with local dealers, but also with those roving, picturesque caravans with sad and drooping horses trailing behind. Next, it was a gentle old soul without a fault or a tooth for hay. When the winter rains came on and we had to tie him in a stall, it was borne in upon us that we would have to invest heavily in predigested breakfast food for him. So we gave him away, and that person gave him away, and I know not how far that horse has gone as a circulating, endless chain sort of a gift. When we had traded ourselves out of a horse, of course we quit. We bought us a fine driving horse, and now send out and hire a man and team to come in and do the necessary team work on the farm.

Sheep in alfalfa field which yields eight tons an acre

The first month we invested in pigs. Alfalfa and pigs—mortgage lifters! It was a brood sow first. We put her in a brand new pen under the great oak in the barn-yard. It was such a nice cool, shady place in the hot spring weather. One night the unexpected (which is the chronic, normal condition of California weather) happened. It rained, a torrential, tropical rain. Without thunder or lightning, the heavens opened and it rained down the top layer of the Pacific Ocean. It never happened before in June in the Sacramento Valley, and it never will again, until some poor colonist leaves his pigs unroofed. In the next morning's brilliant sunlight my husband waded out to the pen. All the little pigs but one were drowned in the hog trough.

Next we bought six little pigs and the owner obligingly loaned us the mammy to nurse them. We begged to be allowed to purchase the mother, but the man said we'd better wait a bit and see. That was kind of him, for he could have had our ten dollars just as well as not. Many a pleasant hour I had hanging over the pen admiring those fine little pigs, our pigs! Next to a dear little human baby, there isn't a baby so cunning as a jolly little piggy! I soon saw that the pigs were ailing, wheezing and choking, and trembling. We worked over those pigs, and in the doctoring one pig bit my husband on the left hand.

One midnight by the dim light of the incubator kept going at one end of the long shed room, I awoke to see my husband sitting on the side of the bed. He was rocking an moaning with pain.

"I don't like to distress you," he explaine "but my arm is inflamed and swollen, an aches like the toothache."

"Let me see it," I demanded with the calm ness of those heroic souls who face undaunte the crash and wreck of worlds. "Let me see

"What's the use?" he answered. "I done for!" and he said it in the tone uses when he is telling a jury tragic thing It flashed over me with sickening convictio that it was one, two—six, seven, nine, ye nine days since that dying pig bit him the left hand.

"What's the use?" he moaned. "It is th confounded pig bite!"

Tragically he unslung a hand from t folds of his night shirt and extended—l *right hand!*

"But the pig—the pig bit your left hand I laughed, fumbling for a needle in my wor basket. Presently he was contemplating, wi infinite relief, a long pine splinter which had removed from his inflamed hand. The soft-handed amateur carpenters get such lot of the lumber under their skin! And t pigs?—cholera!

You see how it is! When you go back the soil, you go back to a set of new, u urban phenomena. In the words of my litt German neighbor, "When you get a ranc then your troubles begin." But in retrospe tion, what amusing and precious "troubles they are!

Invariably things happen to you that fir year out from the city. Things have got happen, else you're cheated out of the tim of your life. Things happened to us thic and fast from the moment we became lan owners. Everything—planting the garde hatching the chickens, mowing the alfalf building the house, planting the orcha and vineyard—everything was an adventur There was a glamour of romance over th brand new little farm, a glamour, I'd have yo know, that has never rubbed off!

Out of the corner of a bare, bleached grai ranch, we have created something wort while. We have created, by the miracle Sacramento Valley sunshine and soil and irr gating water, in less than five years, a beau tiful, income-producing little home. We hav grown trees in three years that in harsh climates would require a quarter of a centur Our farm table is spread with all the Cal fornia delicacies of fruit and vegetables an flowers such as only great wealth can pu chase back East. Our children have a te acre realm of sunshine and flowers, and plent —always some dainty fruit for little hands harvest. We have achieved through this b of land, health and competence, and conten immeasurable.

So satisfied are we that we have risen the lofty eminence of pride where we fondl contemplate founding a genuine old famil homestead. The "old homestead" is unknow west of the Mississippi. Or is it the Alle ghanies? But that is that *Kingscroft* aspir to be, an old homestead. This one family sha be rooted in its soil. Our family tree sha be no dwarfed thing carried from place t place, a flower-pot sort of family existence.

How fine it is to think that this farm, th work of our hands, shall endure as long a live its trees and flowers, with them foreve perpetuating and renewing its beauty! W have planted the trees, and our children's li tle children will feast under the droopin branches. The fruit will be the sweeter, be cause we, their forepatents, set the tiny stock

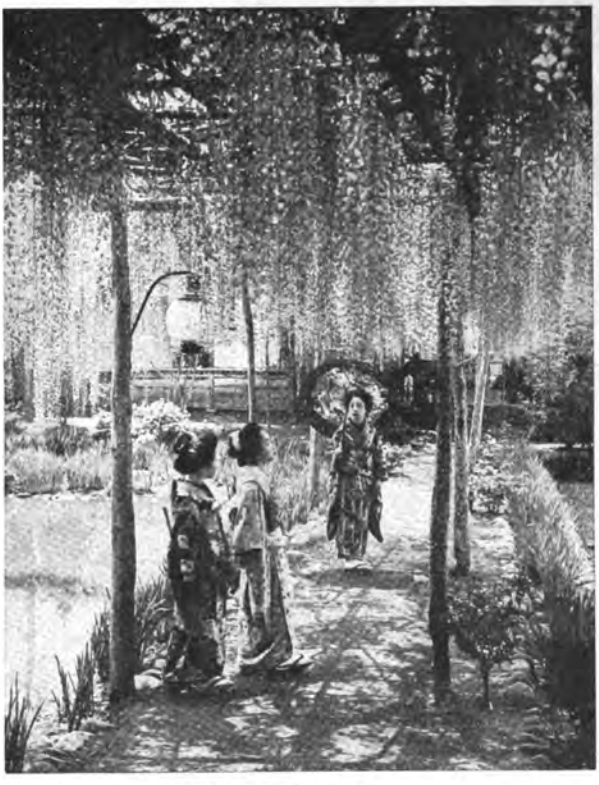
A tea party in January under a clump of Chinese bamboo

The children spend most of their waking hours out of doors

The Ever-present Jinrikisha

In the Iris Garden

On the River in Cherry Blossom Time



Under the Wistaria Blossoms

Japan—A Nation that Lives Outdoors

The Joys of the Horseback Devotees

A Practice Game before the International Polo Match

A Schoolboy Drill

English Girl Riders

Harry Lee on Strawberry Blonde

Miss Mary Jones

At the Lakewood Contest

A Fox Hunt on Long Island

MR. TOUCHARD

MRS. F. F. WEAVER
New York

MISS GREEN

NILES
Former Harvard Champion

MR. PELL

Tennis *and* Golf

CARLETON P. GARDNER

MISS ISABELLA SMITH
Women's Golf Champion of California

MISS GWENDOLENE REES

DE RHAW AND PELL

MISS ELEANOR SEARS AND F. C. COLSON

WALLACE JOHNSON

W. A. LARNED
America's Foremost Tennis Player

Making a landing on the Polo Grounds near the Washington Monument at the National Capital

Learning to Fly

The Experiences of a Young Man who Taught Himself to be an Aviator

By Anthony H. Jannus

Illustrated with Photographs

ALTHOUGH I was far from being the first to ascend in an aeroplane, my experiences as an aviator have been nearly as thrilling as those of any pioneer, as I learned on a home-made machine and without any instructor. Naturally the vagaries of this newest medium of man's activity must come as more or less of a surprise, and so I experienced all the sensations of a pioneer.

The hangar was at College Park, and during the fall of 1910 I went there, as an engine expert, to test the installation of the motor in the aeroplane which was destined to furnish me so much interest and excitement through the following winter. After completing my work on the motor, I was loathe to leave, for I had been trying for two years to get an opportunity to learn flying. An agreement was entered into with the owner whereby I should operate the motor indefinitely with the opportunity to hazard my neck in the aeroplane. Being young, and confident, the hazard was a premium rather than a drawback.

The machine was a biplane, of a more or less composite type, having a clever combination of the good points of the three most successful biplanes, the Wright, Curtiss, and Farman. The designer had shown much clever invention in structural details and in the controlling planes, such as the rudder and tail. The main planes, however, were of the old Curtiss, single surface type, and the curve of these wings a guess. The designer had departed from the usual practice of having a controlling elevator in front and depended entirely on a large tail for directing the machine up or down. I had followed the aeroplane from the engine end for several years and had seen many freak machines fail, but I felt that this aeroplane would fly and fly well. The motor that I had installed was 125 HP., and if ever an aeroplane had power this one had and this fact alone made me confident that it would fly.

The first week of practice was free from mishap and proved that the machine would undoubtedly fly. The inventor, a man of middle age, was slow to risk his machine and lose, in one smash, the result of about four months' hard work and an expenditure of about six thousand dollars. So we continued flying in short hops, like a fledgeling bird, able to keep up but a few seconds at a time. To prevent full flight and disconcerting speed the motor had to be throttled way down. Not being an engine man the idea of so much power was appalling to him, particularly as the motor was located just back of our necks and would roar away like a gatling gun in action. Being used to this, however, I didn't mind it, so on every opportunity I would persuade the use of more power, until finally we were able to jump thirty or forty feet into the air and sail down without difficulty.

Imagine the delight of it! Spectators would gather and hold up the machine while the motor was being adjusted, then I would wave my hand for them to let go and the machine would leap forward and gain the speed of an express train in so little distance that it seemed like being shot out of a catapault, a gatling gun roaring, propeller whirring, and me seated on only a slight structure of wood and wire which was pulsating like a flag in a wind. When this speed had been attained, the slightest careless movement would invite accident. Moving the shoulders would touch a wing to the ground and tear it off, turning the rudder would cause the machine to capsize sidewise and be smashed, or depressing the elevator would either send me into the air like a rocket or plunge me into the ground like a falling arrow.

These were exhilarating experiences and the only definition I can give is that it was a game of lightning calculation with life or death at stake.

After a little of this I attained that ease which comes from performing any operation continually, and straight flying, for short distances only, became monotonous. There was a big field unobstructed by trees and seemingly an immense area in which to operate. There were, however, some bad ditches and the field was bordered on the north by fish ponds, east by trees, south by houses, and west by the railroad with its attendant line of telegraph poles and wires. The mean diameter of the field, therefore, was in reality little over quarter of a mile affording safe landi grounds. Landing with the speed of an e press train, on rough ground or in high wee would be disastrous, as the shock would i jure both machine and operator.

Getting thus far advanced had occupi most of six weeks and it was the middle November, on a beautiful Sunday afterno in the Indian summer and perfectly cal We decided very early in our practice th the effect of even a little wind added so mu to the uncertainty of the machine's perfor ance that only calm weather appealed to thereafter. This knowledge had been gain at the expense of a running gear, a propell much hard work and irksome delay.

This Sunday afternoon seemed to me a m auspicious occasion and I found that the i ventor had many reasons for wishing that t machine could make an unusual performan After a little of the ordinary hopping I d clared myself ready to try a circle of t field and sanguine of success.

The start was made as usual, and I fou myself up forty or fifty feet. From th height, about that of a four-story buildin the ground seemed to be moving very mu more slowly and only the rush of air again my body kept me reminded of the speed which I was traveling. I soon realized th I must turn or fly out over the lakes at t north. Going at sixty miles an hour was fa eating up the small area over which I plann to keep, in order that I might always ha smooth landing grounds. How I wished f a limitless area of level lawn where I co make my circle so large that whatever effe there was would not be dangerous! I had act, however, and that cautiously, so I turn my rudder and started veering toward the le Immediately the machine leaned in; by th I mean that the left wing dropped. Fearin continued dropping I eased up on the rudd and argued that using it in the reverse d rection, like luffing a sail-boat, would brin the machine back. This truth took root rig there and for the rest of the trip was a gre source of relief. But complications were ari ing; the telegraph wires were looming up front of me and I must turn more acutely

too close to them. So I got hold and ed more, thus dipping the inside wing r than ever, making me feel as if I were ng on the side of a steep gable roof that been blown off and was being carried g by a cyclone. To add to the delights of situation, the aeroplane began to slide rd the ground sidewise so that should the ng continue the left wing would strike and the alighting gear be worthless. So ad to turn the rudder back again and ce a collision with the wires.

nconsciously I had always kept my torso t; thus swaying the shoulder harness rd the high right wing. This harness hes to the lateral control, and is designed ave exactly the effect that I was produc- by leaning toward the high side. By an d effort of my body toward the high side, n I used the rudder, I brought the ma- e up level and was still clear of the earth about thirty feet. On looking again I d that I was a little higher than the s and parallel to them. This gave me a r field again and I had another chance to the.

ealizing that proximity to the earth and wires was dangerous, I used the clear field re me to gain an additional elevation so by turning very slightly, and climbing, t to where it was necessary to turn into run-way from which I had started. To surprise it looked directly beneath me. thermore the spectators had scattered over field, in spite of our warnings, and I dared descend for fear of injuring them.

gain I was forced into a quick decision. only thing to do was to continue in a er circle, skirt the woods, and try to get he run-way from the other end as that was from people. I continued, with this end iew, and as I got as close to the woods as tended going, the real sensation of the was handed me. I started dropping in a ner comparable only with what I imag- riding over a precipice in an automobile d be like. My motor was doing as usual, ing had broken—but I was dropping. was an acute situation, so I tried to nd as when starting on a flight and to my nishment this only made matters worse. getting my senses I realized that the rate hich I was dropping was not really fast ll and that I had fairly good ground be- h. By this time I was at the tops of the s, so I stopped the motor and in another nt the machine struck gently, rolled a feet and stopped. This occurrence was ed by what is called a "hole in the air," ably due to the shade of the trees and fact that the cooler air was descend- These "holes" are very common and easily dealt with by experienced avi- .

e crowd went wild, the men taking hold e machine and easily carrying it back to angar. Of the dozen of the local ma- s this one was the first to make a turn. months later the same crowd was peev- ecause I would not go up for altitude

Making a semicircle in a thirty-seven yard radius

Note the angle of the aeroplane in "banking" the turn

when it was so cold on the ground that the spectators were complaining.

I started my longest flight in the afternoon of a beautiful December day. The sun was bright, it was calm and fairly temperate for winter. My object, and I never started out to fly without one, was to remain in the air as long as I could and go up as high as I dared—I hoped to go about a thousand feet high. Knowing how cold it would probably be, seated, as I was, in front of the aeroplane with nothing to break the blast, I dressed heavily for the occasion. During the first minutes of flying I was very much engrossed with climbing, a process requiring all the skill I had been able to acquire. Suddenly, at an altitude of two hundred feet, I was very much startled at the behavior of the machine. It seemed to be in the grip of some unusual force that was bouncing it about faster than I could hope to counteract with my control. Feeling my helplessness I was anxious to get near Mother Earth, so pointed the machine sharply downward.

Were you ever floating lazily along in a canoe on a dark night when you were suddenly struck by the wake of some large steamer that had gone by so long ago that you had forgotten about it? You are in the dark and do not see the waves and you get absolutely no warning until they strike you. That is the feeling that often comes to the aviator. He is sailing along in an individual medium that gives no warning of disturbance, but leaves him to flounder on until he gets out. I didn't flounder along on this evening for the angle I took toward the earth lowered me fifty feet in an instant, and I found the air again tranquil.

This flight was so much longer than any previous one, and so successful, that the inventor's friends persuaded him into advertising in the Washington papers to draw a larger audience to witness a repetition of the performance. On the appointed day, in spite of the fact that nearly a foot of snow had fallen in the meantime, there was a fairly good crowd anxious to be entertained by a flight. Before the appointed hour of three o'clock, however, it became gloomier than ever and had started to snow again.

In order that the crowd might not be disappointed we decided to hurry the preparations for the flight and give some sort of a performance before the air thickened too densely with snow. By the time the machine was out of the hangar and ready it was snowing faster than ever, and it was becombing difficult to see entirely across the field.

A few hundred yards south on the run-way gave me a fair height and brought me to the turning point where I knew there were a barn and some other buildings to be cleared. My first thought was to go above them, but the snow was driving into my eyes and I immediately realized that from much greater height I would be lost as the earth would be indistinguishable. The barn became more distinct and I avoided it, taking a general direction toward the railroad track and the telegraph lines. Again a few moments of suspense, of straining and blinking my eyes and just as I became uneasy I again saw my landmark as the poles became distinguishable. Go on I must, for the ground under me was too rough to making landing safe, and yet the snow was nearly blinding. Also a little pride made me wish to alight in front of the spectators as near the starting point as possible. This determination gaining precedence, I made a big semicircle through the big blank north end of the field and started straining every faculty of vision in order to see the trees, the barn or the spectators.

This half mile, in a semicircle, was the most trying of all as I was virtually without bearings and unconsciously getting higher. Had I gotten still a little higher I would have lost my bearings entirely as the earth would have been invisible. One glimpse of the trees or the spectators was what I was straining every faculty for. Now I would land anywhere, if I could be sure of avoiding the trees. This thing had been carried far enough and I was lost. Then like sunshine out of rain, I saw below a dark blur which I felt sure was the crowd of spectators. I pointed down toward the blur and on getting closer verified my hope for there they were watching intently for my return. Then they heard the motor, and before either realized it I had burst upon them and was down safely and within twenty feet of the starting point. They had been anxious, but little could they realize all of the reasons for the joy with which I received their congratulations. The world's record for a snowstorm flight is mine, but I shall never attempt to repeat the performance.

Soaring with passengers in search of thrills

The author in the picture to the left has Miss Gladys Hinckley, *a Washington society girl as his companion, while in the other he is accompanied by* Svete Arrheims, *the Swedish scientist*

Baseball Team at the Belfield Country Club near Philadelphia

An Ocean May be Put to a Variety of Uses

HUGH JENNINGS
opular Manager of the Detroits

HAL CHASE
The Yankees' Brilliant First Baseman

JOHNNY KLING
The Veteran Catcher now with Boston

ROGER BRESNAHAN
Catcher-Manager of the Cardinals

EDDIE COLLINS
The Athletics' Young Phenomenon

HANS WAGNER
Pittsburg's Batting Marvel

COOMBS
Connie Mack's Able Pitcher

The Most Popular Game of Them All

AL BRIDWELL
The Giants' Brainy Shortstop

HARRY DAVIS
Of the World-Champion Athletics

MORDECAI BROWN
Premier Pitcher of the Cubs

"BUGS" RAYMOND
Eccentric Pitcher for the Giants

CHRISTY MATTHEWSON
America's Greatest Pitcher

CY YOUNG
Cleveland's Veteran Pitcher

FRED CLARKE
A R[illegible]thirsty Pirate

TY COBB
American League's Greatest Player

FRANK CHANCE
The Napoleon of the Cubs

"WILD BILL" DONOVAN
Terrible Twirler for the Tigers

Camp-Fires on the Beach

By W. J. Hoxie

A CAMP without a fire is a hollow mockery. A camp-fire at the beach seems to have a quality all its own. The rush of the waves, the whispering in the grasses, even the sharp tang of the sea air—all are accentuated by the little flicker of light that hangs on the edge of the vast expanse. It's the bead in the cup.

The very materials of which the fire is built lend to it many expressive moods and startling changes never seen away from the ocean's edge. Driftwood that has been buffeted about by the waves and saturated with bitter brine can not burn in the same calm and sedate fashion as the mere woodland pine knots and picnic branches. Driftwood has a voice and gesture all its own and can tell tales and sing songs to the sympathetic listener. Here are no overspreading tree-tops to swallow up the smoke as it rises. Great gray and white masses tower grandly aloft if the air by any chance is still. If not, it takes unto itself shapes strange, fantastic and wild in unison both with its source and its surroundings. A waft of air from landward may sweep it low down in a dull, black cloud right out over the leaping crests of the charging billows. It veils their whiteness and lends a dull, slatey tinge to their hollows till it mingles imperceptibly with the offshore mists. If an inshore breeze catches it, away it rolls blue among the tall beach grasses. Once in a while before a storm comes on the smoke will roll reluctantly along the edge between land and water twisting and writhing in fantastic curls seemingly afraid to venture on either element. Whenever this happens look out for squalls. Trust not the deceitful quiet of the sea and the gentle, balmy airs that come now this way and now that. Drive all tent pegs solid and firm and tauten up every guy. For before morning things will be humming.

The flame itself takes part with its surroundings. No upward roaring sheets and leaping tongues. It swirls low and sweeps in flickering twists and turns licking the fuel crookedly and askance. The spirit of the eddies and waves that erstwhile have played with this driftwood seem as if they were in some strange way present and directing its final destruction.

And even as this food for the flames has come from distant shores and strange lands, so can a beach fire give out subtle odors and excite strange imaginings in the little brief hour of its play. A little stick of cane that grew on some sun-kissed islet of the "Spanish Main" is long in yielding to the flame. Fierce, red, snaky spirals lick it round and as they eat their way slowly inward, bursts of white steam spout hissing out and sharp rattling explosions follow like pistol shots. Hot sparks seem to chase you and the heart of the cane glows bloody red as it dies. A fierce tropic product this.

From nearer shores came this shapeless, old, whitened snag of cedar. Through all its wanderings it has kept its gentle odor like a good man withstanding the buffets of life. Slowly, smoking white at first, it seems to offer a mild resistance to the clinging clasp of the devourer. But when at last it does burst into flame the whole fire glows rosy red. Even the venturesome little waves that come lapping into the circle of light seem to blush at their intrusion. And all about spreads that sweet, intoxicating odor.

An Eloquent Fragment of Wreckage

A shattered bit of a wreck comes next to feed our fire. Was it hidden rock or hostile cannon that tore such a tough bit of timber so raggedly apart? Did some ocean greyhound speeding through the fogs of Newfoundland crash to its doom against a floating iceberg? This is a silent witness. Let the torture of fire examine it. Fierce and black burns the tar from the outside. No ill-smelling refuse from the gashouse this. That pungent shippy fragrance was bred in far off Norway's forests and long tempered by clinging seaweeds and briny wonders. The witness has begun its reluctant testimony. Farther in, as the fire works its way, a little spot flashes green. With a hissing burst it spreads and by the flaring blue and violent changes indicates the presence of copper. This then is a piece of some goodly, gallant craft that for years battled with Old Ocean's hostile billows. She was of the old "coppered and copper-fastened class" now slowly disappearing before the "iron kettle bottoms"—sparless, smoky, old wallowers.

We will weave us strange tales as this rude relic of man's cunning handiwork slowly fa into white ashes before our gaze. Stran tales of swift ocean races when clippers we and skysails danced aloft. Tales of wild a beautiful lands—perhaps, too, of bloody co bat and sudden disaster. For each lit tongue of flame as it leaps and twines abo tells a different story. A wide, whirling, wh burst is the long voyage with all sail set abo the slanting decks for weeks at a time ov gentle, swelling seas in the middle latitud Fraught with much wealth to the owners w his prosperous voyage. The snapping, twi ing bursts that follow are the story of a su cession of squalls and head-winds—reefed t sails and slippery decks. That tall, rushi red blaze tells us, of course, of blood a battle—a fierce boarding party of blac bearded pirates with horrid knives in the teeth beaten back with much blood and ca nage. Are the red coals that glow so dow in the heart of the blackening embers the re ord of bloody decks and a treacherous mutin At last a rosy spark snaps out and drops in a white bed of ashes. So sank at last our ga lant ship and crew into the arms of relentl Ocean.

Standing a little back from our fire the ci ele of its light is constantly changing. Whi it narrows down to a small compass and look down into a little, illuminated mound i palpably bounded by the surrounding dar ness. Then up leap the broad flames captu ing a broad stretch of golden sand and weir fantastic shapes sway here and there alo the beach. As the pirates make their atta there is a fierce medley of twisting struggli combatants portrayed—a very orgy of batt pictured out in shadow dance. A mighty fig it must have been. The final tale is told many changes of color—gold, silver and rud bronze chase each other across the sandy flo

Slowly has died our beach camp-fire whi we sat and drowsed beside it. At last an i coming wave, more venturesome than its fe lows laps stealthily up and reaches its quenc ing edge into the hissing ashes. White stea rises for an instant and then succeeds dar ness—darkness that for the first few minut can almost be felt. Then appears a tire looking little old moon ready to begin clim ing the sky for a while till vanquished by h lord, the sun. High overhead swing kind stars.

A REVIEW OF EVENTS

The Twilight of High Protection

OUT of the chaos and uncertainties surrounding the reciprocity-tariff situation at Washington, one obvious fact looms in supervening importance. That is that the era of excessive protection is nearing its end.

At Washington it is a race for the distinction of carrying the banner of real downward revision. The Democrats have expected to capture the flag, and under it to win the 1912 election. The Progressive Republicans made their strongest appeal to the country on this same issue two years ago, but have lost ground sadly by their loss of interest when they faced the first cold plunge which reciprocity proposed. Now President Taft takes up the cudgels and declares that the era of Chinese-wall protection must end.

There are four big factors in the situation at Washington: the President, the Standpat Republicans, the Democrats, and the Insurgents. The President wants to be renominated and reelected. The Standpatters don't care whether he is renominated, and don't believe he can be reelected. They want to prevent downward revision. The Democrats want Taft renominated, but in such circumstances that he will be easy of defeat. The Insurgents want him defeated for renomination.

Three of these four factors are for revision. Their combined strength can at any time secure it. Everything now points to their final union in this purpose; not because they want to work together, but because political exigencies will compel them to do so.

Vitality in the House Program

First is the Democratic house, with a firm purpose and a real program. It announces that it will go right ahead, grinding out schedule-revision bills. It has passed reciprocity, free list and wool bills. Others are in preparation, to be passed as fast as possible. If the Republican Senate and Republican President can not do the rest, why, so much the worse for the Republicans; the Democrats will have an issue exactly to their liking for 1912. They will ask a vote of confidence in their program, and power in all branches of the government.

The Democratic House has stolen from the insurgent Republicans their claim to premiership in the revision cause. Opposing reciprocity and determined to hitch to it a long list of tariff amendments, the Insurgents are bent on talking against details of the reciprocity agreement which nobody cares about, and proposing amendments that can not carry.

If, then, the President shall cast in his strength with the revision Democrats, revision will win. That is what he is expected to do. He will accept the challenge of the Democratic House. The House will pass various schedule revision bills in the hope that the Senate will defeat or the President veto them. It is possible the Senate will defeat them; it is hardly possible the President will finally veto them. He does not need to say what he will do, and has not said. He can keep his counsel. If the bills at last get to him and he signs them, he robs the Democrats of their issue. He makes his own renomination certain.

The Democrats see their issue slipping away, but they can not turn backward now. The House must go on with its revision measures. The Senate Democrats must support them. If the Senate defeats them, it is no fault of the President. If it passes them, the President can take advantage of the fact to sign them and appropriate the credit for the whole accomplishment.

Bright Hopes for Reciprocity

When the Insurgents and Democrats united, after a sensational day of debate, in ordering the finance committee to report the wool and free-list bills, it was hailed as a new power come into ascendency. But the alliance proved a rope of sand. The Insurgents were able to make common cause with the Democrats only to a certain point. Both are against Taft; but in very different ways. The Insurgents want to make his renomination impossible; the Democrats want him renominated, but hope to shape such political conditions that he can not be reelected. In such conditions, permanent alliance is impossible. Between the two factions, the President seems likely to win over both oppositions. He will use a combination of Democrats and Regulars to pass reciprocity; then he will use a combination of Democrats and Insurgents to pass the revision measures.

That reciprocity will pass without amendment was substantially assured when the Root amendment was defeated on a *viva voce* vote. Root proposed that the provision for free admittance of pulp and paper should not become effective till all the Canadian provinces had removed their restrictions on the export of pulp wood. It would have had the effect to postpone indefinitely the operation of the free paper and paper-material provision. It was defeated without ever having a chance, because it was regarded as a bad-faith amendment, intended to open the way to general amendment that would break down the measure and finally kill it. With this initial amendment beaten, the chance of any other amendment carrying almost vanished. The Senate has nigh a two-thirds vote for the reciprocity measure without amendment.

Great Woman's Suffrage Demonstration

Women have again marched for suffrage—this time in England, purposely setting the parade into the Coronation period. It proved the most notable of the public protests, surpassing in size the New York parade of the spring.

Women from all the United Kingdom were represented in different bands: Welsh women were there and Irish and Scotch women; and women from many nations, even including Roumania, all marched; and all the English colonies were represented. The marchers totalled 50,000.

During the same week the Boston Equal Suffrage Association for Good Government had a meeting at which Jane Addams, Louis D. Brandeis, Dr. Edward T. Devine and Dr. Sophonisba Breckinridge spoke. Of especial interest was Mr. Brandeis' speech since twenty-five years ago he appeared for the anti-suffragists at a legislative hearing in Massachusetts. His change of political views has come about, he stated, through the social, economic and political movements with which he had been connected during this time. He said:

"The insight that women have shown into problems which men did not and perhaps could not understand, has convinced me not only that women should have the ballot, but that we need them to have it."

The Giant of the Sea

One of New York Harbor's biggest piers had to be enlarged that the *Olympic*, the largest ship afloat, might be properly taken care of on the occasion of its arrival on its first trip. The *Olympic*, which is the newest of the White Star Line's fleet of ocean steamships, is the biggest vessel now engaged in commerce, and only is equalled in size by its sister ship, the *Titanic*, which is not yet in commission.

The *Olympic* is more like a floating hotel than a ship. It is 888½ feet long, has a beam of 92½ feet, and is eleven stories high. It is 90 feet longer than the *Lusitania* or the *Mauretania*, and with its displacement of 66,000 tons, exceeds either of the others by 13,000 tons. The total cost of the *Olympic* was $10,000,000.

A swimming pool 33 feet long and 9 feet deep, a squash court, and bilge keels calculated to prevent rolling and attendant seasickness are some of the features of the new boat. It is equipped with three electric elevators, carries a crew of 856 officers and men, and can accommodate 2,650 passengers.

Cunningham Claims Disallowed

The Interior Department has decided that the Cunningham claims, amounting to something over 5,000 acres of the richest coal lands in Alaska, can not be patented. The law provides that not over 2,560 acres of coal lands may be taken with the purpose of working it as a unit. The Secretary of the Interior finds that all the evidence in this case leads to the conclusion that from the beginning there was a purpose among the Cunningham claimants to consolidate their holdings as soon as they should secure patents, and thus establish a unified control which might lead to monopoly. So the claims are nullified. It marks the end of the great Ballinger-Pinchot feud.

The coal land entrants had sold an option on the property to the Morgan-Guggenheim Alaska Syndicate. If patented, the claims would have become at once the property of this syndicate. Controlling and dominating, as they did, the heart of the Bering river coal field—perhaps the richest in the world—these claims would have been of incalculable value to the Guggenheims. But that is not all. The Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate controls the transportation facilities—railroads, ports, steamship lines—by which the product of these mines could be marketed. Therefore, to have a sufficient area of rich coal lands for current purposes, would enable this syndicate to impose its own terms on all other owners of coal. It meant absolute monopoly.

Whether the Morgan-Guggenheim effort to grab a monopoly of Alaska coal has been thwarted, is yet uncertain. Dominating the transportation, they will control the resources of Alaska mines and forests.

The Fall of the Monis Cabinet

The Monis Cabinet of France fell June 23, killed by its former friends, the Socialists and the Radicals.

The question of a military commander-in-chief in time of war was the excuse rather than the cause for the vote of lack of confidence. The vote was due to the statement made by the new Minister of War, General Goiran, that the present organization of the

army does not provide for a commander-in-chief in time of war.

General Goiran said that he did not believe in placing the army command in the hands of one man, and that he never would agree to such a proposal. The opposition immediately raised the point that this stand was directly contrary to that of his predecessor, M. Berteaux, recently killed by an aeroplane.

Upon this slight pretext of theoretical disagreement a vote of lack of confidence in the ministry was forced.

The assertion immediately was made freely in Paris that the Socialists and the Radicals had taken this chance of ridding themselves of the ministry owing to the support the ministry had given to proportional representation.

The two political parties believed that proportional representation, in giving representation to the minority, meant the overthrow of their present joint control. They did not expect the government would support the measure actively, however, until the Chamber by a vote of 341 to 343 endorsed the new bill. Then an immediate search was begun for any weapon to employ against the ministry.

The Coronation of George V

George V of England was crowned according to program. Nothing except a light rain which marred the decorations and thinned the crowds on the evening of the great ceremonial day, disarranged the schedule. With all the elaborate pomp created through ten centuries by a people with a talent for solemnities, the Church of England gave its formal recognition to the head of the State of England.

Outworn symbols? They were and are. "But no man of English or any other blood, if his blood ran warm and red," says the New York *Sun*, "could have seen and heard the solemn rite without reverence and emotion." So does the past grip us all; and so do our emotions still respond to the stimulus of eyes and ears rather than the stimulus of direct ideas.

That gaudy, half-barbaric procession of state coaches and half-dependent monarchs which preceded the King to the Abbey, that mosaic of velvet and ermine and jewels which carpeted the mother-church of old England, that succession of splendid and hallowed rites which made George V all a King, have a peculiar response in the hearts of British people. The peal of trumpets, the salute of guns, the shout of "God Save the King," echoed, literally, around the world; the flashes of the cannon pierced morning shades in Vancouver and evening shades in Calcutta.

They are a peculiar people, the English; their firm character shows not only in their solid respect for law and order, but also in this respect for formulas and antique rites. The cheers of the millions who saw at least the outside of the Abbey on that historic day, of the hundreds of millions who held it in their minds, were doubtless genuine. It is a real thing to the British, or it would not exist.

The Government Studies the Steel Trust

America's romance of millions and millionaires, of big men in big business, and of utter disregard for the public's interest when that interest and private business conflict, is told in the Bureau of Corporations report on the steel industry.

Roosevelt set the bureau at work on this report, but it made slow progress. After dragging along for years, Taft recently issued orders that the steel report must be rushed to completion, and under this direction a partial report has been made public. It covers the history of iron and steel from the beginning down to the substantial achievement of the consolidation of the United States Steel corporation. It tells of modest beginnings; of expanding fortunes; of the rise of Carnegie; of his rapid increase until he overshadowed all rivals in steel, and then became able to dictate terms to the great railroad and financial powers. His power at last had become so great that the only way to prevent his becoming absolute master, was to buy him out and, in the behoof of all the powers of the industry, form an even greater combination, which should bring peace, quiet and order to the market.

That is briefly the story. Morgan brought peace. He ended rate and price cutting. He secured stability in the market. But the price which the public has paid is a high one. The report studies the actual values of properties before the consolidation, and the prices at which they were put into the merger. It shows how vast a part of the capitalization of the trust is still water, despite the immense increase in both physical valuation and uncarned increment since the consolidation was perfected.

In short, the story of the steel corporation is the finished tale of a single interest rising to domination of the greatest industrial concern in the world. Through the report runs the thread of insistence on the immensity of the power thus concentrated: the same little group of people control the nation's money through the big banks; its railroads, its steel industry, and a vast number of other industrial combinations.

The report is accepted by many members of Congress as removing all uncertainty about the tariff on steel and iron. These claim that there is little sense in the protection that serves chiefly the purpose of holding up the trust's hands in the effort to dominate the world's markets. The department of justice has for some time been working on preliminaries to an anti-trust action against the Steel Corporation, and it is confidently predicted that such a case will be filed in time to give the Taft administration the full benefit of the political credit for such a move.

The Sugar Trust and the Mormons

Dead men tell no tales. Henry O. Havemeyer, founder and for thirty years czar of the sugar trust, can make no retort to the minions now charging to him all the illegal acts of the trust. It is hardly to be doubted, in view of the record, that Havemeyer was an undesirable citizen. But his partners of a few years ago, who now charge to him every misdeed of thirty years' history of sugar monopoly, would seem to pay him very high tribute. That one man could devise so many projects in corruption and distortion of better ideals and impose his will so absolutely on such a horde of weak-willing subordinates, is at least difficult of belief.

It is little more than a year since a sensational magazine story of partnership between the sugar trust and the Mormon church was denounced as the acme of muckraking. Yet under the cold analysis of congressional investigation it is admitted to be true. No less a person than Joseph F. Smith, president of the church, has told the Hardwick investigating committee of the House of Representatives, the story of the partnership between Mormonism and the trust.

The Mormons had established beet sugar factories, in the effort to develop their country and enrich their people. They needed capital. Havemeyer had it. Havemeyer saw a future in beet sugar, or said he did. The evidence is rather that he saw the need of controlling it in order to make it fight his battles for high protection. Anyhow, Havemeyer offered to provide the Mormons with the capital they needed if they would join forces with him. They did. Thereafter the church named the directors and provided the "front" to the beet-sugar corporations in which they were jointly interested, while the sugar trust made the policy.

It was a great combination. The trust made its pleas for protection through the beet-sugar people, who insisted that a promising infant industry was in need of sustenance. On the pretext of serving beet sugar, the tariff schedule was adjusted to the needs of the refining trust and to its designs of gathering in immense profits. The Mormon end of the partnership was handsomely cared for by being assigned a great territory in which to distribute its products.

Charity Workers Ask a Question

"What have we done?" was the text of th thirty-eighth annual session of the Nation Conference of Charities and Correction hel in Boston in June.

"What is our actual accomplishment, recorded, not in the discussions of this an similar bodies, but in the statute books state and nation, in the acts of administrativ officials, and in the work of charitable age cies?" asked Homer Folks.

He found the results so moderate that concluded with the statement: "We ma each, in our respective lines of social wor without fear of danger from excessive mov ment, sound the signal, 'Full speed ahead.'

The discussion ranged over the surface the needs for the public health—the housin and the care of children, delinquent an otherwise, and the state prevention of indus trial diseases. Dr. Alice Hamilton of Hu House, Chicago, asserted that the Unite States knew little of industrial disease for th reason that the workers employed in the mo unhealthful and dangerous trades are newl arrived emigrants who suffer and die unpr testingly.

"There is a widespread but erroneous be lief," she said, "that this country suffers les from trade diseases than the older countries.

Mrs. Raymond Robins, President of th Women's Trade Union Leagues, stated tha $12 a week is the lowest wage on which working woman can live in simple comfor This lowest wage scale is the actual highes weekly wage scale of women employed i many trades.

College Regatta Week

This is Cornell's year in athletics. It fin ished the greatest sporting year in its his tory by taking a hard-won rowing victor from Columbia at the Poughkeepsie regatta That crew had already beaten Yale, Harvar and Princeton. Further back, Cornell ha won the Intercollegiate Field Day in whic its great athlete, John Paul Jones, broke th world's record—hitherto deemed impregnabl to American assault—for the mile run.

This final victory was perhaps the greates race the Hudson ever saw. Columbia, unde the expert coaching of Rice, had developed crew of rangy young men who rowed togethe like a machine. Experts found only one se rious fault. Sage, at bow, was too slight, the said. Other men have rowed in 'varsity race at his weight—156 pounds—but these wer of sturdier build than he. Rice, however held him in the boat because of his skill, hi pluck, and the watermanship born from a rac of oarsmen.

Cornell had taken the four-oared race an Columbia the freshman eights, and honor were even between the lords of the river, whe the 'varsity eights took the water. Columbi spurted at once, with Cornell close up. With in the first mile, the race was between thes two; Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and Syracus were never factors. Rowing perfectly, Co lumbia held her lead against three or fou Cornell spurts. At three miles, Columbia ha open water ahead of Cornell's bow man. The had gone nearly a half mile further whe Cornell started her last desperate spurt.

The Columbia coxswain ordered up th stroke. It was then that Sage, who had bee working like a machine, suddenly fell for ward. By some effort of the will, he recov ered and tried to fall into the swing. His oa waved helplessly; he was not able to get th blade into the water. Downing, the stroke unaware of what had happened at his back made desperate efforts to stave off the Cornel rush; and he, too, began to crumple. Cornell tired but still able, held the spurt and led b a length at the line. By this time, Sage an Downing were passengers.

The annual contest between Harvard an Yale was won this year by the former, both the eight and four-oar events being capture by the men from Cambridge. In the principa event Harvard won by fifteen lengths. Yale' sole consolation for the day's races lay in th victory of their freshman eight.

Continued from page 26

Making a Vacation Pay

has never traveled much; in fact, he is ignorant of everything outside of his business. His esthetic faculties are as dormant as when he was born. He has never developed his social instincts or faculties. He can not converse intelligently on any subject outside of his business.

Now, when this man retires, as he will shortly, what has he to retire to? Where can this old man find enjoyment and satisfaction outside of the routine of the rut he has been in for half a century?

He does not know how to stop. All he can do is push on, push on. He has done it so long that he can not slow down; every nerve and fiber in him is pitched to the pace that has been his life habit. What he has done nearly every day for fifty years now holds him as by a vise.

It is a great thing to learn to shut off the mental steam when you quit work. What would you think of a factory manager who would leave all of his power turned on after the operators had left the factory, the delicate machinery running everywhere, pounding itself to pieces, grinding out its delicate bearings without producing anything? Many of us do not turn off our mental power after we are through producing or creating for the day. We carry our business home, take it to bed with us, think, plan, worry and waste precious energy in all sorts of ways, in superfluous thinking, foolish worrying that produces nothing, but grinds out the exquisite mental machinery and unfits it for the next day's work. It is a great art to learn to shut off power when through our day's work so that we can oil our mental machinery, refresh our minds, and recuperate ourselves, so that we can go to the next day's work completely reinvigorated.

Many men seem to think that they are accomplishing something if they keep their minds on business even when not at work, but they really accomplish less than nothing, because they are wasting precious mental energy, the power for concentration, the vigor, the focusing of the mind, which is imperative for creating purposes.

What good is a man, no matter what he has accomplished or accumulated, when he has paid for his achievements with a slice of his constitution, when he has developed some physical weakness or has so depleted himself that he has lost his resisting power and has developed some latent disease tendency that would never have shown itself but for his run-down condition?

When a man is weary, worn-out, he has no power of resistance, little self-control. Little things annoy him which when well and strong he would not notice. "Every man is a rascal when he is sick." The best of men are often brutes when they are worn out physically. The animal qualities in one's nature come to the surface when one has drained his vitality to the dregs.

An Expensive Economy

No, do not be niggardly in the matter of your vacations. If you are, you will rob yourself of what you can never get back. Economize on anything else but this. Whatever makes you a healthier, larger, more efficient man is cheap at any price you can stand. Whatever you do, whether you make money or lose it, succeed or fail in your calling, keep up your physical and mental standards.

Supposing you do make a little more money or save a little more, sell a few more goods by omitting your vacation? Does this warrant your putting such a mortgage on your health efficiency, your capacity for happiness?

There are plenty of rich, broken-down men in this country, who would give half their fortunes if they could go back and take advantage of the bitter lesson they have learned from trying to get along without vacations.

Many a millionaire who has bartered his health for dollars sighs in vain for that which his wealth can not restore.

"Oh, to be strong! Each morn to feel
A fresh delight to wake to life;
To spring with bounding pulse to meet
Whate'er of work, of care, of strife
Day brings to me!"

Business and professional worriers do not get very much benefit from their vacations because of their mental handicap. If the mind is not free, if the victim drags his troubles and anxieties with him on his vacation, he will lose most of the refreshing, renewing and recreative power which should come from it. The greatest benefit from a vacation is the mental change. There must be a new mental interest, a new picturing from a new environment.

I know of a lady who makes her vacation pay big dividends. Through her wonderful power of observation, she will learn more through the car-window of an express train than many people would by tramping over the same territory. She has become an expert in observation; she has learned to see things.

There is a great difference between what different people get out of a vacation or travel. One person is all eyes and ears, always on the alert. Nothing escapes his attention. When he leaves an art gallery he knows a great deal about the noted pictures and something of the life story of the artists. After spending a few days in a city he knows more about it than do many people who have lived there all their lives.

Another person will travel through a country and not even know the names of the principal towns he passes through. He may travel a great deal abroad, and know scarcely anything of the countries he visits—nothing of their history or population, next to nothing of the life or social conditions of the people. He may stop at the best hotels, ride about the cities he visits—and not observe. He seldom asks questions or consults a guide-book, and when he returns he knows very little about what he has seen.

Keep in Touch with Nature

No one can wholly divorce himself from frequent contact with nature without serious loss or crippling deterioration. We all came out of the earth; and it is by coming in frequent contact with it that we regain our lost poise and vigor. We have a peculiar love for nature because we are a part of it, we came from it, we are composed of the same elements that enter into the rose, the fruit, the plant, the tree. This is our natural home, and we can not live under the artificial conditions of the city without serious loss of power and certain deterioration.

We can not get the meaning out of a beautiful bit of landscape when we are filled with the sense of hurry. We must study, contemplate, reflect upon its meaning. We can not enjoy nature or study her in a hurry, any more than we can get happiness in a hurry, or really enjoy a luxurious banquet when in a hurry to rush for a train. Nature will not be pursued in this way.

Nature will not reveal her beauty, her joy, her splendor, her magnificence, or her sublimity to the selfish or the hurried soul. She thinks too much of her great treasures of beauty, the marvelous mysteries of her being, to fling them out to the penurious, greedy, hurried soul, to the casual eye, to those who are rushing along at railroad speed. No one can successfully woo and win her who can not appreciate her, study her, take time to observe her. She tells her secrets and reveals her mysteries and beauties only to those who can wait, who take time to think, to ponder; to those who can appreciate and love them well enough to spend time with her.

Mrs Curtis's Home Corner

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

A Community Jam Kitchen

SOME years ago I spent the late summer in a Green Mountain village. Wherever we went, tramping or driving over country roads, we were in the heart of the apple country. Domesticated in a farmhouse, meeting nobody but farmers, I heard everywhere one topic of conversation—apples. We saw apples everywhere, not by the bushel but by the ton, rotting under the trees in the orchards, scattered over the roads and crunched under horses' hoofs or kicked here and there football fashion by children. Many a staid old cow in the hilltop town had lived on an apple diet till her extraordinary double stomach system became a cider distillery.

It was not apples of the windfall quality which were going to waste. It was a much finer grade than we find in city markets for fifty cents a peck. The hilltop town was famous for its carefully pruned, well-nourished orchards, and the poorest of the fruit was so good that the waste seemed to a city housewife fairly criminal. Still, everywhere I went I heard the same story, "There is no market for apples this year."

"Why?" I asked. "We are paying big prices in town for fruit which is not as fine as this."

Then I listened to the stories the farmers told. All through the fall from dawn to dark, aided by hired hands, they had picked apples, selected them carefully, then packed and transported them to the depot. When a crop was so abundant as it had been that fall, this meant weeks of work. When the returns came in and the outlay was reckoned for barrels, for help and their keep, for cartage and shipping, the profit for the finest fruit was only a few cents a barrel. In some cases the price received scarcely paid expenses.

A Sinful Waste of Apples

Many a farmer would gladly have made a present to anyone out of his superabundance, only there was nobody to whom it appealed. Every family on the hilltop had apples to give away. Housewives were on the alert to learn some new way to "fix" apples for the table, every cellar was jammed full of barrels, the shelves of every pantry groaned with their load of jelly pots, apple-butter jars and marmalade. The cider mill was running night and day, and the women had dried the apples till attics were stacked high.

"What can we do," asked the farmers hopelessly, "except let the apples rot?"

One day I went driving through the picturesque mountain country with a woman who socially and educationally was a power in the hilltop town. We began to talk about apples—it could not be helped—the air was fragrant with their odor and the carriage wheels were crushing the fruit to fragments.

"It makes me fairly heartsick," she said, "to see a crop go to waste as this is doing. These apples would be such a boon to poor people in the cities. There ought to be some method of turning the crop into money here, for we have plenty of poor with us. You can not realize how gladly every farmer's wife and daughter would work if her toil brought some return. At present there is no possible way for them to earn money except by keeping summer boarders. That means two or three months of hard drudgery during hot days and at the very time of the year when they would enjoy being outdoors."

Instantly I thought of a recent marketing trip upon which I had paid twenty-five cents for a tumbler of home-made apple jelly. It was clear as a ruby, just the right consistency, and a leaf of rose geranium was molded into the top to give it a fragrant flavor. That fall I, too, had made jelly in my own kitchen. With apples at twenty-five cents a peck, sugar at five and one-half cents a pound and gas at one dollar a thousand feet, my jelly cost hardly six cents a glass. On the farm where apples cease to have a market value, where wood costs little, but labor and sugar can be bought at city prices, jelly could be made for less than two cents a glass.

Common-Sense Philantnropy

Last summer I heard of a community industry that flourishes in a village where fruit and vegetables are not easily marketed, on account of the distance from a railroad. It was set afoot by a philanthropic millionaire who was indebted to his practical, level-headed wife for the well-thought-out plan. His idea had been in some way to help his native village. A church was suggested, a fountain, a park, or a hospital. The lady tabooed each project. There was one church in the village big enough to hold all the worshipers in the community. The wide, wild country was more beautiful than any park, a fountain was a useless decoration, and life would have been a steady vacation for a hospital staff because people generally died in that pleasant village only from old age.

Instead the lady devised an Institute. Upstairs was a library, a dance hall, a gymnasium, and home-like parlors. Down-stairs one quarter of the space was given up to a pleasant dining room for socials and village banquets. The kitchen, which usurped the remainder of the first floor, was the glory of the place. It had white-tiled walls, big, hooded stoves, splendidly equipped pot closets and dish cupboards, enameled sinks, hot and cold water, and every requirement that an amateur jam factory could require from cherry stoners to a big tank where cans and tumblers were sterilized.

From the beginning of the fruit season, when strawberries ripened, till quinces grew yellow, a woman was paid a good salary to superintend the summer's output of jams, pickles, jellies, and canned fruit. She was a cooking-school graduate with complete knowledge of the best methods for preserving and using the latest utensils.

The village housewives preserved and pickled all they needed for their own pantries under the manager's directions. Work which had been labor in small, poorly equipped farmhouse kitchens became a social gathering with labor as a side issue. After individual preserving was finished, community work began. The jam kitchen marketed its output among hundreds of the rich woman's friends, and after one season the demand became very large, because the best advertisement is a well-satisfied patron. Sales were made through a city man who was also deputed by the donor of the Institute to buy all necessary supplies and attend to the shipping of goods.

Every village can not have a finely appointed institute, still almost anywhere that fr is plentiful a jam community could planned. It requires energetic, businessli efforts and two people as leaders; one a ke sighted, intelligent man, with a knowledge how to ship and sell, the other a first-class co who is scrupulously neat, gifted with ori nality, and ready to put real enthusiasm i her work.

If even a small community should set shoulder to the wheel it would be easy start and carry through such an enterpr with comparatively small outlay. It was o twelve years ago that Miss Whiting and M Miller started the Blue and White Society Deerfield, Mass. Their first venture was ma in a very humble way; now it has grown an industry that makes the old town fam while the farmers' wives there have each independent income.

In every country town there is an ab doned schoolhouse or building of some s which might be used at first because it c probably be had rent free and transform into a community kitchen. The first requi ments are a couple of stoves, tables, a chairs, and a variety of cooking utensi Until the scheme can be put upon a payi basis, many of the necessary furnishi might be gathered by a house-to-house ca vass. The expense for starting could be li ited to such purchases as a barrel of sug tumblers and cans, paraffin for sealing j lies and jams, sundry spices, and pickli condiments.

Every country town can produce fine cid vinegar. There ought to be one more nec sary outlay; a scrupulous director would mand that every cooking utensil be of fir class granite ware, stirring spoons of wo and paring knives of silver. Fruit cans m be of a variety that really exclude air; ru bers should be new and of first quality.

Attention to small details makes cann products bring A1 prices. Even if the s perintendent of the jam kitchen is simp an old-fashioned, plain cook, she ought to ha an up-to-date knowledge of bacteriology. S must also be a stern critic, for one can spoiled fruit or a tumbler of jam tainted ever so slight a savor of burning would ta nish the reputation of the entire jam co munity.

By securing the cooperation of the men a village, an abandoned schoolhouse or d serted barn could easily be put into shape f a kitchen. Let the women who are to do t work aid in planning its construction. Th will arrange that the sink, stove, and wor ing tables stand in a good light. They w see to it that pantries and storerooms a commodious and convenient and that, if it a possibility, there will be porch or piaz space where much of the work, such as hu ing berries or paring fruit, can be done on warm day.

The kitchen walls should be oil painted, possible. Should that be out of the questio white kalsomine is the next choice. The t bles should have plenty of space about the be perfectly steady and covered with zinc white enamel cloth which can be kept spo lessly clean by a small expenditure of labo Every window and door ought to be perfec ly screened. If wire is too expensive, a doub thickness of mosquito netting might be use It is worth steady endeavor to keep flies o for the sake of comfort and cleanliness as w as for hygienic reasons.

Getting Customers for the Product

The best possible advertisement of a co munity kitchen would be to throw it open summer boarders, who frequently throng country village. Customers can readily found among wayfarers from the city, a they will go home to advertise the toothso products. Other devices might be planned advertise the kitchen's output. Every cou try church and village club is affiliated wi city organizations. Such an acquaintan could be utilized. Neatly printed leaflet listing the goods prepared during the seaso with prices by the can, the dozen or the ca

uld be mailed broadcast to city addresses. any a city housewife will be as glad to buy the farmer's wife is to sell.

If orders can be obtained before the season ens for even a moderate portion of the tchen's product it would soon put the village nnery on a paying basis. Also it would be ll to adopt some such distinguishing label the Deerfield women have done; their spin- ng wheel design is individual.

When one comes to practical organization, e method followed by the Institute Jam tchen could hardly be improved upon. One oman, who bore the reputation of being an different cook, fitted in splendidly as treas- er, buyer, and saleswoman. The time she ent was rated as worth even more than that the woman who concocted a delectable con- rve. The children in the Institute village came wage-earners either as berry pickers in helping to prepare fruit for the kettle. he older lads were employed at teaming, as nsiderable freight was constantly going or ming from the village depot. One person s required to be on steady duty at the tchen to record the receipt of fruit and the nount of labor expended, as well as to give t supplies. A check system was used, by hich wage earners at the end of the week re given the money due them on tickets ey had accumulated. It simplified book- eping to no small extent.

In the Institute kitchen labor of every sort s rated at so much an hour; preparation of uit, cooking, teaming, dishwashing, scrub- ng or an accountant's work had each its rket value. Every contribution of fruit or getables, from a child's pail of wild straw- rries to a barrel of apples was reckoned at rket rates.

Unless you were to glance over an Insti- te list, you would scarcely believe what a riety of delicious conserves may be made om a summer's fruits. It begins with rhu- rb marmalade, made English style with a ack of ginger in it. Then come June rawberries, currants, red raspberries, cher- s, gooseberries, blackberries, huckleberries, ueberries, plums, grapes, peaches, pears, ron, apples, and quince. These are made to jams, jellies, marmalades, conserves, or ey are canned, pickled, candied, and "tutti- uitied." Besides these you find such old- shioned dainties as gingered pears, Shaker ple sauce, currant juice, raspberry vinegar, ckberry and currant cordial, fruit wines d brandied peaches or cherries.

The Institute has planned to add this fall ny new goods, *real* maple sirup, for in- nce, fine country pickles, canned vegetables, d-fashioned relishes and catsups, dried fruits d garden herbs, besides harvesting the nuts hich grow so plentifully in the mountain rest.

To succeed, as the Institute Jam Kitchen doing, certain standards *must* be lived up Nothing inferior can be put on the mar- t, the widest possible methods for private vertising should be adopted, business must done on strictly business methods. There a be no middleman system to dock profits, t above all is needed an enthusiastic, com- unity cooperation.

PIN MONEY PAPERS

IF THE SKIN IS DRY rub with olive , then dry with a soft cloth. The oil othes as well as cleanses.—F.

TO HAVE DRINKING WATER DUR- G THE NIGHT, pour it in an earthen in. The closed lid keeps it cool and pure. F.

THE PUCKERY TASTE IN RHUBARB removed by adding a few raisins. Sweeten usual and steam in a double boiler. No ter should be added.—E. M. W.

IF YOUR BOY WEARS BUSTER ROWN SUITS cut the fronts and backs the knickerbockers just alike. When the t is wearing thin it can be changed to the nt and the extra fullness will not be no- ed.—Mrs. W. L. Frost.

The Individual Investor

Real Estate Mortgage Bond

WE Americans pride ourselves upon being the most democratic great nation in the world. In one department of our national life, and one that deeply concerns the nation's well-being in the longer future, namely, the investment of the average man's savings, we have just begun to learn democracy from the continental peoples of Europe. We still almost refuse to admit that railroads and industrial enterprises can be financed to advantage by the sale of bonds of small denomination. But we have made a more promising beginning of intelligent thrift in the field of real estate investment. Within a few years it has become possible to invest as little as one hundred dollars, in precisely the same kind of property and with the same degree of security that endows such fortunes as that of the Astors with their great permanence and solidity.

In its nature, real estate in cities of a size to assure their permanent growth and prosperity is almost necessarily safe. Particular industries may thrive or languish, railroads may make big profits or they may be badly managed and fall into decay, but men must have habitations and they must have places of business, even though business itself may be dull. Rent, after the cravings of hunger have been fairly assuaged, is the first concern of every family.

Only the Low Yields Are Sure

Just at the moment real estate investment concerns are multiplying too rapidly for perfect safety, for which reason nothing in this discussion should be taken as an unqualified endorsement of all the forms of real estate "investment" that are being thrust upon the public on the strength of the striking success attained by two or three shrewdly managed companies operating in the largest cities. As in every other investment field, the investor pays for high security by accepting a comparatively low yield. He can do much better with his money in this field than he can by leaving it to pile up in a savings bank, but he must not expect to receive six per cent and own a gilt-edge security. That rate is to be had on reasonable risks for a fair business man, but if you want to put your money out and dismiss the subject from your mind until the day when the borrower, figuratively speaking, bears down upon you with his pockets bulging gold coin, you must take a genuinely guaranteed first mortgage on inside city property and be content to draw four and a half per cent.

A dozen to twenty different forms and varieties of real estate investment or partnership are being pressed for sale at the present time and the closest scrutiny and deepest investigation are indispensable. It is important first to determine whether one is asked to become a creditor or a partner, not so simple a matter in some cases, and if the former, to ascertain the exact provisions of the mortgage or deed of trust or whatever the instrument may be upon which one must rely for protection. It will perhaps simplify matters to proceed at once to a concise description of the chief forms in which real estate securities are being created.

Earliest and simplest is the first mortgage upon a single piece of property, given in single piece to one lender and running fr one to five years. On "down-town" sk scraper property this simple first mortga will probably yield four and a half per cen but on good business property elsewhere the business district five per cent. In ma of the larger western cities six per cent. is t prevailing rate on residence property, even the best class. These mortgages may be gua anteed by a financial corporation organiz for the purpose and in that case ordinari yield, net, one-half of one per cent. a year le For anyone not pretty well versed in real values and management the half of one p cent. income is well sacrificed. It pays t expert attention to the collection of princip and interest and to fire insurance, and it ord narily includes a guaranty of title from a ti company. Care should be taken to see th the mortgage guaranty company's profit limited and uniform, else it might be tempt by large profits to guarantee bad risks; a that the total volume of its guaranteed mo gages at any time outstanding is limited some fixed relation to its capital stock. Wit company otherwise well-managed this ra may safely be as high as twenty to one. European countries these conditions are laid down by law. Here very little restricti is imposed by the state, but the best of su companies have adopted the most stringe by-laws to provide for a continuously safe a conservative conduct of the business.

These direct first mortgages, each on a sp cific piece of property, are in most respects ideal investment. The yield is good, consi ering the high degree of security for bo principal and interest, and where they a guaranteed by a responsible corporation t owner is practically free of trouble or anxie on account of them. The disadvantages a that they do not always command as ready market as, for instance, good listed bon and that they can not always be had in ju the amount the investor happens to ha available for the investment.

Certificates in Small Denominations

To overcome the objection that mortgag on real estate are awkward business for t average small investor, because they are ge erally too large for him and have no standa size, real estate mortgage corporations a now very generally making use of a plan issuing certificates of $100, $500 or $1,0 face value, representing participation to t amount named in the certificate, on the pa of the holder thereof, in the mortgage itse The mortgage is deposited with a trustee, us ally a trust company, and the trustee certifi to the issue of "participations" to the exa amount of the mortgage, which it retains its possession as representing equitably all t certificate-holders. These certificates must n be confused with collateral trust bonds. A suming the integrity of the trust compa acting as trustee, these certificates have the properties of a first mortgage in a sing piece on a specific parcel of real estate. Th differ only in the fact that a means has be used to "split up" the ownership of the mo gage into shares of a more easily marketab size. These certificates are often guarante by a responsible company and in that ca they yield about the same rates of return the guaranteed first mortgages themselves. fairly close-in residence and business proper

in New York the rate is usually four and a half per cent., the certificates selling at par. In other cities the rates will usually run somewhat higher, even though the quality of the security and the proportion of the loan to the real value answer all reasonable requirements. The average small investor, not familiar with all the ins and outs of real estate mortgage, will do well to give up the usual charge of one-half of one per cent. a year for the sake of the guaranty and the general assistance that goes with it. An active business man, who is willing to spend the necessary time to inquire into the responsibility of the mortgagor and the value of the property, and to look after the fire and title insurance, may also be willing to assume the entire risk himself and so do without the guaranty of principal and interest, but many active men of affairs prefer to buy guaranteed mortgages.

By far the largest class of real estate securities now being offered are bonds issued by corporations dealing either in mortgages or in real estate. These are secured in a variety of different ways and vary in rate of interest from four and a half per cent or a trifle less to more than six per cent., according to the degree of risk. Broadly speaking, these bonds fall into two general subdivisions, bonds of the corporation secured by a blanket mortgage on a multitude of direct mortgages on separate parcels of realty, and debenture bonds, in many cases more or less disguised. Some of the former class are exceedingly well-protected by reason of the rigid requirements of the deed of trust (blanket mortgage) under which they are issued and the capital and surplus of the issuing company; some of the latter are little better than a long-term note of a company engaged in a usually profitable but always highly speculative business. No two issues of either class are alike. They are far less uniform, in fact, than railroad bonds of a particular type and because they are offered for sale by the issuing companies instead of by bankers doing a general business in securities they call for an unusual amount of investigation on the part of the prospective purchaser himself.

When properly safeguarded by restrictions set forth in the mortgage indenture, the so-called blanket mortgage bonds of sound realty corporations offer a safe investment for the average man's funds. In a few states they are approved investments for trust funds.

Here and there a company is operating under a loosely drawn deed of trust that permits it to take mortgages on any sort of property anywhere, to pledge second mortgages as the whole collateral, and to encourage and promote the development of suburban communities. Of course there is nothing inherently wrong in doing business in that way, but the way should be clearly understood by those who may think of investing their money under such conditions.

Another type of real estate bond, not so well safeguarded but returning a considerably higher rate, is that of a company which pledges to the bondholder as security all its property, including real estate, mortgages and cash, but is under no restriction either of charter or of the trust indenture securing the bonds, as to the manner in which it may employ its funds. Such a company may speculate as much as its officers and directors consider safe or expedient. The writer has in mind one such company which is managed by business men of standing and has confined its purchases to the best class of large city business property, without being under any other compulsion to do so than the sound discretion of its managers. This company and others as well officered will in all probability continue to prosper and meet their obligations promptly, yet it is conceivable that any one of them might come under the control of a less sagacious or less scrupulous board of directors who, overreaching themselves in an effort to pile up profits, would seriously, perhaps hopelessly, involve the company. Such a contingency the trust indenture of the type of company previously described seeks absolutely to prevent and does, so far as human judgment can foresee.

Editorial Chat

By Orison Swett Marden

Automatic Self-Control

WHEN the piano player first begins to practice, he spends an enormous amount of energy and mental force in thinking out every movement separately and using his will power in making it; but a Paderewski, through many years of practice, has made his movements so automatic that he can play very complicated compositions and still be thinking of something else. His brain and nerves have been so trained that they make lightning movements with scarcely a thought or effort of the will.

Character building is like piano playing.

The art of all arts is so to train the mind that just as many as possible of the mental processes which are absolutely necessary to our well-being shall be automatic. The great thing is to establish right habits which will be exercised automatically.

It does not take very long to establish a right habit, and if it is encouraged, it will serve us a lifetime.

There are a few life habits which, if formed early and established thoroughly, will change the whole career.

If the child is taught to do everything to a finish, to stamp superiority upon everything before it goes out of his hands, and to be truthful and industrious, his whole life afterwards will be powerfully influenced without much thought or effort of will power.

Strong characters usually form early habits which persist through life, and which make living and efficiency comparatively easy.

Habits are our best friends, our worst enemies. The slipshod habit, the habit of half-doing things, the lazy habit, the deceitful habit, early formed, often lead straight to the penitentiary.

What a blessed boon for a man to be able, automatically, to deny himself all harmful, hurtful indulgences, which, as a youth, he had such battles with himself to keep away from!

At first, the temptation to stay away from school, to run away from work and duty, were so fascinating that it was only by a great effort of the will that we were able to deny ourselves. But if we were faithful in forming these self-betterment habits, we find that we can turn to our duty, away from all seductive allurements almost without effort.

This saves us a vast amount of mental energy, a vast amount of wear and tear in trying to force ourselves, on every occasion, to give up that which tempts us.

If we have acquired our life habits wisely, so that self-denial of everything that will hurt us has become automatic, we are left free to devote all our energies and attention to the essentials in our career.

Is there anything grander in this world than a human being who has become such a master of himself that he will always obey reason, who has such superb control of himself that he never allows the brute in him to usurp the throne while the man abdicates in a fit of passion?

How little many rich parents realize what it means to let their children grow up without learning the art of self-mastery. How cruel to the child, and how dangerous to society!

The danger of an uncontrolled temper is multiplied many times by great wealth and the multitude of temptations, and the dissipation which so often accompanies it. Sel[f-]indulgence would ruin the ability for sel[f-]control even of those who are well traine[d,] but what of the young man who has alway[s] been pampered, and who scarcely knows th[e] meaning of self-restraint?

Poise of character, mental balance, indicat[e] that a man has so completely mastered him[-]self that his acts follow his will, not his pa[s-]sion, that he is not at the mercy of his ex[-]plosive temper.

What a superb sense of power and confidenc[e] a man has who is conscious that he has ma[s-]tered himself, who knows that he is not liab[le] to go to pieces at the slightest irritation, bu[t] is able, under the greatest provocation, to kee[p] his self-poise!

A great purpose is a tremendous protecto[r,] a shield from a thousand temptations of whic[h] those without aim are likely to be the victim[s.] Being human, one would like to do this, o[r] would enjoy doing that, but his all-absorbin[g] ambition holds him steadily to his aim. H[e] will not swerve this way or that for fleetin[g] pleasure or temporary ease, because he se[es] something infinitely grander beyond.

The imagination is very vivid in the idle[r] and suggests a great many things with pecu[-]liar fascination and vividness which mak[e] very little impression on the hard worker, th[e] enthusiastic, absorbed person. The dead-in[-]earnest man, who is trying to make the mos[t] of himself, automatically rejects the littl[e] things which are ever suggesting pleasur[e,] ease, comfort, because he sees something s[o] much greater and grander in the pursuit o[f] his aim. The expulsive power of the greate[r] ambition shuts them out of the life, while t[o] the idle man, or the man who is not fast boun[d] to a great ambition, these temptations com[e] with peculiar power.

THE DEPRESSING INFLUENCE OF FAILURE TO GET ON

Many people are so constituted that almos[t] their entire effectiveness and efficiency de[-]pend upon their prosperity. They can do [a] tremendous amount of work under the stimu[-]lus of success and promise. If they feel tha[t] they are getting on, advancing, they are cou[-]rageous, resourceful, inventive, original; bu[t] just as soon as they feel that they are goin[g] backwards, even if through no fault of thei[r] own, they become depressed, lose heart; thei[r] courage and enthusiasm evaporate; when fai[l-]ure stares them in the face, hope dies out an[d] everything drops; the wind seems to go com[-]pletely out of their sails, and they wilt an[d] flap.

One of the most dangerous things for thos[e] who are in the clutches of discouragement i[s] the paralysis of effort often produced b[y] failure.

It is easy to work when we see splendi[d] prospects ahead. When we see that our blow[s] are telling, we can continue to swing the ham[-]mer. Few people are so constituted that the[y] can do their best work in an apparently hope[-]less cause. But it is hard to work with en[-]thusiasm and courage when everything seem[s] to be going against us, when we can see n[o] light ahead, no encouragement. The tempta[-]tion in those trying periods of discouragemen[t] is always to give up trying, and to think tha[t] perhaps we have made a mistake in our am[-]bition, and that it might be better to tr[y] something else.

There are, however, some stalwart souls who never discover their greatest power until everything has gone against them, until they have been stripped of everything that most people struggle for.

There are numberless people in the failure ranks to-day, who, if they could only retain the courage they lost when reverses came, would soon get on their feet again. But they can not work in a discouraging atmosphere, they can not struggle without hope, without seeing something ahead.

It is a great thing to cultivate optimism, a spirit of hopefulness, no matter how black or threatening the outlook. When a man has lost hope, there is little else left for him. But if he still keeps a close grip upon himself, if he keeps his hope bright, no matter if everything else is swept away from him, he has a fair chance of recovering.

It is easy for those who are making money, who are successful, to give advice to those who are down. It is easy for them to tell what they would do if they were to exchange places with those who seem unable to get a start in the world. But they do not take into consideration the difference between the feeling engendered by success and that produced by failure, the difference between the stimulus of their successful environment, and the depressing atmosphere of failure.

Success is itself a powerful tonic. It is easy to persist, to press on, when we feel its thrill, when everything seems to come our way.

It is comparatively easy to be cheerful, hopeful and brave, to forge ahead, to work with vim, buoyancy and abounding enthusiasm, when we are successful, when everything favors us.

Success buoys up the mind and increases enthusiasm wonderfully. The consciousness of progress, of getting on in the world stimulates the whole nature, turns drudgery into delight. Hope is a powerful producer, because the faculties give out their best under the greatest inducement.

But when we are in the atmosphere of discouragement and failure, when our environment is stifling to growth, is poverty-stricken, permeated with the very suggestion of failure and of want, when the way is so dark that we can not see, when hope is shut out from view, then it takes a man of sterling qualities to persist, to keep up heart and courage and cheerfulness, and press on to his goal.

When we are struggling conscientiously and with all our might to improve our condition, to keep our heads above water, when failure and poverty and afflictions and sorrows confront us, and we see the years slip by without any improvement or better prospects, it takes a stout heart to keep plodding on with the same courage and enthusiasm as though we were advancing rapidly.

This is the very time that tests our stamina and grit and courage. What we do then shows the stuff we are made of. What we do when defeat stares us in the face is the real test of character.

Watch a man when he is down, when everything has been swept away from him. See what he will do after his failure. This will give you the measure of the man.

It is a rare character that persists when others give up.

A HAIR-TRIGGER CONSTITUTION

Some one has said that animals have a hair-trigger constitution. They go off on the slightest provocation, because they act from impulse. They do not know how to control themselves; the animal instinct dominates.

Self-control is the first condition of all achievement. It is said that the first sign of insanity is the loss of self-control. When a person is no longer the master of his own acts, he is not only in danger, but any degree of achievement is impossible to him.

Every thought tends to result in an act, so that thought always leads. The mental attitude at any moment is the pattern which the life processes weave. The lives of many of us are grotesque crazy-quilts.

Point and Pleasantry

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

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

NO CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE RETURNED UNLESS STAMPED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED.

Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

Thought They Did It

TWO young Americans touring Italy for the first time stopped off one night at Pisa, where they fell in with a convivial party at a café. Going hilariously home one pushed the other against a building and held him there.

"Great heavens!" cried the man next the wall, suddenly glancing up at the structure above him. "See what we're doing!" Both roisterers fled.

They left town on an early morning train not thinking it safe to stay over and see the famous leaning tower.

—Charles C. Mullin.

Up-To-Date

Uncle Mose, a plantation negro, was being asked about his religious affiliations.

"I's a preacher, sa," he said.

"Do you mean," asked the astonished questioner, "that you preach the gospel?"

Mose felt himself getting into deep water.

"No, sah," he said. "Ah touches that subject very light." —J. T. Hinds.

A Thinking Part

The boss was brusque and the timid stenographer had her revenge by nicknaming him Mr. Legree. The appellation "took" and finally reached the boss. The stenographer fled, but the name remained. Another stenographer came with imperious ways and changed the tone of the office, but a salesman fresh from a trip knew nothing of the change.

"Hello, Mr. Legree," was his greeting to the boss.

"Young man," said the chief meekly, "rôles in this company have been reassigned. I now play the part of the cake of ice on which Eliza walks."

—Marie Phelan.

Entertainment in the Home

A Louisville barrister escorted his wife and daughter to a lecture and then to his wife's annoyance disappeared. He was on hand, however, when the meeting was over.

"Hello there, Theodore," said a friend, meeting the barrister and his family in the street car, "been to the lecture?" The lawyer stole a look at his wife's face.

"No," he answered, "just going."

—Ella Hutchison Ellwanger.

Diplomacy

A North Dakota German farmer aspiring to fill an appointive office wanted to keep on good terms with both parties. At ten on election night the result was still uncertain when he was called upon for a speech.

"Ve meets," he said, "to zelebrate dis glorious vigtory. Ve knows not yet vich vay it goes. Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!"

—C. A. Shields.

Homesick

"You know," said Westbrook, "I've liv here in Ohio in sight of the Big Four Ra road all my life. Once I went to Nebras for horses and had to stay two months. six weeks I was almost desperate with hom sickness. Crossing a railroad one day I s a Big Four freight car standing on the sidin I jest hitched my horse under a tree a visited with that car all afternoon."

—Thomas B. Black.

Easy Way Out

The day was sultry, the spectators we restless, and the judge irritable.

"The next person," he said, "that distur the order of this court will be sent home stay."

"Hurrah! Huroo!" yelled the prisoner trial, jumping up and down in the witne box. —F. N. Hiller.

A Good Shot

A dignified Senator decided to follow t prevailing Washington fashion and lea golf. It was a distressing time for the cadd Striking too low with his iron, the great m made the dirt fly.

"What have I hit?" With infinite seo the boy replied, "De District of Columbia —Edwin Tarrisse.

He Wanted a Permanent One

Joshua was buying a field glass.

"This one," said the clerk, "is just wh you want. Its magnifying power is twent five times."

"No," Joshua replied, "I want to use oftener than that." —Arthur Duerr.

The Pig That Turned Philosopher and Then Something Else

Once there was a pig with a sensitive sno and a quirky tail. His feet were black wi the muck of the sty and his thick yellow ski once soft and pink, was covered with st bristles.

The pig proved beyond peradventure th his natural function was to wallow and ro and gorge, but one day he took his snout o of the trough and said, "Bless me, what the use of being a mere pig! I have specia ized on swill long enough; it bores me. Th sty is fine, after its sort, but as a constan passion and environment it gets on one nerves. I need a fad, a folly, a dash of e livening bitters in the cup of existence. L me see,—oh, yes, I'll be a philosopher, at lea Sundays, and tell the nightingales how really sing."

And it was so, and the reporters waited the pig and put his aphorisms into the dai papers and the people said, "Oh, my!"

This was some time ago. The pig has sin passed into pepsin and pork and lard an tooth-brushes and fertilizer, and is now a ver useful, though thoroughly partitioned, contr bution to the social welfare.

—Richard Wightman.

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Travels with a Junk Man in Arcadia

nt to his family in the old barn, as a com-ion for "William" and "Melchizedek"—t was the dream of his old age, and the end l aim of his peddling junk, an activity ich he was under no actual necessity to rsue, was merely—to buy an elephant.

was curious as to what mountains of old vspapers and wildernesses of old iron, ld he needed finally to amass into an ele-nt. So I asked John the average price of good elephant. "A fine well elephant," he swered, "would run into about fifteen thou-d dollars," and he branched out into much eresting learning on the various types and cels of elephants, valuable information ich I should like to impart in my turn to reader, but that it has unfortunately es-ed my memory. However, I remember t the noblest breed came from Africa. The dian variety were much inferior. He had eady saved enough money to buy one of se, but nothing would content him but the le African animal, and this he must wait another year or two. I mentally made a that if a certain piece of luck befell me, hould beg leave to buy a share in an ele-nt with him, as one buys shares in a ooner; for of all things in the world, I uld have loved nothing better than to have n old John perambulating the country es, enthroned on an elephant. If he ked like a king in a fairy-tale, as it was, ted on his junk-cart; what a sublime im-ssiveness would have been his aloft upon elephant!

But alas!—well, it is too early for sad oughts about Old John; and who knows but that journey into the unknown on which, hout warning, he has started, he is not veling in state on an elephant. Perhaps eed, that old circus friend of his boyhood ddenly turned up at his barn-door one star-night, and carried him on through the kness to the dawn.

Chapter III

WAITING FOR THE BLUEBIRD

T had been one of those stubborn winters ich seem as if they will never end, as if frost will never loosen its grim hold on world; winters in which the heart fails h the weary monotony of the snow, and, April ends with fitful broken promises of ing, one really begins to think that some-ng has gone wrong with the universe, and t the old earth has at last lost its famous k of growing young again. Many a day e had leaped up with beating heart at ne delusive signal that the ancient ma-nery was revolving unimpaired, only to k back again in impatient despair. Sud-ly one morning, there would be a startling st and commotion of wings in the so long ent orchard. The starlings are back again. ey surely can not be mistaken. But no! y are gone again, and the dark sky settles wn like an iron lid over the gleaming land-pe. Still another morning, a breath meets at the open door, like an invisible rose-sh, and the sun rolls a flood of soft gold r the frozen meadows, and patches of green ead out, and the brooks are heard running, d there is a flute calling so heavenly clear wn among the gnarled apple-trees. O this e there is no mistake! This, of course, is ing. But when you look through your ndow-curtains next morning—what is this inous white silence everywhere. You rub ur eyes. You protest against the patent ab-dity of the thing. But it is true, for all t. A foot of snow has fallen in the night! d there we are back again just where we gan, and the meadows to be all melted over ain.

The winter had been particularly hard on d John's rheumatism; and, besides, for a n of his age, winter at the best seems a

particularly cruel waste of time. However, as he said, in all his hundred and three years he had never known the spring to fail yet, so he guessed it would be all right, if we had a little more patience. And one night, toward the end of April, as I walked up from the village, past some low-lying marshes, all as yet apparently snow and gloom, sure enough there was suddenly in the air an unmistakable sound, a low wide-spread shrill singing down there in the misty flats. My heart could hardly believe it. Old John's barn was close by. I ran off to him with the news.

"Did you hear it, John?" I cried excitedly.

"Hear what?" asked the old man, whose growing deafness was his one infirmity.

"Come out and listen," I said. And he came and stood with me by the barn-door, listening to the frail shrill piping. Then a smile lit up his old face.

"Peepers! by the Lord," he exclaimed, happy as a boy.

Yes! the "peepers," the young frogs, were awake. Suddenly, with mysterious unanimity, as though at the sweep of some unseen conductor's baton, they had chosen this special night to open up their orchestra. Down there in the marshes they were playing the overture of spring.

Of course the good news had to be told at once to "William" and Melchizedek, who expressed their satisfaction after their kind.

"It'll soon be time to be moving now, old friends," said John as he patted his two companions.

"John," said I, a sudden fancy taking me, and a great longing to share their wandering life out there on the free road. "John, won't you let me join the family? I'd like nothing better than to go with you."

"And I'd like nothing better than to have you go," answered Old John heartily; and, taking my hand, he added, "you're the first I've ever said that to—and it means a good deal, for I always take this trip alone—but somehow, well, perhaps I'll tell you about it as we go along."

"When shall we start, John?"

"With the first bluebird," was his answer, as though he had been quoting a time-table.

Chapter IV

IN WHICH I JOIN OLD JOHN ON PILGRIMAGE

THE bluebird didn't keep us waiting long; indeed a day or two after that grand annual opening concert of the "peepers," I spied three at once on the cherry-tree that shadows my window; and, when I went to take the news to Old John, there was another on the telegraph line that runs by the barn. John was already deep in his preparations for departure. For the purpose of this special yearly trip of his, he brought out from its obscurity in a dim corner of his abode a cart of much more antiquated type than that which he usually employed, a type seldom seen nowadays outside of museums, a sort of small stage-coach affair, composed of numerous small compartments each fitted with a door, and designed to hold various forms of merchandise. These John had already stocked, not merely with every conceivable species of tinware, but even with minor novelties of feminine adornments, hat-pins, curling-irons, hairpins, hair-ribbons, cheap perfumes, feathers, cheap jewelry, shoe-laces, and the like. There was also an attractive candy compartment. For the men there was an extensive assortment of tobacco and pipes, and a place packed tight with playing cards. Children's toys took up considerable space and fire-crackers and tin horns made no inconsiderable part of the cargo. In fact, Old John had turned his ancient conveyance into something like a ten-cent novelty store on wheels. There was scarcely a five- or ten-cent desire incidental to the human heart from five to eighty-five that he had not foreseen and provided for. The bells that usually swung festooned on a swaying line across the front of his cart, in the professional manner, he had distributed along the shafts, and for the purpose of more sensational announcement of his arrival in lonely places, an immense cow-horn was slung front of the wagon to the right of the driv seat, which was provided by a shallow can against the weather. "I guess she's ready the road," said John, casting an admiring of final inspection over his four-wheeled st "I don't see that I've forgotten anybody. if its agreeable to you, seven sharp to-mor morning, we'll make a start."

The day had gone by, as I stayed with h giving a helping hand to his preparations, the moon was rising clear behind a belt woodland.

"It'll be a fine morning, and good weat for a day or two, anyway," he said, scann the sky with his wise old eyes. "Now be off, and get a good night's rest and I'll up at your place seven sharp."

And sure enough, next morning promp the second, there were Old John's bells gling up the lane, and presently a mig blast of the cow-horn, such as I should hav have thought his old lungs capable of, nounced that our cavalcade was at the g "William's" coat which had been ne clipped for the occasion was shining like morning, and Melchizedek's joyous bark full of the renewed energy of spring. An miring ring of small boys, and one or neighbors had collected to see us off, and s sprang up to my place alongside of Old Jo he took the cow-horn from its place, and b another mighty blast, and we were off.

The old man seemed twenty years youn with the excitement of setting out. "A it's good to be on the road again, isn't it, 'W liam,'" he called, expanding his broad sho ders as he took in great draughts of the mo ing air. And "William" neighed lustily assent, and Melchizedek, running at our s seconded the motion over and over again, we went musically on our way.

"By night, if we make good going we sh sleep by the sea," said the old man.

[To be continued]

He Made Good

He was a bibulous Baltimore newspa man. One day he came into the office afte long and spirited absence.

"Back, eh?" said the city editor. "W let me tell you something. You have brought anything worth while into this of for weeks. I want you to go out this min and do not return until you bring a story a good story."

The city editor returned to his work and t woozy reporter went away, good soldier t he was, without comment upon his marchi orders.

Three or four hours later he came back. H clothes were muddy, his hands were scratch he was panting, and each pant showed that breath was even more so than it had been wh he had been given his Spartan instructio Walking up to the city editor he said:

"Sh-h! I've got a story; a good story big story."

"What is it?"

"Unknown bicycle rider going down C thedral Street; Cardinal Gibbons cross street; bicyclist did not slow up or give wa ing; Cardinal was struck and knocked dow bicyclist didn't stop to see how badly he w hurt, or anything, but kept on, faster th ever."

"Well that's a biggish story all right, you're sure it's all true."

After a time the city editor came to man, who was busily working on his sto and said:

"Say, old man, the police stations do know anything about that accident to Cardi Gibbons. Are you sure you're right about it

"Absolutely!"

"But why don't the police know anythi about it?"

"Well, you see, the fact is that—er—er— —if the police knew about it or had seen I couldn't be here to write it."

"Why?"

"Sh-h-h-h-h! It was me hit 'im!"

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The Messenger

. It wasn't that she reminded him of his
nise, but it gave him courage. He turned
is seat, cleared his throat and said: "Doc,
like you to see my boy, if you would!"
Eh! what's that?" The doctor was look-
at his watch. He had made all his ar-
gements to go back on the eleven-thirty
n; it was now ten o'clock.
I say, I would like you to look at my boy,
sick."
Well, well, I'm afraid I'll hardly have
e; I must catch that eleven-thirty train."
n he added: "What's the matter with
?"
Well, you see, he's a — a — a — " he
dn't remember that word that softened
meaning — "a little food," he finally said.
You mean a deficient?" the doctor asked.
im jumped at the word. "Yes, that's it,
or — a deficient."
Well, you don't want me to see him; I
t do anything for him; — you should send
to an institution —— "
No, no, doc — you don't understand —
got a cough, you see; had it all winter;
's what I want you to see him for. Send
to an institution?" He repeated it after
ause with an expression like a dead smile.
ere's my house"; he said, pointing —
n't take you ten minutes on your way
." Jim was anxious — over-anxious —
now hopeful at the great Professor's si-
e. "I'd like to pay you now for it, same
hough you came a purpose."
he doctor was smiling on the back seat.
ow much do you suppose I charge for
ing up here?"
I've got no idea, but whatever it is, I can
it."
Two hundred dollars," the doctor said.
im leaned over, put his whip back in its
et and buried his hand in his breeches
et. When he withdrew it, it held a wad
ig as a ripe cucumber. He picked off four
and handed them back to the doctor
out turning in his seat.
he doctor took them, still smiling at the
d expressionless back. He finally said:
you expect this to cure him?"
No, Doc." Jim's face was serious as he
ed a half view of it to the doctor. "It's
tly on the mother's account," he said.
Who's going to take me back to the de-
" the doctor finally asked.
I am."
Very well, then, wait for me and I'll get
y a little sooner." The doctor was sepa-
ng the bills as he said it. Poking three
hem over Jim's left shoulder he said:
ere I've helped myself to what I want;
the rest back in your pocket."
m raised his hand in protest. "No, doc,
mother will feel better at that price," just
hey turned into the gate of the Gardner
e, where Dr. Perkins's old horse was tied
post.
or half an hour Jim alternately flecked
whip at the early dandelions in the grass
gazed at the flowers in the conservatory
the windows raised. Finally the front
opened and the great Professor came
putting on his hat and laughing. He
a deliberate look at Jim, then got into
carryall. When they passed out of the
, the doctor leaned forward and said, still
ing, "What did you do to Dr. Perkins?"
a moment there was a pause, then Jim
:
Sold him a horse."
What did he do to you?" The doctor's
were twinkling and his face was twitch-
as he asked it.
m cleared his throat and said: "He told
little fellow and his mother that the
gh would break his neck." For an instant
doctor's face sobered, then he said; "You
't tell him anything like that about tho
e?"
No, *sir*." And Jim said it with convic-
tion, just as he pulled up to the little house by the road and half way to the depot.

Seated in a high-chair by the table and his microscope with a big new bow at his neck, his head supported by the jury mast Jimmie waited, with his mother beside him, putting finishing touches to the little derelict, just as big Jim opened the door.

"Mother, this is the Professor." Jim didn't know his name, but "Professor" was good enough for him.

Professor Johnson nodded to Mrs. Cronin. Then his eyes rested upon Jimmie, but only for a moment. Jimmie was trying to bow, and smiling a wrinkled, forlorn, grotesque smile, that made the doctor turn to the mother — in kindness. "How long has he been coughing?" he asked. She told him all about it from the beginning, with Mary Sharp standing in the kitchen doorway, her wrinkled sleeves turned down to the wrist. When Mrs. Cronin had finished, Mary Sharp prompted: "He vomited at first," she said, as though the forgotten symptom would change the whole situation; and Mrs. Cronin, realizing the gravity of her error, told it all over again, but backwards. The doctor was squinting, looking at a flower over by the window. He got up from his seat, went over to it and touched it — it was a green rose, in full bloom! "What's this?" he asked, turning to Mrs. Cronin seated on the sofa.

"Oh, it's one of Jimmie's flowers," she said, half apologetically.

"A green rose?" and then "Very remarkable!" "And this?" he asked: "It was the blue geranium with leaves thick and fleshy.

"Oh, that's Jimmie's, too." Old Hoss Cronin answered, now standing beside Jimmie's chair, his hand on Jimmie's sharp shoulder.

The doctor turned to look at Jimmie, a bewildered expression on his face. He said: "I will listen to his chest." He went over to where Jimmie was seated, his little legs dangling from the high-chair. Seeing the pile of neatly arranged papers on the table, he picked up the top sheet and read it all, with the little sheet pinned to it marked "Organic and Inorganic Equivalents." Little fine creeps were running down the doctor's back. He took up a dozen sheets hurriedly, went over to the window and read them, every scrap. "Who wrote this?" It was loud and sudden, startling to the others in the room. They looked at him dismayed.

"Who wrote this?" It shot out again like a blast.

"Why, Jimmie!" It was Mrs. Cronin, who thought he had gone crazy.

"He — he — he — wrote this! My God, woman, do you mean to say —— "

"Why, yes, doctor, Jimmie wrote it." Mrs. Cronin was frightened.

The doctor was looking at Jimmie, his eyes staring, his face holding an expression of bewilderment. He laid the papers back on the table, gently; then turned to Jimmie, and seeing for the first time the big blue tie and the white turnover collar that extended the full width of his narrow shoulders, he said: "How long have you been studying the chemistry of plants — Mr. Cronin?" the name came as an after-thought, whispered like an apology ventured.

Jim and his wife were seated on the horse-hair sofa when he asked it. Something had happened since the doctor had looked at those poor little foolish sheets. Something was wrong, very wrong, since the great specialist was questioning him with "Mr." and "Sir." An impending catastrophe threatened like that paroxysm in the kitchen when Jimmie had the whooping cough. Jim felt it in his wife's trembling hand that his now covered, but you could bet your life it wouldn't happen again., Jim rose from his seat: "You'll miss your train," he said. It was like a protest.

The doctor waved him back. "Never mind the train," he said, "I'll take another!" Then, turning to Jimmie, he asked, almost in the same breath: "Tell me, Mr. Cronin, *how* you know these things?" He was intently watching the big head that seemed to hold better poised faculties than anyone in the room. "I can see it all, and more, much more," Jimmie answered; but his words were thick, difficult to understand.

Ah! The doctor had at last solved the problem. His next question showed it, as he pushed himself back from the edge of the chair.

"Do you have much pain in your head?" he asked with a sigh of relief.

Jimmie shook his head.

"Do you see flashes of light?" He was again the physician, persistently inquisitive.

Jimmie again patiently shook his head as he said: "Only in the microscope," pointing towards it with his little wrinkled hand.

The doctor looked at it. There it was on the table in front of him, its end pointing to the earth in a clay pot. Close beside the pot stood a polished wooden box with a hole in its side—Jimmie's little X-ray toy. Interposed between the box and the flower-pot the doctor saw a thick wedge of glass, bound in black metal that partially enclosed it; he knew it at a glance; it was a spectroscope. He arose from his seat and looked into the microscope. When he was about to reseat himself, quite satisfied, Jimmie said: "Turn the switch on top of the box." The doctor did so. The little machine began to buzz and splutter. The doctor watched it for a moment, his eye catching the dull rainbow luminosity that played on the side of the clay flower-pot. "Now moisten the cardboard at the end of the microscope with the brush in that jar." Jimmie was again pointing. Old Hoss Cronin rose from his seat on the sofa and handed the jar to the doctor, then resumed his seat. "Now—look!"

Jimmie's mother knew he was getting tired; she detected a little nervous waver in his voice.

Again the doctor placed his eye to the microscope that pointed to the earth-filled pot. His brow furrowed. Little flashes of light—green and blue—were darting here and there, but with precision, with regularity. "What do I see?" His voice was doubtful, perplexed. Jimmie's voice now perceptibly trembled as he answered: "You are seeing the condition that enveloped the earth in historic times, when steam enveloped it, making a huge spectroscope of light; the earth enveloped in a rainbow; the individual colors of it fertilizing the inorganic; color affinitizing with atoms. Heat and vibration the organic and inorganic hold in common, but when the inorganic has absorbed light, its own particular light, then it is organic. Heat—vibration—and light, is life, bound together by affinity—perhaps that is the trinity." Jimmie's voice was clear for the first time in his life, as he said all this hurriedly, hungrily, to the great professor who might understand.

The doctor turned from the microscope. He was once more seated on the edge of the chair. "Mr. Cronin, would you object to my sending for my friend, Professor Grovesmith?"

"I have his book here," Jimmie replied, taking it up from the table in his little wrinkled hand that now trembled like his voice.

"Then you know that your theories disprove his every assertion?" The doctor's voice had risen as though with resentment.

"His reasoning is good, but his premises are wrong," Jimmie replied.

"In what respect?" The doctor arose from his seat. He now stood facing Jimmie. A hand organ suddenly began to play in front of the house, the first of the season. The doctor raised his voice and repeated the question. "In what respect, Mr. Cronin?"

"He can not account for organic matter, so he accepts it as a mystery, as the church accepts miracles."

The doctor was now pacing the floor, his hands clasped behind his back. The hand organ sent its penetrating music thr the open window, filling the room. Cronin's foot and Mary Sharp's rocking moved in unison to it that seemed like a companiment to Jimmie's voice.

"Do you realize that you are upsetting theories of the world, sir, the very fou tion of its teachings?" The doctor's was raised, his face flushed, almost an as he continued: "How do you know things; how *can* you know—you—you— out laboratory experience—without—" stopped by the open window, turned sudd angrily, and thrust his head out. "S Stop!" He fairly yelled it. "Go away! you want to drive us out of our senses?" the room everyone was startled. The m suddenly ceased. The doctor seemed b dered. "I will listen to your chest," finally said. He placed his head first on side of the iron rod that held the brace, on the other, listening to Jimmie's c The gurgling, bubbling sounds that met ear sent cold shivers down his back. straightened himself from his stooping tion and again went to the window, turned abruptly. "I will send for my fr Professor Grovesmith," he said. Takin time table from his pocket he continued: can catch the four o'clock train and reach at seven-thirty. I will go to the hotel, en rooms and send the message." He left house abruptly as though it was impera leaving the others standing, bewildered this unusual method of medical procedu

At eight o'clock Professor Johnson retu with Professor Grovesmith. Mary S opened the door. The room they entered dimly lighted. In a few moments they seated. Mary Sharp, the father and mothe the shadowy part of the room, mentally visible to the three whose interests for other thoughts.

In his little high-chair, the same broad lar with the big bow at his neck, Jimmie outwardly calm, but the two red spots on wrinkled face showed that at last he was ing the delights of life. The great truths had tumbled into his big misshapen head had quietly accepted as obvious. They brought with them no excitement, no stimulating reaction as now throbbed thro that little body.

In the forenoon when the doctor left, M Sharp and the mother had gone directly to him. His hands and legs were cold. M Sharp, right on her knees, chafed the l pipe stem legs with her big rough hands w his mother tried to warm the little fin with her own. "Poor little Jimmie," said, "and was he cold and tired, and the naughty doctor make mama's little l nervous?" And Jimmie, for the first tim the short nineteen years he had lived, sho impatience. "Let me alone," he said. It like a child going to his first party, w manliness must be put on with the clothes.

Now Professor Grovesmith was talk "By subjecting potash and phosphate der from rock to the X-ray spectrum you it becomes as acceptable to the plant as derived from bone and wood? that pla thrive and grow on it? What?"

"Not only that," Jimmie answered, " the individual color that fertilized it wil the color of the bloom. There," he s pointing to a pot of earth, the microsc standing over it, "is a crocus that has alw sent out a red bloom; this year it will be let, for the soil it's planted in is potash phosphate fertilized by the violet alone of spectrum."

Professor Grovesmith was now look through the microscope. Violet flashes of li from the X-ray were darting here and there the soil. Jimmie continued: "When heat vibration have reached a certain equilibri color enters. I have never been able to ca the moment of this birth, this unity, but so day I hope to, and then many things wil cleared up. Perhaps it will be our privil to liberate this bountiful supply from ture. Ah, what possibilities! A garden Eden!" The little derelict who sat un

e Argand light, his cheeks splotched with d, his sunken eyes glistening like stars, oked indeed as a Martian might have looked opped for a space from another world. It as the doctor who saw it and spoke while e great botanist gazed into the earth of the outing bulb. "I see," he said, his face id voice modulated by the dim light of the om and its surroundings, "I see you are a eligionist!" The great head nodded twice, verently. "But not," he answered, "as rhaps you think. Religion," he continued, in its accepted meaning of to-day, is stupid it's a compromise — a Deity bent and visted — mysteries made miracles to bear it it. A Deity? Yes; who can fail to see it ho studies Nature? Nature, that we call inimate, and all about us are the angels eying the great Master, cheerfully, gladly, exorably: and some day we will follow their xample; think of it, sir, man taught by the umb! It *must* be that they are intelligent, es, perhaps superior beings, these living, rowing flowers."

His face was radiant. On the sofa his other held old Hoss Cronin's hand, and, like er own, it was wet and soggy. Twice she ade as though to speak to him; now she hispered: "How clear his voice!" The octor, too, felt the spell of it: his eyes were alf closed watching Jimmie; when he was out to speak, Professor Grovesmith said hurriedly: "What's this?" He was gazing into he microscope, his face flushed, his brow arrowed. "Come, quick! See! *What is ?*" Jimmie's arms were now outstretched. Don't touch it! Move me," he cried. The octor quickly moved him, chair and all, placing him before his microscope and the little X-ray that buzzed and spluttered. "Ah! Here it is — turn off the switch, quick! Yes, yes, it's here — it's here!" They gazed at him. Oh, what a change! The great head no longer looked incongruous — the head of a master now leaned over his microscope, bathed in the brilliant light of the Argand burner.

"A pencil! paper! quick! — turn out the lights — all the lights!" The room was in darkness. A stifled sound came from the horsehair lounge. Then from the center of the room: "Yes, mother, yes — it's as you said — they choose their color — in the morning from the rising sun — and now — it —" he was writing on the pad — he had slipped his little chin rest to see the better — "Ah, how wonderful — how ——"

Something was happening in the darkened room — on the table — papers were rustling — roughly. "Jimmie!" It came from the sofa in a feminine voice freighted with apprehension — then a gurgling sound, as though trying to answer — then it came — a gasp, in a crash of falling things and breaking glass on the floor at their feet.

"A light, quick!" It was the doctor. The door of the kitchen was thrown open violently! From the light-flooded room a single shaft flashed it all in view — table — glass — earth — papers — all black and charred from the overturned jar. And in the center of it all the little derelict, his back towards them, but his face upturned.

Nature had jealously recalled her little messenger. Had closed the door of her treasure room. Jimmie was dead.

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Tunnelling through the Mind

sing it to keep an imaginary wheel in moon, and at the same time she regularly aised and lowered her right foot. This state f affairs had lasted for many months, preious to which her health had been excellent. Questioned as to the circumstances attending he onset of the tic, she could give no inormation whatever. In fact, she seemed to be naware that her hand and foot were perpetually moving. From her parents, however, it as learned that the trouble had set in following a restless night, during which she had alked in her sleep, saying over and over, "I ust work! I must work!" Hypnotizing er, Dr. Janet said:

"I want you to try and remember just hen you were taken ill, and anything of imortance that occurred immediately before the eginning of your illness. Had you been orried by anything?"

"Yes," she instantly replied.

"What was it?"

"My parents' poverty."

"But they have always been poor."

"I know that. But I did not realize it ntil one night, when the rent was due, and heard them talking of the difficulty they ould have in paying it."

"And that was the night your hand and oot began to move, and you were heard to ry out in your sleep: 'I must work, I must ork'?"

"It was."

"What is your occupation?"

"I make dolls' eyes."

You make them by means of a lathe, which ou work by treading a pedal with your foot nd turning a fly-wheel with your right and?"

"Yes."

No more questions were necessary. It was lear that the conversation overheard by the irl had made a deep and lasting impression n her emotional nature; had roused in her n intense desire to be as helpful to her arents as she could; and had suggested to er the idea of working harder than ever; a uggestion which, by a physical process as yet little understood, had blossomed into an hysterical tic.

Caused by suggestion, her malady was curable by suggestion, as Dr. Janet quickly demonstrated after he had ascertained the basic idea which it was necessary to expel from her mind.

Not everybody, however, can be hypnotized, nor is the use of hypnotism always desirable. Psycho-pathologists consequently have been obliged to work out other methods of recovering lost memories, the method of the sleep-waking state, already referred to, being one of these. Another is what is known as automatic writing.

This involves precisely the same phenomenon often manifested by spiritistic "mediums," who, passing into a trance-like state, write communications supposed to come from disincarnate spirits. In reality, such communications represent only the contents of the medium's subconsciousness, as investigation has shown; and, moreover, it is now known that many people, under suitable conditions, can produce automatic writing without going into the trance state. Taking advantage of this fact, psychologically trained physicians often utilize automatic writing to obtain the information they desire.

A striking case in point is one recorded by Dr. Janet. A patient of his, as the result of a profound emotional shock, was afflicted by chronic amnesia or loss of memory. She could remember nothing. So complete was the amnesia that it was necessary for her to carry a little pad of paper on which she constantly noted the events of her every-day life, in order to be able to keep track of herself.

Before a cure could be effected it was imperative to know whether the memory faculty had actually been blotted out, or whether she preserved a subconscious memory of the incidents, which, so far as any conscious memory was concerned, she undoubtedly had forgotten. There were little occurrences in her conduct which led Dr. Janet to suspect that the memory loss might not be so complete as it seemed. For instance, some time after she

had experienced the disease-producing shock she was attacked by a dog. Dr. Janet noticed that ever afterwards whenever she saw a dog she trembled violently. But she could give no reason for the trembling and when questioned about the attack could recall nothing concerning it.

She was not hypnotizable, so this method of recovering the lost memories, if they actually existed in the subconscious, was barred. Dr. Janet determined to try automatic writing. He gave her a book to read, placed in her other hand a pencil resting on a sheet of paper, and when she was engrossed in the reading, questioned her in a low tone.

"What are the names of the two physicians who visit your ward?" he asked.

Mechanically the hand wrote the names.

"And who are the other patients in the same room with you?"

Again the names were written, while the patient remained absorbed in her reading, oblivious to what her hand was doing.

"Why do you tremble whenever you see a dog?"

"Because," came the written answer, "not long ago a dog bit me and I am afraid of dogs."

Patiently continuing this process for days—a process frequently interrupted by her consciousness being attracted to the movements of her hand, whereupon the writing would instantly cease, Dr. Janet was able to demonstrate that she retained a perfect subconscious memory of the events which her conscious memory forgot a moment after their occurrence. He thus obtained precisely the information he needed, and before long was able to raise the subconscious memories above the threshold of consciousness and put an end to the amnesia.

Obviously, as may be noted in passing, the methods of hypnotism, the sleep-waking state, and automatic writing, are useful in recalling lost memories other than those associated with disease. It once became urgently necessary for a New England woman to remember the signature on a cheque that had been given to her two years before, the exact date of the cheque, and the name of the bank on which it was drawn. Fortunately for her, she was acquainted with a physician who knew how to dig down into the subconscious. Putting her into the sleep-waking state, he questioned her about the cheque.

Unbelievable as it must seem, her replies, while in the sleep-waking condition, made it certain that she retained a complete subconscious memory, not only of the data needed but even of the number of the cheque given to her. It was also found possible, by having her look into a crystal, to induce in her a visual hallucination of the cheque, in which she saw it in miniature precisely as it had appeared at the time she received it.

This last method—the method of crystal gazing—is usually less effective than the others described above, one reason being that comparatively few people are able to see in the crystal anything more than a cloudy blur. But when it is effective it produces most impressive results. I quote an experience of a Boston medical psychologist, Dr. Isador H. Coriat, who once employed it in the hope that it would enable him to recover some important notes he had made for a scientific paper.

"Prolonged search," writes Dr. Coriat, in describing the incident, "failed to discover these notes, although I distinctly remembered having made them on a particular kind of blue paper. It then occurred to me that perhaps it would be interesting by means of crystal gazing to see if I could recover any trace of the lost notes. The result was peculiarly interesting and successful. I distinctly saw myself in the crystal, sitting at my desk, and caught myself in the act of tearing up these particular notes in connection with some other data which I had finished using, and throwing the torn pieces into the waste-paper basket. A search in the basket discovered the lost and torn notes, which I was able to piece together. Now, the tearing of these notes was evidently an absent-minded act; and yet an act which was preserved in the unconscious and later fully reproduced throu the technical device of crystal gazing."

When it is remembered that psychology an experimental science is little more th twenty-five years old, one can appreciate, view of the facts above presented, the ri ness of the promise it holds out in the w of assisting in the relief of suffering and t cure of disease. It is my firm belief th before many years every medical school in t country will have psychology on its list subjects compulsory on all candidates for t M.D. degree. Nor is it only to physicia that knowledge of psychology is of prime he fulness. As I have said, there is no doma of human endeavor on which it does not ha an important bearing.

The association-reaction method of men diagnosis, as we have already seen, affo greatly needed aid to the judge, the lawy the criminal prosecutor. It is no less use to the parent and the school teacher, for its help moral delinquencies on the part children—secret vices and evil habits whi if not checked, may result in the ruin of promising young life—can readily be tected. Or it may be used by parent a teacher to ascertain the presence of incipie mental troubles, many of which give their fi manifestation in childhood, and could be cu if then discovered and submitted to the pro medical treatment. It is to me a most ho ful sign that in a recent revision of a sta ard text-book on child psychology, there is long chapter on the abnormal psychology childhood, with emphasis on the importa of the teacher mastering at least its elemen

Science for Backward Children

The contributions of psychology, howev to the progress of education are so many a varied that it would require an entire arti to begin to do justice to them. There is a single educational problem on which m ern psychology has not thrown light. Just present, appalled by the discoveries that ha been made with respect to the amazing deg of mental backwardness among the sch going population, the psychologists are p ticularly bestirring themselves to ascert the causes and remedies of this unexpec condition. A statistical investigation und taken by the school superintendent of one our largest cities has shown that in five r resentative American cities from 21.6 to 4 per cent of the elementary school populat are one year and more behind the grade which their age should have placed them, a that in one city as high as 5.1 per cent four years and more behind grade. To termine the reason for this and to dev methods of remedying it, experiments are n in progress in the psychological laborator of the University of Pennsylvania, Colum University, Clark University, and other le ing centers of psychological investigation, a already most practical results in the way curing individual cases of mental retardat have been obtained.

To the business man, likewise, psychol offers much. If he wishes to sell goods it u dertakes to instruct him in the best meth of approaching prospective customers, adv tising his wares, and dressing his shop w dows. It has information of the utmost va to impart to him with regard to ways a means of securing the greatest efficiency fr his employees. It can show him how to crease his own efficiency, prosperity, and h piness. Should he happen to be at the he of a great transportation company it can p vide him with tests for determining, with solute precision, the fitness of applicants positions—such as those of train dispatc switchman, engineer, steamboat pilot, auto Lile chauffeur—carrying with them great sponsibility for the safety of the travel public. In a thousand other ways psychol has proved itself of the highest value as aid in meeting the needs and solving problems of everyday life.

Do you wonder that, in beginning this b review of its achievements, I proclaimed the greatest of the sciences?

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The Valley of Silent Men

wenty miles when the sun began sinking in he West, and they struck camp. After their upper of meat the Cree rolled himself in is blanket and slept. But for long hours Roscoe sat beside their fire. Night dropped bout him, a splendid night filled with sweet reaths and stars and a new moon, and with trange sounds which came to him now in a anguage which he was beginning to under-tand. From far away there floated faintly o his ears the lonely cry of a wolf, and it no onger made him shudder, but filled him with he mysterious longing of the cry itself. It as the mate-song of the beast of prey, send-ng up its message to the stars — crying out o all the wilderness for a response to its oneliness. Night birds twittered about him. A loon laughed in its mocking joy. An owl ooted down at him from the black top of a all spruce. From out of starvation and death he wilderness had awakened. Its sounds poke to him still of grief, of the suffering hat would never know end; and yet there rembled in them a note of happiness and of ontent. Beside the campfire it came to him hat in this world he had discovered two hings — a suffering that he had never known, nd a peace he had never known. And Oachi tood for them both. He thought of her until rowsiness drew a pale film over his eyes. The birch crackled more and more faintly in he fire and sounds died away. The stillness f sleep fell about him. Scarce had he fallen nto slumber when his eyes seemed to open ride and wakeful, and out of the gloom be-ond the smouldering fire he saw a human orm slowly revealing itself, until there stood learly within his vision a figure which he at rst took to be that of Mukoki, the chief. But in another moment he saw that it was ven taller than the tall chief, and that its yes had searched him out. When he heard voice, speaking in Cree the words which nean, "Whither goest thou?" he was startled o hear his own voice reply, "I am going back o my people."

He stared into vacancy, for at the sound f his voice the vision faded away; but there ame a voice to him back through the night, hich said, "And it is here that you have ound that of which you have dreamed — ife, and the Valley of Silent Men!"

Roscoe was wide awake now. The voice nd the vision had seemed so real to him that e looked about him tremblingly into the tarlit gloom of the forest, as if not quite ure that he had been dreaming. Then he rawled into his balsam shelter, drew his lankets about him, and fell asleep.

The next day he had little to say to his ndian companion as they made their way own stream. At each dip of their paddles deeper sickness seemed to enter into his eart. Life, after all, he tried to reason, was ike a tailored garment. One might have an deal, and if that ideal became a realization t would be found a misfit for one reason or nother. So he told himself, in spite of all he dreams which had urged him on in the ght for better things. There flooded upon im now the forceful truth of what Ransom ad said. His work, as he had begun it, was t an end, his fabric of idealism had fallen nto ruins. For he had found all that was deal, love, faith, purity and beauty — and he, Roscoe Cummins, the idealist, had repulsed hem because they were not dressed in the ailored fashion of his kind. He told him-elf the truth with brutal directness. Before im he saw another work in his books, but f a different kind; and each hour that assed added to the conviction within him hat at last that work would prove failure. He went off alone into the forest when they amped, early in the afternoon, and thought f Oachi, who would mourn him until the nd of time. And he — could he forget? What if he had yielded to temptation, and had taken Oachi with him? She would have come. He knew that. She would have sacrificed herself to him forever, would have gone with him into a life which she could not understand, and would never understand, satisfied to live in his love alone. The old, choking hand gripped at his heart, and yet with the pain of it there was still a rejoicing that he had not surrendered to the temptation, that he had been strong enough to save her.

The last light of the setting sun cast film-like webs of yellow and gold through the forest as he turned in the direction of camp. It was that hour in which a wonderful quiet falls upon the wilderness, the last minutes between night and day, when all wild life seems to shrink in suspensive waiting for the change. Seven months had taught Roscoe a quiet of his own. His moccasined feet made no sound. His head was bent, his shoulders had a tired droop, and his eyes searched for nothing in the mystery about him. His heart seemed weighted under a pressure that had taken all life from him, and when he came within sight of the campfire he stopped beside a big rock, and buried his fingers in the thick moss which warm suns had bared. The gloom thickened about him, and close above him, in a balsam bough, a night bird twittered. In response to it a low cry burst from his lips, a cry of loneliness and of grief. In that moment he saw Oachi again at his feet; he heard the low, sweet note of love in her throat, so much like that of the bird over his head; he saw the soft lustre of her hair, the glory of her eyes, looking up at him from the half gloom of the tepee, telling him that they had found their god. It was all so near, so real for a moment, that he sprang erect, his fingers clutching handsful of moss. He looked toward the camp, and he saw something move between the rock and the fire. It was a wolf, he thought, or perhaps a lynx, and drawing his revolver he moved quickly and silently in its direction. The object had disappeared behind a little clump of balsam shrub within fifty paces of the camp, and as he drew nearer, until he was no more than ten paces away, he wondered why it did not break cover.

There were no trees, and it was quite light where the balsam grew. He approached, step by step. And then, suddenly, from almost under his hands, something darted away with a strange, human cry, turning upon him for a single instant a face that was as white as the white stars of early night — a face with great, glowing, half-mad eyes. It was Oachi. His pistol dropped to the ground. His heart stopped beating. No cry, no breath of sound, came from his paralyzed lips. And like a wild thing Oachi was fleeing from him into the darkening depths of the forest. Life leaped into his limbs, and he raced like mad after her, overtaking her with a panting, joyous cry. When she saw that she was caught the girl turned. Her hair had fallen, and swept about her shoulders and her body. She tried to speak, but only bursting sobs came from her breast. As she shrank from him, Roscoe saw that her clothing was in shreds, and that her thin moccasins were almost torn from her little feet. The truth held him for another moment stunned and speechless. Like a lightning flash there recurred to him her last words, "And some day — the Valley of Silent Men will awaken." He understood — now. She had followed him, fighting her way through swamp and forest along the river, hiding from him, and yet keeping him company so long as her little broken heart could urge her on. And then, alone, with a last prayer for him — *she had planned to kill herself.* He trembled. Something wonderful happened within him, flooding his soul with day — with a joy that descended upon him as the Hand of the Messiah must have fallen upon the heads of the children of

Samaria. With a great, glad cry he sprang toward Oachi and caught her in his arms, crushing her face to him, kissing her hair and her eyes and her mouth until at last with a strange soft cry she put her arms up about his neck, and sobbed like a little child upon his breast.

Back in the camp the Indian waited. The white stars grew red. In the forest the shadows deepened to the chaos of night. Once more there was sound, the pulse and beat of a life that moves in darkness. In the camp the Indian grew restless with the thought that Roscoe had wandered away until he was lost. So at last he fired his rifle.

Oachi started in Roscoe's arms.

"You should go back—alone," she whispered. The old, fluttering love-note was i her voice, sweeter than the sweetest music Roscoe Cummins. He turned her face u and held it between his two hands.

"If I go there," he said, pointing for moment into the South, "I go *alone*. B if I go there—" and he pointed into t North—"I go *with you*. Oachi, my belove I am going with you." He drew her clo again, and asked, almost in a whisper, "A when we awaken in the Valley of Silent Me how shall it be, my Oachi?"

And with the sweet love-note, Oachi sa in Cree,

"Hand in hand, my master."

Hand in hand they returned to the waitir Indian, and the fire.

Continued from page

Marrying Jane

drons. The well-bred hush was too heavy for the clinking of much gold to sound through. It was so much more than elegance; it was the real thing, which Foxbrooke didn't even know how to imitate.

There was a subdued clattering of hoofs, a soft creaking of leather, pleasant voices using long "a's" and no "r's," and a group of riders drew up at the door. Women and young girls; men, young and middle-aged, professionally at leisure; and such horses! They were the most wonderful things I had ever seen, sleek, perfect, groomed as for the horse show, bred to slenderness of ankle and delicacy of head through generations of the same wealth that had made their masters able to appreciate them. And in the midst of them all, tall, copper-crowned, calm as though she had sat priceless horseflesh all her life, was Jane. Two men swung from their saddles to help her alight.

"That's the youngest Townsend," said Georgiana. "His occupation is reinvesting his surplus. They say he's a good sort. The other is Mr. Wilder, the clergyman. Of course he does work for a living, but I didn't know he rode."

"Where did Jane get the horse?" I asked.

"From the Hartley's stables. They've been so very kind to us. Of course I had to buy the habit, and she'll probably never use it again; but I just wrote it down to the expenses of this adventure."

Jane came running up-stairs, and the riders turned their horses and rode away as silently as such a thing could be done—like gentle folks dining without clatter of silver. Jane was a lovely creature. There was something about the set of her shoulders and the angle of her neck that added several hundreds to the value of any clothes she might wear. She had all Georgiana's wonderful color, rose and cream and bronze, and an air of repose which was indigenous. No wonder she had "caught on" at Torexo!

That evening Mrs. Hartley gave a dance—or, rather, a dance apparently gave itself at Mrs. Hartley's. One imagined she had said to her housekeeper:

"Jenkinson, I am giving a dance on the twenty-fourth."

"Very well, madame. For how many?"

"I don't know exactly—ask my secretary."

And then on the day:

"Madame entertains to-night," announces the maid. "What color will madame wear?"

"Ah, true! Blue, I think, Estelle—something cool."

I never saw Georgiana look so lovely, but she seemed conscious that her dress, instead of being one of many, was a solitaire in her wardrobe. Every one was very nice to her, but somehow she seemed to feel herself there as the useful fowl set on high because it had produced a swan—not for its own value. Her talk with the other guests had to be on such detached subjects as music and the drama. All the intimate personal gossip of one person and another, all the happenings at Torexo in the past, and the doings in New York, and London, and Cairo and the South Seas, which they were a part, were absolutely u known to her. She felt like a creature of h own dreams dangling its feet a few inch above the solid earth and unable to get dow She was so uncomfortable that she attache herself almost by force to a group of peop she knew. She would *not* appear out of pla She *would* seem to be having a good time, b really she suffered as a young girl does being a wallflower at her first party. S settled herself beside Mrs. Aldine, a slend creature with a wonderful profile and love jeweled hands, who welcomed Georgiana saying:

"Your beautiful daughter is a delight us all this evening."

There, just as she supposed—she was not ing but Jane's mother! The girl was eros ing the floor on the arm of an elderly you who had distributed the hair over his crov with discrimination.

"Ah," said Apperson Forbes, who lounge lank and gray, beside Mrs. Aldine, "I didn know DuVal was back."

Georgiana started. DuVal! Why the su was hardly over and that woman all but prov to have had a case—and DuVal was about dance with Jane!

"I wonder how Janice Tabor feels about all," said an elderly maiden making the m of her figure. "Her husband's coming bac too, I hear."

What was this crisscross coupling of name Georgiana could not ask, but it did not sou nice. She wished DuVal hadn't danced wi Jane.

A youth with the carefully preserved acce of the F. F. V.'s deposited Jane beside Georg ana, and Mr. Apperson Forbes proceeded monopolize her attention. He had be hedged in by silence until then, though M Aldine and the elderly maiden had tried make him talk, but Jane with the mere question about the blue palm which brush the back of her head started him. It was thing which Georgiana had dinned into h the charm of the listening ear—that it more important to make people talk than talk to them. Mr. Wilder catching sight Jane beside the blue palm asked her to dan

"I see your rector dances," said Georgia to Mrs. Aldine.

"Why not?" asked that lady in faint su prise.

Georgiana didn't answer. She was lear ing that in Torexo Park most things are tak for granted. She watched the violet band Jane's bright hair appearing and disappe ing in the crowd and making a sort of z logical progress among the assorted drago that beset her daughter's pathway. She w roused by seeing Apperson Forbes rise slow shake the kinks out of his legs, and advan over the slippery floor toward Jane. Mrs. dine stopped talking, the elderly maid allowed her figure to cave in, and Georgia gasped for breath. This was not smoke wi out fire, for Apperson Forbes was fifty if was a day. They passed out through the lo

nch windows into the sunken garden that hung with lanterns, and Jane herself was arently the only uninterested person in the n.

eorgiana escorted her daughter home that at in a mixture of frightened anger and rly forming resolution.

ven the wind usually died down in Torexo k on Sunday morning. It would really be inconsiderate of it to disturb the Saturday ht revellers till they were ready to wake Only a few of the more sedate residents through their coffee in time to saunter r to the chapel and hear Mr. Wilder read service. These were the people who con- red church as much a part of Sunday as ning clothes are of dinner. Georgiana at because she felt she must keep hard hold anything she knew in this changing world. e did not feel any such need, but the rning after Mrs. Hartley's dance she ap- red all crisp and starchy and ready to go. The chapel at Torexo must have been de- ned by an epicure in pleasure. It was as and Gothic as a place could be with sun- ne flooding the world around. Of course seats were softly padded, for why should be uncomfortable? It was like a stage ting for repentance, self-denial and prayer, iquant sauce for the indolent pleasures of week. But if the chapel was conventional young rector was not. Georgiana after- rd called that sermon an entomological r de force, for there was not an insect rec- nized by polite society which did not fly or wl or hop through it. Our good old stand- s, the drone and the worker bee, and the ab and the butterfly, filled up the fore- ound; but there were also the ant contrasted th the grasshopper, and again with her re- tant companion the sluggard, and the moth hich helped rust to corrupt and afterward l for itself in the flame. I had begun to preciate the text which calls even the grass- pper a burden, when Mr. Wilder swung into s finale.

"The rich man agrees that it is God who ves the increase, but he acts as though it me solely through his own efforts." And en he began to quote:

"For he saith, by the strength of my hand ve I done it, and by my wisdom; for I am ident: and I have removed the bounds of e people, and have robbed their treasures, d I have put down the inhabitants like a liant man.

"And my hand hath found as a nest the ches of the people; and as one gathereth gs that are left, have I gathered all the rth.

"These are your iniquities and the iniqui- es of your fathers together, and destruction pon destruction is cried for the whole land spoiled.

"But your spoil shall be gathered like the athering of the caterpillar; as the running and fro of locusts shall be run upon them.

"And they shall eat up thine harvests and ly bread, and they shall eat up thy flocks nd thine herds; they shall eat up thy vines nd thy fig trees; they shall impoverish thy enced cities in which thou trustedst."

I looked up his quotations afterward and ust in print on paper they didn't move me, ut when a great young voice vibrating with motion hurled them straight in the face of Torexo Park where incomes are derived so irectly from the needs of the people; so ested in gold-edged public-utilities, that not ven a panic which would topple Wall Street bout its own ears could depress them — but shaw! If the congregation saw where Mr. Wilder was aiming they probably enjoyed the aint thrill of fear. Was it not an emotion — r the ghost of one? They were quite ready o say "scare us again." But his words made great impression on Jane, she applied it ike a plaster to the people around her and vas very sober as we walked home.

That evening Georgiana and I sat on the dge of the veranda where we could comment without being heard while Torexo swarmed around Jane as Foxbrocke had done.

"They are marriageable men from the finan- cial point of view," said I. "They've all such

incomes as make earning a living out of the question. Of course they might go into finance as they shoot quail, not for hunger but for sport. But as far as money goes they must come up to your requirements."

"Not at all!" asserted Georgiana stoutly. "The size of their incomes makes the things Jane knows unnecessary. Will their wives have to keep house? Will they have to plan their wardrobes so as to get the most for the least? Will it be necessary for them to do accounts or manage prudently? What will it be to them — the point at which a maid of all work should be supplemented by the outside laundress and cleaning woman? And above all, what is the price of gas to them that it should force them out into community life to set it right? No. Financially I'm not satisfied with them at all."

I couldn't help thinking of other objections as I watched the crowd. There were the Townsend boys, one earnest and philanthropic, the other playful and athletic; there was a misty-eyed young German, a Graf von something, corseted beyond a doubt and with dueling scars on his pasty, white face; a fresh-faced youth swinging his silk-socked feet and dropping the butts of monogramed cigarettes among the flowers; besides DuVal and Apperson Forbes.

"Most of them don't think they're ready to marry yet," I ventured. "It isn't the custom of their class."

"No," assented Georgiana. "Only DuVal and Apperson Forbes think they are the right age because they have begun to take their pleasures sadly and life seems dull. The delicate aroma of dissipation clings around them and they're ready to make a play for their lost youth with anything so fresh and lovely as Jane. And if any of those young men had wanted to marry Jane and she had cared for them I should have felt that I *was* a managing, mercenary mamma, for it wouldn't have been fair to them. Jane's not trained to their kind of life — they and their money are no gateway to her career. She's a professional woman with important work to do, though they haven't found it out. They've nothing but affluence to give her, which is only a small part of what she needs; and she has nothing but youth and beauty to give them, which leaves all the important things out of consideration. Jane's a pleasant novelty now, but Minnie Martin is more in their line. Jane is just as much a specialized product as any heiress intended for the wife of a title."

As Georgiana's mouth ended the dry heat began to creep up the hills of Torexo. The grass seared a little and it was hard to get enough water on the roads to keep them dust free. Apparently it was time for Bar Harbor and the shore — for why should one be uncomfortable? People began to melt out of the Park and Georgiana packed to return to Foxbrooke. For her own happiness she was glad to do so.

"I've learned that I'm a working woman," she said.

But she had an awful sense of failure so far as Jane's career went, for she had thrown this die and had won nothing—because there had been nothing to win.

It wasn't a cheering prospect back in Foxbrooke, though I think Georgiana rather relished her occupation of keeping down the gas bill. There was the swarm of boys ready to settle about Jane again with their loud laughter, their automobiles, their parties at the club with mothers in exaggerated fashions as chaperones. They seemed somehow cheaper and more ineligible than ever and Georgiana turned with something like relief to John's solid friend, Howard Morton, who could at least give Jane the material basis for her life and had in himself a certain goodness and companionableness. He was not an exciting prospect, but perhaps he would do. And then came a letter from Apperson Forbes saying he was motoring through Foxbrooke and asking if he might call. Such a request from such a man was almost a declaration of intentions, and Georgiana and John talked it over before they submitted the matter to Jane. The girl was perfectly calm about it.

"I suppose that's what he does mean. He said as much to me up there. Told me his income — it's quite incredible, Mother dear, but he doesn't seem to get much fun out of it. Of course there would be automobiles — and I do want one — and perfectly ripping clothes — and I could go to see Paris, and up the Nile. And when I told him I thought everybody ought to have enough to live on he said it showed a beautiful spirit; but when I said I was going to do something about it he looked shocked."

That seemed to settle Apperson Forbes.

"So you see," said Georgiana to me, "it was all a waste of time. Only if we hadn't gone I wouldn't have known it. I might have felt I had neglected an opportunity. But now what am I going to do with Jane?"

And then without any warning at all came Mr. Wilder, the Torexo clergyman, walking up to the gate, and after he was gone:

"Mother," said Jane, kneeling beside Georgiana, "Mother! Don't you see it's all right?"

Georgiana was trembling and crying heartily.

"Don't you see, Mother, that this is just what you've been training me for? You wouldn't cry, Mother, if it was Junior ju getting a big electrical construction contrac You've trained me for matrimony ever sin I was little—don't you want me to practi it? I couldn't have married any of the Fo brooke boys, and the kind of marriage M Apperson Forbes had to offer wasn't the mat mony I'd been trained for. But Anthony's ju like a business opportunity. He needs the ki of woman you've made me into, an admin trator, a dietician, a sociologist, a politicia And isn't he the kind of man I need to he me make the kind of home the communi needs? He's in one of the few uncrowd professions there is, and he's got past t stage where it doesn't pay. Isn't he in a po tion to make people see what they ought have and how to get it? Just remember th sermon at Torexo Park! You've often sa that the Professor had *such* a chance if only knew how to use it and hasn't a clerg man just as good a one? And as for my doi something definite in the community—w Anthony expects so much of me that I ha to dig in my heels to hold back! A Mother — "

The girl hid her face in her mother's lap.

"To have the right man, and the rig work — and to love him too!"

Continued from pag

The Old Rose Umbrella

A Rainy Afternoon.

Last night Linda took dinner with me. Although the first stars were out she brought the old rose umbrella, in case of rain. It has come, in some strange manner, to symbolize the relation between us, being every-day and even useful, but at the same time exquisite. The sight of its rosy silk and its silver handle has become as dearly familiar to me as Linda's gay ingenuousness, and I hope, fondly, that in the rain it means for her my protecting care.

She was very beautiful in her soft, white, little dress, around her neck the pink coral I gave her when she was twenty. And with her presence my shabby study became transfigured. She herself lighted the candles in their various old brass sticks and readjusted the pink shades on my mother's silver candelabrum — when Linda comes I always dine in the study because she likes the room. At sight of the roses I had bought for her she flushed and laughed with pleasure.

"'The sweetest flower that blows,'" she quoted. "What is the next line?"

"'I give you as — we part ——'"

"Ah, but it doesn't fit!" she said gaily, turning away.

I wondered.

We were very happy over the meal, which we ate alone, serving each other. Linda would have been delighted if she had known how very grown up she seemed to me as I saw her across the roses. The poise of her slim body, the graceful movements of her hands, were womanly and sweet. And the light of her eyes when she smiled — that would go to a man's head, if it were for him.

Yet she had swift changes from the woman to the child. One was when she leaned her elbows on the table, as she was not allowed to do in the woolly lamb days, and demanded, as she did then:

"Justin, tell about when you were a little, little boy!"

We had an hour of it, then, I with my boyhood pirates and castles and she with her fairies and knights and damosels. At last we fell silent as people do when the past has been on their lips for long. Linda cuddled up in the corner of her chair and through the fringe of her lashes watched the fire, which was now coals again. I can not tell how many minutes we had remained thus, but Linda took up the last words as if there had been no pause.

"And you never wore a lady's favor these years, did you, Justin?"

"No, dear."

"D—didn't you ever love a woman?"

I burst out laughing at that and stirred the coals desperately, assuming the air of squire of dames.

"Love a woman? Of course, I've loved woman! Who hasn't? She had red hair a green eyes. She — Why, no, no, no, Lin what is it? Can't you see a joke, child!"

She had risen and was staring at me, h rified, the palms of her little hands press against her cheeks.

"G—green eyes!" she whispered.

"You know," I said, pulling her han away, "I have never loved anyone but yo

She shut her eyes and swayed away fr me.

"What — do — you mean?"

"Don't be frightened, dear. I shall not spoil things! I mean only this: You ha been my little girl always, haven't you, r little goddaughter? You see I was bo an old bachelor, and destined in my era to carry a gold-headed cane. But I have been deprived of fatherhood, you — you f filled that."

She leaned her head against me and sobbe She is easily unstrung, lately. As for m my head was mazed. Why should Linda c if the cursed woman *did* have green eyes?

I led her to a chair, and for the first ti in ten years took her in my arms, holdi her like a little child. She nestled her he in my neck. Now and then she reached and stroked my cheek softly.

Presently she whispered something so l that I had to bend down to get it.

"Forgive me, Justin, for being — que But I'm so — unhappy."

I patted her shoulder and cuddled her warm.

Again, very low,

"I think, after all, I don't like bei grown up."

"Nobody does, Linda," I answered. "B a lot of us have to be."

She sighed and fingered my buttonhole.

"Did you ever hear," I continued, "of game called 'What Will Happen Next 'The Piper' says that if we play it thin are often easier."

"But if one should get not to care?"

"In a game one always cares! Shall play it, Linda?"

"Very well," she answered strangely. "

say so, dear, we'll have — one more nd!"

nd when it became late I took her home er the stars.

his morning I received the following note:

y aged godsire — darling!

Be at your window at half past one to- . I shall walk by; and if you watch, per- s you will see — the man! — The game What Will Happen Next!' My deal, and r lead. "Your ROSALINDA."

t has been a gray day with a downpour n low clouds. All the morning I sat at desk with that note before me, and could work. The desk, the window seat, the chair, spoke of Linda — here a tiny dkerchief tucked into a pigeonhole, there t pillow embroidered with my monogram. t on the chair was the red note-book she brought in only yesterday for my inspec- n. And I must watch for the old rose rella sheltering her and — "the man."

did not know them until they were very r. For under a somber black umbrella e Rosalind, and beside her a big red- ked young brute, riotously handsome, but ow, certainly. I remembered instantly his name is Thomas Edward Burke; but nd never even reckoned him into my cal- ations.

inda looked toward my window. What vering lips! And her eyes, I could see, e brimming tears! She waved her hand ne and stumbled against Thomas Edward, shing at his arm. Then suddenly and, I r, for my benefit, she beautifully smiled o his face.

miled, did I say? It started in to be a le. But as her lips parted, they seemed, at once, to freeze in terror. Her eyes ed up at the big young man darkly. Her ds went out before her as if to keep him y. Then, I saw her turn, with a wild le gesture, saw and wonderfully under- d that she could not act it even in a ne. She fled from Thomas Edward Burke, ring him in consternation, the umbrella ed back on his shoulder. But she fled to front door! The old knocker thumped r once before I was there.

'repared to greet the same wildness I had n but an instant before, I was astounded find on the steps a limp little girl who d,

Justin, I left my umbrella last night; e — have you found it?"

No," I said, flinging open still wider the r, "but it's here!"

drew her into my hall, rudely shutting mas Edward out. She stood very still and not raise her eyes to me. Thomas Ed- d! — I lifted her off the floor.

Linda!" I cried, I fear very loudly. inda!" We swayed against the umbrella s as I vainly tried to see her face. "I you, dear!"

First, her arms went slowly around me. en, at last, I saw her great eyes, beautiful ough tears, looking into mine, untrammeled wonderful.

Oh, do you, Justin?" she whispered. "Do ? B-because, you — are — 'the man'!"

UNIMPORTANT.

outhern negroes have an irresponsible way visiting about indiscriminately.

Please tell me your name and address?" ed the depot reporter of a middle-aged ress. "Ah's Mrs. Ca'tah from Co'fox."

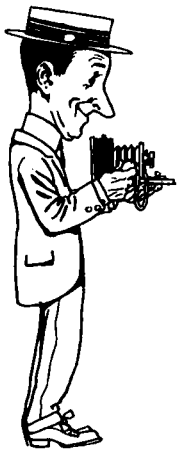
Whom have you been visiting, Mrs. Car- ?" she was asked. "Ah's been visiting de olo'd woman down de track heah a couple ks fo' about a week. Ah can't jus' 'mem- her name." — ELBA CARL.

PLENTY OF STABILITY.

A Western mining prospector was paying first visit to New York.

What do you think of it?" asked the nd Gothamite as he pointed out the sky- apers.

Wal," replied the miner, "it looks like a manent camp all right." — WILL IRWIN.



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