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A DAINY BREAKFAST
A Delicious Dessert

S U C C E S S

M A G A Z I N E

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
Founder and Editor

AND

The National Post

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IT'S peculiar sometimes how our ideas of saving and spending do get mixed up. We were taught that every copper we poked in through the top of that old penny bank was saved and somehow grew. But since that time we have learned to save in a larger and a different way. For instance, we have learned that to be a good saver one must be a good spender after all. One saves by spending (wisely). The mission of every cent that's spent should be to bring back a full ten mills of value.

Now the real value of a loaf of bread or a jar of jam or a hundred or so other things we use from day to day we have some knowledge of. But there are countless other things we

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And then besides the confidence you have a right to feel in advertised goods, is the confidence you have in the medium that carries the advertiser's message. SUCCESS MAGAZINE and a few others for your sake will not accept every advertiser's story. But it has sufficient confidence in those whose stories it does accept to guarantee the honesty of its advertisers. It aims to get for you "value received" for your money—to give you a "buying service" that will help you to get the most and best of what you want for your money. It aims above all to help you save at the same time you spend.

J. H. Morrison

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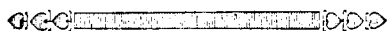
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In The Editor's Confidence



The Man on the Lid

It was near the end of President Roosevelt's seven years on the Big Job. The President was starting on a characteristic swing around the circle, and pausing, with a foot on the car step and a muscular hand on the brass rail, he remarked jovially to a group of reporters that he was "leaving Taft on the lid."

Taft has been pretty consistently on the lid ever since.

It is rather difficult to write frankly about Taft. For one thing, we have to begin by admitting that we all like him. He has had a good many puzzling jobs loaded on his big shoulders, and has always managed to give out the impression that he was handling them well. Of his really great ability there is not the slightest doubt.

It is probably Taft's misfortune that he did not tumble and fight his way up through the political struggle for existence—that process which so mercilessly and unerringly uncovers the real man before it gets through with him—but came in by the side door after half a lifetime on the bench and in other fairly secure and comfortable appointive berths.

The American people, more than any other modern civilized people, have a curious habit of making half-gods of their judges; and some shreds of this awful judicial aura still waver mistily about Taft. He isn't quite distinct, even yet. But he is distinct enough by this time to show forth certain indications of the judicial habit of thought. His apparent inconsistencies of attitude on certain grave public problems have made him appear to many thoughtful citizens as a wavering man, a weak man. Frankly, we do not think him a weak man at all. He is a strong man. But he unmistakably has a distaste amounting to repugnance for all such facts as are "inadmissible as evidence." He likes to decide an important question on the logic of the evidence that is laid before him, ignoring the looser and more bewildering "passions of the mob." That is why it has been possible to "get" Taft by simply placing the "right" evidence before him and carefully seeing to it that the "wrong" evidence is kept out of his view. He has a deep sense of order. He dislikes change. He dislikes disturbance of any sort.

And so, when the LaFollettes and Murdocks and Dollivers and Cumminses and Norries began to rise and clamor for reform, for change, for political revolution, Taft set out to treat them exactly as he would have treated a group of disorderly spectators in his court. But this method didn't work very well. The power of the Federal judge to order about and to punish, the power of the Governor-General to rule by administrative edict, was no longer his. These political freebooters turned out to have rights, even to have facilities for striking back. So Taft did the next best thing in the circumstances; he allied himself instantly and instinctively with the recognized and "regular" leaders, with the Cannons, the Aldriches, the Murray Cranes and (incidentally) the John Hays Hammonds.

In the light of this interpretation Taft's subsequent course, down to the veto of the Arizona and New Mexico statehood bill, becomes clear. Indeed he himself has made it clear. In that illuminating message on the Arizona matter, he frankly overruled the expressed will of the people of that territory regarding a matter of their own local government, on the ground that their proposal to establish the recall of judges was subversive not even of the letter of the Constitution but merely of its spirit, as interpreted by himself. In other words, the thought that the estimable gentlemen who drew up that document a hundred and thirty years ago *might* have considered the proposal too democratic, was enough for Taft. His reliance on what he calls "the fundamental will of the people" explains it. He means not the will of the people of Arizona, not at all the will of the people of the United States to-day, but the will of that little group of early gentlemen and merchants who wore silk knickerbockers and side-arms and powdered their hair and fought duels and traveled by horse and kept slaves and had only lately given up the rather unenlightened sport of burning witches.

As regards the recalling of judges we have doubts of our own. The unquestioned results that Mr. Ban Johnson has brought about by taking from our ball players the inherent right to recall an umpire by force and endowing that gentleman with a power hardly less than majesty, are in mind as we write. But there can hardly be doubts, even in the case of a nation that is only mildly and timidly democratic, regarding the extreme impropriety of overruling by Presidential veto the expressed wish of a new State in a matter of self-government.

Taft's other important acts—his apparent pliancy in the matter of the outrageous Payne-Aldrich Tariff and of the recent vetoes of the wool, cotton and farmers' free list bills, his usefulness to the exploiters of "Dollar Diplomacy," and above all his yielding instinctively to the skilfully worked-up conspiracies against Pinchot, Glavis and (apparently) Wiley, are quite in character. His early dismissal of Garfield can be read in the same light. His attitude on these measures has been consistently that of a "conservative," who wishes above all to uphold the "established order." And his attitude toward these individuals was equally consistent; for all these men no less than the monster LaFollette himself, were exponents of the spirit of progress, of change.

If Taft could only have had the luck to fall into an era of relative stability—such as have been known in the history of civilization—he might easily have become one of the great figures of history. For he has the qualities. He is really stable. He is really patient, and really courageous. But it was his misfortune to fall into an era of rapid, even bewildering change. If tragedy is the conflict of an individual with a hostile environment, Taft's fate may conceivably be tragic.

For just now, when the man has reached something near the summit of his growth in ability and strength, civilization is fairly bounding forward, throwing out the old devices and the old traditions and all the old rule-of-thumb methods and substituting the new-fangled applied science in every department of human life. All civilization is responding to the biological law of change, to the law that all life, to continue living, must be constantly adapting itself to its constantly changing environment.

Nearly every other civilized nation in the world is getting along faster than the United States in this struggle to move with the times. Great Britain, the most democratic and therefore in certain ways the most wieldy of these nations, is actually changing not only her outward form of government but even her economic balance in the desperate struggle to catch up with the new facts. Our own nation, with its immense centralized vested interests holding on to property "rights" and resisting all change, is one of the most puzzling and dangerous cases of arrested development in the world.

In the light of these facts we are frankly sorry that Taft is again a candidate. Even if he can be reelected he cannot possibly stop this world-wide forward movement toward democracy. He personally cannot even delay it much. He can, in fact, do little more than get run over. There have been many times in the world's history when Tafts were needed. There will be times again. But a Taft to-day is a danger-spot. He calls to mind, to indulge in another metaphor, a stout-hearted and muscular volunteer on a boat in the rapids, devoting himself to the task of heading upstream while his craft sweeps blindly on down among the rocks.

We need steersmen to-day, not resistors. We need men who look forward, not back. The men of to-day are the very Wilsons and LaFollettes who, to Taft's mind, mean only disaster. There is nothing local about these modern types; they are springing up the world around. Even LaFollette is a very mild reformer indeed beside the British Lloyd-George.

The rulers of to-morrow are certain to be the very "people," the very "rabble" and "mob" that so disturb Taft in his business of dealing in a dignified manner with recognized and imposing officials and judges and "leaders." And the "will of the people" that is inevitably to prevail is the will, not at all of a few ancient gentlemen in knee-breeches, but of the living, struggling, hoping human beings of to-day and to-morrow.

An absorbing new serial story,

"LITTLE MYSTERY,"

by James Oliver Curwood,

author of "World Hunters of the North,"
begins in the November number.

In this first installment is told how Sergeant MacVeigh and Private Pelletier, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, find a baby girl in an igloo on Hudson Bay, and also how "Little Mystery" becomes the unconscious pivotal figure of a thrilling drama of the northland.



He wondered whether they saw what he could see—the whole of Motherhood

Drawing by ALBERT MATZKE, Illustrating MADONNA

Some Lessons from Panama

Where the United States Government, in Building the Canal, and in Operating Two Railroads, a Steamship Line, Two Hotels, a Department Store and a Food Supply Business, is Making a Test on a Large Scale of Direct Government Activity in Industry and Commerce.

These "Lessons" are particularly timely in View of the Suggestion that the Government Solve the Alaskan Tangle by Building and Operating its own Railroad

BY ALBERT EDWARDS

Illustrated with Photographs



VISIT to the Isthmus of Panama will make any American proud of his nation. The Canal is the greatest undertaking of the Age. Its success is assured. Even jealous foreigners agree that—in grandeur of conception, and efficiency of execution—it is a national achievement without parallel.

Yet to admit pride in this enterprise is a grave heresy to what we have been taught to revere as the very spirit of Americanism. No great work of modern times has been carried on with as little of that "individual initiative" which we are wont to consider the basic principle of our industrial progress.

The "political economy" which most of us studied in our youth, the editorials we are accustomed to read, are explicit on this point. Every war-ship added to our Navy is the text for countless sermons on how much quicker and cheaper and better work can be done by private corporations than by the Government. We are in the habit of applying Spencer's dictum, "that government is best which governs least" most emphatically to industry. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of us believe that in business, at least, "individual initiative" is superior to "collective enterprise." We go a step further and believe that in some definite way this "individual initiative" is connected with the expectation of money gain. If we want to get the best out of a man we expect to offer him a share in the profits of the concern.

The Panama Canal is a Government job. It is being dug by Government employees—passed by Government engineers. Yet the 30,000 odd workers is getting on as if it were a "profit." From Colonel Goethals down to the Barbadian negro boys who carry water one of them are spurred on by the incentive of "profit-sharing." They are water-carriers. This is surely contrary to the industrial dogma we have always been taught. But whether we like it or not, it is a matter of facts.

The first heterodox fact which is likely to surprise the visitor from home is the sight of a high power locomotive, with "U. S." stenciled on the cab. There are two railroads on the Canal Zone owned and operated by the Government: the Isthmian Canal Commission system, used exclusively for construction purposes, and the Panama Railroad, which beside helping in the Canal work, does a large and profitable commercial business.

Compared with other tropical railroads the P. R. R. is a model of efficiency and economy in every department. There is no system at

a publicly owned railroad would surely fail; it would be eaten up by corruption, administered on the "spoils system," and become the headquarters for general inefficiency. The thing can not be done—we have been taught—without the incentive of "private profits." Most of us have believed this. It is done on the Isthmus of Panama. And it is hard to understand how conditions can be more favorable in the midst of a tropical jungle than they are at home.

Long before the visitor from home gets accustomed to riding on a Government railroad, he is disturbed by a host of new and even more heretical facts.

We are more or less used to people who demand Government ownership of railroads. Once in a while some one aggressively suggests that our municipalities wipe out the shame of their slums by building model homes for the workers. We have heard that Munich and other foreign cities have done so successfully. But as yet no one has suggested that the Government should feed the people.

If you visit the Isthmus you will eat at a Government table.

Not content with managing the transportation, not satisfied with

being a landlord, the Isthmian Canal Commission has become a restaurant keeper, waiter and cook.

Here is a statement of the length to which this heretical tendency has been carried.

The cost of running the messes for "gold," European and negro employees during the six months ending December 31, 1909, was over \$700,000, and the receipts and expenditures practically balanced. A statement giving the receipts and expenditures by months for the European messes, West Indian Kitchens and hotels, including the Tivoli, follows:—

Month	Receipts	Expenses
July	\$124,512.10	\$122,206.33
August	117,018.83	119,165.60
September	119,481.72	116,993.77
October	119,115.78	120,804.42
November	115,445.75	117,588.77
December	120,517.48	122,190.99
Total	\$716,121.75	\$719,069.88



UNCLE SAM'S OWN RAILROAD—HIS NAME IS ON THE ENGINE AND THE CARS

There is no system at home so thoroughly equipped with safety appliances

home so thoroughly equipped with safety appliances. The accident rate both for employees and passengers sets a standard which none of our privately owned lines have ever approached. The two systems together operate about 300 miles of track in the Zone, and carry more traffic per mile than any railroad in the States, except a few terminal systems like that of the Chicago stock-yards.

The Annual Report to the stockholders of the Panama Railroad Company—it is technically a private corporation so that it can conduct a commercial business—for the year ending June 30, 1910, shows a "gross earning" of \$6,100,788.83. Extensive relocation work is in progress, but the operating expenses were only \$4,358,426.92. The Company also operates a direct line of steamers between Colon and New York. They make the run between these ports in a day less than the competing lines and in the year ending June 30, 1910, they earned over \$150,000 net.

Many people in authority have told us that



THE FAMOUS CULEBRA CUT

Part of the force which is moving enough material in one month to build three of the biggest Egyptian pyramids



THE MIRAFLORES LOCK CHAMBER

There is great rivalry between the divisions building the different locks and dams

The rations at the messes for European laborers have been increased, among the additions being wine three times a week, instead of twice a week. There was an increase in the number of men eating at these messes in December of over three hundred, the total at the close of the month being 3,375 men, out of a possible 4,800, which is the number of European laborers in Commission bachelor quarters.

The Annual Report of the Isthmian Canal Commission for 1907 gives this account of the Subsistence Department:

"Fifteen hotels are operated for white Americans, where good wholesome meals were furnished for 30 cents each.

"Eighteen mess-halls are operated for the Europeans, where a day's board is furnished for 40 cents. The stewards and cooks at these messes are usually Europeans, and a meal peculiar to the tastes of the men boarding there is served.

"There are in operation 23 kitchens for West Indian laborers, where a day's board is furnished for 30 cents.

"The number of meals served during the month of June, 1907, is as follows: Hotels, 197,419; messes, 286,155; kitchens, 456,765, or nearly a million meals for the month.

"The subsistence operations are merely self-supporting; it is not the purpose to make a profit."

Since this was written the labor force was increased about fifty per cent.—to 35,000—and is now decreasing as the bulk of the work is finished.

It is an eloquent tribute to the Government's cuisine that 3,375 of the 4,800 European laborers—who are free to eat where they will—prefer the mess-halls to anything which "individual initiative" has to offer. There are three "club" messes run by unmarried white men in opposition to the commission hotels. Perhaps a hundred Canal employees use them. But in spite of the large income from the

"bar" these private messes are more expensive and very little better than the Government's meals.

No private contractor in the world feeds his employees as well as the Isthmian Canal Commission. There are very few of the employees



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood

COL. GEORGE W. GOETHALS, U. S. A.

The idea that the only way to get the best work out of a man is to give him a money interest in the profits of the concern is disproved every day in the Canal Zone

who ever ate better meals, slept in cleaner, more comfortable beds, or amused themselves in more wholesome clubs than those furnished by the Government.

This is true of the American mechanics and clerks, whose standard of living is high in the States. It is more strikingly true of the laborers—both European and West Indian. A Barbadian negro at home earns a shilling a day during the few weeks when the sugar is planted and harvested and not much of anything the rest of the year. He lives in a shack of corrugated iron, dry goods boxes and thatch and eats plantains. In the Canal Zone he earns a dollar a day—seventy cents clear above the cost of three square meals. His lodgings are free. There is no comparison at all between the lot of a West Indian negro boy on the Canal and one who works in the neighboring banana fields or mines.

In all the complicated relations between employer and employee the Government is more liberal than a private contractor can afford to be. We hear a good deal nowadays about "Employers' Liability" in industrial accidents. The procedure on the Isthmus is a model in this matter. During the last year more than ten million pounds of dynamite were used in the Zone. No other job in the world approaches this consumption of explosive. The representative of the Du Pont Powder Company is on record to the effect that the accident rate is incredibly low. But when the inevitable happens the heirs do not need a lawyer. The indemnity is almost automatic. The men themselves have nothing to suggest either in regard to preventing accidents or in simplifying the legal procedure.

Besides the unorthodox things the visitors see and eats and hears in the Canal Zone the things he reads in the Annual Reports of the Commission are just as surprising and numerous.

When our Government undertook this immense job, there was nothing heretical in its intentions. It proposed to dig the canal for private enterprise. In accord with the "true spirit of Americanism" it was planned to give

(Continued on page 54)



A WEST INDIAN EMPLOYEES' KITCHEN

There is no comparison between the lot of these laborers and those who work in the neighboring banana fields and mines



WALL AND CULVERT OF THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS

Bridge games at the University Club have been broken up by debates concerning the relative progress of work here and at Miraflores

The Soul Machine

BY OWEN OLIVER

Illustrations by P. D. JOHNSON

THE blinds of the lecture room were drawn, but a fussy little breeze had joined its enemy, the sun, and the allies made sudden sorties through the flapping defences. In one of these incursions the light fell upon the upturned face of the girl in the front row. She was watching the professor with a frightened but not unwilling fascination; and he was watching her. She had, it occurred to him then, the look of a martyr; and her light hair, lit by the sun, passed very well for a halo. He was a very tall, very dark, very stern-looking man, and young for his position. People said that he would make a great name. "All the known powers of the universe," he was saying, "are forms of vibration. The unknown power, that we call the soul, no doubt is like the rest."

The girl in the front row shivered. She felt that she was being drawn to the edge of the abyssmal unknown.

"One by one we discover the secrets of the vibrations; and so we catch the powers, and make them our servants. *Some day we shall catch the soul!* I can even fancy how we shall do it. We shall keep guessing at the form of the vibrations—discovery always begins with guess—and testing our guesses; and some day we shall happen to guess right. We shall make some contrivance that would vibrate in unison with the soul vibrations, if they existed; and we shall find that it does and they do; and then we shall set to work to capture them."

"We shall begin by connecting the vibrating contrivance with some mechanism to register the vibrations; just as the 'record' of a phonograph registers speech in the form of minute indentations or lines. The next step and this is the difficult one—will be to turn this inexpressive record back into the thoughts which it represents; as a phonograph turns the lines and indentations back into speech. Then we have invented this machine the first part of our task will be done. We shall have caught the soul, and its secrets will be secrets no more."

He paused. The girl in the front row looked at the professor with eyes like lamps. "And then"—the professor leaned forward, and his eyes seemed to seize her—"we shall use the wild force that we have trapped. The soul is the hardest of the powers to catch; but it will be the easiest to subdue to my voice. It is its very nature to act out what is presented to it as the thing to be done. The controller of the Soul Machine will only have to turn the machine backwards to impress his own will on other souls. The rule of the world will be in the hands of the man who invents the Soul Machine."

He bowed to indicate the end of his lecture, and the class broke up. The girl in the front row rose slowly, and gathered up her books. The professor glanced at her, and she put them down again. When they were alone he held out his hand. She satiated; then gave him hers. They had not spoken before.

"I think we have got as far as vibrating in sympathy," he suggested. "Sometimes," she answered without looking at him, "I think that you have hypnotized me."

"I shouldn't call it hypnotism," he said. "When two minds—two anythings—vibrate in unison, the stronger sets the pace. That is



"Don't you understand a little, dear?"

"And yours is the stronger." She drew a deep breath. "You wished me to stay?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Is that so hard to guess?" he asked rather awkwardly.

"Oh!" the girl cried sharply. "It isn't that. . . . Don't pretend."

"No," he said. "I won't. We shall be good friends, I hope; but it isn't that. My life has bigger things than—friendship. I want assistance, and I chose you; because we are 'in unison' for one thing; because I can trust you, for another."

"Because you are the stronger, and I can't be false, I suppose. . . . I don't think I should be, anyhow. . . . Yes? What is it?"

"I have invented the Soul Machine," he stated. "It is in my private laboratory upstairs."

The girl quivered and looked at him with frightened eyes.

"The—Soul—Machine!" she echoed.

"The Soul Machine," he repeated. "Up to a point, that is. It registers, but it does not reproduce—yet. It will; with your assistance."

"Am I the first victim?" she asked. She spoke as an inquirer, not as one with a voice in the decision.

"No," he said, "rather you will be—part of the machine, I think. I shall not hurt you. Do not be nervous."

She clasped and unclasped her hands.

"You know," she said slowly, "that I have no choice; that I must obey."

"Do you wish to disobey?" he asked. She shook her head.

"You have hypnotized me, I think," she said. "I—it is as you said. My mind has to follow yours. . . . Be good to me . . . as good as you can be."

"I will be as good to you as I can be," he promised. "Come."

She followed him up-stairs.

The laboratory consisted of two rooms, one entered through the other. The outer room was filled with ordinary scientific apparatus, and lighted by two windows that looked out upon a field of housetops. The inner room, when he opened the door, was quite dark.

"Some of the things are affected by sunlight," he explained. "I will turn on the light as soon as we are inside. Give me your hand, Miss —?"

"Myra Hamilton," she said, staring into the darkness within. "Shall I ever come out again?"

"Of course! You don't think I am going to murder you in the dark, do you? . . . I will turn on a little light first, if you are afraid. . . . There! Now come in."

She entered, closed the door, and stood with her back against it, looking at the curtains that surrounded the center of the room. He pulled a lever, the curtains rolled back slowly; and she saw the Soul Machine.

A powerful electric dynamo stood at one end. The Soul Machine proper occupied a space of about twelve feet long by five feet wide, rose about five feet from the floor, and descended into a space beneath—a rotary apparatus with complicated attachments.

The central rotary portion consisted of an elliptical chain band revolving on broad-flanged wheels. The band carried four and twenty discs of a whitish material, like alabaster, mounted on short stems. These, the professor explained, were the receivers that took up the vibrations of the soul, or group of souls, to which they were "set."

The "setters" were a number of tiny-colored electric globes—nearly a hundred—arranged in a double row on each side of the upper course of the discs or receivers. Silvered reflectors were placed behind them, to throw their light upon the discs. They sensitized the receivers, he explained, much as light affects a photographic film, but with the important difference that the sensitization could be "wiped out," and the discs used again and again.

The discs were carried round from left to right, coming up on the left from the pit, and cleaned like a slate for their next impression. They carried the impression to the far end of the machine, toward a curious apparatus there. The professor called it the diaphragm. It stood upon a platform about four feet square poised upon a complicated arrangement of pulleys and wheels and steel balls running upon other steel balls. The diaphragm itself was hung upon wires with similar elaborations. It was about four feet long, about a foot wide, and perhaps two inches thick. It appeared to be a slab of cream-colored wax, convoluted like a walnut, or a huge brain spread out in the form of a tablet. The wires were gathered up in a waxen globe, somewhat like a spherical brain. Other wires ran from this to five dials.

"These," said the professor, "are the recorders. Will you attend to me carefully, Myra?"

"Yes," she said, "Master!"

There was a touch of sarcasm in her voice as she uttered the submissive word, and her eyes flashed with a light of their own, for the first time. It had occurred to her that he could not make her attend, unless she chose. "I understand, Myra," he said quietly. "Yes. You have a choice. You can not help obeying; but your obedience is of little use, unless you try to make it useful. It is for you to choose whether you will assist me in the greatest discovery of all time. If you refuse you can go—go now and return no more. If you agree, you will have no more choice. You will be bound ever after. I give you fair warning. Now choose."

They looked at each other for a long while. "You could release me," she suggested, "at any time afterwards."

"Yes; but I should not."

She drew a very deep breath.

"I think you have hypnotized me," she gasped. "I . . . Your slave is ready, Master. . . . I never thought to be that to any man. . . . Go on."

He shook her hand with some warmth.

"You will be my partner in the greatest work ever done!" he declared. "Thank you. . . . Well, now you will attend carefully. The diaphragm takes down the vibrations of the soul and exhibits them in a kind of spectrum—bands of color with little breaks between. Certain colors stand for certain affections of the mind. Anger widens the red. Disappointment darkens the green. Intense mental exertion makes the yellow wide and faint. Pain brings out certain dark bands; and so on. In that way we might tell from the spectrum with practice that a soul was—let us say—angry and disappointed; perhaps even that it was angry and disappointed because it had failed in some hoped-for mental achievement; but that is hopelessly inadequate to show the real soul. The dials do not even tell us as much as that. They merely indicate the intensity of certain of the primitive colors, and therefore of the mental facts for which these stand. In short the diaphragm at present represents the soul, but it does not re-translate it into your mind or mine. That is our problem in the future. . . . Well, now you will like to see it at work."

The girl shrank away from him.

"Not me!" she begged. "Not me!"

"Not if you are frightened," he said composedly. "You shall see it at work on me. Then perhaps you will believe that it is harmless. Sit in this chair and watch. . . . This is the arrangement that sets the machine to its particular 'victim' as you would call it."

He operated a keyboard that looked like that of a small typewriter.

"I have written down my soul characters," he said. "I will explain them to you some other time. Now the soul machine can capture me!"

He came back and stood on a marble slab beside the diaphragm, where a number of levers jutted out.

He pulled a lever. The electric machinery buzzed and crackled, and long bluish sparks sprang from one place to another. The little electric lights above shone out in a wonderful spangle of colors; some vivid, some bright, some pale, some barely visible, some apparently not lighted at all; defects in his character, perhaps the girl fancied. . . . She did not like the powerful black globe! It represented his cruelty, she told herself.

The band went round, and the spray hissed, and the discs revolved faster and faster.

"Look!" he cried, and pointed to the diaphragm. A spectrum like a many-colored rainbow shone upon the convoluted slab; and the girl roused to sudden interest.

"What is that?" she asked.

"It is I," he said, "so far as this kind of diaphragm will represent me; I as I am at this moment; the extraordinary medley of thoughts and feelings that exist even in a comparatively restless mind. The dials show better how restless."

He nodded at the indexes, and she went up to them. They registered from 0 to 100 she saw, and the highest pointer was at 7 now.

"Think of things," she begged excitedly. "Think of things!"

"You shall tell me what to think of," he proposed; and the girl clapped her hands.

"Work a sum," she told him. I will put it down on this slate. . . . There! . . . Now work it. . . . The first dial is going up 9—10—11. . . . What does it stand for?"

"It estimates intellectual work," he stated. "The second dial has gone from 2½ to 3½; you may have noticed. That is the physical effort."

"The third dial has gone up a little, too. What is that for?"

"Effort of will. The effort to work a simple sum is small in an educated man. It has become a habit. . . . Is the sum right?"

"Yes. The fourth dial has gone up just a little."

"The satisfaction which I get from my good arithmetic! That dial represents emotion."

"And now," she said at last, "think of me!"

Changes took place in the rainbow colors,

and in the dials as before. They represented his effort of attention, his aesthetic appreciation of her appearance, his satisfaction at having her assistance, and so on, he explained.

"And the fifth dial has gone up from 1½ to over 4," she said. "What does that mean?"

"That dial?" he said. "Oh—it is rather a tentative one. I meant it to indicate personal regard, or affection, as we call it, in higher degrees. I haven't done much with it."

"I should imagine not," said the girl, "you have only taken yourself!"

"It's up to 4½," he apologized. "I really do appreciate your assistance, and—and I feel that we shall easily grow friendly, and—It goes to 5 . . . 5½! . . . It will go higher in time. If you wait—Nearly 6. . . ."

"Please stop the machine," the girl said irritably. "I want to talk."

He laughed good-humoredly, and stopped the machine.

"I should not have promised," she protested, "if I had known that you had so little regard for people. I should have been too much afraid of you. . . . And I am. . . . The machine shows that you are hard and unforgiving. . . . I wonder if I can break my promise. . . . I wonder."

"No," he said. "You cannot."

"You could let me."

"No. I cannot. . . . Myra, don't you understand? The success of this machine means the regeneration of the universe. If ten thousand people had to be sacrificed it would be my duty to do it; and you are only one."

The girl swayed a little.

"Their I am to be sacrificed," she said. "Oh! I knew! . . . I knew!"

"It depends on what you call sacrifice," he said. "I think, if you understand it rightly—but we will talk of that another time. . . . Come at eleven to-morrow morning, Myra."

"I will not come!" she cried.

The professor looked at her, and her eyes and voice sank.

"I will come," she promised.

Then she went. She kept saying one word over and over to herself on the way home.

"Six . . . Six . . . Six!"

There was a feeling very like compassion in the professor's mind as he went toward the laboratory door. He expected to see a little black-robed, pale-faced figure, looking at him with doubtful eyes. Instead he found Myra radiant in white muslin, with a bright flower-bat, and roses at her bosom, and pretty pink roses on her cheek, and holding a gay little parasol. She smiled at his surprise.

"Decked for the sacrifice!" she said with a laugh that was not wholly a laugh.

"It is not a sacrifice," he protested, "if you will understand. . . . You look very sweet, child."

"The dial will go to six and a half," she said sarcastically. "Let's try."

"The dials must take you down this morning," he told her.

"No," she cried. "I won't. . . . I won't. . . ."

"You must," he said quietly. "Come."

He went to the inner room. She followed him. She dropped the parasol as she went, and let it lie. She had meant to catch him in Eve's woman-machine of adornment and smiles; and her wiles, she told herself, had failed.

"Sit down," he said, and handed her a chair. She sank in it.

"I can't see the diaphragm and the dials from here," she objected.

"I do not wish you to," he answered.

He experimented with the "setter" that looked like a typewriter for a time, while Myra stared in front of her, without looking round.

"Ah!" he said suddenly. "I've got you. She gave a cry. "Don't be frightened. I am merely going to take you down as I did myself yesterday."

"And afterwards?" she asked in a dull voice.

"I shall not hurt you at any time."

"But—?"



"There is a difference between six and a hundred," she said in a voice that seemed to come from a long way off



Sitting on the floor holding the professor

"Hush! I will explain afterwards. . . . Now we will begin."

"I want to see!" she protested, in the same dull, hopeless voice.

"Some other time you shall see, Myra. I don't want your attention distracted to-day."

He moved the lever—she heard it click—and the lamps flashed out, and the spinning discs went whirling round; but she sat quite still as she had been bidden.

"Think of your school-days," he commanded. . . . "Your prizes, if you took any. . . . Try to remember some dates. The Magna Charta. . . . Its chief provisions."

Then he put other questions, gave her paper and a pencil to draw; made her play as if on a piano; told her to sing a song. She sang softly the first verse of "She is Far from the Land." She had a very good voice. Singing, in fact, was her accomplishment.

"And now the last verse," he asked, "not merely for the machine, but for your beautiful singing. . . . Thank you, Myra."

"It would be 6¾ now, don't you think?" she asked suddenly. "Won't you let me go now, and you try it on yourself?"

"Presently," he said. "Presently. We'll see what you make of the fifth dial. You are of a warmer disposition than I, and we ought to get some interesting results. Think of some relative; one whom you like. . . . None you like much, I gather. . . ."

"They are dead. . . . When my mother. . . ."

"I see," he interrupted. "I see! I'm sorry I asked you. Think of someone else. . . . Think of me. . . . Poor little Myra!" He laid his hand on her shoulder. . . . She gave a cry. There was a snapping sound; and then a noise as if a spring was broken and a clock was running down. The professor sprang back and stopped the machine. He looked at the index of the fifth dial. It had gone to 100; and then the spring had broken. Myra rose and saw it, too, and stood wringing her hands.

"There is a difference between six and a

hundred," she said in a voice that seemed to come from a long way off, "isn't there?"

"It would be more than six now, Myra," the professor said. It was he who flushed. The girl was very white.

"It would be—shall we say seven or eight?" She laughed feebly. "Well, now you know—why I chose to obey you. I am ashamed and sorry; but—you know. . . . You remember Elaine, perhaps? 'I have gone mad. I love you. Let me die.' . . . It was really the *only* thing to do! . . . I am ready for the sacrifice now. . . . Let it be soon. . . . To-day. What is it?"

"Come into the other room," he said hoarsely. He wiped his forehead.

"No. Not the light of day! . . . You must do it now. I shall die of shame, like Elaine, if you don't. I mean it. I am—that sort. . . . What is it? Tell me very exactly."

He wiped his forehead once more.

"There is only one diaphragm," he said, "that is adequate to receive the impressions of human souls, and give them out as they really are. It is—a human soul."

"Yes," she said. She was very calm now. "Go on."

"It must be a soul that will give itself up to the task; remove its own thoughts and feelings and will—or submit to have them removed."

"Yes."

"A clean soul with no stains that will not come out. You are that, Myra."

"Go on."

"A soul that I can control. . . . There might be others, but. . . . The final object of the machine is to put my desires—my best and worthiest desires, please God!—into the world, and make it better. The diaphragm to do that must be a soul that is not only all the things that I have said, but completely in sympathy with mine. . . . There is only you, Myra. . . . Shall the work be done or undone? I have no right to compel you, I see now. I give you back your power to choose."

He looked steadily in her eyes.

"I have told you," she said, "that I choose to die. I should die anyhow now you know how I feel about you. . . . Oh, yes, I should. You think one doesn't die of shame, but. . . . There's such a thing as tormenting the life out of yourself! . . . I'd rather die quickly and—and please you."

"You will *not* die," he said. "You will merely lose consciousness of identity; entirely, while you act as the receiver and reproducer of the Soul Machine; to a lesser extent at other times. You will eat and drink and sleep and feel; but I fear that you will not think very much, or remember very well; or do things of your own accord. . . . It is a great sacrifice, of course, but—you will not know what you miss; and your life will be more useful than a million ordinary lives put together. . . . I will give you my utmost care. Do everything that can be done for your comfort. . . ." He hesitated. "Myra," he said suddenly. "Will you put off the—the sacrifice—for a year? Marry me to-morrow and let me endeavor to give you a year of happiness first."

The girl threw back her head scornfully. "I would sooner die a thousand times!" she cried. "I cannot deny that I love you; but I hate myself for doing it. Hate—hate—hate! . . . It is now or never. Kill my soul—my identity—whatever you call it—to-day or you *never* shall. I will kill myself, if you do not, and escape you. . . . I hate the idea of marrying you so much that I will not do it, though I believe that in the year I would win your affection, and make it impossible for you to—to kill me! . . . It is killing. . . . Well, if you don't, I shall."

The professor groaned. "It must be," he said. "It *must* be. . . . I shall suffer in doing it, Myra."

"You *should* suffer," she said, "and perhaps. . . . You *shall* do one thing for me. Before I cease to be Myra Hamilton and be

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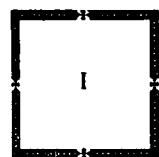
The Protection of Nursing Mothers in Industry

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

Author of "THE EMPTY LINEN CHEST," "A PLEA FOR PURE FABRICS," ETC.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In those purely industrial towns and cities where women are largely employed the death rate for babies under one year of age is higher than the general average in the largest and most congested cities. One reason is that women who toil as factory operatives cannot care properly for their babies. In the present article Mrs. Vorse analyzes this condition, and calls attention to the inspiring progress made in Europe in saving the lives and health of the little ones.

Excepting in Massachusetts, nothing has as yet been done in the United States to care for mothers in industry before, during, and immediately after childbirth. That much can be done is indicated by the splendid record of the city of Le Creusot, in France. Le Creusot is a purely industrial community, the population of which centers around the machine shops and steel works of Schneider & Co. This company half a generation ago came to the sensible conclusion that the workers should be strong and healthy, and carried its welfare work so far that the infant death rate was reduced to 11.04 per cent.—9.04 per cent. below the average rate of the industrial cities of France. The average for all France during the same period was 16 per cent.



In the Bureau of Child Hygiene in the City of New York, there is a great map of New York City. This map is dotted with pins. The pins indicate the deaths of babies under one year of age. In the congested districts, the pins are as thick as if the map had broken out with measles.

The map of the City of New York, with its red and yellow pins, does not surprise one. One would expect a large infant death rate in the slums, where a congested and ignorant population lives in bad sanitary conditions—an alien population, too, unadjusted to the conditions of an appallingly new civilization.

It makes one wonder, however, that one should find a similar state of things in the industrial towns—towns not filled with the shiftless, brought together by chance, but communities of skilled workmen; communities, therefore, educated to a certain degree; often communities like those of Holyoke or Fall River, Mass., where there is no special congestion of the population. Yet it is in these manufacturing towns that we find a death rate of babies under one year of age greater than the death rate of New York, Boston or Chicago. In fact, it has been established by those who have studied these questions most deeply, that the congestion of the population has a comparatively slight effect on the death rate of little children.

INDUSTRY THAT KILLS CHILDREN

If a similar map could be made of the United States, we should find that in whatever town industry is greatest, the greatest number of deaths of little children under one year of age occur.

Consider for a moment the population of any of our mill towns. In Fall River, for instance, we have a large French Canadian population. These people are strong and vigorous, fresh from the soil, with an open-air heritage of health. They were on the farms and in the villages of Canada yesterday. They are immigrants to-day. The parent race is still unscathed. The sturdy women bear many children. In Canada the children would be healthy and would grow like young animals; here they die in appallingly large numbers.

The same conditions, with different races, exist in the Southern industrial towns; they are true in the industrial towns of the West; and in towns like Passaic and Paterson, New Jersey.

In European countries you will find a similar condition—a condition which obtains

with startling regularity; so much so that it is almost axiomatic that where there is manufacturing, there the babies die in the greatest numbers.

Industry—thriving, prosperous industry—whether it be the spinning and weaving of fabrics, the making of pottery, or the manufacturing of garments, is apparently paid for all over the world by the lives of babies. Just for a moment, run through a few instances in various countries.

STRIKING FIGURES FROM STAFFORDSHIRE

Take, for example, the striking case embodied in Dr. George Reid's personal investigations in Staffordshire, England. As a health officer of Staffordshire, Dr. Reid was much impressed by certain discrepancies in the infant mortality rate between localities. In Staffordshire the industrial population is grouped together in two districts. In the North are those famous industrial towns where for hundreds of years pottery has been made, and where many women are employed, both girls and married women. In the South are grim mining towns, unlovely and disagreeable to look upon. Between is an agricultural district. As one would expect, of course, the death rate was lowest in the agricultural district, because, as we say in our loose phrase, "The country is good for children." We have not yet apparently developed enough historic sense to realize why the country is so much better for babies than a decently managed, small industrial town. Putting aside the higher infant death rate of the industrial communities, the fact which impressed Dr. Reid was that:

There was a much higher infant mortality rate in the Northern towns of Staffordshire, which demanded the labor of women and girls, than in the Southern mining towns.

His investigations showed that in the towns in which married workers constituted twelve per cent. or more of the female population the average death rate of infants during a period of twenty-three years was 200 per thousand.

In those towns in which the per cent. was between six and twelve the average was only 165 per thousand. Where the proportion fell below six per cent. in other words where it was not customary for married women to engage in industry, the deaths per thousand fell to 158.

Dr. Reid's further investigations made it evident that a great many of the deaths of infants were due to immaturity; that is, that the mother had worked too hard before the birth of her baby, and it had been born too soon and it had not had strength to survive;

that still further harm was done by separating mother and child through the return of the mother to her work. After an analysis of his own figures he exclaims:

"So much for the effect of the practice of married women working in factories upon the infantile mortality. I would point out, however, that the damage done cannot entirely be expressed by mortality figures, for these take no account of the impaired vitality of the infants who manage to survive to swell the ranks of the degenerate."

In Oberammergau there are two "bezirks." One is that of Dortmund; the people in this district are mainly agricultural laborers. Nearby is Oberammergaubezirk, Breslau, an industrial community. There are mines and steel works, and women work in the mines and in the mills. The people who inhabit these neighboring districts are of the same blood and inheritance, and they live under the same climatic conditions. Their only difference is one of occupation.

Let us look now at the mortality statistics. In the community where the people work in the fields, and raise cattle, the death rate of children under one year of age varies between 12.08 per cent. and 14.02 per cent.

In the neighboring district—the industrial district—the death rate of babies varies between 20.05 per cent. and 25.08 per cent. There is no difference of climate or race between these two peoples, and yet we find the death rate of children jumping more than fifty per cent.

RACE DECLINE IN INDUSTRIAL ENGLAND

Everyone remembers that during the war in South Africa there was much talk in England about racial deterioration, and that a commission was appointed to investigate its causes. One of the important reasons was announced to be the ever increasing number of married women in industry. One could go on with similar data indefinitely. We find agricultural England with a comparatively low infant death rate, industrial England throughout with a high death rate; and the eloquent and accurate statistics of France prove the same thing.

European statistics rather than those of this country are referred to, because of their greater exactness. The birth registrations in this country, especially in many of our industrial towns, are so inexact that such statistics as we have, instead of being based on the

number of actual births, have to be based upon a computed infant population of under one year of age. In other words, the country at large has given the subject of the causes of the deaths of its little children so little thought that public opinion has not yet demanded an accurate registration of births. Without this accurate information no definite study can be made. All that can be said is that the death rate of children in our prosperous industrial towns is greater than the death rate in the non-industrial towns—sometimes even greater than the death rate of our great congested cities.

WHY MARRIED WOMEN WORK

The census of 1900 stated that there were 769,477 married women breadwinners in the United States. How much these figures have increased during the last ten years we cannot tell yet, but there is every reason to believe that they have increased tremendously. In the first place the trend of civilization of this country has been to make more and more women self-supporting. The ready-made garment trade during recent years has called more and more women into its ranks; more and more immigrant women also have joined the ranks of the industrial workers—many of them women accustomed to work only in the fields.

There is another factor that has probably increased the ratio of married women in industry vastly during the past ten years, and that is the high cost of living. Let the cost of living go up without a corresponding increase in the wage scale and it is evident that the mothers must work.

In other words Industry has been saying to the men and women it employs:

"I will not pay the men who work for me—the breadwinners—a living wage; you, mothers, must work in the shop so that your children may eat. We do not care that one in three of your babies will die. This waste is immaterial to us. It is not our affair that if you could stay at home and feed your children yourselves, they would have increased chances of living."

The entrance of married women into industry has been viewed with disfavor from press and pulpit; by philanthropists as well, and by most thinking people. It has been pointed out repeatedly that woman's place is in the home. The women that really work have not argued this point. They have not argued it because they had no time to argue, since there was the immediate necessity of increasing the family budget. They probably never even heard of these indignant and high-minded people who point out that the reason married women go to work is for love of excitement and the desire for better clothes and for the higher motive of ambition—that they might "do better by their children."

They work so that their children now living will not starve. They have done this in England, in Germany, and in France; they have done it in all the hard-pressed countries in the world and they are doing it in ever-increasing numbers in rich and prosperous America.

What effect the entrance of women—and especially married women—into industry has had upon the infant mortality rate has already been indicated. Why it should have this effect it is not difficult to understand.

WHY BABIES DO NOT GROW UP

First, as Dr. Reid suggests, there is the bad effect on the mother herself when she works up to the very day of the birth of her child. This overstrain—to cite two eminent authorities, Dr. Pinard and Dr. Reid—causes the large percentage of deaths from immaturity among children born of this class of mothers.

The second great reason is the re-entrance of women into industry soon after the birth of their children. The new-born baby has to be cared for by someone else—by anyone else. Sometimes it is left in the hands of an old woman who has an improvised nur-

sery, or it may be left with some relative at home, or, if the mother is lucky, it is taken to some well-conducted day nursery. But the point is that it has been left somewhere away from its mother.

It is exactly here that we touch on one of the sore spots of the case. One of the chief reasons, according to authorities on the subject, for the great discrepancies which we find between the infant mortality rate in the agricultural districts and in the industrial towns is that in one case the mother can nurse her own baby and in the other she cannot. It is not the country air so much that saves the babies. The important thing is that in an agricultural community the baby is fed on its mother's milk, and in those towns where industry calls women into the factory the baby is artificially fed.

The third factor that enters into this question is the wage scale, which is at present so low in certain industries that the underfed mother is unable to nurse her child even when she doesn't work in the shop, whereas people who live in the farming communities are better fed. On a farm there is at least generally enough to eat.

Here we have the three chief reasons why little children die in the industrial communities.

The question naturally arises: Is this state of things inevitable? Must industry forever kill the children of the country? In every town where women are employed in the making of garments for other women to wear, or plates for them to eat from, must the children of those who work die? If this is true then surely the State is paying a terrible price for the prosperity of the captains of industry who employ women.

EUROPE IS RECOGNIZING MOTHERHOOD

Europe is coming to a belief that the function of motherhood is a high one, and that the rearing of healthy sons and daughters is the greatest service that can be rendered the State. It is ceasing sentimental talk of the sanctity of motherhood, and coming gradually to a practical realization of the fact that a State which pays its soldiers and its workers, must also protect, and if necessary pay, the mothers of the soldiers and workers of the future.

There is no apparent necessity for industry to be the destructive force that it is. There are various ways that the situation can be helped. In foreign countries the laws of the State have stepped in and replied to industry:

"Our children and their mothers are valuable to us. Our mothers must not be kept in the factory until the day before the birth of their children and forced to return three days afterwards. They must rest beforehand; they must stay out of the factory a reasonable time afterwards."

European countries, for reasons mentioned before, have paid more attention to this basic thing. At the "Conference for the Prevention of Infant Mortality" held in Berlin in 1900, seventeen European countries were represented and it was unanimously agreed that mothers should be forced to rest one month after childbirth. This enforced period of convalescence has been incorporated in the laws of all the great European countries and most of the small ones. The rest periods in different countries vary, from the law of Germany which provides for a period of two weeks before and six weeks after childbirth, to that of England and Denmark which provides only for a rest period of four weeks after the birth of the child.

Curiously enough, France, the most troubled about her birth rate, has been the most reactionary concerning this kind of legislation and even at present does not make this rest period compulsory. In 1909 an Act was passed which provided that a woman might suspend work for eight weeks at the time of

her confinement and that this suspension of work must not be regarded by her employer as an excuse for breaking his contract with her. In other words, she has a right, if she can afford the time, to a period of eight weeks of rest at the period of her confinement, with the assurance that her employer must take her back again at the expiration of that time.

Both Austria and Belgium had protected their working women before the date of the Conference and since then one great country after another has fallen into line. More remote countries—Bosnia and Herzegovina, Roumania and the Argentine Republic—also all have legislated to this effect. As one would expect, so has New Zealand.

KEEPING MOTHER AND CHILD TOGETHER

The late Dr. Budin, after all his studies of infant mortality, came back to the one idea that if babies were to be saved, the mothers must nurse them, and emphasized the great crime the industries were committing in separating mother and child. He expresses himself as follows:

"Such a social situation which does not permit the mother to nurse her baby is bad; it is bad from the moral point of view; it is bad from the point of view of the best interests of the country. . . . It is especially the factory workers who cannot nurse their children."

The question of what becomes of a baby when the mother is away at work is one of the most important of all the questions in this sad category which has to do with the reasons why babies die. The crèche and day nursery came to life because of bitter necessity—a necessity as real and poignant as the need for hospitals or orphan asylums. They were founded to counteract the effects of gross neglect and ignorance and even abuse of the most helpless part of the community.

The State industries of France in respect to the care of the children have set an example which other industries might follow. Day nurseries have been provided for the reception of the babies of employees, who are permitted to leave their work at certain intervals to nurse their children.

Some of the private industries of France have followed the lead of the State in certain instances.

Here, for instance, is the poster placarded in the workshops of Blin & Blin in Elbeuf, who have nearly six thousand women in their employ:

"Since we are desirous of encouraging breast feeding and since according to the best medical advice it is the most advantageous means of combating infant mortality. Messrs. Blin & Blin beg the women of their establishment to put their new-born children in the municipal day nursery which is close to the factory."

"All facilities will be accorded to all mothers to go out at whatever hour is especially best for them to give the breast to their children."

"A prize of 100 francs consisting of a book in the Savings Bank taken out in the name of the child will be distributed by Messrs. Blin & Blin to every mother who shall have nursed her own baby herself."

"Messrs. Blin & Blin hope that their employees will appreciate the moral and material advantages which will result from such an organization."

"ELBEUF, Apr. 12, 1904."

Besides this a poster setting forth the advantages of maternal feeding is placed in all the work-rooms to encourage the women to nurse their babies.

Dr. Budin comments on this:

"Certainly all the world will not imitate the generous gift of these manufacturers, but would it not be possible for all their colleagues to simply permit mothers to nurse their babies?"

Some countries have realized how necessary this permission is. Italy, for instance, has a

[Continued on page 49]

The SPOT LIGHT



CONGRESSMAN THOMAS W. HARDWICK

He is popular in the Tenth Georgia district because he contends—whenever he is up for election—that the Fourteenth amendment should be repealed

Thomas W. Hardwick. Casting an eye over the floor, with its assortment of statesmen of all sizes, shapes and outward appearances, the casual visitor to the gallery of the House of Representatives will turn to a guide and ask:

"And who is that real small man, with the wide-awake air, who sits next to the center aisle?" The guide doesn't even have to look. His answer will be something like this:

"That is the Honorable Thomas W. Hardwick, of Georgia, chairman of the special House committee appointed to investigate the Sugar Trust; chairman of the committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures; member of the Rules Committee, and ardent champion of the Hardwick plan to repeal the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution."

Whereupon the visitor doubtless will observe that the diminutive Georgian appears to be a fighter, which is a fine guess.

Proceeding in as calm and orderly a manner as his nervous energy would permit, Mr. Hardwick, as chairman of the sugar investigating committee, informed Joseph Smith, president of the Mormon Church, that the committee would like to hear the prophet's testimony concerning the Utah and Idaho beet-sugar industry. The head of the Mormon Church telegraphed to Hardwick that he couldn't come to Washington. It was impossible, he said, for him to leave church duties, and, furthermore, he had sciatic rheumatism.

The message that went back to President Smith, at Salt Lake City, read like this:

"Committee wants your testimony. The only question now is: Will you come voluntarily or shall we send an officer for you?"

In a few days Joseph Smith walked into the committee room and his testimony con-

cerned sugar rather than rheumatism and church affairs.

The incident is an illustration of the chief Hardwick characteristic—aggressiveness. Down in Georgia the disfranchisement of the illiterate colored voter is a popular pastime, but it has to be done by state laws and something like the "grandfather clause." Mr. Hardwick would repeal the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments and make the disfranchisement universal. Near the beginning of each session Hardwick solemnly introduces the customary resolution declaring that said amendments shall be declared null and void. Then the Hardwick resolution goes to sleep in a pigeon-hole.

Hardwick's constituency believes in Hardwick and disfranchisement as evidenced by the fact that he is serving his fifth term in the House.

Miss Matilda Moisant. If flying is in the blood, then certainly it is strong in the Moisant family. John Moisant, one of the first of the great aviators, was killed at New Orleans after achieving triumph after triumph

in the conquest of the air; and now Matilda Moisant, the twenty-four-year-old sister, has received her license and is declared qualified to handle an aeroplane as a professional.

And despite the tragic fate of her brother, Miss Moisant boldly declares that aviation is not dangerous. She sees John Moisant as but one of the necessary victims marking the progress of every new science, and while she admits that his death was the result of one of those accidents which may come to any flier, she expresses no fear as to her own safety.

"Flying over an open and level field in a good machine and with a clear head and a steady hand is not nearly so dangerous as rushing along an uncertain country road in a high-power automobile," according to her way of looking at it.

Just to prove her contention Miss Moisant takes a daily spin in her monoplane at Mineola, Long Island. Her teachers declare she has a natural knack for flying, and that her methods are remarkably similar to those of her brother.

Miss Moisant was the second woman to receive a license from the Aero Club of America, Miss Harriet Quimby, a fellow-student, having been the first to complete the test required before a license is issued. To win the official right to fly, the man or woman, in the presence of Aero club officials, must put a monoplane, biplane or some other variety of heavier-than-air craft through a series of evolutions, including five complete figure eights, and land time and again at certain specified points.



MISS MATILDA MOISANT

Her brother was killed in an aeroplane, but she is not afraid to fly. She is a licensed aviator

Madonna

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON

Illustrated by ALBERT MATEKE



HE supposed he was a foolish old sentimentalist for being over-sad just then, but he knew that wasn't the real reason his daughter's appetite was likewise affected. As he had observed Donna silently refuse all the specially pre-

pared dishes Barker had been automatically placing before them, a dull resentment had gradually grown against the calm of the white cloth and the perked attitude of the table fittings. Several times he had caught himself glancing guiltily at Barker—Barker the round, Barker the indispensable—to detect on his flabby face some visible sign of disappointment at their perfunctory marring of the pâtes and the sauces; but, surprising enough, nothing of the sort had happened. Perhaps Barker understood, too, for Barker understood everything. True, an occasional sigh had escaped the podgy lips on this momentous occasion, but Barker always had sighed since "the late Mrs. B." died, leaving him to continue alone in the old home. Still, he wished Barker or Donna would speak—there were enough sighs in his own heart at what was about to happen. Yet, until the ices, swimming helplessly in ponds of their own making, and the coffee, brooding in amber, had been cleared, no word was uttered.

"It's been a bad day," Barker finally began in his uncertain voice as he carefully hunted some invisible crumbs. "Papers say it will be clear to-morrow. Hope so. Church bells sound so much sweeter across the snow after a storm when the air is clear and the sunlight floods everything." Noting the apparent sadness on Donna's face, Barker paused, however, only to gain more tenderness. "Don't both of you take it so hard. Before we were married, 'the late Mrs. B.' remarked there is sunshine hidden in most dark clouds. I suppose it would have broken 'the late Mrs. B.'s heart, too, to have seen you leave us, Miss Donna. As you know, we never had any children of our own to speak of—; our boy didn't turn out as we'd hoped. You were all we had."

As Barker spoke, Donna's face brightened. It was a beautiful face—fragile, delicate, suggestive of surface timidities; yet it had strength, a shy strength which once called forth would remain unshakable; the strength which faced crises but lay sheathed in the daily passages. And her hair was so wonderful; there was none like its gentle gold. He loved it when it was braided—as it was to-night at his urging—braided and hanging on either side of her well-shaped head. It brought out so sharply the inherent softness of her features, the thin sensitive nostrils, the nervous lips and the falling curve of her high cheeks. But best of all it darkened the tint of her eyes—those eyes that searched for the mystery back of all things, and buried it in their dark depths. And as Barker had touched lightly on the past, her features lost their pensiveness and she seemed to grow younger, to become the little girl again, the little girl of dolls and toy baby carriages, of soiled hands and torn pinafores.

"Yes, dear old nurse, how good she was to me, and I was so cross when I was young."

He loved her voice, too, with its purr and languor. In fact, she was quite perfect in his eyes. He admitted she had faults but he had never tried to discover them.

"Yes, the 'late Mrs. B.' often remarked it." Barker reluctantly ceased the futile crumb hunt. "But she loved you as we all did—just for crying day and night. Sort of natu-

ral—especially in the night. A little way babies have. Some of the grown-ups have it, too; haven't they, Mr. Lee?"

He suspected Barker meant something personal, so he coughed evasively; he must reprimand him—afterward.

"Take some logs up into the room, Barker. I must have caught cold sitting here."

"Yes, sir, we've both caught cold," he answered, sniffing appropriately. But as Barker turned to go, he hesitated and then went close to Donna. He appeared a trifle redder than usual; his small bead-eyes were narrowed and his mouth twitched with unwonted nervousness. "I have a little wedding present for you," he managed to blurt out.

He saw her start impulsively toward Barker. "Oh, no, Barker you can't—"

"Can't afford it, Miss Donna?" Barker grunted significantly. "I'd like to know what I've been butler all these years with your father for."

"I didn't mean that, Barker," Donna was answering with a sly smile. "Only Gilbert and I have so many presents from father's friends. I don't know how we're going to live up to them."

After hushing her and floundering about for some time in his capacious pockets, he finally pulled out a green jewelry box and opening it slowly, he placed it with an awed gesture on the table. It proved to be a necklace of delicate tracery with hidden gems peering mischievously from its coils; it sparkled against the white cloth and danced in the light. Neither one of them found words, though Barker was still maundering on.

"It's not much. Hope you'll wear it to-morrow at the altar. It really isn't from me, I've just been keeping it all these years for you. Had it fixed up a bit. It's from 'the late Mrs. B.'"

Donna said nothing as she turned it over in her hand and tenderly kissed it. When she raised her eyes he saw tears there—were they in his own? "Barker, I should like to have you fasten it on now." She lowered her head. He fumbled it quite a while before it caught.

"My fingers are sort of mixed to-night." He sniffled in that outrageous way he had. "Guess I'd better get that fire fixed up-stairs. We're all catching cold." And Barker went out more quickly than usual.

She had stood for some time with her eyes downcast and her fingers nervously touching the necklace, before he put his arm about her. Then they left the dining room without a word and went slowly up the long dark steps into the room above.

Her father never could enter this room without pausing reverently on the threshold and scanning all the old familiar things which told in turn the pages of his life. It was a large room, quite large, full of corners and all in brown. The furniture, resting on dull olive carpet, was old in the style of twenty or so years ago. He thought it was beginning to look a bit shabby, but he had grown too fond of it to change; besides he disliked new things. The armchair, large and inviting, for instance, was always before the fireplace. How often he had planned his lighthouses and his bridges in that chair; in the earlier days he used to call it "His Throne." And the rows and rows of books which never changed their attitude! They were the books he had used in college, in the world; books on his specialty. Perhaps some of those he had himself written were there also, jealously hiding from the others their technical knowledge. There was scarcely anything on the walls save one picture. He knew it was his

reason for the room almost, and once again his eyes minutely examined it—that *Madonna and Her Child*.

Donna led him toward the fire, which was burning faintly and she tucked herself beside him on the arm of the big chair. Looking through the double window, above the little balcony laced by the dead vines of the summer, he could see the snow flurrying from the roof in the wake of the star-chased storm. Great clouds were stretching out of the darkness in the white of the timid moon. He might have remained there in silence till the pink hours of dawn—he always was silent in that room—but as Donna leaned her feverish cheeks against his, he felt the hot tears falling from her eyes. He could hear her heart thumping, too; it was such a frail little heart to beat so fast.

"Oh, Daddy, I can't leave you; I can't go away alone with Gilbert to-morrow; I don't want to be married!" Though he was not surprised at her words, he could only murmur her name as she continued. "I can't bear leaving home; it's just as though I were losing everything I held dearest, everything and you, Daddy." He wished her quick hug would hurt him; he would have liked the pain.

"I know—I know. I don't want you to go either; I don't, I don't my little girl." He tried hard to control himself, but the words cut through, the way words have at times, escaping at the wrong moment and in the wrong phrases. The vividness of parting had suddenly sapped his control; yet he argued he had the right to weep a little; she was all he had. "I understand how your grandmother must have felt when I took your dear mother from her. I never thought I'd be feeling it myself. It's twice as hard; I have no one to bear it with me."

She slipped down on her knees before him and reached up to his shoulders. "Daddy, say I can't go—say it, do."

He sensed the fear in her voice; the fear of a sensitive, imaginative girl who had heard the confused vibrations but not the clear deep chords of womanhood. He must be very tender with her though it was so hard for a man's rough words. "But you mustn't feel this way with Gilbert, you mustn't."

"I've tried, but I can't help it. I've always loved him so, but he's going to take me away from you, and I'll be alone with him and—oh, why is it, several times to-night I've almost wished he would not come to-morrow. Can't it go on as it always has been with us? He could see she was trembling. "Oh, I can't go. I can't, I can't!"

She broke down, sobbing hysterically. He smoothed her long hair, seeking helplessly to find words of comfort. "If your mother had only lived! You need her now, don't you, girlie?"

"Yes, yes, she'd understand."

"Maybe I do a little, too, though I'm only a man. But I haven't been father and mother to you all these long years without knowing a thing or two."

"Oh, Daddy, you've been everything a girl could want. That's partly what makes it so hard to go." She was silent a moment, then added impulsively: "Daddy, why won't you come and live with us?"

"Because it's best, girlie, best. There will be many things you and Gilbert will want to work out by yourselves, and it wouldn't do to have an old settled gray-haired like me snoozing around meddling and mixing things up. No, no, it's best young people should start alone." He put his hand under her chin and drew her face up to his. "You think it's because you are leaving me and home that you



"Don't both of you take it so hard"

feel this way, don't you? You're just deceiving yourself and, dear, I know the real reason this last night together; I understand everything."

Her face flushed more deeply, her eyes faltered and her head sank into her lap, as she whispered hoarsely: "Yes, I'm afraid—afraid."

He thought it would be better to let her keep a little—one's vision is always clearer after tears. He looked about the room, the moon had succeeded in stealing through the now-rimmed, glistening windows and was resting its silver softness on the picture of the *Madonna and Her Child*. All through the years she had held Her Child so tenderly; so had he, only his little girl had grown up and was leaving him.

Yet as his eyes rested there, his instinctive parental fear of exposing the child to the things he had passed through began to fade away, and in its stead there came the quiet acceptance of one who thinks. He was but going what all parents had done—bringing up the child for another's arms. He could not rebel against the inevitable parting; it was the eternal scheme, and it was his place now to make it easier for the girl to go. But he must first lead her imagination carefully by the black pits it had dug for itself; he must point her to something beyond—something which, in her exultation to obtain, could carry her past temporary fears. But he could not speak scientifically or logically; he guessed, after all, he was only a sentimental man who lived very deeply in the beauty of things. He must ramble on, trusting she would gather the flower or two she needed, when he bowed them to her behind the weeds and shadows.

"Little girl, I've tried to let you know life is it is with no falseness; for the best women are those who know dark secrets yet keep

their hearts pure. And Gilbert, too, had nobody but me to help him. Remember his father? I often wondered why he asked me to take care of his little boy after he passed by. Now I know. It was to keep him for you. I've made Gilbert see some of the world, for I wanted you both to understand life a little. Yet I've been thinking perhaps you both knew the words but haven't quite had their meaning pointed out. That's what I'm going to try to do a little later. I have a message for you both."

He looked up at the *Madonna*; it seemed to speak. It had done so before. He was not surprised even though he knew it was all in himself. Then he let his eyes fall on the necklace which Barker had given Donna. He fingered it for a moment. "Good old Barker! Did you ever think, Donna, that jewels grow in the earth, only some one must clear away the darkness before their beauty shines. Most rare things are like that—love's a bit like it, too—the kind that crowns the life."

He saw her eyes try to shade to his meaning, but her intuitions were stifled behind her obvious nervousness. He pushed back her hair, framing her face with his hands. "You just need somebody to catch all the unrest and touch it with a bigger meaning—to see the spirit in it. And I've been thinking the last few moments, I'll have to set you straight about it all—though it's not an easy thing for a middle-aged gentleman."

He heard an intruding tap on the door and Barker came in with a log. He let the old fellow stumble about, poking the fire into little spasmodic blazes. Barker started to get fresh candles, too, since the room was quite dark again, but, Donna, apparently needing some physical motion to dissipate her restlessness, jumped to her feet.

"Let me get the candles. We'll sit with the candle-light and the blazing logs, Daddy—

you and I—and talk. And the wind outside will tell us we are all alone."

He watched her glide out of the room. When his eyes stole back they fell upon the picture looking in silence at the *Madonna*. He turned and in a serious whisper: "Pardon me, sir, but don't you get a thing strange about the room tonight?—how to me it seems more sacred, more like as if some memory were resting softly."

So Barker noticed it, too. Yes, he always felt it in that room; it had been so persistent, like gentle pressure on his cheek.

But he thought he heard Donna say so he rose quickly. "You sent for Mr. Gilbert, Barker?"

"Yes, sir; but he's hardly had a word here yet, sir," he answered, looking at his old gold watch.

"Nonsense, Barker, I said she was to see him."

"Yes, sir, it will probably be long before he can sleep if you can."

He reached out as usual to pat his arm affectionately on the old servant, who was now with a clutch at his heart—that clutch which had come more frequently through the last weeks. It was like an iron hand with sharp cutting nails digging into him. All things stopped, the room swam and faded alternately. He tried to fix some one staple thing upon which to anchor his eyes, but only Pain concentrated and pointed was real. He knew he was staggering and he caught Barker's hand. It was good to hold. He feared Donna might hear him, so he stifled the cry which would have unwinged the pain. However, it was all over in a moment; he found himself in the chair; he knew he was smiling, too. It lifted as suddenly as it had come, only the

Original from

calm which followed was strange. His body was quiet as he thought the air must be after a sweeping storm.

"It's the old trouble you know, Barker. Can't keep up much longer. Doctor said so yesterday. Rupture of aneurism threatened; that means a broken heart. Rather appropriate. I've had a hard time keeping the pieces together anyway. Donna mustn't know—about my long journey alone—that she and Gilbert will only have each other soon, very soon. I'm commencing to be rather interested in the journey, Barker."

"Don't talk that way, sir."

"I won't, but you're provided for, old fellow." The grimness of contrast marked him. "I wonder if you'll look after me in the next world."

"I hope I've been good enough, sir," Barker did say things nicely at times, and with a touch of sentiment, too.

Barker evidently thought he heard the door-bell faintly jangling down-stairs, for he started out just the Donna came into the room again with her hands full of candles.

"Remember, Barker," she was saying more quietly than before. "Daddy and I are not at home to-night to a single soul."

"Yes, Miss Donna, I understand, not to a single soul," Barker smiled secretly over his little joke and slipped out of the room.

Her father did not speak as he watched her replacing the old guttered candles. There was something fascinating in hearing the scratch and flare of the matches and in seeing her mysteriously summon the cold wicks into life. As she went from one to another he loved also to watch the tiny gold wicks melting into pools of glowing light. The glow of the white-candles and the wavering of the fire were soon meeting the silver of the moon.

The room grew movement; it to breathe with life. Everything hung languorously on the edge of dreams. And Donna walked softly, soberly; with a little wistful little tender fondlings of farewell and lingering recollections over the toy time that was gone forever. He knew all in her thoughts, for she lived deeply, making personalizing all things she did.

He was sure Donna did not hear the steps of the stairs nor Gilbert's quick rush into the room. He perceived Gilbert did not notice him either, for he was hidden in the large chair. But in Gilbert's momentary pause on the threshold he observed the splendid health and strength of the tall raw-boned young man, his clear eyes, his strong mouth and his alert expression now tinged, however, with solicitude.

Gilbert halted but a second, then seeing only what his eyes sought, he went quickly to the white streak in the shadows. She was completely startled when he turned her and took her eagerly in his strong arms—startled that he should have stepped from her thoughts to kiss her. It was a long kiss of youth clinging to red lips—lips reddened by his fear for her, yet now uncontrollably claiming their own at the joy of her safety.

For the father's note to Gilbert had evidently frightened the boy, who suspected something had happened to Donna. From their subdued words he caught the boy's anxiety and his daughter's surprise at the unexpected arrival. Then he saw Donna's manner change slightly—she seemed to regret her abandon of the moment. She became restrained before Gilbert; he was the man who was to take her away. She evidently could not escape from the mood of the hour before; it was still with her as she timidly called her father's name.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lee. I didn't know you were here," said Gilbert. "Barker said I could come right up. I have been alone, thinking how unworthy I was to have such happiness; what a weak fellow I've been at times. And then your note came telling me Donna wanted to see me."



She broke down, sobbing hysterically

"But I didn't want to see you," Donna interjected naively.

Gilbert turned. "Mr. Lee, why did you send for me?"

He rose with difficulty, smiling to himself, yet secretly glad at Gilbert's sharp anxiety; he liked the lad, loved him as his own. He placed his arm on Gilbert's strong shoulder. "I want to speak to you both together." He tried to continue, but he had not gained sufficient impetus; besides it was a hard thing he had to do. So he smiled and took refuge in temporary trivialities. "Where are you going on your wedding trip?"

Gilbert laughed, too, at what was an anticlimax to his anxiety. "Now, was that why you sent for me?"

"Is it Niagara Falls or Mt. Vernon?" He was amused at Gilbert's vigorous denial. "Well, wherever you go, don't be too attentive to her and don't act as though you'd never been married before."

Gilbert shook his head sadly. "I'm afraid everybody will know I'm an amateur." The boy had a sense of humor; he ought to make a good husband.

"My, how proud and foolish a young husband feels!"

Then his mind suddenly snapped back to the past. All evening he had been pulling aside the curtains from the dead years and now he dared look firmly through the vista. He wanted Gilbert to smoke and he felt the need of lighting his own pipe, also, and standing before the fire in silence. After a while he sat again and, as they gazed into the fire—the wise fire which held all the secrets of those who looked—he knew they, too, had crept in his mood. Then the past began to lure him into words. His defenses were down and he drew his children closer to him. "Yes, I want to tell you both something."

Donna moved closer and whispered "We've sitting just as we used to, listening to your fairy stories. How long ago?"

"Perhaps that's what I'm going to tell you now, a real fairy story I've lived through and have not quite finished yet. Now a lot of

foolish people would laugh at me talking this way to you two, but they'll never get the chance, will they? Besides, I've had to have a lot of the woman in me to bring you up alone, Donna, so you'll pardon me for being sentimental and mawkish." He delayed a trifle because it was hard to plunge with others into memories. "Perhaps I'm wise and preachy to-night, too, but I always feel that way, Donna, when I think of your mother."

She repeated the word reverently. Gilbert seemed a trifle embarrassed; he evidently thought he was intruding. "Had I better go, Mr. Lee? I know you've always been silent about her."

He stopped Gilbert. "No, boy, it's as much for you, too. It's your father's last words to you both and a whisper from a memory."

He waited while the church clock struck the hour. He saw the flame puff mischievously to meet the whirl of wind outside. He realized that his own voice was milder than usual, and he was very humble.

"I hadn't amounted to much before I met her; but somehow she

believed in me. She made me want to do things for her sake as well as for my own. And she wouldn't let me wait till I had. She wished to struggle along with me and she gave up many a better man when she married me. I brought her from the church here into this room. It has always been home to me all these long years; for when the world showered its good things upon me, even then I could not leave this humble little roof."

He glanced about again. "It hasn't changed much since that first night. I wanted it to be your room to grow up in, Donna; so later, I moved the bed into the little off room where it is now—and put those books there instead." He pointed to the long rows of books beneath the Madonna. "But the picture and things are still about the same as when we came here alone. Your mother was very beautiful. You could but have known her—there were not many like her—not many. It is something if one only touches the hem of a woman like that as she passes by. How quickly our first years slipped away! Then we began to sit by that window during the long summer evenings; I talking over my work with her and she listened gravely, sewing the bal-

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A Girl of the Thirty Thousand

A Chapter from the Unpublished Novel, "The Nine Tenths"

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

Illustrations by JOHN CECIL CLAY

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In his new novel, "The Nine Tenths," to appear shortly, Mr. Oppenheim has drawn a word-picture of the lives and struggles of working people in New York City. Readers of the novel will find touches of human sympathy and imaginative power that promise much for the future of this young writer. So much American fiction of this day is frivolous and false that it is a pleasure to welcome a writer who feels for the struggling men and women the "nine tenths" something as Dickens felt for the poor of London, something as Victor Hugo felt for the poor of Paris, as Tolstoi for the poor of Russia.

This story is not pretty. It presents a picture of "the under side of things" that is far from flattering to complacent minds. But that it in any way unfairly represents the kind of justice meted out only last year to the girl shirtwaist strikers of New York City, those who were wise enough and observant enough to know what was taking place during that troubled time will hesitate to assert.

TWO young girls were picketing before the Zandler Shirtwaist Company building on Great Jones Street. A bitter north wind was blowing the street clean as polished glass, and the dark and closing day was set off sharply by the intense lamps and shop-lights. Here and there at a window a clerk pressed his face against the cold pane and looked down into the cheerless twilight, and many toilers made the hard pavement echo with their fast steps as they hurried homeward.

A stout policeman slouched under a street-lamp swinging his club with a heavily gloved hand, and in the shadows of the loft-building several evil-looking private detectives danced up and down on their toes, blew their hands, smoked cigarettes, and kept tab of the time.

The young girls walked steadily—up fifty yards, down fifty yards, over their thin and threadbare coats, which the wind blew close about them, they wore white cloth placards inscribed:

IN THE STRIKE
OF THE 30,000.

One of the girls was stunted, small, skeleton-faced, with large sunken eyes, and stick-like limbs. She was plainly a consumptive, coughing in the cuff of the wind. The other was older and taller, with a more rounded, healthier, her pale face full of the fascination of burning earnestness. Her blue eyes were clear, her lips set tight, and her light brown hair blew carefully about her cheeks. They were two of the

thirty thousand in the great shirtwaist strike in New York City.

The elder, whose name was Rhona Hendlitz, spoke to the other.

"You'd better get home, Fannie. I can stay here alone."

Fannie spoke with strong Russian accent.

"No, I ain't made afraid yet, Rhona, and I ain't get hungry yet."

"But your cough, Fannie?"

They turned under the lamp; the policeman rose and sank on one foot after the other; they walked quietly back. Then, as they passed the doorway of the loft-building, one of the young men stepped forward into the light. He was a square-set, heavy fellow, with long, square protruding jaw and little monkey eyes. His bearing was menacing. He stopped in front of the girls.

"Say, you," he said sharply, "you can't go by here."

Fannie gazed up at him as if she were hypnotized; but Rhona's eyes flashed.

"Why not?"

"Don't jaw me,"

said the man,

"But—clear out."

Rhona tried to speak naturally.

"Isn't this a public street? Haven't I a right to walk up and down with my friend?"

"You little sheeny!" growled the man savagely, and suddenly struck out a fist and hit Rhona in the chest. She lurched, doubled, and fell, saving herself with her hands. Fannie gave a thin ineffectual scream and did not move.

The two other young men in the doorway came forward, and home-goers paused, drew close, looked on curiously and silently. One nudged another.

"What's up?"

"Don't know."



The thug muttered under his breath.

"Pull her up by her hair; we'll run her in!"

But Rhona had scrambled to her feet. She was too wild to cry or speak. She glanced around for help, shunning the evil monkey eyes. Then she saw the policeman under the lamp. He was still nonchalantly swinging his club.

She gave a gasping sob, and staggered over to him. He did not move. She stood until he glanced at her. Then she caught his eyes and held them, and spoke with a strange repression, as the crowd drew about them.

"Do you think a man has any right to strike a girl?"

He did not answer; she still held his eyes.

"Do you think a man has any right to strike a girl?"

Still he said nothing, and the crowd became fascinated by the fixity of gaze of the two. Rhona's voice sharpened.

"Do you think a man has any right to strike a girl?"

The officer cleared his throat, and looked away.

"Oh," he muttered carelessly. "It's all right. You people are always kicking anyway."

Rhona's voice rose.

"I ask you to arrest him."

Several in the crowd backed this with mutterings. The policeman twirled his stick.

"Oh! all right!"—He called, "Come along, Blondy."

"Blondy," the thug, came up grinning.

"Pinching me, John?" he asked.

"Sure," the policeman smiled, and then seized Blondy and Rhona each by an arm and marched them toward Broadway. A growing and much-pleased crowd followed, flinging remarks at Rhona.

"Lock-steps for yours!" "Hello, Mamie!"

"Oh, you kid!"—and one boy darted up and snapped the placard from Rhona's waist. The crowd laughed.

They passed down Broadway a block or two and then turned west. Brilliant light from the shop-windows fell upon the moving scene—the easy-going men, the slouching shrill crowd, and the girl with her pale, set face and uncertain steps. All the world was going home to supper, and Rhona felt strangely that she was now "out of it"—torn by the roots from her warm life to go on a lonely adventure against the powers of darkness. She had lost her footing in the world and was slipping into the night. She felt singularly helpless; her very rage and rebellion made her feel frail and unequal to the task. To be struck down in the street! To be insulted by a crowd! She had hard work to hold her head erect and keep back the bitter sobs.

Up the darkened street they went; the crowd



Later Rhona found herself in a narrow cell, sitting in darkness at the edge of a cot



She tried to work diligently though she was dizzy and sick, and felt as if she were breaking to pieces

gradually falling away. And then they passed up the steps between the green lamps of a new station house and found themselves in a long room.

The warmth of the building was a fine relief; they breathed easier, loosened their coats; relaxed; and then they stepped forward. A police-sergeant sat behind a railing, writing at a low desk, a low-hanging green-shaded electric bulb above him.

Rhona felt that she had to speak quickly and get in her word before the others. She tried to be calm, but a dull sob went with the words.

"That man struck me—knocked me down—I've had him arrested."

The sergeant did not look up. He went on writing. Finally he spoke easily.

"True, officer?"

The policeman cleared his throat.

"The other way round, Sergeant. She struck the man."

Rhona breathed hard, a feeling in her breast of her breaking heart. She gasped:

"That's not true. He struck me—he struck me."

The sergeant glanced up.

"What's your name?"

Rhona could not answer for a moment. Then, faintly,

"Rhona Hemlitz."

"Age?"

"Seventeen."

"Address?"

"—Hester Street."

"Occupation?"

"Shirtwaist maker."

"Oh!" he whistled slightly. "Striker?"

"Yes."

"Picketing?"

"Yes."

"Held for Night Court trial. Lock her up, officer."

Blackness closed over the girl's brain. She thought she was going into hysterics. Her one thought was that she must get help, that she must reach some one who knew her. She burst out:

"I want to telephone."

"To whom?"

"Miss Vane."

"Of the Woman's League?"

"Yes."

The sergeant winked to the policeman.

"Oh, the matron'll see to that! Hey, officer?"

Rhona felt her arm seized, and then had a sense of being dragged, a feeling of cool, fetid air, a flood of darkness, voices, and then she knew no more. The matron who was stripping her and searching her had to get cold water and wash her face. . . .

II

Later Rhona found herself in a narrow cell, sitting in darkness at the edge of a cot. Through the door came a torrent of high-pitched speech.

"Yer little tough, reform! reform! What yer mean by such carryings on? I know yer record—beware of God, little devil. . . ."

On and on it went, and Rhona, dazed, wondered what new terror foreboded. But then without warning the talk switched.

"Yer know who I am?"

"Who?" quavered Rhona.

"The matron."

"Yes?"

"I divorced him, I did."

"Yes."

"My husband, I'm telling yer. Are yer deaf?"

Suddenly Rhona rose and rushed to the door.

"I want to send a message."

"By and by," said the matron, and her rum-reeking breath came full in the girl's face. The matron was drunk.

For an hour she confided to Rhona the history of her married life, and each time that Rhona dared cry:

"I want to send a message!"

She replied: "By and by."

But after an hour was ended, she remembered.

"Message? Sure! Fifty cents!"

Rhona clutched the edge of the door.

"Telephone—I want to telephone!"

"Telephone!" shrieked the matron. "I yer think we keep a telephone for the likes ye?"

"But I haven't fifty cents—besides, a message doesn't cost fifty cents—"

"Are yer telling me?" the matron snorted. "Fifty cents! Come now, hurry," she wheedled. "Yer know as yer has it!—Oh, it in good time you come!"

Her last words were addressed to some one behind her. The cell door was quickly opened. Rhona's arm was seized by John, the policeman, and without words, she was marched to the curb and pushed into the patrol-wagon with half-a-dozen others. The wagon clanged through the cold dark streets, darting through the icy edge of the wind, and the women huddled together. Rhona never forgot how the miserable wagonful chattered—that noise of clicking teeth, the pulse of indrawn sighs, and the shivering of arms and chests. Closer and closer they drew, as if using each other's shields against the arctic onslaught—a couple of poor women, and four unsightly creatures the scum of the city. One woman kept moaning jerkily:

"Wish I was dead—down in my grave—it bitter cold—"

The horses struck sparks against the pavement, the wheels skidded, and the wagon-lost went west, up the shadowy depths of a street under the elevated structure, and stopped before the police-court building. The women were hustled out and went shuddering through long corridors, until at last they were shoved into a large cell.

This cell was one of three in a row. The other two were for men. The window was high up and a narrow bench ran around the walls. Sprawled on these were from thirty to forty women; the air was nauseating. Outside the bars of the door officers lounged in the lighted hall waiting the signal to fetch their prisoners. Now and then the door opened, a policeman entered, seized a woman, and pulled her along without speaking to her. It was as if the prisoners were dumb wild beasts.

For a while Rhona sat almost doubled up, feeling that she would never get warm. Her body would be still a minute, and then a rack-ing spasm took her and her teeth chattered. A purple-faced woman beside her leaned forward.

"Bad business on the street a night like this, ain't it! Here, I'll rub your hands."

Rhona smiled bitterly, and felt the roughened palms against her icy hands. Then she began to look around, sick with the sudden nauseous warmth. She saw the strange rouged faces, the impudent eyes, the showy head-gear, flashing out among the obscure faces of poor women, and as she looked a drunken creature began to rave, rose, tottering, staggered to the door and beat clanging upon it, all the while shrieking:

"Buy me the dope, boys; buy me the dope!"

Others pulled her back. Women of the street sitting together chewed gum and laughed and talked shrilly, and Rhona could not understand how prisoners could be so care-free. However, she had glimpses of the law's terrors. She saw a wife-beater dragged out to trial; she saw a poor staring Italian pedler waiting, alien, confused, crushed; she saw a young girl, a first offender, sobbing in a dark corner.

It was some time before she realized what had happened. Then as it burst upon her that she was innocent, that she had been lied against, that she was helpless, a wild wave of revolt swept her. She could have thrown a bomb at that moment. She understood revolutionists.

This feeling was followed by abject fear. She was alone . . . alone . . . Why had she allowed herself to be caught in this trap? Why had she struck? Was it not foolhardy to raise a hand against such a mammoth system of iniquity? Over in Hester Street her mother was beginning possibly to be anxious. Her poor mother! toiling from dawn till midnight with the needle, with her tiny brother helping to sew on buttons, "finishing" daily a dozen

pairs of pants, and making—*thirty cents!* Her poor father, toiling in a sweatshop! What would they say of her arrest?

Why had she struck? She had worked in Zandler's factory—bending over a power-machine, whose ten needles made four thousand four hundred stitches a minute. So fast they flew that a break in needle or thread ruined a shirtwaist; hence, never did she allow her eyes to wander, never during a day of ten to fourteen hours, while, continuously, the needles danced up and down like flashes of steel or lightning. At times it seemed as if the machine were running away from her and she had to strain her body to keep it back. And so, when she reeled home late at night, her smarting eyes saw sharp showers of needles in the air every time she winked, and her back ached intolerably.

Nor was this all. Her wages were rarely over five dollars a week, and for months, during slack season, she was out of work—came daily to the factory, and had to sit on a bench and wait, often fruitlessly. And then the subcontracting system, whereunder the boss divided the work among the lesser bosses who each ran a gang of toilers, speeding them up mercilessly, "sweating" them! And so the young girls, sixteen to twenty-five years old, were sapped of health and joy and womanhood, and the future robbed of wives and mothers.

So bad had it become that one morning Jake Hedig, her boss, a young, pale-faced, black-haired man, suddenly arose and shouted in a loud voice throughout the shop:

"I am sick of slave-driving. I resign my job."

The boss, and some of the little bosses, set upon him, struck him, and dragged him out, but as he went he shouted lustily:

"Brothers and sisters, are you going to sit by your machines, and see a fellow-worker used this way?"

The machines stopped; the hundreds of girls and the handful of men walked out simultaneously. Thus had the strike begun. Swiftly the sedition had spread until a great night in Cooper Union, when, after speeches of peace and conciliation, one of the girls had risen, demanded and secured the floor, and moved a general strike. Her motion was unanimously carried, and when the chairman cried, in Yiddish:

"Do you mean faith? Will you take the old Jewish oath?"

Up went two thousand hands, with one great chorus:

"If I turn traitor to the cause I now pledge, may this hand wither from the arm I now raise."

By this oath Rhona was bound. And so were thirty thousand others—Americans, Italians, Jews—and with them were some of the uptown women, some of the women of wealth, some of the big lawyers and the labor leaders and reformers.

If only the Woman's League had been notified! Surely the lawyers and the wealthy women would help her! That was a ray of hope. She cheered up wonderfully under it. She began to feel that it was somehow glorious

to thus serve the cause she was sworn to serve. She even had a dim hope—almost a fear—that her father had been sent for. She wanted to see a familiar face, even though she was sure he would upbraid her for bringing disgrace upon the family.

So passed the long hours. Prisoners came in—prisoners went out—laughter, rose-cries—mutterings—then came a long silence. Women yawned. Some snuggled up on the bench, their heads in their neighbors' laps, and fell fast asleep. Rhona became woefully tired—drooped where she sat—a feeling of exhaustion dragging her down. The purple-faced woman leaned forward.

"Say, honey, put your head in my lap!"

She did so. She felt warmth, ease, a drowsy comfort. She felt fast asleep. . . .

"No! no!" she cried out, "it was *he* struck me!"

She had a terrible desire to sob her heart out, and a queer sensation of being tossed in mid-air. Then she gazed about in horror. She was on her feet, had evidently been dragged up, and John, the policeman, held her arm in a pinch that left its mark. Gasping, she was shoved along through the doorway and into a scene of confusion.

They stood a few minutes in the judge's end of the blue court room, which was screened off by wire netting from the audience seats. Upon a raised platform sat the magistrate at his desk, his eyes hidden by a green shade, his bald head radiant with the electric light overhead. Clerks hovered about him, and an anemic indoor policeman, standing before him, grasped with one hand a brass rail and with the other was continually handing up prisoners to be judged. All in the enclosed space stood and moved—a mass of careless men, the lawyers, hangers-on and all who fatten upon crime—careless, laughing, nudging, talking openly to the women of the street. A crass scene, a scene of bitter cynicism, of flashy froth, degrading and cheap. Not here the majesty of the law; here only a well-oiled machine grinding out injustice.

Rhona looked about eagerly, searching faces. Not one did she know. What had happened? Had the sergeant failed in his promise? Where was the strikers' lawyer, usually on hand? Were there friends waiting out in the tired audience, among the sleepy witnesses? Suddenly then she saw Blondy laughing and



Ten hours a day or worse

talking with a gaudy woman in the crowd. She trembled all at once with rage, revolt and fear. She was fearfully afraid; fearfully helpless. What could she do? What would be done with her?

The policeman pushed her forward; her own volition could not take her, and next the indoor policeman was handing her up to the judge, and now she stood face to face with her crisis. This judge—would he understand? could he sympathize with a young girl who was innocently accused? The magistrate was talking carelessly with his clerk, and Rhona felt in a flash that all this, which to her was terrible and world-important, to him was mere trivial routine.

She waited, her heart pounding against her ribs, her breath coming short and stifled. And then she was aware of Blondy and his friends beside her. She looked straight at the magistrate, not trusting herself to glance to either side.

The magistrate looked up, and nodded to the policeman:

"What's the charge?" His voice was a colorless monotone.

"Assault, your Honor. This girl was picketing in the strike, and this special officer told her to move on. Then she struck him."

Rhona felt as if she could burst; she expected the magistrate to question her; but he continued to address the policeman.

"Any witnesses?"

"These other officers, your Honor."

The magistrate turned to Blondy's friends.

"Is what the policeman says true?"

"Yes," they chorused.

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She flung herself down her whole length, and sobbed

The Speeches of Woodrow Wilson

The Governor of New Jersey Turns a Strong Searchlight Upon Our National Problems

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

Illustrated with Photographs

ONE year ago Woodrow Wilson's chief claims to fame were the authorship of a dozen books on American history and politics and the presidency of Princeton University. Six months later he was en-
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throned in the Governor's chair of New Jersey after a notable contest with the machine politicians of that State. To-day he is widely acclaimed as a fresh, new force in American politics and a serious possibility as the next President of the United States. What is the explanation of this amazing phenomenon? Why should a nation which prides itself upon its conservatism turn with almost unexampled speed to a man who two years ago was, to use his own phrase, a schoolmaster? We do not make a practice of electing to high office men who are mere experts in the science of government; our history writers seldom become history makers; Woodrow Wilson has made a splendid record as Governor; he has been instrumental in changing New Jersey from one of our most backward to one of our most progressive States. Yet we do not lightly assume that a successful Governor of one of our smallest States is necessarily of national caliber.

The secret lies in his speeches, in his clear, fearless exposition of our national problems. These speeches have been delivered in all parts of the country, have dealt with all of our more important problems, have thrilled vast, quiet audiences with their earnestness, have made stimulating reading for a million thoughtful men. Governor Wilson lacks the liquid eloquence of Bryan, the rapier wit of Dolliver, the staccato forcefulness of Roosevelt, but he combines in a rare degree thoughtfulness, lucidity and power, and his speeches taken all together represent a consistent social and political philosophy.

That philosophy is grounded in the faith that the American people, once they have removed the pitfalls in the road to popular control, will be abundantly able to carry on our government to a fuller opportunity for all.

A PROGRAM OF REGENERATION

How we shall set about this task Governor Wilson set forth perhaps most clearly in his address before the Chamber of Commerce of Denver. This speech comprises a statement of principles and a program of action:

In the first place, we mean to open up all the processes of our politics. We find that they have been too secret, too complicated, too roundabout; that they have consisted too much of private conferences and secret understandings, of the control of legislation by men who were not legislators, but stood outside and dictated, controlling oftentimes by very questionable means, which they would not have dreamed of allowing to become public. And so we have determined that the whole process must be altered—that we must take the selection of candidates for office, for example, out of the hands of small groups of men, of little coteries, out of the hands of machines working behind closed doors, and put it in the hands of the people themselves again by means of direct primaries and elections to which



"Did you ever reflect that that flag stands for the biggest 'kick' ever recorded?"

candidates of every sort and degree may have free access. We have begun to build up a new system by which to substitute public for private machinery.

We have determined, in the second place, to give society command of its own economic life again by denying to those who conduct the great modern operations of business the privacy and independence that used to belong properly enough to men who used only their own capital and their individual energy in business. We have set out to make the processes of capital as open as the processes of politics. We are now going forward upon the principle that those who make use of the great modern accumulation of wealth, gathered together by the drag-net process of the sale of stocks and bonds, shall be treated as public trustees; that they shall be made responsible for their business methods to the great communities, which are, in fact, their working partners; that the hand which makes correction shall

easily reach them and that a new principle of responsibility may be felt throughout their structure and operation.

In the third place, we have determined to safeguard our national resources at every point, realizing, as we do, that we have been too lavish of them and have used them in spendthrift fashion. We now insist that our resources do not consist merely of forests and the power of great streams and the wealth that lies hidden in the mines or merely in the productive powers of our varied soil, but include also the lives and health of our workmen, of our women and children. The rights and health and prosperity of our workmen and workingwomen and of our children we now recognize as being our chief national resource, and we mean to safeguard that resource of all others against the selfishness of private use and profit. We shall take care of our forests and mines and water courses and soil; but, above all things else, we shall take care of our people.

THE PURIFYING POWER OF PUBLICITY

In the fourth place, we have made up our minds to cut all privilege and patronage out of our fiscal legislation, particularly out of that part of it which affects the tariff. We have come to recognize in the tariff as it is now constructed not a system of protection, but a system of favoritism, of privilege, too often granted secretly and by subterfuge instead of openly and frankly and legitimately, and we have determined to put an end to the whole of the bad business, not by hasty and drastic changes, but by the adoption of an entirely new principle—by the reformation of the whole purpose of legislation of that kind. We mean that our tariff legislation henceforth shall have as its object not private profit, but the general public development and benefit; that we shall make our fiscal laws not like those who dole out favors, but like those who serve a nation.

At all times and places Woodrow Wilson has counselled opening our governmental processes to the light. Thus at Minneapolis

Every community is vaguely aware that the political machine upon which it looks askance has certain very definite connections with men who are engaged in business on a large scale, and the suspicion which attaches to the machine itself has begun to attach also to business enterprises just because these connections are known to exist. If these connections were open and avowed, if everybody knew just what they involved and just what use was being made of the alliance, there would be no difficulty in keeping an eye upon affairs and in controlling them by public opinion. But unfortunately the whole process of lawmaking in America is a very obscure one. There is no highway of legislation, but there are many by-ways.

At another time he paid this humorous tribute to publicity:

There is one very disturbing quality in man, and I have experienced it myself.

self, and I dare say you have. When you are a long way from home and see no neighbor from near your home you give yourself an extraordinary latitude in your conduct, but if you were on the desert of Sahara and met one of your immediate neighbors coming the other way on a camel you would behave yourself until he got out of sight.

Publicity is one of the purifying elements of politics. The best thing that you can do with anything that is crooked is to lift it up where people can see that it is crooked, and then it will either straighten itself out or disappear.

THE MACHINERY OF DEMOCRACY

It is his passion for openness and simplicity that has led him into the advocacy of commission rule for cities, a campaign for which he carried on in several New Jersey towns. The necessity for it he set forth admirably in his speech in Passaic:

I have never known a man yet to do a crooked thing who did not have a good reason to give for doing it. The trouble with men is not that they deliberately break away from the barriers of conscience and do things they know to be wrong, but they are persuaded the things they do are right. And one of the most significant circumstances is the way that the assistance of the judgment of other persons helps in determining what is right. If we had to do all our thinking out loud, much thinking would be very different from what it is. Now, under a commission form of government, your government has to do its thinking out loud. There is no way of getting under cover, no way of escaping responsibility, and all reasoning has to be reasoning that will bear examination.

In another address he pointed out the possibility of carrying the commission government idea still farther:

The point in commission government is not that it will simply give the city good and responsible and economical government. Just as soon as the commission plan is adopted and people begin to live under it and take notice what follows, they are going to extend their horizon and adopt a similar plan for governing their State.

In accordance with his unshakable faith in the people is his approval of the modern devices for popular self-government, the newer machinery of democracy. It is significant of Governor Wilson's open-mindedness that he once wrote in opposition to these measures, but when a season of practical politics convinced him of their necessity he freely ad-

THE TEACHINGS OF A NEW JERSEY SCHOOLMASTER

The only permanent thing we have is change.

Everything that has ever happened in history has happened because a large number of men kicked.

I do not fear revolution. I do not fear it even if it comes. I have unshaken faith in the power of America to keep its self-possession.

I have no objection to the size and beauty and power of the automobile. I am interested, however, in the size and conscience of the men who handle it, and what I object to is that some of these corporation men are taking joy rides in their corporations.

While you are walking around with your hands in your pockets, whistling, thinking the world is going on as usual, there is a little group of gentlemen in some room, somewhere, putting up a job on you.

If you are ever tempted to let a government reform itself, I ask you to look back in the pages of history and find me a government that reformed itself.

That a peasant may become a king does not render the kingdom democratic.

We are not going to break faith with the past or with each other, but by the elements of perseverance we are going to get what we want.

We did not start out to show the world how those things that the world has always been doing could be done over again upon a slightly larger scale. That does not satisfy our ambition. That is not what America is for.

mitted his error. He said in his address before the Knife and Fork Club at Kansas City:

Among the remedies proposed in recent years have been the initiative and referendum in the field of legislation and the recall in the field of administration. These measures are supposed to be characteristic of the most radical programs, and they are supposed to be meant to change the very character of our government. They have no such purpose. Their intention is to restore, not to destroy, representative government. It must be remembered by every candid man who discusses these matters that we are contrasting the operation of the initiative and the referendum not with the representative government which we possess in theory and which we have long persuaded ourselves that we possessed in fact, but in contrast with the actual state of affairs, in contrast with legislative processes which are carried on in secret, responding to the impulse of subsidized machines and carried through by men whose unhappiness it is to realize that they are not their own masters, but puppets in a game.

The recall is a means of administrative control. If properly regulated and devised it is a means of restoring to administrative officials what the initiative and referendum restore to legislators—namely, a sense of direct responsibility to the people who choose them.

He does not believe it advisable, however, to extend the recall principle to the judiciary. To quote further from the Kansas City speech:

It is sufficient that the people should have the power to change the law when they will. It is not necessary that they should directly influence by threat of recall those who merely interpret the law already established. The importance and desirability of the recall as a means of administrative control ought not to be obscured by drawing it into this other and very different field.

In his inaugural address, Governor Wilson called attention to the widespread dissatis-

faction with our State Legislatures, both for what they do and for what they do not do, and advocated the direct primary as a corrective measure:

Obviously this is something that goes to the root of the whole matter. Back of all reform lies the method of getting it. Back of the question what you want lies the question, the fundamental question of all government, how are you going to get it? How are you going to get public servants who will obtain it for you? How are you going to get genuine representatives who will serve your real interests, and not their own or the interests of some special group or body of your fellow-citizens whose power is of the few and not of the many? These are the queries which have drawn the attention of the whole country to the subject of the direct primary, the direct choice of representatives by the people, without the intervention of the nominating machine, the nominating organization.

THE DUTY OF THE LAWYER

But these devices are of little value unless we have the cooperation of honest men in making them effective. Governor Wilson thinks the lawyers particularly have an important work to perform in our regeneration just as it is "the big unscrupulous lawyers who gain large fees by showing their clients how to evade rather than comply with the laws" who are such a menace to our institutions. Few of his words are more inspiring than those delivered before the Kentucky Bar Association:

If the bar associations of this country were to devote themselves, with the great knowledge and ability at their command, to the utter simplification of judicial procedure, to the abolition of technical difficulties and pitfalls, to the removal of every unnecessary form, to the absolute subordination of method to the object sought, they would do a great patriotic service which, if they will not address themselves to it, must be undertaken by laymen and novices. The actual miscarriages of justice, because of nothing more than a mere slip in a phrase or a mere error in an immaterial form, are nothing less than shocking. Their number is incalculable, but much more incalculable than their number is the damage they do to the reputation of the profession and to the majesty and integrity of the law. Any one bar association which would show the way to radical reform in

[Continued on page 58]



Governor Wilson upholds at least one of the Taft policies



Mrs. Wilson and the Governor at their summer home at Sea Girt



Chapter VIII

THE TARTARIN OF LONG ISLAND SOUND

It is the flattering American fashion socially to address every lawyer as "Judge," and everyone whose appearance suggests a connection with the other learned professions, however remote, as "Doctor" or "Professor," on

Long Island Sound, everyone in any way connected with the sea, from clam-digging upward, is "Cap'n." So, when I introduce Cap'n Cyrus Haverstraw of *The Whistling Oyster*, you must salute with becoming respect, and, though indeed the captain's present command was but an antique fishing sloop of distinguished dilapidation, looking like nothing so much as a marine junk wagon,



Captain Haverstraw pulled ashore

there is many a smart captain with gold lace on his hat that would make but a poor showing in practical navigation and all the motley experience of the sea by the side of Cap'n Haverstraw, who, with the rest of the crew, as Old John had murmured in the night, pulled ashore while we were eating breakfast. This crew consisted of a bright-eyed, dark-skinned little lad, who proved to be one of the captain's numerous progeny, and a socially inclined fox terrier known as "His Nibs," who lost no time in paying his respects to Melchisedek.

The captain was a tall handsome man of a rather rakish weather-beaten countenance, marked by other wear and tear than that of the elements, a man you would have taken for sixty, had he not vaingloriously owned to eighty-three, but quite invulnerable, a type of ancient very different from Old John with his bearded prophet look; evidently an earthly old buccaneer, tough as an oak, profane as the proverbial sailor's parrot and humorously cynical with a vast unregenerate experience of the world. His racy language must needs be edited for the gentle reader, and his stories thereby lose much of their salt and savor. And the captain, as I soon realized, was one of those horn story-tellers who live more by conversation than by any of their multifarious marine industries. Talk was the breath of his nostrils—talk, and rye whisky, of which he was even more redolent than of the salt seas.

Travels with a Junk-Man in Arcadia

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Author of *OCTOBER VAGABONDS*, *THE PAINLESS REVOLUTION*, ETC.

Illustrations by JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

"Mornin', John," said he, on landing, "honoring us again with one of your annual visits, I see."

"Aye, still got to keep a going," answered John, "and how's the sea-serpent industry?"

"Same old leaky bottom of a world," replied the captain.

"Still got your shanty over on the island?" asked John.

"Sold it only last week."

"Good money?"

"You bet. One of those fancy gents who bought the Dobbs place said it obstructed his view of the water. If he'd seen as much of the water as I have—"

"As much what, did you say?" laughed John.

"You must still have your joke, I see," answered the captain, "and that reminds me, do you still carry that old Jamaica in your department store?"

"Laid in a supply especially for you, Cy. Thought perhaps you might possibly be thirsty."

"Not a drop of the goods on board," averred the captain, turning a wrathful eye on his offspring, who smiled rather ruefully and edged away, with a protective gesture, as though reminiscent of a sea-hoot or a rope's end. "That young cannibal there knocked over the bottle on the way across last night. But he won't do it again, I reckon—will you? Will you?" he repeated.

"No, sir," answered the boy, his dark eyes gleaming with an unexpected impish merriment, as though likings were a form of the captain's humor, so familiar as to have lost their terror.

"Ah, he's a young rascal, that he is," said the captain. "The more I lick him the more he laughs—just like his mother. Guess he'll be running away from me one of these days. Same as her. Eh! you rascal?"

"No, sir," answered the boy, again grinning even more gleefully, as if the captain's humor was quite irresistible.

"Tell us about the deal," reminded John, who, meanwhile, had produced the old Jamaica to the captain's great satisfaction.

"Well, the fancy gent who said I spoiled



"Mornin' John"

his view seemed at first to think I'd give it to him just to oblige him, so to say. Offered me a hundred dollars. What do you make of that? 'Go way and do a lot more thinking,' I said. 'If you want the view you must pay me real money for it,' I said—and so we



"This particular view was figured by God Almighty at not a cent less than a thousand dollars."

dickered and dickered. 'The beauties of nature,' I told him, 'come high in these days and this particular view was figured by God Almighty at not a cent less than a thousand dollars.'

"And you got it?"

"Last week—not a penny less. He was hot you see, and I was cold. When it's that way as long as you sit tight, there's only one end to a bargain. I shouldn't have taken that only it'll help along with this rascal's schooling."

"Going to send him to Harvard?" asked John.

"I was wondering," said the captain, helping himself to the old Jamaica.

As he lifted up the glass he paused.



The first three-masted schooner that ever sailed out of the Sound

"Did you know, John, that the whole of that old ramshackle property—there's a good hundred acres of it—was bought from the Indians by John Dobbs for a gallon of this same poison here? Yes! I know the time when a thousand dollars would have bought the whole calaboose."

"Why didn't you buy it?" asked John slyly.

"And I could have done that, too, John Couch, and you know it."

"Of course, I know it. What I was thinking is what a fool you've been with all your money."

"That's true enough, too. Did I ever tell you that I owned the first three-masted schooner that ever sailed out of the Sound?"

"No, tell us about it," said John innocently, giving me a wink on the side.

"Yes," continued the captain. "I'd been a gold-diggin' in Australia away in the forties and I came back to Boston with twenty-five thousand dollars. What did I do with it? Like a blamed idiot, I put every cent of it into that schooner. She was all ready for sea with her cargo all aboard. But just as we figured to leave port, down I went with fever and I had to put another man in charge of her." The captain paused to set his pipe going again. "Yes! he was a sea cook of the

ame of Coffin. I went to the hospital, and took command. And off sailed my twenty-five thousand dollars—for, from that day to this, not another word, so help me, has been heard either of ship or crew."



And off sailed my twenty-five thousand dollars

"It's true, I guess, every word of it," said John seriously, turning to me.

"True! Did you ever hear me give you anything that wasn't just so?"

"Never!" assented John solemnly.

"Yes, indeed! and there's a lot more fool things happened to me the same way. I guess you're right, John—a fool and his money—that's me. But what's the odds, I've had my tin—and lots of it—and what more do you want?"

With this philosophic pronouncement the captain paused and smoked in silence for a while; but Old John seemed bent on drawing him out for my benefit.

"What did you do next?" he asked, and the captain turned to again, nothing loath.

"When I came out of the hospital, I heard a lot of talk about California, and I thought might as well go and look over the mines out there. So to California I went. I struck an old deserted claim down in the southern section. It had been worked a while and then abandoned, but something I heard about made me think there might be some pickings the other fellows had forgotten.

"But, bless you, I worked there a good month without coming on as much gold as you could put into a front tooth; and I was getting a bit discouraged, and just about ready to quit, when late one afternoon my pick struck something hard and lumpy, and I said to myself, 'By—that's a nugget!'" (The captain pronounced "nugget" as here spelled.)

"But before I could make sure, I spied coming over the hill, a sort of Chinese half-breed loafer who was always snoopin' around, and had nothing again" him, 'cept that he was always around poking in his nose and



And to Boston I came safe and sound

asking questions. So, I thought to myself that I'd better lie low, and I covered up the ace, and pretended to be fooling with the deck where I knew blamed well there was nothing doing. So up he comes, and asks in his Chinese lingo, what luck.

"'Luck!'" said I, "such luck that I'm rough with this — place, and to-morrow morning sees me pull up stakes."

"'Place no good,'" said the Chinese, shaking his head.

"'No good,'" said I, "quit to-morrow morning."

"He hung around a while, and then made up his mind, but I thought it best to be careful, so I waited till night, and I brought a lantern with me to the pocket, and there, sure enough was

a nugget as big as my two fists, one of the biggest nuggets you ever see.

"In those days miners used to wear long hair. Perhaps, young man," turning to me, "you don't know the reason. Well, the reason why was that gold attracts hair like a magnet. If you take a long hair and touch it to a nugget, if it's a real nugget it'll draw the hair, just like a magnet draws steel. That's a true thing. So I pulled out a hair or two and put it to the nugget, and it stuck that fast you could hardly pull it away. It was a nugget sure enough. You may bet it wasn't long before I had it wrapped in my blanket, and off to 'Frisco."

"But in them days it wasn't safe—any more than now, I reckon—to be wandering around with a nugget like that, for there was bush-whackers everywhere, and there were Englishmen, too, with sheep ranches, and they were just as bad; so I durstn't make a bee line to 'Frisco, but wound round and about, taking four times as long as I needed to have done to get there. Well, to make a long story short, I made it at last, and I took my nugget to be changed. Gold was going then at a good price. I don't reckon I got the squarest of deals, but I was glad enough to sell out for forty-one thousand dollars."

"Forty-one thousand dollars!" John and I both exclaimed in admiration.

"Yes; forty-one thousand dollars. It was the biggest nugget that had been found for quite a while. It was shown in a window as a wonder, and people came around trying to find out who it was as found it, but you may bet I lay low, kept quiet in my hotel till there



I lost it all—on four kings

was a boat ready to sail to Boston—and to Boston I came back safe and sound with my forty-one thousand dollars."

The captain paused once more to allow his story to sink in, at the same time allowing a further potation to sink in, too.

"Yes. I got to Boston safe enough," he went on, "but what do you think I did with it there?" Another dramatic pause.

"I lost it all—on four kings."

This picturesque conclusion being received with appropriate exclamations, the captain continued:

"It's the truth! Four kings! And I dealt the cards, too. I had dealt myself one king, and drew three more. So it looked a sure thing. But heaven help me if the other sport didn't have four aces! So bang went my forty-one thousand dollars—on four kings! Did you ever hear the like o' that?"

After our appreciation of this yarn had run its course, Old John turned to me. "You've got the captain started," he said. "I'll tell you what we'll do. You're a good listener and the captain's got lots more where that came from. I've got some little business in the town here. I'll about it and leave you in the captain's hands. He's never got any work to do, 'cept talkin', eh, cap'n? What do you say to taking care of my young friend till I get back? Is it agreeable, cap'n?"

"Sure thing," answered the mariner, "so long as you leave the Jamaica to keep us company."

So presently John had harnessed William to the department store, and was off jingling on his way, while the captain and I remained



From a three years' whaling cruise

behind with his bright-eyed, dark-skinned offspring, "His Nibs," and the sea.

Chapter IX

MORE OF THE CAPTAIN'S YARNS

WHILE Old John was thus off on his rounds, collecting one kind of "junk," I sat on the rocks with the captain, collecting another kind, the "junk" of old stories, of which he seemed to have an inexhaustible supply. I suppose that matter-of-fact minds might have found food for skepticism in some of his yarns, and I understood that he had a reputation as a first-class liar, the length and breadth of the Sound. But, surely, the goodness of a story has nothing to do with its truth, and the sacred gift of imagination is too rare and precious to be subjected to the chilly gaze of an ungrateful criticism.

Personally, I had no mind to question the captain's veracity, but brought him the respectful attention due to an artist, for whom facts are but so much raw material, to be appropriated and manipulated according to his fancy and skill. The exact size and weight of his "nugget" were no concern of mine. All that was necessary was that it should be big enough for dramatic purposes, and, even supposing that there had been no "nugget" at all, what matter so long as the captain was able so creatively to imagine one. Nor did I dream of questioning dates and names of places and persons which, like a true artist in the mysterious, he was very particular to have right, often pausing to make sure that his memory was not playing him false, that it was actually, for instance, the 12th, and not the 14th, of January, 1862, when he landed at New Bedford, from a three years' whaling cruise, to find that the Civil War had broken out, and that adventurous spirits such as his were much in demand at the front.

"So you were in the war?" said I, throwing out one of those entirely colorless ques-



Adventurous spirits such as his were much in demand at the front

tions, which are technically known as "feeders," merely the humble conjunction between the last story and the next.

"Was I?" said the captain. "Look here," and opening his shirt he pointed to no less

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UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

than three considerable scars on different parts of his body.

"There ain't none in the back, anyway," was his significant comment, "and I got the hull three of them within a fortnight of joining the army. So you'll understand that I know more about the beginning of the war than the end of it. Most of my time was put in at Andersonville, and if you know what Andersonville meant, you may well wonder that I'm here chewing the rag with you, this blessed day. If I hadn't been as tough as hickory—well, Andersonville, as anyone'll tell you that was there was just hell upon earth. Hell upon earth—there's no other name for it."

And the captain laughed forth in remarks on that famous Southern prison which, now that the grass of oblivion and the white flower of peace have so long grown over that tragic tract of history, may well go unrecorded. But, as the old man vituperated on what he called the ribs, and drew ghastly pictures of the notorious "death line," with many a touch of homely horror, it seemed as though it had all happened yesterday, instead of some fifty years ago. "Four tablespoons of catnaul a day for food, and nothing to wear but sacking—that's the truth," he said, "and them were lucky as had that."

"But you escaped?" I commented, once more supplying the humble conjunction.

"Yes! though it meant death if you were caught. But I figured that it was better to be shot for good and all than to go on living on rats and old shoes. Shoes! Why there wasn't a man with a pair of shoes on his feet. We'd eaten them all. It's the truth, and if a man had a pair of pants to his name he was in luck. Strips of old sacking was all that most of us had to get around in. But somehow or other I managed to steal some pants, and a rag of a shirt, and one black night I crept out and made a dash for the swamps. It was all swamps and laurel scrub down there. A sentry fired at me out of the darkness, but he missed that time—they didn't often miss—blame 'em—and I got clear."

But I hadn't got far when I heard a great hollering away behind me and the bloodhounds getting on the job. I could hear them baying and panting a little way off, but I managed to get to the swamps and hide myself up to the neck in mud, and they lost the scent and gave up.

"But the bloodhounds were not the worst. The swamp was full of snakes and alligators, and I could hear, yes and feel them splashing and gliding all about me all night in the pitch darkness. You may let I never expected to see daylight, and when it came, it wasn't much use, for I daren't stir out of the swamp till it was dark again. So there I had to stay all day up to my neck in the mud, in the beating sun, and the whole place just one mess of alligators and snakes. Well, when night came, there was just a bit of misty moonlight, enough to see by, and yet not enough to be seen. So I plucked up heart and pushed through the swamp till I scrambled out into the laurel brush on the other side. I was fairly safe then, but I hadn't gone many yards when I got one of the biggest scares of my life."

"Pushing along through the laurel brush, all of a sudden I came out on a bit of a clearing, with a big tree in the center. But there was something standing in the middle of the tree, white and dimlike. It was too dark to figure exactly what it was, but it seemed to be about twelve feet high, very white and still. Now I'm not afraid of most things, but



I got the hull three of them within a fortnight of joining the army

that gave me a real old-fashioned scare. I can tell you. I don't know as I believe in ghosts, but there was a ghost, sure enough. I couldn't see what else it could be. But, after a while, I braced up and crept a bit nearer and a bit nearer. My heart was in my mouth, I'll allow. A bit nearer still, and a bit nearer, and there—what do you think it was? The skeleton of one of our poor boys that had been strung up there by the rebels dangling and rattling in the moonlight. I tell you it was a mighty lonesome sight, and it gives me the creeps still to think of it.

"Br-r-r!" added the captain, fortifying himself with a dram of the Jamaica, "it was the most lonesome thing I ever see."

"And I guess fear isn't much in your line, cap'n," I said, with a complimentary smile.

"Well, I won't go to brag," answered the captain modestly, "every man has something he's afraid of—the bravest of us. The first time you go into action—storming a hill like this here, for example, with the big guns pointing at you and blazing away, and the rifles popping all around you, and the bullets singing by your ears like Jersey mosquitoes—the man who says he's not afraid is a liar. You can take it from me, and I've been there. But after a time or two, you get used to it, like everything else. It's wonderful what a man can get used to. It certainly is."

"But, talking of fear," continued the captain, after a short pause, "I'll tell you a funny thing. It's something that'll make you laugh at me, I guess, and I can't help laughing myself as I think of it—but it's true as I'm here, till this day. Now, I've been in pretty well every port on the map, and that means some tough places, you won't need telling. Yes! Europe, Australia, Africa, India, South America—there isn't a port in the seven seas I haven't poked my nose into at one time or another—and there's only one I've ever been afraid of."

The captain made the necessary dramatic pause, for my curiosity to fill in.

"Yes! and I'd lay a thousand dollars that if I gave you a thousand guesses, you'd never hit the name of that port." The captain paused again, and then lowering his voice, as if he was still almost afraid to take the dangerous name on his lips, continued:

"The name of that port is—New Haven!"

"New Haven!" I naturally exclaimed, "New Haven! for Heaven's sake! You're joking, of course!"

"Not on your life. I'm serious. I haven't set my foot in New Haven for sixty-odd years—and you don't get me there, if I know it."

And then the captain explained the reason why innocent-sounding New Haven, scholastic and demure, should be a name of terror for a swash-buckling old sea dog who had rioted in every sailor's hell on the edge of the waters. This time it was a love story. The captain's first love affair. She had been a New Haven girl—and she had six big brothers. Perfect giants, the captain said. There, practically, is the story. Enough said. So, for all these sixty-odd years the captain had been haunted with the vision of six big brothers "laying" for him on the pier, watching the incoming vessels with determined faces. Even in Boston and New York he scarcely felt himself safe, and would ship out again from these ports as fast as possible.

"Would you go there now?" I asked shyly. "New Haven? Not me," the captain answered earnestly, genuine fear in his voice. It was all sixty years ago, and yet the captain was quite seriously afraid of New Haven.

Chapter X

LUNCH ABOARD *The Whistling Oyster*

As Old John had not returned by noon, the captain invited me to lunch aboard *The Whistling Oyster*, where we made an excellent meal of "winkle" chowder, of the captain's own preparation. The winkle is the exceedingly solid and perdurable inhabitant of these large spiral shells, delicate as a Gre vase, which "litter the margins of the sphere. That nature should have provided so exquisite a tenement, of shape so fairylike, for so unlovely and lumpy a creature is one of the innumerable ironies, and anyone who has ever used the winkle for bait will wonder, too, remembering the obstinate resistance of its opaque and horny substance to the hook, how matter so uncomplimentary could ever be made to come to terms with a human stomach."

To such a one "winkle" chowder will sound something like rhinoceros ragout. The cap-



Made a dash for the swamps

tain, however, seemed to possess the culinary secret of softening its disposition beyond recognition, and I assure you that it was a most savory mess into which the captain, his darling skinned young familiar and I plunged our spoons on board *The Whistling Oyster*; and as the water lapped peacefully about that distinguished vessel and my eyes took in the various sea furniture and the general economy of the little craft, I confess to feeling great envy for the captain's gipsy way of life.

He on sea, and Old John on land, seemed to have solved the problem of human existence, so artificially complicated in cities, by a reduction of it to its simplest elements by the simple process of living natural lives and finding their sustenance and satisfaction where they lie ready to every man's hand, a free gift of earth and sea and sky. They had at the cost of little exertion, all that a man needs for his physical well-being, and the enjoyed that spacious leisure in the company and contemplation of the noble energies of the universe, those spectacles of its power and

(Continued on page 39)



Original from

The Admirable Admirals

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Author of *ON THE EBB TIDE*, *GLOOMY ON THE GRIDIRON*, ETC.

Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

WE were running out with the afternoon tide, bound for the Georges banks. Behind the schooner, the sun was going down in a bloody murk from the streaming stacks of Boston, that maw whose hunger for the cod will never appeased. Boston Light lay on our port beam when Captain Hands drew my attention to another schooner, beating up to pass us starboard.

"Make out the 'Ol' Man,' sittin' there on the 'traf'!"

The "Ol' Man" appeared to me, at that distance, to be rather a young man, but I added.

"Curious," he soliloquized.

This is the story of the young "old man," nearly as I can remember Captain Hands' account of that afternoon:

To begin with, there was the two admirals. We used to call 'em in the old days. Cap'n Todd was short an' kind of fat, with a big stutlin' crop of whiskers an' two blue eyes 'pin' out of 'em like he loved the world an' could do anything he could for it, s'long's he had a pocket-knife or somethin' to boot. I don't know exactly why us Americans looked to him—of course there ain't no real admirals in a fishin' fleet—but I s'pose it was because he had a big vessel an' had been at it longer than most. Anyway, him an' Cap'n Silvado took it on 'emself to be fathers an' was like to the rest of us, an' so they was. Cap'n Silvado was a Portugee, an' of course he had the say in that end of the fleet. He was out as different from Cap'n Todd as an aster from the moon—tall an' thin an' dark, with a tremendous black mustache an' roman-eyes.

Of course the Yanks an' the Portugees didn't always slide on together any too smooth, but these two was friends. Not that they couldn't shave each other's prices, now and then, or crowd each other out of a dock berth, but they always done it kindly an' no ill blood between 'em. They was forever settlin' their friendly differences up at Mahoney's place, over a glass of somethin', an' they never got 'em settled until closin' up time, when they would help each other back to their beds—it was always a standin' wonder whether of 'em ever stepped off the dock in the dark an' floated away. As I say, they was friends, an' they did get along together nighble.

Well, I s'pose they might've been friends this day if it hadn't been that Effie Bloom took the stenography job at the Fish Commission—that first buildin' on Fish Wharf, you know. Effie Bloom wasn't much for size—about five foot three I s'pose—but she was a powerful person in other ways. Its a matter of record she had five proposals handed to her, her first week, but my stars, you might's well've tried to catch a whale with old hook. All of 'em was from riff-raff, like her hands an' sloop came an' such. Not that she appeared to care about that—them proposals never even reached her—seems like was water slidin' off a gull's wing. She was always kind an' interested, but she didn't seem to understand what they was at. But you can just lay your hat this riff-raff didn't hang around long after the two admirals turned up—not by a mug-full. It happened they come into port together, fifth day Effie Bloom was there. Now you know the



"Let me make you acquainted with my new hand, Georgie Bloom," says Cap'n Todd

first thing a fishin' skipper does when he gets to Fish Wharf is to jump onto the dock an' scuttle up the Fish Commission stairs, everything drawin'.

Well, Cap'n Todd seen her first, which was unfortunate. I say it was unfortunate, because us Yanks naturally favored Cap'n Todd, an' this sudden, unexpected kind of a flop took him all aback, leavin' him layin' there with all his cloth flappin', an' him wishin' he had his good clo'es on an' his whiskers trimmed. But Cap'n Silvado wasn't so easy drawd in. He seen the condition Cap'n Todd was in right off, so he took an observation or so, an' then he backed out an' disappeared up Atlantic Avenue an' didn't show up again for more'n half an hour.

You should've heard the talk that went around that wharf when he did show up. If Cap'n Silvado 'd been born an' raised a millionaire, he couldn't've looked any stylisher 'n he did—new brown suit, yellow shoes, striped

vest, purple tie—how he ever got it together in that time I never could figure out. Up the stairs he sails, an' there was Cap'n Todd still wanderin' around an' tryin' to hide his hands. Cap'n Silvado nodded to him far away like, as if he was an old friend that 'd fallen by the wayside in some disgraceful way, an' then he pranced over an' set down to dictate a whoppin' long letter to somebody he might've known if there had ever been such a person in the world, not forgettin' to use them romantic eyes of his.

Well, the war was on. Before two days was gone by, there wasn't a soul on that part of the water-front didn't know all about it an' take sides one way or the other. I'll confess I risked a piece of money on Cap'n Todd myself, more from patriotism than any belief he'd win out. You see, Cap'n Silvado had a heap better lines for that sort of cruisin'. None of us thought it would be a matter of more'n two or three days with the admirals on



Altogether it was a happy and companionable time

the job, but it turned out we didn't know the waters they was sailin' in. When I said there wasn't a soul that didn't know what was goin' on I made a mistake. There was one. That one was Miss Effie Bloom—seemed to pass clean over her fluffy head without stirrin' the air.

The next month was the funniest time you ever seen. I believe the admirals made three trips that month—they stuck together, by the way, so's neither 'em could give the other the slip an' get away for port alone—an' every time they hit the wharf, each of 'em laid a course for the uptown shops before ever they showed up at the commission. Talkin' of clo'es. If fishermen was as quick to follow fashions as shore people are, the end of that month would've seen every hand in the fleet runnin' around in checkered pants and pink vests an' nothin' in the pockets of either of 'em. Cap'n Todd didn't look so bad—cut quite a handsome figger, if I do say it—but Cap'n Todd—Oh, Lord!

The funny part of it was, it didn't seem to be gettin' 'em anywhere. Cap'n Silvano could roll his eyes an' look sick an' all that, but the girl only said it was too bad and why didn't he see a doctor. Cap'n Todd could wait until she looked out of the window an' then balance a four-horse load on one shoulder while he lit his pipe, toss the load into a cart, look up accidental an' catch her eye an' blush in his whiskers. Then she would tell somebody inside that she wished she had a father as strong as Cap'n Todd, an' whoever she told it to would strangle.

As I said, they didn't seem to be gettin' anywhere, but their time in port wasn't so long they could afford to be standin' still. As it was, their crews was raisin' heck because they took so long to land their fish an' take ice, bein' somewhat interested in their share money which didn't come in while they was settin' on Fish Wharf.

Finally Cap'n Todd took the wind out of the other's sails an' broke the ice at the same time by askin' Effie to go to the show with him. Effie says she would be tickled to death. When that news got around, odds on Cap'n Todd clumb right up to the trucks, an' though Cap'n Silvano tried to get to windward by buyin' her a bunch of sweet peas to wear on the spree, us Yanks was all ready for the rice an' bells.

Effie appeared to be havin' the time of her life, an' Cap'n Todd was certainly havin' the time of his, that is up till the latter part of the evenin', when Effie comes across a young man she knew and fell on his neck right in front of the bearded lady. Cap'n Todd gathered the young man 'd been away somewhere an' had come back unexpected. Cap'n Todd was no pirate, generally speakin', but if a plank 'd been handy right then, that young fellow 'd probably given an exhibition of high divin' on the spot. Just before Cap'n Todd was ready to die of apoplexy, he found out the fellow was only Effie's cousin.

"You're not lookin' for a berth?" says Cap'n Todd, all lit up with a sudden inspiration.

"That's exactly what he is looking for," puts in Effie before the other could say Boo. "Oh, Mr. Todd, I should think such a nice man as you've been to a poor motherless girl could find Georgie a position."

Cap'n Todd swelled up about three sizes too big for his salmon-colored vest an' appeared to be thinkin' it out. Bime-by he allowed he had a full crew, but if Mr. Georgie wanted to come he'd go so far's to take on an extra hand—he'd do anythin' to oblige Miss Bloom, says he. Then Georgie said he didn't mind, an' everybody was happy, 'specially Cap'n Todd.

Well, the stir that news raised around the place next mornin' hadn't been equalled since the powder barge blew up off Long Wharf.

Cap'n Silvano set in his cabin tearin' his hair while Cap'n Todd paraded up an' down w his prize, who was a good enough lookin' at that, only a mite peaked. The only of hair that was bein' tore around there ' what Cap'n Todd's own crew was doin', specially favorin' the idea of a lubber sh mate an' a pet at that. They seen well how would go—or how it would've gone if Cap'n Todd hadn't carried so everlastin' much ' as he did that mornin'. Why in thunder can't a man sail safe when he's got a g lead?

What happened was this. The Handy A (Cap'n Todd's vessel) was ready to get un way any minute, but Cap'n Todd just na rally couldn't bring himself to leave with gettin' a squirm out of Cap'n Silvano, bein's that party kept out of sight in cabin, what was he to do but swarm down say good mornin', takin' Georgie with him course. As luck would have it, Effie Blo wasn't doin' much that mornin', so down swarmed, too.

"Howdy," says Cap'n Todd, settin' in bunk an' wavin' his hand to the rest of party to do likewise, like he owned place.

"Howdy," says Cap'n Silvano. "Let me make you acquainted with my r hand, Georgie Bloom," says Cap'n Todd.

"Howdy," says Cap'n Silvano again.

"I wasn't specially needin' anybody, but thought I would take him on to oblige M Effie," says Cap'n Todd, to help the effect. did help the effect considerable. Nobody e said Cap'n Silvano wasn't about as quick the next one.

"Zat so?" says he, perkin' up an' look Georgie over. "You look like pretty fine f as wouldn't want t put Cap'n Todd to trou Mebby you come wid me—all same—I nid man by Gorza go away dis mornin'—you h



"Old angels!" the two of 'em exploded together

the job an' no bother Cap'n Todd. Ain't dat Miss Blunt?"

"Oh, how good of you, Mr. Silvano," says she, clappin' her hands while Cap'n Todd fell backwards an' strangled. "I'm sure it's just the thing and will save nice Mr. Todd all that trouble. I'm sure Georgie would like it bet- ter, too. He's very independent."

All this time Cap'n Todd was tryin' to pull himself out of his mouth so's he could roar. But he was so awful mixed up with it that Georgie fell in with the idea good an' hearty afore he could get it loose. The Belle Silva was a pretty staunch little craft, but she had got out all she could stand before they got Cap'n Todd out of her, usin' most vile lan- guage which he tried to keep in his beard so's he wouldn't hear it an' darn nigh chokin' to death doin' it. It wasn't till some while after that that one of Cap'n Silvano's men under- stood why he was fired that mornin'.

Georgie stayed with Cap'n Silvano about two months. It wasn't long before he wasn't speaked as he had been, an' he certainly did not look up the hang of things surprisin' fast for a handicap he was workin' under. Never, lay my hat, was a dory hand treated by an old man like what Georgie got from Cap'n Silvano. Nothin' was too good for him. His bunk was aft, right next the skip- per's—his wheel watch didn't amount to much—an' his share money was mysteriously gone to the others, which he didn't say nothin' about, because Cap'n Silvano told him wasn't the custom to gossip.

Well, you can easy believe Cap'n Todd was tryin' on some in the meantime. Georgie meddled out to be a winnin' card all right. Every time the Belle Silva tied up after a while, Effie Bloom'd sail right in an' make her- self at home, treatin' Cap'n Silvano so nice he'd be bust a collar regular. You can make

sure all this didn't help Cap'n Todd's feelin's a great deal, bein' he was always tied along- side closer'n a brother, an' the things he stooped to, to seduce Georgie away, you wouldn't credit. It was quite a spell before he got any action though, an' what he did get was owin' to one of Cap'n Silvano's own crew, which was naturally cantankerous at havin' Georgie around livin' the easy life.

It so happened the two admirals had their ice in, one time, all ready to put to sea in the early mornin'. Well, this was where Cap'n Silvano's smartness got him into trouble, just like Cap'n Todd's had him before. Knowin' that Cap'n Todd'd have to leave in the morn- in', anyway, he figgered he could give him the slip an' make the night tide about eleven, an' so beat him out for half a day on the trip. So he passed the word to stay tight an' say nothin'. One of 'em did say somethin' though, an' that to one of Cap'n Todd's hands, who naturally passed it on to the old man.

How Cap'n Todd got Georgie ashore with- out Cap'n Silvano's knowin', I don't see—asked him to come up an' have just one drink I s'pose. Anyway, when they got settled down in Mahoney's, it wasn't one drink they had, but two or three or a couple of dozen. Know- in' the lay of the land, Cap'n Todd was pretty fairly certain Cap'n Silvano wouldn't think of pipin' Georgie up in the middle of the night for such a matter as makin' sail, an' it turned out he was right.

Georgie was naturally an affectionate little cuss, an' when he got a few of 'em under his belt he was absolutely lovin'. Cap'n Todd found out he'd always been Georgie's ideal, an' best friend, an' elder brother an' all that, an' so when they got back to the wharf some- where around midnight an' found an empty berth instead of the Belle Silva, it wasn't very hard to convince Georgie he'd been mistreated

scandalous. Likewise, it happened queer enough that Cap'n Todd was short a man, an' if Georgie wouldn't come somebody else would have to be hunted up. How much truth there was in that, I can't say. I only know there was a good deal of a fuss kicked up by one of the Handy Ann men next mornin' over bein' fired without any special reason. But they do say that when Cap'n Silvano looked over his crew at sea the next day, the lan- guage he used rotted the mains'l off the boom.

So Cap'n Todd was in right for a spell, an' we had the laugh on Cap'n Silvano. If Georgie was pampered aboard of the Belle Silva, I don't know what you'd call the treatment he got in the Handy Ann. No amount of money would've lured me into signin' with a vessel that was run like that one was for the next few weeks. We all had to admit though that Georgie pulled out of it astonishin' well—I don't know's I ever seen a fellow get onto the hang of the trade as quick as he did, an' with all that agin him too.

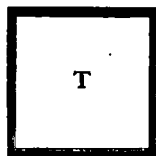
Things happened fast though, when they did happen in that goin' on. So we wasn't took aback much when Georgie turned up with the Belle Silva one trip, signed on as mate. I tell you it was disgustin'. To think of them two skippers we'd always kind of looked up to, carryin' on like two crazy idiots over a fluff-headed thing that didn't stand no higher'n a wheel post, so to speak. You'd've thought it was about somethin' was beginnin' to get decided, too. Not by a jugful. I've never been able to figger out whether that girl was too innocent to live in this world or whether she'd set out to lead them old codgers a race till they was black in the face—either way it was it come to the same thing.

Well, when they got Georgie a vessel of his own, we was all ready to lay down an' die. I

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The Reciprocity Illusion

BY AMOS PINCHOT



THE only tariff measure introduced at the last session of Congress which President Taft did not veto is the so-called Reciprocity bill, which was passed by the Senate on July 22d and signed by the President a few days later.

President Taft is explaining why he was unwilling to sign other tariff-reducing bills until the Tariff Board has given him the benefit of its researches. Let us therefore examine the one tariff-reducing bill which the President was willing to sign without waiting for the Tariff Board's report.

In view of the fact that during the months of June and July almost every newspaper in the United States made daily head-line references to "Reciprocity," it is extraordinary that not one person out of a thousand has the slightest idea of what the "Reciprocity" bill contained.

On July 23, the day after the "Reciprocity" bill was passed, Mr. Taft sent to William Randolph Hearst the following telegram:

"THE PRESIDENT'S COTTAGE, BEVERLY, MASS.,
July 23, 1911.

Editor New York American, New York:

I wish to express my high appreciation of the energetic work of the seven Hearst papers and of the members of your staff for their earnest and useful effort to spread the gospel of reciprocity, and I congratulate them on the success that has attended the Evangel.

WILLIAM H. TAFT."

Now that the excitement is over—now that the President and his followers are congratulating the country on the success that has attended the "Evangel," it is certainly time that the country should acquire some definite idea of what the "Reciprocity" bill was, why it was proposed, and why it was supported, opposed and finally passed.

THE NECESSITIES OF THE NOMINATING MACHINE

It has long been evident to Mr. Taft's political managers that the rank and file of the Republican party is progressive, and favors the nomination of a frankly progressive candidate. It has been fully understood that Mr. Taft's political alliances have consistently been with the "stand-pat" organization. The hope of the Republican administration that Mr. Taft will be renominated is therefore not based on any illusion to the effect that he is the universal choice of the people. It is founded rather on the control exercised by the regular Republican machine over delegates to the national convention in two great sections of the country—the South and the manufacturing districts of the East and the Middle West.

The story of the capture of the Republican machine in the South by Presidential patronage is too familiar to need explanation. In the East the Republican machine is largely in the hands of the capitalistic interests and will probably support Mr. Taft's bid for a second term.

From the West and the agricultural districts of the Middle West, on the other hand, the President has little hope of obtaining any considerable number of delegates owing to the fact that, in the last gubernatorial and Congressional elections, the Republicans generally expressed their disapproval of his administration by nominating Progressives and practically destroying the old guard organizations. The President and his advisers are fully aware that Republicans of the Western

and most of the Middle Western States will show little enthusiasm toward renominating or reelecting the man who has constantly fought the Progressives through each session of Congress. As far as Mr. Taft's hopes for the Presidency in 1912 are concerned, the West and a large part of the Middle West may be relegated to the scrap-heap. They do not fit the regular Republican political machine.

It is therefore all the more important that Mr. Taft's managers should take the utmost pains to conciliate the South, East and the manufacturing district of the Middle West and make sure of the delegates from these sections.

WHOM "RECIPROCITY" HELPS AND WHOM IT THREATENS

With the above consideration in mind, let us glance for a moment at the "Act to promote reciprocal trade relations with the Dominion of Canada, and for other purposes," generally referred to as "Reciprocity." Such an examination will reveal the following facts:

That raw materials, which the manufacturers use in producing the necessities of life, are admitted free.

That the duties on the necessities of life, in the form in which the consumer uses them, are either not reduced at all, or are subjected to a merely nominal reduction.

Thus beef on the hoof, wheat, corn and rye, which the manufacturers use in their business, come in free; while the importation of dressed beef, wheat flour, corn meal and rye flour is penalized by a heavy tariff.

Take, for example, the schedule relative to beef on the hoof and dressed beef. From the fact that, under "Reciprocity," beef on the hoof comes in free of duty, it follows that the beef packers, commonly referred to as the Beef Trust, are in a position to benefit by whatever reduction in the price of cattle on the hoof may, now or in the future, be brought about by the competition of Canadian cattle raisers with our cattle raisers. But inasmuch as the consumer does not use beef on the hoof, and inasmuch as he does use dressed beef or meat, the only possible gain by the consumer from cheaper cattle from Canada lies in the hope that the packers will give him the benefit of the saving they make by being able to buy cheaper cattle. Unfortunately, experience teaches us that such hopes are seldom realized. Free cattle from Canada for the "Beef Trust" also means that the American farmer or rancher must raise and market his cattle in competition with Canadian raised cattle—whatever that competition may be at present and whatever it may become in the future.

From the fact that the "Reciprocity" bill provides for a duty of one and one-quarter cents per pound on dressed beef, it follows that packers are protected against present or future Canadian competition—in fact much more thoroughly protected than under the Payne-Aldrich tariff—as under "Reciprocity" the duty on the raw materials which they use is abolished, while the duty against Canadian packed goods is practically unchanged. Thus "Reciprocity," instead of being a reduction in protection for the manufacturing interests, practically gives them greater protection and higher profits.

NO HELP FOR THE CONSUMER

The consumer is denied that benefit which might now or in the future accrue to him as a result of competition between Canadian and American packers. He appears to be left exactly where he was before—success attended the Evangel.

Again, take the case of wheat and flour. From the fact that wheat comes in free it follows that the millers, commonly referred to as the "Flour Trust," benefit by whatever reduction in the price of wheat may result, now or in the future, from competition between Canadian and American wheat-raisers. The consumer does not eat wheat, but he does eat flour. Therefore, if the consumer benefits all through cheaper wheat it is only indirectly and on the doubtful theory that the "Flour Trust" will reduce the price of flour so that it is able to secure its raw material cheaper. The farmer who raises wheat must grow and sell his wheat in competition with the Canadian farmer, whatever that competition may be at present or in the future.

The same facts which apply to beef on the hoof and dressed beef, and wheat and flour apply to schedule after schedule of this extraordinary bill. The manufacturer gets raw material free at the expense of the farmer, and the consumer is discriminated against with a regularity that is almost ludicrous.

Rye is free, but on rye flour there is a duty of fifty cents a barrel.

Oats free. Oat meal and rolled oats fifty cents per hundred pounds.

Corn free. Corn meal twelve and one-half cents per hundred pounds.

Hogs are free. Pork, ham and bacon and one-quarter cents a pound.

Sheep and lambs are free. Mutton a pound, one and one-quarter cents per pound.

Practically all the grains are free, and practically all products of grains in the forms used for foods, including all cereal foods, are admitted free.

It is not the purpose of this article to deny that "Reciprocity" by abolishing duties on raw materials may possibly at some future time lower the prices of the food products which the millers and packers manufacture from these materials, and thus eventually benefit the consumer by reducing in some measure the cost of living; but if the purpose of "Reciprocity" was to benefit the consumer why did not the bill provide for reduction in the duties on the things which people eat? As a matter of fact, the President himself finally admitted that the proposed treaty with Canada would not reduce the cost of living. How does it happen that the duties are retained on things the people use, and free trade established on the things the manufacturers use? It is hardly conceivable that the pressure which placed wheat, cattle, sheep, swine, etc., on the free list, and fixed high duties on flours, meats, etc., came from the Canadian side of the border. Common sense strongly argues to the contrary.

CAPTURING DELEGATES FOR 1912

Considering the "Reciprocity" bill purely from its political side, let us see if there is any visible connection between its schedule and the campaign of 1912.

We see that the chief potential loss through "Reciprocity" are the farmers who raise the wheat and other grains, cattle, sheep, hogs, etc. It is not difficult to locate the farmers on the political map of the United States. They are found in the Insurgent States, the anti-Taft States of the West and Middle West—the hopeless States. It is evident that the chief gainers by "Reciprocity" are the manufacturers of flours and cereals, and the dressers and packers of meats. They are located for the most part in the great manufacturing States of the East and in the doubtful States of the Middle West whose electoral votes are so large and so necessary to the President's plans of the administration.

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UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Self-Reliance

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

E

VERY normal person is capable of independence and self-reliance, yet comparatively few people ever develop their ability to stand alone. It is so much easier to lean, to trail, to follow somebody else, to let others do the thinking

and the planning and the work.

Almost everybody you see is leaning on something or somebody. Some lean on their money, some on friends; some depend upon their clothes, their pedigree, their social standing; but how seldom we see a man who stands fair and square on his own feet; who goes through life on his own merits, and self-reliant and resourceful.

How few people stand for anything in particular! The majority of mankind are merely many individuals in the census; they help make a little larger crowd; but how few men stand above and beyond their fellows and are self-sufficient.

In later life we never quite forgive those who have allowed us to lean upon them, for we know that it has deprived us of our birthright.

A child is not satisfied when his father shows him how to do a certain thing. But catch the exultant expression on his face when he is actually doing it he has conquered the thing himself.

This new sense of conquest is an added reward which increases self-confidence and self-respect.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell the following story of how he was taught, when a boy, to depend on himself:

"I was sent to the blackboard, and went, uncertain, full of whimpering.

"That lesson must be learned," said my teacher, in a quiet tone, but with terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. 'I want to catch the problem; I don't want any reason why I haven't it,' he would say.

"I did study two hours."

"That's nothing to me; I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study ten hours, just to suit yourself. I want the lesson."

It was tough for a green boy, but it seared me. In less than a month, I had the keenest intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations.

One day his cold, calm voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration, 'No!' I hesitated, and then went back to the blackboard; and, on reaching the same point again, 'No!' uttered in a tone of conviction, arrested my progress.

"The next!" I sat down in red confusion.

He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went back on, and finished; and, as he sat down, he rewarded with 'Very well.'

"Why," whimpered I, 'I recited it just as you said, and you said 'No!''

"Why didn't you say 'Yes,' and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson; you must know that you know it. You have learned nothing until you are sure. If all the world says 'No,' your business is to say, 'Yes,' and prove it."

One of the greatest delusions that a human being could ever have is that he is permanently benefited by continued assistance from others.

It is self-help, not pulls, self-reliance, not leaning upon others, that develops stamina and strength.

I have never known a young man in any occupation or profession to amount to much who was always waiting around for a "pull";

for somebody to help him or to give him a boost.

"He who sits on the cushion of advantage goes to sleep," said Emerson.

What is there so paralyzing to a strenuous endeavor, so fatal to self-exertion, to self-help, as to be helped, as to feel that there is no necessity for it because somebody else has done everything for us!

"One of the most disgusting sights in the world is that of a young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders, a presentable pair of calves, and one hundred and fifty pounds more or less of bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets longing for help," some one has truly said.

Did you ever think how many of the people you know are just waiting for something? Many of them do not know just what; but they are waiting for something. They have an indefinite idea that something is coming to them, that there will be some fortunate conjunction of circumstances, or something will happen which will make an opening for them, or some one will help them, so that

POWER IS THE GOAL of every worthy ambition, and only weakness comes from imitation or dependence on others. Power is self-developed, self-generated. We cannot increase the strength of our muscles by sitting in a gymnasium and letting another exercise for us.

Nothing else so destroys the power to stand alone as the habit of leaning upon others. If you lean, you will never be strong or original. Stand alone or bury your ambition to be somebody in the world.

The man who tries to give his children a start in the world so that they will not have so hard a time as he had, is unknowingly bringing disaster upon them. What he calls giving them a start will probably give them a setback in the world. Young people need all the motive power they can get. They are naturally leaners, imitators, copiers, and it is easy for them to develop into echoes, imitations. They will not walk alone while you furnish crutches; they will lean upon you just as long as you will let them.

without very great education or preparation or capital, they can get a start for themselves, or get ahead.

Some are waiting for money which may come from a father's fortune, from a rich uncle, or some distant relative. Others are waiting for that mysterious something called "luck," a "pull" or a "boost" to help them.

I have never known a person who had this habit of waiting for help, or for somebody to give him a boost, waiting for somebody's money, or waiting for assistance of any kind, or for luck to come to him, that ever amounted to much.

It is the man who strips himself of every prop, who throws away his crutches, burns his bridges behind him, and depends upon himself, that wins. Self-reliance is the key which opens the door to achievement. Self-reliance is the unfolder of power.

It is astonishing how many people there are in the world looking for help, for a pull, waiting for something to come to them without payment of the legitimate price.

There is nothing which will so undermine self-confidence, which is the very foundation stone of all achievement, as the habit of expecting help from others.

A man at the head of a large business recently said that he was trying to place his son in another business house, where he would get hard knocks. He did not want him to start with him because he was afraid he might lean on him or expect favors.

Boys who are pampered by their fathers, allowed to come to business at all sorts of hours, to leave when they please, and to remain away when they feel like it, rarely amount to much. It is the development of self-reliance that gives strength and confidence. Depending on oneself is what develops the power of achievement, the ability to do things.

This is why boys who never amount to much at home, when they are always helped by their fathers, often develop marvelous ability in a very short time when they are thrown upon their own resources, when they are obliged to do, or bear the disgrace of failure.

The moment you give up trying to get help from others, and become independent and self-reliant, you will start on the road to success.

Outside help may seem to you a blessing at times; but it is usually a curse because of its crippling power. People who give you money are not your best friends. Your friends are those who urge you, who force you to depend upon yourself, to help yourself.

There are plenty of people older than you are, with only one leg or one arm, who manage to earn a living, while you who are healthy and physically able to work are looking to others for assistance.

No able-bodied person can feel that he is quite a man while he is dependent. When one has a trade, a profession, or some kind of occupation which makes him absolutely independent, he feels a sense of added power, resourcefulness, completeness, which nothing else can give. Responsibility discovers ability. Many a youth discovers himself for the first time when he goes into business for himself. He might have worked for years for somebody else without ever finding himself.

It is not possible to develop one's utmost possibilities while working for somebody else. There is not the motive, the same reach of ambition or enthusiasm. No matter how conscientious to duty, there is not the same stimulus or incentive to bring out the possible man that God intended. The best in a man is his independence, his self-reliance, his originality, and these will never reach their highest expression under service to somebody else while human nature remains what it is now.

It is only when the brain is tested to its utmost, when every bit of ingenuity and sagacity the young man possesses must come to the rescue of a possible failure that he will develop his greatest strength. It takes months and years of effort to stretch small capital over a larger business without danger. It is the perpetual struggle to keep up appearances, to get and to hold customers, that will call out the reserve in a young man. It is when money is scarce and business dull, and living high, that the real man is making his greatest progress.

Where there is no struggle, there is no growth, no character.

What are the chances of the youth's developing his own innate resources who knows he has money enough to buy his "education" and need not work for it, and who pays a tutor to help him cram for examinations? What are the chances of his buckling down to hard study, working nights and parts of holidays, of seizing every spare minute for self-betterment, self-improvement, in the same way as the boy who knows he will not have a dollar which he does not earn, who knows there is no rich father or uncle backing him?

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THE PRESIDENT'S TARIFF VETOES

THE merits or demerits of the policy that guided President Taft in vetoing the tariff bills at the close of the Congress session, will be plainer when we know how much difference the vetoes will make. The President promises a report from the tariff board on wool, at the opening of the December session. Meantime, he declines to sign a measure based on less than the best information the board can produce.

There is a very general impression in Washington that when the tariff board information is all in and a bill is based on it, the duties will be just about what they were in the measure lately vetoed. If anything, they are likely to be lower rather than higher. Tariff board reports on the cotton and steel schedules are expected to be submitted before the end of the next winter session. This is likely to be near the outside of tariff accomplishment before election, though the chemical schedule may get attention.

The expressions which greeted the vetoes throughout the country made it apparent that they were unexpected by many people. Despite the fact that the President had for weeks given unofficial assurance that he would veto the free list, wool and other bills, the country seemed to believe he was "bluffing." Therefore, when the vetoes came, the outburst of criticism was the more significant because it had not been fully discounted in advance. The commonest expression—and in many cases it came from journals and publicists that had been decidedly friendly to Mr. Taft—was that he had committed political suicide. A striking exception was the enthusiastic commendation of the ultra-Standpat newspapers and public men that a few weeks before had been most bitter in denouncing him for his Reciprocity policy.

The most unfortunate thing about the vetoes of the tariff bills lies in the fact that the vetoed measures are probably, on the whole, better and safer than those which will finally become law. Every one of them represented compromise between the extreme views; compromise which really represented the moderate protectionism of the Progressive Republicans, which is probably the view of more American people than could be mustered in support of either free trade or Chinese-wall exclusiveness. Passed and signed, these measures would have been followed by others representing a like policy, and the entire tariff would have been revised before adjournment. That revision would have been no half-baked, ill-considered makeshift. It would have represented the best possible outcome from the last four years of tariff studies that have equipped Congress to act intelligently.

There never was so much real tariff intelligence in Congress as right now. That is because Congress has been specializing on tariff. It knows. The wool, cotton and steel revisions which Mr. Taft vetoed were the most carefully prepared, thoroughly considered measures of their kind that have been passed by any Congress in a generation. The President did them grave injustice when he denounced them as makeshifts and patchworks. They represented the years of work which Dolliver, Cummins, LaFollette and other Progressive Republicans have done. They were tempered and adjusted to the necessity of getting as many votes as possible; and in the end they were good, practical, possible measures of revision. They would have benefited the consumer without ruining industries. They would have announced a policy of reasonableness and fairness in tariff dealings. They would have reassured business, and put the tariff out of the way for a considerable time. As it is, we shall have a year or two more of agitation and then get just about what those bills would have given!

TWO STARS THROUGH DIFFICULTIES

The President's veto of the Arizona-New Mexico statehood bill because of the recall of the judiciary in Arizona's constitution, was a vigorous document that stated the case against judicial recall very well. The President and other opponents of this measure want assurance that the judiciary may be secure in doing right though the heavens fall; there must be no danger of temporary surgings of public passion terrorizing judges.

This is, of course, exactly the argument which was made against electing judges, and in favor of their appointment. It is always made in favor of long terms rather than short terms for judges. Wherefore some interest attaches to recent investigation designed to show whether, in fact, the judiciary is more secure and permanent in its tenure, under the elective or under the appointive system. It is said that this inquiry, when completed, will show that a judge who is appointed has just about half the chance to be reappointed that an elective judge has of being reelected.

The appointive power is political and partisan. It has given New York "Tammany judges," Philadelphia "gang magistrates." In actual experience, it seems, the judge who is dependent on the whole people actually has twice as good a chance to make good with his bosses as has the judge who must get his reappointment from a boss.

At any rate, Arizona, according to its leaders, will still have the recall. The statehood bill, being vetoed, was amended by dropping out the recall, and then passed and was signed. The Arizona people say they will put the recall back into their fundamental law just as soon as possible after getting securely into the Union and beyond the power of Congressional interference. The net gain to the nation is two new stars in the flag. Arizona brings into the Union our most progressive State constitution. New Mexico, while she has done little to safeguard her government from corporate control, yet has a constitution that is decidedly less objectionable

than it was in its original form when it was practically impossible of amendment. It is significant of the intellectual temper of the President that it was to the progressive Arizona constitution, rather than to the reactionary New Mexico one, that he objected.

PROGRESS TOWARD DEMOCRACY

It is worth while to survey accomplishments in the direction of popularizing legislative procedure. A few months ago the chief supporters of the old Cannon organization declared that the House could not do business if the rules were liberalized. They insisted that there be a boss. They declared that for the House to elect its own committees meant chaos. The experience of the session has proved, not only that they were wrong, but that the House could do no business under the liberalized rules than before.

On the Senate side there has been a parallel demonstration. When Aldrich was there was casting about for a new boss, didn't arise. The Senate didn't want the country didn't. Yet the Senate proved that it could do business. Partisanship, factionalism diminished as the grip of bossism relaxed; and in the end there was effected a combination of Democrats and liberal Progressives, which took control of the Senate.

To Tories of the ancient Bourbon school that looked like the climax of calamity, to the country, long desirous that its more progressive elements might get together without reference to party, it seemed a long and a splendid precedent.

RECORD OF THE SPECIAL SESSION

The vetoes of the tariff measures prevented the extra session from taking rank as one of the most productive in recent years. Had they been signed, record would have included:

- Reciprocity.
- Free list extension.
- Revision of wool, cotton and steel schedules.
- An excellent corrupt practices act.
- Admission of Arizona and New Mexico.
- Reapportionment of House membership.
- Determination of a program that will prevent further looting of national water-power resources.
- Parliamentary reform of the House, overthrow of Cannonism, and establishment of substantial popular rule.
- Revolutionary progress toward publicity of both caucuses and committee sessions.
- Complete breaking-down of partisan domination in the Senate, and formation of an alliance of progressives of both parties to rule.
- Popular election of Senators failed, but it seems certain to pass next session, and the delay will bring compensation in the fact that it will doubtless finally pass in such form as to assure its adoption by the States.

Beyond these achievements of liberal and non-partisanship in the two Houses, something else no less important was done. The House Democrats adopted the policy of letting their caucuses public hereafter. The tradition of secrecy about party caucuses is old as the government. It is to end. The light will be let in; the real business will be done in view of the people.

Even more striking than this, was the performance of LaFollette and Underwood, during the conference on the wool bill. They opened the conference committee chamber to press and public, and with the world looking on, went at the business of finally fixing tariff rates in broad daylight. It had not been done before. Conferences have been sacred as the ark of the covenant. The secrecy has been responsible for jobbery, frauds and "snakes."

Original from

INSIDE HISTORY OF THE PANIC

At the earliest period in the banking crisis which marked the panic of 1907, the U. S. Steel Corporation took over, from a New York brokerage house, the control of stock of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. That corporation was the most potent and menacing competitor of the steel trust.

There has been, ever since, discussion as to whether the steel interests took over Tennessee in order to stop the panic, or started the panic in order to get Tennessee. The Stand-Committee of the House of Representatives has recently secured more light on the question than has ever before been available. Mr. George W. Perkins, who was chairman of the finance committee of the Steel Corporation, told investigators that three intentions were in a bad way, and it was necessary to take over the Tennessee stock to save them. He named the Trust Company of America, the Lincoln Trust Company, and the Union of Moore & Schley, painting a gloomy picture of the ruin that impended over the financial fabric of New York, and that could only be warded off by relieving these concerns of their big holdings of Tennessee stock.

Whereupon Oakleigh Thorne, president of the Trust Company of America, went on the stand and told a story which proved absolutely that his company was not in any trouble at all; that it held only \$400,000 of Tennessee stock in a total of \$74,000,000 of assets; and that there was not, so far as it was concerned, the slightest occasion for the Tennessee to be taken in by the steel trust.

Similar testimony as to the Lincoln Trust Company is promised later. The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that the explanation about relieving the trust companies was an afterthought. The investigators promise, before reporting to go to the bottom of the whole panic story if it can be reached.

George W. Perkins was a highly interesting witness. He urged the committee that an anti-trust act ought to be repealed, and effective regulatory measures put in its place. "No big business can be conducted within the law as now construed," he declared. "So long as this opinion impressed publicists late, that the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce has named a subcommittee headed by Senator Cummins to begin, in November, a thorough consideration of the whole economic policy of anti-trust legislation, regulation, etc. The biggest economists, industrial chieftains and publicists will be inclined to present their views, and some revolutionary legislation may result."

THE ANTI-WILEY PLOT

We have called attention from time to time to the invaluable services of Harvey W. Wiley as guardian of the purity of our food supply and to the persistent fight to displace him culminating in Attorney-General Wickham's recommendation that he be asked to resign because of alleged irregularities in connection with the hiring of Dr. H. H. Rusby, an expert chemist. It now appears that the plotters overreached themselves in their last attack on Dr. Wiley.

The official investigation at once developed the fact that Wiley, in appointing Rusby, acted on the opinions of Wicksham and Auditor McCabe, and on the express approval of Secretary Wilson!

It was a complete, sweeping, pathetic collapse for the conspiracy. President Taft, affronted with the necessity of either snubbing his Cabinet advisers in the most public way or else slapping a unanimous public face, has been in a most embarrassing position. His own sympathies and actions have been uniformly with the anti-Wiley people; but before dismissing him, when everybody in the country save the plotters is shouting for him, the President has decided to sink it over. Wiley will not immediately follow Garfield, Pinchot and Glavis out of the public service.

TWO KINDS OF FLYING

The aviation meet recently held in Chicago was characterized by the number and variety of the machines participating in it, by the skill and daring of the aviators and by distressing fatality. There has been widespread criticism since the Chicago meet of contests of this kind on the score that for the sake of supplying thrills for crowds that have paid admission, unnecessary risks are taken. Too often the flimsy mechanism of the machine proves unequal to the sudden strain brought on by dips and glides and the aviator falls helplessly. There is serious talk of putting an end to what Wilbur Wright characterizes as "mere reckless sporting events."

Of equal interest and probably of much greater value to the science of aviation was the air trip of Harry Atwood from St. Louis to New York, constituting the world's record for distance. Atwood made his first day's flight from St. Louis to Chicago, nearly three hundred miles, in six hours' flying time. He then followed the New York Central Railroad and arrived in the metropolis after twelve consecutive days' flying. The distance is 1,265 miles and his actual flying time was twenty-eight and one-half hours. He used the same machine throughout and had no serious mishaps. One of the most instructive features of Atwood's remarkable flight was the variety of his landing places. He alighted at one time in a marsh, once on top of a mountain, once in a pocket one hundred and fifty feet square and finally on an island.

THIRD PARTY TALK

Thirteen months is a long time in advance of a Presidential election, to prognosticate results. Forecasts made in August of Presidential year are reversed, as often as not by election day. Those made a year earlier have proportionately less value.

The fact remains that a curious political sentiment seems to possess the country. It wants, more than anything else, to get away and stay away from partisanship. It has lost much of its devotion to the names and traditions of parties; it would like to be done with them. Yet it sees no mechanism in sight by which to effect the escape. If there were an overpowering moral issue, such as that of 1860, on which the Tories and the progressives could fairly be forced to divide, the people would be ready to divide. They have the disposition, but not the issue. They would like to see the progressives all aligned in one camp and the reactionaries all in the other, and have a fair test of strength. But there is no way to make the division. Too many issues are involved, and none is dominating, overshadowing.

The impression is that the people are disgusted, tired, exasperated, with the buncombe, the fatuity, the paucity of actual results that are obtained through loyalty to the old parties. There are millions of people who would be willing to follow a third party movement if they were convinced that it would take them anywhere. They don't want to follow it nowhere. Third party movements seem impossible save in great crises. At less pressing junctures, people prefer to maintain nominal relationship to the "old party," in the hope that they can help to improve it.

William Randolph Hearst has come out in a stinging condemnation of Taft for vetoing the tariff bills. It is notable because for a long time Hearst has been distinctly friendly to Taft. Hearst suggests, boldly and plainly, a coalition of all the progressives in a third party, in case the Republicans and Democrats both nominate reactionary candidates. Such an event is not impossible: Harmon has lately seemed to gain ground because of his hold on the politicians, and Taft has almost a strangle hold on renomination. If all that should happen, a third party movement that could command Bryan, Hearst and Cat Hette, even if it did not carry the election, might do what the Fremont candidacy did in 1856.



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TOGO'S WELCOME

Grizzled, silent, little Admiral Togo showed the stuff of which heroes are made during his recent ordeal as guest of the American nation. He answered soberly all the foolish questions the reporters asked, expressed himself unexceptionably upon the subjects of our women, our sky-scrapers and our President, went through the Government mint without once looking bored, and praised our navy-yards without batting an eye. He went without sleep, night after night, in the interest of international good-fellowship and banqueted until his simple Oriental digestion was a ruin.

The man who annihilated the Russian navy came to America at a time when peace is enjoying an unusual popularity. Togo's message of good-will from his people is for that reason all the more welcome. And we couldn't have been any more cordial to the little admiral without committing homicide.

A RAILROAD PROFITS FROM REGULATION

A peculiarly sane employment of the authority of public regulation was that recently noted in the activities of the New York Public Service Commission. This body has most remarkable powers. It must approve a proposed railroad project within the State before a charter can be secured to build a line.

For years a scheme had been on foot, for the construction of a railroad from Buffalo to Troy, via Rochester. It was to cross the State parallel to the New York Central, about 20 miles north of that line.

The promoters promised to spend \$100,000 on their road; claimed the territory needed it; said there was a congestion of traffic in the big cities, while some of the small towns had practically no facilities at all.

The Public Service Commission considered the case, and forbade the railroad to be built.

This seems to have been quite the sane thing to do. Careful calculation justified the conclusion that it could not, in many years, pay fixed charges. Any congestion of traffic could be relieved at much smaller expense by roads already in existence. Any towns that needed facilities which they did not enjoy, could be provided for by compelling the construction of short branch lines.

When Government regulation is thus honestly and sincerely exercised; when the investor and the public alike are weighed in the balance; when the project of paralleling a trunk line in order to compel it to buy out the competitor is discouraged—then, the great railroads will understand that they, also, get some of the benefits of regulation. They will be willing to have their rates fixed and their service specified in the interest of the public.

ANOTHER DES MOINES PLAN

Des Moines, Iowa, seems to have discovered the fountain of perpetual lime-light.

Drought having made garden-truck prices outrageously high, the Des Moines city council adopted a resolution opening the city hall plaza for a market place. The truck-raisers were invited to drive their wagons right up on the grass, and the folks were invited to come and buy direct from the farmers.

The farmers came, and so did the people. The price of potatoes fell so suddenly that they could be bought by the pound instead of the carot. Tomatoes came within the means of people in moderate circumstances, and cantaloupes became articles of commerce. Des Moines has been figuring on the results. She has got:

About a half-million dollars' worth of advertising.

About a million dollars saved in cost of living.

A full-Nelson hold on the commission-merchants' trust.

Against this, she has lost the grass on the city hall lawn; but the park commissioner thinks he can restore this, whenever it is wanted, for about \$200.

Incidentally, Des Moines just hates to overlook. It was this town that made commission form of government a great success and a model for the rest of the nation. Then it did the market-plaza turn; and more recently, it has found a way to settle strike of its street-car employees on a basis which stopped riots, gave the employees what they needed, and satisfied the company.

THREE UNNECESSARY DISASTERS

The nation seems again to be passing through an epidemic of serious rail wrecks, the most shocking being the disaster to the Lehigh Valley train near Manches, N. Y. Thirty-seven were killed and seven injured in this wreck. The train had been increased in size to accommodate returning miners to the G. A. R. encampment at Rochester and it is believed that a defective proved inadequate to the pounding of the heavy engines. The wreck of the famous Pennsylvania eighteen-hour special, at Wayne, Ind., was similar to that at Bridgeport last month, the train going at high speed upon track within the city limits. That fatalities were limited to four is undoubtedly due to the fact that the passenger cars were of steel and were not seriously damaged.

All three of these shocking disasters were the result of making up lost time. The New Haven wreck, it is further charged, was due to the dereliction of an overworked engineer while it is stated that the Pennsylvania disaster was in charge of a man who was not familiar with that section of the road.

THE HIGH COST OF SOULS

Rev. "Billy" Sunday, the former baseball player who has conducted evangelistic meetings in almost every part of the country, succeeded, he thinks, in reducing the saving of souls to a businesslike basis. He has gone so far as to make an estimate of the cost of soul-saving in various cities. In Mr. Sunday's cost sheet, Indianapolis souls cost highest at \$620 each.

New York City souls are quoted at \$55 while in Boston they can be obtained at \$450. Other quotations are Denver \$410, Chicago \$395 and New Orleans \$78.

So far as Mr. Sunday has made investigations, souls came cheapest in Atlanta, where they may be saved for \$75 a head—if so have heads.

"Billy" Sunday's figures have aroused much mystification and considerable adverse criticism. Atlantans complain because souls are so cheap and Indianapolis people because they are so dear. The general impression seems to be that "Billy" Sunday acquires the percentage habit in his baseball days and hasn't been able to shake it off.

FRENZIED BASEBALL

The national game has achieved this year the seemingly impossible feat of reaching a new altitude of popularity. High nervous tension superinduced by a remarkably close race in the National League has taken possession of formerly able-bodied inhabitants of New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh, while the American League the Philadelphians are only beginning to sleep without nightmare in which Tigers figure prominently.

The season has been marked by Detroit game fight to recover her former American League leadership, and until late in the season by the threatening attitude of Philadelphia and St. Louis toward the National League pennant.

The pitching phenomena of the year have been Alexander, of Philadelphia, Marquard, New York and Gregg, of Cleveland, while batting the honors have fallen chiefly to the old masters, Cobb, Wagner and Lajoie.

As we write, Giants, Cubs and Pirates are locked in deadly embrace and the once joyful and carefree game has become a symbol of nervous breakdown and the percentage of runs a subject for differential calculus.

THE MONTH ABROAD

ENGLAND'S GIANTIC STRIKE

The epidemic of labor troubles through which England has been passing reached its culmination in a general strike of all the organized employees of the railroads. Following the successful outcome of the seamen's and the dockers' strikes of the month before, the railway men issued a demand for the recognition of the unions and redress of grievances. The companies refused this demand, falling back upon the agreement of 1907, by which all grievances were to be submitted to conciliation boards, which boards, the men claimed, had proved dilatory and unreliable. Premier Asquith offered an inquiry by a royal commission, but the workmen denounced royal commissions as even more incompetent than conciliation boards. Peace-making efforts having failed, the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants sent this telegram to every union, "Your liberty is at stake. All railway employees must strike at once. Loyalty to each other is victory." Thus began one of the most far-reaching strikes in history.

It is estimated that two hundred thousand men obeyed the strike order. Passenger service was badly crippled throughout the country, and freight was almost at a standstill. There were a few outbreaks of violence, but the principal danger to the public was the failure of the food supply. Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, chiefly by virtue of the confidence which the working classes feel in him, secured an agreement to submit questions at issue to a joint committee, and at the end of the second day the strike came to an end. As the railway managers agreed to meet the union representatives the result is generally conceded to be a victory for the men.

It is difficult to withhold admiration from the men who made this impressive revolt on half of better conditions. A strike at its best is a harmful and a wasteful thing; we are not, however, join cause with those who condemn strikes but who remain snugly content about the conditions which give rise to them. The wage of the British workman is pitifully inadequate to the demands of a decent and wholesome livelihood. The unrest among the working class of England is a phase of that broader movement which is threatening the political and economic power of the landed aristocracy, which is animating the government policies of old-age pensions and workingman's insurance, and which is opening England's eyes to the menace of poverty, ignorance, and unemployment.

HOME RULE NEXT

The veto bill finally passed the House of Lords by a majority of seventeen. Its most important provisions are that money bills shall become a law without the assent of the Lords; that bills other than financial passed in three successive sessions of the Commons shall become a law without the Lords' approval; that five years instead of seven shall be the maximum duration of the Parliament.

What, then, will the Commons do with their victory? They are pledged first to the passage of a bill for Home Rule for Ireland. As long as the Lords remained as obstructionists it was impossible to grant Ireland her just demands for local self-government. Now it seems possible to push a Home Rule bill through three sessions while the present coalition government remains in power.

An interesting alternative to the Irish bill is the proposal for Federal Home Rule, providing for local self-government for Scotland and Wales, as well as Ireland. Such a measure would relieve the British Parliament of much of the burdensome work of administering purely local affairs in the other countries of the British Isles which would then have self-government comparable to that of Canada. Whatever form it may take, the Irish question is sure to dominate English political history for some months to come.

THE LOST "MONA LISA"

The world of art lovers was given a violent shock by the news that the "Mona Lisa," Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece, by many accounted the greatest painting in the world, had disappeared from the walls of the Louvre. One might have supposed that the world afforded no more secure place for its art works than France's great gallery, but it now appears that a considerable degree of carelessness had crept into the management of the gallery. Whether the theft is the work of a criminal desiring blackmail, of an insane man, or of an anti-government fanatic, is not known at the time this is written.

Almost everyone is familiar with the picture which for four centuries has charmed the world with its beauty and caused men to wonder at that strange, enigmatical smile.

THE SHRUNKEN WORLD

The expression "it's a small world" is a more profound truth than ever by reason of the latest exploit of a French correspondent. André Jagerschmidt, representing the *Excelsior*, left his office in Paris on July 17, and returned to it on August 27, having circumnavigated the globe in a trifle more than thirty-nine days. He made his final lap—from Cherbourg to Paris—in a motor car, having abandoned his aeroplane idea as too uncertain for businesslike globe trotting.

It's only a matter of some twenty-five years since Nellie Bly made a name for herself by circling the world in seventy-two days, yet this Frenchman has accomplished the feat in scarcely more than half that time, the greatest source of time-saving being, of course, the Trans-Siberian Railway. Jagerschmidt met with uniform courtesy and helpfulness, and of course a lot of curiosity.

There is a general notion that this thirty-nine days' record can not last long in these aeroplane times. Widespread sympathy is expressed for poor old Jules Verne whose wildest flight of imagination could not carry his hero around the world in fewer than eighty days.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE

FOR UNIFORM DIVORCE LAWS

Representative George W. Norris, of Nebraska, has introduced into Congress a resolution directing the President to call a convention of state commissioners, to consider a project of uniform divorce laws. Mr. Norris has been moved by the publicity for uniform divorce and marriage laws that has followed the announcement of the Astor-Force marriage contract. He proposes that the Federal Government should, at least, frankly acknowledge that it has no possible

authoritative authority in the premises, thus ending any possibility of jealousy on the part of the States. Then, it could well appeal to the States to get together and do the thing which alone can be effective: harmonize and standardize their statutes. He proposes that Congress shall pay all expenses of the project. The convention shall have general authority to prepare a model code, if it choose; or merely to make general recommendations, if that seems best. In any case, the result shall be reported to the Secretary of State and by



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warder departed, she went to see an old lawyer who had known her from childhood.

"I don't see how I can hang on to our home any longer," she confessed. "It does not pay to farm when I have to hire everything done. The minister advises me to sell the place and move to the city. He thinks I can find something there which will be easier than summer boarders."

"Don't," counselled the lawyer. "I know a man who wants a bit of woodland. Sell him that timber lot of yours on the ridge, then build four or five little bungalows on your new front. Make them as cozy as possible and provide them with the simplest sort of cooking apparatus. Cottagers will then be forced to come to you for baked stuff."

The woman set to work. Before May arrived six little cottages were ready for occupancy and her kitchen was fitted up for community cooking. Old lovers of Spruce Point flocked back and took up their abode delightfully in the shore village. Their enthusiasm brought others there, and the demand for shelter was larger than the woman could meet. She invested in half a dozen tents and presently the rocky shore was speckled with little canvas homes where people lived a simple life. A list of the food which could be sent from her kitchen was hung in each cottage. Although her prices were lower than city figures they allowed her a good profit. Orders had to be given a day ahead, a plan which left her each night with all her food sold.

The Spruce Point community was started six years ago. To-day it has grown far beyond the boundaries of the old farm. Nothing that goes from the Spruce Point kitchen is her own handiwork because the orders have grown far beyond the capacity of one cook. She pays good wages to five capable women and superintends the output. Not a cookie or loaf of bread is sold till it passes her criticism. Of course it is hard work during three months of the year but during the winter she keeps life easy. To-day her income not only meets the family expenses but her bank account grows steadily. She has built eighteen cottages which rent from \$75 to \$150 a season, and each spring there are a few new ones ready for occupancy. Probably the secret of this woman's success is that her plan allows her busy housewife to have a vacation without a servant, yet feeding her family well at reasonable rates. Besides, each household retains the home feeling which is lost when one enters boarding-house.

WHAT ONE COUNTRY GIRL DID

In a small Massachusetts town a girl I now earn a comfortable income from gathering and selling antique furniture and bric-a-brac, which bring almost any price from people who demand such things. One morning while cleaning house all the family belongings were on the front porch when a lady drove up, asking leave to look at a table the girl was polishing. She asked to buy it. The girl did not think her mother would sell. The woman had set her heart upon having it. She raised her offer of ten dollars to fifty. The precious old heirloom was not sold but the girl succeeded in finding another just like it and on the transaction she made a profit of fifteen dollars. That suggested the art of opening a little shop for things she could pick up in homes where such belongings had no special value. She drove about the country where she knew everybody and took away things on commission. Frequently she made rare finds. At one squalid little house she discovered chicken feed set outdoors in a cracked Spode platter. She began to make a special study of old dishes and furniture, she had books, visited museums to see old-time treasures and presently became an authority on antiques. Her customers to-day come from distant cities, and often give a commission for special articles which net her a handsome profit. Although her business brings in a comfortable income she has built it up by perfect honesty. She places a value for an article when frequently it has not the slightest idea that it is a

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THE OLD AND THE NEW

The two volumes shown in cut, so unlike in size, contain exactly the same subject-matter and illustrations. The old is on ordinary paper, the new on India paper. The old is 2 1/2 inches thick, the new 1 1/2 inch thick; the old weighs 2 1/2 pounds, the new 2 1/2 pounds; the old (full set) weighs 104 pounds, the new (full set) weighs 50 pounds; the old (full set) requires a feet and 8 inches of shelf room, the new only 20 inches of shelf room.

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The Individual Investor



Conditions in the Bond Market

WITHIN the past two months the New York stock-market has witnessed a decline in prices which was as unexpected as it was severe, and remains unexplained, or at least very poorly explained, on any rational grounds. As

always happens under such circumstances the question was promptly raised whether the stock-market was performing its so-called "true function" of discounting the business future, or whether the break in stocks was merely a surface agitation caused by the secret operations of those who still make the stock-market a more or less profitable pastime. It is noteworthy that the more intelligent members of the financial community were not inclined to attach much importance to the summer's price movements and this fact, as far as it goes, might reasonably be interpreted to indicate definite knowledge that the causes were to be found chiefly in the personal affairs of individuals. These undoubtedly played a large part. As far as the decline had any roots in fundamental conditions it must be attributed to the obstinate refusal of the stock-market, earlier in the season, to take into its reckoning the deterioration in the principal grain crops that the rest of the United States knew was going on.

With the troubles of the stock-market itself the large body of conservative investors is not particularly concerned. As far as their interests are concerned it is more to the point to inquire just how the decline and the causes thereof are related to the intrinsic value of solid investments and so to the general commercial outlook. Assuming as we must that the loss of a part of the bumper crops that the early prospects promised had something to do with making lower prices for stocks, the next question is: Will a year of poor business or depressed bond markets, or both, necessarily follow?

COMMERCE HAS PROCEEDED CAUTIOUSLY

Taking up the business outlook first, it will be conceded that the American world of commerce has not at any time in the past year or more attempted to bury its head in the sand as the New York stock-market has done. During the first half of this year it was the constant complaint of Wall Street that the rest of the country refused to follow its cheerful lead in ignoring agricultural as well as political conditions and prepare for the resumption of business on a big scale. In other years the brilliant crop prospects of spring and early summer, together with the strong condition of the banks, the generally satisfactory credit conditions and the apparently impregnable position of the stock-market would have been enough to start a boom in business the country over.

Whatever the precise reason, it did nothing of the sort this year. The movement of merchandise from the Eastern manufacturing centers to the interior has steadily kept up in fair volume, but in no line of trade are jobbers or country merchants stocked up. They have been buying almost wholly for immediate needs and are entering the fall season with comparatively empty shelves. In this important respect the situation is vastly different from what it was in 1907, when the failure of several New York banking institutions, following a prolonged and extended

decline in the market value of every class securities, came upon a country stocked up with high-priced commodities in every channel of trade, which could only be worked off slowly and painfully, and many cases at sacrifice. This year the demand for credit the banks has been correspondingly restricted nor is there anything like the top-heavy speculation in land that existed to complicate the situation then.

As everyone knows by this time, the crops are by no means a failure, even though they are not all that might be wished, while the cotton crop, the greatest single element in our foreign trade, is not only one of the biggest on record, but promises to command good prices in the international market. Here again the situation is radically different from that of 1893, the next previous panic year. It seems a ridiculously far cry to go back to 1893 for a comparison and the only excuse for doing so is the fact that there are always some among us to predict the worst from such a coincidence of partial crop failure, halting domestic trade and declining stock-markets as we have had this summer.

DECREASE IN HARVEST DISCOUNTED

Perhaps it was what happened to wheat in the Northwest in 1910 that restrained our interior merchants from counting too confidently this year on the outcome of a season that at one time promised to be far and away the best the country had ever had. At any rate the fact is that business men from Maine to California have been gradually adjusting their calculations to a reduced harvest. It is not putting it too strong to say that in the respect the worst is known and provided for.

If our present moderate volume of business is on a firm basis, the commercial leaders of the country having refused recklessly to discount a glowing crop prospect, and if our manufacturing and merchandizing population has already reconciled itself pretty well to a lesser harvest of the earth's bounty than yielded last year, is there any reason for miffing on the part of the owner of sound investment securities, or for hesitation on the part of prospective purchasers of such goods? The former's concern is chiefly, of course, to whether the regularity of interest payment on any reasonably good bond is threatened. He rarely attempts to catch the profit in ordinary fluctuations in seasoned investments and would be foolish to do so. The latter is naturally more concerned to know whether there is or is not a fair prospect of obtaining a chosen bond or perhaps a preferred stock at a substantially lower price by holding aloof from the market for a month, six months or a year.

To these questions the best answer is the fact that the bond prices of this year have not been made by the same factors as have the prices of stocks. It hardly need be said that there has been almost no attempt to "bull" the market for bonds. It is true that in one or two instances convertible bond issues have for a short time given evidences of purely speculative activity, but such slight evils have occurred in this line have corrected themselves. On the whole the efforts of the recognized investment bankers are and for a long time have been concentrated upon the merchandizing of bonds to genuine "consumers," if the term may be so used. Indeed most of the time since the disturbances of 1907 the best of bonds have had to seek the

buyer rather than the buyer to seek the bond and to a very considerable degree it has been true that the buyer has made the price. This has been a world-wide condition, reflected as much in the price of British consols as in the increase that had to be made last year in the interest rate on New York City bonds. Several large issues of good bonds, notably the new Great Northern first and refunding bonds and the Oregon-Washington issue, have been sold out rapidly, not only by the original syndicates but by the secondary purchasers, and the reason has been that, considering the nature of the security, attractive prices have been made. In not a few cases well-known corporations of high credit have resorted to the use of short-term notes since last January, some of them because they were not provided with just the sort of bonds demanded by a discriminating market and some because they were unwilling to let their obligations go at the prices obtainable.

BONDS ARE AT THE LOWEST POINT IN A YEAR

All this goes to show that bond prices have not been under any sort of artificial stimulus. Quotations point to the same conclusion. The market level of good and medium railroad bonds, for example, reached its highest point so far in 1911 in May and has declined almost steadily since. It did not follow the stock-market when it was making its high prices in July, though it was affected to some extent by the August break in stocks. These bonds are now lower, on the average, than at any time since August, 1910, and even at that time they were only about one-half of one per cent. lower. They average something like three per cent. lower now than in the early summer of 1909.

Some specific instances are in order. New York Central 3½s, selling at about 87½, yield the purchaser an income of a trifle more than 3 per cent. When this mortgage was drawn in 1897 the bonds were designed to sell at par and it is a well-known fact that the directors of the road consider them too good to be sold by the company at anything like the current price. About \$11,000,000 are still available for issue under the terms of the mortgage, but the company used short-term notes to supply its capital needs for this year. This is an issue that the small investor seldom buys, for he rightly considers it of a lower quality, with a correspondingly lower return, than his case demands. They are sold here to show the condition of the market, for at their high price of 1909, only two years ago, they sold on a 3.72 per cent. income basis and in 1906, before the beginning of the widespread liquidating movement that culminated in the panic of the following year, they sold on a 3½ per cent. basis, that is, par.

Lake Shore debenture 4s of 1928 are selling to yield close to 4.50 per cent. In 1909 they sold on a 4.20 per cent. and in 1906 on 3.85 basis. Picking out a bond of lower grade, Rock Island collateral 4s are selling to yield 5.50 per cent., as against 4.85 in 1909 and 4.90 in 1906. St. Louis & San Francisco funding 4s yield 5.15 per cent at current prices, as against 4.60 per cent. in 1909 and 4.88 per cent. in 1906.

It cannot be asserted that good bonds are distinctly on the bargain-counter, but bargain-counter bonds go only with a far-reaching disturbance of the fundamental conditions governing investment, such as can not in any way of the case be said to exist or even to be in prospect to-day. Much has been made of Wall Street this summer of the activity of the Interstate Commerce Commission in reducing freight rates on the roads, and of the investigating committee of the Democratic House of Representatives of railroad men very well know that reductions that have so far been threatened threaten the stability of railroad common stocks and are in fact to be compensated in time by growth of traffic in the territories which risks as there are fall upon the stockholders, whose business is between adversity and the



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Editorial Chat

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN



The Worst Kind of Mortgage

IS it not a disheartening thing to go through life under the harrow of debt, struggling to get release under circumstances that give no hope of relief? Is it not unfortunate to feel that we can never lift the mortgage from the home, that in spite of all our efforts it must finally be sold over the heads of those dearer to us than life itself? But all this is nothing compared with the mortgage of vice upon the character which blights the life.

Many a man has died without being able to lift the mortgage from his home, yet has been a real success, for he kept his manhood clean, his integrity unstained, and, although he left no material wealth, he had enriched the lives of all who knew him.

The nicotine mortgage upon your vitality, the alcohol mortgage which hardens your nerve fiber, benumbs the brain cells, paralyzes the power to achieve, and makes you a slave instead of a king, are encumbrances compared with which the mere mortgage upon your home is a blessing.

VITALITY MORTGAGED TO NARCOTICS

If you are mortgaged to the cigarette habit which demoralizes your ambition, poisons your blood, benumbs your nerves and vitiates your aim; if you have a whisky mortgage, an immorality mortgage on your character which you have been trying for years to lift, this is infinitely worse than your chattel mortgage or real-estate mortgage. The mortgage on your home may not touch your real self. In spite of it you may be a man, respected, looked up to, admired. If your life has been clean, you may have made every acre of land in your vicinity worth more. But if your character is mortgaged to a demoralizing habit; if you are the victim of a degrading vice that holds you down, cripples your advance, this is a thousand times worse. It loses you not only your respect, but also the respect of those who know you.

If you have fallen into the slavery of a vice; if you have a mortgage on your character too strong for your will power to lift, you are in a sad plight. There is only one Power that can cancel the mortgage. If you have become the victim of the power of vicious acts which kill self-respect, which demoralize you, which degrade you, which keep you down, you are under a mortgage which it will require Divine help to lift, which only omnipotent power can cancel.

Are you carrying a cigarette-habit mortgage which saps all your physical savings of energy? Are you trying to make the run for success, the race for the goal loaded down with a whisky mortgage? If you are, you are like the runner who starts on the race with a heavy iron dumb-bell in his hand, which wrenches him out of his straight course, destroys the symmetry of his movements, makes him topple and keeps him back, taking away the strength and breath he needs for the final heat, so that he lies down exhausted half way to the goal. The runner who is trying to gain the championship strips himself of everything which can possibly retard his progress. He cannot afford to be weighted down with that which hinders and binds and hampers his movements. He must have freedom.

You cannot afford to try to make your gre life-run loaded down with any hampering habit. You cannot afford to risk hazyard your success for a little temporary pleasure your chance of reaching the goal for the sake of taking along with you some hindering crippling vice.

CARRYING A HINDERING BURDEN

Many writers and artists are so mortgaged to liquor, their nerves are so soaked in tobacco that they have lost their finer sensibility. They can no longer judge with clear perception artistic values. Their mortgage has reduced their earning capacity to one-half or one-tenth of its original worth. There are many artists whose whisky mortgage has crippled their earning capacity from ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year down to a few hundred and in some cases, to nothing at all.

I know business men whose striking abilities have been so mortgaged that instead of being at the head of large concerns, of great enterprises, they are looking for any kind of a job which will give them a fair competence.

I know lawyers, once brilliant, who stood high at the bar, who have become so smothered in the grip of vice that they have completely lost their standing, and have hard work to earn their bread and butter.

How many have gone down under the mortgage of a shady reputation, a tarnished character!

SWAPPING FAVORS

One of America's greatest curses, especially among the members of Congress, is the custom of swapping favors. Instead of working for the good of the country as a whole, each member of Congress is trying to get some favor for his constituents, so that he will stand well at home. The result is that millions and millions of dollars have been spent upon rivers and harbors and all sorts of local improvements, when the money could have been infinitely better spent if the good of the country as a whole had been the motive of each Congressman.

Unfortunately, men with the greatest powers of persuasion, who are the most effective orators, men with the biggest pull in Congress, get the largest appropriations for their own little sections, often when there are many other parts of the country that need the money infinitely more. This "pork-barrel disease," which is so contagious to new Congressmen, this desire to get something for one's constituents, is a terrible curse, because it tends to warp and twist the judgment of well-intentioned men, so that instead of Congressmen working together as a unit for the good of the whole country, each member is trying to pull all the wires he can and to use every bit of influence possible to get something for his own little section because he must stand well with his constituents. Many a young Congressman who has gone to Washington with the determination to serve the country impartially has fallen a victim to this "swapping favors" disease.

The present army posts scattered over the country at a great unnecessary cost are illustrations of the "pork-barrel" curse. There would be a vastly different country if all our Congressmen and public officials would work impartially for the nation as a whole.

Self-Reliance

How can a boy develop any self-reliance or independent manliness by having somebody else do practically everything for him? It is the exercise of a faculty that makes it strong. It is the struggle to attain that brings out the stamina.

HOW STRUGGLE DEVELOPS CHARACTER

I do not believe it is possible for a man to put forth the same amount of exertion, to struggle with the same desperation of purpose as when he feels that all outside help has been cut off; that he must stand or fall by his own exertion; that he must make his own way in the world or bear the ignominy of failure.

There is something about the situation of being thrown absolutely upon one's own resources, with no possibility of outside help, that calls out the greatest, grandest thing in man; that brings out the last reserve of effort, just as a mighty emergency, a great re, or other catastrophe calls out powers which the victim never before dreamed he possessed. Power from somewhere has come to his relief. He feels himself a giant, doing things which were impossible for him just before the emergency. But now his life is in peril. The wrecked car in which he is imprisoned may take fire, or he may drown as he clings to the wrecked ship. Something must be done instantly; and, like the invalid mother who sees her child in peril, the power, the force which comes only in sheer desperation, rushes to him and he feels a strength which he never before felt aiding him to escape.

Man has always remained close to the brute where he has not had to struggle to supply his necessities. Want has ever been the great developer of the race. Necessity has been the whip which has whipped man up from the squalor to the highest civilization.

Inventors, with pinched, hungry faces of children staring them in the face, have reached into the depths of their being and laid hold of powers which wrought miracles. Oh, that has not been achieved under the pressure of want, of stern necessity! We never know what is in us until we are put to the test, until some great crisis unveils the hidden power which lies so deep in our beings that on ordinary occasion can call it out. It responds only in emergencies, in desperation, because we do not know how to reach deep enough in the great within of ourselves to lay hold of it.

ACCOMPLISHING THE "IMPOSSIBLE"

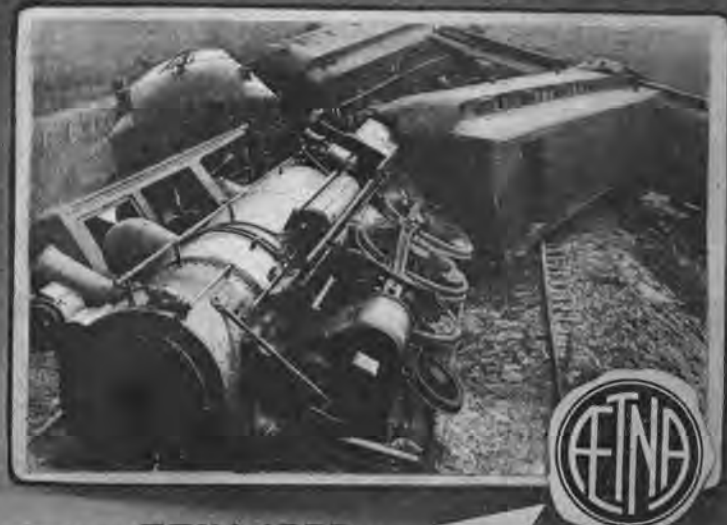
A boy was telling his father of seeing a woodchuck up a tree. His father told him that that was impossible for woodchucks did not climb trees. The boy insisted that a dog between the woodchuck and his hole and just had to climb the tree. There was no other way out of it.

We do "impossible" things in life simply because we have to.

Self-reliance has been the best substitute for friends, influence, capital, a pedigree, or inheritance. It has mastered more obstacles, overcome more difficulties, carried through more enterprises, perfected more inventions in any other human quality.

There is something in human nature which makes the genuine, the true, the man who has an opinion of his own and dares to assert who has a creed and dares to live it, who convictions and dares to stand by them. There is a powerful tonic in holding the conviction that you are in the world for a purpose; that you are there to help; that you are a part to perfect which no one else can be for you, because everyone else has his part to fill in the great life drama. If you do not act your role, there will be something lacking, a wart in the production. No ever amounts to much until he feels this sure—that he was made to accomplish a certain thing, to fill a definite part. Then life seems to take on a new meaning.

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CORRECTING WILLIE.



you speak to Willie?"

Papa replied in a thin, weak voice, "How'dy, Willie."

—B. B.

AS WE SPEAK IT.

A German, who had come to America to master our language, was being shown behind the scenes of a vaudeville theater by one of his American friends.

"That man," said the American, indicating an actor with a wave of his hand, "is taking off his make-up to make up for another take off."

The German departed sputtering.

—GEORGE B. STAFF.

A QUICK RECOVERY.

"Mamma," said Johnny, "if you will let me go just this one time I won't ask for anything to eat."

"All right," said his mother. "Get your hat."

Johnny, perched on the edge of a big chair, became restless as savory odors came from the region of the kitchen. At last he blurted out: "There's lots of pie and cake in this house."

The admonishing face of his mother recalled his promise and he added:

"But what's that to me?"

—E. BALDWIN CHAPMAN.

AN OLD FRIEND.

A private soldier once rendered some slight service to the first Napoleon.

"Thank you, captain," said the emperor carelessly.

"In what regiment, sire?" was the instant response of the quick-witted private.

"In my guards," replied the emperor, pleased with the man's ready retort.

This incident, with appropriate variations, also happened to Genghis Khan, Ivan the Terrible, Attila, Gustavus Adolphus, Louis XIV, Charlemagne, Alexander, King Alfred, Xerxes, Richard the Lion-hearted, and Henry of Navarre.

—WM. S. ADKINS.

A South Dakota railroad is noted for its execrable road-bed. A new brakeman was making his first run over the road at night and was standing in the center of the car, grimly clutching the seats to keep erect. Suddenly the train struck a smooth place in the track, and slid along without a sound. Seizing his lantern, the brakeman ran for the door. "Jump for your lives," he shouted. "She's off the track!"

—E. H. DYE.

THE UNIVERSAL FRANCHISE.

A small number of men sympathizers took part in the suffragist parade in New York City, among them several members of the faculty of Teachers' College. One of these professors had the honor of leading the male contingent and of carrying a banner.

"Did you notice," he asked a friend afterward, "what the inscription was on that banner they gave me to carry?"

"No," replied his friend, "you carried it as if you were afraid some one would decipher it."

"It read," chuckled the professor, "The men vote—why not we?"

—S. C. SPALDING.

STRUCKEN WITH GENEROSITY.

A Scotsman brought his entire family of seven to visit a relative in London. They were entertained in a manner that left nothing to be asked for two weeks: theaters, suppers, cab-rides about the city, excursions into the country. The whole time McPherson never put his hand in his pocket to pay for a thing.

When the family was going home, the Londoner and his cousin went into the buffet for a final glass. From force of habit he groped for his wallet; but Sandy gripped his arm.

"Na, na!" said he. "Ye've been verra gude ta me an' mine this fortnicht past. Mon, we'll hae a toss for this lasht wee nipple!"

—R. K. T.

ONE FOR EACH FACE.

A Western politician had quite a reputation in his own town for successful duplicity. It was generally believed that his idea of party principles was to work and vote with the winning side. He once entered the store of a druggist who happened, at the time, to be opposed to him politically.

"I want a jar of face cream," he said.

"Be sanitary, Tom," replied the druggist. "Get two jars."

—R. W. HOFFLUND.

Pretty Dirty.

Once a year the newsboys of London are given an outing some place on the Thames River where they can swim to their heart's content. As one little boy was getting into the water his little friend said:

"Johnnie, you're pretty dirty!"

"Yes," replied Johnnie, "I missed the train last year."

RUBBING IT IN.

A "trusty" had escaped from the penitentiary and the warden was much chagrined. Every effort was made to recapture the fugitive, but to no avail.

Two weeks later the warden received the following note in the mail:

"DEAR WARDEN:

"Please excuse the liberty I am taking.

"No. 2323."

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

(To be continued)



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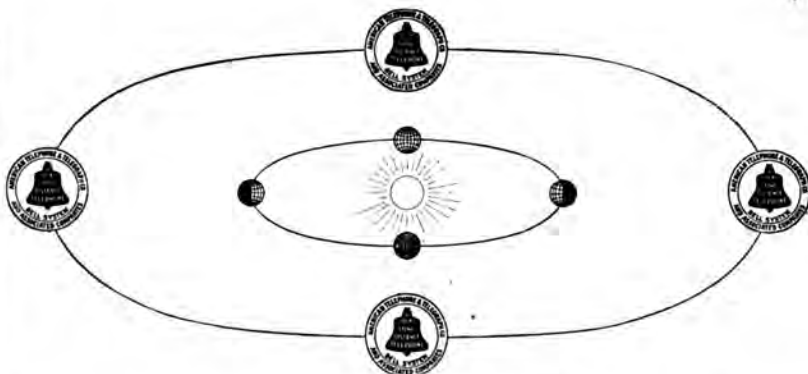
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What, you one of them shirtwaist strikers?"
 "Yes."
 "Why'd they run you in?"
 "An officer struck me, and then said I was a scab."
 "Just like a man! Oh, I know men! Depend upon it, I know the men! So, you were a shirtwaist maker. How much d'yer earn?"
 "Oh, about five or six a week."
 "A—week!" Millie whistled. "And I suppose ten hours a day, or worse, and I suppose that would kill an ox."
 "Yes," said Rhona, "hard work."
 "Millie sat down and put an arm about the shaking girl.
 "Say, kiddie, I like you. I'm going to chuck the horse sense at you. Now you listen. My sister worked in a pickle place in Pennsy, and she lasted just two years, then, galloping consumption, and—" she opened her fingers, her voice became husky, "or fool! Two years is the limit where she sed. And who paid the rent? I did. But course I wasn't respectable—oh, no; I was inner." She rattled on, this morally cald but not unkindly woman, talking freely of wild life about which Rhona knew nothing.
 Rhona finally looked at her terrified. She not understand. What sort of a woman this?

They went to bed, their light was put out. Rhona lay staring in the darkness. She helpless, hypnotized, receptive, quaking at a wild horror. Later she remembered night in Russia when she and others hid in the corn in a barn, while the mob loomed over their heads... a moment with impending mutilation and death and she felt that this night was more terrible than that. Her girlhood seemed torn to shreds. Why had they locked her up with woman? How had she deserved it? What she done, monstrous and unbelievable, to it this punishment? Dawn broke, a very glimmer through the high barred window. Rhona rose from her bed, rushed to the door, pulled on the bars, and screamed. The red, running down, Millie, leaping forward, cried:
 "What's the matter?"
 "The slim figure in the white nightgown down on the floor, and thus earned a few years in the hospital."

IV

They set her to scrubbing floors next day, work for which she had neither experience nor strength. Weary, weary day—the rhythm of the scrubbing brush, the bending of the back, the sloppy, dirty floors—on and on, minute after minute, on through the endless days. She tried to work diligently, though was dizzy and sick, and felt as if she were sinking to pieces. Feverishly she kept on, each was tasteless to her; so was supper; and supper came Millie.
 "No one can tell of the three nights when the girl was locked in with a woman of hard meter—nights, true, of lessening horror, so all the more terrible. As Rhona came realize that she was growing accustomed to the talk—even to the point of laughing at jokes—she was agitated at the dark spaces with her and within her. She was becoming a different sort of being—she looked back at the hard-toiling girl, who worked so faithfully, who tried to study, who had a quiet, whose day was an innocent routine of work and meals and talk and sleep as on some who was beautiful and lovely, but now dead. In her place was a sharp, cynical young man. Well for Rhona that her sentence but five days!
 The next afternoon she was scrubbing down the long corridor between the cells, when the iron came, jangling her keys.
 "Some one here for you," said the matron. Rhona leaped up.
 "My mother?" she cried out in a piercing cry.
 "See here," said the matron, "you want to stay—and only five minutes, mind you."



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"My mother?" Rhona repeated, her heart near to bursting.

"No—some one else. Come along."

Rhona followed, half-choking. The big door was unlocked before her and swung open—she peered out. It was Miss Vane of the Woman's League.

Seeing this face of a friend, suddenly recalled her to her old world, to the struggle, the heroism, the strike, and filled with a sense of her imprisonment and its injustice, she rushed blindly out into open arms, and was clutched close . . . close . . .

And then she sobbed . . . wept for minutes . . . purifying tears. . . And suddenly she had an inspiration, a flash of the meaning of her martyrdom . . . how it could be used as a fire and a torch to kindle and lead the others.

She lifted up her face.
"You tell the girls," she cried, "it's perfectly wonderful to be here. It's all right. Just you tell them it's all right. Any of them would be glad to do it!"

And then the matron, who was listening, stepped forward.

"Time's up!"
There was one kiss, one hug, and the brave girl was led away. The door slammed her in.

V

Two weeks later there was a vast mass-meeting in Carnegie Hall to celebrate the return of Rhona and some others who had also been sent to the workhouse. After the music, the speeches, Rhona stepped forward, slim, pale, and very little before the gigantic auditorium. She spoke simply.

"I was picketing on Great Jones Street. A man came up and struck me. I had him arrested. But in court he said I struck him, and the judge sent me to Blackwell's Island. I had to scrub floors. But it was only for five days. I think we all ought to be glad to go to the workhouse because that will help women to be free, and help the strikers. I'm glad I went. It wasn't anything much!"

They cheered her, for they saw before them a young heroine, victorious, beloved, ideal. But her mother had something else to say later.

"Rhona? Well, you had ought to seen her when we first landed! Ah! she was a beauty, my Rhona—such cheeks, such hair, such eyes—laughing all the time. But now—ach! She sighed sadly. "So it goes. Only, I wished she wasn't always so afraid—afraid to go out . . . afraid . . . so nervous . . . so . . . different."

Continued from page 30

The Reciprocity Illusion

The South is for the most part not affected by "Reciprocity." Its industries are not interfered with. Cotton and rice are not produced in Canada or dealt with in the "Reciprocity" measure. Neither is sugar a factor in "Reciprocity." The live-stock business of the South is insignificant compared with that of the West and Middle West. The South will be the gainer if free raw materials eventually result in cheaper foods. It stands to lose nothing by "Reciprocity," and may gain. The Taft sentiment of the Southern delegates to the national Republican convention is in nowise threatened by the passage of the "Reciprocity" bill.

No political measure has ever been more carefully calculated than "Reciprocity." Backed as it was from the very start by the active support of the manufacturers and of the whole capitalistic press, "Reciprocity" appears to have greatly strengthened the President's chances of securing a solid body of delegates from the Republican machine of the East. The same influences have increased the Taft sentiment in the packing and milling districts of the Middle West and in the patronage-built Taft machine of the South.

But important as these results may have been for Mr. Taft and the Republican ma-



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"Reciprocity" has also accomplished other and still more important service, leading to the fact that "Reciprocity" has been seen largely through the eyes of capital—newspapers committed to Mr. Taft's re-election, the really indefensible injustices of the bill have been greatly minimized in the eyes of the public. In all sections of the country where the people were not vitally affected by the unjust schedules, "Reciprocity" has been able to pass as a sincere attempt on the part of the administration to break down tariff walls and to reduce the cost of living, especially in the West and in the farming districts of the Middle West, where the fear of foreign competition stimulated the people to scrutinize the bill, was it understood and intelligently commented upon. In these sections it aroused a storm of indignant protest and the hostility of the people's representatives in both houses of Congress.

It is not that the people of the West and the Middle West were unwilling to undergo their share of whatever sacrifices are necessary in order to establish real reciprocity with Canada. But they were unwilling to be the only ones selected by the administration for sacrifices, especially as they were not at all convinced of the sincerity of the measure, and suspected that the framers of the bill were influenced by political more than by economic considerations.

The West's opposition to "Reciprocity" was its attempt to amend the bill and supplement it with a farmers' free list thus gave the administration press an opportunity of fighting the Insurgents before the country in the light of men who were opposing a measure for the general welfare simply out of selfishness and an inability to take a broad view of a great act of statesmanship on the part of the President. This turning of public sentiment against his most powerful political enemies was perhaps the most important of "Reciprocity" from the point of view of 1912.

One of the most interesting features of the "Reciprocity" bill, from a political point of view, is the paper schedule. The daily press in most sections of the country, in entire sympathy with the plans of the Republican administration. Controlled by capital, it casts powerful influence in favor of nominating a candidate who is thoroughly sympathetic to big business. The magazines, on the other hand, are on the whole progressive, and bitterly hostile to conducting the Federal Government in the interests of big business.

Taft's bill provides that news print published at not more than four cents per copy shall be admitted free of duty. It is noted that the duty on the higher grades of paper is not reduced. It is also to be noted that the daily papers are printed on low grades of paper which, under "Reciprocity," come in free, and that the magazines printed on the higher grades of paper still which the high tariff of the Payne-Acheson bill is retained.

Those who are aware of the enormous quantity of low-grade print paper used by the daily papers will realize the immense saving that may be assured to them by the paper schedule of the "Reciprocity" act—a saving which, in the case of a large metropolitan city, will amount literally to hundreds of thousands of dollars a year.

It is careful favoring of the pro-Taft faction of public opinion is certainly a shrewd real move. It is also an instance of the anticipation of coming political struggles with which the treaty with Canada was

LET "RECIPROCITY" MAY BRING UNINTENDED BENEFITS

Whether the "Reciprocity" bill should be passed. In the first place it may prove to have raw materials come in free. It is not till at what time we may stand in the way of wheat and other raw products from Canada, and a treaty with Canada might have been impossible. But the real value

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in "Reciprocity" is one that was evidently not contemplated by its framers. It is that its sheer injustice to the farmer and the consumer is so great and its discrimination in favor of the manufacturer so gross that its enactment must surely and soon be followed by reprisals on the part of the injured classes against the favored classes, resulting in real tariff reform in the interests of the whole country. From this point of view "Reciprocity" is strangely enough likely to prove a break in the solid tariff wall which has existed so long in favor of the manufacturing interests—the very same interests that the "Reciprocity" schedules were so carefully calculated to protect.

When the record of the Sixty-second Congress takes its place in history, the intelligent public of the United States will have understood the "Reciprocity" bill much more fully than it understands it now. The one-sided and wholly unjust nature of the measure will have become a matter of public knowledge, and the efforts of the Insurgents to embody common justice and common sense into the bill will be fully comprehended by the country.

In the meantime, the so-called "Reciprocity" bill should be read by all who are interested in current politics. The "gospel" should be viewed at close range. Whatever may be said of it as a tariff measure, it was a masterpiece of machine politics.

Nevertheless, by playing politics in "Reciprocity," the administration has not permanently improved Mr. Taft's position as a candidate.

The regular leaders of the Republican Party are now on trial charged with undue sympathy with special privilege. The country feels that they have shown a curious inability to realize that the Government should be conducted in the interests of the average man—who is a poor man with an annual income of less than seven hundred dollars a year on which to house, feed, clothe his family. The country feels that the Republican administration in most, if not all, questions where there was a conflict between the special interests and the people, has sided with the former as long as public opinion allowed it to do so. More and more the conviction has been under influences which have prevented it from considering the poor.

When "Reciprocity" was introduced to the people it was with a flourish of trumpets.

It was announced by the President, the Cabinet, and the Capitalistic press to be a remedy for the alleged injustices of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, and a great act of constructive statesmanship.

The political leaders pointed with pride to "Reciprocity" as a proof of their popular and progressive ideas on tariff. The bill itself, like all tariff bills, was not read by the people, and what was learned about it from the daily press was on the whole in line with the claims made by politicians. The very name "Reciprocity with Canada" was enough to disarm criticism.

The country "fell" for the "Reciprocity" crusade. Nevertheless it is now highly probable that not even the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, the President's Alaskan policies, or his recognition of the wool, cotton and farmers' free list bills, will prove so formidable a stumbling block to the plans for his renomination and reelection, as this "gospel" of "Reciprocity." For, added to its injustice to the farmer and its betrayal of the interests of the consumer is a peculiar and sinister element of danger, the danger that the country will at last read the "Reciprocity" bill and see that not even the Payne-Aldrich act was so conspicuous an example of a tariff measure framed in the interest of special privilege, and realize that it has been egregiously fooled.

Shortly before Mr. Taft's election, he said that he was in favor of the immediate downward revision of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff. The country is now beginning to inquire why "Reciprocity" was the only tariff-reducing measure that was not promptly vetoed.

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Continued from page 29

THE ADMIRABLE ADMIRALS

"they," because the idea seemed to strike 'em about the same time, an' they happened to light on the same owner, at the evenin' before they was goin' to sail, an' both broke the news to her over the phone, an' so it was a dead heat. An' when one of 'em found out about the other, Bos' water-front wasn't big enough for 'em to let their time tearin' down.

Now, seein' they'd reached the limit, it seemed like the time had come for Effie to try her colors. I don't know how the idea around the fleet, but somehow it was generally considered that this trip would tell the

Even the admirals themselves seemed like it for granted, and an eight-inch haul—couldn't 've held them two vessels together safer than the fear that the other fellow'd away for port unbeknownst. The new vessel wouldn't be ready for a few days, so Georgie sailed this last trip with the Bella. Her cousin stood on the tow-boat company's boat, wavin' her hanky to 'em as long as they was in sight, an' we stood around bilin' her an' layin' a few extra bets on result. She was a takin' little thing—there was no gettin' round that.

Fishin' luck is any sign of shore luck, an' admirals ought to've had a dozen girls in' in port for 'em, instead of one, because there never was such a run of fish as on vessels come into that trip. There isn't any chance of one's farin' better'n the other—they stuck together closer'n glue all the days an' nights, each skipper watchin' the other through his glasses, agin any sign of a pin anchor. Georgie worked like a dog, an' all of his not havin' to, an' Cap'n Silvado l around and said what a splendid fellow was. Everybody felt like they was gettin' pay for the biggest race ever pulled off in the waters, an' was strung up accordin'. Now you know the course from the Georges about Nor-nor-west to the tip of Cape Cod, an' from there it hauls down to the harbor for Boston. Of course anything you shave off on that angle is so much to the good, but Peaked Hill Bar ain't a thing to get free with, even at high water. Well, the old skippers, as had sailed these waters for so many good years, stood in to see that point showed the state their minds in. Whatever come to them served 'em right.

I say, it was night time an' everybody below except the two men at the two tables an' the two admirals perambulating amidships, too wrought up to keep their mouths shut, not to speak of sleepin'. Of course the two admirals was fairly close together, both bein' in so close in, but the Bella'd gained two or three lengths on the Handy Ann by this time, an' that's how Cap'n Silvado comes to win'tin' to-day.

Now he ever managed to do it, nobody knows. He won't tell. I guess probably he've wandered up too close to the fore'sheer, she was slackin' to a puff, bein' blind, an' an' dumb with his pink dreams, so to speak, an' the boom must've fetched over, but him in the back, an' lifted him into the ocean.

That as it may, the first thing Cap'n Silvado knew, he heard somebody makin' a fuss in the water somewhere on his sta'b'd bow, but it wasn't long before he'd come about, an' pulled the seat of somebody's pants with a hook. If he wasn't the surprisedest man that ever happened when he found who his visitor was, I'll scuttle this here ship. He wasn't no fool, you'd call exactly broke up over it either, but he saw the Bella Silva disappearin' in the night, all unknowin' of its loss, an' when he heard the language that same loss was now his, he simply set down an' give way to his mind in one long string of horse laughter. He isn't known but what he might've done self some harm if Providence hadn't seen fit to save him by sudden introducin' the Handy Ann to Peaked Hill Bar an' makin'

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'em fast friends for life, far's appear-
went.

For two people that'd once been friends, Cap'n Todd an' Cap'n Silvano gave a revolution the rest of that night. Cap'n Todd wondered how a man that would fall off his own vessel without so much as mentioning to one of the crew ever was allowed on sea at all, an' Cap'n Silvano made a special at the same time, havin' to do with kind of sailor men that are always huntin' a bit of land so's they can run into it, an' kept askin' Cap'n Todd why he didn't go on over the cape into Provincetown an' the trouble of bein' hauled off in the morning. The crew simply stood around and complain, every-day cusses. Altogether, it was happy an' companionable time.

Of course they got dragged off an' sent their way next day, but they wasn't the same people. It ain't an entirely pleasant prospect for two respectable skippers to be marooned, one of 'em with a ship he'd run aground on a charted shoal under a lighthouse an' fair weather, an' the other without a ship fell off of like a cabin boy. More'n that, taste had gone out of the race, seein' it was bound to get there together now or one of 'em jumped overboard an' swum. How they could fix it, could one of 'em ahead of the other to stay. It looked heaven meant 'em to stand even with no favors given, an' get what was comin' to 'em their merits only. This bein' the case, he spent all that day discussin' each other's merits from opposite ends of the *Handy* until the discussion grew too painful, a which they just set around an' glared.

The first thing they laid eyes on when they made out Fish Wharf was a brand-new vessel layin' in the end berth an' ready for sea. "I see Georgie's ready for his first trip," that vessel I got him," Cap'n Todd hollered to Cap'n Silvano, at the same time smoothened his whiskers an' makin' himself presentable.

Cap'n Silvano didn't say a word, meanin' to give the impression that Cap'n Todd was worth it. He was busy with his mustache.

Somehow, when they came alongside the wharf they both felt kind of flustered an' an' they both sneaked down in the cabin set in two bunks facin' one another, felt worse'n ever. They hadn't more'n felt the first bump of the pier when they heard a voice on the companion ladder, an' next minute there stood the person that'd gotten 'em out all this mess, smilin' very sweet an' pretty—of all the world—home-ly old Cap'n Todd. She reached out a hand to Cap'n Silvano.

"Won't you congratulate me, Mr. Silvano," says she. "If my husband is to be a skipper then all skippers'll be my friends, and goodness knows you've been that to me."

Cap'n Silvano couldn't move so much as a eyelash, he was so taken up an' slammed down again. He hadn't more'n got one good remark ready to fire at Cap'n Todd when the girl went on, turnin' to that person.

"And you, too, Mr. Todd. You've been regular old angels."

"Old angels!" the two of 'em exploded together. "Why, Miss Effie!"

"Mrs. Georgie," she corrected 'em, cheerfully. "We were married this morning before you got in."

Then when she observed 'em both keeled an' get cold an' stiff, somethin' seemed dawn on her.

"Why—why—I thought you knew it all along," says she. "Georgie and I've been going to get married ever since we were children. Our mothers, who were second cousins planned it out years and years ago, and we only been waiting till Georgie had a good situation. And you two old dears fixed it all up. Oh, I love you both!"

Well, the admirals are still sailin' the waters, but they ain't the same men. For a long spell they kept out of sight's view, they could, an' they shunned each other the smallpox. But I do hear it said that somebody seen 'em comin' out of Mahon together the other night an' spendin' more an hour argufyin' over which one was to take the other home to his vessel.

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Continued from page 18

MADONNA

clothes you were soon to wear. It was here in his room, too, you were born, Donna.* I never told you, did I?"

He halted, choked with the memory of past emotions. How real they still were as he dared re-live them! He had been alone with Barker in the little room waiting impatiently. He had felt so helpless, so guilty that he should be sitting there doing nothing while she was suffering. Could he ever forget his rebellion at the scheme of things which made the frail rose-leaf of a woman suffer, while he, in his young strength, could do nothing, nothing. Why was it so? How he had pounded his head with that steel question, as he sat with Barker, who confided he felt the same way himself a few years before. And then Barker had tried to make him drink brandy "to soothe him and make him normal." As if brandy were what he wanted when his pale little wife lay quivering with pain. During those hours how he hated the child that was coming. He was responsible! How dared he have wanted it; he who paid so little while the woman was giving everything. It had seemed ages in his struggle, too, before "the late Mrs. B." had come to tell him it was a girl, and that his wife had been wonderful and brave. Then he had been glad he was a father—glad and very proud, Barker had said.

"They wouldn't let me speak to your mother that day; but at night I tiptoed into the room and closed that door. We were alone—she, I and you, Donna. On the tiny crib her hand rested as though to warn all trespassers away. I could not move for a long while. I was in some shrine where no man should have entered. Her breathing was calm and steady, like music in the silence. She moved and brushed a curl from her forehead, and the moonbeams fell upon her hair, which haloed everything. I went near her like a thief to steal a look at you. She did not hear me; she heard the breathing of her child only in her dreams. I pulled the coverlet down and looked at you. You weren't so pretty then; yet I don't think you ever seemed more wonderful to me. Your mother never moved even when I knelt beside her and kissed her hot hand and tried to think the things I felt."

He felt again that hand clasping his across the years; he heard again the soft breathing; but it was only Donna this time who was calling him back to finish the story—for he must have become silent again in recollection.

"I don't know how long I was there; only from your mother's face the moon rose and drew its rays like finger points to the picture above her head. It was the same *Madonna and Her Child*."

He could see they, too, were looking at it as it floated so steadily in the light.

"There are some things we look in our heart and throw away the key or save the key to use it once. You two must know that I felt somehow that night as though I knew all the secrets of the world. For I understood then for the first time what love was; what marriage really meant to those who really loved. That was the most sacred moment in my life. And as I sat there, Gilbert, I resolved to be worthy, more worthy even than I had promised to be at the altar. You see I realized that though I had not suffered for the child as the other had, there were other things I could do. And to that little bit of breathing flesh I promised all the best that could be so that he would be a worthy wife and mother for the man she loved as her mother was for me. Gilbert take good care of her. I know you will because I know you. She's the dearest thing I'm leaving behind."

He instantly corrected the slip of his tongue, questioning whether they would suspect that he would soon pass. But they were too absorbed in themselves. They said nothing, and let them live with their own thoughts while the fire glowed quietly.

"Your mother never left her bed. I told



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her of my midnight visit and my resolve fore she died, and she only pressed my hand faintly and never said a word. But I knew she understood, and was proud of her motherhood, and that her little girl would grow under my care. I couldn't help calling you Donna—Ma—Donna—for somehow that night has always been a yesterday, and that picture has always held your mother's last smile."

He cleared his throat. It did get clogged and thick at times; but he would soon be released.

"Children, never be ashamed of the big and best things you feel. I wonder if you understand the real big thing a foolish sentimental father is trying to tell you tonight."

He rose slowly from the depths of his chair. The moon had hidden behind the clouds darkening the room. He reached for a candle, and held high its golden light before the picture. It seemed to float from its frame. His daughter and Gilbert were silently by his side looking at it, too. As he stood there he wondered whether they saw what he could see—the whole of Motherhood, the epic poem of Progress and Life, the story of Pain for Creation, the Record of sad lines melting into baby smiles! He had been caught in the face which smiled down upon them. Flesh faded away and old spirits stole out. Motherhood! That was the meaning of marriage. Love that spoke of babble of little children, not with the red words of soulless passion.

And somehow he knew they saw it, too. Donna silently made him lower the candle, as its light flooded her face he saw a new calm there—the calm of her unshaken strength—the strength which would send her gloriously beyond the virginal fears of her girlhood into the arms of her husband who might be the father of her child. Her eyes had looked into the mystery and it became part of her. She had seen the great rôle she could play in the sweep of life and she was ready.

And Gilbert, too, had changed. There was an added sense of responsibility, a gentleness and an awe hovering amid the thoughts the picture had brought. He let the moments pass as he knew his children were on the heights, as people do not find them very often together.

"Say good night to her, Gilbert, and go by till I bring her to you in the church tomorrow."

She raised her lips to Gilbert but, for some reason or other, he gently lowered her head and with infinite tenderness kissed her hair. When she lifted her face again there was an intensified understanding glowing in her eyes.

When they were alone and the outer door had closed, Donna came to her father. He took her in his arms. He sensed the calm, the awakening woman; the little girl he had gone forever. He could say nothing else. Words would have cut the silence. But he looked at the Madonna, too, as she slowly trailed to the door of her little room. She must have whispered a good-by to him the last time they would be together, but he did not hear it.

He took the candle and held it high above him again before the picture. Yes; yes, he stood for all Motherhood; she was the Ideal. He had let his children see what lay beneath the paint and canvas. He had given them something to start them safely. They might not achieve happiness as he had; they might falter fatally as others who had likewise begun with heads and hearts high. But at least they would have had a glimpse at the heights revealed to so few.

Yet, as he lingered there, the picture seemed to change; and only the woman came forth, wife, the mother of his child. She was no longer part of the universal: she was just a woman smiling to him from afar. He was but human after all, a thing of blood and bones. To sustain his strength he had fought himself through the years, but he acknowledged, at last, he was tired of the struggle to feed his flesh with his spirit.

Yes; he had shown them the sweep of spirit, but now, that he was quite alone, he jealously wanted the soft hands of the Madonna and the gentle breathing woman.

Continued from page 14

The Protection of Nursing Mothers in Industry

which provides that all workshops employing more than fifty women shall have a table room set aside where a woman may come to nurse her baby, and permission shall be granted her to do this. Roumania, Argentina and Spain have similar humane laws. In France, Germany, and in England, at rare intervals it is true, are industrial communities the infant death rates which have been cut. In England private philanthropy has been the agency which has accomplished much. In France and in Germany the death rate has been cut rather through the application of more general principles, as in the town of Vienne in the department of Isère. The industry in this town is the manufacture of textiles, paper and machine articles, and there is a population of over twenty thousand. This town, in common with other industrial towns, had a high infant mortality rate. Out of every 100 children born, 21 died. In 1894 M. Francisque joined the Mutualité Maternelle, and his aim is to care for working mothers, and especially to give them gratuitous medical assistance before the birth of their children, and to permit them to rest for a month after birth. This society also encourages breast feeding. It is stated that 60 per cent. of the women in this industrial town feed their own infants.

TWO FRENCH TOWNS SOLVE THE PROBLEM

In the year 1902 it was found that only 10 babies died out of every 100. This means that Vienne had reversed its position; that the death rate of its babies was small as that of rural France, and in some cases smaller; and that by the application of an intelligent system of maternal assistance which permitted rest and freedom from worry and proper medical attention, babies lived where they had hitherto died. Le Creusot is in the department of Saône-et-Loire, France, is another town which has accomplished the same thing but with different results. Le Creusot is an industrial town of the purest type, and its population centers and the machine shops and steel works of Schneider & Co. The employers in this great factory came to the sensible conclusion that it would be better for them to raise their workers and that these workers must be strong and healthy. M. Pinaud, in his study of the course taken by the company, notes in an article in *Académie de Médecine*, 1905:

That the average death rate of children under one year of age in France is 10 per cent.; that the average death rate in industrial towns of 30,000 to 3,000,000 inhabitants is 20.8 per cent., but that Le Creusot for a ten-year period had an average death rate of 11.04 per cent.

The recommendations made by W. M. Schneider to the country at large to secure results attained at Le Creusot were to:

- (1) Ameliorate the general living conditions such as sanitary housing and sanitary conditions of towns.
- (2) Raise the wages of the workmen to point that their wives may be at liberty to consecrate their time to their natural duties.
- (3) Give the assurance of gratuitous medical assistance.

While Dr. Pinaud recognizes the advantages of sanitary housing, he places a special basis upon the wage scale. When the wage scale of the husband is the married woman will work, and when leaves her home her babies die.

More than 80 per cent. of Le Creusot women nurse their children, and, like the women of Vienne, the Le Creusot women have medical care and rest before the birth of their children.

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G. H. BRINKLER, Food Expert, Dept. 22, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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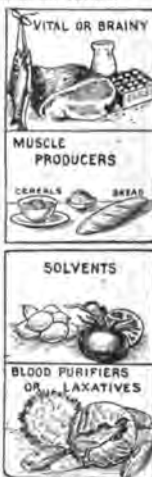
"Your little books eliminated chronic catarrh from my system in about three weeks. To put it weakly, I was astonished. I know now, that butter, eggs and rich cream caused the trouble. I thank you for your knowledge and hope to learn more of your system in the future."

Different Classes of Foods Cause Different Diseases

I have produced in myself at will from time to time such complaints as rheumatism, catarrh, fevers, kidney trouble, blackheads, sores, dandruff, etc., by eating different classes of foods to excess, proving that the waste from each class of foods produces an entirely different disease. For instance, eggs, cream, butter, cheese, milk and salt are mucus making foods which produce catarrh. Starch and eggs (paste making foods) in wrong combinations congest and produce headache, dullness, brain fog, etc., while lean meats, green vegetables, and fresh, juicy fruits do not.



G.H. Brinkler, Food Expert



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Publishers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE,

New York, August 23, 1911.

F. E. MORRISON,

Advertising Manager.

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So in the long run, industry properly conducted does not make the State pay the frightful price of the deaths of little children.

In America a far greater number of married women have actually been employed in industry than have been employed in most of the smaller countries we have named. More families have actually suffered, and more homes been neglected through the impoverished health of the mother on account of her too quick return to work than in the small countries where the average number of married women employed is greater.

The life of the mother also has been shortened, as well as her period of working efficiency. The inevitable result of this has been an increase in the percentage of broken families. Death and illness of mothers have a kindred outcome: they scatter the little children among public institutions.

AMERICA LAGS FAR BEHIND

But we, in this country, have not interfered with the personal liberty of our working mothers. They may remain working as long as they choose before the birth of their children to earn money to feed those they already have, and may go to work again as soon afterward as they can stand.

Recently the State of Massachusetts passed a law to go into effect the first of January, 1912, which provides that no woman shall be "knowingly employed in laboring in a mercantile, manufacturing or mechanical establishment within two weeks before or four weeks after childbirth."

This is the first legislation of the kind that we have had in this country.

It is bad for a country to permit its workmen to be maimed in a factory and to have no legal redress. It is worse for a country to permit its children to work in mills and factories at the expense of youth and health. But what about a condition of affairs which strikes at the very wellspring of life—which causes the death rate of its children to rise to an abnormal extent and which further causes children to be born puny and unfitted for the battle of life?

It is a curious spectacle! On the one hand there is the tremendous and thriving industry which is daily accumulating fortunes for its owners and stockholders, and at the other side of the picture are the conditions under which the producers of this wealth work—conditions that cause women to bear sickly children, or if the children be born healthy, such that they die from lack of proper care.

The tragic part of it is, that these conditions are not necessary. They are partly the result of carelessness, and partly of rapacity and greed. Europe has read largely what such conditions mean to the race, and definitely is trying to remedy them.

Germany, France and England, and the other great European countries, have taken time to study these questions, because they had to keep up their fighting and industrial strength. Except sentimentally, it made little difference to our nation that the American birth rate has decreased.

In this country let us not be blinded because as yet the proportion of our married women in industry is a comparatively small one; let us be honest and think in numbers instead of in percentages. To-day our industrial towns are in the condition of Vienna before it made its experiment in maternal insurance, and in the condition of Germany before it incorporated maternal insurance with its sick insurance scheme.

An awful price is being paid every year and every day in American industrial towns. We have no legislation to protect our women except that in Massachusetts; we have no systems of maternal insurance; our industrial mothers are unprotected and therefore their babies as well. Except in the case of occasional employers who hold a woman's position for her for a certain length of time after the birth of her child, and except for a few day nurseries connected with certain industries, the country as a whole has given no consideration to the question of the protection of the nursing mothers in industry.

Continued from page 12

The Soul Machine

come an automaton, we will have one afternoon to know each other. . . . You should know what you have destroyed to make a diaphragm! You shall take me—up the river. We will talk of music, pictures, books; our hopes and our ideas of life. I will sing to you. We will be just two friends together. . . . In the evening we will come back here, and then— We'll forget that now. Will you like me?"

"Yes," he said, "if you wish it." He shivered, and his voice shook.

"I wish it. . . . No word of love or marriage. Promise, on your honor."

"I promise."

"And no drawing back when the time comes. I shall not."

"And I dare not, Myra. . . . You do not understand. It is to save the world; and the world is many millions; and you are only one."

"Only one; and valued at six degrees. . . . Come. I am going to make that six into sixteen this afternoon; perhaps six and twenty. I want you to be sorry afterward for—mine!"

The setting sun was reddening the sky when the Professor and Myra reentered the laboratory. She carried a great bunch of wild flowers that she had gathered. Some of her hair fell loose when she took off her hat, and made her look very young.

"And now," she said, "you shall make your new diaphragm. Will you remember that it is as once rather a nice girl? . . . You thought so this afternoon."

"Oh, Myra. . . ."

"Hush! . . . It has to be. It is fixed in your mind, beyond altering. Don't save your conscience by pretending to be overruled by me! . . . It is fixed in my mind, too. . . . Do it quickly. I am ready. . . . Hush! Don't talk!"

The professor moved the diaphragm from its slab, and set a library chair there. He seated it with cushions.

"Sit there, Myra," he said. "You will not feel any pain. When the machine starts you will know no more—as yourself—until it stops. Then I shall take you home. . . ."

"Me," said the girl thoughtfully. "Me. You call it that? Well, it will not know what has lost, will it?"

"I shall," he cried with sudden passion. The girl smiled over her shoulder as she went to the chair.

"I think," she said, "your fifth dial will go higher than six, when you think of me. That is why I made you take me out this afternoon."

"Oh, Myra!" he groaned.

"That will be your sacrifice, you see. . . . If you arrange the cushions, and make—diaphragm—comfortable? . . . Yes, it will be higher than six, won't it? . . . When you think of your poor little soulless, helpless diaphragm? . . . That is very comfortable, thank you!"

She smiled up at him without a tremor.

"I have the best part after all," she told him. "I shall forget. . . . And you will remember. . . . Good-by."

"Oh, Myra! . . . Don't you see I am like a signalman who must send the train to destruction—a thousand lives—or upon his head. The world needs your soul, and I— I kiss you!"

"Yes," she said. "I shall forget; and you will remember."

She lifted her face to his, put her arms round his neck like a child, and returned his kisses.

"Think of this," she said, "when you take your own thoughts on your brand new diaphragm. . . . Good-by. . . . Please do it now." She sank back upon the cushions with sudden weariness, and lay there smiling; and a wonderful moment of beauty came to her. The professor looked at her and felt very tired.

"Myra," he said. "It is my duty; and I



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damn myself if I refuse to do it; but I not!"

His face worked painfully, and he strove and down.

"It is you who are damning me!" he said as if he had lost his reason. "You would help me; declared that you were ready was all pretense. You meant to win me with your fascinations. You talked glibly dying, but you did not mean it. You meant to make me love you and marry you. I have saved the world, and now—I will die!" He laid his hand on the lever. Dr. it with a groan. "After all," he said, "life is your own. . . . Go! . . . It is I will die!"

She sat up in the chair and looked at her with her hand on her chin.

"My life is my own," she said, "and that I have to give. I give it gladly!"

She leaned forward holding by the arm the chair and put down a lever. The powers imprisoned in the machine fell on her suddenly and she dropped across the of the chair. He threw himself upon the ers wildly and pulled two together. The seemed to fill with lightning and the The Soul Machine fell to pieces. The bon window blew out. He saw a calm even sky. And then he saw nothing.

A pretty young girl, with her hands bandaged, brought the professor home in a cab. He was unconscious. A liceman who came with them told his of the explosion at the laboratory. They found the young lady sitting on the holding the professor in her arms, he. She had been sensible enough at first, and ordered the cab, but on the way she seemed gone dazed, and "lost herself."

The professor's sister drew Myra to her kissed her.

"Who are you, dear?" she asked.

The girl stared blankly and gave a that had no laughter in it.

"I am the new diaphragm," she said.

A fortnight later, when the professor well enough to go out, he told his sister whole story. She made no comment then, but he noticed that she shrank from

"There is only one thing that you can do," she said, after a painful pause. "You marry her."

"God knows," he said, "I am w enough; but Myra—"

"There is no Myra," his sister said, murdered her. God forgive you. . . . I think He will. . . . Myra loved you marriage is the best way to protect w left of her. You will go away, of course leave her with me; but she has a right to name. You must marry her."

"If she is willing—" "Willing? If you ask her she will marry you and say 'Am I?' . . . Oh, George! sister cried a little.

They said no more till they heard a step in the passage. She had lived with since the explosion. She did not speak she came in—she never spoke till she spoken to—but when the professor's kissed her she returned the kiss and sm

"Would you like to go out with G darling?" the sister asked, holding th round the waist.

Myra looked at the professor.

"Would I?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, Myra. Run a on your hat."

"Which hat?" she demurred. "I will come and dress you, darling," sister offered.

Myra followed her obediently. Pre she came back in muslin and roses. U bought her a hat and dress like those the explosion had spoiled.

"Shall we go now, Myra?" he said.

"Shall we?" She always answered tions so.

"Yes, dear," he said, and then they and the professor's sister laid her head table and cried.

"Where shall we go, Myra?" he in when they were outside.

You know," she said.
On the river?" he suggested. "Where we
at that afternoon? You remember, Myra?"
Do I?" She looked at him doubtfully.
don't think I remember, because—I am a
phragm."
le groaned.
Do you remember what that is?" he
ed.
No," she denied.
le groaned again.
We will go on the river," he decided.
h, Myra! You smiled so that afternoon.
l you ever smile again?"
Of course," she said, "if you tell me to
le."
he looked at him for her orders; and he
le a sound that was almost a sob.
We will go in a motor," he offered. "You
motors. . . . Well, you *did* . . . I think
do now, if you knew what you liked."
they came to the boat-stage presently and
k a little skiff. He put her tenderly
ing the cushions and rowed till they
shed a backwater; and there he stopped
er a tree, among the water-lilies. She
been so pleased with them a fortnight
ore.
Would you like to gather some, Myra?"
asked.
Shall I?" She waited as always for his
ers.
Oh, Myra!" he begged. "Can't you *want*
do anything?"
I want what you want," she said.
Do you? . . . I want you to marry me,
ra. Will you?"
If you tell me to," she assented com-
edily.
I want you to love me, Myra." He held
hands. "Will you?"
he frowned and bit her lips.
If you want me to," she demanded, "why
t you make me?"
I want you to make yourself," he en-
ted.
But, of course, I can't!" she said. "How
I? I am only a diaphragm."
Don't," he begged hoarsely. "Don't." He
oped his face in his hands and his body
k. He was haggard when he looked up.
Myra," he said, "it's no use telling you
use you can't understand; but I want to
it. . . . The Machine shall never be made
in. I see now that it was blasphemous
y. We cannot save souls. They must save
selves. . . . Neither can we destroy
n. Some day—perhaps after we are both
d, Myra—yours will come back to you—
aps, in God's goodness to mine! . . .
nwhile I shall be punished enough, Myra.
all break a little piece off my heart every
for want of the love that you cannot give
. . . . Don't you understand a little, dear?"
here was silence for five minutes. . . . ten.
Then, for the first time for a fortnight
a spoke of her own accord.
Come and sit beside me," she said, in a
et, steady voice, "and—yes, I think you
hold my hands. . . . No. You must not
me—yet. . . . Listen! . . . There is a
Machine. It is called Love. . . . Souls
t save themselves as you say; but love can
them the way. . . . I learned that as I
in the ruined studio holding you in my
s. The floor shook, and I thought per-
we should go through; and I wanted to
you from the fall. . . . No. You must
kiss me yet. . . . I love you very much.
I thought, if he dies he will lose his soul;
if he lives, unless he gives up this wicked
of his own accord. Perhaps if he sees me
might have been; as a poor helpless, soul-
reature, who was once a girl that he
ght pretty and bright and sweet—I could
that you thought that—perhaps he will be
y and save himself *then*. . . . Perhaps
ill offer his ambition, his name, his love—
I wanted that!—to this poor hurt, help-
foolish thing. . . . And then, I thought,
ll love him so dearly, I will be so good
im, that he will be glad that he has only
ficed a machine and not a soul. . . . *two*
s. . . . I love you very much. . . . And
you shall kiss me!"

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\$1000 Reward

For evidence convicting anyone who, when Pabst Extract is called for, deliberately and without the knowledge of the owner, supplies an article other than Pabst Extract.

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as the representative of the greatest, grandest, most necessary household article ever invented. Think of it—a Self-Wringing Mop. Take a good look at the illustrations. Consider the value of this invention. You know how badly a woman hates to mop. And why? Because she must wring a sloppy, dirty rag with her hands—strain her back and wrists—wring her neck out by fatigue. What a glorious new invention. Liberty from this disagreeable task. No more back-breaking mopping days—no labor, no effort, no work. The greatest invention since the wheel. Every woman interested—and they are appointing representatives everywhere and we want you if you are first to write from your territory. You can make from \$50 to \$75 every week selling this grand invention. Every woman interested—and they are appointing representatives everywhere and we want you if you are first to write from your territory. You can make from \$50 to \$75 every week selling this grand invention. Every woman interested—and they are appointing representatives everywhere and we want you if you are first to write from your territory. You can make from \$50 to \$75 every week selling this grand invention.

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Think Of It

A Self-Wringing Mop. Two turns of the crank wrings out every drop of water. Mopping is now a pleasure.

"individual initiative" the fullest possible scope.

First of all the Administration picked an eminent private contractor—a civilian engineer man of high repute—as Chief Engineer. There are many explanations as to why Mr. Wallace resigned. But all the explanations do not alter the fact that he found the job too big for him or too discouraging and did resign. The Administration was somewhat inconvenienced, but it had another orthodox string to its bow and appointed Stevens. Great engineers, both of the men! Their records both before and since their failure to dig the Canal put them at very top of their profession. When Stevens threw up his hands, we had every reason to believe that all hope was lost. In desperation the Administration called in some American engineers. Very few of us had ever heard of Goethals—not one in a thousand knew the names of Hodges, Gaillard, Sibert and Rousseau. Our two most famous "civil" engineers had failed. The great undertaking was now to be trusted to unknown West Pointers. Another "government job"! From afar began to smell the pork-barrel—and even these men were honest they were sure to be inefficient.

However we were somewhat reassured by the official statements that this new commission was to have only a mild supervisory function—the real work of digging the ditch was to be left to the "individual initiative" private contractors. The military commission had not been in service a year, when even the last hope of fidelity to American tradition was taken from us.

Colonel Goethals's first Annual Report (1907) is largely given up to a description how pitifully "individual initiative" had fallen down. Contracts had been advertised according to tradition. The few bids which had come in were insanely exorbitant or utterly irresponsible. The dilemma was plain: either give up the Canal or try to dig it without "individual initiative."

GIVE BEST WITHOUT HOPE OF PROFIT

The Canal was a political necessity. We were launched on the hardbrain experiment of doing the biggest construction job in history (they are moving enough material down there in one month to build three of the biggest Egyptian pyramids) without the incentive of private profits. And lo! It is a fiasco.

The idea, that the only way to get the work out of a man is to give him a material interest in the profits of the concern, is certainly the very nubbin of our theory of business. It is disproved every day on the Canal Zone.

Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton visited the Isthmus recently. Before becoming Inspector-General of the Over-Sea Forces, he had seen service as head of the British Army in India. He was enthusiastic over all details of the work, but the thing which impressed him was the way the Americans worked. "What he said, 'in India we think that a white man is working hard if he puts in five hours a day.' Of all the Indian Empire, only the island of Ceylon is as near the Equator as our Canal Zone. That we have about 50,000 white Americans down there who are on job eight hours all the six days of a week seemed to General Hamilton more wonderful than the Culebra Cut.

Of course, time is not the only criterion of work. Quality of labor is equally important. "Crude energy," we are told, "can be bought but brains can only be attracted by profit." There is a force of about fifteen hundred men in the Zone who are classed as the S. S. Department. Some are black men, some white, some get a dollar a day and Col. Gorgas—on top—gets a fairly large salary for a comfortable house. But none of them gets any "profit." No one who knows

st-holes Colon and Panama used to be can
bust that the Sanitary Department has been
le to hire not only brains—but positive
ninus.

It is perhaps invidious to pick out one from
a multitude of examples. But Dr. Darling,
Chief of the Board of Health Laboratory,
a type of the others. He is not even drawing
a big salary. You may never have seen
his name, but you can find it in the lists of
honorary members of half the important medical
societies of the world. You will find it
frequently in the catalogue of any good medical
library under the heading "Tropical Diseases."
It is hardly conceivable that he would
do more or better work for "profit."

A high official of the Steel Trust who was
recently in the Zone, repeatedly expressed his
admiration of a young mechanical engineer.
It was common talk that he was trying to buy
him for Pittsburg. This young engineer's
particular genius lies along the line of shop-
economy.

"What?" I cried when I heard it, "economy
on a government job?"

Yes, economy. He had done marvels in re-
ducing shop-costs. And he did it without the
pretense of sharing in the profits of his
economy.

If you stay long enough on the Isthmus to
become really acquainted with the men, you will
find that no other word is more frequently
used than this word "economy."

There is a great fight on between the divi-
sion which is building the Gatun locks and the
men of the Pacific Division, who are building
similar locks on their side. About the same
amount of concrete is to be laid and the
additions of getting stone and sand and cement
are equal, so it is a fair race. Only their
methods of laying the concrete differ. Each
side is violently sure that their way is
the better. If you want to start an argument
with them, you have to say, "I hear they got their
concrete in place this week at Gatun for one-
fourth of a cent less per cubic yard than at
Miraflores."

RIVALRY WITHOUT INCENTIVE OF PROFIT

The Miraflores men will tell you that it is
only a matter of bookkeeping. The Gatun
men will assure you that it is a real difference
and that if the Miraflores outfit did not
keep their bookkeeping the difference would
be at least half a cent. There is no keener
rivalry between competing concrete firms in
the States. I have seen several bridge games
at the University Club broken up over this
argument. Once a picnic at Naos Island
nearly had ended in a fight—if the women
did not intervene.

Such rivalry—when not inspired by the
incentive of private profit—is, of course, at variance
with conservative tradition. And the most
disturbing thing is that it is a rivalry
—not of opinions—but of facts. A man
can be punished for subversive opinions.
But facts cannot be burned at the stake.

All this may seem even farther removed
from us in interest than in distance. After all,
even if the government can maintain large
forces on the Isthmus at a cost per month
per mile team of about one quarter as high
as the most favorable bid from a private
contractor (the facts and figures of the case are
set forth in the 1907 Report) what does it
mean to you and me and the good wife?

There is one aspect of this harebrained ex-
periment in paternalism, which comes very
close nearer our own problems.

The Commissary price-list published in the
Magazine on February 2, 1910, gave quotations
for 73 kinds and grades of meat, poultry and
game. In 32 instances there had been a re-
duction of price. *The Canal Record*—a gov-
ernment newspaper, by the way—referred to
this as follows:

"In the United States, at present, the
average price of live cattle is higher than at
any time since 1882, and the average price
of hogs is higher than at any time since the
Civil War. The reduction in the price of
pork in the face of the high prices in the
States is possible, because of economies that

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DRESS BETTER AT LOWER COST

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seasons, owing to the very unsettled conditions which have existed in
the textile trade for several months. We have been fortunate in our
purchases of raw materials and made-up goods. Then, too, the new
styles for Fall are extremely beautiful, more attractive than ever. You
will be delighted with the strikingly beautiful garments which have
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For instance—most of us work in order to live. The spending of the money received for our efforts is a mighty important thing in the lives of all of us. **SUCCESS MAGAZINE** is interested in getting for you the most and best for every dollar you spend. We want you to get your money's worth. To help us help you it is important to hear *from your standpoint* wherein our "buying service" is strong and wherein it is weak.

We, therefore, offer \$75.00 in prizes for information, as follows:

To the head of the family which buys, before October 31, 1911, the largest number of articles advertised in this issue of **SUCCESS**, we will pay \$25.00; to the head of the family reporting the next largest, we will pay \$10.00; and the next twenty, \$2.00 each. In case of ties the value of the prize tied for will be equally divided between each tying contestant.

CONDITIONS

Someone in your family (father, mother, son or daughter) should send us a list of the merchandise purchased, giving name of the article, from whom purchased, and name and address of the manufacturer. For instance, a course in college, a package of breakfast food, a Kodak, an automobile, a watch, a pair of shoes, soap, a fountain pen, a revolver, insurance, a toothbrush and a can of paint, would be counted as twelve (12) articles. Write name and address plainly. State number of persons in family and occupation of the reader of **SUCCESS**.

Make out complete list of all the advertised articles purchased by your family and send your report not later than the 15th day of November, 1911.

Letters bearing post-mark later than November 15th will not be considered.

Mail your list of articles to

THE ADVERTISING MANAGER

Success Magazine & The National Post

29-31 East Twenty-second Street

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have been effected in the running of the commissary system. . . .

"The reduction in the price of meat has been gradual, but consistent, during the year. On January 17, 1909, porterhouse steak cost 29 cents a pound at the commissaries; on February 1, the price was reduced to 27 cents; on May 30, it was selling at 25 cents a pound, but as soon as the new contract went into effect, the price was reduced to 22 cents, and it remained at 22 cents until February 1, 1910, when it was reduced to 21 cents."

While we at home were talking about meat-boycott—and some of us practising it—two thousand miles from New York City the price of meat was steadily going down. The official newspaper explains it on the ground of economies of the "commissary system." It sounds like something which we at home might like to share with these far away exiles.

"A commissary system was established on the Isthmus in 1894 by the Panama Railroad Company to supply groceries to the heads of its departments only. In 1896 the stock of goods was increased and commissary privileges were extended to all employees of the railroad, all steamship lines, warships of the navy, and consular officials of all nationalities, diplomatic and consular officials living on the Isthmus and the officials of the French Canal Company."

This in a nut shell is the early history of the enterprise. The significant point is that at the very outset the right to trade at the commissary store was regarded as a "privilege."

A HEALTHY YOUNG COOPERATIVE MOVEMENT

Back in 1894, the high officials of the Railroad planned a simple cooperative undertaking. The native merchants of Panama charged exorbitant prices and had very limited stocks. By pooling the buying power of these twenty-odd families, it was possible to save money and get the kind of groceries desired. It worked so well that everybody wanted to get in. On the other side the local store-keepers organized an opposition—their profits were threatened. But the idea—despite its heretical trend—was too good to be killed. It was evident to the little clique which started it and which found it very advantageous, that the more people who came into the combine, the greater the economies would be. As fast as the organization could overcome the opposition of the merchants, it let in new classes of buyers. When we took control of the Zone—ten years later—the little school of buying groceries for a few families had grown into a thriving general store.

In buying the Panama Railroad, our government also acquired this healthy young heretic of a cooperative movement.

Under the United States flag the merchants of the Isthmus hoped for better things. They immediately petitioned Washington to abolish this iniquitous assault on private property. They said they relied on the long established principles of our government and its known abhorrence to stifling individual initiative.

Despite all the logical arguments against it—despite the hoary traditions of our political economy, our government denied the petition. The Commissary is still doing business. Hardly a month passes when the Canal Railroad does not note some new economy which has been developed—some new nail driven into the coffin of "middleman's profit."

The matter is discussed in the Annual Report for 1907.

"Supplies are furnished to the hot messes, kitchens and employees . . . by the Commissary Department . . . which has developed into a modern department store."

The Report for the next year (1908) says: "Through its thirteen branch stores at more important points along the line of the Commissary supplies ice, meats, breads, cakes, ice-cream and groceries of all kinds, as well as laundry service. . . ."

"The value of commodities sold during year aggregated \$3,735,607.11. . . ."

By the end of June, 1910, the Commissary business had grown to an annual "to"

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Continued from page

The Speeches of Woodrow Wilson

these matters would insure a universal consideration of the matter from one end of the country to the other and would by that means redeem the reputation of a great profession and set American society forward a whole generation in its struggle for an equitable adjustment of its difficulties.

A NEW TYPE OF EXECUTIVE

Our executive officers, State and national, must, he believes, bear a large share of the task of securing progressive legislation:

The increasing dependence of the country upon its executive officers is thrusting upon them a double function. They must undertake the business of agitation, that is to say, the business of forming and leading opinion, and it will not be very effectual or serviceable for them to do that unless they take the next step and make bold to formulate the measures by which opinion is to be put into effect. What the result of this will be upon our forms of governmental procedure we can only conjecture. But one thing is plain, it puts a tremendous responsibility upon executives and at the same time brings them out into such a blazing light of publicity that they are checked as they never were checked before in the exercise of their prerogatives. Their new powers, if they be new, are not powers of compulsion; they are only powers of leadership. They cannot oblige legislatures to carry out their decisions. They can only seek to lead and instruct public opinion. Their strength is nothing except when their fellow citizens agree with them and stand back of them in the great business of politics.

Governor Wilson is a Democrat and there is a theory, at least partially based upon fact, that the Democratic Party is jealouslyalous of the rights of the States. In his address before the Conference of Governors at Frankfort, Kentucky, Dr. Wilson refused to accept the States' rights doctrine without qualification:

The organization of business has become more centralized, vastly more centralized than the political organization of the country itself. Corporations have come to cover greater areas than States have come to live under a greater variety of laws than the citizen itself, have excelled States in their budgets and loomed bigger than whole commonwealths. Their influence over the lives and fortunes of entire communities of men. Centralized business has built up vast structures of organization and equipment which overtop all States and seem to have no match or competitor except the Federal government itself, which was not intended for such competitions. Amid a confused variety of States and statutes stands now the Colossus of business; uniform, concentrated, poised upon a single plan; governed not by votes, but by commands, seeking, not service, but profits.

"The States," he said in his Lincoln, Nebraska, address, "must fill in the detail, must undertake the regulation which adjusts enterprise to the daily life of the community; so to it that there is no essential antagonism between the use of wealth and development of a wholesome life, that gates of every opportunity are kept open, that men are everywhere free to work, that communities are protected against disease, that particular classes against the crushing burden of certain kinds of labor, that the streams utilized as the sources of power and refinement, that the forests are conserved within their borders, that the resources which are so common are not monopolized and exclusively for private benefit and profit.

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