GRAND RAPIDS

SEPTEMBER PRICE 10 Cents

SUCCESS & MAGAZINE The National Post

THE WOMAN WITH THE RED WHEELS

TAKING THE BABY TO CHURCH

MELLEN—TRANSPORTATION OVERLORD OF NEW ENGLAND

THE ISLE OF THE LONELY PALM

DAVID MANNES—APOSTLE OF MUSIC

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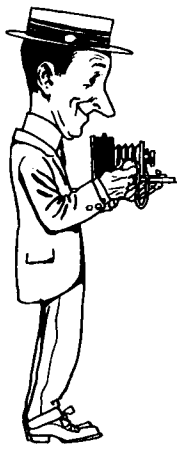

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SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST Will Pay

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For Pictures of the Most Attractive Homes of Its Readers

THE most attractive place doesn't necessarily need to have cost a fortune in the building; a small and inexpensive house can be made as homelike as one that cost $10,000. SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST, as a National Home Magazine, desires to show how this can be done—how it has been done.

To equalize conditions in so far as possible, all the cities, towns and villages of the United States have been divided into two classes, and a complete list of prizes will be awarded in each class.

This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST in order to be entitled to compete for the prizes offered.

Class A is made up of towns and villages of less than 5,000 population;
Class B includes all towns and cities of more than 5,000 people.

THE PRIZE OFFER

For the photograph of the most attractive home in each class we will pay $15.00; for the second, $5.00; for the next five we will pay $2.00 apiece; and for the following twenty $1.00 apiece.

CONDITIONS

1. The name of the contestant, his address, and the cost of the home must be written on the back of the photograph.

2. All photographs must be in this office by October 1st, and announcement of the winners will be made as soon afterward as is possible.

3. The picture does not have to be taken by a professional photographer; an amateur's will do if it is about 4 x 5 inches or larger in size. Simply put the picture of *your* home into an envelope and mail it to

THE PUBLISHERS
SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST
29-31 East Twenty-second Street, New York

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SUCCESS

MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
Founder and Editor

AND

The National Post

Published Monthly by The National Post Company, 29–31 East Twenty-Second Street, New York. E. E. Garrison, President; J. L. Gilbert, Vice-President and Treasurer; Samuel Merwin, Secretary; E. C. Wheeler, Assistant Treasurer.

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CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER

DEPARTMENTS

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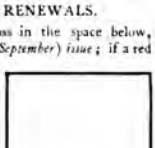
If you find a blue pencil cross in the space below, *your subscription expires with this (September) issue*; if a red pencil cross, it expires with the next (*October*) issue.

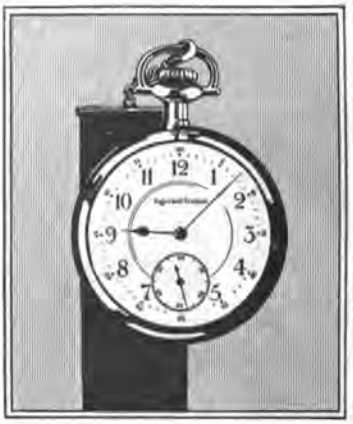


Subscriptions to begin with the October issue should be received by October 15; to begin with November should be received by November 15. Subscription price: $1 a year; in Canada $1.20; foreign countries, $2 a year; all invariably in advance. On sale at all news-stands for 10c. a copy. SEE INSIDE BACK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

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS

We guarantee our subscribers (of record) against loss due to fraudulent misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue, provided that *mention of* SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST *is made when ordering*. This guaranty does not cover fluctuations of market values, or ordinary "trade talk," nor does it involve the settling of minor claims or disputes between advertiser and reader. Claims for losses must be made within sixty days of the appearance of the advertisement complained of. The honest bankruptcy of an advertiser occurring after the printing of an advertisement by us only entitles the reader to our best services in endeavoring to secure the return of his money.

Ingersoll-Trenton



The Ingersoll-Trenton Watch is a new version of the old and well-worn proverb, "time is money." If the proverb means that you ought to keep careful count of your time because it is worth money, it also means that you should not spend an extravagant amount to keep track of the time.

The Ingersoll-Trenton Watch, which, in daily practice in thousands of watch pockets, is measuring time with a most gratifying and lasting accuracy, requires an investment of only from $5.00 to $19.00, according to case and number of jewels. It will give you the high-priced watch at a low watch-price.

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T. JONES
PAINTER
40 MAIN STREET

Was the way in which Mr. Jones urged us to spend our paint money with him some twenty years ago. But somehow or other he didn't either interest or convince us. He told us nothing that was new—nothing that we did not know.

Present-day advertising, on the other hand, gives every reader up-to-date reporting and news service. It is interesting. It is instructive. It reports the real "news" about those things we eat and wear and use from day to day. Read any list of advertisements and you will have learned of the new products and new inventions that affect your daily living and make it more pleasant and more profitable. You will even have learned of new uses for those things you have bought for years with satisfaction.

Modern advertising is news paid for by the advertiser and labeled as such. In all magazines this advertising "news" is edited in the same way that editorial news is edited. Untrue and dishonest "news" is not admitted to either columns. The publishers of this magazine alike stand back of every contributor and guarantee the honesty of every advertiser. With such regulation advertising has become a real educational institution—a force for intelligent progress free to him who looks and reads.

FRANK E. MORRISON
Advertising Manager

Success Magazine Guide to Advertisements and Advertisers

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In The Editor's Confidence

The Arbitration Treaties and "The Great Illusion"

On August 3d Secretary Knox and British Ambassador Bryce ned the first general arbitration treaty between this country and eat Britain. At the same time messengers were despatched m Washington and Paris bearing the signatures to a similar aty between this country and France. These two great Euron nations therefore are now on record as recognizing the deability of arbitrating before The Hague Tribunal virtually all ferences that may arise between either of them and the United ites. That the treaties leave reasonable loopholes for "special reements," and that neither has, at the time of writing, been ified by the United States Senate, cannot obscure the fact that desirability of general and enduring peace between great nans has by these acts been recognized more frankly and, one ght say, more "officially," than ever before.

On August 7th the present writer, turning the pages of his rning paper, caught the following item:—

GREATEST BATTLESHIP BEGUN

Preparations Under Way to Lay Keel of the Dreadnought New York.

The work, preliminary to the laying of the keel a few weeks hence, of the dreadnought *New York*, which will be, with her sister ship, the *Texas*, the biggest and most powerful battleship the world has ever seen, has begun at the New York Navy Yard. The cradle in which will rest the huge frame is prepared, the traveling cranes are ready to travel whenever the word is given, and workmen are busy every day placing in position the plates that are to form the outer bottom of the 28,000-ton battleship.

So it goes. While the President is pushing forward the prinle of international arbitration, while the Peace Advocates of ny lands are voicing a vigorous and humane, even "sentimen-," protest against war, the great nations of the earth go on sistently heaping dreadnought on dreadnought, fortress on tress, newer explosive on new explosive, and army on army. itain was never so apprehensive of disaster at the hands of rmany as during the present year; France was never more sitive to the potential aggressiveness of the same neighbor. rmany never appeared more outraged by the insistence of Brit- that her navy must dominate the seven seas, and never apared more desirous of pressing on toward the Pan-German eam of a great Teutonic empire slanting across Europe from lland, Belgium and the Channel ports of Northern France wn through Switzerland and Austria to the Balkan States, Tur- and Asia Minor. It is hardly a month since Germany, France l Britain—in the rather insignificant matter of Morocco—re frankly trembling on the brink of a colossal struggle. And ough it all our own nation is laying the keels of the "greatest" eadnoughts ever conceived and is cheerfully, yes, enthusiastically, ecting the vintage champagne and the gay ribbons with which ne doubtless charming and humane young woman is to launch first of these frightful monsters on its career—a career necessily either of bloodshed and horror or else of futility and waste. We venture to fear that President Taft will be disappointed the effect of his new treaties. For one thing, the United States nate—dominated, as it still is, by a curiously old-fashioned and tinctive faith in the virtue of brute force—is not likely to surder under any general treaty its constitutional right to "con- t" to any given agreement, "special" or otherwise, with anher nation. For another thing, such agreements to act in rmony, have a way of losing their force instantly either nation nks it more advantageous to act discordantly. No peace movent, no disarmament program, no treaty agreements to be peacee can bring about definite and permanent results so long as men their hearts believe that there is any real advantage—even a minal advantage—in the occasional and timely use of brute ce.

Many among us, observing the amazing new world-relations t have almost instantly followed the general use of the railroad, steamship and the telegraph, have felt that brute force, once mittedly useful, is now hopelessly out of date, is no longer even "practical." But the thought has been so new, the conditions prompting the thought have been of such amazingly recent development, that we have found some difficulty in meeting the arguments of thinkers of the old school. It was not until that brilliant British journalist who writes under the name of "Norman Angell" issued his book, "The Great Illusion," last year, that the modern notions about war found clear expression.

"The Great Illusion" states the paradox that military and political power do not give a nation commercial and social advantages; that the wealth and prosperity of the defenseless nations are not at the mercy of the stronger nations; and maintains that the universal theory to the contrary is based upon a pure "optical illusion." The author maintains convincingly the astonishing theory that "it is an economic impossibility for one nation to seize or destroy the wealth of another or for one nation to enrich itself by subjecting another." Wealth, in the economically civilized world, is founded, he explains, upon credit and commercial contract. "If these are tampered with in an attempt at confiscation by a conqueror, the credit-dependent wealth not only vanishes, thus giving the conqueror nothing for his conquest, but in its collapse involves the conqueror." Many readers of this book will be astonished to learn that France prospered more than Germany after the Franco-Prussian War; that Japan is to-day in greater financial difficulty than the defeated Russia; and, more important still, that the "3 per cents." of unprotected little Belgium stand at 96, while German "3 per cents." are at 82; Norwegian "3½ per cents." are at 102, and Russian at 81. In a word, the industrial, commercial, and financial organization of the world is to-day growing in its own way, sifting through all the arbitrary geographical and National lines as if they did not exist, and ignoring as completely the curious, old-fashioned, unenlightened element of brute force as it would ignore the notion of entering a director's meeting with a club in one hand and a revolver in the other.

No, such hesitant steps, charged with doubt, as these arbitration treaties, can hardly amount to much until the public opinion of the treaty-making nations is educated to the facts of modern life. And the greatest fact of modern life is that it is wonderfully different from the life of yesterday. We must come to give up armies and navies, other than for light police work, not on humane and sentimental grounds, with all the time a latent belief in brute force raising doubts in our hearts, but because they are wasteful, useless, absurdly out of date and impractical. We of this magazine frankly wish that "The Great Illusion" could be printed by the millions of copies and spread broadcast over the world. We wish it could be installed as a text-book (for the light it throws on the commercial organization of modern society) in every college in America and Europe. We wish that a corps of lecturers could be sent into every small community. For it is only by the spread of intelligent ideas that the world moves.

But consciously or inadvertently, as it may be, President Taft and Secretary Knox have done one great service for their fellow men. As "Norman Angell" points out, all the time that we are heaping up armaments and talking endlessly about war, we are making war more likely. If we are talking about peace we are preparing ourselves to make peace more likely. It seems reasonable to believe that we can hardly go on thinking and talking about peace without gradually opening our minds to the truth that armies and navies represent nothing but brute force, and that brute force is absurdly out of place in the modern scheme. Once we reach that point of intelligence we shall throw our warships and arsenals where they belong—on the scrap-heap at the back door of rough, "practical" human progress.

President Taft and Secretary Knox have set us thinking and talking about peace. And that is something.

NOTE.—*The word, "Canceled," stamped in blue ink on page 80 of the August number did not mean that we were recalling our offer of a series of prizes for photographs of attractive homes. It appeared that the phrasing of the offer made it in some unexpected technical way a violation of the United States lottery laws, and the cancelation was carried out in compliance with Governmental instructions given after the August number was printed.*

The prize offer, with the wording corrected, appears on the reverse page of the cover of the present number.

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Signing the Arbitration Treaties—A Step Toward International Peace

British Ambassador Bryce and Secretary of State Knox as the diplomatic representatives of their countries are placing their signatures upon the document, while President Taft, happy and smiling, stands close by, a spectator of the tableau.

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The Woman With the Red Wheels

By William Justin Harsha

Illustrated by Rollin Champion

I

T is hereby admitted without debate or notice of intention to appeal that this title is ambiguous—it may strike you as meaningless on first reading—but it is respectfully submitted that the insertion of the definite article before the word l" gives some character to it and places wheels where they ought to be. A woman th red wheels," confessedly, might be a ject for an asylum rather than an article. a woman with the red, recognizable, vis- landscape-enlivening wheels may be sane gh and well worth consideration, as in- l she is. Moreover, there is room for a onable contention that if one were to say, he woman with the cat," one would not ssarily imply that the cat inhabited the an's head or that she was a cataleptic. sequently, as my secretary of the interior, the U. S. official, gave the woman this e and as, for a couple of years, we knew other, she is defined by it whenever she es over the horizon of our vision or our ussion. And I would fain present her thus our consideration.

Wife," I say to the secretary aforesaid, re comes the woman with the red wheels. at can we do for her this trip?"

Dear me!" exclaims the secretary. "My ad is two days old. What can we give her? yes! There is a pumpkin pie on the shelf the pantry."

lere, then, is my text—this woman with red wheels. My subject is to be: The gos- of grubbing. And the peroration of my course will concern the blessings and the efits that reside in the growing up with a y country—Colorado preferred.

Not every preacher hinges the first section his discourse, or any section of it, for that tter, to his text. Indeed, I remember hear- one distinguished and unconsciously accu- e divine announce: "For this morning I ll take John three, sixteen, for my point departure." He proceeded to carry his mise into effect. However, I shall hold my text—not physically, for wife would ve a word to say as to that—but symbol- lly.

The first time we saw this typical woman, was driving a ramshackle horse hitched a ramshackle wagon along the stage road t runs down our valley. We rushed in body to the window, for the passage of a hicle is always an event and sometimes excitement. This particular spectacle was perturbation, the items in the makeup of outfit being so surprising. A woman s driving. A babe lay on her breast. A ather-bed, a rocking-chair, a washing ma- ine, a "Jolly Rover" stove were visible ong the H. H. goods in the wagonbed. Two all children sat at the extreme end, their t dangling over the tail board. A one- rned cow followed, driven by a lanky girl some ten summers (I shall call her "Mary" convenient identification), assisted by a all, freckled boy of about eight ditto, whom shall call "John."

The wheels of the ramshackle wagon were inted a dazzling scarlet. They did the whole ndscape incarnadine. They were a realistic ody in ink.

"She is making for the Ford," remarked e Colonel.

"No, son," I replied, "she is too wise to sh that horse into the spring flood. I can id this in her driving."

"Probably her husband has walked on be- re them to await them in town," put in Mrs. nior.

"Daughter-in-law, you are wrong," I de- clared. "Behold! She is turning in at our gate."

"Dear me!" cried the secretary. "I must run down the road and take that blessed baby out of her tired arms."

Through our quarter section runs a branch road leading over Little Ute Pass. Originally, doubtless, it was an Indian trail. There is rough country behind us. Literally this road is a highway; it zigzags mountains that touch timber-line. But among the hills and between the domes and skirting the crags and under the frowning overhangs lie valleys of utmost fruitfulness. The woman was making for one of these.

The secretary rushes in with the babe snugged to her motherly heart. The Colonel ties the bow-kneed horse to our hitching rail. Mrs. Junior assists the woman out of the wagon. Daughter Claire puts her arm around Mary and leads her to a chair in our living room. I follow with John and the urchins. The cow crops bluestem in our dooryard.

"Daughter, fetch me the aconite," commands the secretary. "This child is feverish."

My first impressions of the woman were favorable. She has a calm face, eyes of truth, a voice of quiet assurance. Her ready smile reveals teeth of perfect shape and cleanliness. One may tell the character of a woman, as one tells the age of a horse, by looking at her teeth—hers and the children's. Our visitor laughed readily, proudly—any simple story or bit of humor set her off—for her teeth were worth showing. For the rest, she is tall, though not angular, animated, though scarcely vivacious, modest but not diffident. And her hands! They advertised a grasp of affairs wholly masterful but by no means unwomanly.

"We have a homestead in section eleven; we took it up last summer," remarks the woman. "My husband will follow us in a few days. He stopped in Breckenridge to earn a little money."

We do not ask her name; such curiosity is considered impolite in the Park, although no longer is it impolitic. John and the urchins have whipped off their hats and are warming their hands before our roaring fire of cedar and red spruce. Mary eyes the piano hungrily and, unasked, Claire plays a sprightly fantasy of Chaminade's. Mary sighs, but the mother smiles; she has a plan. Out of clear gray eyes she looks upon us and her future and that of her children with well-regulated courage. Yes, she is "a daughter of strength."

"We must be pushing on," she declares when we ask her to spend the night. "We can reach our cabin by nightfall. Oh, yes, we have a cabin. We built it last fall, you know. It will shelter us, although it needs a few finishing touches. And summer will soon be here." She laughs merrily. "Any sort of cabin does for summer."

The Colonel screws a couple of burrs on loosened bolts of the wagon. We watch the operation, standing in centripetal interest.

"I painted the wheels myself," volunteers our visitor with a frank and joyous outburst. "Aren't they gorgeous?"

The secretary has a couple of loaves and a dozen cookies ready.

"But we have no money," says the woman with shining eyes. Whereupon the secretary's smile is a Mendelssohnian song without words.

"They are exponents of the gospel of grubbing," I remark as the primitive procession makes its way up the trail.

This was in early spring. The husband came through on foot a week later. He is a small, narrow-shouldered, dark man, a plumber by trade, as I have discovered by suggestive questions. The nod he gave us and the confident heel with which he hit the trail held the whole poem of Excelsior.

Some time later he explained, with a grin: "I became tired of breathing sewer gas and bumping my head against marble washstands back East." A very good excuse for taking to homesteading!

In June of that summer, after our crops were in, I rode up the range to fetch in a cow with her newborn calf. From a knoll on which I was taking an observation I discovered clouds of smoke rolling up from a sunny valley hardby the tip of the Pass.

"They are at it!" I exclaimed to myself, and to confirm my judgment, always a pleasing occupation, I rode over a bench and so down to their claim.

Mary and John were helping their father in a half-cleared field. He was grubbing out sagebrush with a mattock, here and there a bush. The children gathered the loosened stuff and piled it on clumps still standing and, when a great heap was made, they forked embers out of deadening nearby fires to set it going.

"We have only two acres cleared here and three near the house," said the man, wiping his neck in proof of honest effort past and promise of further effort to come. "But come and see my potatoes and cauliflower."

We passed a four-foot-high dam thrown across a draw. Through a three-inch headgate the stored snow-water was running merrily. Near the cabin was his larger clearing—two acres of potatoes, half an acre of early Danish cauliflower and half an acre of newly set strawberry plants. "Longfellows," they were, a fine variety.

The wife looked from the doorway to smile and bow to me; the urchins were scrapping contentedly, elbow-deep in a pile of sand.

"You know what the Pittsburg pickle man says of our Colorado cauliflower," my entertainer remarked.

"The finest he has found anywhere in America?"

"Yes. He promises to buy all we can raise. Up to now he has been forced to send to Holland for that ingredient in his chow chow."

He was pinning the broad leaves over the snow-white hearts to prevent sun-scorching, employing wood toothpicks for the purpose.

"And your Mammoth Pearls—they are looking fine."

"Best of all potatoes for this altitude. I am careful to water them only once in ten

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days. But—the mountain-grown potatoes—you know what they are!"

"So much for this year. What of the future?"

"Strawberries!" he cried, pointing toward his Longfellows.

In the gospel of grubbing there is an orthodox union of faith and works.

I took the look of experience at his cabin to make sure that it is up to pioneer regulations. Item: 22 x 24 in size—correct! Item: one story high—correct! Item: dirt roof with plenty of eve-overhang—correct! Item: three rooms large—correct! Item: walls of white spruce, the bark remaining for rustic effect, chinked with aspen, daubed with clay and lime—correct! Generous windows and a hospitable door, a barrel at the corner to cinch the raindrops, a short stovepipe chimney dusking the sky with balsam smoke—all correct!

They sold their cauliflower in September and their potatoes in October. On one of the sunny days of early November they came through, the family outfit complete, made up as in the spring.

The secretary would have them stop for dinner; she is proud of her scalloped eggs—sixteen to the pan.

"Yes, we are headed for Breckenridge. Timbers are needed for the placer flumes," remarked the man.

"And we can place our children in school," added the woman.

Spring returned, as promised of old, and we watched for our woman. She came, but without the red wheels.

Just at the break of evening we discovered a mournful procession on the stageroad. The woman was walking slowly but bravely, dragging behind her a child's four-wheeled wagon. In the wagon sat the babe, a sturdy youngster now of fifteen months. The plump-limbed urchins trudged behind, now and again (I observed with both amusement and sympathy) stealing a "whip behind," for a little help, on the iron wagonbox. Then came the cow, a shaky-legged calf at her side, and last of all walked John and Mary. Plainly the husband was still tugging at timbers.

"Now, really, you must spend the night with us," cried the secretary, "and daughter Claire shall play two Chaminades for Mary."

We were curious to learn the fate of the ramshackle vehicle, and our guest, reading the wish in our eyes, or perchance concluding sensitively that some explanation of the hard plight of walking was due, answered our unspoken question.

"Our wagon followed the example of the 'One Hoss Shay' on that rocky slope just south of Dillon," she remarked with a smile. "We thought to buy a new one, but this has been a hard winter with us—the epidemic of scarlet fever, you know."

"I am glad your circle is unbroken," the secretary said warmly.

"We were very anxious for a time," the mother replied. "I am more than happy to get my little brood on the homestead again."

After supper, in the firelight, while the Chaminades were going merrily forward, I found opportunity to study the woman without impertinence. There is no light like that of an open fireplace to disclose inner character. The woman's outer features I had remarked and catalogued in mind when first she crossed our horizon; now I was able to read the lineaments of her very soul. From the rather deep lines around her mouth I could go on to the firm resolution with which she bears disaster. On her calm forehead I could read the patience with which she watches beside the sickbed. The harmony of glowing lights in her eyes revealed poise and plan and purpose. Her husband and her children are her world; she sighs for none else to conquer. She is—to use the striking figure of Oliver Wendell Holmes—the steam tug under her husband's quarter, holding steady and true to course a rather unstable bark that might otherwise drift on the shoals of life or grind its rocks.

That year they cleared seven additional acres, a few brush at a time. Fantastically the mounting smoke of their fires curled above the shivering aspens; saucily it puffed in the faces of the over-solemn, meditative pines. They added two feet of dirt to their dam, giving them an abundance of irrigating water for their increased acreage. They set out a modest orchard. The strawberry plants throve and yielded fruits as full of hope and promise as they were of juice and sweetness. Denver eats gratefully of our late mountain strawberries, sent as they are to market at the trying period between raspberries and grapes, when it is too early for the canopener and the housekeeper scarcely knows what to provide for supper or dessert. They put in three acres of Kherson oats, three of spring rye, to be cut in the blossom for hay, and one of macaroni wheat. On potatoes and cauliflower they depended, as in the previous year, for quick money to meet the summer's grocery bills and provide shoes for the children. The oats, rye hay and wheat they stacked or stored for future feed for horses, cattle, pigs and poultry.

We loaned them a team and a mower for the cutting of the hay; as yet they had only the one horse and he was turned out now to pasture up the valley. This was the last week in June. The man, with the help of John and Mary, did the stacking, the wife cheering them on with hopeful words and root beer. Early in September my son and I went over to offer neighborly assistance in the grain harvesting.

"Why, man!" I cried to the homesteader. "You have six tons of rye hay in this stack. And your three acres will yield you a second cutting."

He smiled proudly and threw back his bent shoulders. "Just look at my oats and wheat!" he cried. "They will go from sixty to seventy bushels to the acre."

"You are getting on," I agreed.

"One more year in Breckenridge for me," he replied. "After that I can afford to stay at home."

"And the children?"

He turned and waved his hand to his wife, who had come out to us. It was hers to answer my question.

"Mary will still go up to town," she said. "Soon she will be in the high school."

"And after that—some Chaminades?"

"Yes—the conservatory of music in Denver. But the younger children we will send to the district school that has just been opened on the eastern slope of the Pass."

That fall the slow procession moved up the road to the mining town, but the next spring—we could scarcely believe our eyes!

Mrs. Junior, the Colonel's wife, discovered their approach; her eyeglasses are telescopic as well as becoming to her.

"Just look!" she cried. "Here comes the woman with the red wheels. They are redder than ever. And her husband is with her, driving the cow and heifer."

"Red ink must be cheap in Breckenridge," volunteered the Colonel.

"John is riding a second horse," I announced.

"And Mary has a new hat," put in daughter Claire.

"I am happy to observe that Mary is sitting beside the mother on the wagon-seat," was the secretary's contribution to the medley. "And she holds the baby in her lap."

"It is a new wagon—not that old tumbledown affair at all," declared the sharp-eyed Colonel.

As became the head of the house I pointed a moral with the remark: "The gospel of grubbing is bearing fruits of prosperity."

We crowded first the windows toward road and then the wide-flung door, and t acknowledged our greetings, but they wo not stop. Their cow had gone dry and t accepted a cold jar of milk with the cr stirred in; this was all.

"We must hurry on—*home!*" cried homesteader, his face beaming. "No n mining for me!"

The wife and children chimed in wit chorus of smiles. It was a pleasant pic they made as they pushed on up the gul homeward! It seemed to me that the r had grown half a head taller in those years. I am sure that he was not so stoo and careworn. Even their old horse e capering figure now, having been refres and heartened by his year at pasture. second horse was young and square-built would make a showing at the plow. We tered almost affectionately into their sir joys as the red wheels rolled smoothly our orchard and up the winding trail. longer were the wheels an incongruity on landscape of lively green with its backgro of ever-shining snows.

There were setbacks. One must surely lect an other-worldly profession, trade or o pation to escape these.

One year the homesteader became too bitious and planted more oats than he c irrigate, leaving out the rye, barley and p toes, which are dry-land crops. Over-anx for immediate riches moved him, for oats at a premium in our country. This chanced to be especially dry and his sha reservoir emptied itself speedily, like a w necked bottle. The result was half a disa But he was not forced to return to drud under marble basins or in the mines; heroic wife came to the rescue.

"Let us be content to creep before we tempt to run," she said. "I will give a tion to poultry."

Year before last, when he had succeede building up his dam to a height of eigh feet, a gopher burrowed through it. W the water reached this small opening it trickled, then ran, then grew to a rush finally burst through in a flood, and the was cut to its base at the highest point.

"What shall I do?" cried the homeste in dry-lipped despair. "The snow is al gone from the watershed. My crops are s ming out. There is no time for the refi of the reservoir."

"All is not lost," declared his wife. " rains may come. Let us rebuild at once."

"And I will show you how to rebuil that you need not fear another disaster of sort," I promised, for they had brought troubles in all haste to me.

We cut down great trunks of white sp and red, pine and balsam. Whatever c handiest in the primeval forests Uncle permits us pioneers to use judiciously. these logs we built a perpendicular bul across the whole face of the dam. On bulwark we nailed sheets of galvanized Then we filled in the break as solidly tar as men and horses could do the job.

"Now, let us see a gopher or a badger through that!" I cried.

The results have more than justified contention. And to the watershed above homesteader's reservoir came, late that the welcome rains that made his ditches abrim and saved his crops and his hop ness.

It cannot be denied that upon the rather than upon the husband, fall the h est hardships of homesteading. For this son I have chosen as my he this woman whose tastes run t wheels. Hardships descended are descending in full measu her. The pluck and foresig master keys to success—with w she stands up under them is a ing inspiration to us all.

Her foresight prompted planting of good old alfalfa woman's agricultural faith, lik religious faith, is clearer-visi farther-sighted, than a man's.

"Will it pay to lose a year's

[Continued on page 40]

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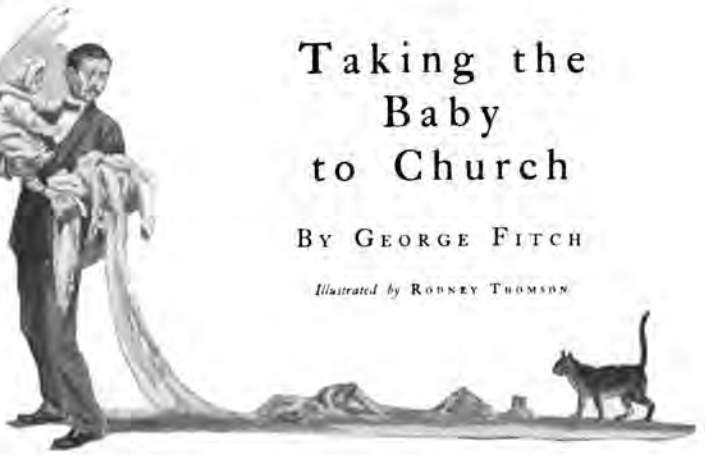

Taking the Baby to Church

By George Fitch

Illustrated by Rodney Thomson

WHEN our pride and delight, whose other name is James Edward, was fifteen months old, Miranda decided that he must be taken to church.

"The little darling must not grow up a heathen," she explained. "And it is none too soon to begin to teach him how to appreciate religion. He's so intelligent that I'm sure he will behave himself beautifully. The Thompsons' baby is only a year old and they take him to church every Sunday—though of course I wouldn't think of taking James Edward if he behaved like that child. It makes me feel so embarrassed for poor Mr. Thompson when he gets up during prayer and carries the poor little thing out, with everybody wondering why on earth they brought such a hysterical baby to church. I really want to take James Edward to show them off. He'll be such a dear, I know."

I agreed with Miranda. I always agree with her. She insists upon it. But I was not enthusiastic about it. I was not a veteran either. James Edward was our first child, and the idea of bearing him up the aisle while the whole world stared, and any one of a thousand things might happen, made me perspire a good deal at various times that week. But I did not flinch. I do not think that soldiers are the only brave men extant.

We rose early Sunday morning, bathed James Edward, trimmed the straggling ends of his hairs—plural in his case is much more accurate—and dressed him simply but cunningly in his silk wool undershirt, his embroidered waist, his valenciennes-trimmed panties, his sheer lawn dress with insertion work on the chest, his snowy-white socks and white kid shoes, his dainty white leggings, his little wool sweater, his distractingly cute mittens with an actual thumb on each one, his tiny scarf, his white plush coat, his fur-trimmed bonnet, his Spanish silk muffler, his spider's web veil, his pure white rubber overshoes and his eighteen most elegant gold and enameled beauty pins. That is, Miranda dressed him.

As for me, I fixed the furnace, read the morning papers, and went downtown after the mail while I was waiting. When I returned, James Edward was ready for his first public worship, and it was with feelings of solemn rapture that I received him in my arms, burrowed into the coverings until I found which end to hold upwards, and set forth to church.

We arrived a little late. I was not glad. I removed the first seven layers of James Edward's garments in the vestibule and shed them unintentionally in the aisle as I paced slowly down to the pew. Gazing at me from various seats were Grubb and Tyler and Charley Jones and Sim. Atkinson—forlorn and childless men who would some day have to borrow James Edward or stay away from the circus. But for once I did not pity them. I would have pitied them of course if I had had time. But there were all the garments to pick up. It beats all how the blood will get into your face and neck when you stoop to pick things up and how hot it makes you feel.

Miranda followed me down the aisle with James Edward's little pillow and his dearest woolly dog, an extra wrap or two in case the thermometer dropped another degree, and a bottle of warm milk done up in a blanket for emergencies, and some more beauty pins, for you can never tell when you will need them. I wanted to take the cat. There is no knowing at what hour of the day or night James Edward will rise up and demand the cat in frenzied tones. But Miranda vetoed this. It was preposterous, she argued. Cats are not trained to appreciate church services and we would simply have to take a chance. So I gave in but I didn't feel very confident about it at the time. That good old hymn, "I want what I want when I want it," should have been dedicated to James Edward.

The congregation was just finishing a hymn when we reached our pew, and I can tell you it was inspiring to see how James Edward adapted himself to the situation. You would have thought he was a hardened old churchgoer. He sat perfectly still while I peeled him off, layer after layer, and piled the things on the pew beside me until the heap got noticeable, after which I stuck them underneath.

Not a move or a wiggle did he make for the first five minutes of the prayer, and even then all I had to do was to take him on my lap and show him the pretty things on the lady's collar in the pew ahead. When he wanted said pretty things and was inclined to insist on it, I switched him off with my pocket knife, and he was as pleased as Punch for another minute. And then I gave him his bonnet to play with and after he had had that and my watch and his mother's gloves, the prayer was over and you would never have known there was a baby there. And in the meantime the Thompson baby had whooped twice and dropped a hymn book with a prodigious crash. Why people bring such infants to church passes my understanding.

I could see that it was going to be no trouble at all to keep James Edward interested. My bunch of keys and his own shoes took him through the responsive reading, and all through the church notices he stood on my lap and gurgled at the lady behind us. Everybody noticed it and admired it. It only bore out my theory. If you give a baby enough to do you can keep it quiet anywhere.

The offertory was a little uncertain in spots because James Edward got the idea that the pipe organ was growling preparatory to devouring him whole, but by quick work with my watch and handkerchief I headed off trouble. Then the sermon began. I felt as if we were already on the home stretch. The Thompson baby was yipping vigorously and Thompson was sitting like a bump on a log, not even lifting a finger to stop it. I felt like offering to take care of both infants. Science counts in everything, even in the handling of babies at church.

If I know anything which might by any chance be construed as a criticism of our son it is possibly the fact that he is perhaps a little nomadic in his interests as yet. He lacks concentration. You can fascinate him for a minute, but at the end of that time he yearns for new delights. This had never worried me before, but when the sermon had progressed a few minutes I began to realize with some concern that James Edward was skipping from interest to interest at a rate which threatened to exhaust the supply too soon.

His woolly dog, which kept him happy for a whole morning at home, lasted thirty seconds. He would have no more of it. His little white rubbers he chewed in a blasé manner for three seconds and then threw on the floor. He would not look at my watch again. My lead pencil bored him instantaneously. I gave him a hymn book, which pleased him. He ripped a page out with infinite delight, and when I took it away he leaned back, doubled up his fists and began to wind up for one of those full organ yells which only he knows how to produce.

It was a hideous crisis. Miranda saved the day. She jerked open her hand-bag and snatched a green smelling salts bottle. When she shook it before James Edward's face he abandoned that yell in the making and took the bottle with delight.

I looked at the clock and found that five minutes of the sermon were over. We have a pastor who feels that he has cheated the good people who pay him if he preaches less than forty-five minutes. I began to realize how the world was made in six days. Under certain circumstances, six days is enough to wear a universe away grain by grain.

The Thompson baby was yelling viciously. Thompson was the picture of content. James Edward was tired of the salts bottle and tired of church. He wanted to go home. He kicked vigorously and wrinkled up his face. Miranda looked helplessly at me. I grabbed the baby and hauled out my pocket book. It had a number of silver dollars in it and James Edward took one of them with a look of ineffable delight and wonder on his face. Then he dropped it. The crash and thunder thereof echoed and reverberated through the church like a long roll of musketry at the battle front.

Four people in the pew ahead turned and looked little holes through me like the ones in sidewalk lights. Thompson looked across the aisle and smiled. I took the pocket book away—that is, I started to, but James Edward laid a detaining hand on my arm. There was that in his face which made me obey. Have you ever been requested to do something by a child who intends to yell his head loose instantly if he is disobeyed?

James Edward took another dollar. I watched him with sickening dread. He fingered it happily, turned it over, tried to put it in his other hand, missed, and dropped it. Five people turned around, but they did not bore any more holes through me. They used the ones already there.

James Edward took another dollar, put it

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James Edward took another dollar. I watched him with sickening dread

in his mouth, rubbed it on my necktie—and dropped it. Seven people turned around and one behind snickered. Miranda took out two side combs and a barrette and offered them to our darling. He waved them aside and took out another dollar. He shook it vigorously in the air and uttered a cry of pure joy. It slipped and lit on its edge on the bare floor. Did you ever figure out how far a dollar can roll on its edge? This one rolled from our pew across the church into the horizon, across the continent and over the plains of Jericho before it stopped. A very few people in front did not turn around, for which I was grateful.

Miranda now offered James Edward her hat, a belt buckle, a small looking glass and a powder rag. He wavered, but finally succumbed to the hat. I looked at the clock. It said 11:30, but failed to mention the month or the year.

Miranda's hat was a beautiful affair with cherries on it. I had just finished paying for it, but I didn't even flinch when James Edward finally succeeded in wrenching off a cherry. It took him almost a minute. Hastily computing, I figured that thirty cherries would keep him busy for twenty minutes, and that he might even then keep busy and happy by tearing out the feathers. Relief rolled over me—James Edward pulled out another cherry and offered it to me to eat. He was nervous and imperious, and I obeyed. Thompson was looking at me and he laughed. So did a few others. Miranda ate a cherry next and then—horror of horrors! James Edward looked up from his cherry-picking orgy and discovered a bunch of much larger and redder cherries on the hat of the woman in the pew ahead. Delight suffused his delicate face and reaching out both hands he cried ecstatically, "ah—ah!"

Frantically I pretended to be deaf. It didn't work. James Edward lifted his voice again and more eagerly. I grabbed my keys, my glasses, my watch, my precious and inviolate fountain pen, and offered them to him. He cast them on the floor, beat his heels on the pew and opened his mouth down to his dear little fifth rib. It was all over—but no——

With one of the inspirations which make her so wonderful a woman, Miranda pulled him down on the pew cushions, whipped the bottle out from its wrapping and deftly popped it into the open mouth. There was a gurgle, a gasp and then the sound of steady, industrious banqueting.

I wiped the perspiration from my forehead and neck and hands, straightened up and glared at the world in general and the congregation in particular. If anything was amusing, I didn't know what it was and I didn't care. It was none of my business. Some people go to church to snort and snicker and guffaw. Some pastors go to church to illustrate the passage of eternity by measuring it with a sermon for a yard stick. As for me, I had come to church long, long ago—countless ages ago, and some day in the dim vistas of the incomprehensible hence I hoped to get out of church and go home. And if I did——

Miranda was whispering to me in an agonized tone: "Stop him, oh stop him." The baby was struggling, bottle in hand, and I knew what he had in mind. James Edward has benevolent ways. He loves to share his treasures. He had his mild blue eyes fixed on the lady in the pew ahead, and I knew that unless violent restraining measures were adopted he would presently offer her his bottle with the most engaging of coos.

The situation was terrific. James Edward, held down firmly, was beginning to make angry sounds. Three times the minister had looked fixedly at me. In another few seconds I would have to choose between pandemonium or disgrace—or both. I grabbed the hymn book and fluttered the leaves temptingly. James Edward ignored them. I felt the concentrated gaze of five hundred eyes the back of my neck. Reason tottered. R loomed undodgeable. There were breal ahead, war was inevitable, and the fuse sputtering in the powder barrel. I grab my hat, to escape at any cost, when I he far behind a snicker which didn't seem ain at me. I looked around. There in the ai advancing slowly toward the pulpit, her tail erect and waving like a plume, wa large gray cat.

Pew by pew she advanced, and pew by p she disrupted the congregation. There w smiles, rustlings and childish laughs. minister faltered—then stopped. James ward threw his outraged soul into a shriek wrath but nobody heard it. The cat had stage. And as she advanced I formed my c perate plan.

An usher advanced to bear the cat aw The cat viewed him suspiciously and hurr on. She was only three pews away. I a desperate man. The usher never knew danger. Had he caught the cat before passed me I should have slain him and tal her away from him. He missed death by grab. The cat eluded him and passed my p With one swoop I gathered her in. He lea over and held out his hand. "I'll take h he said kindly.

"You get out of here," I whispered back menacing tones, "and get out quick."

He went away. He often looks at me n as we pass, with the strangest expression.

There were only a few more years—I m minutes—of the sermon. The cat lay on pew cushion and James Edward patted with silent and bursting delight. It is way with cats. I sat rigid and tense wait to choke the cat to death quietly if she offe to leave. Late in the shank of the Christ era the congregation rose and sang the d ology and we hung as many of James ward's clothes on him as he would perm Then we joined the congregation in the ai Miranda bearing the debris, myself bear James Edward, and James Edward clutch the cat, which dropped contentedly in purr coils over his arms.

A few people shook hands with us and marked, "What a pretty child!" I didn't joy it. He is, of course, a wonder, but peo lie so. Thompson came up and touched on the shoulder. "First time for the b eh?" he said. "Great experience, isn't it? used to have a lot of trouble with our ba before we got him trained."

Bah!

However, along about 1975, when memor pangs are dulled, I may take James Edw to church again—if we both live that long

"You get out of here," I whispered back in menacing tones, "and get out quick"

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Mellen—Transportation Overlord of New England

Through his Aggressive Policy the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad is Rapidly Approaching Complete Control of the Land and Water Transportation of the New England States

By Edward Hungerford

Illustrated with Photographs

THE Mellenizing of New England began in 1872. In that year the highly prosperous New York and New Haven, and the equally prosperous New Haven, Hartford & Springfield Railroads were consolidated, and the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad was born. Old-fashioned folk in Connecticut still call it the Consolidated. In that year also a young banker was coming into his oats. His name was John P. Morgan and he came of a prosperous Hartford family.

He used to look from his father's big house on Farmington Street right down to the New Haven railroad tracks at the bottom of the hill and say: "That railroad must stop taking freight and passengers from the Boston & Albany at Springfield. It must have its own line into Boston." In after years J. P. Morgan was devoting his remarkable energies to almost every thing.

In that same year of 1872, a tall, pale, sober-minded boy was a clerk in a railroad office in New Hampshire. He was just one of the human units that go to form the accounting department of any transportation business—a railroad man robbed of the dangers and romance of the line, and forced to follow his weary path through acres of figures and waybills. But the clerk—his name was Mellen—saw more than the white pages that were spread before him.

He saw the precious tangle of railroad interests in New England, and, seeing, looked forward. He had, in remarkable measure, the same great gift of foresight that J. P. Morgan possessed—although it was then a long way from the smart young Hartford banker to the clerk up in the offices of the old Northern Railroad of New Hampshire. Both men foresaw, coming out of the snarl of little railroads in New England, a great era of consolidation. It was even possible that they might have foreseen the unification of all her through routes.

That would have seemed a fairly wild dream here at the beginning of the seventies. For, as you, there were many more railroads than one might readily count upon one's fingers, although the earliest era of railroad consolidation had closed. The Boston & Worcester and the Western Railroad had already become the Boston & Albany. The Cheshire Valley, the Worcester, Nashua & Portland, the Middlesex Central—all these had disappeared in the making of a group north of the Boston & Albany. They were the early railroads of northern New England—the Fitchburg with its founders laid in human and in financial tragedy, the Eastern Railroad, the Boston & Maine, the Connecticut River, the Central Vermont and the Maine Central.

The properties to the south of them, considered no inferiority. The Boston & Providence boasted, with an exception of the new Grand Central, which Mr. Vanderbilt had just finished building in New York, the finest station as well as the finest stretch of track in the United States. The Old Colony was a considerable property—its great white steamboats plying from Fall River to New York were the glory of Jim Fiske in the days when his was a name with which to conjure. The New York and New England led a somewhat precarious existence. Its thin line twisted through the Connecticut hills, and its famous "White Train" had to pay trackage to the New Haven before it could get into New York City.

That was the strength of the New Haven from the beginning. It had what no other

Charles Sanger Mellen, President of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad

"If Mr. Morgan were to order me to-morrow to China or Siberia in his interests I would pack up and go"

New England railroad had, direct entrance into the metropolis. It was unassailable, and so when Morgan tired of taking Boston business from the Boston & Albany at Springfield, he reached out, filled the gap in the Shore Line at New London by a great drawbridge over the Thames River, and brought the New Haven into Providence. And in the next step, the aristocratic Boston & Providence succumbed. New Haven trains were running over their own rails all the way from New York to Boston.

Louis D. Brandeis

He told the truth about New Haven and Boston & Maine as it had never been told elsewhere

Then there came a time—twenty years ago—when there was a lull in the situation. The big men in railroading sat back as if to say that all that might be done had been done. But the tall, pale, sober-minded railroader whose name was Mellen and who had been steadily climbing upward must have realized that New England railroad consolidation had just begun.

In that lull came one McLeod out of the South—a railroader of genius and inspiration, if of but slender resources—and began the most brilliant railroad coup that has ever been attempted in the East. He found New York, Philadelphia, Boston all asleep, and before those naps in railroad offices and banking-houses were disturbed McLeod had the Philadelphia & Reading in his fingers. He reached a little farther and picked up the Lehigh Valley and Central Railroad of New Jersey and before that stolid old Pennsylvania Dutchman—Reading—could realize it, his western terminus was in that wonderful traffic gateway, Buffalo.

Then McLeod went up into the sacred precincts of New England, and before any Paul Reveres could arrive from the South at the Boston banking-houses, he grabbed up Boston & Maine. He reached quickly and absorbed the great Poughkeepsie bridge—the only railroad track across the Hudson River south of the Vanderbilt stronghold at Albany. For the first time a New England railroad had direct access to the coal-fields. It would no longer have to pay toll to the great anthracite coal-carriers.

McLeod showed his power by placing in service a through passenger train that nightly left the old Boston & Lowell station in Boston, threaded a slender path over the one-time Massachusetts Central, a few short miles over the unfriendly New Haven, thence by the Poughkeepsie bridge and a variety of cross-country railroads south to Baltimore and Washington. That train—the Flying Yankee—was the only train that ever ran on unbroken rail from Boston to Washington.

But as McLeod flaunted his success his bubble burst. Hard times came again upon the country—that miserable financial era at the time of the Chicago fair. The big banking-houses of Philadelphia, New York and Boston had resources. McLeod had none—and McLeod lost. They pinned his hands behind him and took away his railroads. Reading became again a suburban coal-carrying road out of Philadelphia—the Flying Yankee went into history. Since its day the Poughkeepsie bridge has ceased to be a through passenger route.

But McLeod had shown a way. The Boston & Maine finished its work of more or less benevolent assimilation. It gathered in the Massachusetts Central and the Connecticut River. It made itself universal in northern New England—and almost universally disliked. It fought against grade-crossing removal, new equipment, additional service. Progress was barred out of Boston & Maine offices. Other roads might be revising and rebuilding—Boston & Maine replaced its bridges only when it became downright afraid that they would no longer hold its ancient rolling-stock.

The New Haven was not very much better. It had finally reached out and absorbed the New England and the Old Colony properties and was making itself all-powerful south of the Boston & Albany—really the waistline

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A glimpse of Stonington's harbor front

Photographs by Paul Thom

Mellen left the great wharves rotting and unused

of New England. It was known among railroad men as a "lawyer's road," its two great presidents of that era—William C. Bishop and John M. Hall—were both lawyers.

That meant that the road was operated merely for revenue and with no great appreciation of either the needs or the possibilities of its territory. It neglected those possibilities. It vied with the Boston & Maine in giving Boston the worst suburban service of any great metropolitan city in the land. It gave something of the same sort to those New Yorkers who were anxious to find homes up along the north shore of Long Island Sound.

In all this first era of consolidation the lordly Boston & Albany held its identity. It was a personal railroad, a family railroad, in the fullest sense of the term. For a quarter of a century it was the pride of New England. Its road-bed was maintained close to perfection, it had dozens of solid-stone-arch bridges over the fast-flowing rivers of the Massachusetts hills—its railroad stations were almost every one of them architecturally attractive in a day when the average American railroad station was second cousin to a hovel. There was a reason for all that. A provision in its charter prohibited it from earning more than eight per cent. annually for its stockholders. It had earned more than that each year, and rather than pay surplus earnings back into the treasury of the commonwealth, it expended them upon its property—hence the Richardson stations of brownstone and the gay little flower-beds around each of them.

So Boston & Albany was a pride to the New Englander and everything that Boston & Maine was not. When a Bostonian went into the West he spoke of the wonders of the "Albany road" in hushed tones. That air of sanctity and self-sufficiency was encouraged by the road—every man on it from its venerable president, William Bliss, down to the humblest switchman, filled his lungs with that heavenly atmosphere. Mr. Bliss was of the old type of personal figurehead for the road. When New Haven and Boston & Maine flirted with his property he shook his head and said, in effect:

"I don't care very much whom we consolidate with as long as it is the New York Central."

New York Central was the road's western connection at Albany—in fact, B. & A. was practically an eastern extension of the Vanderbilt property. So, when the Vanderbilts were ready at their comfortable ease, they reached out and leased Boston & Albany for a term of years, guaranteeing the road's eight per cent. to its stockholders as a rental. There was a little gasp in codfish land—Bostonians have pride in seeing the name of their city emblazoned on railroad equipment—but the New York Central was sure of its Boston gate from the invasion of either the New Haven or the Boston & Maine.

That wedding of New York Central and Boston & Albany was like some others. To the prosperous bride of the Empire State, came the Massachusetts bridegroom of good name and fine old estates. After the wedding the bride saw that the states were not quite what they might have been. Like some other distinguished old places examination showed that the road was a bit out at the elbows. Its locomotives and its cars were obsolete—the shrewd railroaders who were figuring down unit cost of freight operation by the use of big cars and bigger locomotives and trains a full mile long found such things unknown on B. & A. And if they had brought the heavy rolling stock over the Berkshires they would have found the old-type steel bridges—still plentiful on the main line—unable to bear them.

So Boston & Albany had to be rebuilt and the rebuilding came out of its annual earnings. There has been an annual deficit on the property during the eleven years that the lease has already run, of about five hundred thousand dollars. It was an expensive acquisition for New York Central, even though, for strategic reasons, it has been worth every c of that deficit that it cost.

J. Pierpont Morgan of to-day

Mellen's master to whom the overlord gives loyal allegiance

Now return to Mellen.

We left him at New Haven, silently wat ing, as is his way, the course of the law management of that property — sometin quietly making this suggestion or that un Morgan began demanding hints from him. Pierpont Morgan is, above all things, a jud of men. He measured Mellen silently a then never took his eyes from him.

"Mellen wears Morgan's collar," said keen-visioned Bostonian one night last w ter in an exclusive club in the Bay State tow

Mellen never denies. He comes straight the point—without evasion. He answered t thrust with a personal anecdote. He told h he sat in the old offices at New Haven and swered a long-distance telephone call.

"Mr. Mellen, this is Mr. Morgan," said t voice. "Will you go to St. Paul for me, a leave the details in my hands?"

Mellen agreed. He went to St. Paul a took a desk in the offices of the Northern P cific there. For more than two months did not know his position or his salary. simply worked—eighteen hours out of twen four. He worked incessantly. Work is t gospel of Mellen's life. He took Northe Pacific, which had just entered the rebui ing era under E. W. Winter, and made it new line. Winter had not liked the H method of glorifying Great Northern. Wh Mellen succeeded as president of Northern P cific he gritted his teeth, but he accepted t situation. And after he had worked at the d agreeable task for a term of years, Morgan his taskmaster—permitted him to come Ea to the New England of his friends and re tives, and begin the Mellenizing of what is day perhaps the richest traffic field of the e tire world. Only the thickly congested s tions of Great Britain can compare with it.

"And do you know," Mellen, says the port, calmly continued, there, by the firesi of that Boston club, "that if Mr. Morgan w to order me to-morrow to China or Siberia his interests I would pack up and go—mu as I love the old town of New Haven and New England."

For such loyalty the great master of W Street could seemingly offer no reward t great—even the rich presidency of the N Haven seems but small change.

When Mellen came back to New Haven in 1903—he found a situation that need his keen wits as much as Northern Paci had ever needed them. The railroad situati was growing top-heavy through its own certia, and if another McLeod had been ke enough he might have evaded the burgl alarms. The Boston & Maine was staggeri along under increasing hostilities from t sections it was supposed to serve, the expe sive refurbishing of decayed Boston & Alba was still in progress by New York Central New Haven itself was almost going to pot.

It was completely out of joint with territory—the commuters' unanswered ho down around New York were being echo everywhere in Connecticut and Rhode Isla Moreover, the fever for electric interurb lines was hot, and the New Haven—with o

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of the highest percentages of passenger revenue of any road in the land—found that its profitable lines were being paralleled with high-speed trolleys. The road was in bad physical shape, although a former president, Charles P. Clark, had made some attempts to make up for the neglect it had suffered under the "lawyer administration."

All the hostility to the property was not vested in the encroachments of the interurban trolleys or the howls of the New England populace. There was a distinctly hostile attitude on the part of New York Central—despite the fact that the all-powerful Morgan sits on the board of both properties. The New Haven, never unfriendly to the big Pennsylvania, was distinctly flirting with it. It was planning with it, to encircle Brooklyn with a connecting freight railroad that would do away with many of the dangers and delays in floating freight and passenger trains the long way down the East River and around the Battery to Jersey City. It was even hinting at withdrawing its through service from the Grand Central terminal, where it has been located since the building of the first Grand Central, and placing it in the new Manhattan terminal, which Pennsylvania built to wrest through western passenger traffic away from the Vanderbilts.

The New York Central was not slow in reprisals. It surveyed a low-grade line from Brewsters, on the Harlem division, to a point near Springfield on the Boston & Albany, and was prepared to enter into competition on the direct business from New York to Boston. It showed in many ways its keen resentment of New Haven's repeated threats to leave the Grand Central and to make itself a sort of New England extension of the Pennsylvania.

Mellen gave his first attention to the trolley situation. He began buying those properties in Connecticut where the New Haven is all-powerful and where strong men tremble at the shake of its finger. Before he was done he had about fifteen hundred miles of broomstick lines in Connecticut and Rhode Island—all purchased at exorbitant figures and merged into the great Consolidated company. On some of these lines Mellen agreed to pay six or seven per cent. rental, while the best they seem able to earn is some two and a half or three per cent. New Haven pays the deficit and tries to take it out of the service.

The result is that Connecticut has a trolley service that is execrable and not for a moment to be compared with the through interurban electric services in central New York or in any of the big States of the Middle West. That bad service serves two ends, however—it helps out on the deficit and its drives passengers to the New Haven's steam lines.

Mellen has said a good deal about making his trolley-roads feeders to his steam properties, and finally he brought the trolley to the rescue of some moribund steam roads. With the Connecticut trolleys out of the way his fingers itched for those to the north—they were still playing havoc with the passenger earnings of

A one-time busy round house alongside a deserted wharf

his road. He looked at some of the fine trolley-roads in central and western Massachusetts and set tempting bait before the eyes of their owners.

But it so happened that there was a law in Massachusetts against the acquisition of trolley properties by the steam roads. Still, law was never much more than ceremony with the school in which Mellen had been reared, and before 1906 he had some five hundred miles of these lines—some of which had been built by local capital in the very hope of staving off New Haven monopoly. He began planning to extend some of these into Boston & Maine territory and that rather heavy corporation placed itself upon the defensive. It prepared to ask the Massachusetts legislature for permission for itself to acquire trolley-lines. It might do as it pleased in New Hampshire, but it did have an old-fashioned regard for Massachusetts law.

You will remember that we left the Boston & Maine in all but supreme control of the situation north of the Boston & Albany. With its dividend but seven per cent. as compared with the New Haven's eight, it had been growing into financial strength, while the New Haven seemed to be steadily weakening itself.

But the Massachusetts legislature was obdurate. The New Haven's well-trained lobby moved silently up from Hartford and from Providence and aided in that obduration. Boston & Maine could not have the trolley-roads. But there was a way out and New Haven was finding the way—by exchanging one share of its eight per cent. stock for every share of seven per cent. stock Boston & Maine. There was something in that which appealed to Boston & Maine stockholders, and there came a day when New Haven announced quietly that it had bought 109,000 out of the 295,000 shares of B. & M. stock, in the hands of the outside public—a matter of about forty per cent.

"But forty per cent.," you argue, "is not a stock control interest."

Harriman once said that he could control any railroad owning thirty per cent. of its stock—some pretty clever railroaders have done it on less. Mellen was satisfied to stand pat on forty.

Up from the State of Paul Revere and the Adamses and the Winthrops and the rest of the patriots there came a great wave of protest against the merger of Boston & Maine and New Haven. It had been bad enough when the Vanderbilts had painted out the sacred legend "Boston & Albany" from car sides—Boston was receiving another transportation death thrust. The protest was loud enough even to halt Mellen for the moment.

Louis D. Brandeis, the brilliant Boston attorney, who only a little time ago went down to Washington and turned the whole tide of the nation-wide freight-rate cases, was in the forefront of that protest. He told the truth about New Haven and Boston & Maine as it had never been told elsewhere. When New Haven, with all the skill of the skilful Mellen and the resources behind him, finally tightened its grasp on Boston & Maine, its president made real concessions to Brandeis and to Boston. The entity of the Boston & Maine was to be preserved, at least.

The promise was given that he would bring the road up to the high physical standard toward which the New Haven was being brought, and that promise has already been partly fulfilled—for within the past few weeks electricity has supplanted steam and dirt in the four-mile bore of the Hoosac Tunnel—the longest tunnel on this continent.

Now consider Mellen, his grasp tightened on the trolley-roads, which must have burned his hands a bit in the grasping, Boston & Maine slowly coming to him through the process of mollifying the Hub of all New England.

Steamship competition was still an open possibility. New Haven had first entered the steamboat business when it had acquired Old Colony, of which the famous Fall River Line was a real line in the New York and Boston business. He reached out for the Providence line, made it a three-months' makeshift for the overflow of midsummer travel, took the Stonington line away from the town that had once been a proud little Sound port, and left its great wharves rotting and unused.

Mellen would decide where docks would work and where docks would rot, and his decision would not be influenced by the fact that the United States Government had spent many hundreds of thousands of dollars in harbor improvements in towns that did not chance to be popular ports with the New Haven management. He took under his wing and stifled the shorter lines from Norwich and New Haven and Bridgeport to New York—all possible of making trouble in some delicate traffic situation.

The freight traffic possibilities of the lower Connecticut are almost infinite. With some slight expenditures for deepening the channel, Hartford might become almost as good a port as New London or New Haven. Even as it is, steamers of fairly good tonnage can ascend the river to the Connecticut capital. There are locks at the sleepy little hamlet of Wind-

(Continued on page 44)

Grass growing along the wharf of what once was the proud little Sound port of Stonington

Photographs by Paul Thompson

A Sound steamer, out of commission, tied up at a wharf

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The Isle of the Lonely Palm

By H. D. Couzens

Illustrated by Vincent Lynch

I DO not ask you to believe this story. I simply have written it down as Howard Maxwell told it to me. But the evidence of his shoulder, the handkerchief and gold pencil, were actual and tangible. I *do* know that the man possessed an imagination, and a very sensitive one at that, though you who read his technical books on anthropology and ethnology would hardly think so. Again, I am sure that in his later years he was in dread of being alone, though most of his earlier wanderings were in the company of only his ship's crew or his guides. I never saw him after our cruise, for he died the following year while exploring in the interior of China.

It was this dread of loneliness, I think, that prompted him to ask me, a landsman and layman, whose only claim on him was a certain fondness of college days, to accompany him on a cruise through the South Seas in his beautiful schooner yacht. You may believe that I accepted with alacrity, for Maxwell was a man whose friendship many coveted but whom few had ever drawn into intimacy. Upon some matters his word was absolute authority. He was known as an intrepid explorer with a vast fortune to draw upon for the sinews of his various ventures, and his probing into unknown parts of the habitable globe had brought him many honorary degrees from universities both in our country and Europe.

We left San Francisco in the latter part of November and made Honolulu in twelve days with the favoring trade wind. After leaving that hospitable port we encountered one of those brief and startling convulsions of nature known as a Kona storm. We rode it out with only one serious casualty, which occurred while laying the vessel to. Maxwell was caught by the slatting boom and hurled into the scuppers badly bruised and unconscious, his shoulder-joint dislocated so that the arm stood out, twisted and rigid, behind him. Mr. Sharpless, the chief officer, helped me take him below, and there the old mate had recourse to very rough surgery. Placing his foot against Maxwell's ribs as a fulcrum he snapped the humerus back into its socket with a loud "click" that gave me a turn of squeamishness. Then, giving me hurried directions as to bandaging the arm to the side, he disappeared into the storm, bawling orders as he ran.

Maxwell may have been injured internally, for he lay entirely delirious for nearly a fortnight; but the mate had exhausted his own surgical resources, none of us were experienced enough to locate the trouble, and when he eventually recovered it left no trace. What immediately interested me at the time was apparent when I removed Maxwell's upper clothing. Upon his shoulder, from neck to deltoid, was a monstrous scar; a ghastly, livid thing that brought from me an involuntary cry of pity; for shoulder and collar-bone had been bitten through by some huge animal, the marks of the great teeth being very distinct in a wide half-moon, quite different, I thought, from the dentition of a lion or tiger, and I marvelled at the strength and character of a creature powerful enough to inflict a wound such as this had been.

I knew that the story of that scar had never been told, and feeling that Maxwell might have some diffidence about it, undressed him fully and got him into pajamas and resting comfortably before the mate again came below and reported the vessel riding easily with a prospect of clear weather. Maxwell was feverish and delirious, and during his ensuing illness we were many times alarmed at his condition. At times his babblings were simple enough, mere gibberish common to delirium; again, he would fall a prey to some terrifying nightmare, always the same it seemed, which left him staring and shaking with horror.

"Don't shoot, Lundy! My God, man, don't shoot!" he would cry, despairingly, his eyes fairly starting from their sockets, or: "God give me strength; the thing has a human soul!" and full to sobbing hopelessly.

Now a man like Maxwell, austere, self-contained and courageous to a degree, does not grovel before imaginary terrors even in delirium. I felt convinced that some experience, particularly vivid, had left its mark upon him and that this mark was in some way represented by the scar on his shoulder. I was thinking of this one evening as I sat, half-reclining, on the skylight, smoking a post-prandial cigar. The schooner was reaching toward the Southwest with hardly a ripple, for it was a clear, still tropic night. I felt a pleasurable excitement, for the subtle essence of the South Seas and the Islands had already taken possession of me. We expected to make Apia the following day. The stars seemed hung close overhead; a man came aft, struck seven bells and relieved the man at the wheel. The echoing vibrations filled the air about us for some time after.

Presently the second officer came on deck from his dinner in the cabin. "Mr. Maxwell is awake, sir," said he. "He asked to see you."

I immediately went below and found my friend sitting propped up with pillows. For some days he had been steadily improving, and a few hours earlier had fallen into a refreshing sleep after partaking of a bowl of broth prepared with care and skill by the Chinese cook. He looked thin and pale but his eyes were bright and clear and his arm had quite recovered from the sprain.

"Well, old chap," said he, smiling; "I'm almost fit once more. Expect I've been a lot of bother. Just now some Scotch and soda would be about the ticket."

He discussed the drink slowly and with relish, but he was evidently thinking deeply. Finally he said: "I suppose I made a good deal of a fool of myself; thrashed around and yelled, and all that?"

"Well, you did appear distressed about something; afraid, it seemed to me," and I told him of some of his ravings. He listened gravely, nodding his head.

"Just so," said he, "and I suppose you thought it was all because I was knocked out and off my head. Well, the truth is that, well or ill, the thing is there. For three years I have dreaded closing my eyes. I have tried every means on earth to fortify myself against it but, sleeping or waking, this nightmare has me in its clutches." He shuddered. "Since Lundy died I've been alone with the thing and it is gradually getting the best of my nerves. I'm not much given to confidences, as a rule, but in this case it may be a kind of self-preservation and so, if you don't mind. I'm going to tell you the story. It will strain your credulity to the breaking point, old man."

This, then, is Maxwell's story. He told it through to the end, sitting propped up in his bunk, and the morning watch was holystoning the decks ere the tale was done.

. . . . . .

Three years ago (said Maxwell) I bought the schooner yacht *Vestal Virgin* in San Francisco and outfitted for a cruise of two or three years. I had no particular objective point; I simply chafed at being too long in one place. You know, of course, that I have knocked about the world all my life, but you do *not* know that with me the *wanderlust* is a sort of disease inherited from a long line of roving ancestors. My people have probably been about in the South Seas for over a century, and my parents and infant brother were lost at sea on a return voyage from Japan. A good many people I know think this sort of vagabond thralldom an enviable pleasure; in reality it is only a form of neurasthenia, in my case incurable. I suppose if I had not been very well provided for financially I should have been a tramp or a beachcomber, though I have, of course, a certain amount of initiative and the ability to apply the things I learn to some useful purpose. It amounts to about the same thing in the long run, though, and I shall probably end by being drowned or murdered by some bloodthirsty savage. Death by violence is the penalty of unrest and has never had any particular terror for me.

At any rate I longed to get to sea. Seamen were scarce just then on account of the strike, and I was forced to ship a crimp's crew of riff-raff from the Barbary Coast. At the last minute I ran across Dr. John Lundy, who was a senior, you remember, when we were sophomores, and later made a name for himself for all kinds of scientific studies. He died two years ago in New Orleans, a martyr in the fight against yellow fever. I had heard a great deal of him since he left college and met him, once in Egypt and again a hundred miles from nowhere in Borneo where he was collecting orchids. We had a great deal in common and more, as you will see, before the voyage was over. He happened to be foot-loose and jumped at my invitation; came aboard with a prodigious lot of scientific paraphernalia, and before we passed the Farallones had mapped out an itinerary for the cruise, his principal suggestion being to keep out of the beaten path and hunt up some of the uncharted islands of which there are a great many more in the Pacific than you think for.

We headed West by North from the Hawaiians and a week from Honolulu ran into a rotary storm, the most terrifying thing in all my experience. It left us a dismasted wreck with the seams open and my Barbary Coast crew in a state of open mutiny. The mate had been washed overboard and the second officer, a decent young chap named Nelson, was in a bad way from a crack on the head which he earned trying to preserve some sort of discipline. The men got away in the boats, panic-stricken, leaving the three of us alone, fortunately with our best boat, a large surf-boat such as they use among the Islands, which was providentially lashed inboard against the house. I don't know whether it is a satisfaction to me or not, but none of that crew was ever heard of again as far as I know.

After stitching Nelson's scalp, we rigged a pair of tackles and got the boat over-side with a good deal of hard labor, and had plenty of time to lay in a complete stock of supplies. We were very well equipped for a trio of castaways. Nelson took his box and a small bag of shells and curios, his only earthly possessions. All my instruments and charts went aboard and Lundy tucked in his camera and microscope and as much of his apparatus as he could, going over it carefully and returning again and again to the rejected portion and picking out some cherished article. We took cases of wine and spirits, fancy potted stuffs; a spirit-lamp and chafing dish, and all the water and more substantial provisions we could carry. The sea had

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gone down immediately the storm was over. It is the way of those sudden tropical gales to leave a smiling wake after they have wrought their death and destruction. There was no more than a light sailing-breeze as we stepped the mast and ran up the sail; and at about four that afternoon I looked my last on my poor little schooner.

It was the third day when we raised the island; a mere uncharted dot on that waste of lonely sea. It was so small that we were quite close before we saw it and in a few hours ran down to within a mile or two of the windward coast. This was a great wall of cliff with the sea pounding savagely at its foot and an incessant, swirling cloud of sea-birds across its face. We sailed its full length but found no anchorage; then, rounding the eastern end of the island, or islet, for it was nothing more, ran along the lee shore. This was a striking contrast to the inhospitable windward coast. A thin fringe of coral reef skirted a hard, narrow beach lined with a nodding regiment of cocoa-palms.

For a mile or so inland it appeared to be flat and densely wooded; and from thence rose almost abruptly to the higher level which seemed little more than a ridge or narrow plateau. The island was between three and four miles long and I do not think its greatest width was more than two miles.

We hugged the reef as closely as we dared and about an hour before sunset cautiously worked our way, with the oars, in through a narrow fresh-water channel to as beautiful and peaceful a little lagoon as I ever saw. The water was so clear that the white, sandy bottom, dotted with green and purple tufts of algæ, seemed right under our keel, though our anchor ran out five fathoms of line before taking hold. Schools of jewel-like fish darted about, and overhead a few sea-birds paused on their way inland to peer at us sharply. But there was no sign of human life anywhere. There were no canoes on the beach; no huts nor dwellings. A strange silence hung about the place. Throughout the South Seas one is used to the groups of curious natives along the beach and surrounding your vessel, swimming and in canoes. Here, as I said, there was no sign of human life, and in the quiet beauty of the place it seemed uncanny.

At the very highest point upon the island — a level of, perhaps, six hundred feet — stood a lone pandanus palm. Now I have never liked this tree. It seems to me the lonesomest thing in the world. Its long, slender branches, tufted at the top with shabby, drooping leaves, give it a low-spirited aspect, and it looks incomplete without a buzzard or a vulture in the top-most branches to perfect the picture.

When I dream about this place (the Isle of the Lonely Palm we grew to call it) it always begins with that lone, desolate tree, starkly silhouetted against the sky.

Whether it was this, the absolute silence of the place, the recent loss of my schooner or the three combined I do not know, but whatever the reason, I was conscious of a decided feeling of depression. Lundy, however, was as pleased as a schoolboy on a holiday. Here was an island, uncharted and, as far as we knew, unexplored, and he tingled with the excitement of possible discoveries. As a matter of precaution we decided to spend the night aboard, keeping watch and watch against chance attack. We cooked a meal over the lamp and in a spirit of celebration Lundy fished out a bottle of old sherry; but the vigils of the storm and the last three days in an open boat had told upon us all and as the darkness fell we were a silent and gloomy company. Lundy turned in early and, tired as I was, I lit my pipe and composed myself for the first watch. Nelson was still weak from his crack on the head and I insisted that he, too, turn in and sleep for a while.

There was no moon but myriads of stars shone and sparkled and were mirrored in the clear face of the lagoon. Small schools of fish cut the water in phosphorescent threads and now and then there was a splash in the darkness. Once a great black head protruded near the boat and gave a long-drawn, weary sigh. It was only a turtle, but it startled me out of a doze. There were no swimming or canoe-borne savages, however, and no lights upon the land. At midnight I roused Lundy and immediately fell into a profound sleep.

Suddenly I awoke with a start. The moon had risen and was well overhead, the scud flying across its face, and by its light I saw Lundy sitting rigid with attention. He had my arm in a grip of iron.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Listen!" said he, in a sharp, hissing whisper. I strained my ears for some minutes but could hear nothing; then, on the still night air was wafted to us from that lonely isle the weirdest sound I have ever heard.

It was the clear blast of a horn, thin and faint as elfin music. It fluttered strangely upon two or three notes and then ceased, and though we listened with painful intentness for a long time, we heard it no more. The same melancholy silence settled down on the little island and there was no light nor movement to be seen. Then Lundy and I, coming, as it were, out of a stupor, found voices and talked volubly in whispers.

"So," said I, "there are men, after all. Do you suppose ——"

"Men! Men!" said Lundy, and his voice was trembling, "men, on a little, unknown island, who do not show themselves, build no fires, and play upon a trumpet! I tell you it's absurd!"

So we talked till sunrise. The thing had thrown me into something of a funk and we decided to say nothing about it to Nelson who, though a brave and capable seaman, was a simple fellow with all the childish superstition of his class. He slept peacefully till daylight, awaking much refreshed and chagrined to find he had overslept his watch. After a cool plunge in the lagoon we rowed ashore and grounded the boat at the most exposed place on the beach. We prepared a meal, keeping a wary eye about us, not without some creepy trepidation, at least on my part, of a shark-tooth arrow in the back. Lundy overhauled his camera with care, whistling cheerfully, and was all for setting out at once to explore, and as I had nothing to offer to the contrary except my own rather childish uneasiness, we decided to venture along the shore for a short distance, leaving Nelson in charge of the boat.

We armed ourselves with a revolver apiece, and as what water we had was warm and stale I took a canvas bucket under my arm thinking that we might find a spring.

"Cheer up, man!" said Lundy, as we set forth. "You look ready to dodge a war-club from behind. Look at those tree-ferns and creepers. There must be orchids in that jungle, and," he sniffed, warily, "for a safe bet, malaria."

But I was in no mood to be cheered. My nerves were painfully alert and keyed up with a sort of dread I had never known before.

The lower level of the island was, as I have said, densely wooded, and beneath the trees grew a tall, lush jungle of ferns and ti-plant, from which, like smothered whisperings, came faint tinklings of running water. In several places we found quicksand where the fresh

"Look! Look!" he cried; "look at that!"

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The monster was in full view on the beach, cautiously approaching the boat

water had seeped through, and in fact the whole jungle was swampy from the drainage of the higher levels. Along the beach was a broad belt of samphire grass and wherever possible we kept to the beach itself. The whole place was teeming with small life. Crabs of all sizes and colors scuttled about the beach; shell-fish clung in masses to the rocks; little clouds of plover and snipe flitted and piped about the bare reef, and innumerable birds darted to and fro among the branches in the wood. A belated turtle shuffled across our path, in a great flurry, toward his native element. We saw a flock of goats far away on the hillside, and once the guttural grunt of a wild pig in the bush set my overwrought nerves to quivering. Lundy poked about like a terrier, taking note of everything. Frequently he stopped and examined objects as we came to them along the beach; here a dead palm-branch or the husk of a cocoanut; even an empty shell; and I, too, looked carefully for any human sign. Once we fairly ran toward a black spot like the ashes of a fire, but found only a patch of lava sand; and so, having found nothing of particular interest, we brought up short against a low, sheer wall of rock jutting into the sea.

There was no proceeding further in that direction and we retraced our steps toward the boat. The jungle, on account of its density and swampy nature, seemed impenetrable, but I had marked a spot where a small stream of fresh water made a path, and as it promised a spring at its source I suggested that we follow it for a short distance.

We found the spring within two hundred yards. Here the opening widened into a little clearing of rocks. The spring was a small basin into which the clear water bubbled, and the lower edge of the basin was re-inforced by two or three stones which raised the level of the water some six inches. Lundy looked at these stones and then at me in a perplexed manner, peering owlishly over his glasses, and forthwith took a snap-shot with the camera. Then he studied the whole clearing and the spring itself with care. Finally he shook his head, reached over, filled the bucket and, turning, held it toward me. Suddenly it fell from his hand; his jaw dropped and his eyes dilated. His whole body grew rigid. He was looking over my shoulder at something behind me.

"In the name of God," said he, in a hoarse, unnatural whisper, "what is that?"

I turned as he spoke and there, staring down at us from a frame of leaves, was a Face — a Face that will haunt me to my dying day — a monstrous, animal thing, prognathous like a gorilla, so that the rest of it seemed to recede from the great crushing jaws and yellow teeth. Long matted hair fell forward, concealing the low forehead, and a coarse beard came almost to the eyes which, wonder of wonders, were a deep blue!

There was neither rage nor fear in that weird visage; only a strained, painful perplexity and wonder. For a long, tense moment we stared at each other and then the Face was gone. Lundy sprang forward and tore a hole through the ferns and underbrush.

"Look! Look!" he cried; "look at that!" and over his shoulder I caught a glimpse of a great Thing swinging itself, hand over hand, among the low branches, like an orang outang. In an instant it had disappeared, swallowed up by the dense forest and we stood, stupefied, staring at the place where it had vanished.

"What is it?" I asked, stupidly — blankly. "Lundy, what is that?" I was trembling like a leaf. Lundy turned and drew a long breath. A little pulse was racing and fluttering in his forehead, which was beaded with sweat.

"That?" said he, his voice shaking; "why that is our trumpeter."

We felt no desire to loiter on the way to the beach. As a matter of fact I ran, like a child in the dark, starting at every sound in the wood and more than once glancing back over my shoulder. The thing had been hideous; too human for a beast and altogether too bestial to be anything else. Lundy stumbled along muttering to himself like a man in a delirium, trying to fit some plausible explanation to what we had seen and, apparently, discarding one theory after another.

After each rejection he cried out, fiercely "No! It's impossible!"

My own mind was sufficiently busy and I felt the need of a stimulant. Between us we emptied my flask on the way to the boat.

Nelson was busy preparing a meal, but seeing our flustered condition asked anxiously: "What is it, sir? Did you see any Kanakas?"

"No," said I, "no Kanakas, Nelson, but a gorilla; a gorilla with blue eyes."

"Never heard of 'em in these parts, sir," said he, respectfully enough, but with a broad grin as he went on with his work.

Lundy immediately got out his note-book. "Now, Maxwell," said he; "we must compare notes. I'm all at sea. You saw the eyes?"

"Yes, and the nose. It was not —"

"The legs hung down, like a man's —" so we gabbled till Lundy said, finally: "It's no use. I can't make head or tail of it. Here are the facts: a wild, uncharted island; of it a being, or beings, made in the image of — what *was* it the image of? Blue eyes; nose fairly well arched; no forehead to speak of; prognathous jaw and overhead locomotion. If an animal, what about the eyes? and the nose? If a man, the arboreal instinct?"

Nelson had been listening with rapt attention. His grin had given place to an expression of intense interest.

"Maybe, sir, if I might offer a suggestion," said he, "this here thing is some poor devil of a seaman, shipwrecked and gone demented. I seen a fellow once that way picked up in a boat —"

"Nothing of the kind," said Lundy, sharply. "Atavism to such an extent is impossible. You understand, Nelson, this — this Thing swung from the branches. Its face and head were of the primordial type. It makes no fire, and does not recognize us as fellow-beings. No man can revert so far. He would have known us for men, made noises; something. He would not forget so simple an act as producing fire. As for his tree-top gymnastics —"

[*Continued on page 42*]

THE SPEECHES OF WOODROW WILSON explain WOODROW WILSON and the power and personality in the orations will be described interestingly by HOWARD BRUBAKER in the October issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE and THE NATIONAL POST.

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An attentive audience

David Mannes, Apostle of Music

By Ernest Poole

Author of The Vegetable Factories of Paris, The Sky Viking, America's Young Men, etc.

Illustrations by Laura Foster

THIRTY years ago he was scraping a fiddle in a music hall down-town. To-day he is leading the first violins in the New York Symphony Orchestra. Therefore one might expect him to say, like so many of our self-made men, "Did I have a hard struggle? Yes indeed. But a splendid struggle. Fine thing for me or for any boy. Made a man of me. Genius will up."

But, curiously, David Mannes says nothing of the kind. He considers the struggle that he had not good, but decidedly bad, for himself or for any child. And he goes further. Finding this same spirit of the battle invading the world of music, he is in revolt against it—this straining above all else for personal fame and wealth, with its striving for the sensational, its artificiality, its pettiness, its narrowness.

And as one expression of this revolt, he has worked for years down on the East Side, in the Music School Settlement, a school which severely discourages the whole fame and money idea, and aims to keep tenement children clear from that same "splendid struggle" through which Mannes went as a youngster.

To me the story of his struggle up and then of his turning back on his past to oppose it, in this work he is now directing, is significant as a part of the deep socializing changes working these days in our national life. I have watched this slender, vital man up-town in the Symphony Orchestra, where all the world sounds finished; and I have watched him down-town in the Settlement School leading a string orchestra of some sixty boys and girls, Jews, Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Germans and Italians, where the world sounds anything but finished. I have heard him stop and talk to these youngsters about music, its source in the primitive dance, the folk songs of our immigrants, their new American citizenship, harmony in music, mutual helpfulness in life, brotherhood, Beethoven symphonies and other things of the kind. I have had long talks alone with this dreamer. And of his story, as I have pieced it together, this is my impression:

His parents, who were Polish Jews, lived their early lives in a village in German Poland, a dreary little hamlet surrounded by mud and marsh on the shore of a long, narrow lake which formed one link in the Russian frontier. The Russian guards could be seen on the opposite shore. When the elder Mannes and his son went back to this village, some years ago, they found it just as it had been before. There had been one great excitement there. The hated German government had tried to set up in the village a mysterious thing possessed by a demon, a telephone! They had torn it out!

In spite of such surroundings, his father, the village baker, had had the courage and enterprise to emigrate in 1862 to a land then almost unknown to his neighbors. He came to New York. In his ignorance of the city he selected a home in the heart of a flourishing red light region. And here in 1866 his boy David was born. There were many children and they were poor. They lived in rooms in a basement. Cooking, washing and eating, all were done in one room.

One day, when David was seven years old, he was looking after the baby while his mother did the washing. In his play he fell over backwards into a boiler of scalding water. For weeks he lay at the point of death, and he suffered almost continuous agony for about two years. His anxious parents tried many doctors. For months the child lay with his limbs bound tight; for months he was given morphine, and again he was heavily dosed with brandy. Anything to stop the pain. It was a hideous start in life.

In his ninth year it was ended. The little chap was so feeble now that it seemed he could never learn a trade. But in his bed while he was sick he had made a toy fiddle of a cigar box, and on it had tried to scrape out tunes. So his parents decided to make him a fiddler. They bought a violin and engaged a teacher to come twice a month at seventy-five cents a lesson.

The brightest memory of his boyhood is of a man who helped him. One day when he was practising, there was a knock on the door. His mother opened the door and was confronted by a negro, a fine-looking giant of a man. Mrs. Mannes was taken aback at first; but catching the German accent in her stammering voice, the negro spoke in excellent German. This reassured her, and she let him in.

He had had a strange life. A slave down South before the War, as a boy he had shown such talent for the violin that his master had sent him abroad, and there he had studied under some of the greatest teachers in Europe. Then, when the War was over and he was free, he had come to New York to begin his career. But he had found there was no career. A favored pupil of great German masters, no orchestra would take him in because he was black. Still worse, no white parents wanted their children taught by a negro. And so he had learned to play the guitar and had earned a hard living by teaching negroes.

And now this outlawed black musician gave the small immigrant Jew his start.

"I heard you from the street," he said, "and I thought I'd come in to tell you about this little piece you are playing. It was written by Spohr. I was taught by his pupil; he showed me how Spohr wanted it played. And now I want to show you." He took the small fiddle and started to play. After that he came twice a week, and would take no pay for his lessons.

"He opened a new world to me," said Mannes. "Not only in music—he read to me. He was a passionate lover of great literature. And finding that because of my sickness I had had but two years in a primary school, he tried to give me this passion of his for the fine, pure things in the world. I was his only white pupil. He used to say he was proud of me. He took me once to play at a small gathering of his fellow negroes. But they were not an inspiring crowd; and as the career he had dreamed of was forever confined to such as these, he took to gin, and a few years after I met him he died. His name was Douglas. I hope some day to start a small music school in a negro quarter. We'll call it 'The Douglas Memorial.'"

When eleven years old, young Mannes began playing in a cheap theater orchestra, without pay, for practise. But soon he was getting paid for his work. And in the ten years that followed, he fiddled in all kinds of places.

"In the theaters thirty years ago," he said, "the orchestra pit was not sunk so low, you could see the stage, and I saw plays by the hundred, from the best to the very worst. I played, too, in vaudeville houses, where out of all the cheapness came flashes of real beauty,

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A young violinist

bits of character sketching, wonderful fragments of song—straight from the people. I played the night out in boisterous scenes; I remember the Coal Handlers' Union Ball. Those ten years are a dark mass of memories, sordid, brutal, coarse and sad, but with gleams of what might be divine in men. I was a child without a child's life. And yet I had, as everyone has, the germs of something above all this. And I lived in a chaos of dreams.

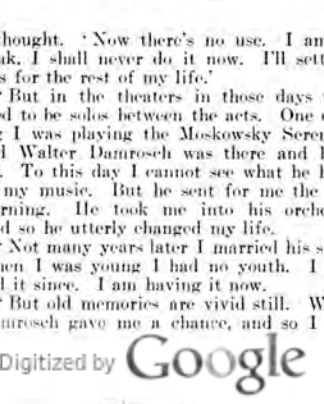
"Sometimes I thought of Douglas, and I planned to study in Europe. Two or three summers I went abroad. But I had so little money that I could stay there but a few weeks. Being still feeble in body, I was worn out by the winter's grind. And so on these trips I accomplished little.

"To say that such struggles are good for a boy is absurd. 'Genius will up' about once in a hundred cases. The other ninety-nine stay down and are lost to the world. I don't mean they starve. They don't, as a rule. Among the musicians I knew in those days, the main trouble was this: you could so easily smoke, drink and fiddle along and keep your music in the dirt. It is so easy to prostitute music.

"But I was dissatisfied with my playing. I knew that I played badly, and I wanted a long time of study abroad, real study. I saved my money for years. The plan took hold of me, strengthened me. At twenty I had over a thousand dollars saved, and I was almost ready to go.

"But then a close friend of mine got into trouble and needed my money.

"And after that I gave up. 'It's all ended.'



Piano recital

I thought. 'Now there's no use. I am too weak, I shall never do it now. I'll settle to this for the rest of my life.'

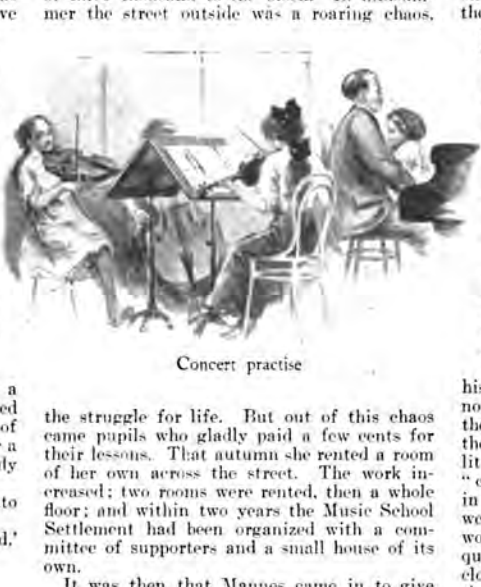
"But in the theaters in those days there used to be solos between the acts. One evening I was playing the Moskowsky Serenade; and Walter Damrosch was there and heard me. To this day I cannot see what he heard in my music. But he sent for me the next morning. He took me into his orchestra. And so he utterly changed my life.

"Not many years later I married his sister. When I was young I had no youth. I have had it since. I am having it now.

"But old memories are vivid still. Walter Damrosch gave me a chance, and so I have been able to grow and to be of use to a great many people. Why should not such chances be given to hundreds who are as I was? Hundreds, simply by having a chance, may become fine orchestra players, good music teachers; and still more important, thousands may come to be real lovers of music, who will help to bring all its power for good into this harsh city life of ours."

This had been a dream of his even when he was a boy. And not long after he entered the Damrosch Orchestra, young Mannes took his first step toward making the dream a reality. He advertised his plan to lead an amateur orchestra, and the response amazed him. Over a hundred and forty men and women came to him almost at once. Soon he had two orchestras made up of working people; one of a hundred men and women, the other of young Germans in Brooklyn, laborers who worked on the docks. They were crude enough, these orchestras, the sound was even terrific at times. But he felt big possibilities here. And so, not many years later, he began his work in the Music School.

This school had been started by Miss Wagner, a music teacher who believed that in the East Side masses there was real hunger for music. She began one summer giving violin and piano lessons in a basement room of the College Settlement, in the very heart of the Ghetto, where people are packed in, some two or three thousand to the block. In midsummer the street outside was a roaring chaos,



Concert practise

the struggle for life. But out of this chaos came pupils who gladly paid a few cents for their lessons. That autumn she rented a room of her own across the street. The work increased; two rooms were rented, then a whole floor; and within two years the Music School Settlement had been organized with a committee of supporters and a small house of its own.

It was then that Mannes came in to give aid. To direct an orchestra of thirty or forty cheap violins in a stuffy tenement room is not easy; but he did this week after week, besides giving individual lessons. The School had many anxious times, even seasons of crises. But the response increased so swiftly, the small house was so overcrowded with work, that some six years ago they bought three houses on Third Street.

They have attractive quarters here. The three old-fashioned houses joined together look more like a home than an institution. There is a small auditorium, a music library and rooms for private lessons. These rooms are used to their utmost capacity; and though the money support each year increases, still the school is always hard up. For the response of the people keeps ever widening. They come not only from near by, but from Brooklyn, the Bronx and Jersey City. There are over eight hundred pupils now, children of immigrant parents from all over Europe: from Russia, Poland, Germany, Bohemia and Hungary, Roumania, Italy, Ireland. And there are a few negro children. At all hours of the day or evening the place is alive with music. Noise and discord, crudeness, roughness? Yes, in plenty. But out of all this forever emerging harmonies, new-born hungers, interests, ideals.

This is more than a school. It is a vital center of eight hundred lives; it is in close touch with hundreds of homes. For this society is mainly run by women. The presiden Mrs. Mansfield, has been a generous and d voted manager; and the six women who li here give all their time to making the pla a social center as well as a school. Amon tenement dwellers there is sometimes a stron prejudice against settlement workers, a fee ing grimly expressed in the phrase "hire neighbors." But there is no such feeling her for the school has a definite function. Whe a child applies for lessons, one of the wome residents visits his home; and she has a righ to, for she has business there. There is n "pauperizing" about it; nearly all pupils pa for their lessons; over $1,140 was paid by p pils for lessons last month. But the pay exceedingly low—only twenty-five cents a le son—and so the settlement woman has a righ to inquire into the circumstances of parent For if parents can pay adequate prices, th school, as a rule, will not take their children they do not propose to take work which right belongs to outside teachers. On th other hand, it may be found that the paren cannot even afford the required small sum and for such cases the school has already fift scholarships which allow them to take pupi free. The school has other neighborhood tie It runs a score or more of clubs; there a dances through the winter, and summer camp for boys and girls. From the library, book on music are taken home by children. A the concerts given last year there was a tot attendance of over ten thousand, and mos of these were parents.

"One of the happiest things about mus here," said Miss Crawford, the head worke "is that the parents can understand. The are immigrants, and their children gro away from them, for many parents neve learn English. But music is a commo language, a mutual bond, especially whe woven into the orchestra music and the parents hear the folk songs that they kne so well at home."

I remember one little instance of thi At an afternoon rehearsal, the stage of th small auditorium was packed with eight boys and girls, from the stocky youth wit the big nose and lips and a stolid, happ content in his eyes, to the intense little spe tacled chap who anxiously beat time wit his feet and leaned far farward scanning th notes. There were all kinds of clothes, fro the spruce sailor suits of two sedate maids the patched and bulging blouses of three jol little fiddlers who looked as though to "chased by a cop" was one of their chief jo in life. All kinds and ages, races and cree were together here, and at it hard, when woman with a shawl over her head can quietly in and sat down to my left. H clothes, though neat, were threadbare; signs the "splendid struggle" showed in her thi sharp profile. But her eyes were fixed on o small violinist, a girl who had bright, mer eyes, and whose clothes were not worn threa bare, but looked fresh and gay, like the r ribbon in her hair. She did not seem to s the woman. Until suddenly, after a shr crescendo, the music slid into a deep and so orous melody which, it seemed to me, I ha heard years before, one sparkling, frosty nig for sleighs, in a town in the south of Ru

[Continued on page 40]

The kindergarten on the roof

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Travels with a Junk-Man in Arcadia

By Richard Le Gallienne

Author of October Vagabonds, The Painless Revolution, Etc.

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

Chapter V

Farmer Grummon

SPRING had as yet little to show for herself. She was still little more than a thrilling announcement, a sweet voice calling in the wilderness of a landscape only here and there visibly vernal. For a week or two yet one must be content to divine her presence, like the ancient augurs, in the cries of birds—or frogs. Yet now and again a soft blush of green in an old orchard could tell of her secret kiss, and we had not gone far on our way before we found her banner of dogwood, hung aloft like a fairy vision in the leafless woods. And—another vivid harbinger—thrushing up its vigorous scrolls of dazzling green, so welcome now, so like a

settled down with derisive laughter high up on the topmost bough

miracle of resurrection, but soon to be so ungratefully forgotten, and even despised, the rusty skunk-cabbage, like clumps of lettuce blazoning the debris of sullen swamps.

"Skunk-cabbage!" said Old John, pointing with his whip. "I call it my favorite flower, for it looks like a flower, with everything else so black and winter-like. And it's so grateful to the eye, so fresh and green, just when one's starving for the sight of a bit of green stuff. It always reminds me of a woman in a mining-camp. She's usually no great beauty. But Lord! how good she is to look at, when she's the only one around."

John had known mining-camps as well as circuses, as shall hereafter be told. At the moment, however, I was only concerned with the pleasing discovery that he was gifted with a deep love of nature—by no means confined to hogs or elephants. He was what one might call a natural lover of nature. The passion for out-of-doors was in his blood, not merely in his brain, and the woods and the waters and the open road and all the lore of them were his very life. As we jogged on in silence side by side, through a stretch of wild country, mostly rocks and trees and solitary marshes, I could see that he was drinking in the fresh beauty of the morning like wine, and he seemed to be growing younger each moment, as with the draughts of an elixir.

I couldn't help reflecting pathetically that in the nature of things, this coming spring must be one of the very few left to him, perhaps indeed the very last; but such thoughts seemed far from Old John, as he threw back his shoulders, and inhaled the May breeze as though a hundred springs were before instead of behind him. Still there may have been something of a sigh in his next remark, in answer to one of mine complaining, as I did at the head of this chapter, that spring had as yet so little to show for herself.

"Ah! my young friend, don't be in too much of a hurry. Spring's like a ten-dollar bill. When you've broken into it, it's as good as gone. When spring once starts, you've no time to enjoy it. Everything seems to come at once. All the flowers and birds seem as though they tumbled out of a bag in a heap. Or it's like one of those organ-grinders that plays one tune after another so fast that you don't catch any of them. . . . But, whoa! William," he concluded, "here's where we stop a minute or two."

We had drawn up in front of a considerable farmhouse of ancient and somewhat neglected aspect. Weeds and long grasses prospered in what had once been a front garden, the apple-trees in the haunted looking orchard had evidently not been pruned for years, and the old barns seemed only just able to stand, leaning against each other for support in a drunken, dilapidated fashion. But here and there in the long grass an early daffodil was aflame, and a magnificent bush of white lilac seemed to concentrate all the freshness and fragrance of the world.

We waited a few moments without evoking any sign of life about the place, and then John turned to me.

"Give him a touch of the horn," he said.

So reaching down the cow-horn from its hook, I blew a blast as mighty as my unaccustomed skill could make it. As if in answer, there came almost immediately from somewhere behind the barns, which were flanked by a group of lofty elms, the report of a gun. And following upon it, up in the elm tops there came a great cawing and swirling of crows. Half-a-dozen young birds, evidently under the protection of the old one of great size and wisdom, eddied around for a moment or two, and then settled again with what seemed derisive laughter high up in the tallest elm—from the topmost branch of which one of the old birds seemed to be distinctly calling an amused "Haw! haw!" at someone below.

This individual presently came in view, a little quaint boyish figure of an old man, with

Crows became a monomania with him

a small tight wrinkled face, in which two shrewd blue eyes and a diminutive chin-beard of a snowy whiteness were the most noticeable features. He carried a shotgun, still smoking at the muzzle, and he seemed out of humor.

"Gol darn it, John Couch," he called, not in the least surprised at our presence, and as casually as if we had been standing there with his full knowledge, for a week, "your blamed ox-horn lost me that crow. Why in blazes couldn't you wait a minute?"

"And I a'pining for a sight of your good old face, Jabez, all this long winter," John retorted dryly. "How could you expect it? Still the same sweet disposition, I see. Molasses is no name for you, Jabez."

The old man vouchsafed only an indignant grunt for answer. But John seemed to delight in playing with his ill-humor.

"How's everything?" he continued. "Speaking of crows, have you poisoned any more chickens or fox-terriers lately?"

The allusion was a cruel one, for there was a good story on Jabez among his neighbors to the effect that once, to get even with his mortal enemies the crows, which with old age had become a sort of monomania with him, he had poisoned a quantity of barley and scattered it around the farm—with alas! very tragic consequences. The crows with a knowingness which he could only attribute to the devil, had evidently got wind of the snare, for they declined to eat a single grain, and set up in the elm-trees looking on and laughing while a fine brood of Plymouth Rocks devoured the fatal meal with avidity and two poor little fox-terrier puppies that puppy-like would try their teeth on everything from old shoes to young snakes, tasted prematurely of the bitterness of death.

This incident, of which, naturally, he had "never heard the last," had done much to sour

A farmhouse

Jabez's not over-genial disposition, and, as I said, it was cruel of Old John to rub it in once more.

"Your jokes don't grow any younger, like yourself, John Couch," snarled the old man, "but that's natural, I reckon. Old junk and old jokes seem to be your business."

"Good for you, Jabez," laughed John good-naturedly. "I'm blessed if that didn't sound almost human. But come, now, no bad feelings among old friends. Is there anything the old junk-man can do for you this trip?"

"Well," said the farmer softening, "you might come and cast your eye over the roan mare. She's been sickly like, a month or more. And you might take a look at the kitchen sink. The missus is at me this twelvemonth for a new one. Like all the women, she thinks men are made of trousers' pockets for them to put their hands in."

"All the mare needs"

"Twelve months, did you say, Jabez Grummon?" called a feminine voice from an unseen occupant of the kitchen, "twelve years is more like talking."

But John meanwhile had descended from his cart and we were making our way to the stable.

John's solutions of the farmers' problems were alike unpalatable.

"All the mare needs," he said, "is less bran and more oats, and all the sink

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needs is the scrap-heap and a plumber."

In answer to the last suggestion the farmer declared that he would as soon call in the undertaker as a plumber, giving it as his opinion, as the result of much study of human rascality, that of all human rascals plumbers were only matched by one other set of scoundrels—namely, lawyers. As we mounted the cart and prepared to drive off, leaving our disgruntled friend to chew the cud of his grievances against crows and plumbers and the universe generally, my eyes fell once more on the lilacs.

A bright-eyed girl of sixteen came running down the path

"You've got a fine lilac-bush there," I said conciliatingly.

For answer the old man scanned me with a sort of contemptuous curiosity, as though he was wondering what particular brand of idiot I belonged to, and then he turned his little blue eyes on the lilacs and looked at them attentively as if he was seeing them for the first time, and with entire disapproval. Then he spoke. "I can't see as how there's anything the matter with them," he said.

And with that we drove away. A few moments after we heard another report of the gun, and the same derisive "Haw! haw! haw!" echoing in the distance.

Old John at my side broke out into a fit of whole-souled laughter that shook his big shoulders. "I can't see as how there's anything the matter with them," he quoted. "Did you ever hear the like of that? Jabez certainly takes a lot of beating."

Was ever white lilac so originally appreciated?

Chapter VI

More White Lilac

As we left behind our cross-grained farmer—whose name "Grummon" seemed oddly appropriate—I fell into a vein of reflection into which many a nature-lover must often have found himself surprised as he has come into contact with the singular insensitiveness to the beauty and suggestiveness of their surroundings which seems to characterize most country-folk. It may be that farmers and others whose business is with the soil and its tillage, with harvest and with orchards, and with all those processes of times and seasons the mere contemplation

Sat a sweet-faced old lady

of which make a Virgil or a Wordsworth—it may be that they hide their feelings, but if so they must certainly hide them very deep. Not that one expects from them æsthetic or literary raptures, of which, from professional nature-lovers one may well have too much, but one might reasonably hope for an occasional indication that the mysterious pageantry of the earth is not entirely lost upon them.

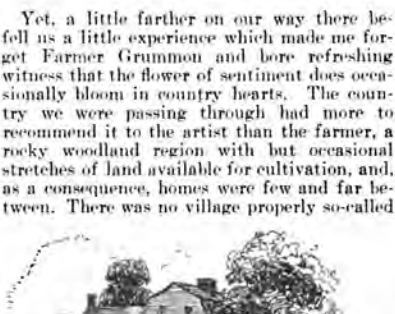
Such appreciation is to be found among the Celtic and Latin races, but among the Anglo-Saxon seldom or never. I have even heard a negro talk like a poet about wild birds, but for the most part your average country-man is as insensitive to their songs as he is ignorant of their names. The last person to ask information about natural objects, a tree, a flower, or a bird, is a person who has spent his whole life amongst them. His concern with them is purely a matter of business, and his sentiment is pretty accurately summed up in Farmer Grummon's expression that, so far as he can see, there's nothing the matter with them. "Knows he," asks Emerson,

> "Knows he who tills this lovely field,
> To reap its scanty corn,
> What mystic fruit his acres yield
> At midnight and at morn?"

Alas! no, he neither knows nor cares, and we must be content that he reaps his material crop, leaving us to reap that other:

> "Another crop thine acres yield,
> Which I gather in a song."

Yet, a little farther on our way there befell us a little experience which made me forget Farmer Grummon and bore refreshing witness that the flower of sentiment does occasionally bloom in country hearts. The country we were passing through had more to recommend it to the artist than the farmer, a rocky woodland region with but occasional stretches of land available for cultivation, and, as a consequence, homes were few and far between. There was no village properly so-called



The old place

within ten miles, but a straggle of half-a-dozen old houses lying in some meadow-land near a little stream was known as Mile-Stone Clearings.

John explained the reason of the name, as half a mile from a house which he had pointed out as our next stopping place, he pulled up and called my attention to an old stone standing at the side of the road. It was sunk deep in grasses and bore on its face some moss-grown lettering which made it look like a grave-stone.

"That's some of Benjamin Franklin's work," said Old John, referring to the fact that the mile-stones of the state we were traveling had been laid down by the great American philosopher and man of all work. Yes! the great Benjamin had traveled the very road we were on, and had stood for some time on the very spot where we were standing. His method of surveying, like all his methods, had been original. To the wagon in which he journeyed was attached a meter by which the miles were automatically measured as he went along, after the fashion of a pedometer, and in his wake followed another wagon loaded with the mile-stones.

This particular stone, however, though placed according to his measurements, had been the private enterprise of the proprietress of a posting inn, which was doing a prosperous business in the far-off days when this had been the coach-road between New York and Boston, and served the double purpose of telling off the distance and advertising the hospitality of the inn, which went by the name of the Horse and Pigeons. Brushing aside the long grasses, one could still read in quaint deep-cut letters:

To Boston 167 Miles
Food and Rest
For Man and Beast
Abigail Disbrow
The Horse and Pigeons
Half-a-Mile East

The inn had, of course, long since ceased to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest, and the sound of the old coach-horns had by this time been blown on the wind of time as far as the planet Saturn. The old place, a roomy clap-board edifice, fronted by giant maples, was occupied, said John, by an old widow, her son and granddaughter, and here was one of his very special annual halts

"When we reach the top we will see the Sound"

John blew the horn himself this time.

"I always blow it to please the old lady," he said. "I know she looks forward to my coming all winter."

And almost before he had taken the ox-horn from his lips, a bright-eyed young girl of about sixteen, with pretty pink cheeks and a mass of golden hair, came running down the garden path, on the edges of which white and yellow crocuses were ablaze.

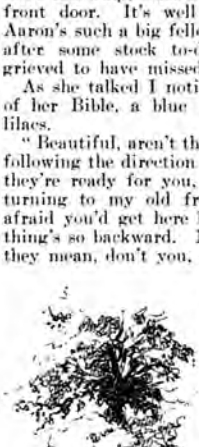
"Well, it's Mr. Couch at last," she called, blushing a little bashfully as she saw me, a stranger. "Won't grandma be glad to see you. Do come in."

So we dismounted, and following our young guide, entered an old-fashioned parlor, where in a big horsehair chair by the window sat a sweet-faced, white-haired old country-woman, a great old Bible open at her side, between the pages of which lay a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Well, well, John Couch, so here you are again. But my, but you're late in coming this year. We began to wonder about you, didn't we, Charity?" And then to me, John having made my introduction, "You must excuse me getting up, young gentleman. My old joints don't improve any, John. It'll be ten years come this July, since I've walked as far as the front door. It's well for me that my son Aaron's such a big fellow as he is. He's away after some stock to-day. He'll be mortally grieved to have missed you."

As she talked I noticed, placed at the side of her Bible, a blue bowl filled with white lilacs.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" said the old lady, following the direction of my eyes. "You see they're ready for you, John," she continued, turning to my old friend. "I was almost afraid you'd get here before they did, everything's so backward. Mr. Couch knows what they mean, don't you, John?"



Presently the young girl returned

"Yes! indeed, Jane," said the old man. "As long as John Couch has a memory for a good man and a true friend, Gideon Thatcher is not going to be forgotten."

"Seventeen years this twelfth of May," said the old woman, the tears coming into her eyes. "It's a long time to be without him. But something tells me, old friend, that perhaps next year I'll be taking the lilacs to him myself."

"Now, now, Jane, you know you said that very thing last year, and for the matter of that, the year before. Better wait till I get ready to come along too, to see you safe company. I'll not go amiss on that journey, I reckon."

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"Oh, I wonder what it'll be like there, ohn!"

"I guess you've got the best line on it there, the Book you're reading, Jane. There's een a heap of books written about it since. nt I guess it's all there. If a man can't find is way to heaven on that map, I reckon it's ot meant for him to get there and heaven will e a sight more comfortable without him."

And so the two old friends exchanged remiiscences and homely philosophy till it was me for the road again. Then, turning to her anddaughter, with an excited flush in her ld cheeks: "Be a good child, Charity, and ather me some fresh lilacs," she said, "the rettiest you can find. It breaks my heart at I cannot get about to gather them myself. nt I guess, John, he'll understand, won't e?"

"He'll understand, you may be sure," said e old man consolingly as to a child, bendg his tall form over her and gently patting r shoulder. "They understand everything here Gideon has gone."

Presently the young girl returned with a strous armful of lilacs, and the old woman, ith trembling hands, selecting the finest, tied em up with a piece of white ribbon, and en gave them into John's keeping.

"Tell him that his Jane thinks of him every our of the day. Say she's coming to him as st as the Lord wills."

Having carefully placed the lilacs in an escially safe compartment of his heterogeneus conveyance, John and I mounted the seat, lling our last farewells to the pretty Charity nd the sweet old face at the window, and once ore took the road.

When we had driven in silence a little way, hn explained old Jane Thatcher's commis-

Melchizedek was made happy

on. Gideon Thatcher had died seventeen ars before and his death had so deeply icken his faithful wife that she had been e invalid we saw ever since; and every year now, she had given into John's charge a unch of lilacs for her husband's grave in the llage ten miles away—for lilac had been his vorite flower.

"But," added John after a pause, "there is e thing I have not had the heart to tell her, r ever shall. I take this lilac, of course, the same—it makes the poor soul happy—t there's no grave to put it on any more. en years ago they had to take a part of the urch-yard for a trolley track, and for ten ars the trolley cars have been running over deon Thatcher's grave."

Chapter VII

In Which We Sleep By the Sea

John had promised, at our setting out, that, th good going, we should sleep this first ght by the sea; and the promise had sung my ears all day. In the winter one forgets e sea. It is too homeless and savage a ought for cold weather; but, with the first ring days, the birds, back home again from eir southern trip, seem to bring the sound it in their wings, and one falls to dreaming ain of its murmur along summer shores, at tireless murmur that never tires, that finite smile of never-resting rest. As the adows of a day that had been more like dden summer than spring began to lengthen hong the red cedars, and athwart the fanstic rocks of the no-man's land through hich we had been journeying with Widow

Hedged in among rocks stood a rough hut

Thatcher's lilacs, John pointed up the long ascent of road William was leisurely climbing.

"When we reach the top," he said, "we shall see the Sound."

And soon, sure enough, there it was stretching out its blue and gold, three or four miles below us, rimming with light a group of rocky islands and flooding with azure innumerable creeks and salt marshes.

Its giant freshness made glad our hearts, and we let William take a rest while we drank our fill of it in silence. Even Melchizedek seemed to be glad to see it again and barked and ran to and fro accordingly. Then, as John once more flicked the reins, he turned to me with a smile:

"I can't see as how there's anything the matter with it, eh?" he said.

Soon we had left the high ground, and were threading our way through wooded flats, the road winding in and out at the fantastic will of unexpected inlets, and presently, after crossing a narrow neck of land between wide marshes, we reached a sort of rocky forested island, and turning a corner of buttress-like boulders, with a great waft of briny odors, clams and mussels and sea-weed combined, and a grinding rhythmic murmur for welcome, there suddenly was a little horse-shoe cove and the open sea. Wedged in among the rocks facing the water, stood a rough log hut with two windows and at the end was a lean-to shed with a horse's stall. Springing from the wagon, John took a key from his pocket and threw open the door.

"How will this suit you for our hotel?" he said.

Inside were two beds built bunk-like one above the other, a rough table, and a chair or two, a shelf with some crockery, a clam fork and fishing tackle, a pile of old newspapers and various odds and ends.

Such was Old John's castle by the sea, one of several such homes he had whimsically built for himself up and down the country in the course of his many wanderings, and as I looked at it I realized once more that John was merely, so to say, a junk-man by courtesy, and that peddling junk was but an excuse for the indulgence of the incorrigible gipsy-strain in his nature, that could never be happy long in one place, and whose very life was to wander under the free sky.

"Let's give William his supper, and then we'll look after ours," he said, as William, neighing joyously with his falling harness, clattered off to his stall, as though quite at home. "Do you like clams?" he added pres-

"Do you like clams?"

ently. "Well, we'll have some. I'll go dig out a mess of them, while you start a fire. There's our kitchen," and he pointed to a stone oven built at the foot of the rock.

Soon we were seated at a meal such as for relish I had never eaten before, some rashers of bacon from the wagon going mighty well with the fried clams and some steaming tea to wash all down. Melchizedek was made happy with a mutton-bone, and while we sat over our supper, we could hear William contentedly champing his oats at our back. And in front in the growing dusk, the ceaseless rustle and rattle of the waves rolling the pebbles up and down the beach, and the quiet stars rising over the sea.

An hour later our little company was blending the regular breathing of deep wholehearted sleep with the rough rhythm of the surge. It must have been near morning, though it was still dark except for the starlight, when I was half awakened by Melchizedek's sudden barking, and out amid the lap of waters I heard voices and the sound of a sail being lowered. Looking out I could dimly discern a fishing yawl stealing into the cove, but I was so sleepy that it seemed like a dream. A lantern flashed from its bow, and a dog's bark came in faint answer to Melchizedek across the water.

Old John moved in his bunk.

"Quiet, Mel! quiet there!" he called. "Nothing but friends, old boy. I guess I know who that is," he added for my benefit. "Old Captain Haverstraw just coming in from Long Island. We'll have a visit with him in the morning."

And next minute John was asleep again, and so was I. So was Melchizedek—with one eye.

(To be continued)

Autumn

By Emery Pottle

There's autumn in the air,
I do not know from where
It comes, nor why I know,
But the full winds that blow
Are done with summer rest;
The colors in the breast
Of the strong hills grow deep
With shadows that slow creep
Toward winter. There's a mirth
Which laughs across the earth
Too wildly, lest the grief
Of summer find relief
In tears.
Whence comes the word
The startled gardens heard?
Who whispered 'neath his breath
Of that white silence—death?

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Ohio Wakes to Shame

By Sloane Gordon

Illustrated with Photographs

NOTHING more sordidly and shamelessly crooked has ever come to the surface than Ohio's legislative scandal. And yet, strangely enough, those who have been in touch with Ohio affairs for the past several years can only shrug their shoulders and wonder that the exposé has been so long delayed.

For, as a matter of fact—cold, indisputable fact—the Ohio legislature has been, for a score of years, a burning, crimson disgrace.

Ohio has put up with conditions that few states would tolerate. Columbus, the capital, has for years echoed with scandal. Members of Ohio's legislature have talked openly and brazenly of the amount of money they believed their votes to be worth. Such a state of affairs was reached three years ago that one member of the house in a spirit of alcoholic frankness, declared in a corridor of the Southern Hotel that he "ought to have five hundred dollars to-night" in consideration of his prospective opposition to a bill then on the calendar for passage.

Few who heard him took offense; bribery was looked upon apparently as more or less legitimate, just as vote-selling in Adams County was a recognized industry.

A member of the State senate (he is still a member) approached an acquaintance on a Big Four train a few years ago and suggested that the acquaintance "see" the representative of the state brewers' association and secure one thousand dollars.

"I'll split it with you," he said, then added, "of course I'll vote right on the liquor bills anyhow, but I was put to some expense during the campaign and I ought to be reimbursed."

A former legislator who was a candidate for the nomination last year and who was defeated in the primaries told me, in all seriousness, that his defeat meant great financial loss to him.

"Why," he said, "they're sending a guy from here who doesn't know his way around. I'd have more retainers by this time than he'll get in vote money during the entire session."

Though the people of Ohio can, therefore, hardly plead ignorance of the bribe-soliciting and bribe-taking that has been going on in Columbus for so many years they have at last been aroused from their lethargy. As a result of recent disclosures nineteen members and officers of the legislature are under indictment and more than thirty more are threatened with procedure. The story of Ohio's awakening is as follows:

BUYING LEGISLATORS IN JOB LOTS

One day a farmer member of the house displayed, inadvertently, a large roll of bills in the Neil House lobby. A fellow member gazed in awe at the show of wealth.

"I just sold a drove of hogs," explained the farmer member rather hastily and confusedly.

The observing one was thoughtful. He did not reply for the half-minute usually essential to the full-measured beat of his mental processes. And then——

"Yaas," he drawled, "and I'll bet I'm one o' them hawgs."

One day last April three prosperous looking men drifted unostentatiously into Columbus and secured rooms at the Chittenden Hotel. Their several names were F. S. Harrison, David H. Barry and A. C. Bailey. Harrison, particularly, looked like a man of plethoric purse. He mingled; he became acquainted with members of the legislature. Barry and Bailey also made themselves popular by purchasing drinks and cigars. In the course of time they—Barry and Bailey—confided the information discreetly that Harrison was in Columbus for the purpose of bringing about the defeat of two bills, the Green nine-hour-work-day-for-women bill and the Whittemore bill permitting mutual fire insurance companies to do business in Ohio without the handicap of annoying regulations. They admitted that they were there to assist Harrison in his efforts.

These three men, it happens, were operatives in the employ of William J. Burns, the Sherlock Holmes of real life. They had been sent by "Billy" Burns whose aid had been sought by the Ohio Manufacturers' Association, an organization composed of prominent and reputable men.

It is an association made necessary b predatory tendencies in the State House. I corresponds, in a general way, to the Hors Owners' Alliance, organized for the purpos of running down and prosecuting hors thieves.

Only until the present session it did no appear in the rôle of prosecutor. Theretofor it employed expensive attorneys and finance numerous delegations that appeared befor legislative committees with arguments calcu lated to defeat this measure or that, which, i enacted into law, would prove an obstacle i the way of commercial progress. The Ohi Manufacturers' Association soon became, t the thrifty among the lawmakers, an asse They began to calculate its possibilities. Th introduction of "milkers" became more an more of an industry. Now a milker is a bi in which the author often has no legitimat interest and in which, usually, those who pre tend to support it are concerned only for th purpose of getting paid for subsequentl changing their attitude. It is often intro duced for the purpose of compelling som moneyed interest to pay for its defeat. Ther is more ready, easy, quick money in defeat ing legislation than there is in passing i The milker industry has thrived in Ohio. I was recently estimated by one who has studie the subject carefully that during the legis tive session of 1911 over one hundred milke bills were introduced. Reference to a few o them may not be amiss.

The bill compelling coal operators to pa miners for coal mined before it is screene was one of the leading milkers of the 191 session. This bill, had it become a law, woul have saddled much additional expense upo owners of mines. The man who introduced i one Green, is said to have done so in goo faith, but the immediate influx of operator with pleas for the death of the proposed meas ure, gave the cue to the grafters who bega "holding up" the coal men.

A bill compelling trading stamp companie to redeem their stamps at their face value i money was another measure which looke highly profitable to the legislative looters.

The eight-hour work-day bill, applying ex clusively to women workers; the bill compell ing the licensing of itinerant drug venders one relating to the inspection of steam boil ers; the Whittemore bill creating specia

A Trap for Bribe-Takers

Room 417, Chittenden Hotel, where the "grafters" were taken for consultation. Under the couch was placed the dictagraph. A wire was carried into the adjoining room beneath the door back of the couch

The Dictagraph

This is the receiving end of the delicate instrument employed by the detectives to record the incriminating conversation of those legislators who, believing the detectives to be lobbyists, came to their rooms seeking bribes

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EDGAR T. CRAWFORD

L. R. ANDREWS

ISAAC E. HUFFMAN

GEORGE K. CETONE

gulations for a certain class of mutual in-rance companies; an initiative and referen-m bill, which was fought desperately by blic service corporations; the Russell-Doro ntral board bill, bitterly opposed by school rniture companies; the anti-cigarette bill; e Haas bill licensing loan sharks; a bill to quire railroads to put additional brakemen trains of over five cars; these were among e leading senate milkers.

In the house, bills fixing fifteen miles an ur as the maximum rate of speed at which e stock might be transported; compelling int manufacturers to label their product; gulating the sale of cold storage articles; quiring commission merchants to certify e names of persons from whom they pur-ase goods; preventing children under seven-en from attending moving picture shows; ving municipalities the right to fix tele-one charges; and compelling factories to rnish seats for employees, were among the eminent law proposals that brought mon-ed lobbyists to Columbus and made it easy r legislators to ply their black-flag trade.

It must not be inferred that a milker may not a meritorious measure. But when it ap-ars that its passage, no matter what benefit ight accrue to the public, would prove costly the railroads, for instance, or to a certain ss of manufacturers, then the railroad bby or the manufacturers' lobby, finds it sier to entertain legislators, buy committee embers and debauch the sworn representa-ves of the people than to bow to legal re-rictions.

Many of the measures enumerated above—e one licensing drug venders and the anti-garette bill, for instance—are venerable in eir antiquity. They come to the front at ch session of the Ohio legislature, are regu-dy batted about from floor to committee om and back again and are as regularly ther allowed to die in committee pigeon-de or defeated on the floor toward the close each session—that is, after all the milk has en extracted from the nervous interests that uld be affected by their passage.

Ex-members of the Ohio legislature have en known to live in and about Columbus ar after year, without visible means of sup-ort until investigation developed the fact at they busied themselves preparing milk-s for new and inexperienced members to troduce. Not infrequently the ex-member s developed into a lobbyist whose privilege is to draw a salary for killing the very easure that he had introduced, paying the thor and the supporters of the bill as little possible and holding out for himself as uch as his client can be induced to produce. Ohio has seen this sort of thing go on year ter year, and the wonder of it all has been at the railroads and public service com-nies and others that have annually been ade to stand and deliver, have submitted so ng and so patiently to the robbery. It re-ained for the Ohio Manufacturers' Associa-on to take the first firm stand against the stematic graft.

At this point enters the Burns Detective gency and from this time dates the begin-

STANLEY HARRISON

Four members and an officer of the Ohio Senate under indictment for bribe-taking

ning of the disclosures which have rocked the state and shocked the country.

The manufacturers' organization had adopted a no-pay-to-legislators policy and it immediately caused resentment on the part of a coterie of legislative bandits. These legislators complained in public that the Ohio Manufacturers' Association was "short"—that Moore, the secretary was a "tight-wad" and proposed with some show of finality to retaliate. Moore was handicapped for want of funds. But he laid the case before one of his wealthy clients and proposed that the detectives be employed. Then followed the use of the dictograph and the entrapment of Dr. George B. Nye, Democrat; Dr. A. C. Lowry, Republican and several others in the house, and Huffman, Cetone, Andrews and others in the senate. These men had worked hand in glove, according to all accounts.

Nye had all the Democratic members of the house scheduled; Lowry had all the Republican members scheduled. Each knew how many men on his side could be "influenced"; also *how* he could be influenced. Some might be willing to take money; some were amenable to argument about duty to country and flag and fireside; some could be reached (and this was a well-used method) through banking influences back home; some liked a good time; and others were just plain negligibles who would follow the crowd and cared but little what legislation did or did not pass. Those of little minds were usually honest, and it was to the advantage of the ones who did the bargaining to keep them honest. Money thins perceptibly when spread over too extensive an area.

If one went law-shopping in the Ohio house he was usually advised that the quick 'cross lots cut was to see Nye. This gentleman would consult his Republican colleague and fellow estimator and they could, between them, furnish a fairly accurate estimate of the cost of either passing or defeating the measure in which the law-shopper was interested. If the lobbyist manifested symptoms of unusual generosity he was nursed through successive stages of legislative delay by thrilling stories of how difficult was the task of having his bill sent to the "right" committee. Each delay would be the excuse for an additional demand.

It is customary in the house to appoint, toward the close of a session, a steering committee. The duty of this body is to select the most important from among the bills that have accumulated and advance them on the calendar for consideration before adjournment. This year the steering committee was selected months before the time of adjournment and Nye and those with whom he operated were in a majority. For weeks only little inconsequential bills were placed on the house calendar. With scores of important measures in the hopper it was found necessary for the house to adjourn a day early one week because there was nothing before it to take action on. Two honest members of the committee became disgusted and resigned from it. Gradually, after this, those who were interested in various important measures came to understand that someone had to be "seen" in order to get bills on the calendar, or to keep them off. Nothing more openly shameless than the operations of this committee has ever been recorded, even in Ohio's legislative halls. Three of its members are now under indictment.

In the senate the system of bill-handling was one of the control of standing committees almost exclusively. These standing committees were selected by a Committee on Committees. The selections were deft, to put it with charitable mildness.

Senators Huffman, Cetone, Andrews, Dean, and Crawford—all under indictment for bribery at this writing, with the prospect that a dozen more of their committee associates will become enmeshed in the net before the investigation is finally ended, were together on the most important of the committees—Finance, for instance. The Temperance Committee was made up of seven members—six "wet" and one "dry."

It can readily be understood that the five senators referred to could wield almost unlimited power in the matter of advancing or retarding legislation. That they exercised that power ruthlessly and for their own benefit, detectives, witnesses before the grand jury and people from various parts of the State who came to Columbus to urge legislation, unqualifiedly testify.

The Judiciary Committee, of which Huffman was the Chairman, became known as the "Graveyard Committee." Bills were buried there by the score—provided there was sufficient interest back of their burial to make it worth while.

Huffman was elected to the legislature twelve years ago and has served continuously ever since in house and senate. He is a shrewd country lawyer and hails from the classic college town of Oxford.

It was an easy matter for the Huffmans of the senate and the Nyes of the house to operate in unison and from the beginning of the present session there was evidence of collusion. Early in January Columbus swarmed with lobbyists. The word went out that many

[*Continued on page 47*]

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The Man Under the Car

By Bailey Millard

DOWN on his knees under President Harrington's private car, Harvey March was twisting away at a hand-brace, drilling out a stuck bolt. It was a blazing August day and Harvey was perspiring like a coal-passer. There was present to this big-framed, blue-eyed young man in his grimy overalls the inevitable contrast between himself and the well-groomed, comfortable folk just above his head while he pantingly pressed and twirled the sharp bit that was slowly gouging out the headless bolt from the brake-beam.

Five minutes before he had seen Old Harrington pass along the cinder path between the side tracks—a white waistcoated, Panama-hatted, bulky vision of self-sufficiency, walking toward the car steps with John T. McGee, the superintendent of shops. He had heard the creak of the steps under the ponderous weight of the president, a heavy tread, muffled by thick Turkish rugs, the tired grunt of the Old Man and the squeak of his big wicker chair as he came to anchor.

Then there had been a clinking of ice in glasses, sounds full of suggestion to the hot, thirsty toiler just below who, bearing in mind the foreman's sharp order for a rush job, had not taken the time to go to the station tap to drink from the warmish water in the sun-exposed pipe. It was the noon hour and the men of the shops were at dinner, but he had not paused to eat, though he was hungry as well as thirsty.

"Very good mineral water, sir," crackled forth McGee's dry voice which a gallon of such fluid could not liquefy. His tones were those of the born toady and they jarred upon Harvey.

"Oh, yes—so-so," came in the wearied gutturals of the magnate. "Have a cigar?"

"Thank you, sir; that is, if Miss Harrington makes no objection."

"Light up! Angela don't care."

A match cracked while a little feminine laugh rang forth like a bell.

"No, indeed, she doesn't, Mr. McGee. Father is always smoking. I rather like it."

To Harvey the voice seemed that of a girl who liked everything in the least likable. He had seen her but twice—once when he had caught a glimpse of her that morning, a vision in white on the rear platform, when their special hacked in upon the sidetrack as he was going to work at the shops. Beside her had stood a slim, middle-aged man in light tweeds and a smart straw hat, radiating the airs of a plutocrat. This man, who was smoking a cigarette and talking jauntily with Miss Harrington, had been pointed out to Harvey as Edwin Van Alstyne, the first vice-president of the road. Harvey had read of Van Alstyne's Long Island palace and deer park, bought by a fractional outlay of the paternal millions which had been his heritage.

Once he had read a shoddily picturesque Sunday page that told of the rumored engagement of these two important persons, and there had been some comment on the disparity of their ages—he forty-two and she twenty; but afterward he had seen the story denied in the same paper. He had wondered as he looked at them there, in familiar, laughing converse, if the tale were not true after all.

Again as Harvey neared the car on his errand of repair, the young woman's pure profile, topped by a mass of rich brown hair, had been glimpsed by him at a window.

"Dad, you look so hot!" came the bird-like voice of Angela through the window. "Shan't I switch the fan upon you?"

"I guess so," said Old Harrington. "That's better. Now, McGee, you know what I've come to Rockland for, instead of going to Carlsbad, where the doctor ordered me. I've come to straighten out this mess. You fellows have managed to cut down the company's earnings over two millions by not being able to handle the men. You say the trouble is all patched up, but the last monthly report makes a worse showing than ever. Looks to me as if we'd have to get rid of a lot of those loafers and start in all over again."

"I'm afraid we can't do that," crackled McGee, "unless we go back to the old scale, and you said that was unreasonable."

"It *was* unreasonable," grunted Old Harrington. "It was outrageous. The idea of those fellows presuming to dictate—Angela, hand me those papers."

"Here they are, father," was the prompt reply. "What you want is the maintenance figures, isn't it?" And Harvey, under the car, feeling a bit guilty and yet unable to stop his ears to their talk, wondered what office she held with the company.

"Yes; cost of maintenance. Where's my glasses?"

So still was it in and about the car during the noonday hush of the shops just across the tracks that Harvey could hear the flutter of the papers as she handed them to her father.

"Now here we have 'cost of repairs per locomotive, $4.165.' That's for the last fiscal year. For the preceding year it was $3.772, and for the year before that it was $3.042. Now take the repair cost per locomotive mile. Last year it was 12½ cents; year before, 11½ cents; year before that only 8 cents. Then here we are on maintenance of shops' machinery and tools. You see how the expense is piling up? And there's one big item I want to call your attention to, McGee, and that is overtime. Look at these figures! They're simply scandalous."

McGee mumbled something Harvey did not catch. The young man under the car felt himself to be in a false position, but he could not help following the talk.

"Overtime!" growled Harrington. "Good Lord! Why some of those loafers over there will be demanding overtime for drawing their pay before long. It's disgraceful."

"If you will permit a suggestion," came a clear though somewhat drawling voice—the voice of a man of the world—"I would say to Mr. McGee that he issue orders to have those shopmen punched up a bit. They need to be driven."

"Ah, Van Alstyne!" said Harrington, "have you and Higgins finished your little game?" The tone seemed to Harvey to be rather a resentful one.

"Yes, and I'd like to get into this bigger one, if you don't mind, Mr. Harrington. Who's the proper man to do a little punching—the master mechanic, isn't he?"

"Ferguson," said McGee mildly.

"Yes, Ferguson," said Van Alstyne. "He's too easy with 'em, I should say. Why don't you tell him to make his foremen drive 'em a little?"

"Perhaps you're right," came in Harrington's heavy tones.

"But there must be a way—" began Angela gently.

"Pardon me," said Van Alstyne dryly. "I'm telling Mr. McGee the only way, and that is to drive."

"And I'm listening, sir," said McGee, "and I'll do what I can. I think we'll have to put in some new foremen on locomotive engines."

"Yes—some drivers," affirmed the first vice-president.

Just then a whistle blew and in a minute or two the roar of the great shops over the way went up as of old. Lathes buzzed and whirred, forges flared, steel clanked upon steel as the great hammers fell.

"It sounds as if *some* work were going over there," suggested Angela from a window behind her father's chair. Amid shop noises Harvey could barely make out words and those that followed.

"Oh, it's all sound," declared her father. "Will you stay to lunch McGee? I want to talk a little longer with you and Van Alstyne."

Delicious smells of roast meats and other savory foods stole down to him. They were at luncheon. All he could hear now of talk above was a mumble of voices. Sam banged his hammer upon a rivet-head.

"What's that racket under the car?" Harrington demanded. "Tell 'em to stop while we're eating, Sam! No, never mind. Repair work, I guess."

"Living up to your drive principle, are you, Dad, or rather to Mr. Van Alstyne's," the girl observed sweetly, though with a lurking touch of irony.

"Oh, Angela! It's too hot for your jokes," responded her father between bites.

"But not for driving," returned the girl. "I'll venture to say that poor fellow under there would like a glass of this lemonade. I'm going to take him some."

"Nonsense!" mouthed her father as he chewed his salad. "You'll be wanting lemonade piped into the shops next thing."

"Why not let Sam take it out to him?" suggested Van Alstyne, sipping his iced tea.

Harvey, innocent of their talk about him, banged three times, rather fiercely.

"No, I'm going to show you all that there is some sympathy in our family for the working man."

"Just as if I hadn't been a working man myself!" snorted Old Harrington. "Just as if I didn't work my way up from braking a freight train! I've got plenty of sympathy for workers, but none for loafers."

Before he had finished his words she was out of the car and Harvey caught the flutter of her white skirt as she came toward him, a crystal pitcher in one hand and a glass in the other. He banged twice with his hammer, but the third stroke was arrested by the sweet voice of Angela:

"Pardon me, but it's an awfully hot day and I thought you'd like some lemonade."

"Why, er—ah!" gasped the unbelieving Harvey. "Thanks! thanks!" His hammer dropped, off came his cap. She could not help noting what a splendid forehead he had and what wonderful clear, blue eyes. "Excuse me if I don't come out to get it," he said, stretching forth a well-grimed hand for the glass. "This is a rush job."

"A rush job?" she repeated while he drank the grateful liquid.

"Yes; you're to start by two o'clock, and the brake-beam—"

"Why no; we don't leave until evening. There's plenty of time. Have another glass."

"Thanks; don't care if I do. But the foreman told me—"

"To hurry up your work—and in that strained position there?" she said sympathetically. "Oh, there's no occasion for it I'm sure."

"I wasn't sure myself," he remarked, encouraged by her words and more so by her tone. "But—well, that's the way we all work nowadays."

"You mean the repairers?"

"No," he put in hastily, fearful that she might construe his words as a complaint. "I mean everybody in this big, busy land of headlong egoists." He drained his second glass.

Headlong egoists! What an expression from a common working man! But he was a common working man, of that she was assured. He was a most uncommon one. He was an original observer. He must know

[*Continued on page 36*]

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The Spot Light

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Miss Madeleine Force

The power of many of the Astor millions soon will be in the hands of this girl who is not yet twenty years old. She is to marry Col. John Jacob Astor, who was divorced i 1910.

Madeleine Force is to be the next Mrs. John Jacob Astor. No one knows how many million dollars belong to her husband-to-be, although rumor has gone as high as one hundred million, and has asserted with some definiteness that he has an annual income of more than five million dollars. But everyone knows that the chosen bride is not yet twenty years old and that her parents are not among the "very wealthy." So she is able to bring youth and fresh enthusiasms to the sport of playing with millions.

John Jacob Astor is forty-seven years old, and is the great-grandson and namesake of the original John Jacob who grew rich by trading in furs in far Oregon, and whose descendants grew richer by day and night as New York real estate swelled unceasingly in volume. William Waldorf Astor, who prefers England to America, is his cousin.

His first wife, Ava Willing Astor, divorced him in March, 1910, without giving her reason to anyone but the judge who heard the case. It was reported at the time that Mrs. Astor received a settlement of ten million dollars, and alimony of upward of three hundred thousand dollars a year. One clause of the divorce decree forbade Colonel Astor to remarry in New York State during the life of the first wife. The wedding ceremony, therefore, probably will have to be performed in some other State.

Astor got his title of colonel by appointment to the staff of Governor Levi P. Morton, but in the war with Spain he secured a commission as lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. He also presented to the Government a mountain battery, equipped, it is said, at a cost of more than one hundred thousand dollars. He served throughout the war on the staff of General Shafter.

The millionaire met Miss Force, it is related, about a year ago, a few months after she left finishing school. She is described as an out-of-door girl, riding, playing tennis, and rowing with healthy ardor.

When she becomes head of the Astor household, she will become stepmother to a son, Vincent Astor, of her own age. The other child of the first marriage is a daughter, ten years old.

James Keeley. Is the spirit of the adventurers dead? Do the bold fare forth no longer into strange countries? Is our land grown humdrum?

Glance for answer at the career of James Keeley—the man who uncovered the Lorimer bribery scandal.

An English boy, working among the English rose-bushes, he listened to the winds and caught a message. It was the call the adventurous have heard through all the ages. It manned the ships of Columbus; gave Pizarro and Cortez their soldiers; Drake and Raleigh their comrades.

Not a whit different in kind, it rang in boyish ears. And mind you, it wasn't so very long ago. Over the sea, alone, he followed the lure. Did he have passage money? He didn't, says rumor. But, somehow, in spite of hardship and difficulties, he came.

In spite of difficulties—the phrase epitomizes his progress. Westward led his path. In London for a while he had sold papers. So in America he sold papers, too.

Came a time when he made up his mind to be a reporter. He had drifted to Kansas City. He knew the streets, he knew the police, he believed he knew news. But he had no education. Not knowing the rules of writing, he set out to put natural talk down on paper. He didn't make a hit, for the output, though realistic, was rough, but he began to build a simple, direct style for the future.

A police reporter in Kansas City in those days was not an expensive article. But food and shelter were expensive.

One November day the wind blew particularly coldly across the brown prairies above Fort Leavenworth. The young reporter, walking up to the fort, shivered, overcoatless, and was willing to tell himself that he felt blue. The office didn't seem to regard him highly, and he knew why. He needed to find some big news. He had been given Leavenworth as a territory. Hence his visit to the fort.

Major-General Miles—not then a major-general—was in command. No, he didn't have any news, that is—he halted his perfunctory denial and looked at the boy. Did the disappointment in the face touch a chord in his heart?

James Keeley thinks so. For the soldier suddenly leaned over, tapped the boy on the shoulder and told him a story that was big news for Kansas City, and a "scoop" for Keeley's paper. After that, the newspaper job wasn't in any danger.

Did Keeley forget the kindness? After the Spanish-American War, General Miles was more beset than during the conflict. His charges that his soldiers had been fed on chemically preserved, unfit beef, rocked the country. The packers denied; and the Government began an "inquiry" nowise friendly to Miles. Into Chicago, fortress of the packers, came the investigators, bearing whitewash.

In the office of *The Chicago Tribune* the night after the first session of the board, the managing editor—the same James Keeley—talked with the reporters who had covered the hearing.

"The evidence is going against the packers," explained a reporter, reading from the official shorthand verbatim, "but the Government's questions are hostile to Miles. I guess a whitewash."

"I guess not," snapped Keeley. "Miles made those charges honestly. I know him and I'll back his sincerity. I've thought until now he might have been mistaken. But he's right, the evidence shows he is, and I am not going to sit still and see him backed off the boards. *The Tribune* will print the testimony, and the public will have a chance to see the truth. And I'll keep a man with the commission after it leaves Chicago, to see that the truth keeps on coming out."

So *The Tribune* turned its guns against Chicago's biggest industry, and kept them there despite protests and pleadings.

The reporter who went with the commission from Chicago was given a final message by his chief.

"Go to General Miles when you get to Washington and tell him that Jim Keeley hasn't forgotten him. Ask him if he's forgotten Jim Keeley."

General Miles had not. He told the reporter the Fort Leavenworth beginning of the story.

And the years between the police reporter of Kansas City and the managing editor in Chicago? Live years all of them. A venture first into the city of Chicago. A lucky or a destined job as night police reporter on *The Tribune*. The reputation first of a "getter of news," and then of a forceful teller of it.

"An Indian outbreak in Dakota!" the managing editor called to him one night. "Keeley, you've got five minutes to catch the ten o'clock train. Here's some money."

Keeley grabbed an overcoat as he shot out of the doorway. The owner of it didn't see it for many weeks.

There was a battle in the foot-hills, and the war correspondent rode for the telegraph wire miles away to beat the official des-

James Keeley

If Nemesis had been a man it would be proper to call this newspaperman the Nemesis of Senator William Lorimer. He made the charges of bribery and, smiling and smiting, carried them through press, court and legislature to the floor of the Senate itself.

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The Investiture of the Prince of Wales

Most picturesque of all the scenes attendant upon the coronation of England's rulers was the elevation of the heir-apparent to his principality. Modern and medieval costumes and ceremonies met in strange contrast when the King presented the Prince to the people at the Queen Eleanor gate of Carnarvon castle, where the ceremony was performed.

patches. A blizzard grabbed the pair—horse and rider—and the courage of the horse was the first to break. Keeley poured whisky down the animal's throat, and with his arms thrown through the reins, dragged it on. To leave it meant death anyway. A telegraph operator heard a pounding on his door and opened it to let a man fall through. The stiff hands held the reins of a staggering horse.

"Nearly frozen," murmured a voice, "but I can talk. Get a wire into Omaha and tell the wire chief to relay into *The Tribune* office in Chicago. I'll be thawed out enough to talk my story by the time you get a wire."

He was, and *The Tribune* beat the country.

He had pushed his way up to city editor when the Debs strike tied up Chicago in 1894. Nightly during this long period of strife he, twenty minutes before the dead-line of each edition, dictated to a stenographer the summarized lead of the chronicle of violence.

He was sitting in his office a few years ago at three o'clock in the morning when a big business man entered hurriedly.

Without a word of address Keeley picked up his telephone and gave the order, "Stop the presses."

"Now," he said, turning to his caller, "What is it, quick? I've stopped the presses. You wouldn't be here if the story wasn't big enough for a corking extra."

The story was big enough. It was the failure of John R. Walsh's bank. But Keeley had to get it first. His friend had only the tip. But across the way in the First National Bank building lights were burning where the bankers were conferring on how to save the Walsh depositors.

Keeley went into the conference himself. He was welcomed and his counsel on publicity asked. He said he intended to print the story of the failure that night.

"You'll not leave here, Mr. Keeley," said a dry-voiced Scotchman, "until the sun is up."

At a sign a watchman stepped to the door. "Oh, very well," smiled Keeley. "I might as well be comfortable." And he took off his coat. Waiters, coatless, for the rooms were close, were bringing in sandwiches from an adjoining room. A waiter set down a tray of sandwiches. A few minutes later Keeley nonchalantly picked up the tray, passed the sandwiches and, dangling the empty tray, walked into the next room, through the waiters and into the corridor. Another "scoop" for Keeley.

John R. Walsh went to Fort Leavenworth penitentiary—he says Keeley's persistent hammering sent him there.

Old Paul Stensland potters with flowers and smiles when Keeley's name is mentioned. He was a banker, too. Like Walsh, he failed. Failed and fled with three days' lead over the police. He didn't stop until he was safe in Tangier, where extradition treaties don't work. The police could not pick up the trail. But there was a clue and Keeley got it. He went to Tangier, found Stensland, told him that the law couldn't bring him back, but that for the peace of his soul he had best come home and go to prison like a man. The pair came back together, after Keeley had cabled the story, and Stensland went to prison. As soon as the indeterminate act permitted, Keeley secured his parole to himself, and started him up in business.

A year ago in April, Keeley secured White's confession that he received money as the price of his vote to aid in making William Lorimer a Senator. Since that day, Keeley, who now is general manager of *The Tribune*, has fought Lorimerism every day, rising from each defeat to hit again.

One night, right after the Senate had refused on its first inquiry to unseat Lorimer, a jibing writer ended a letter to *The Tribune* with the question, "When is *The Tribune* going to let up on Lorimer?" Keeley wrote in pencil an editorial answer published with the letter the following morning: "*The Tribune* will not 'let up' until its duty to the public is done."

Neither Lorimer nor the public doubted the meaning.

How old must a man be to have done so much? Well, James Keeley so far has used up forty-three years.

The Prince of Wales.

Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, heir apparent to the British throne, became the real Prince of Wales in the most picturesque scene of the series which marked the coronation of King George and his consort. During the London ceremonies the Prince was under the shadow of his father and mother, but after the royal visit to Ireland and the return to Wales, the boy came into his own.

The quaint old castle at Carnarvon, as staunch and as well-preserved as in the days of Edward II., lent an admirable stage setting for the ceremony by which the seventeen-year-old was invested with the insignia of his principality. Green-and-white bunting fluttered everywhere that the Prince might not forget he was a Tudor and in the land of the Tudors origin, and a great choir and thousands of Welshmen attested the loyalty of the race.

A visibly nervous Edward Albert presented himself to his father that he might be girded with a sword, gain the other outward evidences of his office and receive his coronet from the hands of the King. In his peer's robes, preceded by garter king-at-arms and heralds gorgeously arrayed, he was a slight boyish figure as he marched across a transept of the castle. When he had taken the oath and received his letters patent, he threw back his shoulders, and walked steadily with his father and mother to Queen Eleanor's gate where he was presented to his people. And while the thousands cheered, the King and Queen dropped back and the lad stood alone acknowledging the plaudits.

The Prince is quite the idol of his brother and sister, something which immediately appeals to every Englishman. When he drove away from Carnarvon Castle still wearing his red plush coronet, Princess Mary hastened to put her pink parasol over him to shield him from the rays of the sun. This little domestic incident won cheers from the crowds.

Shortly before he was invested with his rank the Prince made an inspection of Colonial troops. Carefully he scrutinized the unbroken lines of men from Hong-Kong, the Malay states, Ceylon, South Africa, New Zealand and other corners of the world. Suddenly he called a staff officer's attention to the fact that one soldier had a button of his uniform undone. He followed this with complaints at several other defects in uniforms. When one detachment made an error in drill tactics after he had passed, he noticed it immediately and lost no time in calling the mistake to the attention of officers.

Recently the Prince has been promoted to the rank of midshipman in the navy. A tour of the world, which will take him to each of England's colonies, beyond the seas, is projected.

The National Government has done wonders on the Isthmus of Panama, and the whole country should profit. The desirability of taking advantage of the experiment will be told in an article,
SOME LESSONS FROM PANAMA,
by ALBERT EDWARDS,
in the October issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE and THE NATIONAL POST.

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System Makes Life Count

By Orison Swett Marden

MY hand of iron was not at the extremity of my arm; it was immediately attached to my head," said Napoleon. He meant that he did not win by brute force, but by gray matter, by careful planning and effective system. Once uring the battle of Waterloo, when one of his fficers had gone astray with a small body of en, Napoleon, without a moment's hesitaon, told him just where he could join the st of the command. Although he had all e details of three armies in his mind, his stem enabled the great general to give inormation to an inferior officer who had only think of a small command.

Working or thinking without system enebles the mind, and leaves the mental facties in a clogged condition, so that they not work sharply. The mind must be kept ear and clean for the present problem, so at it may seize and grasp with all its might e thing it is attempting to accomplish.

There is only one best way to learn how to t: that way is the way of system. Systemize your thoughts, your energies, your abilies. Learn early in life to do this, and it ill prove the master habit that wins success.

Systemless men are always surprised that e heads of great enterprises can find so uch time for social life, for hobbies, for avel. They cannot understand it at all. hey do not realize that a man of great oranizing ability, with a splendid system, can more effective business in a single hour at s office than a systemless man can accomish in twelve. It is not the number of ours, but the effectiveness of the system at tells.

One of the advantages of a college course that it trains the mind to work by system. Whether he likes to or not, the student is rced to concentrate his mind when the time mes, no matter what his mood, or how he els. Four years of training in this should t the mind into working order. It should ne the intellect so that all the strings will be harmony. A good college education should ain the mind to think concisely, deeply, fectively at will.

To teach children habits of neatness, sysm, and order, is to insure some degree, at ast, of success. Yet they are often brought amid disorder and confusion, allowed to row things down just where they use them, d to form slovenly and slipshod habits. hey are not taught to put things where ey belong, and consequently they grow shackled with handicaps which they can rely throw off.

If there is any delusion in the world, it is at doing "things just for now," dropping ings wherever one may happen to be temrarily saves time. On the contrary, this a great time waster and a great demoralizer character. A bad habit not only tends to peat itself, but to increase the tendency in at directi .

If you were not taught the beautiful lesson orderliness in your youth, teach it to yourlf *now*.

Resolve to put things where they belong at e right time. Don't trust to the future, for u may have less time to-morrow than toy.

Don't leave a lot of tail-ends hanging about ur office or place of business, for these are gns of weakness, evidences of your lack of ecutive ability. People measure you very rgely by your surroundings. If they see ur desk or office or your place of business in confusion, they take it for granted that u are a poor business man. You make a bad impression, and this impression is your reputation, for men communicate their impressions to others.

"Finish every task you begin before you begin another," says a writer.

"Hang away in their proper places, before you sleep, garments you have worn in the evening.

"Straighten up tables and book stands before you retire at night; and after you retire, before you fall asleep, say to yourself, '*I am Order, System and Neatness.*'

"Ask that power be given you during sleep to grow in these virtues, and never rest until you obtain them."

How can a boy or girl ever amount to anything who is brought up in a home where the mother goes around unclean and unkempt with shoestrings hanging and shoes worn down, and where the father is slack and shiftless, and the entire home topsy-turvy? He must be a remarkable youth who can go through childhood surrounded by such slipshod ideals and turn out to be anybody.

It is a rare mind which is not seriously affected by environment. Confused surroundings confuse the mind. If slovenliness constantly appeals to the mind, through the eye, there will be a tendency to reproduce the situation in one's mental attitude or in whatever one is doing.

THE GREAT MAJORITY OF PEOPLE COULD DOUBLE THEIR POWER OF ACHIEVEMENT *by a little self-discipline in learning so to get hold of themselves as to depend on the prompt, decisive action of their own faculties. A little system alone would double the efficiency of many a business man who does not know why he does not get on faster. He works very hard perhaps and thinks that he has not half time enough to do what he ought to, but he could save more than half the time that he now throws away in doing things over and over again from lack of order. System is a tremendous energy saver and time saver.*

If strong men with highly disciplined minds say they cannot do good work amidst disorder, what can the man of ordinary mental drill, who has never been taught the art of concentration, produce but botched work? If confusion reigns in his environment, will it not be incorporated in his work?

Our mental processes are more likely to be clean-cut and normal when system, order, and appropriateness govern our surroundings in home, office, or workroom.

The great danger with the man of system is that he is likely to go to the extreme and have too much of it.

I am a great believer in attention to details, but there is such a thing as frittering away one's time on trifles, using up all of one's energy upon details, so that one has neither time nor energy left for the great things of life.

A great many people magnify little things by force of habit, and are kept down by them. They can somehow manage the larger ones, but the little ones are tyrannical. In fact, some men are so constituted that the little things neglected trouble them more than the slighting of the greater ones.

The object of all system is to simplify and facilitate, to insure accuracy and despatch, to avoid constant repetition and to keep track of details in the easiest way consistent with efficiency. Any system which does not do these things is only a hindrance.

Specialists who make a profession of systematizing office and business methods say that a great many concerns do business at a fearful disadvantage and a great loss, by roundabout methods, by useless, foolish devices; that their business is so covered up with cumbersome paraphernalia that it is almost impossible for any but an expert to keep track of things. Such methods hide desired knowledge instead of making it plain. To establish a good system is to avoid complexity, obscurity, so that the condition of the business can be seen at a glance.

Involved, complicated, intricate methods, endless detail, hamper a business. An unchanging set of rules and regulations, a failure to see the value of new ideas, hopelessly throw a concern into the rear when competition comes in. There is as much difference between the equipment of a business office of twenty-five years ago and one of to-day as there is between the old stage-coach and a railway limited express. Business methods have been simplified in the interest of directness and clearness. Cumbersome forms have disappeared. There are no longer those immense, ponderous volumes which were as much as a book-keeper could handle. Old methods of filing and copying letters and keeping track of business have gone out of vogue. The transfers and records have been revolutionized. The perpetual inventory methods of duplicating purchases and orders and the system of handling correspondence with efficiency and accuracy now in use would amaze an old-time business man. One person to-day can keep track of more transactions and answer more letters in a day than a dozen men could twenty-five years ago. There are to-day letter files and follow-up cabinets that almost speak. Many devices have been introduced to reduce the number of salesmen, cash boys, book-keepers and cashiers, saving money, time, and space. The saving of room in a city store or office is no small item where rents are from one dollar to three dollars and a half per square foot a year. Those who cling to old methods must fall before well-equipped competitors.

There are many people who do not know how to keep a clear space about them so that they will have freedom for work. They lack the ability to drop a thing after they have finished it, to throw it off their mind, and to concentrate all their energy on the next task that presents itself.

"My mind," said Napoleon, "is like a chest of drawers. When I am done with one subject, I shut it up; then I have no confusion of ideas."

Great achievers, like great generals, have won their battles in their heads before they won them on the field. No one can be in the presence of J. Pierpont Morgan five minutes without feeling the power of the man's system. Mr. Morgan does less work than many of his associates, but there is method in everything he does; he makes every move count towards a definite, final result. Take the system out of his office, and his business would go to pieces in sixty days, no matter how hard he might work personally.

Systemless people age rapidly because their minds work in confusion. They do not think clearly, and hence with greater effort, at a greater expenditure of brain force. They cannot conserve their energy because they do not know how to take advantage of system.

The man of system does not worry, for he knows that provision has been made for everything, even emergencies.

A great many people, especially women, lose an enormous amount of time from lack of system. They do their work at almost any

[*Continued on page 39*]

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A REVIEW OF EVENTS

The Controller Bay Scandal

MUD flats here, shallows there, the great waves of the mighty Pacific rolling up everywhere, the south coast of Alaska is most uninviting to shipping. Just back of this difficult shore lies a range of well-nigh impassable mountains. Within and beyond the mountain barrier is boundless wealth in coal, copper, gold, agricultural possibilities—everything that constitutes our national treasure in Alaska.

But Alaska's billions of tons of coal and copper will be of small value till we can reach them.

It is a question of transportation. The Guggenheim syndicate sought to grab Alaska's coal and finally failed. Then it concluded to control the transportation. It induced Congress to give it substantially exclusive rights to build a railroad to the copper- and coal-mines. It seized what was supposed to be the only available harbor, Cordova Bay.

The Guggenheim monopoly seemed secure, but Controller Bay proved a possible, and even desirable, harbor. The Guggenheims had to have it. A rival company asked for rights on Controller Bay, but the objection of Senator Simon Guggenheim killed his bill. Six months later, the Guggenheims had laid claim to what this rival lost because there was a Guggenheim in the Senate!

The Guggenheims seemed in control. But in fact they had only one side of the bay. They needed the other, and presently Richard S. Ryan—believed by many observers to be a Guggenheim agent, appeared in Washington asking President Taft for this shore line in the name of what he says is an independent company. He got it, by dint of an executive order, issued practically in secret and by a most unusual procedure.

There is the substance of the Controller Bay story. Congress discovered by accident this executive order—amounting to a grant—and called for information. The President replied to all these charges, not by sending the documents in the case, which had been asked, but with a long and emphatic special message. The documents that had been asked for did not accompany this message; they were delayed at the government printing office. The message got wide publicity without opportunity to compare it with the documents it was supposed to elucidate. When the documents came along, few persons realized their bearing on the case.

It is charged that the documents do not bear out all the message claims. The suspicion that Charles P. Taft somehow had to do with the matter persists in spite of the President's denial of the authenticity of the "Dick to Dick" letter in which it is alleged that Mr. Ryan, writing to Secretary Ballinger, admitted using Charles P. Taft as an intermediary.

In any case, the fundamental question is not whether the Controller Bay lands were knowingly and intentionally given to the Guggenheims. It is not whether official files were juggled, papers suppressed, maps lost, in the effort to conceal secret understandings. Those points will perhaps never be entirely cleared.

The fact is that Roosevelt had included these harbor lands in the forest reserve in order to prevent anybody's getting them; Taft took them out of the reserve by a secret procedure that was perfectly certain to give them to Ryan, who may reasonably be considered as an agent for the Guggenheims.

Ex-President Roosevelt and ex-forester Pinchot have unqualifiedly condemned the procedure. The House Committee on Expenditures in the Interior Department considered the affair so important that it has engaged Louis D. Brandeis of Boston as counsel for a complete investigation that will begin October 1. Mr. Brandeis, convinced that there was a good chance to complete the work of safeguarding Alaska which he began when he was counsel in the Ballinger-Pinchot case, undertook the task.

Reciprocity and Wool

President Taft won a great victory in getting the reciprocity measure passed; but he enjoyed an uncomfortably brief period of felicitation. Events soon indicated that the President had bought the indorsement of his reciprocity measure at too high a price.

According to the best information at Washington, the mystery of Senator Penrose's support of the reciprocity measure lay in the fact that Mr. Taft had pledged himself, very early, to the Pennsylvanian, to veto any other tariff legislation that might pass at this time.

No sooner had the reciprocity measure passed than the insurgent Republicans joined with the Democrats of the Senate, to pass the LaFollette wool-revision bill. It had been announced positively that the President would veto any such measure that passed; and this announcement doubtless made it easier to perfect the bi-partizan alliance.

The wool schedule has been easily the most unpopular in the Payne-Aldrich act. Mr. Taft himself has declared it indefensible. The House passed a bill, greatly cutting its duties, and the Senate Democrats all voted for it. Failing to carry it, they turned in and voted for the less severe but very substantial reductions of the LaFollette measure.

The measure thus went to conference, with every indication that a compromise would be reached that would compel the President either to veto a wool revision or break his alleged pledge to the Penrose crowd of standpatters. Either way nothing less than the gravest embarrassment could be seen. One tariff measure signed, the Progressives and Democrats stood ready to force others—a free-list bill, a cotton revision, a sugar schedule, a steel and iron schedule, a rubber schedule and so on—upon the executive attention. If the President is pledged to his standpat supporters, he cannot sign any of these; to veto them, on the other hand, might easily work irreparable harm to Mr. Taft's political future.

The Tariff Revision Program

Every political consideration dictates th the President should sign this measure, s that to do so would give LaFollette glory, a LaFollette is a Presidential candidate. I the President probably will not. After wool bill comes a cotton bill; then steel a iron, sugar, and the rest. The allies ha hoped to hold their lines firm and practica put a whole tariff revision up to the Preside —to be vetoed. "We can pass a complete a thorough revision of the whole tariff in t days," said a Progressive Republican Senat "Not a string of half-baked amendments, b a thoroughly considered, carefully develop measure, representing the crystallization of t last three years of tariff studies and expe ences. In a week, this combination co turn out the best tariff act the country e had, and one that would stand ten years. I if we did, it would be vetoed."

A Hard-Working House

The Democratic House has done splen work. It has revised the House rules, t throned the czar, and proved that better bu ness can be done without a speaker-boss th with. It has passed reciprocity, the wool b the cotton bill, the free-list bill, the dir elections, campaign publicity legislation a the Arizona-New Mexico bill. It is an ex lent program, and the best thing about it that it has proved that the House is capable deliberating and can actually contribute so thing if it is given a chance. Cannoni proves to have been far more a blight than most ardent opponents realized.

The Senator from Nevada

Senator Newlands of Nevada, who was ten years a member of the House, and who b been nearly as long in the Senate, is one the most devoted students in public life. gave the country its great reclamation syst has been always in the advance of import reform measures, and is a Democrat enough to see the national view without bei irregular. Though for sound money, yet he b been the uniform and vigorous supporter Bryan, to whom indeed he is so close a fri that there are reasons why Newlands mi easily prove to have Bryan's support for Presidential nomination at a critical time. I State of Nevada has but six votes in a natio convention; but California and the whole termountain and Pacific country are int ested in making him a sort of cosmopoli candidate. He has great business interests California, Nevada and Washington; was b in Mississippi, educated at Yale, and has l maintained important business relations w the biggest powers in New York.

Newlands' Advanced Program

Senator Newlands has been trying to c mit the Senate to a legislative program wh includes physical valuation of railroads, F eral control of all capital issues of railroa and the establishment of an interstate tr commission with powers over industrial c porations analogous to those of the Interst Commerce Commission over railroads.

This latter proposal he has formulated i bill which is meeting an unexpectedly fav able reception. Chairman Clapp, the surgent head of the Interstate Comme Committee in the Senate, favors such legis tion and has taken steps to conduct a long careful inquiry with the purpose of dem strating the need for it. Mr. Newlands not gone so far as to demand that this tr commission fix prices of trust-control staples, but Attorney-General Wickersham, ing him one better, has even advocated s governmental policy. In his fairly sensatio Duluth speech the Attorney-General decla that a commission such as Newlands has l favored was desirable, and might prove

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solutely necessary. Thus, surprisingly enough, the radical Newlands, the conservative Wickersham and the capitalistic Gary are found practically at one in this startlingly modern—socialistic, if you please—proposal for answering the questions that are raised by the conditions of the times. That competition has failed effectively to regulate prices and conditions, and that the effort to restore it must prove fatuous, constitute the basic contention of people who believe in these ultra-progressive measures.

Amherst and the Classics

Amherst College has displayed ambition to be a classical oasis in the academic desert. The Massachusetts college has decided that there is too much vocational and scientific training in college education to-day, and that it will take a stand for pure culture of the classical variety. According to a plan drawn up by the class of '85 and adopted by the trustees, the degree of Bachelor of Science is abolished, two years of Latin or Greek will be compulsory, requirements for graduation will be raised and the number of students limited to five hundred. Donations will not be accepted for the purpose of extending the work of the college into new fields, but the salaries of the faculty are to be materially increased.

The plan seems to be a good one, not because classical training is superior to more practical study, but because specialization is desirable in college work as well as in other activities. The smaller colleges cannot hope permanently to compete with the great, rich universities in scientific or professional training. The salvation of the small college with its advantages of close contact between faculty and students seems to lie in limiting itself to one line and trying to excel in it. Perhaps the Amherst idea forecasts the time when the choice of a college will depend not upon sentiment or heredity, but upon the particular brand of culture the college has to offer.

The Trust Busters' Trust

One fine morning in June the magazine publishers awoke to find that they were a trust. Many periodicals which had published burning indictments of large combinations of capital found themselves face to face with the angry public sentiment they had helped to create. Magazines which had suffered for the injustices of the weak learned that they themselves were engaged in grinding the faces of the poor. There it all was in the newspapers, columns and columns of it; the Department of Justice had brought suit for the dissolution of the "magazine trust." We had been so busy removing motes from our brothers' eyes that our own were all clogged up with beams. He who would bust others, argued the Attorney-General, should first learn to bust himself.

The magazine trust started innocently enough. Most periodicals offer clubbing rates by which their own and any other publication taken together may be secured at less than the usual subscription rates. Handling this business became complicated and required much clerical work so at last it was decided that a clearing-house should be established and take care of these orders. The publishers hired a clerk, rented a room, incorporated at a capital of two thousand dollars and started on their career of crime. The Attorney-General thought at the time it was all right, but the plan was not very successful and it was about to be abandoned. Then came a troop of attorney-generals, district attorneys and reporters advancing in good order upon the stronghold.

Whether the magazine trust will last long enough to be busted is a matter of grave doubt. If it doesn't the publishers will have lost their one great opportunity to be wealthy malefactors.

An Anti-Cat Candidate

Dr. Trunnell is a candidate for the Kentucky Legislature on an anti-cat platform. Cats, he maintains, are a more immediate nuisance than trusts, tariffs or Alaska syndicates. They are noisy, germy and generally unfit for human companionship. He proposes the immediate assassination of all cats, resident and transient, within Kentucky's border. His candidacy is looked upon tolerantly by the voters, with distrust by the spinsters and, no doubt, with enthusiasm by the rats and mice. The cat champions declare that the proposed legislation is unconstitutional, unreasonable, a demagogic attack upon industry, an attempt to array class against class—and that, besides, a doctor's place is in the home.

Prosperity on the Farm

Several years ago Secretary of Agriculture Wilson announced that the day of crop failures, or anything approximating failures, was past. He declared that better farming, greater diversification of crops, and more intelligent understanding of agricultural problems, had brought a condition in which no calamity such as the "general" or "wide-spread" crop failures of twenty years ago would ever again interfere with the national prosperity.

The Secretary seems to have known what he was talking about. Experience thus far has borne him out, and the census figures recently issued make a most remarkable showing.

We learn that there were 5,737,372 farms in 1900, and 6,342,120 in 1910. Increase, eleven per cent.

But the land in farms was worth only $13,051,000,000 in 1900, while in 1910 it had increased to $28,383,821,000; that is, an increase of one hundred and eighteen per cent.

Farm buildings increased from $3,556,614,000 in 1900 to $6,294,025,000 in 1910.

Apparently it is true that the farmer is at last getting his reward.

Wiley's Position Threatened

It took twenty-odd years to get a national pure-food law. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley was fighting for it most of that time. It was passed six years ago, and Wiley has been fighting ever since for its enforcement.

Small wonder that Wiley has the whole people behind him when he needs them. Soon after the new law passed, a cabal at the Department of Agriculture entered on a campaign to suppress him. A board of three was formed—the other two members more conservative than he—but Wiley still proved too strong, and the Remsen Board of Food Chemistry was named, to pass on appeals from the first board.

Following the long controversy over the use of benzoate of soda, an organization of all the enemies of Wiley was made. They proposed to have his scalp. Political pressure, business pressure, every possible means in fact, was employed in that fight. It was announced to publishers that the Advertisers' Protective Association could control one hundred million dollars a year of advertising, and it was going to be placed with preference for those who opposed Wiley's conclusions!

So much for the fight against Wiley. He was hard to "get," but at last it was discovered that he had committed a technical violation of the law, in hiring an expert witness, a chemist, by the year, though he was not expected to work every day. He was to give expert testimony when needed, equal in value to the annual salary paid him.

The personnel board of the Department of Agriculture sat on this violation, found in it the long-awaited excuse for getting rid of Wiley, and reported that under the circumstances he should be required to resign.

It was skilfully arranged. Disgrace was to be held over Wiley's head as the alternative to resignation. But he didn't resign. The plot was discovered and published, and immediately a great uproar of protest went up from the whole country.

Secretary Wilson had indorsed the recommendation to require Wiley's resignation. Attorney-General Wickersham had solemnly sat on his offense and found it heinous. Only "condign punishment" could appease the Attorney-General's sense of the proprieties.

At the time of writing the whole matter is in the hands of the President, who must finally rule on it. He will decide whether Wiley shall stay or go. It should be remembered that after Wiley decided the "What is whisky?" case, and Roosevelt sustained him, Taft reversed the decision. There is conjecture whether the President will stand by his Cabinet officers and dismiss Wiley, or yield to universal sentiment, disregard their views, and retain this valuable public servant.

New York's New Subways

New York has settled the long-mooted traction question by awarding the entire new subway system to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. In taking this action the Board of Estimate and Apportionment voted down the proposal of the Interborough Company, which operates the existing subway. By the terms of the agreement the city is to have some eighty-eight miles of new subway and elevated track at a total cost to the city of about one hundred and thirty-five million dollars and to the company of seventy-one million dollars. There seems to be ground for hope that work may begin immediately and that some relief from New York's intolerable transit congestion is in sight.

We shall not enter here into the complicated financial problem involved in the choice between the Interborough and the B. R. T. proposals. The latter offer was distinctly more favorable to the city, yet we believe that the wide-spread unpopularity of the Interborough Company had even more to do with the decision. Had the Interborough during the years in which it has conducted the existing subway served the public one-half as well as it served itself, treated the people and the people's representatives with consideration, in fact, displayed any sign of enlightenment whatever, it would have been the natural heir to the rich new transit field.

It seems a pity that the city could not have achieved at this time complete municipal ownership and operation—that the key to New York's thoroughfares should be given to any private corporation. Failing that, there is comfort in the defeat of the Interborough and in the thought that the Morgan interests which dominate it are not as yet all-powerful.

A Victory for Wilson

It has become apparent that the Democratic National Convention of 1912 is going to be really democratic. The effort of the old Alton B. Parker wing to gain control and nominate Harmon, has received a crushing blow through the declaration for Governor Wilson by both wings of the Pennsylvania Democracy.

The Harmon plan was to have the Democratic machines in a few, big, doubtful States—Tammany in New York, the Roger Sullivan machine in Illinois, Taggart in Indiana, Watson in West Virginia, and so on—bring in Harmon delegations. These organization bosses were then to say to the Southern delegates, "You see how it stands. Your States are Democratic in any case. To win, you must give us a man whom the Northern States want. We demand Harmon."

Indications are, however, that that plan is not going to work. The lines of alliance that will dominate the 1912 convention will run from the South, which is for Wilson, to the Middle West insurgent regions, also for Wilson; and, if one may prophesy at this stage, the nomination will go to the Jerseyman who has so wonderfully impressed himself on the nation during the past year.

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THE MONTH ABROAD

THE QUARREL OVER MOROCCO

Easily the greatest sensation in the realm of world politics during the year is the new phase of the Moroccan incident, that has brought England and France on one side, and Germany on the other, to the verge of war. The Algeciras treaty five years ago, made France and Spain the policemen of Morocco, but when France undertook to maintain order, Germany sent a war-ship to Agadir, a once-important port of the Moroccan coast, and proclaimed her purpose to prevent France from going farther than the treaty intended.

Instantly tension was violent. Britain foresaw Germany establishing herself in an important port just inside Gibraltar, threatening communication with Suez and India. France bristled up in defense of her national dignity, and the lion growled ominously.

Plainly, Germany has thought to seize a moment when British internal affairs were commanding all attention, and when it was thought advantage could be taken of this distraction to wrest an advantage in Africa. But the response was prompt. Mr. Lloyd-George, British Chancellor, made a speech warning Germany that England must not be tampered with. Premier Asquith followed by reading in the Commons a declaration of the unswerving purpose of Britain to maintain its place in the cabinet of nations; and Mr. Balfour, leader of the opposition, added his assurance that internal politics must not be counted upon to prevent Britain's presenting a united front to the foreign foe.

There was immediate lowering of the temperature in Germany. France announced a plan of army reorganization; France and England prepared for joint naval maneuvers; and there was nothing for Germany to do but retire with all possible grace.

It has been announced that France is willing to give Germany, for getting out of Morocco, some territorial concessions in equatorial Africa. This is believed to be satisfactory to France; while England makes no protest provided Germany does not undertake to seize additional seacoast line, to the menace of British pretensions of sea domination.

Indications point to peaceful settlement on a basis that will give Germany credit for one more successful bluff. Britain will not in our day permit Germany to crush France, because that would mean German domination of the Low Countries, German menace of British sea power, and in no distant future a contest between England and Germany for domination of Africa. The Anglo-French alliance has been cemented closer than ever and Germany has lost in prestige by the bluff.

RUSSIA AND AMERICAN JEWS

In defiance of her treaty with the United States Russia continues to refuse admittance to American citizens of the Jewish faith. It has long been impossible for American Jews, a large proportion of whom claim Russia as their birthplace, to reenter their native land even on a brief visit to relations. There has been considerable agitation of late to have our Government take steps to enforce the provisions of the agreement and compel Russia to cease discriminating against American citizens of good character on account of their religious beliefs. The report is, however, that the State Department is reluctant to take any steps which might disturb business relations with Russia. If this is true, dollar diplomacy would seem to have reached a new low level.

LORDS IN THE LAST DITCH

Although it has precipitated a parliamentary struggle that has stirred England profoundly, threatened the Unionist party with dissolution, and brought on one of the wildest demonstrations that has been seen in the House of Commons for a century, the lords' veto bill now seems certain of passage without substantial amendment. It has passed the House of Commons and in an amended and weakened form, the House of Lords. The amendments have, in turn, been rejected by the Commons, and as we write the lords are facing the dilemma of either passing the bill removing much of their power over legislation or by voting it down, forcing the King to carry out his promise to create enough peers of liberal tendencies to insure the passage of the bill. Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, Unionist leaders, counsel surrender. There is an insurgent movement, however, consisting of probably one hundred and thirty peers, who propose to fight to the last ditch, and who, if they adhere to their purpose, will force the creation of the new peers. Whether the lords perish in the last ditch or in the next to the last, it is evident that their cause is lost.

But it has been a bitter pill for the Tory leaders and the Tory press. When Premier Asquith arose in the Commons to explain the Government's objection to the lords' amendments the young aristocrats of the House kept up constant cries of "Traitor"; the premier was unable to continue, and the sitting had to be adjourned. The incident is believed to have strengthened the Government's cause before the people. The Tory press pretends to believe that the bill threatens the Crown, the Church and the Constitution. The conservative *National Review* prints an hysterical article under the caption "George V or Asquith I?" *The Spectator* thinks the Constitution is about to go into the discard unless the radicals are given their "pound of flesh." Almost the entire London press denounces the bill in varying degrees of violence. Yet there is no evidence that the people at large have changed their twice-expressed opinion, and there seems to be little doubt that they have gained an epoch-marking victory.

AERONAUTIC ACTIVITY IN EUROPE

Perhaps the most thrilling of all aeroplane races to date was the 1,010-mile circuit about England and Scotland ending with a neck and neck dash by Beaumont and Vedrines from Bristol to London. Vedrines, it will be remembered, had previously performed the feat of flying from Paris over the Pyrenees to Madrid. The best time in the British contest, however, was made by Beaumont, who completed the entire circuit in 22 hours and 5 minutes actual flying time, and thus won the $50,000 prize offered by the London *Daily Mail*.

It has been a year of unexampled aviatic activity in Europe, with the Paris-Madrid race of 600 miles, the Paris to Rome contest of 900 miles, a 1,200-mile circuit in Germany, a 1,000-mile tour of France, Belgium, Holland and England, and now the circuit of Great Britain. Except for Harry N. Atwood's plucky flight from Boston to Washington, the year has been devoid of long-distance aviation in America.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE

A TRANSPLANTED SHIN-BONE

A woman was confined in a New York hospital with an aggravated case of necrosis. Her left leg below the knee was swollen to twice its normal size and the case baffled the skill of physicians in four institutions. As she is dependent upon herself for a livelihood, the woman begged the doctors not to amputate the limb. Dr. Henry W. Frauenthal, a specialist in bone diseases, was called and decided to perform a daring operation. He cut away the flesh from the fore part of the leg for a space of ten inches, removed the greater part of the diseased tibia and inserted in its place a portion of the shin-bone of a man who had been killed in an accident. The cutting and fitting of this bone, the sewing together of the flesh and the periosteum and the covering of the entire wound with a rubber tissue constitute one of the most marvelously delicate operations known to modern surgery. The operation was entirely successful, and it is confidently asserted that when she recovers the woman will be able to walk without lameness.

As good a story as this ought to be able to carry a moral without much assistance. The success of this operation was made possible by experimental work upon living dogs and cats at the Rockefeller Institute. This woman, restored to health and usefulness, is not likely to be an enthusiastic member of the anti-vivisection society.

CAN A HUSBAND COOK?

The idea that a husband should be able to cook and should do so in times of emergency has received the indorsement of the judiciary. A Chicago man charged with beating his wife because she refused to arise at half past three and prepare his breakfast was thus admonished by Judge Goodnow of the Municipal Court.

"The man that can't cook shouldn't think of getting married. He is a pitiable object." The model husband, says the Chicago judge, should not only bake his early morning flapjack, but should minister to the wants of his sleeping spouse.

This decision may be upset by superior courts on the ground that it is involuntary servitude complicated with cruel and unusual punishment. If it isn't, the tradition that the male is mentally incapable of concocting an edible breakfast, a tradition which he has carefully fostered, will have received a damaging blow.

WOMEN AND MONEY VALUES

Another cherished tradition is threatened by the statement recently made by economists in the University of Wisconsin that of the ten billion dollars annually paid in the United States for food, shelter and clothing, ninety per cent. "is spent by women who have no adequate knowledge of money values." This sweeping arraignment seems to contradict the current belief that, except for the extravagances of the women of the leisure class, the housewife is a better buyer than her husband. The ten-cent store and the bargain counter are pointed to as monuments to women's thrift.

These two views are not, however, so contradictory as they seem. The American housewife is thrifty, but within a very limited scope. She has made the dollar go as far as it can under existing conditions, but has done little to improve the conditions. She may save the gas, but she has done little to reduce its price. She has not gone deeply into the value of foods, into the wearing quality of cloth, into the lasting power of household furnishings. Too often she has sacrificed quality to cheapness or to appearance. Department stores have profited hugely from the lure of the bargain counter, and a fifty-story building is being erected in New York upon the profits of one chain of five-and-ten-cent stores. The housewife's efforts have been largely individual; she has not begun to touch the possibilities of cooperation. She has left to man the broader problems of the consumer, and man has failed her because he has been for the most part a producer and not a consumer, a seller and not a buyer.

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Mrs Curtis's Home Corner

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

Woman's Chance in the Country

ONCE upon a time, I spent an interesting hour with Secretary Wilson. He told me the story of what Uncle Sam is doing for the women of America.

"Thousands of people think," he began, "that the Agricultural Department helps nobody but the farmer. Of course while helping the farmer incidentally we help the farmer's wife and daughter—only we do more than that. Hundreds of men and women in our department work year in and year out to solve problems which face the woman who lives in the country. We teach her how to make the best possible use of the food she raises, how to market it, preserve and cook it in ways that are new to country people. We show her how to plan a house, that is as sanitary, convenient, easily heated and comfortable as the average city home. Generally it is a much less expensive and more beautifully located home than a dweller in the city can achieve. Our experts simplify kitchen toil as they ease the farmer's field labor. They teach how to exterminate house pests, plan out a pleasant flower or vegetable garden and attractive grounds. They suggest shrubs and vines which will thrive in different climates and tell how to care for them. When the farmer's wife is brought face to face with any difficulty all she has to do is to write to us. We help her if it is in our power, not only with bulletins prepared by the first experts in the country but also by personal letters. The men and women in charge of each bureau give a lifetime of study to one science. I have a profound belief in helping the country woman as far as possible because it builds on America's future in this way: The girl who sees her mother drudge out her life in hard unremitting toil longs for a very different future. Of course her eyes are turned upon the city and when the first chance comes she leaves home. She will tell you she has no intention of becoming the slave her mother has been. We combat this feeling by every measure in our power. The best way to do it is by making a country home so pleasant, convenient, comfortable and attractive that children will hate to leave it."

Secretary Wilson's talk made me think of letters I receive so often from girls, who read SUCCESS MAGAZINE—they seem to have the paramount problem, how to earn a living. The multitude of them want city life, although few have a special training to fit for it. When a girl asks for counsel—there is only one brand of advice to offer. First let her make a beginning in her own community. No matter how small her town is, there is sure to be a little store where she can get some idea of business. A year or two spent in waiting on customers, in making change and caring for bills rubs off considerable of the rawness which is a handicap in the city. She can qualify as a stenographer in the office of the country lawyer or village factory. She can learn telegraphy or telephone work, millinery, bookkeeping, library work or journalism. The superintendent of schools in a large city tells me that some of his best teachers were girls who had taught for several terms in country schools. They were healthier, less frazzled of nerve, and had more endurance than the city-bred girls. A city hospital recruits, when possible, from nurses who have been trained in a village hospital. A New York physician declares he prefers a country-bred nurse to the woman who has never been out of a city. As a rule she has a steadier head, steadier hand and steadier nerves.

For a long time I have been keeping my ears and eyes open for stories of women who have won out. You have heard of tea-room successes; here is one more. The girl, who to-day is hostess at Scitico lived in a little, old, weather-beaten house under the shadow of a New England mountain. The road, which ran by them was little trodden except by the sleds of wood-cutters in the winter or occasionally a party of mountain climbers. The girl was young and pretty and bright. She longed for many things other girls had, but she was foot bound. Her mother was dead and she could not leave her father alone. She looked forward to her future wistfully and somewhat hopelessly. She had no talent to coin into gold and life at the mountain foot was very narrow, lonely and full of toil.

One afternoon a group of girls from a nearby college stopped at the little house. They had been tramping over the mountain since morning and were footsore, hungry and tired. Ten of them asking for food seemed like an invasion at the quiet home. A bean pot, steaming hot, stood in the oven, there were fresh white and brown bread and crisp brown doughnuts in the pantry. The young hostess offered what she had. The small living room would not hold such a company, so the girl set a table for her unexpected guests under a pergola where a grape-vine ran riotous. When she led them out to the improvised dining room there was a cry of delight from every girl in the crowd. In the center of the table glowed a bowlful of brown-eyed Susans. Besides the steaming beans and doughnuts were home-made pickles, hot coffee, red raspberries with thick cream and little brown bowls filled with delicate custard. The students said good-by and the young country hostess stood looking after them dazed with wonder. She held a ten-dollar bill in her hands. She had never earned so much money in her life.

That was the beginning of a business which grew slowly perhaps but surely. When a new road was opened for autoists to sweep around the foot of the mountains, Scitico began to gain fame. Parties from a hundred miles distant came to eat a real country supper. The father, who might have been an artist-carpenter if fortune had not made him a farmer, hired help to do the outdoor toil, then set about making Scitico big enough to accommodate hungry wayfarers. The fence that circled a narrow yard was pulled down so that the great elms in a side field were inside a low stone wall and tables were set around in shadowy places. The old house itself was left unchanged. Rag carpets and plain, deal furniture which during the hard wear of a lifetime had taken on a smoky hue like the weatherbeaten clapboards outdoors, held a charm which is not found even in old mahogany, and the people who came to Scitico appreciated its simple beauty. The young hostess knew little about new-fangled dishes, so she served plain, old-fashioned food her mother had taught her to cook—fishballs, frizzled beef, broiled ham and eggs, salt pork with creamy sauce, doughnuts, election cake from a recipe a hundred years old, toothsome cookies, tender brown gingerbread, delicious preserves and pickles. She served dishes you never find on a hotel menu. Of course the girl made good.

Start Them To School Right

After the vacation rest, school children should quickly settle down to the task of learning.

Do your part!

Parental responsibility does not end by sending them to school. The child must be equipped with mind and body at their best.

And here the right food plays its part.

Growing children need energy; the right kind and lots of it. And energy comes from well-nourished nerves and brain.

Grape-Nuts

—a food made from the field grains, contains Phosphate of Potash (grown in the grains) which directly acts with other food to build brain and nerves.

Statistics prove that much of the "backwardness" of some children is due to faulty nourishment.

A morning dish of Grape-Nuts and cream is good alike for the bright scholar and the backward pupil. The latter needs the nutrition; the former will progress in sounder physical health because of it.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

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THE Only Great Mercantile House Exclusively Devoted to Outfitting the Young

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If you have any doubts try some small thing first—an apron, a baby's dress, a pair of gloves or shoes. Your order will be as carefully filled and as promptly shipped as if it were an entire wardrobe—

And thus we hope to become acquainted

Understand, you do not run the slightest risk. Satisfaction in Fit, Quality and Appearance is definitely guaranteed—every purchase being made subject to prompt exchange, or immediate return of your money.

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Latest styles
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Please address Department 27.
FIFTH AVENUE, at Thirty-Fifth St., NEW YORK

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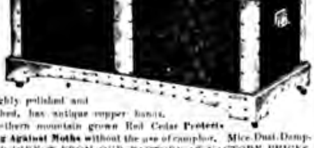
For Wedding, Birthday or Xmas.



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—after fifty years of failure. An experience booklet telling how New Thought promotes health and success for others. Why not you? Sent free with three months' trial subscription to NAUTILUS MAGAZINE for 10c. **THE ELIZABETH TOWNE CO., Dept. 268, Holyoke, Mass.**

Editorial Chat

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"Honest" Men Who Lie In Their Advertisemen

A GREAT many men who are fairly honest in other things seem to think that exaggeration in advertisements is allowable; that it is a sort of commercial license. But there are plenty of large advertisers in this country who are never really believed because people know perfectly well that the wonderful claims which they make for their goods are not true.

Business men who would feel insulted at the mere suggestion that their word was not good; men who do as they agree in their private life and in ordinary business transactions, will not hesitate to lie in their advertisements or in their corporate capacity.

THE GENTEEL METHOD OF ROBBING

Such men are not honest, for we do not say of a man that he is honest in his business and in his family life, but dishonest in his advertisements. He cannot be honest in one place and dishonest in another. If he does not ring true in any one thing we distrust him in everything. The man is judged as a whole. And that man who employs others to lie for him, or allows them to do it, is a liar himself.

On the other hand, some of the greatest reputations in the mercantile world have been built up by firms *beating their advertisements,* doing a little better than they advertised.

There is no shorter-sighted policy in the world than lying. Instead of getting the advantage we expect, we get the fatal disadvantage of losing the most precious thing in the world, the confidence of others. There is nothing else so valuable to a human being, no matter what his calling, as the confidence of his fellow-men.

When a man has once lied to us, or deceived us in a business transaction, we never quite believe him or trust him again. A lie or a deception in the advertisement of his goods has the same effect. When a person has the reputation of exaggerating we instinctively discount his statements.

There is no advertisement like truth. Even the biggest scoundrels recognize this and they spend vast amounts of money in trying to make falsehoods appear like truth. They know its potency, and they want its aid. The dishonest man knows that he will prosper in proportion to his ability to make people believe that he is honest and that his merchandise is what he claims it to be.

But what a short-sighted policy it is to spend vast sums of money in lying advertisements in order to catch a customer once—and then (for a deceived customer becomes an enemy ever after)—lose him!

Dishonest advertisers are always doing business at a tremendous disadvantage, because they are obliged to buy their sales at a big cost on account of having all of their swindled customers working against them. They must be forever seeking new fields.

Likewise the man or woman who lies in private life, in any dealing or any relation with those who are associated with him, must be found out,—and move on. The swindler is known by his lie, not by his word. There is no place on earth for him but a new place. There is no friend for him but a different friend. There is no hope for him but in oblivion.

Of all the despicable things that an Am can, in this land of opportunity and wonder resources, can do, the most despicable is to his living by deceiving and robbing his fell men, whether he does it by the genteel meth of lying advertisements or by the methods the smooth oily tongue.

Do not deceive yourself by thinking t your money will make a place for you in good-will and esteem of the American peo —and nothing else can be more valuabl for your reputation will be colored by methods you have used in getting your mon If you have been straight and square clean, you will have a clean place in the e mation of the people; but if you have pu the money out of their pockets by a long he by cunning, crafty, lying advertisements, y reputation will be tainted. There will b question mark after your name in their min They will say, "Yes, he has money, but Beware of that "but" in people's estimate you. If you want to get rid of it, if you not want it standing out in front of eve body's opinion of you, stop lying. Be strai and clean and deal squarely.

Isn't it a great business for a shrewd, le headed business man to use his greater br power, his superior education and advantag in trying to make those who are not in a p tion to know whether or not he is telling truth believe that the articles he advert have marvelous virtues which he well kn they do not possess!

Great business, that of making people three or four or perhaps ten times the va for a common, ordinary staple, just becaus is put up in a seductive and very attract package, and widely advertised as hav peculiar and marvelous virtues!

WAREHOUSES FULL OF LIES

If some of our merchants would go i their basements or warehouses, and realize full meaning of the boxes of lies, the bar of lies, the lying labels on their shelves would set them thinking.

To lose your friend, lie to him.

To ruin yourself, lie.

Truth is the greatest power in the wo There is no other force in business that compare with honesty, straight-forwardn There is no one element of character so gr so all comprehensive, so eternal as tr Reputation may be lost at a blow by a Character without self-respect is impossi There is only one integrity, and that is *solute* integrity. The only integrity, the character, the only self-respect that can st is the integrity, the character, the self-resp founded upon and guarded by truth.

How infinitely better, to say nothing of moral side of it, to be straight and squ to keep the record clean instead of spend fortunes to make people believe it is cl when it is not!

What if the proprietors of some great, s long-established house should decide that t were sufficiently entrenched in the public c fidence to enable them to stand a little de tion in their goods, in their advertisemen How long would it be before this little sp in the apple would demoralize and reduce a rotten mass all the apples in the barrel?

How long does it take before a little sp in character taints the whole life?

Can you afford to run the risk?

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FAITH AND DRUGS

It would be suicidal to condemn the prac-
se of medicine and the use of drugs and
her physical remedies as long as the great
ajority of the people believe in them; for
e are the victims of our faith, our beliefs,
d while people believe certain results will
llow from certain causes, no matter how
nscientific or superstitious, they will produce
sults to correspond.

If the fixed belief of the race is that certain
medies will cure certain diseases, the re-
lts will follow. But look back over medical
story and see what ridiculous remedies the
ce has believed in, and because the progress
the world has taken us far away from them,
w silly and absurd they seem to us to-day.
The horse-chestnut and black ring have had
eir day, but have furnished great relief to
eumatic sufferers. There are thousands of
evices which, in the faith of vast multitudes
people, were once standard remedies for
rtain diseases, which to-day seem ridiculous
en to the most ignorant. But as long as the
ith of the people is fixed upon the idea that
ert drugs put into the living organism will
-create a diseased cell or restore lost tissue,
would be unfair to rob them of the great
dvantages which will follow their faith.

* * * * *

The whole principle of mental healing is
e suggestion of wholeness, health. The
aler suggests to the patient that in the
uth of his being he is well; that there is no
sease; that pain is not a reality.

Health is based upon the absolute denial of
erything but the ideal condition; the idea
at only that which is good for us can be
al in the highest sense of the word; that all
ysical discords are only the absence of har-
ony, not the reality of our being, the truth
us.

In proportion as the healer is able to suggest
rfect soundness of body, is able to visualize
s patient as physically perfect, in propor-
on as he can see the ideal instead of the dis-
sed, discordant, suffering individual, he will
able to help him, because the creative
rces in the patient are building into the
ssue the perfect image, the sound, robust
age, which the healer projects.

SETTLE THINGS AS YOU GO

Do you lack the power of decision? Does it
ke you a long time to make up your mind?
o you decide firmly and positively? Or are
u always ready to reconsider, or reopen the
estion?

When something important confronts you
hich demands immediate decision, do you
sitate, "beat about the bush," grasp for the
vice of your prompters, and often lose a
and opportunity to better yourself?

When you have anything in hand, settle it.
o not look at it, lay it down, then look at
nething else and lay that down also, but
ttle things as you go along. It is a thou-
nd times better to make an occasional mis-
ke than never to settle anything, but be
ways balancing, weighing, and considering
any things at a time.

AN EARLY MORNING SURVEY

It is of great advantage to be able in the
orning mentally to run over one's work, and
use good sense and good judgment as to the
ost important things and to do them first.
e must learn to set the right value on
ings, not to overestimate or to underesti-
ate, and to get the right perspective, then
at is left over at night will not trouble us
much, because we shall know that we have
ne our best, and that the important things
ve been attended to.

The man who begins in the morning to do
ttle things, usually finds that before he gets
rough he has very little time for the greater
ings, and that they suffer from the lack of
me to attend to them properly. On the other
nd, the man who strikes right into the great
ings first in the morning and breaks the
ck of the day's work as soon as he can, and
en takes up the little things in the order of

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J. CLIFFORD WOODHULL, Selling Agent
American Woolen Building, 18th to 19th Sts., on 4th Ave., New York

their importance, has the satisfaction of knowing that his business or profession suffers less than by the reverse order.

KEEPING IN A SUCCESS ATMOSPHERE

One reason why so many people are incapable and continue to do little things all their lives is because they are never aroused; they do not get into an environment which tends to awaken their ambition and spur them on.

Many people are like automobiles; they must frequently come back to the shop to be recharged.

If you wish to succeed, put yourself in the most advantageous position, where you will have every possible stimulus and encouragement. There is a tremendous stimulus in keeping with those who have succeeded along your own line. Success examples are contagious. There is a great advantage in living in an atmosphere saturated with success. It stirs latent energy, arouses ambition. It makes it much easier for us to keep up our standards, to keep our ideals glowing.

It is very difficult to rise above the level of our surroundings if we live in a sordid, brutal atmosphere, where people are shiftless, slovenly, where there is little aspiration or no high ideals, no great, splendid human models, no special stimulus to self-improvement, no encouragement to higher resolve. It takes rare ability and determination to do this. I know of nothing more depressing to an ambitious person than to be forced to live and work in an environment which is totally lacking in high ideals.

Ambition, aspiration are tender, sensitive, tropical plants; they are easily chilled and stunted in an arctic atmosphere. They should be placed in the most advantageous environment for their ideal development.

Whatever your vocation, try to get into an encouraging inspiring environment. Keep close to people who have done splendid things along your own line of endeavor. Keep away from failures and their poisonous atmosphere, except to try to arouse and encourage; avoid the pessimist as you would contagion. Keep with people who aspire, who look up, away from those who have low-flying ideals.

Keep out of the failure atmosphere as much as possible; keep the failure suggestion out of your mind. This is a very difficult thing if you remain with people who are failures, and who live in a failure environment. If you are ambitious to get on, keep full of the success idea; keep the word failure out of your vocabulary; do not admit the possibility that you will fail.

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The Individual Investor

Preferred Stocks as Investment

PROBABLY never before in the history of the country has the average investor found within his reach so great a number or variety of legitimate investments. The diffusion of comparatively small stock and bond holdings has gone on so rapidly in recent years and has now reached such a stage that it is no uncommon thing to find a factory or a department store of hardly more than local reputation offering from $100,000 to $1,000,000 or more of its bonds or preferred stock to the public through a firm of bankers in a city far distant from the place in which the issuing company operates. One might suppose that the best market for such issues was at home, and sometimes it is, but not always by any means.

The American people are becoming so solidified and American communities so interrelated in a financial sense that it no longer occasions any comment when a manufacturing firm or a gas works in the South or the far Northwest markets its securities through a public offering in half a dozen cities of the eastern or northern states, even though no one there may ever have heard of the manufacturing firm or the town where the gas works is before.

The point of this is that not so many years ago the average man with a surplus of income to lay aside, the non-professional investor, so to speak, considered that the securities of only large and well-known corporations, such as the railroads, the traction systems of a few large cities and half-a-dozen of the largest industrial concerns in the country, were worth his attention. Public utility securities, that is, the class of stocks and bonds that now come under that caption, practically did not exist while mercantile trade and most manufacturing as well were supposed to be carried on safely only by firms or "close" corporations, both the bonds and stock of the latter being held by the limited number of individuals, families or estates in some way or another connected with the business.

Old Concerns Try Plan

Much of this same idea still prevails, of course, and as everybody knows, most of the mercantile trade of the country, even at wholesale, is carried on by men who employ their own capital, supplemented by more or less temporary borrowing at the banks. But what may be called public financing has made a very respectable beginning in this field, while it is rapidly taking possession of the field of manufacturing, including both big and little plants. A conspicuous recent example is the Baldwin Locomotive Works, of Philadelphia, which, after a quarter of a century of the closest sort of ownership and no slight degree of secrecy in its financial affairs, called in several well-known banking houses to help it dispose of the preferred and some of the common stock of a reorganized company. Thus the company secured the means with which to pay back borrowed capital and to enlarge its business, but at the same time it took the public in as a partner and can no longer keep the amount of its earnings or its financial condition secret.

This is a typical instance of the manner in which a large class of industrial preferred stocks have come into existence in recent years, chiefly in the last two or three. T list offers some attractive investments to th who are able and willing to look after th affairs pretty steadily and are not obliged have all their capital in securities from whi a fixed return is absolutely sure, in good yea and bad. For of course it must be recogniz that there are very few preferred stocks the country which are not in some dang however slight we may choose to regard it, a reduction of the dividend rate in the cou of years.

Speaking roughly, something under the mi imum earning power of industrial corpo tions as they are now organized is represent by the interest on its bonds, because it is the company's, that is, the stockholders', a vantage that as much money as is consiste with safety be borrowed at the low rate th mortgage security makes possible. After th it is advisable that a certain additional p portion of the needed capital be borrowed at larger but strictly limited rate of return, t payment of which is made contingent upon t state of business. Hence the preferred sto which must receive its full dividends befo the common stock receives any, including ba dividends if it has been issued as "accumul tive," but is subject to a suspension of di dends if the company finds itself unable to p them without impairing its working capital.

Big Returns Are Promised

There is nothing new about preferred sto in itself. Shares of that general class, wi varying rights and liabilities, have exist ever since the origin of limited liability co panies. What attracts attention to this pa ticular class of security just now is increasing use by a great variety of corpo tions, large and small, and by the compar tively high rates of return offered thereon.

In most cases new companies bringing the shares to market, or old companies adopti this method of financing a growing busine for the first time, offer a seven per cent. p ferred stock for subscription at par or a lit under. There are some instances in which t rate is as high as eight per cent., and son times an offering of preferred stock, entitl to either seven or eight per cent. dividends, accompanied by a bonus of common sto This may ordinarily be taken to signalize so special element of uncertainty in the co pany's returns or the apparent life of t industry.

In itself, such an offer does not recomme the preferred stock as a conservative inve ment, though it may render the entire prop sition more attractive than it otherwise wou be to those of a somewhat speculative turn mind. It must be remembered that the mo valuable a company's common stock is, t more security there is in the preferred. If company is giving its common stock or part it away as a bonus, the fact can only me either that the common has a merely prospe tive and indefinite value, or that it is nec sary to give something of value with t preferred in order to accomplish its sale a raise the cash the company needs. In neith case is the offer very flattering to the preferr stock. When the common stock is of such d ferred or intangible value that it can be giv away with the preferred it is the latter th really stands in the position occupied by co mon stock in a sound and flourishing co pany. In other words, the earnings do n

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fford any such "margin of safety" over the equirements for preferred stock dividends as ould constitute a protection to the owners f the preferred against a reduction of ces- ation of income in a year or two of bad usiness.

There are cases, it is true, in which common tock has been given away in a sort of prize ackage offer with preferred stock or bonds, nd in the course of a few years acquired a igher market value and paid more in divi- ends than the preferred stock. This does ot refute the observation just made that at he time it is so given away the common stock as a chiefly prospective value, or, if having ome more tangible value, has been thrown in o make the preferred stock "go." A prospec- ve value is a speculative value, which will ecome real if the business not only continues ood but continues to increase substantially nd is continually well managed.

A Matter of Speculation

In our country, where Nature's riches have s yet been scarcely more than scratched at, here an ever-increasing population of ever- ultiplying demands creates the best markets the world, the chances no doubt always avor the success of new enterprises, but we eed to remember that there always have been nd doubtless always will be failures in busi- ess, and to make up our minds while choosing ur investments whether we want to take our hances with such failures for the sake of ossible large returns, or to eliminate from ur own affairs the risks of failure as much possible and to leave to business adventur- s, in the old honest sense of the word, both e hazards and the rewards of speculation.

We may as well decide, then, that for us the ly industrial preferred stock to be considered that of a company whose business is already ell established and whose earnings, for at ast a year or two past, have been sufficient to ver the preferred dividends and make pos- ble dividends upon a fair proportion of com- on stock. It is, of course, not necessary that mmon stock dividends should have been id. If the surplus earnings available for at purpose have been put back into the prop- y in the shape of additional plant facilities, surance and reserve funds and the like, so uch the better. For investment purposes it indispensable that a preferred stock have hind it an earning power substantially in xcess of its own dividend requirements.

Many of the preferred stocks of industrial mercantile concerns of which the country d heard but little prior to their recent en- nce into the security markets have very rge surplus earnings to secure their divi- nds against trade recessions, and in not a w cases there are such further pledges to the ckholders as the charter requirement that e net surplus of liquid assets over current bilities shall at all times be equal to the nount of the outstanding preferred stock, or certain proportion thereof. Such pledges e assurances against the reckless disburse- nt of the company's cash in dividends on e common stock, to the injury of the holders preferred. It behooves the purchasers of ck, and their bankers, to see that such pro- ions of a company's charter or by-laws are ictly observed.

Most of what has been said applies to invest- ut in new and comparatively small issues preferred stock by manufacturing or trad- corporations. Besides these there are the eferred issues of the larger and older manu- turing corporations and of the railroads. e former, or at any rate the best among m, have a very substantial earning power the common stock and both common and eferred issues are pretty well distributed ong *bona fide* investors. For these reasons, ong others of less importance, such pre- red stocks sell at prices that allow a con- erably smaller investment return than the cks that are coming freshly upon the rket.

n the normal course of business and nce, the market price of a preferred stock ds toward a higher average level every year after its introduction to the investment public. For instance, United States Steel pre- ferred to-day sells at 119 and yields about 5.88 per cent. on its present cost, but for months after the organization of the Steel Corpora- tion it could be bought for less than par. Similarly, it has not suffered anything like the decline of 1903 and 1904 during the past year, although the depression in the iron and steel industry has been just about as bad as that of the earlier period. Much the same thing could be said of a dozen or twenty other indus- trial preferred stocks. Hence, other things having been duly investigated, it is likely to advantage the investor to pick up his preferred stock investments while they are fresh.

Of railroad preferred stocks it is enough to say that they are of much less importance to the active investing public than their great number and volume might seem to imply. With certain exceptions they are excellent in- vestments as far as safety of principal and income are concerned, but their market prices are now settled upon a level that offers little inducement to the average person. The great bulk of those that have attained a recognized investment standing are held in large blocks by those who purchased them many years ago, at what would now look like bargain prices. Hence they are much better investments for those who have them than they would be for those who have not. To many of their pres- ent owners, also, their voting power has a value which it could not have, under existing circumstances, to scattered owners of a few shares each.

In the reorganization and financing of the smaller industrial corporations now going on there has been some tendency to anticipate future profits and expansion of business by means of overcapitalization or "watered stock." This tendency generally manifests it- self in the balance sheet, where one may often find such intangible property as patents, good- will, etc., entered on the assets side at fancy figures. This practise is to be justified, if at all, on the grounds that a manufacturing or mercantile concern may be able to turn its capital over regularly and rapidly and there- fore make decidedly large profits in proportion to the value of the actual property or other assets employed in the business.

Intangibles for Common Stock

Without putting a large valuation on the in- tangibles in the balance sheet it would not be possible for such a concern to distribute the bulk of its profits without declaring an un- usually large rate of dividends. That is some- thing that a good many business men, for reasons of policy, prefer to avoid. But as be- tween fictitious valuations in the balance sheet and high dividend rates it is merely a choice of evils. In any case the tangible assets, mean- ing the real estate, plants, bills receivable and cash, should at least cover the par of whatever bonded debt there may be and the preferred stock as well, leaving patent or franchise rights or good-will, if any such items figure in the company's accounts, to be represented by the common stock.

Given all reasonable information about a company's business and the means of authenti- cating it, there is no reason why the investor of moderate means should not put a certain minor proportion of his funds into preferred stocks. If carefully chosen, they will raise his average rate of return without seriously impairing the security of his principal as a whole.

A GIRL OF THE THIRTY THOUSAND, a word picture by JAMES OPPENHEIM of the struggle of the working girls of New York City for life itself will be a notable feature of the October issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE and THE NATIONAL POST.

Investing Your First $1,000

If you are considering the investment of your first $1,000, it is more than likely you are confronted with the problem of how best to go about it—how to do the wise and conservative thing.

It is quite natural that these questions should be uppermost in your mind. In fact, as saving and investing are practically one and the same thing, the incentive that led you to practice thrift and economy in the accumulation of your $1,000 is now doubtless influencing you to so invest the money as to obtain a satisfactory rate of income, backed up by good security.

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Continued from page

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The Man Under the Car

something about the real conditions of affairs in the shops. He was of the workers, of the men who toiled and he had first-hand knowledge. How she burned to talk with him.

"Were—were you one of the strikers?" There was a little flutter in her voice.

"Yes," he owned simply. "But I went back to work after the affair was compromised with the leaders. It was a compromise, but of course, you know, we lost."

"Yes, you lost, but—" she said faintly, her sentence breaking down when she thought of what her father would say about her interviewing one of the hated strikers. She could hear the rumble of his heavy tones as he talked about the shops. But, then, she was known as his undisciplined only daughter. Eve was not more curious than she when she looked into Harvey's big blue eyes and said: "Do you think the men are treated fairly now?"

"Why," said he evasively, still under the car where she had to stoop to look at him, "that's not for me to say. I think if a man doesn't like his boss or his treatment it's his privilege to quit and not to whine."

"I don't want you to whine," she declared, seeing his point at once and approving it. "I wouldn't have you do it for the world. But the conditions in the shops—the frightful waste that's going on there. Tell me what you think about it—come out and tell me."

He crept toward her and stood before her in his superb stature and superb strength, and she delighted in him as he looked at her with his frank, open gaze.

"The conditions in the shops," he repeated. "Well, they are"—he chose his words—"not very satisfactory to anybody. Most of the men are hostile to the company—I guess you know that—and it's costing a heap more than it should."

"What is the cause?" she insisted.

"There is a variety of causes," he said slowly. "They are all internal. I have studied them. I think I understand them, or might if I had the opportunity of going a little deeper."

"Then you are not a mere mechanic," she said with an air of discernment. "I knew you weren't the moment I looked at you."

"You flatter me, Miss Harrington." A glint of white, even teeth went with his smile. "Sometimes I feel myself to be very common."

"But what are you?"

"I—well, I had *thought* of becoming an efficiency engineer," he confessed modestly.

"An efficiency engineer?" she said with a puzzled air. "What's that?"

"Why it's a man that makes a specialty of scientific management in shops and factories. There are men in this country that have worked right down to the ground in these matters and who have done wonders." He spoke glowingly. "Efficiency work is the coming big industrial science. It's going to help employer and employee. It's based on the fair deal. It would end all contention between man and master."

"It must be wonderful!" she declared enthusiastically. "Do they do anything of that sort in our shops?"

"Sorry to say, they don't," he said. His sigh did not escape her.

He made a movement toward his brake-beam, but she caught him back with a fervent little plea:

"Oh, don't go to work just yet. I want to know more about this efficiency business. I want you to—will you talk with my father about it?"

"Mr. Harrington?" he looked at her dubiously. "Oh, I'm afraid he'd consider it a piece of impertinence."

"No he wouldn't," she interrupted. "He's reasonable. When you're through with your work come and see me and I'll introduce you."

"But you don't know me yet," he said modestly. "My name is Harvey March. I co
come at half-past five o'clock if you're sure
will be all right."

"Very well, Mr. March—at half-past fi
She smiled pleasantly and went back to
luncheon table.

Harvey, transformed by a clean shave
a well-pressed suit, came at half-past five.
was a little awed by the luxury of that w
derful car as the porter admitted him and
was more awed by the presence of the gr
man to whom Miss Harrington gracefully
troduced him.

"Well, young man," began the magn
offhandedly, "my daughter says you think
know what's the matter with the shops
that you can set things right there."
irony was apparent.

"Why," he replied good-naturedly, "I k
what's the matter in a general way; bu
don't say I can remedy the evil."

"Oh, you can't remedy it? I didn't th
you could. And I don't mind saying it
just to please my daughter that I let you
in. I guess you know more about handlin
monkey wrench than you do about handlin
lot of lazy mechanics."

"Pardon me, Mr. Harrington, but the
not lazy," said Harvey, looking the Old M
straight in the eye. "It's simply a case
misapplied energy. For one thing, there's
overtime. It—"

"Overtime!" rumbled the Old M
"What do you know about overtime?"

"He started to tell you, Dad," put in
gela, looking at Harvey as if apologizing
him for her father's bluffness.

"I don't know such a great deal about
replied Harvey modestly. "But that an
lot of the other trouble are the result of
old system. Now the application of the
scientific principles—"

"Scientific bosh!" snorted the Old M
"My daughter has told me about your re
ing. I don't want any book theories loa
onto me."

"Very well," returned Harvey civilly, "
my study has not been all book study by
means. Last fall when I was out of wor
visited the big C. C. & W. shops and stu
their style of doing things. They have
troduced efficiency there, and—"

"Oh, it's the efficiency game, is it?" gr
ed Harrington. "I've heard about that—
bonus system, where you give a man ex
pay for what he ought to do anyway."

"But the more bonus you pay the m
money you make," declared Harvey. "Th
been proved."

"Oh, I don't want to hear any more ab
that." His jaw closed like a steel trap.

"Father," protested Angela quietly. "
said you'd listen to Mr. March if I brou
him in here, and you're not keeping y
promise."

"I'm not anxious to go on, Mr. Harringt
said the ruffled Harvey. "But the bo
system is only one feature of efficiency.
may leave it out if you wish. There's pl
of other things wrong in the shops."

"Hey? What's the principal one?" as
the Old Man with reawakened curiosity.

"Slave-driving!" Harvey held up his h
as if to wave off the anticipated objecti
"But we'll set that aside for the present.
and get down to what may be called mec
ical obstructions."

"Mechanical obstructions?" repeated
Old Man wonderingly. "What kind of
chanical obstructions?"

"I can't tell you exactly. I haven't had
means of ascertaining some of the things
like to know. But if somebody were to st
things closely he might find out what it is
holds up a locomotive 'on rip' two or th
times as long in our shops as in those of
C. C. & W. 'On rip' means up for repair.'
added, in reply to Angela's questioning lo
"Two or three times as long?" repe

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rrington. "Is that true? No wonder lo-notive repairs cost us so much."

"Yes, but that's only one thing. There's res of other money-wasting obstructions re that ought to be removed."

"Mmmh!" nasaled Harrington thoughtful-

"Perhaps you're right. I'll look into it. ere's McGee coming back." He was look- out of the window. "I'll speak to him ut it."

But, father, Mr. McGee's opinions are all dy-made," objected. Angela. "Why not e Mr. March authority to look into things l report to you?"

Harvey had made his adieus and had start- for the door.

"Do you think—" began Harrington. "One nute, young man! I wish you'd come and me at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. I'm ving over on account of this shop trouble."

When Harvey March came in the morning h his bundle of carefully assorted facts ut efficiency work in other shops, a digest t he had prepared only a fortnight before, figures tempted Harrington and, mixed h his flings at "theorists" and "book-shop " came such questions as, "You don't n to say that road reduced the cost of shop terial and labor thirty per cent in a year? those actual figures?"

Actual figures made by shop superintend- s themselves," Harvey assured him.

I'll tell you what you do, March. You go those shops and nose around for every- g you can find that looks like waste, and ort to me when I come back here on the h." He scribbled a few words on the k of his card with a pencil. "Guess that'll uthority enough. But don't use it unless have to."

I'll begin at once," said March, stowing y the precious card in his pocketbook. ood-by!" He shook hands with them and ried away.

His mind ran upon Angela. What a girl! w unlike anything he had dreamed of when had first seen her picture in the paper. A worth— But he must not think of the another minute, only of the tremendously ortant work in hand. He must buckle down that.

. . . . . .

Then the Old Man's car rolled in upon the track at noon on the 18th Harvey was at d with his report.

"Well," said Harrington, looking up from paper, "you'll have to talk fast, young . McGee is coming in ten minutes, and got the right of way."

"Ten minutes will do if you don't want to the whole report," replied Harvey re- tfully. "In fact, I can tell you one of the f causes of trouble at the shops in one ."

"One word?" repeated the Old Man skep- ly. "I guess not."

"It must be a long one," slipped in the ileged Angela with a little laugh.

"No," replied March, "it's a short one."

"But what is it?" demanded Harrington atiently.

"Belts," said Harvey simply.

"Belts?" Incredulity sat upon the Old 's ruddy features.

"Yes—belts," insisted Harvey.

"What about belts?" asked Harrington ly.

"Well, belting is an insignificant item in operation of a big railroad system like but a whole lot turns upon it beside the heels. Every belt failure is followed by a ndent sequence of loss. I can't tell you bout those sequences in ten minutes, but can readily understand that every broken throws out machine and man, delays the , holds up locomotives in the shops and s on the roads, and, of course, cuts down ings."

"That's right," said the Old Man, inter- at once. "But do we have more belt res than the C. C. & W.?"

"Four to one," declared Harvey promptly. ey average three hundred a month, -"

"Why?" cut in the Old Man. "Don't we pay enough for our belts? Who looks after 'em?"

"Your belts cost you a pile of money. You pay a premium for belt breakdowns—over-time. A man isn't going to care much what condition a belt is in if he gets extra pay for repairing it, is he? You ask who takes care of the belting? Nobody. All the officials from superintendent down to foreman have other duties, and machinists and planer hands are paid overtime nominally to repair, but really to destroy the belts on their machines."

"This is a great discovery!" cried Angela with a little clap of her hands in applause. "As you say, so much depends upon those belts."

"The present lot was of poor quality in the first place," Harvey went on, turning involuntarily to her and continuing to address her. "They were dumped into the shops by the claim agent after they had been in a wreck and had been so scorched by fire and soaked with water that the consignee had refused to accept them. But in making up this loss a much greater one was entailed. In fact, I estimate that those belts have cost the company in one way and another over a million dollars. The cost of repairs on the belts alone is twelve thousand a year. It shouldn't amount to five hundred."

The superintendent was ushered in.

"McGee," said the president sharply, "we won't go over those reports of yours to-day. I've got a new scheme, and I know the directors will back me up in it. I'm going to put Hoyne in charge of the shops for a while, with this young man here as consulting engineer with full authority to make such changes as Hoyne may approve." Hoyne was second vice-president of the road. Harrington looked at Harvey. "We'll make your salary all right, I guess," he added.

"Thank you, Mr. Harrington," said Harvey simply, though with thumping heart.

Angela's eyes danced approval. She looked at Harvey proudly. After all he was her discovery.

"It's splendid—splendid!" she breathed in low, animated tones. "I knew that you could do this."

"How did you know it?" he asked, retaining for a moment all unconsciously the hand she had extended to him in her rapt little way.

. . . . . .

With the patient competent Hoyne and a number of good assistants, Harvey attacked the Homeric task with an energy born of a zeal and pride and, as he confessed to his heart, a mighty effort to justify Angela's faith in him.

It was a man's game, played by men. The first thing done after the new belting was ordered, was to assure all employees, from foremen down to wipers, of a fair deal. A standard practise booklet, compiled by Harvey, was given to each mechanic in which a premium was placed upon quick, intelligent work. Each man was made to feel that, in a way, he would share in the profits of the company. In other words, the greater the efficiency and the greater consequent earnings shown, the greater would be the reward. New methods of supervision of shop machinery and tools and the despatching of repairs were adopted. The welfare work gave the men reading and recreation rooms and, best of all, old-age pensions. The men met the company's endeavors in their behalf by renewed efforts on their part. The new system changed them from half-hearted, listless, indifferent and even rebellious workers to alert, intelligent, striving, self-respecting ones.

When the old belting was replaced by new there were no more breakdowns nor overtime. Locomotives were no longer held in the shops, trains moved regularly and the earnings of the road began to increase.

"Do you know what that young fellow has done?" was Harrington's enthusiastic comment to his daughter at the end of the first three months. "He has made the gross earnings per locomotive jump from an average of $3,500 a month to nearly $4,600, and is saving

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money for us at the rate of four millions a year. And the thing has only started."

"Has he?" glowed Angela proudly. "But I knew he'd do something like that, Dad. I could see it in him."

"What could you see in him?" demanded her father abruptly, looking into her rapt, glistening eyes. "See here, Angela. He's a smart young fellow and all that, but you mustn't go falling in love with him."

"What an *idea!*" she cried, her face afire.

"No," he declared bluntly, "because the man I want you to marry is Edwin Van Alstyne."

"Father!" cried Angela amid her confusion. "Am I really expected to marry that self-sufficient fashion-plate?"

"But he's going to be the next president of this company. You know I'm almost ready to drop out of the game. I've put in the best years of my life on this road and it ought to be kept in the family."

"Oh, father!" she escaped him by running out of the room and going to her den to read for the third time a letter from Harvey, who had felt encouraged to write her a couple of pages telling modestly of the progress of the work.

"Best of all," he wrote, "the men see we're giving them a fair deal, and that means a lot. The moral gain has been wonderful. There is no more slave-driving and there will be no more waste."

She sat down and wrote an enthusiastic little note of congratulation.

When, after another three months, Hoyne sent a long and glowing report to the president, it reached the Old Man at Santa Barbara, whither he had gone for a rest.

"Everything is running like a watch," wrote Hoyne. "Waste has been eliminated. By the end of the year we're going to show the biggest net earnings we ever made. The shops on every division have been standardized and are up to full efficiency. That man March is a whole pile of dynamite."

Harrington was about to pass the letter to his daughter, but he changed his mind.

"Dynamite is dangerous," he mused. "She mustn't hear too much in praise of that young fellow or Van Alstyne will be sidetracked completely."

He did not know that Angela, sitting apart, was reflecting upon what sort of reply to make to a letter she had just received from Harvey. She thought that perhaps she should not have encouraged him so much, but there was nothing presumptuous in his terms.

· · · · · ·

Six months later Harrington and his daughter were at Carlsbad. The doctors had ordered that Harrington, who was much run down, should not think of business, and so reluctantly he had passed all executive work over to Van Alstyne.

The first thing Van Alstyne did was to call a special meeting of the directors to which Hoyne was not invited, and have that official relieved of his general supervision of the shop work on the ground that too much money was being spent on premiums to the men.

"It has amounted," Van Alstyne told the directors deprecatingly, "to a full million in the past year. We can save that million and a lot more by making the men earn their money. They are well enough paid without those bonuses. And there's March, the 'efficiency engineer,' as they call him. The Old Man has lately raised his salary to $20,000, and it's that much money thrown away. We'd better dispense with him."

It was so ordered. Van Alstyne went to Rockland and met McGee and Ferguson at the shops.

"Now look here," said the new head of affairs, patting the desk with his gloved fingers. "I want you fellows to stop this 'efficiency' foolishness. Put every man on the old pay. Tell each one he'll get a new suit of clothes if he makes the record in his department for the next week, and fix that record high. Have you got that?"

"Yes, sir," said McGee and Ferguson, as with one deferential voice.

"Very well. I'm coming here at the end of the week and I hope you'll have someti good to report."

Harvey shuddered when he thought of return to the old drive system.

He had a standing offer of an increas five thousand a year from the C. C. & but instead of going to work he took a months' vacation. He went to England hung about the Sheffield factories, then to Germany, where he visited the Kr works.

Van Alstyne had entered the shops found them working like a watch. But t were certain wheels of that watch that could not see moving, or in other words, t were a dozen or more men employed in official capacity whose work he could not derstand. So he threw away those wheels dismissed those men and fixed a high tas standard for the mechanics. At the end of appointed week he asked McGee:

"How many men have made the record?

"About eighty per cent," replied the su intendent.

"What did I tell you?" was the triump remark. "Eighty per cent of them have a full week's work for the old wage an seven-dollar suit of clothes. Now you fir the lazy hounds that didn't make the re and tell the rest that if they don't keep u it they'll go, too. Understand?"

McGee understood. The men, already bad humor because so many of their privil had been curtailed, took the news sulle The old hostile feeling toward the comp was at once restored, for the toilers knew there was an end of the fair deal. So became listless, lax and wasteful. When reports for the first month came in Alstyne scowled. It was the old story overtime, breakdowns, of the holding up o comotives and reduced revenues all along line.

The mutterings among the employees creased as Van Alstyne eliminated, piece piece, all of the essential elements of the fare plan which the men had come to upon as their right. At last they gathere an angry meeting and adopted resolutions ing the company for a return to the effici plan. Van Alstyne coolly refused to acce these requests and locked out the ringlea of the revolt.

· · · · ·

"The Old Man is on his legs again," the report among the stockholders of the pany. Yes, he was on his legs and he m good use of them in going straight to the eral offices of the company and bursting upon Van Alstyne, who sat enthroned at huge, ebony-topped desk.

"You've played the devil on your wa haven't you?" he broke out bluffly with the virile rumble in his voice. "Gone back to waste system, eh? I guess it's time I hold again. I've still got a controlling in est and I'm going to stop this money-lo game right away."

"But, Mr. Harrington, you're hardly to me," began Van Alstyne. "The men acted outrageously and—"

"Thank you!" said Harrington d "I've heard all about it. Will you ring f stenographer? Let's see—what's March's dress? I'm going to cable for him to c right back. I'll fix it up with the direc afterward."

The message was despatched and Ha took the next steamer for home. He fo the men on the verge of a strike, but wi a month after he was reinstated and the eiency system was restored, hostility to company was effaced and the watch took its regular tick-tick.

"Father," said Angela softly, going ove where he sat smoking his after-dinner c in his favorite leather chair, "Harvey M wants me to marry him."

"Wonderful news!" laughed the Old M "Surprising, ain't it?" His hand rested ingly on her bare arm.

"But what do you say?" asked Angela

"What do I say?" exploded the Old M "I say you run to the telephone, call him and tell him 'Yes.'"

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Continued from page 27

System Makes Life Count

time and are always busy. They do not plan for leisure, and hence do not get it. Industrious people who work without a program seldom have leisure.

"If we mix and muddle our hours as some men mix and muddle their papers, no good result can be anticipated," says someone.

It is astonishing how much time one can save by having a program and carrying it out,—doing everything at a definite time as far as possible. Some people who think they have a very hard lot, and who claim they never have any leisure, will sit and chat and gossip for hours over little nothings and then be obliged to hurry the rest of the day to do their work.

Many do not keep track of the time. Instead of consulting a clock or watch, they go by impressions, and are always behind with their work, missing trains, or late for appointments.

"Most of us spend time as thriftless people money," it is said. "Some of us throw it away. Others gamble with it. Most of us spend it without any sense of values. We give an hour to work that could be done in fifteen minutes, and we frantically try to squeeze into an hour work that to be properly accomplished requires half a day."

I have never known a person to amount to much who was indifferent as to his time. Most achievers are time savers, misers of moments, and this is impossible without orderliness and system.

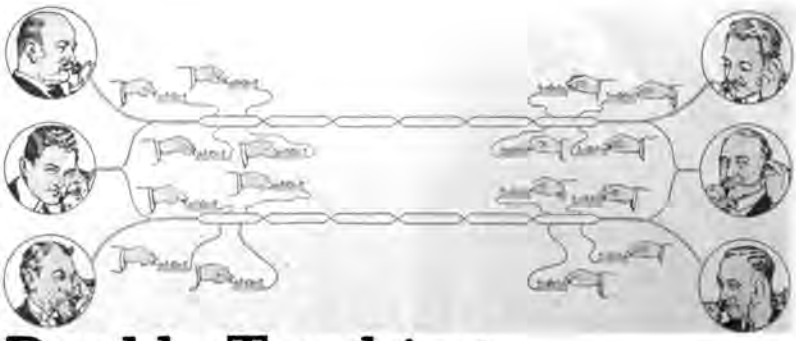
The youth who would succeed must keep himself in perpetual training. He must study to avoid the things which lower his ideals. He must remember that like produces like everywhere; this is an inexorable law. Disordered surroundings tend to produce shiftless thinking, shiftless acting, shiftless living.

"Failed from lack of system," would make a fitting epitaph for tens of thousands of business men. How few people really have any systematic plan in their lives! They neither live to a program nor work to a program. Their efforts are helter-skelter. Yet they wonder that the results are of the same kind. Like the child on the rocking horse, who violently canters up and down, but never gets anywhere, are people who lack the faculty of orderly, straightforward progress.

There is a great health-giving tonic in an orderly life. The mind is constructed for system. Something within us says "Amen" to an orderly thing rightly done, and this sends a glow of satisfaction through the whole being. On the other hand, something within us protests against botched and slip-shod, careless work, and this protest outpictures itself in a slouchy manner, a deteriorating character. There is a dignity in an orderly, systematic life which is entirely lacking in the person of slovenly habits. Our health is largely dependent upon our being satisfied with our work and with our lives. If there is perpetual discontent, a constant protest in the mental realm against the work we are doing or the kind of life we are living, we cannot be happy; and without happiness, we cannot get perfect health.

It does not matter how much ability the boy may have, there may be evidences even of genius in his career, but if he is allowed to work at all sorts of things in any way he pleases without system or order, if he is allowed to grow up without discipline, he will lack dignity; there will be a confusion about his life which will mar all symmetry and completeness.

Whatever career you choose, be sure that you get a fine training in the fundamental qualities which make for success, and without which no great achievement is possible. You may be a genius, and yet if you work without system, in a helter-skelter sort of a way, if you work spasmodically, just when you feel like it, you will form the habit of carelessness and indifference which will seriously mar your career, if not ruin it.



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Continued from page

David Mannes, Apostle of Musi

sia. For a moment I forgot New York. But when I remembered to look again at the mother and her child, they were nodding and smiling across at each other. The universal language.

There are many suggestions for stories here. One parent, a lean, stoop-shouldered Pole who drove a delivery wagon all day, came two evenings a week to the school with his girl of twelve and a cheap violin. He sat waiting until she had had her lesson, and then she sat waiting while he had his. And there was a wee Roumanian, nine years old, most resolute, who was himself teaching his father at home. This father's day was spent in a sweatshop, and they lived in two small rooms.

"After supper by us," said the urchin, "me an' fadder an' mudder de dishes wash. An' den we enjoy! I give him his lesson already, an' after we togedder play!"

A month or so later, when asked if his father kept practising faithfully, the teacher grew indignant. "For why *shouldn't* he practise," he demanded, "when dis man has wanted it for long an' now he has it already from me? For why *shouldn't* he practise?"

The family of one small Jewish applicant was found to be living in a single wretched room back of a Chinese laundry. The father worked for the Chinaman and his wage was desperately low. Yet they had managed to squeeze fifty cents out of their weekly budget in order that their boy might learn "to play fine music all his life."

There is real work here. The discipline is strict, the organization well thought out. Mannes is the head musical director. Under his general guidance are four departments of teaching, violin and 'cello, piano, choral and harmony. Each of these in turn has a head of its own. And under the four principals are some eighty teachers. Of these, about thirty are "pupil teachers," who do the main part of the primary work. Any older boy or girl whose work has shown sufficient ability may be made a pupil teacher. By this work, within a year or two, he may earn about ten dollars a week in two or three hours a day of his time. In addition, if he proves a good teacher, the school recommends him, he secures pupils outside at higher rates and so wins his start in the teacher's vocation. And as his teaching in the school has been under constant supervision, and as he himself has been taking lessons all through the years of his teaching here, he is apt to become a teacher not only with sound methods of work, but with deep-implanted ideals of what music may mean in future years to the masses of the people.

"We believe," said Mannes, "that to educate such teachers is our first and most significant work."

The school has three string orchestras. The senior orchestra of sixty has Mannes for conductor. The second, with eighty boys and girls, meets under the guidance of Edgar Stowell, the head of the violin department. And the third, with some thirty small musicians, is led by Francesco Tallarico, who was himself a pupil of the school. There is a constant process of selection. The best players in the third orchestra are in time advanced to the second, and so on to the top. It is a great thing to belong to the senior orchestra, whose Sunday morning rehearsals are the social events of the week, the auditorium crowded with fellow pupils and parents and people from up-town. Besides, both the Mannes and Stowell orchestras give concerts here and outside. Last year there were twelve outside concerts, two of which were in Carnegie Hall. Such events cause intense excitement.

Recently there has been started a more ambitious attempt, a symphony orchestra made up of young men and women who come from their work in offices, shops and factories to rehearse here under Stowell every Tuesday evening. The response has been swift. Already the orchestra has over forty members, and they are now filling in the reeds and t brass, as well as the strings.

"We hope," said Mannes, "to make this real civic orchestra of and for the people, give its services when desired at all kinds public functions, where it may add the beau of music to that deep social feeling spreadi through our civic life. It seems especia fitting to me that such a service to the peo should be rendered by an orchestra made up the people themselves. Of course our star ards must be high; but I feel so sure that of the mass we shall find the real musicia we need. Only the effort to find them is need

"I'm planning soon to put up in depa ment stores placards urging shop girls w have any love for music to come to us. Th rehearsal evenings of ours seem to me so mu more worth while for a girl than the eveni that she spends at more or less vulgar pub places. And how much better to use her sp nickels and dimes for music lessons and c certs than for tawdry finery! . . . What a p it is, how senseless it is, that in our up-to orchestras women are excluded. We all them as soloists, they fill half our chorus and even in our orchestras we let a wom play the harp. Then why in the name common sense should she not play the viol the flute or the 'cello? Anyone who has be at rehearsals up-town and listened to the la guage of certain big conductors there, w agree that the presence of women memb might be a good thing in more ways than o Just think of what they lose up there by cluding all women musicians. We alrea have some wonderful girl pupils in the scho

"I believe in the boys and girls of N York, in their inborn love of music. Un you have been long at this work you can ha no idea of the inspiration you receive fr this unfailing response of their's. What our school? Just a drop in the ocean. A yet even from so small a center the influe spreads wide, and you keep finding signs of in the most unexpected places. Only the oth night, while walking along a dark, dirty str in the Ghetto, I heard from an open tenem window the strains of a serene old Hay quartette. The players, I discovered, w young working boys who came to our schoo

One day a small Polish boy came in w a fiddle. He was one of the toughest a dirtiest trouble makers on the block. Wh he had got his fiddle nobody knew, b that he had played it much was plain, for instrument was encrusted with dirt. Sto ell, to whom the boy came, is a wonder teacher because he knows boys through a through. He sized up his new pupil at glance.

"Go down to the basement and wash th hands!" he ordered. The boy sullenly obey

"Now come and look at this fiddle!" T teacher spoke in stern, sorrowful tones. "Y come here to play the music of the great m ters on a violin as dirty as that. *You* con *You—a musician!* Now go home, and co next time with your fiddle clean!"

That was the first lesson.

Three days later the boy came in with hostile glare. "There!" he said, and he pol out his instrument—clean!

He worked surprisingly hard. At the e of his second year in the school he took first medal for violin pupils. Two years l made him a different boy, and in more th his music. He wanted an education. Fr the grammar school, where he won high mar he went to the City College, and there he to honors. At sixteen his playing was so rema able that a certain composer from up-to became interested. And the boy is with h now; they are living and working together France. This was done in four brief years.

Of course, this case is a rare excepti written here simply to give one vivid instan of what the school does in lesser degree hundreds of small human lives each year.

But the infant prodigy idea is by no mea

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encouraged. You see here none of those thin, abnormal mites whose hair and dress proclaim to the world that they are soon to astound it. Parents of rather talented pupils often wish to exploit them in vaudeville or on the concert stage. But Mannes sternly opposes this. "If a pupil insists on taking up music as a profession," he told me, "we urge him at least to postpone his decision until he has gone through high school and so has a wider view of life. And in most such cases they finally decide upon some other career. You see, our standards are high in the school, we believe music has great things to do in this city; and that our small part is to turn out boys and girls who love music for itself, and who, if adopting it as a career, will do so because they care more for it than for anything else. So we want our pupils to test themselves. And if they find that their real purpose is to make money, then let them make it in other ways, and keep music only as part of their lives, a sacred inner part."

In the school they even discourage all idea of "showing off." Among their soloists you see no "old little children." I recall one delightful instance of a real small boy, unspoiled. He has such decided talent that at thirteen he is concert-meister of the Stowell orchestra. But last year, when he played his first solo, somehow he could not keep in time.

"I couldn't," he said afterwards, "because I couldn't quite hear the piano. My ears went back on me. They burned!"

There seems to be little jealousy here. "I know of only one case," said Miss Crawford. "One among eight hundred pupils."

The spirit of mutual help is strong. In the recent spread of public playgrounds and athletics in our public schools, much has been said of the value of team work in its effect upon boys, offsetting the grand old idea of the tooth-and-claw fight, each boy for himself. The same applies here on a higher plane.

"Now look here!" cried Stowell one day, abruptly stopping his orchestra. "You kids make me sick! Each trying to fiddle ahead of his neighbor, faster or louder, to make himself heard! Now that won't do! Understand? Music is just like life in a city. When everyone tries to beat out his neighbor it only makes trouble for us all. We have got to learn sooner or later to quit our fighting and help one another, fit in with each other, all play together. Now, let's try it again."

"Many have asked me," said Mannes, "why I spend so much time on these tenement children. Is it because I believe that this crowded tenement life of their's is a more stimulating environment, a better world for music? Decidedly not! The tenement and the sweat shop are wretched surroundings for musical growth. Poverty and ignorance have always been bad and will always be bad, so long as they continue. I had much rather have only up-town pupils, if I could have them as I want them. But I can't. I find them distracted up there by so many things. Still worse, they are so often small finished products, and it is hard to make over a finished thing. But here down-town it is different. They are elemental, these tenement kids; I don't dare give them Tschaikowsky at first; it is rather Beethoven they need. But I find I can get at these children, work on them, mold them. I feel something crude but tremendous down here, something in the making, something filled with fresh, new life.

"And we need this in New York. *We need good, sound insurgency here.* There is frenzied finance in Wall Street, there is frenzied nuance in Carnegie Hall, of the kind that brings forth sudden bursts of applause, like that in some of our theaters after a smashing, sensational scene, applause that is not for Beethoven or Wagner, but for this great conductor before us. What a marvellous genius *he* is! And this, it seems to me, is true not only of some conductors, but of many soloists, too. The big money, the big names, are so often made by getting sensational effects.

"The teachers here and abroad who make the most money are apt to be those who teach above all else a brilliant technique, mere fireworks to bring down the house. I am not saying we need no technique. We do. It makes solid foundation. But technique is the mere mechanics of art. And when a young man or woman is willing to work for eight hours a day, day after day for hundreds of days, on this hard and soulless technique alone, you may be sure that he is not doing it out of his love of music. Because there is no music in it. Only ambition can make him endure it, purely selfish ambition for fame and money.

"Personal glory is the keynote. It's an age of advertising. And increasingly each year we feel it in the music world. Personal squabbles and struggles for advancement fill the columns of musical papers and magazines. The virtuoso is everything, the names of the great composers go into small type on the billboards. And, of course, this has its bad effect. A really great pianist comes to America unspoiled, and you hear him with delight at the beginning of his tour. But a few months later, after his frantic American journey, you hear the same man at the end in New York, and then how often you find him spoiled, a conceited poseur, thinking only of himself and applause, the composer quite forgotten.

"And this, from my experience, is largely true of the rank and file. Is it not a matter for shame that most of our orchestra musicians, whose lives should be filled with the joy of their work, are filled instead with petty jealousies, grudges, disappointments? I have been acquainted with hundreds, but I know of not one who is eager that his son or his daughter should take up music as a profession.

"And all this trouble, it seems to me, is caused by the idea of the fight, the struggle for personal glory and wealth. If such narrow, selfish aims must continue to dominate the world, which I doubt, at least why should not music be kept pure? Is it not possible to keep out greed, vanity, selfishness, or at least to keep it down? Can we not sink ourselves, and through mutual helpfulness work for the spread of the beauty of music, in reverence for it, forgetting ourselves? I protest that we can! I believe that all great soloists, conductors and composers have been great because they have forgotten themselves. So Beethoven wrote his symphonies.

"And so a little child sings, without one thought of showing off; it's a simple outpouring of feeling. You often hear it, too, in a child's playing on the violin or piano. If music is to be a real joy to a man, it should begin in his childhood. But it should never be forced upon children. When I take a pupil, here or up-town, I want the mother to promise not to make her child practice. For such practice is mere drudgery, often even torture, which makes the child hate music. And the average child, by the right kind of teaching, can be made to love it so that he will practice willingly. I don't want to say that my pupils play better than others; but what is much more important, I know that they love music. I often even restrain them, allowing them to practise only on every other day. For I want them on the alternate days to fill themselves with life.

"We want more life in music, and more music in our lives. I have a sort of a vision of a time, perhaps still years ahead, when this wonderful transforming power will really be given a chance to work on all men and women and children; when it will come into every home and influence every trade and profession; when there will be doctors and lawyers and business men, civil engineers and mechanics, men in mills and factories, who hold music an intimate part of their lives. A time when there may be so many real music lovers here that it shall have a deep and real effect not only upon our concerts, but upon the very life of the city. I look to a time of *amateurs*, when somehow the rush and the race may be slackened so that all people may have leisure for playing and hearing and loving music.

"In the meantime? How can we bring it close to the big, crude mass of our citizens? I cannot urge too strongly this one fact—that as a real love of music is best developed in childhood, so more than anything else just now we need wise, unselfish, patient teachers, who will carry music straight into the homes of the people."

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Continued from page 16

The Isle of The Lonely Palm

"And," said I, "there is the horn, Lundy. You forget that."

"Ah, yes," said he, "I forgot that. And there are no apes in Polynesia; and the eyes were blue. Pithecanthropus himself is out of the question. The whole thing is a jumble of nonsense but, Maxwell, we'll solve it if it takes a year."

We were not destined to make much progress for the time being. The jungle and swamp were, we found, practically impenetrable. Lundy argued that we should cut our way through and get to the higher levels, but several excursions with this in view only involved us in quicksand or tangles of creepers. With time and patience we did, indeed, succeed in clearing a few paths that led nowhere in particular and brought us no closer to our mystery. The lagoon was the only navigable opening in the reef, so that our boat was useless for exploring purposes, and we had found so many obstacles in our way that we made but little progress along the beach in the direction opposite to that which we had first taken. This appeared to offer us our best field, however, and we intended, ultimately, to explore the entire beach in this direction. In the meantime I had insisted on anchoring the boat well out from shore every night and keeping watch aboard. I am not a coward by any means but I must confess that it gave me the shudders to think that off there in the darkness was that awful Thing, a likeness of the soulless beings who brought forth the human race.

Meanwhile we arrived at several definite conclusions. One was that the creature, whatever it was, was alone. Another, that it was covertly taking stock of us most of the time, hovering all day in the vicinity of our camp. This knowledge, in particular, delayed us making further exploration, for as long as it kept close to us we were doing all we could. Butterflies and orchids, you may believe, lost their charm in the excitement of solving this problem and we gave them very little consideration. Lundy prowled about all day with his camera set at the universal focus on the chance of a snap-shot. We saw the Thing many times but only caught brief glances when it would be off over its own private way through the branches, for at the least movement on our part it invariably fled into the jungle. At night, as we lay in the boat, we often heard the sound of the elfin horn, and it lost none of its weirdness by repetition. Nelson was now frankly scared and went about with every variety of weapon on his person that our small stock afforded.

It was on a morning when Nelson and Lundy had gone to the spring where we had first seen it that I was destined to a closer view. It was very hot and I threw off my clothes and plunged into the cool, green water of the lagoon. For some time I swam idly about, then turned my attention to a species of highly-colored anemone that I found clinging to a shelving rock at the edge of the reef. As I turned to swim to shore I saw, to my amazement, that the monster was in full view on the beach, cautiously approaching the boat. I clung closer to the rock and as far as possible effaced myself. The Thing came forward warily, his whole attention on what he was about, ready to flee at the least alarm, and then I saw a strange thing. At some time, long since, the creature's left ankle had been broken and the foot was turned outward at a pitiful angle.

The arms were long and muscular, quite down to the knees, I think; and it walked, or rather hobbled, stooped over, carrying its hands with knuckles bent and thumbs in, like an ape. The body was deep brown but not exceedingly hairy except on the arms, lower legs and breast. The neck and shoulders were one immense mass of muscle that peaked up clear to its ears, making the head look quite diminutive. The Thing reached the boat and began rummaging within with queer, stealthy pokes.

You will get a better idea of the beast's character when I tell you that it was not wary in a human sense. It did not look around at the beach or the sea. Its sole concern was with the inanimate boat itself, like a child with an ugly jack-in-the-box, fear and curiosity equally mingled. It reminded me at the time, for all the world, of a monkey teetering around a stag-horn beetle. Its lips moved and made chattering, ape-like noises. It took an armful of tins, tossed them on the sand, leaped backward, then forward again, touching them with its great, hairy paws, stroking them, its head on one side; always chattering. Then, to my wonder, it set itself to piling them one upon the other, as an infant piles wooden blocks, in unstable heaps, till they toppled over.

There was something pathetic in the earnestness of this great, brown, hairy creature at this witless and futile employment. Its poor brain got no further than the exterior of the tins, their flat surfaces, and an unsuccessful attempt to arrange them in order. Its very earnestness, however, lifted the creature from the monkey-folk, and by this and the structure of its body I knew it for a man. Imbecile, primitive monster, whatever it might be, it was a *man*. But what a man! I leave you to conjecture the stupefying wonder that overwhelmed me as I gazed on this thing. I am fairly familiar with the known world. I had thought it had no surprises left for me and here was something entirely beyond the limit of my comprehension.

I realized, suddenly, that the creature had my chronometer-box and was shaking it vigorously. This roused me to quick action. I yelled impulsively and started splashing for the shore. At the same instant there was a cry from Nelson, far up the beach, a rifle-shot, and I saw splinters fly from the gunwale of the boat. The beast screamed, dropped the box, and went thumping off into the jungle. I swam hastily ashore as Lundy and Nelson came running down the beach. As I dressed I told what I had seen and Lundy alternately made furious notes in his book and cursed his ill-fortune in not being present.

"Gentlemen," said he, when I had finished, "we have found the most marvelous thing in the world; an ape that is not an ape and a man that is not a man. Maxwell, that foot accounts for the overhead locomotion. All theories of pithecanthropus are null and void—but, what the devil is the answer?"

"Howard," said he, later, during our evening meal, "we are wasting time. We might spend a year coaxing this Thing into close range without result. What we must do is find where it lives, if we have to go over this dinky little island with a fine-tooth comb. I move that we set out to-morrow and follow the beach westward to the end. We may find a way there, if nothing transpires in the meantime, to avoid the jungle and strike inland. It is a certainty that this creature doesn't roost in the trees and it probably has a lair or den of some sort. Once we chance on that the rest is simple."

Lundy and I set out the next morning. As I have said, the beach was not nearly as open as at the eastern end. In places the sea encroached and we got several thorough duckings and ugly falls on slimy and treacherous rocks. A species of dwarf acacia, viciously thorned, grew in places to the water's edge and gave us a tedious time cutting our way through.

It was well after noon when we emerged, tired and sore, onto a sort of clearing where the beach broadened to a low mound sparsely covered with a tough creeper. We had reached the end of our journey in this direction, for the cliff came down to the sea like the rim of a crescent. About fifty yards from the beach there sprung a wall of rock

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vered with the heavy, tenacious vine known the *ie-ie*, and at a height of twenty feet ere was a great, gaping hole. The remains countless shell-fish and bones of pigs and ats lay thick in the sand and some of ese, gnawed clean, were still pink and moist. ndy had his note-book out at once and de queer noises like a hound on the slot. "Howard, do you see?" he cried. "Look these bones! There is no trace of a fire. ok at that marrow-bone, cracked clean in o. Lord, what maxillaries!"

Meanwhile, I was examining the vine and s not surprised to find it worn in places. idently it was a natural ladder and we d come upon the home of our mystery. Lundy," said I, "watch out! I'm going "

Lundy was alternately taking photos and ibbling in his book.

"Go ahead," said he. "I'll join you presly."

The vine was as strong as a wire cable and was a simple matter to climb to the hole the cliff. I do not think I have ever in life felt the excitement I did at that moent. It seemed as though we were rolling ay the eras of the world to the Cave Man before the Stone Age. I ascended slowly. was certain the Cave Man was not at home. e he would have shown himself, but the t is I felt overpowered, oppressed, with a t of dread of what I might see in that e.

The cave was light, dry, and perfectly an, though there hung heavily on the air musk-like, animal odor. At one side was a l of *ie-ie* leaves; on the other a queer erecn like a shrine. As I gazed at it, perxed, I suddenly realized that it *was* a ine, but surely such a one as has never en seen before in this world. The foundan was two oars, old, rotten, with blades ken, set upright. Against these pieces of ft-wood and wreckage were arranged to m a sort of rough shelving. I say *ar-ged*, but you are to take the term equivoly. It was an *attempt* at arrangement. It ught back at once the picture of the poor ature piling those tins upon the sand. ere was an effort at consistency without ll of the simplest kind. The whole fabric s ready to totter at a touch.

About this crooked shelving was an extraordary assortment of worthless objects, every e of which spoke pitifully of the tragedy the sea. There were oar-locks, old and ted; a boat-hook, its shaft broken off rt; a seaman's knife, the blade worn and nted; various bits of cloth, the sleeve of oilot-coat, old and frayed and rotten; a or's bandanna; and, at the very top of s pathetic conglomeration, a child's tin nget with three keys, battered and cored, but apparently serviceable. Here was horn of the trumpeter, but — I felt it ong at that instant — only the threshold of mystery.

Two other objects caught my immediate ention. One, blackened from sea-water, less and bent, I made out to be a small, apsible gold pencil attached to a fine in, such as a lady might wear about her k — you may recall that a generation ago vas the fashion to carry such things — the er a bit of filmy cloth, torn and soiled, ch had once been a lady's handkerchief. oread this tragic fragment on my knee and my astonishment saw it had been written n with a lead-pencil. Looking still more ely I managed to decipher a word or two t made my heart leap into my throat. h shaking hands I got my glass from my ket, and seated there on the floor of that sty cave read a message from one long e dead that left me cold and sick with ror. The mystery was solved. I held in hand the whole story of what we had seen that desolate isle.

* * * * * * *

Maxwell paused in his story. His forehead damp and the last passage had been told h a break in his voice. Fumbling in a it the head of his berth he brought small ebony box inlaid with gold. unlocked with a little gold key and took from it, with reverent hands, the corroded pencil and chain and a bit of filmy fabric which he spread out tenderly on the counterpane. Beside this he also spread a folded paper. The characters on the handkerchief were, to the unaided eye, almost illegible.

"These," said he, "are the relics I found in the cave. You cannot read the message without a glass. You may see it to-morrow in a better light. Here, on this paper, is a legible transcription of it."

The paper contained the following:

"August 12, 187—. Ship Condor struck reef in awful storm last night. I think all are lost. There are dead bodies on the beach but my husband not among them. I came ashore unconscious, my little boy in my arms. I cannot live many hours for my left side is crushed in. God help my poor baby boy! He is unhurt. There may be men here. Save my little boy. His name is George Maxwell; our home in Los Angeles. You will be rewarded and God will bless you. I cannot write—"

* * * * * * *

That was the mystery (continued Maxwell). The child of three had survived. Its little hands had found food in this teeming island. Its little body had thriven and grown strong as a wild beast. Here, in this solitude, this poor waif had been alone for twenty-five years! I ask you to consider this thing! Consider the anguish of that dying mother; the agony of the broken and tortured ankle, probably an early injury, dragged about in the daily quest for food; the complete reversion to the primitive type; the trumpet, doubtless hugged in the little one's arms when washed ashore, and treasured through all these years; the infinite mystery of that piled-up shrine with its broken relics! Consider this, and conceive, if you can, my own shocking, stupendous realization that this wild beast in the shape of a man was my own brother, George Maxwell! For it was in the Condor that my parents and infant brother sailed on their last voyage, and it was my mother that pencilled her dying message on the sands of that island beach!

I had just time to crumple the handkerchief and thrust it in my pocket as Lundy's head appeared at the mouth of the cave. I heard him exclaim at the shrine but not one word could I distinguish. I saw him potter about and paw things over and heard the repeated click of the camera shutter. I suppose I answered him after a fashion when he spoke to me but if my replies were irregular he was too absorbed to notice.

I remember him saying as he scribbled in his ubiquitous note-book: "Humph! A young child; the bones still soft; of course, of course! What an ass I was! The whole thing's as plain as a pike-staff!" and thinking how very far from being plain the matter was to him at that moment.

I dropped to the ground, where presently he joined me, fairly sputtering in his excitement; and so, each in a trance-like abstraction of discovery, we stumbled like automatons towards our camp.

Then suddenly, the sun was gone and we saw, ahead of us in the distance, a glow, and heard two shots, faint and far away, in quick succession, and a hoarse scream. One startled look between us and we ran forward, stumbling and slipping on the slimy rocks. The tough acacia thorns tore our clothes but we wrenched ourselves free and raced panting towards the boat. As we topped the last rise we both involuntarily halted at the sight before us. A great fire of brush was burning near the boat. Poor Nelson had piled it high as a precaution against the unknown. Heretofore we had never built more than a small blaze between two stones, sufficient to make tea or warm a tin or two of food, and this only in daylight. Close by on the sand lay a huddled heap of what had been a man. About the fire there leaped and danced a figure. It beat the sand with palm-leaves and gave hoarse, guttural cries of delight. It threw handfuls of sand over its head, stooped, ape-like, with knuckles on the ground, leaped forward,

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backward, then forward again. I had a sense of the unreality of the performance.

Then, in a breath, came the final tragedy. We had crept far forward, spellbound, when the creature made a sudden sally towards the fire, in its face a frightful, mesmeric fascination for this new element. It reached forth its long, powerful arms as though to grasp it, the wind shifted in a quick gust, and instantly the creature was enveloped in flames. We heard the frying of the hair and beard; then with a scream of blended rage, pain and fear the monster came thumping and bounding towards us along the beach.

In an instant my arm was seized and snapped like a pipe-stem. I got a whiff of the unspeakable animal odor of the cave, then, roaring with rage, the creature sunk its teeth in my shoulder. A loud report rang in my ears and I was flung high in the air, falling inert and senseless on a heap of jagged coral rock.

The next thing I remember was Lundy sitting beside me, forcing a mixture of brandy and condensed milk between my teeth. He looked haggard and drawn and ill. I seemed to be literally covered with bandages and as I moved slightly fiery tortures shot through my body and I groaned aloud.

"Don't move, Howard," said Lundy, "and don't talk. I don't need to tell you that you are badly shattered and I've had a hard time bringing you through. You've had fever, you see, too."

He fed me more brandy and milk. It hurt me to swallow but it sent life through me and brought my scattered wits together.

"How long have I been like this, Lundy?"

"Twelve days!"

Twelve days! I knew I must have been raving continuously and that Lundy must know what I had learned in the cave, looked at him and he turned his eyes a Then, in a flash, I remembered the shot I heard.

"Lundy," I cried, "you shot hi Lundy's eyes were those of a soul in torm "Don't, Howard," said he.

Presently he came to me with his h dermic needle poised, and shot the drug my arm.

"One more sleep, my boy," said he, " then you've got to stand by. I hope it be a peaceful one this time."

Soon after I did indeed fall into a found, dreamless sleep. When I awoke sun was well overhead, a brisk breeze blowing and the face of the lagoon was bro with short, choppy wavelets. Lundy was ting beside me, looking out to sea and I to wondering, weakly, if I looked as hagg and old as he did. Finally he turned to and seeing me awake said, quietly:

"Howard," said he, "I found that h kerchief, and I've kept it, but my note-l and films I burned. The—the other thin the burials—have been attended to. my son, we've got to get away from her save our reason. You're not fit to move, I've launched the boat, and—what do say?"

Never did a sorrier crew put to sea, that evening found us far to the South, ning before a strong trade breeze; and last we saw of that island was the lone p stark against the sky. We made Fiji in weeks, by which time I had nearly recove and from there took passage in a mission steamer for Honolulu. That's all there i the story, but I've lived it over ever since expect to go on doing so till the last tru Perhaps after that. Who knows?

Continued from pa

Mellen—Transportation Overlord of New England

sor Locks that might permit small-draft steamers to ascend the river still farther to the busy growing city of Springfield, but they have long since rusted on their hinges.

Once some business men in Waterbury and Meriden sought to build a little railroad over the hills for a few miles to Cromwell on the Connecticut, and there, through tide-water dockage, to preserve for themselves independent transportation. In the course of time, New Haven strangled the little railroad and the dock at Cromwell fell into ruin.

When the Joy line, from New York up to Providence, sought to be a competing factor, Mellen reached out and gathered it in. Another line, the Enterprise—entered the lists between New York and Providence—it would seem to be an easy enough matter for a man with a little capital to establish a steamboat line between two open ports. The New Haven brought two of its old side-wheel steamboats, of the vintage of the early eighties, and by merciless rate-cutting drove the Enterprise people into bankruptcy.

When the big, fast and beautiful steamers Yale and Harvard began to popularize the outside water-route from New York to Boston to the damage of the other New Haven lines, Mellen banished them to the Pacific coast. Before he rested in the steamship situation he controlled every water-route from the rest of the United States into New England—New England proud of her open ports which are beginning to be worth no more to her than if she were a thousand miles inland.

Steam roads, trolley-roads, water-routes—in addition to a few gas and electric plants—all these came into Mellen's hands, and never slowly at that. A feeble road—the Central New England—stretched from Hartford through the Connecticut hills to and across the Hudson River on the great Poughkeepsie bridge. The Central New England had yearnings to complete a branch of its line through to Springfield where it could be sure of obtaining traffic rights over the Boston & Albany. The bringing of anthracite coal up to Boston seemed a business that might ret a fair profit to it. The New Haven pe stepped in, bought a farm somewhere up n of Tariffville, Conn., and fought a legal tle to prevent Central New England f crossing that farm. With their great sources they tired the feeble railroad an died.

"New Haven and the five States of England will have their entrance into the thracite fields," said Mellen, and while he saying it he was making that entrance do sure by buying Ontario & Western, a prop that carried him right into northeastern Pe sylvania, to say nothing of giving it a G Lakes terminal at Oswego, N. Y., of poss future value. But New England noticed Mellen put New Haven first in that rem Force of habit is a strong thing.

Finally it was all beginning to be his- save the Boston & Albany and the Rutl properties of the New York Central—and Central Vermont. And it was Central V mont that caused Mellen uneasiness. Central Vermont had come into the hand Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk is fast bec ing a real transcontinental, seeking all po ble gateways in the northeastern corner of United States.

Central Vermont has a tedious course f New London, on Long Island Sound, to international boundary, and no one kn that better than Mellen—who worked for eral of his early years in the office of its c engineer. But it has possibilities—for Gr Trunk and the entire transcontinental si tion—it has already shown some of them more or less constant disruptions of the r for slow freight from New York City to West.

Of a sudden—and this within a comp tively few months—Grand Trunk began t alive. It was no longer content with sl New London as its sole American port s of Portland, Maine. Central Vermont be to be flirtatious. It cast eyes at Boston Providence—it sent out to the shippers

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these cities vague hints as to the value of competition. And Providence—the second city of New England—asked Central Vermont to build its line down to her fine, neglected harbor. Central Vermont braved Mellen and accepted the invitation.

Instantly the pale-faced, sober-minded man at New Haven was stung into action. New Haven began planning impossible parallel lines through the territory wherein Central Vermont would have to force its way. It was entirely too late. Providence had made up its mind to have the Grand Trunk system, and Providence is to have her way. The Central Vermont will be running to giant docks in that city within the next eighteen months.

Mellen never bulldozes. He mollifies. He is diplomatic. At his heels are his press agents, as brilliant and resourceful as their chief. He was quick to see that Providence was lost—as quick to see that Boston—the cream of the whole New Haven pudding—was threatened. He lost no time in regrets over the surrender of Providence but mastered his cohorts to the defense of Boston. A single glance at the railroad map of New England showed the weakness of the situation. Central Vermont intersects Boston & Albany at Palmer—a few miles east of Springfield. It would help reduce that Boston & Albany deficit to receive heavy trackage rentals from the fat treasury of Grand Trunk.

Mellen acted.

He made peace with New York Central. New Haven stopped its measures of overt friendship toward Pennsylvania. It turned its back upon the new terminal of that road in Manhattan Island and signed long-term leases for the occupancy of the new Grand Central that the New York Central interests are now building in Forty-second street. It did more. It came to New York Central and relieved it of half of its stock holdings of the unprofitable Rutland—went still further and assumed half of the deficit of the Boston & Albany. It prepared to use portions of Boston & Albany and Rutland to form a new low-grade freight-line north and south up the western edge of New England. It instructed its traffic men to send the through freight over B. & A. rails.

In the plight of New Haven, New York Central has reaped a rich reward. It made a hard bargain and won it. A single thing will illustrate. The New Haven operates a night-train from New York to Portland, Maine, cross-country, that in summer months is one of the best revenue producers in America. It thinks nothing of carrying sixty sleeping cars in a summer's night from the metropolis to the Maine coast. It routed that train off its own tracks and by the way of New London and Putnam to Boston & Albany from Springfield to Worcester so that $1.35 of every passenger's fare should flow into B. & A. coffers.

But the victory for New Haven was worth the cost. Mellen had put burglar alarms all the way around Boston, and neither Grand Trunk nor any other interloper can get in there. New Haven holds all New England for itself, save for that wobbling route of Central Vermont that Mellen says shall confine itself to New London and to Providence.

This overlord of New England sits at a big desk in the general railroad offices at New Haven. He is a big man, sitting alone in a big room. He is, as he always has been, a silent, sober-minded, pale-faced man—a man whose sixty years show in his white mustache and his white fringes of hair. Work has been his gospel, his creed, his life—ever since railroading began for him away back in 1869. He works even when he steals away for a few hours' change of scene at his farm up in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. He has no cronies, few intimates. He is known, even to his fellow-officers, as the "lonely man of New Haven."

James O. Fagan, the Boston & Maine towerman, who came to literary fame almost overnight, went down to New Haven to see his new boss and came back describing him as a man of classical mold—a man whose wonderfully high rounded head reminded him of Greek gods—there was a beautiful marble bust in the Boston Museum which Fagan declared was a Mellen of two thousand years ago. "And," said Fagan, "so self-possessed is this Mellen of to-day that when he lifts an eyelash you are startled."

And yet it is not all poise with Mellen. He is also a gospel of energy and that is why he has spent $116,000,000 since he came back to New Haven, toward making that road capable of economical and successful operation. You will remember that he found it rather out at the elbows. It has taken much money to bring the road up to the standard. The main lines have been rebuilt, new bridges given to them—new cars and locomotives by the mile have replaced the antiquated equipment of the property.

He has become converted to electrification. When, in consonance with the substitution of electricity for steam at the Grand Central station, it was found necessary to equip the main line from New York to Stamford with electric locomotives and overhead transmission construction, Mellen made his engineers work on a broad enough scale so that equipment could be standard and could in time be easily extended to New Haven and to Boston. He is well ahead of most railroaders in his belief in electrification, and that despite the fact that when he was vice-president of the property he was glad to see the first third-rail stretch in the country—a New Haven side-line from Bristol up to Hartford—torn up and abandoned. He is big enough to admit conversion and, having been converted, he has applied himself to the electrification of the small steam branches of the property—of which New Haven has more than an ordinary share—a process which has proceeded with success.

Up at Waterbury there is a fine new station—a landmark in that thriving town. The New Haven has been spending money at Waterbury—in straightening the crooked lines roundabout that city. It began by straightening and double-tracking the Naugatuck division, south to the main line at Bridgeport. That work, of itself, illustrates the courage of Mellen. They came to him and told him that they could not straighten that line—the river was too much of a problem.

"Straighten the river," said Mellen, without second thought. They did. Now they have done more. They have begun to iron out the curves and grades of the old New England road, driving a great tunnel through a hillside just east of Waterbury. Within a month that tunnel has begun to pay its way—through freight and passenger trains from New York to Boston are again being routed through Waterbury—for the first time in twenty years.

That is part of Mellen's policy of progress. He tears down wooden truss bridges that have been carrying New Haven trains for half a century and builds a great new structure at Middletown so that trains may yet run from New York to Boston in four hours. He helps his main lines through crowded cities—by a splendid open cut at New Haven and another great tunnel at Providence, and then he goes further and relieves that main line by making the side-lines through Middletown and through Waterbury available for through main-line traffic. That he is a great railroader, even in a day of great railroaders, cannot be doubted.

Yet here is not the entire answer to the question. We are having our first great test of railroad administration by overlord. There are many questions which remain unsolved by these tests—questions upon which may hang the progress toward similar consolidations of transportation management elsewhere in the land.

Will Mellen be more than railroader to the people of New England? Will he in every sense measure to the needs of that congested territory? Transportation is the life-blood of every community. Upon its free circulation absolutely depends the prosperity of that community.

And after Mellen—who? When the lonely man of New Haven is gone, who will sit at the big table in the big room, and will he measure to his responsibilities as overlord?

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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 ret it for another department at our current rates.

NO CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE RETURNED UNLESS STAMPED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED.

Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

Scotch Generosity.

ROBBIE met a neighbor who was smoking some fine, fragrant tobacco sent by his son in America. He took out his own pipe ostentatiously.

"Ha' you a match, Sandie?" he queried.

The match was forthcoming—but nothing more.

"I do believe," said Robbie, "I ha' left me tubacco to hame."

"Then," said Sandie, after a silence, "Ye micht as well gie me back me match."

—Will T. Ham.

Blissful Ignorance.

Holden, the New York "bird man," lately had in his shop a taciturn parrot. Day after day it sat silent on its perch, indifferent to every question. At last a Cuban lady came into the shop and spoke to it in her native tongue. The parrot brightened up at once, opened its beak and emitted a jubilant volley of vehement Spanish words. When the parrot finally ceased speaking, the lady turned to Mr. Holden and, blushing violently, asked:

"Do you understand Spanish?"

"No," he replied.

"Thank God!" she replied, and left the shop. —B. M.

Synonyms.

The French Canadian always has trouble with the aspirate "th." At a debating club in the Province of Quebec members were required to draw a slip from a hat and debate upon the subject they received. A young countryman arose.

"I have drew the word 'bat.' I must told you dere is two, tree different kind of bat. Dere is de bat wot you play de baseball wit, de bat wot fly in de air at night and also de bat where you take de swim."

—W. V. Robinson.

Wanted Regular Work.

A farm hand had worked in the field from dawn till darkness, doing the chores by lantern light. "I'm going to quit" he said to the farmer at the end of the month. "You promised me a steady job."

"Well, haven't you got one?" was the astonished reply.

"No," said the man, "there are three or four hours every night that I don't have anything to do and fool my time away sleeping."

—Delia Hart Stone.

A Lesson in Etiquette.

The captain was trying to impress upon the sailor the importance of saying "Sir" in addressing his superior.

"How's her head?" he asked.

"Nor'-by-east," answered the old tar gruffly. Another trial was without success.

"Let me take the wheel," said the shipper, "and you ask me the question."

"Ow's her head," roared the sailor.

"Nor'-by-east, *sir*," replied the captain.

"Keep her so, my man," said the old tar, "while I goes forward and has a smoke."

—Fred Jack.

It Got Monotonous.

A yellow negro out in Kansas City decid that by barbering in the day time and fightin at night he could easily attain to great wealt His first essay in pugilism was against a shif black with a good ring record. At the tap the bell the black professional planted straight left on the amateur's nose, and r peated the process some hundred times. I a superhuman effort the yellow barber ran to a clinch, and his voice rang high in ag nized protest:

"Scattah yo' blows, niggah!" he demande "Fo' Gawd's sake, scattah yo' blows."

—George Creel.

What to Do.

In a bachelor apartment house in Was ington a Japanese valet to an army offic takes his instruction from an Irishma "Pardon," he said one morning, "what to now? My master told me to wake him eight, but he did not go to bed till nine."

—Edwin Tarrisse.

He Knew Jim.

Jim had made an unsuccessful attempt conquer the world and came back to the Te nessee town dirty, worn out and hungry.

"Uncle John," he said melodramatical "I came home to die."

"No, dod gast you" said unsympathe Uncle Jim, "you came home to eat."

—Thomas S. Bunow

Approved.

Philip was a conceited youth. One eveni he called upon some friends and picked the new Webster's Unabridged Diction which lay on the table.

"What do you think of it, Philip?" ask the host. "Well," was the reply, "so far I have looked, it seems to be correct."

—Mrs W. C. Kohler

A Qualification.

Rastus was honest and industrious, but, the opinion of the new minister, unsociabl

"Neighborliness, my dear friend," said dominie, "is brotherliness. Do you take trouble to see much of your neighbors?"

"Ah reckon ah sees as much of them dey sees of me," Rastus replied.

"Perhaps," said the clergyman, "but you love your neighbor as yourself?"

"Ah reckon ah does, pahson," Rastus plied, "but you know, suh, I ain't p'tic'la stuck on mahself neither."

—John Kendrick Bangs

The Bias Puppy.

Once I had a little dog
Named Elias,
And I think that he was cut
On the bias.
There was something wrong,— at least,
Running north he pointed east —
Such a slanting little beast
Was Elias!

—Mrs. John T. Van San

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Continued from page 23

hio Wakes to Shame

eform" measures were to be introduced. overnor Judson Harmon had advocated a mber—particularly a public utilities regu- ion bill—and the "interests" had their rep- sentatives armed with amendments, on the ound betimes. Thus the hold-ups started. Decent members of the legislature protested vain. Manufacturers sent delegations to pear before committees to present argu- ents. But some of the most important com- ttees were so made up that the grafting islators controlled them, either numerically through their influence with weak-kneed thren, and the important measures were ndled like pawns in a game of chess.

One day Representative George B. Nye, who a physician from Waverly, having been in- med that F. S. Harrison, quartered at the ittenden Hotel, was willing to pay for votes connection with the Whittemore Insurance l, rushed down to the hostelry and sought arrison. Others also rushed, including Sena- s Huffman and Andrews.

"We almost had to bar the doors to keep n out," said Harrison in relating the occur- nces afterward.

"I never saw nor heard of so greedy nor so ld a bunch of grafters in all my experi- ce," said Detective Burns.

The visits of Nye, Huffman, Andrews, Ce- ie and others to the rooms in the Chitten- n occupied by Harrison, Barry and Bailey arked the opening up of the legislative scan- l, the exposure of that corruption which io was morally certain existed and had ex- ed for years but which she had never been le to uncover.

At this point the dictagraph entered the ena.

While the dictagraph is not to be given un- luted credit for those indictments of Ohio atesmen now of record, this modern mech- ism has, nevertheless, played so important part as to warrant a word of it. The dicta- aph is a small affair, invented by a Long land man named Turner. It consists of a tle disc of rubber and metal that can be ncealed behind a picture, under a chair, in man's coat pocket. A wire running from is little disc to another similar disc in the xt room—or the next county—carries all unds from the first to the second—and mag- fies them generously.

This dictagraph was employed so success- lly by the three Burns detectives that the orthand man in the adjoining room—an icial court reporter, by the way—got accus- g records of bribe-askings. Nye, Andrews, uffman—each of the bribe-seeking members house or senate who came to the rooms lked freely. They revealed their inmost se- ets, smoked the fine cigars of the detectives d sipped the drinks that their hosts pro- ded. Also they took money and talked out it as they took it. Beneath a lounge in e room in which the negotiations between e pseudo-lobbyists and the legislators took ace, was the dictagraph, transmitting every und, every accusing statement.

Many times the legislators visited their w acquaintances. Nye took marked money five twenty- and two fifty-dollar bills at one me.

A few days afterward, Nye, in company with iends, stood in the Neil House opposite the pitol. He was introduced to a Columbus an who was formerly a Burns operative. As ey exchanged greetings one of the Burns de- ctives who had been posing as a lobbyist— e one who had paid Nye the marked money passed through.

"Well, well," exclaimed the former deter- ve, "there's an old pal of mine. He and I rked together on a case in Missouri last ar. I wonder what he's doing here."

"Who is he?" asked one of the party.

"Who is he? Why that's one of Billy urns's star men."

Like a prairie fire the word went out that e generous gentlemen who were quartered

Circulation

VIEWED FROM BEHIND THE SCENES

Why forced circulations are not worth one hundred cents on the dollar—Advertisers need to know not only how much the circulation is, but also how it was obtained

By HENRY H. HOWER

Advertising Manager, The F. B. Stearns (Automobile) Co.

Slowly, but as surely as the passing of time, a new idea is making itself felt in advertising. That idea consists in paying for circulation according to the quality of the publication and its readers—not simply paying for so many sold copies. The time is steadily passing when so-many-thousand readers for such-and-such a rate can get any and all business. Thinking men are realizing the fact that the hundreds of thousands wasted in advertising can be diverted into producing channels. On every side this idea is cropping out.

A few years ago—and to-day in many cases—very large circulation meant heavy advertising patronage. In some cases this was justified, but very often it was quite the reverse. More and more advertising managers are commencing to think more deeply and to analyze statements which before they had taken for granted.

Probably the best example of this class of advanced thinker is E. St. Elmo Lewis. Mr. Lewis is outspoken in his denunciation of the old method. "It is the most erroneous idea in advertising," Mr. Lewis said, recently. "There is no sense in buying circulation merely as circulation—it is what composes that circulation that counts. I wouldn't give two cents for a hundred thousand circulation if I had no way of knowing or finding out something *about* that circulation."

There are publications of 50,000 in this country whose columns are worth more to the majority of advertisers than others of double and even treble that figure. Personally, I would willingly pay *twice as much* for space in the former as in the latter. And the time is coming when *valuable* circulation—among *quality* readers—will win its own battle.

Listen: Several years ago I became connected with a small semi-trade paper in an executive capacity. Shortly after taking up my work, there came one day the representative of a "subscription and circulation bureau." To cut a long story short, he offered to get me *as many thousand subscriptions as I wanted*—in any State or States desired—to deliver them within sixty days and to conform to the post-office regulations. All this without any effort on my part, but with considerable expense. Suppose all this had been done—the circulation boosted to ten or fifteen thousand—aggressive advertising men put in the field. The business would have come in, without doubt.

How is the advertising manager to know that some of the various publications he is using are not doing these very things? This may seem an extreme position, and it is doubtless open to criticism, but there is more truth in it than many will care to admit.

I know of a certain publication selling for something like fifty cents a year which has recently secured contracts for automobile advertising. Cannot the wisdom of the selection of such a medium as this be criticized?

A little test I made of a large list of publications shook up my ideas in a good many ways. But above everything else I found that there was a greater difference between well-known periodicals than I had dreamed of before. The idea of paying for *the quality* of the publication and its readers means a good deal more to me now than it did then.

And one thing more. Quality circulation cannot be forced. A publication of little merit cannot get—*and hold*—such readers. It's the genuine merit of the publication that is responsible, and there is setting in a strong drift toward those publications which have this merit.—(From *Printer's Ink*, July 6, 1911.)

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Thirty-five cents a copy **Four dollars a year**

If you care to know more about this, write.

$18 to U.S.A.

A Brand New Typewriter for $18

That does work equal to any $100 machine

That's what you get in this unique, wonderful little typewriter, so small it can be carried in pocket or grip, with every modern improvement. Standard keyboard 84 characters. **Use It 10 Days Free**

Get out letters, orders, records, etc., on train, in office, at home, everywhere—see the neat, rapid work the ***Bennett*** does—we know you'll decide to keep the machine. Write for catalog and ***free trial*** offer. *Foreign Address: 75 Cannon St., London, E. C.*

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Learn to Write **TEACH BY MAIL.** Write for my free book, "How to Become a Good Penman," and beautiful specimens. Your name elegantly written on a card if you inclose stamp. Write today. Address

F. W. TAMBLYN, 402 Meyer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Be Careful in ordering by mail from our advertisers to write your *name* and *address plainly*. A little care in this will save all much trouble.

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If they are not all you expected, just return them by express at our expense; your money will be immediately refunded.

Book Department

THE NATIONAL POST CO.

29-31 East 22d Street, New York

together at the Chittenden and who had been paying money for the defeat of certain bills were spies.

That night or the next, Nye, Huffman and three other members of the legislature met in Dayton, sixty miles away. They were afraid to meet in sleuth-infested Columbus. The story is told that they there developed the plan by which they sought to save themselves from the impending wrath. The following day Nye turned over a sealed envelope to Speaker Vining, of the house. He said it contained two hundred dollars that had been given him by a designing lobbyist. Then he swore out warrants against the three detectives who had trapped him. But at that time he didn't know about the dictagraph!

And he carelessly neglected to put the same money that he had received over a week previous to turning it into the speaker, in the envelope so virtuously surrendered. The marked money had evidently been spent.

Sensation piled on sensation after this opening. The detectives were promptly acquitted. Nye and Huffman, Senators Cetone, Andrews and Crawford, Representative Lowry, Sergeant-at-Arms Diegle and others were promptly indicted and arrested. The consternation that prevailed in the corridors of the Ohio state house the next day would have been amusing were it not so serious. Members were afraid to talk even to one another for fear of the dictagraph. Not only were the thieving ones fearful but members known to be incorruptible, insofar as the actual acceptance of money is concerned, became panic-stricken for reasons that will be set forth later on.

In Ohio, a few years ago, there was passed a law giving immunity from criminal prosecution to anyone testifying before a senate investigating committee. This law was passed at a time when efforts were being made to get evidence against the George B. Cox political machine in Cincinnati. Almost immediately after the first exposé of the legislative scandal steps were taken by the senate, in the face of an apoplectic public protest, to save the indicted members and others who might be caught later on. A resolution creating a senate committee of investigation was adopted by an overwhelming majority. The Attorney General, the Prosecuting Attorney, the Governor and a goodly number of members of the legislature, advised against this on the ground that the grand jury had matters in hand and that to inject a useless senate investigation into the situation at that time would only hamper justice. But the senate, guilt-bedaubed, was intent on saving its own hide and the resolution went through. The house, however, balked the scheme by refusing to appropriate money for the proposed "investigation." The investigating committee was, nevertheless, appointed and made an effort to secure the attendance of witnesses. Newspaper men were first subpœnaed and refused to respond, whereupon the committee's activities ceased.

From the moment of the first indictments all the forces of evil in the State bent their energies toward placing obstacles in the way of the grand jury. Those lobbyists who had bought votes were in the van, working feverishly for fear that they might become embroiled if the probe went too deep.

But indictments came on apace, just the same. There were new ones found against Nye and Huffman, Andrews, Lowry, Diegle, one Calvey from Cleveland, Stanley J. Harrison, assistant sergeant-at-arms of the senate, Owen J. Evans, of Stark County, who had managed the successful campaign of Atlee Pomerene for United States Senator, and a numbers of others, including two lobbyists and ex-mayor Bond of Columbus. The grafters rallied after the first few shocks and organized for collective defense.

And strangely, they had with them those many members referred to above who were not suspected of being grafters.

The reason for their attitude can best be set forth by relating incidents connected with the attempted passage of what is known as the Optometry Bill—fathered by Senator Dean. This bill had back of it the biggest corrupt fund, according to all local calculations, any measure presented. It sought to give ticians the right to examine eyes and scribe glasses without complying with usual formalities of a course of study diploma and those little annoyances. Un the Ohio law an oculist must take a fo years' course before he can tinker with delicate mechanism of the eye. This ir the opticians. The bill was presented years ago and failed of passage. It bob up serenely at the 1911 session and at was defeated by the senate through efforts of the Ohio Medical Association, after a lurid night's celebration, headed by defeated lobby, the senate solemnly recon ered the Optometry Bill and passed it b margin of two votes. The bill went t house committee. During the second week April a hearing was arranged at which re sentatives of both sides were to present th views. On the night preceding that comm tee meeting, Mr. Williams, of the lobby, g a "party." There were twelve men in t party. Many of them were married m Most of them were members either of house or the senate. The twelve young lad who accompanied them in the automobile that ended at Bellwood Inn, just outside Columbus corporation line, were NOT th wives. There was wine and song and revel so boisterous that even Columbus was shock Every one in town who took the trouble inquire, knew within twenty-four hours names of those men who were of this pa And every one of those members became, once, a champion of the Optometry Bill. outery became so great that the bill did pass—it was left "up in the air" when legislature adjourned. But many of those would resent an attempt to buy their vo with money are so enmeshed in the scand of road-house debauches that they are tremblingly afraid of what personal sh comings the courts may reveal as are th who plundered with a pirate hand.

After the second batch of indictments ca through and just as a vast number wh names did not appear in the indicted list w breathing easier came the explosion that bids fair to uncover the entire inner worki of the band.

Evans, representative from Stark, came the front and tremblingly pleaded guilty having taken money. There were four ind ments against him. The court fined him hundred dollars on the one count to which had pleaded, and quashed the others. It a bargain, of course, under which Evans to be given a measure of immunity in ret for a complete confession. For two days af settling his fine, he testified before the gr jury and so complete was the story which told and so many house and senate memb were involved that there is present prosp that *as many as fifty-two members* (that the estimate made by one associated with prosecution) will be indicted before the in tigation ends.

At this writing the Franklin County gr jury, after two months of steady labor, been allowed to take a recess. But it is to called together in a short while to conti the probe and all clues are to be followed is claimed, until the last guilty member of most corrupt legislature of Ohio record is dicted, tried and, if possible, convicted.

Rodney Diegle has been tried and convi of bribery. Diegle, according to the rec and the testimony of the detectives, took hundred dollars as his price for negotiat the sales of the votes of those senatorial ditti who subsequently dealt with the de tive lobbyists.

"How many strictly honest members of senate are there?" I inquired of a gentlem closely associated with the pursuit and pr cution of the grafters.

"Not more than five," he answered.

The membership of the Ohio senate thirty-four.

He could furnish no accurate estimate the number of dishonest members of house. That was before Evans had confes

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Continued from page 8

The Woman with the Red Wheels

ven to start an alfalfa field?" asked the halting husband.

"Think of the long years in which alfalfa will yield returns without annual reseeding!" cried the wife.

He that counsels with his wife is a wise man. This plumber is wise. Therefore, when next I rode by the place I saw the alfalfa springing up rejoicingly in regular rows, green with promise.

"You have conquered your setbacks!" I called out to the homesteader.

"The setbacks are not so trying and tiresome as the mossbacks," he shouted in return, his brown face wrinkled into a generous grin.

This way of putting the matter brought me out of the trail to his aspen fence.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Why—the old settlers, you know," he explained. "One day a cattleman, who thinks that the only way to farm is on horseback, rides by. 'You can't raise anything but grass up here,' he sings out, 'seasons are too short.' The next day comes the old man who lives on the riverbank. 'Frost comes early in the mountains,' says he. 'Your potatoes will be nipped.' Then butts in a lazy nester, who exclaims: 'What, manure on your garden patch! Why, man, that's the way to spread weeds and burn out your vegetables.' Every one of them has a tale of woe or a prophecy of disaster."

"And how do you deal with them?"

"Oh, I just point the handle of my hoe toward my strawberries or my cauliflower or my spring wheat. If this fails, I send them in to talk to my wife."

Now for my peroration. There are distinct, providential, foreordained blessings and benefits that inhere to the beginning with nothing and going slowly on to something. To grow up with a country is to grow indeed. And as for Colorado—(N. B. I am not a land-agent) —well, doubtless God could have made a better world than this, had He tried, and doubtless in this best of all worlds He might have placed a cheerier, more provident section than Colorado; but wisely He made neither attempt. And of all the people who, coming to us, make good with the least fuss and feathers and failures, the plumber-folk and their like are best and surest. You may bank on them every time.

There is old man Hog-the-earth up the river. He has hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of money behind him. He has entered, seized, bought, stolen, preëmpted and purloined six thousand or more acres of Uncle Sam's domain. He stands in. He wins out—for is supposed to do this. And yet, last week he said to me:

"I am worried to death. My manager is leaving me. Taxes are eating me up. Somehow my pigs are dying off like flies. My cattle have black-leg. My sheep drop with foot-rot. Expenses are enormous. The game isn't worth the candle."

With him I compared my plumber and his wife. They owe no man a penny. Their taxes are light. They make a comfortable living and place in a savings bank two or three hundred a year. They have health and independence. Mary is going on to her Chaminades. The urchins storm the school grades. Being near the base of fortune, they need fear no sudden or heavy drop.

Just last week his "Receiver's Receipt" came to the plumber. Oh, ye unfortunate dwellers in the East! You know not what a Receiver's Receipt is. Never have you taken one out of the mailsack. Never have you gazed on that official envelope that requires no stamp. Never have you felt the elation of receiving such a folding of paper that, if it were used for other than U. S. business, would entail a fine of three hundred dollars. Never have you opened and read a paper that means to you home and safety and carelessness of the high cost of living, all of it over Uncle Sam's signature and under the folds of Old Glory. Never have you grubbed and hoped and planned and managed until—blissful day! —that document came to you as a guarantee of success.

The receiver of public funds lives in Denver. He is the special providence of the Westerner. At the beginning you paid him $16 for your 160 acres. Now you have paid him about $6 more. Your witnesses have testified that, in good faith, you have made the land your home. At first it was barren and waste; now it is fruitful, teeming with prosperity and delight. You have made two stalks of wheat grow where only one—nay, none—grew before. Who are the real saints of the earth who inherit heaven here and hereafter? Edward Everett Hale puts the answer in pleasant verse, declaring that they are the farmers. I must content myself with plain prose and a single word—homesteaders.

The plumber carried his Receipt over the hill for me to see. He could not hide it from the sunshine by placing it in his pocket; he bore it aloft in his hand like a flag. In his eyes shone a poem that I cannot set down in ink. He was all a-bubble, but he managed to ask us to a dinner of celebration. Yesterday we ate it and rejoiced.

What a dinner! Pea puree, roast chicken and duck, shredded potatoes (mammoth pearls), cauliflower (early Danish) stewed in cream, lima beans and sweet corn, "white delicious" radishes, salad of lettuce and apples, currant jelly, pickled beets, graham bread thick with golden butter, and for dessert luscious Longfellows and cherry tarts and pumpkin pie made of carrots. Think of it, O benighted effeteists! And every item of the feast grown on the plumber's place!

I "asked a blessing" at the beginning—this is our custom out here where we are a mile nearer God than one is at sea level, but I did more. At the conclusion of the celebration, when our sprightly talk had lulled for a moment, I could not but fall into the old custom of "returning thanks," and a softly breathed "Amen!" from the plumber and his wife and Mary and John and the boys and the baby (by proxy), on one side of the table, and from the secretary and the Colonel and Mrs. Junior and daughter Claire on the other side, told me that all of them had entered sympathetically with me into the gospel of the goodness of God—and of grubbing.

EUROPE
has Learned the Wisdom
of Caring for the
MOTHERS
of the
Next Generation.
AMERICA
has not.
MARY HEATON VORSE
in an Article
THE PROTECTION OF
NURSING MOTHERS
in INDUSTRY
in the October Number of
SUCCESS MAGAZINE
and
THE NATIONAL POST
will show vividly
the comparative results
of CARE
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Cluett

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The pleats are continuous, reaching from neckband to skirt edge, instead of being bound off at the waistline. This insures a very much better than ordinary appearance to the bosom, and does away with bulging and creasing.

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MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR EFFICIENCY

INTERESTING METHODS HE IS USING TO MAKE AND KEEP HIM ENERGETIC AND CAPABLE

Perhaps the most interesting phase of the present-day struggle to realize our ambitions in whatever direction they may lie, and one indeed on which it were well for everyone to be informed, is the different methods adopted by Americans, both men and women, to keep themselves physically fit to stand the strain of keeping constantly up to "concert pitch."

They are not by any means always adopted until Nature has cried quits and the subject is struggling to recover his efficiency, but whenever employed they are well worthy a study and ofttimes ludicrous to the looker-on, though perhaps not to the performer.

If you were to arise at six o'clock some fine morning and visit Central Park and Riverside Drive, New York, you would be amused by viewing, among a number of others, some stout gentleman who looks very dignified after nine A.M.; now, however, he is on a horse (part of the time), or even running on foot, and looks hot, uncomfortable and funny. This is a consistent practice at the present time of many New York business men, as well as those of other cities.

In convenient proximity to several large cities there are Health Institutions that could perhaps be aptly called "Training Institutions." Those who visit there are placed in the hands of a veritable "Trainer" who runs them, rides them, trots them, exercises them, and supervises their diet. They are under strict discipline which does not always set well, but accomplishes what they are there for—puts them in good physical condition.

There are many gymnasiums and physical culture schools in the large cities where an opportune hour a day is taken in giving the body its much needed exercise.

Osteopathic Treatment might be termed, in a way, "exercise without effort," or, better still, "involuntary exercise," for certainly the manipulation exercises the subject though not of his own volition.

Many and diverse kinds of massages, Swedish, German, etc., combined Diet and Exercise, Sour and Sterilized Milk Treatments, Raw Wheat, Fruit and Nut Diets, etc., are being liberally patronized to the end that men and women, under our present mode of living (which is hardly natural) may maintain or even increase their capacity for strenuous effort with its attendant reward.

All of these methods have their advantages—some undoubtedly greater than others—I am not competent to choose. But mark this:

Every one of them that is effective, has for its primary purpose and ultimate result the elimination of waste from the system.

This can not help being the fact, for the initial cause of probably 90 per cent. of man's inefficiency is the inability of the system, under our present mode of living, to throw off the waste which it accumulates.

The result is a partial clogging of the colon (large intestine) which is the direct cause of sluggish livers, biliousness, slight or severe headaches—and with these, or any one of them, comes inability to work, think or perform up to our usual standard.

That eminent scientist, Professor Metchnikoff, states unqualifiedly that the poison generated in the colon is the chief cause of our comparatively premature old age.

Now if these exercises or diets were entirely successful in eliminating this waste from the colon, they would be, with their strengthening and upbuilding properties, wonderfully resultful—but they do not and can not.

One might as well chop a tree down from the top, or try to pump a lake dry by starting at one of the brooks that feed it.

When you are ill, and a physician is called, the first thing he does is to purge the system—why—first, because the waste has to be disposed of before any medicine will take effect—second, because if there was no waste, you probably would not have been ill at all.

Also remember that healthy blood will destroy almost any germ that is known to science, but unhealthy or contaminated blood welcomes them with open arms and says, "Come and feed and multiply."

Our blood can not be healthy unless our colons are kept pure and clean; the blood is constantly circulating through the colon and will immediately take up by absorption the poisons of the waste which it contains, distributing it throughout the entire system.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that if this waste remains a little too long the destructive germs, which are always in the blood, gain the upper hand and we become really ill—seriously sometimes if there is a weak spot.

This accumulated waste is the direct, specific cause of appendicitis, for instance.

Now the first help that we have been procuring when this waste becomes unbearable, or lays us out, is Drugs. These have some effect, but there are a few vital reasons why they should not and need not be used.

Drugs are violent in their action and convulse and sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon. The colon is the last spot they reach, therefore it is impossible for them to clean it thoroughly—and last, but not least, the using of Drugs for this purpose must be persisted in—making one a slave to them and constantly weakening parts of the body that should not be touched at all.

So great an authority as Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons and every dose diminishes the patient's vitality.

No, none of these are necessary or effective for the specific purpose of defeating this greatest of all foes to man's efficiency, for Nature herself has provided a means which, if applied in the proper way, will, without any evil effect or inconvenience whatever, keep the colon sweet, pure, clean, and healthy.

That "Nature Way" is Internal Bathing with warm water properly applied; but, it must be properly applied to be effective.

It would perhaps be interesting to note the opinions of a Physician, an Osteopath, and a Physical Culturist on this subject:

"The results that I have had from the use of the Internal Bath in my own family are marvelous." Geo. H. Davis, M. D., Springfield, Mass.

"I have two Internal Baths, one for myself and one for a patient. I am an Osteopath, and find in connection with my work that it does wonders." G. L. Bowdy, D. O., Denver, Col.

"I find the Internal Bath of immense benefit to me. I look upon it as an absolute necessity to the attainment of perfect physical development, and think every person, especially those engaged in physical culture ought to use it." Anthony Barker, Professor of Physical Culture, New York.

A New York physician of many years practical experience and observance of the colon and its influence on the general health, has made a special study of Internal Bathing, and has written an interesting and exhaustive book on the subject called, "Why Man of To-day Is Only 50% Efficient."

This he will send without cost or other obligation to anyone addressing, Charles A. Tyrrell, M. D., 134 West Sixty-fifth Street, New York City, and mentioning that he read this in SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

It is surprising how little the great majority of people know about this part of their make-up; and inasmuch as it plays so important a part in the general health and the maintaining of 100 per cent. of efficiency, it seems as though every one should enlighten himself by reading this treatise on the subject, by one who has made it his life's study and work.

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