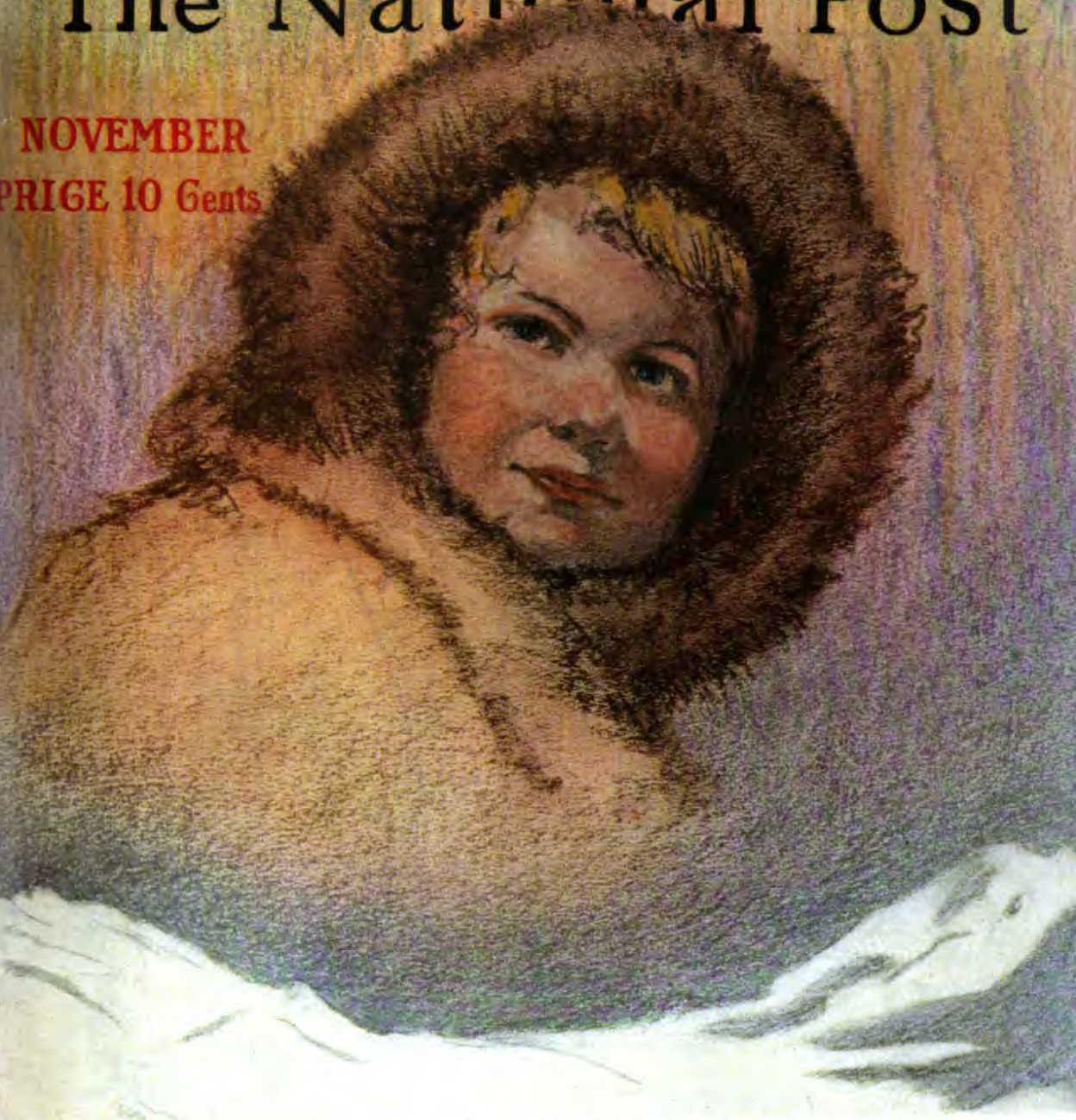


# SUCCESS & MAGAZINE The National Post

NOVEMBER  
PRICE 10 Cents



LITTLE MYSTERY  
By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD





# SUCCESS MAGAZINE CLUBBING OFFERS



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THREE  
FOR  
**\$2.75**

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No. I.	SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST, with Everybody's and The Delicater	\$2.75
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III.	SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST, with McClure's and The Housekeeper	2.75
IV.	SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST, with Pictorial Review, Ladies' World and Modern Priscilla	2.10

ALL  
THREE  
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Special Offer	Magazines	Price	Special Offer	Magazines	Price
No. V.	SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST, with House Beautiful, and Etude or Musician	\$1.00	No. XI.	SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST, with Ladies' World, or the People's Home Journal and Pictorial Review	\$2.05
VI.	SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST, with LaFollet's Weekly (Republican) or The Commoner (Democratic)	1.40	XII.	SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST, with Boys' World, or American Boy, or Boys' Magazine or Little Folks	1.70
VII.	SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST, with Independent or Current Literature	3.00	XIII.	SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST, with Review of Reviews, and Woman's Home Companion and American Literature, or Lippincott's	4.80
VIII.	SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST, with Outing, and American or Everybody's	4.30	XIV.	SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST, with Current Literature, or Lippincott's	3.00
IX.	SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST, with Metropolitan, and Cosmopolitan	2.70	XV.	SUCCESS MAGAZINE AND THE NATIONAL POST, with Pacific Monthly, and Housewife	2.00
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Publishers of Success Magazine,  
29 East 22d Street, New York City.  
Sirs: Enclosed find \$2.75 attached to this coupon which is worth \$1.25. Send for me, to the names and addresses I herewith give, the following magazines, for one year each: Success Magazine and The National Post, Everybody's and The Delicater.

Signed.....

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29 East 22d Street, New York City.  
Sirs: Enclosed find \$3.80 attached to this coupon which is worth \$3.20. Send for me, to the names and addresses I herewith give, the following magazines, for one year each: Success Magazine and The National Post, Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping and The World Today.

Signed.....

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Publishers of Success Magazine,  
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Sirs: Enclosed find \$2.75 attached to this coupon which is worth \$1.25. Send for me, to the names and addresses I herewith give, the following magazines, for one year each: Success Magazine and The National Post, with McClure's and The Housekeeper.

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Signed.....  
(Cross out magazine not desired)

### This Coupon Saves 60 Cents OFFER No. VI

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Sirs: Enclosed find \$1.10 attached to this coupon which is worth 60c. Send for me, to the names and addresses I herewith give, the following magazines, for one year each: Success Magazine and The National Post, with LaFollet's Weekly or The Commoner.

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Sirs: Enclosed find \$3.00 attached to this coupon which is worth \$1.00. Send for me, to the names and addresses I herewith give, the following magazines, for one year each: Success Magazine and The National Post, with Independent or Current Literature.

Signed.....  
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### This Coupon Saves \$1.20 OFFER No. VIII

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29 East 22d Street, New York City.  
Sirs: Enclosed find \$1.20 attached to this coupon which is worth \$1.20. Send for me, to the names and addresses I herewith give, the following magazines, for one year each: Success Magazine and The National Post, Outing with American or Everybody's.

Signed.....  
(Cross out magazine not desired)

### This Coupon Saves \$1.30 OFFER No. IX

Publishers of Success Magazine,  
29 East 22d Street, New York City.  
Sirs: Enclosed find \$2.70 attached to this coupon which is worth \$1.30. Send for me, to the names and addresses I herewith give, the following magazines, for one year each: Success Magazine and The National Post, and Metropolitan and Cosmopolitan.

Signed.....

### This Coupon Saves 60 Cents OFFER No. X

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Sirs: Enclosed find \$1.95 attached to this coupon which is worth 60c. Send for me, to the names and addresses I herewith give, the following magazines, for one year each: Success Magazine and The National Post, with Review of Reviews, or the People's Home Journal, and Pictorial Review.

Signed.....  
(Cross out magazine not desired)

### This Coupon Saves 95 Cents OFFER No. XI

Publishers of Success Magazine,  
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Sirs: Enclosed find \$2.05 attached to this coupon which is worth 95c. Send for me, to the names and addresses I herewith give, the following magazines, for one year each: Success Magazine and The National Post, with Ladies' World, or the People's Home Journal, and Pictorial Review.

Signed.....  
(Cross out magazine not desired)

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Sirs: Enclosed find \$1.70 attached to this coupon which is worth 30c. Send for me, to the names and addresses I herewith give, the following magazines, for one year each: Success Magazine and The National Post, Boys' World, or American Boy, or Boys' Magazine or Little Folks.

Signed.....  
(Cross out magazines not desired)

### This Coupon Saves \$2.20 OFFER No. XIII

Publishers of Success Magazine,  
29 East 22d Street, New York City.  
Sirs: Enclosed find \$2.80 attached to this coupon which is worth \$2.20. Send for me, to the names and addresses I herewith give, the following magazines, for one year each: Success Magazine and The National Post with Review of Reviews and Woman's Home Companion and American.

Signed.....

### This Coupon Saves \$1.00 OFFER No. XIV

Publishers of Success Magazine,  
29 East 22d Street, New York City.  
Sirs: Enclosed find \$5.00 attached to this coupon which is worth \$1.00. Send for me, to the names and addresses I herewith give, the following magazines, for one year each: Success Magazine and The National Post with Current Literature or Lippincott's.

Signed.....  
(Cross out magazine not desired)

### This Coupon Saves \$1.00 OFFER No. XV

Publishers of Success Magazine,  
29 East 22d Street, New York City.  
Sirs: Enclosed find \$3.00 attached to this coupon which is worth \$1.00. Send for me, to the names and addresses I herewith give, the following magazines for one year: Success Magazine and The National Post, with Pacific Monthly and The Housewife.

Signed.....

### OFFER No. XVI

Publishers of Success Magazine,  
29 East 22d Street, New York City.  
Sirs: Enclosed find \$4.00 attached to this coupon. Send for me, to the names and addresses I herewith give, the following magazines, for one year each: Success Magazine and The National Post, regular price \$1.00; Ladies' Home Journal regular price \$1.50; and the Saturday Evening Post (regular price \$1.50).

Signed.....

Readers who clip one or more of these coupons will have their November copy duplicated if they are desirous keeping a copy with an uncit cover

# 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

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

VOL. XIV—No. 210

### CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER

Cover by JOHN CECIL CLAY

In the Editors' Confidence . . . . .	5
Frontispiece . . . . .	John Cecil Clay 6
Little Mystery (A Story) . . . . .	James Oliver Curwood 7
<i>Illustrations by John Cecil Clay</i>	
Marriage in the Country Town . . . . .	10
<i>Illustrations by Calvert Smith</i>	
The Laboratory of Democracy . . . . .	Walter E. Weyl, Ph.D. 12
<i>Illustrated with Photographs</i>	
The Savers (A Story) . . . . .	William Chester Estabrook 15
<i>Illustrations by Walter Enright</i>	
The Voodoo Man (A Story) . . . . .	Charles Saxby 18
<i>Illustrations by P. D. Johnson</i>	
The Spotlight . . . . .	22
<i>Illustrated with Photographs</i>	
The Vigil of All Souls (A Poem) . . . . .	Maud Going 23
The Purple Chlamys (A Story) . . . . .	Sigmund Spaeth 24
<i>Illustrations by Phylla Wadsworth</i>	
At the Bottom of the Ship . . . . .	Ernest Poole 25
<i>Illustrated with Photographs</i>	
Travels with a Junk-Man in Arcadia . . . . .	Richard Le Gallienne 27
<i>Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams</i>	
The Power of Suggestion . . . . .	Orison Swett Marden 29

### DEPARTMENTS

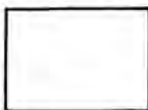
A Review of Events . . . . .	30
Editorial Chat . . . . .	Orison Swett Marden 35
Mrs. Curtis's Home Corner . . . . .	38
The Individual Investor . . . . .	40
Point and Pleasantry (10-Cent-a-Word Department) . . . . .	43

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#### EXPIRATIONS AND RENEWALS.

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

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



#### OUR ADVERTISEMENTS

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

# \$1 to 25<sup>00</sup>



## Ingersoll and Ingersoll-Trenton

Eighteen years ago we established a new standard of value in low priced watches by bringing out the now famous Ingersoll Dollar Watch, of which we have sold over 30,000,000.

On this record of 30,000,000 Dollar Watches, and eighteen years' honest service to the public, we stand with our Ingersoll-Trenton jeweled line, representing Ingersoll value in fine watches. In both these great enterprises we have recognized that volume of business is the thing and not large profits, and that volume of business can best be produced and maintained by operating on a minimum profit; hence the 30,000,000 Dollar Ingersolls, and the wonderful values of the Ingersoll-Trenton jeweled line. The Ingersoll and the Ingersoll-Trenton cover all your watch needs. You need not look for anything cheaper than the Ingersoll Dollar Watch, nor anything better than the Ingersoll-Trenton.

INGERSOLL WATCHES are sold by dealers everywhere. Men's sizes \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. Women's and children's models \$2.00. INGERSOLL-TRENTON WATCHES are sold only by responsible jewelers. 7 Jewel Model—\$5.00 15 Jewel Model—\$12.00 19 Jewel, fully adjusted in gold filled case—\$25.00 Other models \$7, \$9, \$10, \$15, \$19, \$22, \$28 and \$35

**ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.**  
30 Ashland Building, New York

# Success Magazine Guide to Advertisements and Advertisers

## Automobiles, Bicycles, Motor Cycles, Motor Boats, Etc.

	PAGE
Brooks Manufacturing Co.	46
Gray Motor Co.	49
Haynes Automobile Co.	55
Mead Cycle Co.	54

## Banking and Investments

American Real Estate Co.	42
Guarantee Trust & Banking Co.	42
Kuhn, J. S. & W. S.	41
Muir & Co., John	40
New York Realty Owners	42
Noonan & Bro., Edw. G.	42
Otis & Hough	40
Perkins & Co.	40
Realty Syndicate	42
Security Savings & Loan Co.	41
Straus & Co., S. W.	41
Trask & Co., Spencer	40

## Communities and Lands

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry.	44
Carolina Trucking & Developing Co.	61
Grand Trunk & Pacific Ry.	59
Nashville, Tenn., Industrial Bureau	47
New Orleans Netherlands Co.	61
Seaboard Air Line Ry.	54

## Educational

American School of Banking	59
American School of Home Economics	59
Associated Moving Picture School	61
Auto College of Washington	53
Beery, Prof. Jas.	61
Brinkler, G. H.	49
Chautauqua School of Nursing	50
Chicago Correspondence School	62
Chicago Technical College	50
Dickson Memory School	50
Goodwin, J. H.	50
Home Correspondence School	65
Illinois College of Photography	52
International Correspondence School	54
International Realty Corporation	61
Landon School of Illustrating	50
Language-Phone Method	46
LaSalle Extension University	52
National Press Association	65
National Salesman's Training Association	59
Northwestern School of Stenographers	64
Northwestern School of Taxidermy	59
Page-Davis School	36
Sheldon School	46
Sprague Correspondence School of Law	32
Standard Correspondence School of Law	66
Success Shorthand School	66
Tambllyn, F. W.	66
Tulloss School of Touch-Typewriting	42
U. S. School of Music	52

## Food Products

Baker's (Walter) Cocoa	46
Curtice Blue Label Ketchup	43
Grape-Nuts	33
Knox's Gelatine	52
"Mapleline"—Crescent Mfg. Co.	50
Post Toasties	31

## Furniture

Bishop Furniture Co.	62
Cadillac Desk Table	32
Lundstrom Sectional Bookcases	58
Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co.	38

## Heating and Lighting

Best Light Co.	46
Canehester Light Co.	48
Giant Heater Co.	45
Home Supply Co.	51
Kalamazoo Stove Co.	52
Noel Co., John S.	62
Standard Gillette Light Co.	45

## House Furnishings

Olson Rug Co.	52
Oriental Importing Co.	45
Rochester Rotary Washer	46

## Household Supplies

Campbell Co., Wm.	38
Collette Mfg. Co.	64
Pyle's Pearlina	37
U. S. Metal Polish Co.	51

## Insurance

Postal Life Insurance Co.	49
---------------------------	----

## Jewelry and Silverware

Baroda Co.	46
Bastian Bros. Co., Class Pins	65
Flower City Class Pin Co.	65
Grouse Co., Class Pins	66
Ingersoll Watches	3
Marshall, Geo. E., Inc.	46
National Jobbing & Lamos Co.	49

IT was at a very general "general store," some two thousand miles from here. From the three rows of shelves that constituted the "canned goods department" a customer was stocking up for a couple of weeks' "hike" back into the hills. There was canned meat and canned corn and canned tomatoes and finally Pork and Beans. One brand was known wherever a magazine was read. The other was made by a firm that evidently did not believe in telling other people about its goods. At least I had never heard of them. Evidently the customer hadn't either, for he picked out a half dozen cans of the advertised kind.

"I've seen this here man's name so often in the last couple o' years that I somehow sort o' feel like I knew him. I kind of think that he must bake good beans."

That man had faith in those beans that he'd heard about. And that is true of the rest of us in other things than beans. We have confidence in those people and things we know about rather than in people and things of which we know nothing.

The old rule was "caveat emptor"—let the buyer beware. But with the advent of advertising and more enlightened methods of selling, a new code has come into being. It is typified by the advertiser—by the man who deals out in the open, above-board, on a we-want-above-all-to-satisfy-you basis. And it is upon this platform that the advertiser builds his business.

All the publicity in the world will not make a success of a poor article. No amount of advertising will sell inferior goods—that is—not more than once, and no one understands this better than the seasoned advertiser. The great majority of the things we buy are things we need, not once but many times; the advertiser must satisfy the buyer, must give full value for the money to build for any permanent success. It's the good-will of the satisfied customer that the advertiser hopes to obtain by selling an article that has merit at a price that is fair.

The very fact, then, that an article is advertised, is evidence that the advertiser has confidence in his ability and the ability of his product to measure up to these standards.

When you buy advertised goods you're not buying "in the dark."

It is our desire to be of service to you. We will be glad to try to answer any question about advertised goods, to the end that your dollars may go farthest and that you may purchase the best. Read our prize offer on inside back cover page to the buyer of the largest number of advertised goods.



## Miscellaneous

	PAGE
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	45
Anchor Manufacturing Co.	66
Capital Merchandising Co.	62
Erickson Artificial Limb Co.	64
Hayden & Co., A. C.	59
Holmes & Co., A. W.	38
Ideal Co.	59
Iowa Bird Co.	50
Kindergarten Materials Co.	66
Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence	46
McLean, Black & Co.	39
Metallic Sign Letter Co.	39
Morley Co., The	49
National Stamping & Elec. Co.	62
Ohio Electric Works	65
Pope, Frank J.	66
Press Co.	66
Robinson Manufacturing Co.	48-61
Royal Manufacturing Co.	64
Sanitary Supply Co.	50
Smoke-Shop Specialties Co.	36
Thomas Manufacturing Co.	52-54
Three-in-One Oil Co.	51
University Tours	59

## Office Supplies, Etc.

Daus Duplicator Co.	46
Moore Fountain Pen	42
Spencerian Pen Co.	52
Ulrich Pens	42

## Paints, Varnishes, Etc.

Acme White Lead Co.	48
Sherwin-Williams Co.	39

## Periodical Subscription Agencies

Cottrell, D. D., Subscription Agency	63
Hanson J. M.	64
Moore, W. H.	60

## Pianos and Musical Instruments

Edison Phonographs	63
Haddorff Pianos	57
Ivers & Pond Pianos	38
Phonoharp Co.	54
Tel-Electric Co.	62

## Publishers

Chappell Publishing Co.	3d cover
Clarkson, D. B.	59
Cosmopolitan Magazine	66
Doubleday, Page & Co.	3d cover
Health-Culture Co.	62
Health-Wealth Publishing Co.	66
Metropolis Magazine	36
National Sportsman	44
Perry Pictures Co.	39
Philo, E. R.	65
Power Book Library	51
Puritan Publishing Co.	51
Roycrofters, The	58
Seranton Co., S. S.	32
Sprague Publishing Co.	48
Success Magazine & The National Post	2d cover-51-55-56-60-64-3d cover
System Magazine	57
Travel Magazine	44

## Seeds, Plants, Poultry, Squabs, Etc.

Barton, Hiram	62
Jackson Mushroom Farm	50
McDowell Ginseng Gardens	64
National Mushroom Co.	36
Sutton, T. H.	61

## Sporting Goods, Etc.

Carrom-Archery Co.	54
U. S. Playing Card Co.	53

## Toilet Articles

Bauer & Black (Blue Jay Corn Plasters)	50
Blackstone Manufacturing Co.	65
Colgate's Shaving Stick	4th cover
Florence Manufacturing Co.	54
Parker's Hair Balsam	65
Pompeian Massage Cream	34

## Travel, Hotels and Resorts

Holland House, New York	45
St. James Hotel, Philadelphia	53

## Typewriters

American Writing Machine Co.	47
Bennett Typewriter Co.	59
Oliver Typewriter Co.	35
Standard Typewriter Exchange	64
Typewriter Distributing Syndicate	66
Typewriter Sales Co.	66

## Wearing Apparel

American Woolen Co.	37
Best & Co.	62
Cooper Manufacturing Co.	36
Exchange Clothing Co.	36
Florsheim Shoe Co.	52
Kahn Tailoring Co.	53
Macy & Co., R. H.	39
Strauss Bros.	58



# In the Editors' Confidence



## The Big, Rich Christmas Number

### A PLEASANT CUSTOM.

It is a pleasant custom which impels magazine publishers to make their December number extra-rich in good reading and extra-attractive to the eye. The December number of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* AND *THE NATIONAL POST* is to be, we think, the best number we have ever issued.

Beginning with the cover, with its joyous flavor of outdoors in winter-time, the number has just a little more, just a little extra, of each of the qualities that go to make up a well-balanced magazine.

### SPLENDID FULL PAGE PICTURES.

"Christmas in the City" is the title of a group of three full-page drawings by Harriet Alcott. These remarkable pictures are so full of tenderness and so unusual in their effectiveness that we have given them the most prominent position in the magazine. The titles are "The Christmas Tree at the Settlement," "The Organ Grinder," and "The Window." The pictures are all of children.

### THREE LOVE STORIES.

Harvey J. O'Higgins has the post of honor among the fiction writers in December with his remarkable, strong and real love story, "The Critic."

"The 365th Time," by Lilian Ducey, is a happy little love story told in the breeziest and lightest of touches.

"The Changing Years," by Anne Shannon Monroe, has great charm and deep feeling.

### THE SERIAL STORIES.

Just as Mr. Le Gallienne's delightful "Travels with a Junk-Man in Arcadia" is drawing to a characteristically quaint and pleasing conclusion, James Oliver Curwood's new serial, "Little Mystery," is plunging rapidly into its most thrilling and moving chapters. They are very real folk—these lonely Arctic heroes of the "Royal Mounted"—and no writer is better equipped to interpret them than Mr. Curwood. He has lived, traveled and suffered with them. He knows their story. And in this series of episodes that cluster about the innocent baby personality of "Little Mystery," he is telling some part of that story as it has never been told before.

### STRONG ARTICLES.

To make a confession, *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* has for years been proud of its articles—not only of their vigor and fearlessness, but also, and even more, of the sanity and thought that lie behind them. We believe that no magazine in America has been bolder or more ready to face the startling and radically disturbing problems of modern life. In "A Housekeeper's Defense of the Trusts," the writer, Robert W. Brûnere, late of the New York Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, gives expression in the language of a group of very plain and very ultimate consumers to the idea that anti-trust legislation, breaking up corporations into their constituent parts, offers no hope to the consumer; that what we need is great, modern, efficient business organizations and the power to control the prices of their products. Readers of Charles Edward Russell's series "The

Power Behind the Republic" in this magazine will recognize that this is a further development of Mr. Russell's conclusions.

In "The World-Wide Sea Monopoly," John L. Mathews points out that the various shipping "rings" or "pools" have been drawing together in an around-the-world shipping trust that now dominates the traffic of the seven seas. Exactly as in the case of monopolies in land transportation every dollar of extra profit taken through the control of sea traffic represents a dollar or more charged to consumers for the goods that have to be carried over the monopolized routes.

This immense sea monopoly seems to be the last great step in the process of seizing naturally public highways for the purpose of extorting private profits. Mr. Mathews concludes that some sort of international public control will sooner or later be necessary; but that among the first steps will probably be the taking over of the railroads by the United States Government and England, as already has been done in practically every other important nation. For in the control of the railroads and their tide-water terminals lies a key to the partial control, at least, of sea traffic.

### "INSIDE INFORMATION" FROM WASHINGTON.

Many readers have lately written kindly letters expressing their appreciation of our monthly "Review of Events." These, and perhaps thousands of others, will be interested to know that the large part of the review dealing with the progress of national affairs at Washington is written by one of the ablest and most widely known Washington correspondents and all-round journalists in the country. His comments are always the result of intimate private consultations with political leaders of all camps. Sometimes these comments seem to disagree with the interpretation of that large group of newspapers that are often referred to as "The Capitalist Press." These latter interpretations of Washington events are usually either colorless or inspired by special interests. Therefore we feel all the more obligation to encourage our correspondent to seek the extra facts and state them with the utmost frankness. We think that our Washington comment may be safely followed by all good citizens who wish to be informed accurately regarding national affairs.

### ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

Dr. Marden's powerful inspirational writings have appeared in every number of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* since it was started, fourteen years ago. He has now in preparation an unusually strong and uplifting article for the Christmas number.

### THE DEPARTMENTS.

"Mrs. Curtis's Home Corner," "The Spotlight" with its crisp, interesting personalities, the always cheerful "Point and Pleasantry" page, "The Individual Investor" and Dr. Marden's "Editorial Chat" will all represent more than the usual effort to please and help the readers. Indeed, from cover to cover, the Christmas number will represent the best combined effort of a large number of minds to create a big, strong, consistent magazine.



But whatever delirium found its way into his voice, the fighting spark in his brain remained sane

Drawing by JOHN CECIL CLAY, Illustrating *LITTLE MYSTERY*



GRAND RAPIDS  
PUBLISHED BY THE  
S U C C E S S  
M A G A Z I N E

AND

The National Post



Little Mystery

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Author of THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN, WORLD HUNTERS OF THE NORTH, ETC.

Illustrations by JOHN CECIL CLAY

PART I—THE MADNESS OF PRIVATE PELLETIER

**P**ELLETIER, of the Royal Mounted, was sick. He believed that he was dying. He dragged himself from his bunk against the log wall of the cabin, and added two marks to the pencil scratches on the door that opened out upon the gray and purple desolation of the frozen Arctic seas. The day before he had been too weak to crawl to the door. He counted the marks, and found that there were sixteen. Just that many days ago his partner, Corporal MacVeigh, had set off with the dogs for Fort Churchill, four hundred miles down Hudson Bay, for the medicines and letters that might save his life. Pelletier's head was a little clearer to-day, and he leaned against the door after he had made the last pencil scratch, mentally figuring. MacVeigh had reached Churchill. If all had gone well he was a third of the way back, and within another week would be "home."

Pelletier's thin, fever-flushed face relaxed into a wan smile as he looked at the pencil marks again. Long before that week was ended he figured that he would be dead. The medicines—and the letters—would come too late, probably four or five days too late. Straight out from his last mark he drew a long line, and at the end of it added in a scrawling almost unintelligible hand: "Dear Mac, I guess this is going to be my last day."

Then he staggered from the door to the window.

Out there was what was killing him—loneliness, a maddening desolation, a lifeless world that reached for hundreds of miles farther than his eyes could see. To the north and east there was nothing but ice, piled-up masses and grinning mountains of it, white at first, of a sombre gray farther off, and then purple and almost black. There came to him now the low, never-ceasing thunder of the under-currents fighting their way down from the Arctic Ocean, broken now and then by a growling roar as the giant forces sent a crack, like a great knife, through one of the frozen mountains. He had listened to those sounds for five months, and in those five months he had heard no other voice but his own and MacVeigh's, and the babble of an Eskimo. Only once in four months had he seen the sun, and that was on the morning that MacVeigh went south. So he had gone half mad. Others had gone completely mad before him.



Through the window his eyes rested on the five rough wooden crosses that marked their graves. In the service of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police they were called heroes. And in a short time he, Constable Pelletier, would be numbered among them. MacVeigh would send the whole story down to her—the true little girl a thousand miles south, and she would always remember him—her hero—and his lonely grave at Point Fullerton, the northernmost point of the Law. But she would never see that grave. She could never come to put flowers on it, as she put flowers on the grave of his mother; she would never know the whole story—not a half of it; his terrible longing for a sound of her voice, a touch of her hand, a glimpse of her sweet blue eyes before he died. They were to be married in August, when his service in the Royal Mounted ended. She would be waiting for him. And in August—or July—word would reach her that he had died.

With a dry sob he turned from the window to the rough table that he had drawn close to his bunk, and for the thousandth time he held before his red and feverish eyes a photograph. It was a portrait of a girl, marvelously beautiful to Tommy Pelletier, with soft brown hair, and eyes that seemed always to talk to him and tell him how much she loved him. And for the thousandth time he turned

the picture over, and read the words she had written on the back:

My own dear Boy, remember that I am always with you, always thinking of you, always praying for you, and I know, dear, that you will always do what you *would* do if I were at your side.

"Good Lord," groaned Pelletier. "I can't die! I can't! I've got to live—to see her!"

He dropped back on his bunk, exhausted. The fires burned in his head again. He grew dizzy, and he talked to her, or thought he was talking—but it was only a babble of incoherent sound that made Kazan, the one-eyed old Eskimo dog, lift his shaggy head and sniff suspiciously. Kazan had listened to Pelletier's deliriums many times since MacVeigh had left them alone, and soon he dropped his muzzle between his forepaws and dozed again. A long time afterward he raised his head once more. Pelletier was quiet. But the dog sniffed, went to the door, whined softly, and nervously muzzled the sick man's thin hand. Then he settled back on his haunches, turned his nose straight up, and from his throat there came that wailing, mourning cry, long-drawn and terrible, with which Indian dogs lament before the tepees of masters who are newly dead. The sound aroused Pelletier. He sat up again, and he found that once more the fire and the pain had gone from his head. "Kazan, Kazan," he pleaded weakly. "It isn't time—yet!"

Kazan had gone to the window that looked to the west, and stood with his forefeet on the sill. Pelletier shivered.

"Wolves again," he said, "or mebbly a fox."

He had grown into that habit of talking to himself, which is as common as human life itself in the Far North, where one's own voice is often the one thing that breaks a killing monotony. He eluded his way to the window as he spoke, and looked out with Kazan. Westward there stretched the lifeless Barren, illimitable and void, without rock or bush, and overhung by a sky that always made Pelletier think of a terrible picture he had once seen of Doré's "Inferno." It was a low, thick sky, like purple and blue granite, always threatening to pitch itself down in terrific avalanches, and between the earth and this sky was the thin, smothered world which MacVeigh had once called God's Insane Asylum.

Through the gloom Kazan's one eye and Pelletier's feverish vision could not see far,

but at last the man made out an object toiling slowly toward the cabin. At first he thought it was a fox, and then a wolf, and then as it loomed larger, a straying caribou. Kazan whined. The bristles along his spine rose stiff and menacing. Pelletier stared harder and harder, with his face pressed close against the cold glass of the window, and suddenly he gave a gasping cry of excitement. It was a man who was toiling toward the cabin! He was bent almost double, and he staggered in a zig-zag fashion as he advanced. Pelletier made his way feebly to the door, unbarred it, and pushed it partly open. Overcome by weakness he fell back then on the edge of his bunk.

It seemed an age before he heard steps. They were slow and stumbling, and an instant later a face appeared at the door. It was a terrible face, overgrown with beard, with wild and staring eyes—but it was a white man's face. Pelletier had expected an Eskimo, and he sprang to his feet with sudden strength as the stranger came in.

"Something to eat, mate—for the love o' God give me something to eat!"

The stranger fell in a heap on the floor, and stared up at him with the ravenous enstasy of an animal. Pelletier's first move was to get whisky, and the other drank it in

minutes ate ravenously. Not until he was through, and seated opposite him at the table, did Pelletier speak.

"Who are you, and where in Heaven's name did you come from?" he asked.

"Blake—Jim Blake's my name, an' I come from what I call Starvation Igloo Inlet, thirty miles up the coast. Five months ago I was left a hundred miles farther up to take care of a cache for the whaler John B. Sidney, and the cache was swept away by an overflow of ice. Then we struck south—hunting and starving—me 'n' the woman—"

"The woman!" cried Pelletier.

"Eskimo squaw," said Blake, producing a black pipe. "The Cap'n bought her to keep me company—paid four sacks of flour an' a knife to her husband up at Wagner Inlet. Got any tobacco?"

Pelletier rose to get the tobacco. He was surprised to find that he was steadier on his feet, and that Blake's words were clearing his brain. That had been his and MacVeigh's great fight—the fight to put an end to the white man's immoral trade in Eskimo women and girls, and Blake had already confessed himself a criminal. Promise of action, quick action, momentarily overcame his sickness. He went back with the tobacco, and sat down.

"Where's the woman?" he asked.

"See here," he said, "you're going back—now! Do you understand? You're going back!"

Suddenly he stopped. He stared at Blake's coat, and with a swiftness that took the other by surprise he reached across and picked something from it. A startled cry broke from his lips. Between his fingers he held a single filament of hair. It was nearly a foot long and it was not an Eskimo woman's hair. It shone a dull gold in the gray light that came through the window. He raised his eyes, terrible in their accusation of the man opposite him.

"You lie!" he said. "She's not an Eskimo!"

Blake had half risen, his great hands clutching the ends of the table, his brutal face thrust forward, his whole body in an attitude that sent Pelletier back out of his reach. It was not an instant too soon. With an oath Blake sent the table crashing aside, and sprang upon the sick man.

"I'll kill you," he cried. "I'll kill you, and put you where I've put her, 'n' when you pard comes back I'll—"

His hands caught Pelletier by the throat, but not before there had come from between the sick man's lips a cry of "Kazan! Kazan!"

With a wolfish snarl the old one-eyed sleigh



His whole body in an attitude that sent Pelletier back out of his reach

great gulps. Then he dragged himself to his feet, and Pelletier sank in a chair beside the table.

"I'm sick," he said. "Corporal MacVeigh has gone to Churchill, and I guess I'm in a bad way. You'll have to help yourself. There's meat—'n' bannock—"

Whisky had revived the newcomer. He stared at Pelletier, and as he stared he grinned, ugly yellow teeth leering from between his matted beard. The look cleared Pelletier's brain. For some reason which he could not explain his pistol hand fell to the place where he usually carried his holster. Then he remembered that his service revolver was under the pillow.

"Fever," said the sailor, for Pelletier knew that he was a sailor.

He took off his heavy coat and tossed it on the table. Then he followed Pelletier's instructions in quest of food, and for ten

"Back in the igloo," said Blake, filling his pipe. "We killed a walrus up there and built an ice house. The meat's gone. She's probably gone by this time." He laughed coarsely across at Pelletier as he lighted his pipe. "It seems good to get into a white man's shack again."

"She's not dead?" insisted Pelletier.

"Will be—shortly," replied Blake. "She was so weak she couldn't walk when I left. But them Eskimo animals die hard—specially the women."

"Of course you're going back for her?"

The other stared for a moment into Pelletier's flushed face, and then laughed as though he had just heard a good joke.

"Not on your life, my boy. I wouldn't hike that thirty miles again—an' thirty back—for all the Eskimo women up at Wagner."

The red in Pelletier's eyes grew redder as he leaned over the table.

dog sprang upon Blake, and the three fell with a crash upon Pelletier's bunk. For a instant Kazan's attack drew one of Blake's powerful hands from Pelletier's throat, and as he turned to strike off the dog Pelletier hand groped out under his flattened pillow. Blake's murderous face was still turned where he drew out his heavy service revolver, and a Blake cut at Kazan with a long sheath knife which he had drawn from his belt, Pelletier fired. Blake's grip relaxed. Without a groan he slipped to the floor, and Pelletier staggered back to his feet. Kazan's teeth were buried in Blake's leg.

"There, there, boy," said Pelletier pulling him away. "That was a close one!"

He sat down and looked at Blake. He knew that the man was dead. Kazan was sniffing about the sailor's head, with stiffened spines. And then a ray of light flashed for a instant through the window. It was the



sun—the second time that Pelletier had seen it in four months. A cry of joy welled up from his heart. But it was stopped midway. On the floor, close beside Blake, something glittered in the fiery ray, and Pelletier was upon his knees in an instant. It was the short golden hair he had snatched from the dead man's coat, and partly covering it was the picture of his sweetheart, which had fallen when the table was overturned. With the photograph in one hand and that single thread of woman's hair between the fingers of his other, Pelletier rose slowly to his feet and faced the window. The sun was gone. But its coming had put a new life into him. He turned joyously to Kazan.

"That means something, boy," he said in a low, awed voice, "the sun, the picture, and this! She sent it, do you hear, boy? She sent it! I can almost hear her voice, an' she's telling me to go. 'Tommy,' she's saying, 'you wouldn't be a man if you didn't go, even though you know you're going to die on the way. You can take her something to eat,' she's saying, boy, 'an' you can just as well die in an igloo as here. You can leave word for Mac, an' you can take her grub enough to last until he comes, an' then he'll bring her down here, an' you'll be buried out there with the others—just the same.' That's what she's saying, Kazan, so we're going!"

He looked about him a little wildly.

"Straight up the coast," he mumbled. "Thirty miles. We might make it."

He began filling a pack with food. Outside the door there was a small sledge, and after he had bundled himself in his traveling clothes he dragged the pack to the sledge, and behind the pack tied on a bundle of firewood, a lantern, blankets and oil. After he had done this he wrote a few lines to MacVeigh, and pinned the paper to the door. Then he hitched old Kazan to the sledge, and started off, leaving the dead man where he had fallen.

"It's what she'd have us do," he said again to Kazan. "She sure would have us do this, Kazan—God bless her dear little heart!"

Pelletier hung close to the ice-bound coast. He traveled slowly, leading the way for Kazan, who strained every muscle in his aged body to drag the sledge. For a time the excitement of what had occurred gave Pelletier a strength which soon began to ebb. But his old weakness did not entirely return. He found that his worst trouble at first was in his eyes. Weeks of fever had enfeebled his vision until the world about him looked new and strange. He could see only a few hundred paces ahead, and beyond this little circle everything turned gray and black. Singularly enough it struck him that there was some humor as well as tragedy in the situation, that there was something to laugh at in the fact that Kazan had but one eye, and that he was nearly blind. He chuckled to himself, and spoke aloud to the dog.

"Makes me think of the games o' hide-n-seek we used to play when we were kids, boy," he said. "She used to tie her handkerchief over my eyes, 'n' then I'd follow her all through the old orchard, and when I caught her it was a part of the game she'd have to let me kiss her. Once I bumped into an apple tree—"

The toe of his snowshoe caught in an ice-hummock and sent him face downward into the snow. He picked himself up and went on.



Pelletier

voice, the fighting spark in his brain remained sane. The igloo and the starving woman whom Blake had abandoned formed the one living picture which he did not for a moment forget. He must find the igloo, and the igloo was close to the sea. He could not miss it—if he lived long enough to travel thirty miles. It did not occur to him that Blake might have lied—that the igloo was farther than he had said, or, perhaps, much nearer.

It was two o'clock when he stopped to make tea. He figured that he had traveled at least eighteen miles; the fact was, he had gone but a little over half that distance. He was not hungry, and ate nothing, but he fed Kazan heartily of meat. The hot tea, strengthened with a little whisky, revived him for the time more than food would have done.

"Twelve miles more, at the most," he said to Kazan. "We'll make it. Thank God, we'll make it!"

If his eyes had been better he would have seen and recognized the huge snow-covered rock called the Blind Eskimo, which was just nine miles from the cabin. As it was, he went on, filled with hope. There were sharper pains in his head now, and his legs dragged wearily. Day ended at a little after two, but at this season there was not much change in light and darkness, and Pelletier scarcely noted the difference. At last the picture of the igloo and the dying woman came and went fitfully in his brain. There were dark spaces. The fighting spark was slowly giving way, and at last Pelletier dropped upon the sledge.

"Go on, Kazan," he cried weakly. "Push it—go on!"

Kazan tugged, with gaping jaws, and Pelletier's head dropped upon the food-filled pack.

What Kazan, which means "The Faithful," heard was a groan. He stopped, and looked back, whining softly. For a time he sat on his haunches, sniffing a strange thing which had come to him in the air. Then he went on, straining a little faster at the sledge, and still whining. If Pelletier had been conscious he would have urged him straight ahead. But old Kazan

"We played that game till we was grown-ups, old man," he went on. "Last time we played it she was seventeen. Had her hair in a big brown braid, an' it all came undone so that when I caught her an' took off the handkerchief I could just see her eyes an' her mouth laughing at me, and it was that time I hugged her up closer than ever and told her I was going out to make a home for us. Then I came up here."

He stopped and rubbed his eyes, and for an hour after that, as he plodded onward, he mumbled things, which neither Kazan nor any other living thing could have understood. But whatever delirium found its way into his

turned away from the sea. Twice in the next ten minutes he stopped, and sniffed the air, and each time he changed his course a little. Half an hour later he came to a white mound that rose up out of the level waste of snow, and then he settled himself back on his haunches, lifted his shaggy head to the dark night sky, and for the second time that day he sent forth the weird, wailing, mourning death howl.

It aroused Pelletier. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, staggered to his feet, and saw the mound a dozen paces away. Rest had cleared his brain again. He knew that it was an igloo. He could make out the door, and he caught up his lantern and stumbled toward it. He wasted half a dozen matches before he could make a light. Then he crawled in, with Kazan, still in his traces, close at his heels.

There was a musty, uncomfortable odor in the snow-house. And there was no sound, no movement. The lantern lighted up the small interior, and on the floor Pelletier made out a heap of blankets and a bear skin. There was no life, and instinctively he turned his eyes down to Kazan. The dog's head was stretched out toward the blankets, his ears were alert, his eyes burned fiercely, and a low, whining growl rumbled in his throat.

He looked at the blankets again—moved slowly toward them. He pulled back the bear skin and found what Blake had told him he would find—a woman. For a moment he stared, and then a low cry broke from his lips as he fell upon his knees. Blake had not lied—for it was an Eskimo woman. She was dead. She had not died of starvation. Blake had killed her!

He rose to his feet again, and looked about him. After all did that golden hair—that white woman's hair, mean nothing? What was that? He sprang back toward Kazan, his weakened nerves shattered by a sound and a



A long time Pelletier sat rocking gently back and forth

movement from the farthest and darkest part of the igloo. Kazan tugged at his traces, panting and whining, held back by the sledge

(Continued on page 60)

# Marriage in the Country Town

*A Frank Revelation By An "Old Maid"*

Illustration by CALVERT SMITH

EDITORS' NOTE:—The author of this remarkable "human document" wrote as follows in submitting it: "Enclosed please find an article on the marriage question as it affects the country girl. In your 'Marriage Series' last year you omitted mention of this class, which, according to all the statistics that I have been able to find through our library is the largest class of unmarried girls in the entire country. Because it is such an intimate story of my life I do not want my name used, should you find the manuscript available."

It is with pleasure that we accept and publish her "story" as an addition to the "Marriage In America" articles; which, it will be recalled, were prepared after an exhaustive investigation into the lives and the ideals of nearly a thousand American girls, and were written by Robert Haven Schauffler. The articles in the original series were, "The Marriage Factory," "The Business Girl's Ideals," "The Society Girl's Ideals," "The College Girl's Ideals," "The Professional Girl's Ideals."

A

GOOD many, no doubt, will question the propriety of my thus voicing my inmost feelings on a subject on which all girls are taught to keep silence, but the hope that this confession may bring about a

wider recognition of the perplexing problem that confronts thousands of American young women, justifies in my mind this personal protest against the order of my life; as also does the fact that I have two sisters whom I would save from a similar existence if I could. At the least it seems

worth while to utter this protest. Perhaps it may bring some good counsel, some light to guide me. I also have in mind the thousands of girls living in the rural districts of this country whose chances for happiness through legitimate marriage are limited or cut short by the emigration of the young men to the large cities.

Surely it is not wrong to want the love of a man and the protection that only a husband can give. The suppression of this natural desire is hardening thousands of wholesome, lovable girls into bitter old maids, into anti-social and almost anti-human beings.

For a good many years I have been Stoic.

I have tried to deceive myself as well as other about me as to the relative importance of marriage in the life of every woman. I have gloried in my celibacy every time the news of an unhappy marital affair of some friend came to my notice; but now, with the daily growing sense of the emptiness and futility of my life, I can no longer deny to myself the fact that I would be glad to make any bold experiment in that direction and take my chance of happiness. It was because of this feeling I took sick abed with jealousy when my dearest friend told me of her engagement to cross-eyed Dan.

The growing-old-maid finds a mean consolation in the fact that a friend is to be married to a man that she herself would reject. Most of the younger group of girls in this small middle-western town would have refused Dan; consequently when Stella Armstrong's engagement was announced she was met with a flood of sympathy; not that Dan was worse than the other men in Brown's Junction, but Dan is cross-eyed and there are girls foolish enough to prefer other than cross-eyed husbands. But when one is thirty-two and lives in a small town where there is one unmarried man of doubtful charm to about every twenty-five girls, and when one's greatest desire is to get married, there is very little room for choice. Though Dan is three years my junior, and cross-eyed, I had considered him my last hope, and almost hated Stella; but I am still human enough to acknowledge my friend the better woman, and from a conventional point of view, I am sorry for her.

Stella's hair is auburn and long and plentiful enough to be worn in a coronet. Her eyes are blue, a bit too wistful and apt to fill with tears too easily, but it is Stella's voice that makes Dan unworthy. Her rich contralto voice has been the joy of our town for years. It has always been Stella's ambition to sing her songs before the world. Seven years ago when Stella was twenty, her mother conspired to get her off to the nearest city where she could obtain the necessary musical training. The Armstrong farm was paying for plenty of bread and butter, and after lots of urging was hoped that the father would be persuaded to allow his only daughter and child to go to the "wicked" city, toward which, because of the remembrance of his own struggles in the East when a boy, he nursed a sullen hatred. Mother and daughter were saving up the extra pennies with that point in view, and Stella was already secretly boasting how on her return she would show Brown's Junction that a girl could make good in a big city and keep square, too. Unfortunately Mrs. Armstrong's rheumatism developed into partial paralysis, and Stella's dreams never materialized. She has tried hard to be brave, and to retain an idealism and spirituality not usually found even in the girl of more than average talents. Now really, Stella Armstrong is too much of a girl to be wasted on an insignificant clerk in a small town. It is, in my judgment, a waste of good human material to keep her here, where the only kind of a husband that is available will not or can



My heart went out to the girl when I saw her cross the day





She looked very pretty and innocent, half smiling in her sleep

not give her the opportunities she is naturally equipped to grasp.

But what was there else for her to do? With the assumption of long trousers comes a desire for self-expression, and our young men find Brown's Junction too small a field for their youthful egotism. Those who have taken the State University schooling particularly become ambitious to do great things; and according to our understanding great things can only be done in great cities. To the boy the desire for the city comes as a healthy phase in his development, a desire which is natural and easy for him to gratify. His friends encourage him to push out into the great world; his ambition is regarded as a sign of "enterprise" and even of "character." But let the country girl mention a love for the city and she puts herself in the class of the morally shameless.

This very year Stanley and Aaron Hicke, sons of cross-eyed Dan's employer, after graduating from the State University and after a month's vacation at home, have gone to Chicago, one with a law firm, the other to serve his year as surgeon in a hospital. Eddie Lawrence has become an engineer for the Government, and is now at Panama; old man Maddon has recently become an unbearable authority on politics—that is, since his son, William Maddon, has become secretary to our Senator. "Red" Lorimer is the new salesman of a certain Cincinnati firm; and it is four months and three days since William Bennett, son of the sheriff, has gone to New York—to "accept a position" with a large advertising company. You see, I know the exact number of days because I've been watching my dear little sister's calendar. My heart went out to the girl when I saw her cross the day before turning in for the night. My heart ached for my little sister, because my calendar has been

marked for the last twelve years, and I'm still crossing the days.

I am wondering how many of these boys will remember their girl sweethearts at home. There are many worthy sons of Brown's Junction, who have been brought up together with our old maids, who have played with them, have made love to them, and who are now happily married to city girls and busy with growing families.

Let me give an account of my own desires and struggle for happiness. I take my own case because I know it best, and also because I am a good average type of the middle-class semi-rural girl. We came to Brown's Junction thirteen years ago, when I was nineteen years old—father as minister on \$850 per annum, and I as a school teacher. The other members of our family are a half-invalid mother, two younger sisters, and a brother of fourteen. My father is a meek, kindly man, devoted to his theological books and periodicals; mother is still meeker and kinder, ever ready to mimic father's advice that "life is one big compromise," and that "it is our duty to be content with our lot." None of us children have inherited our parent's meekness. Every bit of surplus vitality and energy they may possibly have possessed above that which was necessary for the simplest existence, they have given to their children. Perhaps that is why all of us children are of precisely the opposite type. We are all naturally energetic and buoyant; and it seems as if Brown's Junction, with its monotonous, uninspiring round of petty obligations is gradually crushing the spirit out of us.

As far back as I can remember I have had dreams of great things. That sort of mental dissipation is not peculiar to me, of course, neither am I the only victim of unrealized dreams; but most of us have hopes of our

dreams some time coming true. This hope is rapidly leaving me; still, with fear in my heart, I cling to it almost as closely as to life itself, with eyes shut on the future.

When I first came here I had dreams of uplifting Brown's Junction. The novelty of my surroundings at first kept me from realizing the depth of the gloom that naturally permeates the place. There was the school, the church, and new neighbors. As a daughter of the beloved minister I saw myself taking part in many worthy causes. I tried some innovations through my school connections, but the town balked at my "new notions." The children themselves were as remarkable or as stupid as in the other towns where I had taught, and my work, by its very nature, soon settled into a steady routine. I turned to the church and found that it was already suffering from overattention. It offered the only opportunity for social service to the unencumbered women of the town. Petty jealousies among the church patrons were causing father some trouble. The farm kept us more or less busy, but not so busy but that I had lots of time to dream and long of things Brown's Junction knows nothing of.

The very first year of my arrival at Brown's Junction I had a love affair. Walter Brandon was a sophomore at Western Reserve. He had come home for the Christmas holidays and I was the new girl in town. We took to each other from the very first, and before the close of his vacation we had secretly become engaged. Thrilled with the thought of having that wonderful secret all of one year, we decided not to announce our engagement until after his graduation, when he was to go East, get a job on a newspaper (wasn't he the editor of the college journal?), and then come back for me. We planned it all while we were wait-

(Continued on page 51)

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

# The Laboratory of Democracy

*A Tale of Two Republics*

BY WALTER E. WEYL, PH.D.

Author of "THE CRUMBLING HOUSE OF LORDS"

Illustrated with Photographs



Photo by Wedell

THE SWISS NATIONAL PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT BERNE

**EDITORS' NOTE.**—This article is the outcome of a special journey which Dr. Weyl made to Switzerland early in the present year for the purpose of checking up his earlier impressions of Swiss democracy and of considering the workings there of the long-used Initiative and Referendum in the light of recent American experiments with the same devices.

The conditions of life and of political management in the two countries are, of course, very unlike. Yet Switzerland has in her very simplicity and compactness many lessons for larger, richer and more complicated nations. Says Dr. Weyl: "We in America have not the same character nor the same conditions. Neither have we the same history, nor the same international status. And yet, while our conditions are so different there are also elements in common. We, too, are a federal government. We, too, have an earnest, inventive and determined people. We, too, have in our Western and even in some of our Eastern States, many democratic laboratories, in which we have experimented with the Referendum and the Initiative, with no little success.

"IN Switzerland," said the man from Geneva, "we manage these things better."

It was two years ago. During a long June afternoon, we had endlessly discussed the tariff situation in Congress. The American people clamored for a revision downward. The more they clamored, the higher went the schedules. The man from Geneva could not understand.

"In my country," he repeated, "the people make the laws directly. The people rule."

I did not quite believe the man from Geneva. I did not take stock in political Utopias. It was easy to say "The people rule."

Since then, I have studied the Referendum, the Initiative and other instruments of Swiss democracy, and I have come to the conclusion that the man from Geneva was right.

In Switzerland the people do rule. They rule as no other people in the world rule. They rule as we in America would like the American people to rule.

When I left New York early this year the fight for the United States Senatorship was on. There was much whispering and much

wirepulling. The zealous friends of shrinking candidates consulted the Government, the mayor, the silent political boss, the treble silent financial magnates.

No one consulted the people. No one slipped a ballot into the hands of two million voters, and asked "Whom do you want?"



THE PRESIDENT OF SWITZERLAND

He is elected for one year. His salary is \$3,400 a year

The people said nothing. The people did nothing. There was nothing for the people to do.

When I arrived in Bern, the State Legislature had just approved a six million dollar loan.

"I'm for the loan," the car-conductor told me. "I shall certainly vote for it."

"But it's already voted."

"By the legislature—yes," admitted the conductor. "But not yet by us. It must come before the people."

It was my first practical encounter with the Referendum. The action of the people's representatives was to be referred to the people—to be confirmed or to be nullified.

As the little electric car rattled its way through the quaint, gray streets of the old city, the conductor during the intervals between fares, told me why he was "for the loan." He gave me reasons, as though reasons were as plentiful as blackberries. I was surprised at the fulness of the man's political knowledge; at the ease with which he marshaled pros and cons. He seemed not above the average in education. His German was tinged with the homely Bernese phrases. His words were blunt and simple. And yet he considered the laws of his state as his business. And he knew his business.



photo by Wehli

### MAKING THEIR OWN LAWS

*The Citizens of Uri in their Open-Air Parliament*

"You are much interested in politics?" I asked.

He seemed puzzled at the question.

"Why not?"

And he continued with his "reasons."

I was more and more surprised. It was astounding that the man should vote. It was enough that he had "reasons."

Later I learned where the Berne conductor had obtained his information. He had read about the loan in his evening paper. He had talked it over in the restaurant, in the evening café, in the car-barn, on the platform, whenever a passenger asked or volunteered an opinion.

I could not interest myself in the six million dollar loan. There was nothing inspiring in a discussion as to whether the state of Berne should pay four and a quarter per cent. for the accommodation, or should hold out for four per cent.

But I was interested in the tone, the manner and the latitude of the discussion.

Everywhere the citizens of the city and of the State of Berne were discussing the loan with as much excitement and hysteria, as we display once every four years. The bill was being considered by plumbers and lawyers, by professors and shoemakers, by brokers and hotel porters. It was being considered by the obliging shopkeepers, in the rows of dark shops which lined the arcades. Up on the Bernese plateau in the shadow of the towering white Alps, the peasants, who cultivated their little strips of precipitous land, would be called upon to give their suffrages. Still higher up, in the mountains, the shepherds had also their "reasons" and their opinions. The people of Berne would decide whether the State of Berne should or should not borrow six million dollars at four and a quarter per cent.

All this discussion was very different from the discussion in New York over the United States Senatorship. In Berne, no one asked what this or that great man would do. No one whispered the name of a state boss. No personalities were involved. No one talked of punishing this legislator or rewarding that party.

There was only one question. Do the people of Berne desire to borrow six million dollars?

The Berne conductor was the first Swiss of whom I asked "What do you think of the Referendum?"

His answer killed that question for all time.

"Which Referendum?" Then seeing that

I did not understand, he went on.

"Do you mean the local, the state, or the national Referendum?"

"I mean the Referendum," I explained.

"There is no the Referendum."

I began to understand. If you ask an average American voter what he thinks of the vote, he will not think of the suffrage as an institution but will wonder which particular vote you have in mind. He is so accustomed to the privilege of the ballot that he no longer considers it a privilege. The same is true of the Referendum in Switzerland. It is the life and breath and soul of Swiss political institutions. Because it is all these, the Swiss never thinks of it.

There was another significant truth packed up in the short answer of the Berne conductor. That truth was that the political institutions of Switzerland are extremely complicated. To understand the Referendum one must understand these complicated political institutions.

In certain respects the government of

Switzerland resembles that of the United States. It has twenty-five state governments at twenty-five state capitals. It has one federal government. It has a national House of Representatives, elected much as is our House of Representatives. It has a Senate, to which each state, however small, sends two Senators, and each half-state (for there are half-states in Switzerland) one Senator. It has a written Constitution. It has a Supreme Court.

Through all this federal system, throughout the national, state and local governments, the spirit of the Referendum runs. The Bernese car-conductor is called upon to vote in a town Referendum, in a state Referendum and in a great Referendum of the whole Swiss Confederation, just as the Chicagoan is called upon to vote for mayor, Governor and President.

Of all the twenty-five Swiss states (and half-states) twenty-four have the Referendum or its equivalent. Only one state, Freiburg, clings to "representative government." Of all the larger states, Freiburg is the most reactionary.

Not only the states and cities have the Referendum. The National Government has it also. After a law has been passed by the Swiss House of Representatives and the Swiss Senate, it still has to run the gauntlet of the Referendum. Within ninety days of the passage of any federal law, thirty thousand voters may demand that it be referred to the people, and a majority of voters at such an election may reject the measure.

A large book might be written on what the Referendum is not.

The Referendum is not perfect. It is not a political panacea. It does not make all men good and wise.

In Switzerland, as in America, people com-



plain of the weather, the crops, the servant problem, the high cost of living, and the low wages of factory girls. The Referendum has not solved these problems. It has not broken down parties, although it has lessened party animosity. It has not resulted in the uniform acceptance of wise legislation or in the uniform rejection of unwise legislation.

The Referendum, like political democracy, in general, does not change people in a night, but brings out of the people what is in them.

If you are opposed to the Referendum and wish to find arguments against it, you may discover a few in Switzerland. The people do not always go to the polls. Sometimes eighty per cent. go, sometimes sixty per cent.; sometimes, less than fifty per cent. Then many vote from prejudice rather than conviction, and vote against the party which proposes the bill rather than against the bill itself. A popular measure may be voted down simply because it is accompanied by an unpopular measure. The people may reverse themselves. They often do reverse themselves. Or a measure may be lost because some people are opposed to one clause, and some to another, and some to a third, and the sum of all these minorities is a majority. Finally, the Referendum may be used by a minority to check and thwart and delay a majority. The Referendum is not perfect.

And yet nowhere in Switzerland did I find any opposition to the Referendum. In no part of the country, among no class or group or section was there hostility. Conservatives, Liberals and Socialists were all dissatisfied with the results of this or that Referendum, but all were in favor of the Referendum as an institution. An attempt to deprive the people of this cherished veto would be unthinkable.

The people realize the enormous benefits which the Referendum offers. They know that it makes the people the masters, and the legislators the servants. They know that with the Referendum there can be no great extension of political corruption, and no wide bribery of legislators. For a grant by the legislature has a string to it. And the people hold the string.

There is another good side to the Referendum in Switzerland. It weakens party intolerance and moderates party bitterness.

In Switzerland, as elsewhere, there are political parties. There are party newspapers, party organizations, and party men. But these parties do not rule in the sense in which they rule in England or America. The people rule. It makes little difference which party has the majority in the Legislature, so long as a law can not pass if the people are opposed.

In Switzerland people often vote for a good candidate of the opposite party or for a tried man whose opinions are different from those of the voter. "It is not right," they say "to reject an honest servant because we do not agree with him. He will do his best to serve us. And if he votes against our opinions, we have the remedy in our own hands."

If the Swiss people understand the value of the Referendum, the Swiss legislator understands it no less. It is no political disgrace to have voted for a bill, which is later rejected by Referendum, for the political servant is not supposed to know the people's will, until that sovereign speaks. And yet the Legislature does not wish to pass laws which will be rejected by the people. The fear of the Referendum makes an appeal to it less frequent and less necessary.

One might suppose that legislation would be impossible if laws could be upset as easily as they are in Switzerland. It requires only thirty thousand signatures to refer a federal law to the people. Thirty thousand signatures should not be difficult to obtain in an intelligent population of three and three-quarter millions.

And yet, during the thirty-two years ending in 1906, the Swiss people demanded a Referendum upon only twenty-eight federal laws, of which nine were confirmed and nineteen rejected. On an average only one law was voted upon every fourteen months. The Referendum is a weapon of popular defense and an instrument of popular sovereignty. It is not a toy.

The Swiss people realize that a Referendum may be abused as well as used. They have therefore in several cantons foregone its use in the case of certain financial laws and in laws of special urgency.

Whether the state has an obligatory Referendum (in which case all laws are referred to the people automatically), or merely a volun-

tary Referendum (in which case laws are referred only when a given proportion of voters demand a Referendum), the veto power held by the people is not often used wantonly.

The Referendum enables the Swiss people to reject a law. It is a brake, a check, a popular veto. But it does not enact legislation.

To accomplish this purpose the Swiss use the Initiative. It is the other side of the Referendum. It is direct and positive legislation by the people.

In America it is often more difficult to enact good laws than to defeat bad laws. A citizen can usually persuade some obliging representative to father a bill. But there it stops. The bill is referred to committee. The committee goes to sleep. Year after year the legislature adjourns, without the measure coming to a vote. A majority may demand a law and yet be unable to know how their legislators stand upon the question.

In Switzerland, the Initiative makes such a deadlock between people and legislature impossible. In those Swiss states which possess the Initiative, a given number of voters (ranging from 800 in the state of Zug to 12,000 in the state of Berne) can propose any law within the competence of the state authorities. The people may make their proposal either in the form of a bill or as a principle to be worked out into a law by the legislature. In either case the law proposed by the people is voted upon by the people, and is accepted or rejected by them.

In Switzerland the law-making body is the people, assisted by their elected and responsible representatives.

On the train to Zurich I met a Parisian who had long resided in Switzerland.

"Do you see these civilians with guns on their shoulders?" he asked me, as half a dozen armed men, evidently upon a hunting expedition, entered a neighboring compartment. "That shows how in Switzerland one trusts the people. Every man is a soldier. Every soldier keeps his gun at home."

"In France," he mused, "with each man a gun—we should have a revolution every morning."

When I read about the Constitutional Initiative in Switzerland, I was more impressed than I had been with the Parisian's gun. After all, in a civilized community, a gun is not much of a weapon. You can not do much with it, and if you use it improperly, they will send you to jail.

But a Constitutional Initiative coupled with a Constitutional Referendum is an entirely different sort of a weapon. With it you can change when you will the fundamental law of the land. You can create rights; you can take them away. You can change the very bases of industry, government and social life. You can have a revolution—as the Parisian put it—every morning.

In the United States, the people are not trusted with the Federal Constitution. It is put away in a glass case. If nine-tenths of all the voters of the land asked for a revision, they could not get it if the House of Representatives, the Senate or a certain number of State Legislatures were opposed.

It often happens that we can not do the thing we wish because of the enormous difficulty of changing our Constitution. To amend that ancient instrument, which antedates the French Revolution, it is necessary to secure the consent of two-thirds of our Representatives, two-thirds of our United States Senators, and three-fourths of the State Legislatures. During the last hundred years, there have been no amendments to the Constitution except those forced during a period of war and reconstruction.

To-day a vast majority of the American people desires an income-tax amendment. A small opposition, however, has successfully delayed its progress toward a vote and decision by the people.

[Continued on page 53]

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



A REAL TOWN MEETING

Photo by Wehler

"Men of Appenzell, is it your wish to hold your Parliament according to ancient custom?"



# The Savers

BY WILLIAM CHESTER ESTABROOK

Illustrations by WALTER ENRIGHT



THE Malkaroffs lived in a tarred paper shack behind the Larimore barn. In season they worked in Larimore's beet fields; out of season they worked wherever they could find anything to do. They were busy, always, all of them, from great hulking Mulkaroff himself and his battered old wife, down past nine children to Vladimir, the baby, who was barely big enough to be trusted to slash the top off a sugar beet without also slashing his tiny hands.

It was a sexless family in the matter of work. Often, near the meal hour, Malkaroff, outstripping the others to the home end of his row, would drop his hoe and hurry to the shack to prepare the little they had to eat. The girls, of whom there were four, were more efficient in the hoeing of beets than in the brewing of coffee; they had nothing of that sense of house which is the sixth sense of American femininity. They were big, man-limbed, man-featured, stolid; they were honest, ungracious, and utterly devoid of fugacity. Generations of moujik forbears, moiling through centuries of Russian climatic rigor, had abstracted the flower of their sex. They might have been their own brothers, in skirts. The oldest son was Sergius. He was almost as big as his father. His eyes were dull blue but kindly and patient as an ox's, his lips were thick, his cheekbones high, his jaw heavy. He was exactly like his brothers except as to size. His face was the baby Vladimir's, full-blown. His predominant charac-

teristics were those of his sisters', accentuated. There was a vast pathos in this family resemblance of the twelve Malkaroffs — the pathos of certain portions of an old, harassed world where tired Nature seems content, for the time being, to pour men and women from different sizes of the same mold. If they experienced any excitation now that they were in a country where nature was as yet unannoyed by man's stupidity, they gave no evidence of it. They met the complexities of a strange tongue and a strange land as they had met all the other problems they had ever known — by bending backs a little nearer the soil. They worked, all of them, ah, how they worked! In the morning so early that the beet tops were mere bunches of shadow; at night, so late that the beet tops were mere bunches of shadow again. To John Larimore and his wife they were destined to remain always more or less a mystery. We do not understand people who do not laugh, and at that period of their careers the Malkaroffs did not laugh. Little John Larimore, Larimore's only child, was the first to discover the Malkaroffs' inaptitude for play. He came upon Vladimir one morning behind the barn. "My mamma says I'm not to play with you," he said, adding naively, "Let's play horse." Vladimir, not understanding English at all, looked at him wonderingly. Little John shied suggestively, exhibited some horselike capers, and curbed himself with apparent difficulty. Still Vladimir stared, not at Little John's face, not at Little John's capers, but at Little

John's clothes. Not stupidly but in simple wonder. For Little John, like thousands of his juvenile compatriots, wore a Russian blouse. Never had Vladimir, from the land of blouses, seen such a handsome one. It was of immaculate white duck, starched, dainty, and with the cleanly smell of the fresh iron. It was encircled by a patent leather belt that glistened like the patent leather shoes on Little John's feet. Vladimir's own blouse was of the cheapest cotton drilling. It hung straight and scant to his bare, calloused knees; earth stains were thick upon it. Vladimir backed slowly toward the shack, his gaze still hard against Little John's blouse. This apotheosis of the garment of toil was too much for the Muscovitic mind of him. Involuntarily his hands clutched his own soiled skirt and, to Little John's great amazement, he retreated, without a word, to the protecting shadows of his tarred paper hovel. That was the nearest approach to each other the little boys ever accomplished. Vladimir worked; Little John played; their paths rarely crossed. Mrs. Larimore's attitude toward the family in her barnyard was one of unconcern and remoteness. She had been too bitterly poor herself before she married Larimore, to have very much sympathy with poverty. There are people like that. She had come West from New Hampshire to teach school and had married Larimore before the term was half out. She was the sort of woman to let you walk away with her silver if she but suspected you one of "the blood." To hear her talk on her favorite theme was to be all but convinced that the



The sleep left his face when Larimore named the price

world had stopped short after the Yorktown Surrender. The Fitchburg chapter of The Daughters of the American Revolution came out to the Larimore ranch twice annually and feasted. At those functions, Little John, after he was big enough, recited patriotic declamations and gave drills with tiny flags. Before he was six years old he could name, offhand, his forebears who had fought with Mollie Stark—and there was an unbelievable number of them!

Larimore was at least kind to the Malkaroffs. He called them by their first names when their first names were not too difficult to pronounce. He was as liberal in his terms with them as the Beet Growers' Association would permit. He would have liked them better had they been German or Swedish. "There's such a thing as being too darn foreign," he was accustomed to say at any little hitch in his intercourse with them.

And if his wife were within hearing she would likely add something about their utter commonplaceness, their want of "blood" and family tradition. While he never took her glorification of family very seriously, yet he was not a little proud of what he called his Americanism. "I'd hire a Dutchman before a Russian and a Russian before a Jap," he would say, "but good old Americans would be the help for me if I could get them to do this kind of work."

But "good old Americans" didn't do that sort of work and John Larimore, way down in his heart, wasn't sorry for it.

So far as it concerned the Larimores, the Malkaroffs did nothing those first years to dissipate their alienage. One would have thought there was a chance for it the time Katinka, the oldest girl, plunged to her shoulders into the irrigating ditch, which was running like a mill-race and fished out Little John. She turned him up, thumped him on the back as if he were choking instead of drowning, and after pouring quantities of water out of him, carried him triumphantly home.

"She rescued him just like Bluffer would have done if he'd been there," Mrs. Larimore declared. She seemed to take it more as a compliment to Bluffer than anything else. Bluffer was the Newfoundland pup. It must be said in her behalf, however, that she started a plate of cookies over to the shack. Little John, who was to deliver them, fell a victim to their blandishments, and, hiding in the corner, devoured them to the last one. Thus was Katinka deprived of any "substantial" recognition of her heroism.

The Malkaroffs never wasted any time waiting for praise. They did nothing but work; and save.

In two years Sergius had bought a team and was dry-farming a homestead on the range, ten miles away. The following year, Nickolai, the next oldest, did likewise. Katinka and Sada left home to keep house for them. Every fair Sunday they drove back to Larimore's to see the rest of the family, who still lived in the tarred paper shack, who still worked from shadowy daylight to shadowy nightfall, and who still saved. One time they would drive Sergius's gray team, the next, Nickolai's team of blacks. Larimore couldn't help noticing their horses; they were so much bigger and better than his.

The next crop was a bumper one for Sergius and Nickolai. Gerasimus and Ivan went out to help them with it. Only six of the family now remained with Larimore, whose acreage that year was larger than usual. He experienced little difficulty, however, in reinforcing the Malkaroffs. Where there was one Russian four years before there were now three.

"The country is filling up with them," he often declared to his wife. "A few years more and we'll have nothing but these outlandish foreigners!"

It was about this time that Mrs. Larimore voiced a desire to leave the ranch and move to Fitchburg. Little John's welfare demanded it, she said. They must put him where he would be assured modern advantages and, what was as important—acceptable companionship. At home there was the constant danger of Vladimir, though why she should have mentioned him was not clear, even to her husband. Certainly Vladimir had never been guilty of any advances!

They rented the farm that fall and moved to Fitchburg, their tenant retaining the Malkaroffs. To Mrs. Larimore it was like moving into a heaven; it made Little John very scornful of everything rural. He happened upon Mrs. Malkaroff one day in Main Street and acknowledged her motherly old smile by a scarcely perceptible nod!

Larimore invested his surplus in the stock of a company that was promoting an alfalfa mill. He also bought an automobile. The Fitchburg *Republican* often had occasion to say "The Larimores motored to Denver today," or "Mrs. John Amos Larimore was the hostess at a beautifully appointed luncheon," or "Mr. John Larimore, president of the Alfalfa Milling Company, contemplates, etc., etc." Mrs. Larimore read all such notices rap-

idly and numerous persons in far-away New Hampshire were somewhat surprised to find themselves on the subscription list of a western paper of the existence of which they had never dreamed. It seemed to Mrs. Larimore that she had come into her own at last.

One evening the Larimores motored out to the ranch. It was July and although the sun had set, everything seemed palpitant with heat. The road was a smother of dust. Old Malkaroff and his wife were crossing the corner of the lower eighty toward their shack. The others of the family were still in the fields where they would remain as long as they could see. The old couple walked side by side, the woman slightly in front. Each carried a hoe; they looked very, very tired.

Their infinite weariness sent a sudden thrill of presentiment through John Larimore. He was not tired; he had not been tired since he moved to Fitchburg. He was naturally a gregarious man and he had spent most of his time having a good time. On the ranch, physical exhaustion usually meant that something had been accomplished. Had he accomplished anything at Fitchburg? Only the day before, an old friend had asked him if he were making money. He answered "Yes," as one always does. But for the life of him he couldn't have told whether the Fitchburg venture had really netted him a penny. There had been so much planning, so much promising, so much shifting of stock and responsibility, so much of the precariously modern that he didn't know just where he stood.

He brought the machine up before the gate and sat for a moment looking out over the far-spreading ranch. It was only a waste of sand and sagebrush when he had first seen it, twenty years ago. The luxuriant green of crops in mid-growth now covered it. What a struggle its reclamation had meant! How he had slaved and stunted for it! How many nights he had returned from the fields to his chain shack too tired to cook his own supper! But it had been worth while. He intended to keep it always. Lizzie and the boy didn't seem to care very much for it but it was a splendid property just the same. Every foot of it meant something to him. No, he would never part with it.

The Malkaroffs had reached the corral fence where they stood looking toward the house. Some far-reaching afterglow, drifting through a rift in the dust, touched their earth-polished hoes and turned them into burnished pikes, lending to the old pair a grotesque appearance of militancy. How they, too, had





With a sudden vehement energy which he had never before displayed he lifted a defiant hand toward Fitchburg

worked! How they had saved! How inevitably they had got on! They still lived in the tarred paper shack but Larimore knew that a goodly portion of every penny they had earned there had been carefully stowed away.

The afterglow departed as quickly as it had come. The militant pikes became mere hoes again. It was only an humble old Russian couple that moved through the corral gate, but in their weariness, in their persistence, in their thrift, Larimore was recalled to an inexorable economic law.

He alighted and went in to see his tenant. He had the vague feeling that the expensive machine should have been the old spring wagon which had served them for years and that Lizzie and Little John, instead of lounging lazily till his return, should have walked up the path to the house with him—to stay.

The old place fairly gripped him that evening; he couldn't get enough of it. After he had finished his business with the tenant, he sauntered down to the corral and came back slowly through the garden and lingered under the trees in the front yard, calling out a half-dozen excuses to the impatient ones who awaited him. Not till he got back to Fitchburg did he succeed in shaking off the feeling of portent.

It took a little less than two years to verify his presentiment. An epitome of what had happened in that time was revealed to the tenant when Larimore, one May night, came hurrying out to the ranch, a panic-stricken man.

"Henry," he said, with a desperate attempt to keep hold on himself, "I've got to sell the place!"

He told Henry what Henry had already heard vague rumors of—that there was a mortgage on the ranch. "They've done me, them milling sharps!" he went on brokenly and shook his fist in the direction of Fitchburg.

In his desperate need of quick money he had thought that Henry, perhaps, was in a position to buy. His tenant seemed a careful manager and knew, as no strange purchaser could, the splendid resources of the ranch.

Henry, however, couldn't think of buying. True, he had made some money but there had been so many unexpected demands. His little girl had wanted a piano and that had taken in excess of four hundred dollars. And when they had put the piano in the parlor alongside their rickety old furniture they discovered that they'd have to put the furniture out. Then a new furniture bill. They really oughtn't have done it because the stock which he had purchased some time previous was still unpaid for. It was something terrible, the amount of money it took to run a house these times—they really—

Larimore put out a detaining hand. "My God, man, don't you suppose I know!" he demanded. To think that Henry of all men had bought a piano when he still owed for his cattle! It was like meeting a fellow sufferer. Everybody was extravagant nowadays—everybody except the Russians.

They were standing in the corral where Henry was finishing his chores. He turned suddenly and pointed through the dusk to Malkaroff's shack scarcely a hundred feet away.

"Why don't you make them a proposition, Mr. Larimore?" he asked. "I understand

they're about to buy a relinquishment out the other side of Sergius's. The old ones have sorter got attached to this place; mebbe they'd like to stay on here if they knew it was for sale."

Only the stress of his great necessity kept Larimore from laughing outright. The Malkaroffs in his house! Owning his ranch! These stolid, mysterious, commonplace beasts of burden for whom his barnyard should always suffice!

"If you're going to see them about it you'd better not lose much time," Henry went on while Larimore blinked at the grotesqueness of the idea. "Better see Sergius first. I wouldn't waste any time on the old folks; they put everything up to him—him and Katinka. The boys have been making money hand over fist and it's likely they'd all chip in if they bought. Besides, they know just what the place can do."

At that moment, Vladimir came past the corral. He was a big-boned, sturdy lad now, so much stronger than Little John. Larimore noticed, with that sudden detachedness which sometimes distinguishes the most trivial episode of our hour of harassment. If the Malkaroffs bought the place Vladimir, and not Little John, would some day doubtless be master there. The thought of that was like a knife-thrust to Larimore, for despite all his wife's high-flown plans for their son, he had never given up the dream of returning some day to the ranch where Little John would manage affairs while he, Larimore, dozed his old age unworriedly away. Oh, well, what did it matter after all! The ranch had to be sold to someone. It was an affair of neces-

(Continued on page 57)



Plunged to her shoulders into the irrigation ditch which was running like a mill race and fished out Little John



# The Voodoo Man

BY CHARLES SAXBY

Illustrations by P. D. JOHNSON

## I

**A** T Allister's request the Englishman reddened slightly and shifted his feet in an attack of that national unease that afflicts a Briton when confronted with a situation that he does not entirely understand.

Allister, in his gray flannels and soft shirt, made an unconsciously graceful picture as he lounged against the gallery rails; he was, to all appearances, a gentleman and entitled to be treated as one, but then, he was as obviously an American, and therefore impossible to be tagged and mentally shelved according to his social place, in the manner dear to the British mind; it was so impossible to place these Americans. Besides, gentlemen did not usually tramp about the West Indies looking for work—for a "berth" as the Englishman phrased it.

"We have really nothing to offer you," he said, with a touch of asperity that was really shyness. "Our staff is quite complete. You see," he went on in a more friendly tone, as he saw that Allister was "taking it well." "You see, crop is over and we really hardly keep the men we have busy."

Allister laughed. Apart from his youthful good looks his laugh was the most attractive thing about him; its only fault was its rather extreme readiness, which sometimes laid it open to the suspicion of being a means of evasion.

"Don't apologize," he said. "I understand. You don't happen to know of any place where they *do* need somebody?"

The Englishman considered. "Perhaps—" he began, then stopped and looked Allister over with a hesitating scrutiny. "I don't recommend it, you know. Really, I can't take any responsibility in the matter whatever, but—" he hesitated again.

"Oh, go ahead," laughed Allister. "I am big enough to take care of myself."

"Well, if you really want a berth," began the other, and then immediately wallowed in implied apologies. "I mean, if you are tired of doing nothing, I don't wonder I'm sure—it gets awfully dull out here with nothing to do—"

"I'm dead broke and I need a job," said Allister, cheerfully.

The Englishman stiffened a little. Such brutal frankness was not quite playing the game. "Oh, very well, I was about to say that you might try Mr. de Marinières at

Tacarigua—but I don't recommend it, mind you."

Allister jumped down from the rail and hitched up his belt with an alert readiness. "Good. Where is it and how do I get there?"

"Mind—I don't recommend it in the least," the other repeated.

"But, if you like to take the chance—" he pointed out the way across the glowing landscape of fiery, green cane-fields, backed by the rose and purple of the mountain.

He stood there looking after Allister as he swung down the road under the palms. "Queer sort of chap that," he mused. "But really quite decent, not at all the kind that wants to sit down on you. I am almost sorry that I sent him to Tacarigua—but then—those fellows may have been the rotters that de Marinières claimed they were—though it was funny they should all quit so suddenly and clear out overnight as they did. But then—after all—one doesn't really *know* anything about the place—it may be all gossip."

The shadows were lengthening as Allister toiled up the last ridge and stood looking down on Tacarigua. An isolated valley, shut off from the rest of the island by the mountain wall, it spread fanwise below him to the sea, a cascade of green cane-fields, from the midst of which rose the house, long and white, with pillared galleries, shaded by a grove of palmistes.

He flung himself down in the shade to rest in the coolness of the afternoon trade wind; though he had eaten nothing that day he had no sensation of hunger, but there was a leaden heaviness creeping over his limbs and up into his mind, like the engulfing of dark waters. The insouciance with which he usually cloaked things from his own gaze fell from him, leaving the bare bones stark before him; he suddenly realized his situation, alone and penniless in a strange country, and a "nigger country" at that.

The precise reasons for his situation are of no importance, though he cursed them, as he lay there, with fluency and vehemence. It was a pretty tangled little mess that he had left behind him on his sudden departure from New York, but no worse than nine out of ten can look back upon at some period of their lives. He wished he had stayed and faced it now. But Allister's great trouble was that he hated trouble. He had not yet learned that it is generally no more than a curtain, black and painted with death's heads, terrifying but innocuous, that is often hung across a fair prospect to test men's nerve. He never faced things if he could help it; he so much preferred to go round.

But suddenly, from the depths of his mind, those depths whose very existence he hardly suspected as yet, there arose, all unbidden, a specter of the time when the net of circumstances would weave itself inextricably about him. It was doing so already. With a flash of unwilling insight he saw, what he had always refused to see, how each successive compromise was narrowing his path until, some day, there would be no more turning aside and going round, only going through—or going under.

"I have a touch of fever, that is what is the matter with me," he laughed, with recovered nerve. "I had better get down while I can. I shall skin out somehow," and he set his face toward Tacarigua, and the house under the towering pillars of the palmistes.

On the broad, jalousie-shaded gallery sat a young man of about Allister's own age; he was obviously a Creole, dark, handsome in a rather foreign style, but spoiled by an appearance of listlessness and indifference that, at first, seemed almost a deliberate affectation. Behind his chair stood an old negro, his bald head, with its pantaloons tufts of white hair, nodding in a senile way, his face seamed with wrinkles, beaming in a sort of fatherly pride in the young man, over whom he watched with a brooding care.

Allister squared his drooping shoulders and walked up the steps; the negro still hovered over his master, surrounding him with an atmosphere of protective servility, or—Allister almost laughed as he thought of it, the idea was so evidently born of the fever that was upon him—was not the old man, after all, like one of those giant, tropical bats that fan their victims to sleep with their wings the while they suck their blood?

The negro looked up at him, smiling and beaming in a grandfatherly way, nodding his head and enveloping Allister with a subtle magnetism of doglike welcoming and approval, and Allister's dark imaginings fled.

"Massa too much tire," crooned the negro as he shuffled forward a chair, moving with a swiftness surprising in one of his age. He forced Allister gently down into it and the other yielded gratefully.

The young Creole listened gravely as Allister stated his business, scanning him listlessly with eyes that would have been handsome had they showed any spark of life or interest.

"I am sorry—" he began in a voice that, like everything else about him, was high-bred and clear cut, but marred by the same utter lifelessness. Almost as he spoke the negro was at his side, bending over him, speaking rapidly in the French patois of the island;





She was pressing back into the bush, glancing shyly up at him from under her fringe of black lashes

his master seemed to dissent but his objections died down under the negro's kindly insistence. He turned again to Allister.

"You say you are a stranger in the island, monsieur? Have you no friends here?"

"Not a soul," Allister replied.

"It is a little unusual," the Creole continued. "But I am needing some one to help me on the estate—my last overseer left me very suddenly"—he spoke almost as if reciting a lesson, so mechanical were his tones. "But—if you will stay, monsieur, I shall be pleased to take you on trial."

For an instant his lusterless eyes turned upon Allister and blazed up with a sudden fire of warning, or was it entreaty, as if they were trying to tell him something that the lips were forbidden to utter. Allister sprang to his feet with a swift, unaccountable desire to get away, to leave the place while there was yet time, but his limbs failed him and he sank down again in his chair.

In an instant the old negro was at his side. "Massa, stay," he crooned. "Stay 'long of Miché Marinières and old Cudjoe. Massa sick, old Cudjoe fix him, soon get plenty strong."

He rubbed his hand over Allister's aching head; some subtle soothing seemed to emanate from it and the throbbing ceased. Allister was almost conscious of that restful feeling of being looked after. In his normal health and strength he might have rebelled against its slightly suffocating insistence, but in his weakened condition it was irresistible.

"All right," he murmured, "I'll stay."

Allister had been three months at Tacarigua. Of the illness that had followed his coming he remembered but little, only a long series of stretches of oblivion, broken by hours of feverish pain, when he lay and waited for old Cudjoe to come and, with gentle rubbings,

soothe him till he fell back again into the dreamless depths.

Then came days of delicious convalescence, when he lay consciously absorbing fresh strength from the glowing torrent of life that streamed all about him, while Cudjoe watched over him continually.

He was a constant delight to Allister with his crooning, almost pathetically affectionate ways; with a strength that belied his wrinkled old face he would lift his patient bodily from bed to hammock and back again, and always, day or night, he was at hand. At first Allister yielded gladly to his care, but, as each day brought new life and health rushing in upon him he began, almost ungratefully as he thought, to rebel against the negro's constant, rather debilitating attentions, until at last he broke from them altogether, declaring that he was well, well as he had never been before.

Of de Marinières he knew hardly anything more than on the first day they had met, and he finally gave him up as a problem too hard for him to solve. The Creole was always the same—grave, courteous, listless, his eyes veiled, his lips set in habitually slightly smiling curves. He was apparently unaware of all Allister's advances and yet at times Allister detected the other's eyes turned toward him with a strange expression of yearning, as if he were trying to say something for which he could find no words. He never mingled in the island society, but seemed content to dream in his own domain, and not another white face had Allister seen since coming to the estate.

Everywhere were negroes. They swarmed in the cane-fields, they toiled in the cocoa groves, cut brush in the High Woods or hoed in the coffee plantation. At night, perched like flocks of homing crows on the clattering mule carts, they came back to the shacks un-

der the cocoa-palms, where the women cooked and waited.

The men were big and black, brawny giants of ebony; the women were of every hue, from the pallid skins of the "Métisses" to the rich tints of the full blood. Of their real lives Allister knew nothing. He could see only the surface and they baffled all his attempts to penetrate beneath it. They were different from the negroes on the other side of the island; they were quieter, more sullen. There were things back of them that he did not understand.

At night there were mysterious fires that gleamed through the palms; ghostly lights and fluttering trails of rags that decked the silk-cotton trees—the "Zombi" trees, the blacks called them.

Sometimes he was aroused from sleep by the sound of wild songs, shouts and the throbbing of tom-toms, that made him wonder what was going on out there under the palms and the stars, but into none of it was he allowed to see. Even if he went in search there was nothing there, when he arrived, but the dying embers of a fire, while from out the high came the sound of stealthy breathing and the occasional shuffle of a naked foot on the hard earth.

De Marinières never seemed to trouble himself about it at all and Allister's curiosity soon died down. He knew that there were many things in the island that, as long as they were done in secret, it was the part of wisdom for the whites to ignore.

Of one thing he was certain. He had not been bidden to Tacarigua for the sake of help, for of occupation he had almost none. The estate seemed to run itself in a slipshod fashion without much visible direction from anyone.

Every morning de Marinières rode, listlessly as usual, out over the cane-fields around the estate, but the most of his time he spent dreaming in his hammock and always in the field or in the house, Cudjoe was at his side.

Guarding him from every contact, hovering crooning, his wrinkled face bobbed perpetual at his master's shoulder. As Allister sometimes disgustfully reflected it seemed impossible for the Creole to even draw a breath unless Cudjoe was there to help him.

Between himself and the negro there had come to be a silent, subjective antagonism that had arisen with his first attempts to establish a really friendly relationship with de Marinières. Cudjoe had checkmated him at every turn. At times Allister almost hated the negro, and then laughed at himself for being fanciful as he saw the foolishly beaming, halcyonic countenance nodding in servile affection. He was simply jealous, with the devotion of a dog, of any attempts on his master's regard.

Once only had Allister broached the subject of his leaving Tacarigua. That morning he had met a white man riding on the borders of the estate, and with the camaraderie of common white blood they had stopped to chat together.

On hearing that Allister was at Tacarigua the man's friendliness had suddenly cooled and Allister, resenting an implication that he felt but could not understand, had bade him a curt good-by.

A few moments later the man had caught up with him again, and spoke.

"Look here, I was rude just now and want to apologize," he said. "The fact is that de Marinières and his precious estate are not popular on the island and anybody who stays there is regarded with some suspicion, but you seem to be a decent fellow, and maybe they are keeping you in the dark. The whole place is just a hotbed of voodooism and they say that de Marinières himself is tainted with it. What goes on there nobody knows, but one or two young fellows were there all cleared out very suddenly—last night, in fact—and people generally fight shy of Tacarigua."

"Excuse me—but I cannot listen to gossip about my employer," replied Allister coldly.

"Well—I have warned you," the man went



Once they had met Cudjoe beaming at them with grandfatherly delight





Palmyre came down to meet him

n. "Here is my card, and if you want to save in a hurry come to me and I will put you up."

In spite of his resentment, Allister found himself unable to shake off the impression of the man's words. Who were these other men and why had they left so suddenly? There was surely not an easier place to be found than the post of overseer at Tacarigua. Even that Englishman who had pointed him the way had warned him—into his mind there flashed a recollection of the look in de Marinières's eyes when first they had met, a look of entreaty, which had vanished under Cudde's crooning administrations.

That evening he had spoken of leaving. de Marinières, waking momentarily from his self-communings, had looked at him as if in great relief. A spark of actual liking shone in his eyes for an instant, together with a gladness that the other was going, but Cudde protested with a humble affection, and the Creole relapsed into his usual listlessness, courteously hoping that Allister would stay.

The next day Allister had met Palmyre, with a skin like the creamy magnolia petals, a scarlet mouth like the flowers of the hibiscus, straight as a young palmiste tree, supple and pliant as the vanilla vines, and there was no longer any thought of his leaving Tacarigua.

He had come upon her in the coffee plantation, nearly riding her down as he carelessly passed. She was pressing back into the bush to avoid his horse's hoofs, half hidden by the mass of flowering branches, glancing shyly up at him from under her fringe of black lashes.

In an instant he had dismounted, hat in hand, and was making his apologies. For the moment he had taken her for a white girl, and the surprise—for white girls do not roam alone on the island—robbed him of his poise. Then a glance at her dress, at the bare feet and slim ankles that gleamed through the coarse Parra grass, disillusioned him. It was of no avail that her skin was so white, her nose so thin and arched and proud, her scar-

let lips as chastely cut as those of a marble Venus. Somewhere in her veins was a tiny strain of black blood, and, to all intents and purposes, she was but a negress, after all.

She was young. Had she been white Allister would have put her at twenty-one, but allowing for the early maturity of the mixed race he judged she must be about eighteen. It was well for her, he thought, that she was safely hidden here in Tacarigua. Had she been the other side of the mountains, where white men were numerous, she would already have gone to her fate. He had seen enough of the island life to know that.

Allister suddenly realized that he was young, a man, a white man, and therefore in command, that this girl was beautiful, the first beautiful girl he had seen since coming to the estate, and that she was practically a negress and debarred from any consideration.

A hot flush rose under the creamy skin of the girl's throat as she read his mind in his eyes, but she faced him coolly, without a trace of self-consciousness, as she spoke.

"It is unnecessary for monsieur to make his apologies—it was as much my fault."

At the sound of her voice, Allister's shame overtook him, a shame at himself for having so far forgotten his chivalry to even this colored girl, thing of naught though she was, a blossom to be plucked by any white man who chose. Those were the island ethics, but he had been trained otherwise, and, gazing at the girl's delicate loveliness, he felt a sudden disgust at himself for having descended to the island level. And was the girl really colored after all? Her voice was high bred and cool, her French pure and without a trace of the negro patois. At that instant Allister saw what was the resemblance to some one familiar to him that he had instantly noted—she was like de Marinières.

Had the Creole shown one spark of her life and vitality he would have been her male counterpart, feature for feature. Allister knew that he had solved the mystery, she was probably de Marinières's half sister, the daughter of one of those unions that so embitter

the lives of the white women in the West Indies and give to every white Creole family its darker shadow.

Allister's boyish honor rose up in the girl's defense. He knew that he would inevitably love her; his whole nature had cried out to her the moment he had seen her, smiling from her bower of flowers, but he must never win her since the island laws forbade his doing so honorably. She was smiling at him again now, quick to read him as she would an open book. She came forth from her protecting screen of branches; she knew that she was safe with him.

What had they said? Allister could not remember, only that they had sat side by side upon the grass in the shade of the coffee, laughing like children. She had despoiled the bushes of their burden of white flowers with her ruthless little hands, weaving a wreath for her hair, then another for him, setting it all awry on his head so that he looked like a bacchanalian young god from a classic shore.

She had told him bits of her history, of years spent in a convent on the other side of the island, under the care of the good sisters; of how she now lived, with a vague "Tante," in a little cottage high up on the borders of the estate, under the purple shadow of the cocoa. Many other things she told him, little unconscious self-revealings of a life as gay and innocent as that of the humming birds that whirled in the masses of coffee flowers over their heads—and yet, even there, Allister caught a hint of that strange shadow that seemed to hang over Tacarigua.

It was when she had spoken of his leaving that he had noticed it. She knew that he had so spoken. It was impossible to keep anything secret in Tacarigua; the whole estate was just a huge whispering gallery. For a moment she had looked at him as de Marinières had looked that first evening, but there was a difference, too. The Creole had looked that way because he could not say whatever it was he would, the girl looked at him so because she could have said, but would not.

[Continued on page 44]



Photo. by Van Der Weyde

THOMAS A. EDISON—RESTING OR THINKING, OR BOTH

# The SPOT LIGHT

Thomas A. Edison has been taking a vacation, his first of length in two decades. He wanted to see the new industrial Europe. So he left to lieutenants the care of his factory on the edge of the Orange Mountains, and went to get his own information. Perhaps that doesn't sound exactly like a vacation. That is because the world of us common folks have not the Edison mind.

A fine piece of machinery deteriorates more rapidly in idleness than at speed; a fine mind rusts in sloth and sharpens in employment; but both machine and mind need scientific oiling as they work. Edison didn't put his mind in cold storage and stop thinking just because he was going on a pleasure trip. Instead the change quickened delightfully the very faculties that he wanted to rest. And, after all, wasn't that rest itself, for into what odd and diverting channels must not the big Edison ideas have run as the changing scenes before the eye carried changing impulses to the brain?

A few flashes both of his thoughts and his actions were mirrored back at intervals by the dispatches which followed the progress of his motor-car through cities that honored him, and laboratories that interested him. He admired outspokenly the planning German brain, referred to the smoke-stacks as his "patron saints," admitted he was not able

to admire the art of the old masters, but at the same time defended himself from the accusation that he was too utilitarian to appreciate fine paintings and fine music. "I believe in the art of the present," he said. "I believe modern art keeps pace with modern thinking. It deals not with saints but with people, their sufferings and their problems." And in music he prefers Wagner. Not a purely utilitarian mind after all, you see, in this man who has labored a lifetime with the useful sciences.

Nor has the whirl of dynamos stilled either his inquiries or his speculations in that fascinating realm of philosophy where we consider ourselves, the road we travel, and why.

"It is undeniable," he told a fellow traveler one evening as they watched the flow of continental humanity past their vantage point in the garden of a famous hotel, "that the great quest of humanity is happiness. But was the world created to be happy? How many are truly happy? I've studied people in all classes and conditions, and everywhere I have found, when you get below the surface, that it is mostly the insincere individual who says, 'I am happy.' Nearly everybody wants something he hasn't got, and as things are constructed, what he wants is money, more money than he has in his pocket.

"But after all, money can only buy a few things. Why should anyone envy the cap-

tains of industry? Their lives are made of those vast, incessant worries from which the average individual is happily spared. Worry, worry, that is the evil of life.

"What do I consider the nearest approximation to happiness of which the present human nature is capable? Why, living on a farm which is one's own, far from the hectic artificial conditions of the city—a farm where one gets directly from one's own soil what one needs to sustain life, with a garden in front and a healthy, normal family to contribute those small domestic joys which relieve a man from business strain."

Thus did he quaintly illustrate that he was cast in the mold of all the rest of mankind for he thinks he would be happy if he were a farmer, and fate and his talents forced him to be an inventor. Of course he could buy a farm, but his wisdom tells him he cannot buy happiness, therefore he deduces that he would not find happiness on a farm.

Edison does not believe in what he terms "general education," and he found in Europe a text for discourse. Not that he found European education good, for he judged it largely bad, due no less, he concluded, to its generality than its meagerness.

"General education," he asserted, "is a luxury for those with money to spare. It leans nowhere as a rule. It is parrotlike instruction, where the reasoning faculties are not developed, and a boy is turned out a mere echo of traditional ideas. We need nothing so much as reform in educational methods. Re-educate, educate, but on new and proper lines, and I say it the more frequently as I see Europe the depressing lack of that great factor of civilization. That we have schools that meet the needs of a diverse state of society to my mind where we surpass Europe, but ought not to forget to progress."

Edison is credited with being a millionaire, but in his factory quarter of the New Jersey town of West Orange he is never thought of as a rich man, but as a man who works unceasingly. When his plant was small and the community more scattered "the works" was a beacon light for the valley, an electric blaze often undimmed until the sun came up to eclipse it with brighter rays. The shops were many and big, and the district thickly settled with workmen, but they say "the work" has not changed greatly in habit, except that he works less by night.



Lady Beatrice in the reign of King George V no less than Pole-Carew in that of King Edward, is accorded English artists a right to the description "T

Original from  
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Most Beautiful Woman in England." Her profile is considered to be perfect from the classic standpoint.

She is the wife of Major-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, retired, and is the daughter of the Marquis of Ormond. As Lady Beatrice Butler she was the toast of Ireland. She was the eldest daughter of the house, and during her girlhood frequently accompanied her father on journeys to different parts of the world. On one of these expeditions she met the then Shah of Persia, and brought home as a token of his admiration one of the most superb emerald rubies now to be found in the British Empire.



**Clara Morris** the most popular of the great emotional actresses of a generation known to the present day theatergoers only as memories are known. Lives to-day as much a heroine in real life as ever she was in the play. She has conquered suffering by insisting that life in pain still is life big and desirable.

There is no hint of the nearly lifelong invalid in her placid face as she sits under the garden tree at her home not far from New York City.

Augustin Daly is twelve years dead, and his theater long in strange control, but he had a kinder fate than most who have tried to carry ideals to the stage, for his deeds and purposes have been written down by friendly hands, among which those of Miss Morris have been found not the least. Of the Daly company of her day, Miss Morris may be said to be the last survivor. Many sterling players succeeded to the organization after she went to the banner of A. M. Palmer, for Ada Rehan had not then joined the company, nor John Drew received his schooling there, but when Mrs. Gilbert died the better known players of her contemporaneous company were gone. Jimmy Louis, Fanny Davenport, George Clarke and Louis James had preceded her.

A. M. Palmer lived longer than his managerial rival; lived to see the passing of his Union Square theater, and to become the irresponsible manager but practical pensioner of the player who conceived that he owed to him the chance that in a single night sent him from the lowest levels of obscurity far up the heights of stardom—Richard Mansfield, who was given the rôle of *Baron Cheriak* in "A Parisian Romance," because a better known actor thought the part too small to take. Two topics remained to the last the particular property of Mr. Palmer. Of a night toward the end of a performance after the box-office was closed he was accustomed to tell the newspaper men of many cities the stories. One was the "luck of *Cheriak* and Mansfield"; the other was of the emotional intensity of Clara Morris.



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CLARA MORRIS LOOKS PEACEFULLY AT THE PAST, AND THE FUTURE, TOO

"I have never known her equal for sheer nervous vitality," he would insist. "There have been emotional actresses of many powers, but hers was unique. Her emotion wreaked itself upon her, and what she gave her audiences was her life. Many and many's the time as the curtain fell upon the last act

I never expected to see her able to come to the stage again."

Was it any wonder that the spectators who beheld her portrayals of *Camille*, of *Madeline Morel*, of *Miss Mutton*, and a score of other trying characterizations were willing to worship before her shrine?

## The Vigil of All Souls

BY MAUD GOING

*All Souls' Eve is the evening preceding All Souls' Day; the vigil falls therefore in the night between the first and second of November*

In this one night—or so our fathers said—  
So they still say where old beliefs are dear—  
Heaven permits the spirits of the dead  
To seek their homes, and those who loved  
Them here.

Keep the lights low, and do not bar the door;  
Bring forth the few dear treasures laid  
Away;  
Put the old hobby-horse upon the floor,  
There, where a little child was wont to play.

Bring down from the high shelf the building  
Blocks,  
The broken engine, and the Indian bow;  
And brave tin soldiers, shut into their box  
By little dimpled hands—so long ago.

And mother's knitting-bag—'tis treasured  
There,  
The needles in the wool— Ah, mother,  
Dear!

This was your footstool, this your favorite  
chair;  
We'll place them in your favorite corner,  
here.

The book I read to father that last day  
Before he slept—we never passed this  
mark—  
Put it beside his chair. The lamp this way;  
He liked it so. Was that a footstep? Hark!

Ah, but to see! if but a moment's space  
The father's loving eyes and silver hair.  
The baby's smile, the mother's gentle face,  
And know that still they live and love—  
somewhere.

To hear a voice, familiar once and dear,  
To feel the light soft touches of a child;  
So little would suffice our hearts to cheer;  
But no sign comes. The night is bleak and  
wild,

And wears apace. Did you see something  
move?  
There by the door? 'Twas but a shadow  
cast.

Was that a footstep that we used to love?  
No! Nothing but a wandering wind went  
past.

They will not come! They will not come this  
night!

Nor any other night! Nor evermore!  
To change our doubt to peace—to bless our  
sight—

We cannot lure them back from that far  
shore.

Nor with our restlessness disturb their rest.  
God of the two worlds, pity our sore hearts,  
And give us faith to say, as night departs,  
"They are with Thee, O God, and that is  
best."



# The Purple Chlamys

BY SIGMUND SPAETH

Author of ELAINE UPLIFTED, THE BOY RAMPANT, ETC.

Illustrations by PHYLIA WADSWORTH

bullfrogs swimming around. The Brown-Robynsons went one better when they had a full-fledged Russian count as their guest and gave an "anarchist masked ball" in his honor. But the Johnson-Greene capped the climax by hiring a trained chimpanzee from a circus, and a lot of stuffed animals from a museum, and giving a "Noah's Ark luncheon." It was then that mamma's Irish blood asserted itself and she decided to have a Greek dinner.

The affair was a huge success. Mamma and I studied for two whole days on the subject, and had all the details correct—Greek furniture, Greek dishes, Greek food, Greek decorations, and Greek costumes. We had the walls of the dining-room painted with a sort of frieze composed of the Greek word for hash. It reached almost all the way around, and the Greek letters were very decorative. Papa said it looked like a nightmare of fraternity pins, but we didn't care, and anyway some of our more educated guests could tell quite a number of the letters. We sent for the people in chariots, and had torches stuck in the ground outside, so the whole effect, with all the Isadora Duncan costumes floating around, was very pretty.

Mamma was tickled to death because she had found something that was more comfortable than a kimono and yet could be worn in public. After the last guest had departed, she leaned back in a large and comfortable *diphros* (that's the Greek word for chair) and said with conviction, "I'll never take off this dress again as long as I live."

"Oh, Eliza!" said papa in a shocked tone, and rather reproachfully. He was sitting on one of the *klinai*, or couches, smoking a long, black cigar, and with his himation, which looked like a sheet, wrapped around his legs. (Mamma hates to be called "Eliza." Ever since papa made his money she has insisted on "Elspeth" or "Bettina.") But she was seriously in love with that Greek costume, although, of course, she didn't mean her remark to be taken literally. I rather liked the style myself, because it was so becoming, especially the arms, but I was a little taken aback the next morning when mamma announced flatly that she was going to be Greek from that time on. She was so tremendously enthu-

siastic about it that we let her have her way and became temporarily a Hellenistic household. Papa didn't put it just that way. I used stronger and more distinctly American language. It was embarrassing at first to have to drive to town in a chariot instead of a automobile or a carriage. A crowd would always collect and ask whether it was a circus or a patent medicine. But mamma was such a social leader that nobody dared to criticize her to her face. Only most of the servants gave notice immediately because they had to keep so many torches burning and were not allowed to turn on the electric lights. Finally mamma came to have a sort of religious feeling about the matter. She had picked up something about transmigration of souls from the anarchist and chimpanzee parties, and she really believed that she was one of the ancient Greeks in disguise, maybe Penelope or Helen of Troy, and that her real nature was just beginning to assert itself.

Her next announcement was that we would have to have a Greek house. Papa refused pointblank to have the old house torn down, but told her she could have a Greek house built in one corner of the premises and plan with it all she liked. It might do for a garage some day.

So mamma wrote at once to the best architects in town and told them to send out their expert on Greek houses to draw up the plans. Papa swore they'd never do it, but the next morning, bright and early, a man drove up in a machine, and after fooling for a while with the door-bell, which, of course, wouldn't work, he announced his presence by three long raps with the ancient green knocker that mamma had put up. I could see from the window that he was young and quite good-looking, so I changed to my most becoming shade of baby blue himation and put a little extra time on the effectively simple Greek arrangement of my hair.

It seems the man was somewhat taken aback at first, for Bridget was sweeping the front hall in a rather frowsy-looking chiton, and she opened the door unexpectedly; but mamma, who was reading "Greek Life" in the library, came to his rescue at once, as I could hear from the top of the staircase.

"Oh, how do you do?" she called out cheerfully, gliding her sandals over the hardwood floors in what she believed was the graceful Greek walk. "You are the architect, aren't you?"

"Why, yes," he stammered in some confusion, gazing with evident astonishment at her costume. "How did you know?"

"Oh, I could see by your profile that you were a transmigrated Greek," answered mamma.

[Continued on page 48]



I changed to my most becoming shade of blue himation



It all began with mother's giving a Greek dinner. You have to do something out of the ordinary, you know, to get along in society. Everybody knows that papa has more money than anyone else in town, but all the same we had to prove our intellectual superiority also, and to show that culture and wealth may walk amicably hand in hand. (I got that last sentiment out of a book.) Of course we don't really claim to be intellectual. No honest Americans do. But mamma knows that she's a good hostess, and that she has a young and attractive daughter, meaning me, and papa doesn't care about anything except business, so we just go ahead and have a good time.

Original parties had been quite the rage in town, and each one seemed a greater success than the last. First the Jones-Smyths gave a "wet dinner," at which the table was really a pond, and you ate your food off floating plates with air tanks underneath, and there were goldfishes and little yellow ducklings and even

Isadora Duncan costumes floating around, was very pretty.

Mamma was tickled to death because she had found something that was more comfortable than a kimono and yet could be worn in public. After the last guest had departed, she leaned back in a large and comfortable *diphros* (that's the Greek word for chair) and said with conviction, "I'll never take off this dress again as long as I live."

"Oh, Eliza!" said papa in a shocked tone, and rather reproachfully. He was sitting on one of the *klinai*, or couches, smoking a long, black cigar, and with his himation, which looked like a sheet, wrapped around his legs. (Mamma hates to be called "Eliza." Ever since papa made his money she has insisted on "Elspeth" or "Bettina.") But she was seriously in love with that Greek costume, although, of course, she didn't mean her remark to be taken literally. I rather liked the style myself, because it was so becoming, especially the arms, but I was a little taken aback the next morning when mamma announced flatly that she was going to be Greek from that time on. She was so tremendously enthu-



...hills, he was fond of figs and olives so he was able to make a square meal

# At the Bottom of the Ship

BY ERNEST POOLE

Author of *THE VEGETABLE FACTORIES OF PARIS*, *THE SKY VIKING*, *DAVID WANNES*, ETC.

Illustrated with Photos

OVER New York Harbor a December day was breaking. In the harsh gray light, the big watchman who stood at the foot of the dock looked numb with cold, and he made no challenge as I passed. Though I had a sweater underneath, I buttoned my ulster tighter, for down the long dark dockshed there came a raw, chill wind. To my left, through gaping doorways could be seen the white sides of an ocean liner. It was to sail at ten o'clock. But now it seemed deserted. Only from a few portholes gleamed lights, and I heard a voice from somewhere. Down here the dock was empty.

Until late the night before I had watched this crashing sluice-way of commerce, where working under their stevedores, who cursed and bawled out orders, some three hundred "dockers," Irish, German, Polish, Italian, had heaved and trundled and smashed things about. But there were only a score of them now. I told one what I had come to see. He grinned.

"That bunch of dead ones," he remarked. "You'll find 'em farther up the dock."

I found them near the head of the dock, huddled close to the wall to escape the wind. Over a hundred in number, Scotch and Irish, Germans, Danes, and a few native Americans, from twenty to forty-five years of age: some had grips or old canvas bags and overcoats or sweaters, but more had neither baggage nor coats; they stood in the raw chill darkness, their hands in their pockets, shivering. Not big men, rather under-sized, some tough and hard-muscled, others flabby. These were the men I had come to see, the men who were fast replacing the sailors, the men who feed fires that drive ocean liners, the men at the bottom of the ship.

I had seen them "sign on" three days before. In a long narrow room on the dock, before the Federal Commissioner whose presence is required by law, the ship doctor, the chief engineer and his men had picked their crew for the engine room: a score of junior engineers, some thirty "oilers" and about a hundred "stokers" (firemen) and "trimmers."

The crew from the last voyage had been taken first. The doctor had examined each one, had found some with certain chronic diseases, and these men had signed papers waiving "all claim to sick pay or maintenance if there is trouble from this cause on the voyage." One puny little Scotchman with a sallow face and black mustache had owned that he had had his complaint for eighteen years.

"Good for another eighteen years, eh?" the doctor had said jocosely. "Yes, sir! Yes!" the little old man had eagerly answered. Next had come a stout, gray-headed Irishman with red sodden features, almost too drunk to hold the pen; he had chuckled waggishly to himself as he signed away all claims. Having passed the doctor, each man had signed the ship's articles. Wages for firemen forty dollars, thirty for the trimmers, to be paid at the end of the three weeks trip. They were to work in shifts of four hours on and eight hours off. "But more if the captain requires it."

After the old crew had signed, there had been left some twenty places, for which over a hundred men were pushing and shoving outside. When the door was opened, they had come in with a rush, to be cursed and shoved into two lines, long lines of ragged figures, craning necks and dirty faces. The



EIGHTY FEET FROM THE BOW AND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHIP

There, in a region lower than the stoke-holes themselves, the firemen of the transatlantic liners live. On the "Olympic," shown in the illustration, and the "Mauretania" and "Lusitania," the stokers are given more air and better quarters than on the older boats, but they are "speeded up" at their work.

chief engineer and his oily little assistant had gone up and down between the lines. "Get back! You! Yes, you! Get back!" They had kept crowding out of line, shoving forward their papers from former ships, their records of service short and long, from the single paper of one slim, healthy looking boy to the bunch of tattered documents held out by the little old Scotchman who had had his complaint for eighteen years.

That had been done three days ago. And now the chosen few were here.

Suddenly I saw the Irishman, the one who

had chuckled as he had signed, come drifting up the dock, still rather drunk, carefully tacking from side to side, now smiling, now frowning and muttering.

But all the rest had sobered up. For these are not like the old shanghaiing days.

In those days, only ten years ago, when a ship was in need of a crew for the morrow, the shipping master would send out his runners during the night to the "crimps" (lodging houses for seamen). The men, drunk or drugged, would be brought to the dock in wheelbarrows and carts. Their names or their

marks would be signed by others, and as a rule their wages for two months or more would be allotted in advance. Shipping masters, runners, tailors, keepers of saloons and brothels, all got their share. And if when on coming to consciousness out at sea the seaman rebelled, he would be soundly beaten and thrown into irons on bread and water. Seamen have no votes.

But the times are changing. The allotting of wages has been stopped by law. Shanghaiing has been practically stopped. And there are three big institutions, the Seamen's Church Institute, the Seamen's Friend Society, and the Seamen's Christian Association, all of which aim in various ways to help sailors and firemen in port.

And in place of the old shipping master, Stafford Wright, of the Christian Association, now supplies the men for all the big transatlantic lines on the North River. His institution is largely supported by these lines, and he is their sole employing agent. All men must go first to his office, there to be examined, the wrecks weeded out, the sound ones registered and given tickets, and only the men with his tickets are admitted to the docks. He had been present with his assistants when the men were signing on, and he stood at the head of the gangplank now to see that they came on sober. These are the days of efficiency.

But the stokers' problem has not yet been solved.

"Despite all our efforts," Mr. Wright told me, "the greater part of them still waste their money in port, get a lodging-house bunk to sleep in and spend their days and nights in the barrooms. There is a cheap poisoned whisky called skelly down here. Some lie drunk for weeks. But at least they all come on sober," he added.

They were coming now, up the wet glistening gangplank. At the top, one of Wright's assistants called off each man's number to the chief engineer, who stood checking them off in his book, for they were to be known as numbers from this moment on.

Following one of the junior engineers, I started down into the engine room, down and down on steep ladders of steel through the intricate mass of machinery, and so at last to the stoke-holes.

There were four of these steel-enclosed chambers, connected by low triangular-shaped doorways through which we had to stoop to pass. The floor was embedded thick with coal-dust, pools of water lay here and there, the steel walls dripped in places, and everywhere there was grease. In the stoke-holes the coal lay in heaps, and stout iron doors opened into the bunkers where thousands of tons were stored for the voyage. In the rows of furnaces, the fires were banked.

Down here at the bottom there is neither day nor night; only steel walls and electric

light. The watch of which my guide had charge went on at ten o'clock that day and came off at two, went on again at ten at night and came off at two in the morning. During his watch it was his duty to keep going back and forth through the stoke-holes. In each were eight firemen, with a "lead fireman" at their head. At present the stoke-holes were empty and cool. I felt a strong draught of fresh air from above.

"We'll fire up soon enough when we start," he said grimly. "Still, at this season it's not so bad. But in summer it's awful. We strip naked, all of us. Of course," he added, "this is not one of the newest boats. You will find conditions better on the *Mauretania*, for instance."

I learned later that this was true, that the *Mauretania*'s stoke-holes were larger and cleaner, with much better air; and also that the stoking there is done to the clang of a gong, which paces the men and so speeds up the work. A striking parallel to the clothing industry, where the foul old sweat-shops are fast giving way to the large modern factories, cleaner, with better light and air, but where the work moves faster, each worker keeping time with the throb of the machines. And as there you hear talk of the "good old days" of dirt and gloom, when you could smoke, drink, talk or sing when you pleased, so on the *Mauretania* they talk of small liberties they have lost. For the gong cannot wait. A machine beats it. The old galley ships of the Romans had gongs.

Of all the men in the engine room, by all odds the worst off of the lot are the "trimmers." They are "trimmers," because they trim the ship by passing the coal from the bunkers out into the stoke-holes. This is mere shoveling at first, for the coal is close to the bunker doors; but as the voyage goes on the trimmer must use a barrow and go farther and farther back into the bunker, where the air is a cloud of coal dust, and where in a storm, when the ship is rolling and pitching, the bunker rolls and pitches, too. There have been many accidents here from the falling masses of coal.

The trimmer, too, helps the fireman in the job of removing the "clinkers." This the fireman does by throwing open the furnace door and plunging his long tools, his "devil," "rake" and "slicer" deep into the fiery mass. Jerking, shoving and dragging, he finally brings out a mass of clinker. As it falls flaming on the floor, the trimmer throws on it a bucket of water; a cloud of steam fills the stoke-hole. The fireman staggers back for a few moments' rest, and then goes at it again, and so on until the fire is free.

This firing is no simple work. For the fireman must be able to tell by the flame just what it needs. It makes all the difference how he spreads the coal. And if he is not getting all the heat that is needed, then the

steam pressure goes down, and the stoke-hole hears from the chief engineer.

There are artists even in stoke-holes, men with a passion for their work. "I cannot say," said my guide, "that hard drinking always spoils a stoker. In fact, I knew one Liverpool Irishman who stoked better drunk than sober. I have seen him barely able to slide down the ladder; but once before the furnace door, balancing somehow, he would go at it, and it was a wonder the way he worked. He handled his fire as a good horseman will handle a horse."

Leaving the stoke-holes and climbing up and down more ladders, we worked our way to that region, about eighty feet from the bow, and down at the bottom of the ship where the firemen and trimmers lived. It was made up of several rooms, very low, with naked steel floors, walls and ceilings. As we went through room after room, I asked in vain to be shown the place where the accident came in.

I stopped in a room about twenty feet square and seven feet high, where thirty-four stokers had their bunks, two tiers deep and crowded close. The air was hot and thick with smoke and heavy body odors. Some men were flung out snoring on their mattresses, others were smoking and drinking from bottles which they had already brought from their bags. In the corner was one group of nine, their flushed faces close together, singing. It was a chaotic mass of sound, with several melodies going at once, and attempts at "whisky tenors." Other men were eating here. On the floor was a huge pan of what I took at first to be dirty water. But they turned out to be Irish stew, with chunks of meat and potato in it.

In this crowded stifling chamber, where some ate or drank or sang, others took the rest—until roused by the engineer of the watch, who shouted out their numbers. These numbers were already posted by watches in a passageway above. If Number One gets sick I discovered, Number Two must do the extra work in addition to his own; that is, he must stoke for two watches, eight hours in all, and without extra pay. The next time, Number Three does the extra work, and so on down the list. The men were eagerly reading the list. No names were here, only numbers. And some who were already fuddled with drink had forgotten their numbers. They fumbled in their pockets for their tags.

After my guide left me, I moved about watching for over an hour. From pipes, cigarettes and vile cigars the smoke grew thick and pungent. There was a babel of voices now, some deep and rough and some straining high. Coats and sweaters were thrown off, showing hairy breasts and tattooed arms. Men kept restlessly moving about, elbowing and shoving.

[Continued on page 50]



From photographs taken at sea

DOWN HERE AT THE BOTTOM THERE IS NEITHER DAY NOR NIGHT; ONLY STEEL WALLS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT

Freeing the fires of "clinkers"

Trimmers passing coal from the bunkers





It was her heart that loved too much

# Travels with a Junk-Man in Arcadia

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Author of OCTOBER VAGABONDS, THE PAINLESS REVOLUTION, ETC.

Illustrations by JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

## Chapter X

IN WHICH THE CAPTAIN GOES HIS WAY AND WE OURS

**C**APTAIN HAVERSTRAW, like most dreamers, fairytale men, and artists in words, had occasionally to combine business with the pleasure of mere talking. Probably, if the world were organized on a more genial plan, the captain would be drawing a large salary from the universe in exchange for his conversation. As things are at present, however, the captain ekes out the income he derives from his versatile tongue by peddling clams on the seaboard of Long Island Sound, having a well-defined route, so many miles north and south, and so far inland, on both shores, a route on which he is looked for, as men watch the skies for the rising of the heavenly bodies. For the captain is hardly less punctual in his terrestrial orbit than they in theirs. If it were not for the close acquaintance between the stars and the captain, he would hardly find his way on darkling nights into little ports that are hardly more than an old sail or two, and a trench of



Her sweetheart was drowned

rushes, little tucked-away harbors asleep amid grass and butterflies all day, and at night only to be found by instinct, winding somewhere among drowsy barns and the sweet breath of cattle.

Among such "scaports" Captain Haverstraw was now to wend his way, dropping in here and there with clams and gossip among his acquaintances; while John and I pursued our journey, too, not without stars to guide us, either, those stars of the spring woodland, which soon whitened the darkness of hemlock forests with whole firmaments of anemone and made sweet the world with arbutus unseen, yet unhidden. The spring, indeed, now that it had really begun, was traveling far faster than we, and was ahead of us with welcome of bird and blossom in many a little hamlet, when we had hardly hoped to meet it so soon. And it struck me that John seemed to care more even about the spring than I did, he more on the look-out for its messengers, more concerned than I, if this flower were late, or if this bird had somehow failed to arrive. He scanned each dawn—for we were always up and away soon after sunrise—with a long look of tenderness that seemed to go far beyond our little rocky world of space and time, much as an old gardener walks out in the early dew to see if some flower in his care is coming back once more—once more—is that his thought?—before he himself must go.

So many sunrises were hidden beneath Old

John's eyelids, so many mornings were still all dew and pearl in his heart—I could not but wonder that, in his one hundred and third year, he could still watch the sun rise with the hope and marveling of a boy. Yet, it seemed as though he had never seen it rise before, and his news at breakfast was always of the dawn.

"The morning sky," he once said, "is the only newspaper worth reading"—and I always felt that it was worth while knowing John, if only to have heard him say that, and be with him as he said it.

John, as no doubt the reader has guessed, had a deep streak of poetry in him, all the deeper, to my thinking, because it seldom expressed itself in words. But, now and again, he would say a thing such as I have quoted; and one morning he surprised me, as we rode, with the music of our little bells, through the dawn, by taking from his overcoat an old pocketbook, in which he treasured some worn cuttings from old newspapers. Unfolding one of these that was nearly falling to pieces, he asked me if I happened to know the following lines:

This sun that reddens all the sky,  
And such a holy hope doth throw  
On lonely faces born to die—  
Where at the day's end doth he go?

He goes to lay his head to rest  
Beside another weary head,  
Down yonder in the waiting west,  
Where all is done and all is said.

"Are we going west, John?" I asked, for answer. And John knew that I understood.

## Chapter XI

OCCASIONAL TREASURE-TROVE

I CONFESS that when I started out with John I had visions of windfalls out of the past drifting in to us from all the flotsam and jetsam that it was John's business to deal in, something among the old iron and old newspapers with the touch of a more attractive and significant antiquity, something, maybe, that still kept warm the touch of vanished hands; but, for the most part, the prose of daily human life was represented in our collections, and it was seldom, as we sorted out our soiled and rusty treasures by some woodside of an evening, that we came upon anything suggestive of the truth that man does not live by bread—or canned goods—alone. Yet, we did come upon an occasional surprise. Once a set of old farmer's calendars going back almost as far as John could remember dropped out from some piles of modern magazines and rewarded us with the quaint weather-lore of ninety-odd years. And the advertisements of nostrums for human ills, to which, under changed names, our mortal flesh is still heir, all the infallible cures and "golden elixirs" were announced with such persuasive rhetoric, calendar after calendar. The same old diseases and the same old cures, in the same old world! We were interested, too, to note that

the weather seemed to have changed but little either, and that if what seemed unseasonable cold or rain should overtake us some morning that they had had just this same bad weather on the same date seventy years ago.

"The world doesn't seem to have changed much, John," I said, "if we can judge by these old almanacs," as I handed him one of



Old John was very much moved and engrossed by this find of ours

the thumbed, greasy old pamphlets, with an old piece of tape stitched into one corner, making a loop for it to hang by in the farmer's kitchen, neighborly, maybe, to flitches of bacon and strings of onions swinging from the rafters.

"Why should it?" asked John in reply. "It could hardly change for the better, do you think? Look and listen. Yes! and smell, too!"

And old John sniffed the morning fragrance that came wafted to us from a pink-and-white orchard stretching down to a little shining creek, where the fresh spears of the cattail



Old John sniffed the morning fragrance . . . from a pink and white orchard

and the flowering rush glistened like paradise. "Isn't it a sweet-smelling old world?" he said.

One day we made a prettier find than our

old almanacs, a brown-paper parcel that came with various forgotten debris out of an old barn, dusty with corn-cobs and cobwebs; a parcel containing sheets of stout drawing-paper already yellowing with time, on which



Out on the lawn before an old colonial house . . .  
a country auction

were pressed, with rare skill and decorative effect the wild flowers that had grown in the neighborhood some sixty years before. Whoever it was that had thus gathered and preserved them must have loved wild flowers very much, for one felt the tenderness of the long-dead hand still in the way they were spread out on the pages, and the care with which each had been given, first its botanical Latin name, and then its common country name, written in a feminine hand, frail and faded as the flowers themselves. Old John was very much moved and engrossed by this find of ours, and as we went along the roads, would pull up every now and again to gather some wild flower and see if we could find its counterpart in our chance-found herbarium. And surely it seemed strange to find the same flowers pressed there among the yellow pages that, with the mysterious punctuality of nature, were once more swaying amid the cranberries of the rocks, or lying in handfuls of scattered silver and gold in the green margins of the highway. Adder's-tongues and liverwort, and celadine were all there, hardly a day late after all these years, but the hand that—well, of course, it was an old enough reflection, but it was given an uncommon freshness for us, sentimental travelers as we were, by our pretty discovery. As John was turning over the sheets one evening, he came upon a name written faintly on the back of one of them.

"Why," he exclaimed, "if it wasn't poor Agatha that gathered these—I might have known it all the time!" and he showed me



The waters of the Sound once furrowed and tossed  
by so many busy fighters

the name, "Agatha Snow," with the year "1853" written against it.

"They used to say she was crazy," he went on, "because, when her sweetheart was drowned one dark night off Dragon Rock, she couldn't believe it true, but went on waiting for him to come back, year after year, and gathering flowers and singing to herself. I've come on her many a time by the roadside with my arms full of them, and many's the time

she'd ask me if I'd any news of her boy. Her folks were well-to-do farmers not far from here, and they are all dead and gone and scattered over the earth long since. Poor Agatha has been dead ever so long and the old house was burnt down twenty years ago. She had been given a good education, and some folks used to say that it was that had really turned her head—as country people are fond of saying about anyone who is different. But I guess her head was all right. It was her heart that loved too much. The world can never understand anyone's doing that. I wonder how this old parcel came to be where it was. Well, well, poor little Agatha! So this is what you did with those flowers you used to gather."

## Chapter XII

### THE TROUBLES OF TWO LONG-DEAD PARSONS

AGATHA SNOW and her pressed flowers made but, so to say, a lyric of the history of the stern green country through which John and I were going, a country whose rocks were monuments without inscriptions, and whose graves were well content with lonely grass. People whose names were not written even in country histories, had done their days' work simply and silently all about this land we were unobtrusively traveling. The quiet rocky acres said no more to us of their history than the waters of the Sound, once furrowed and tossed



The old man had been the faithful minister of his  
parish for nearly half a century

by so many busy fighters, with clever steersmen and brazen guns.

But suddenly all the long silence of the years between then and now, the years, as it had seemed a moment or two before, with no voice and no record, spoke in a strange, accidental way. Turning the corner of a lane one morning, we found ourselves in the presence of the only country event that can compete in excitement with a circus or a funeral—a country auction. Out on the lawn before an old colonial house, surrounded by great shade trees, chairs had been placed in a semicircle, on which an audience of some fifty or sixty people, mostly farmers' wives and their children in their go-to-meeting magnificence, sat in a ceremonial solemnity on which the sallies of the auctioneer, no despicable performer, strove in vain to raise a ripple. One could see that they had perfect confidence in their own shrewd eyes to appraise each "bargain," as it was held up and exposed on the veranda with a reverence that could hardly have been greater had the auctioneer been offering some veiled wonder of the world. The attitude of the audience proclaimed that no persuasive eloquence on his part, no intimate personal flattery, would bias their unerring professional judgments. After enjoying the various humor and character of the scene, John and I were about to pass on again, when several parcels of books and pamphlets tied around with string, described as a "valuable collection of standard authors," but otherwise unindividualized, were offered to an audience

whose evident indifference to literature and the great writers of the past drew actual tears from the auctioneer. Seeing that we had paused when the books had been put up, the auctioneer staked his last hope upon us, and the long and short of it was that that valuable collection of standard authors became ours for



Hezekiah Ripley

a dollar and a half. As we drove away, with this further addition to our junk, I could see that we were looked upon with suspicion for paying such a sum for such worthless trash.

But it was so that that voice out of the past of which I have told above came to us; for among a collection which, I will confess, proved to be as weary and lifeless as can only be conceived by those who in old book-shops have sifted through the dust heaps of dead literature in hope of some forgotten pearl, we found one of those human documents, written in the faded ink and the crabbed hand of the long dead which appeal to the imagination and touch the heart as many of our auctioneers' "standard authors" fail to do.

It was a small folio volume, bound in yellow pig-skin, and was nothing in itself more than an old account book kept by many hands the first entry dating from the year 1731, and the last being something more than a hundred years after that. It did not all at once give up its secrets, for any difficulty one might find in reading the old-fashioned script was complicated by the evident illiteracy of the writers. These old dead hands had evidently been more used to holding the plow than the pen, though occasionally one came upon a handwriting that seemed to tell by its confident flourish that he who wrote had thought himself no little better educated than his neighbors, and once or twice a firm, flower-like, scholarly hand, the sort of hand that was accustomed, perhaps, to write sermons, made picturesque the page. It soon became clear that our old book was the record of, so to say, the business end of ecclesiastical life in a certain New England village on the Sound, in the very country we were going through, the disbursement of a certain "Presbyterian Society" for church purposes, and occasional entries regarding local affairs, and once or twice showing the little community in touch with the moving events of the nation.



"Rev. Mr. Chapman hath led an eregular life . . .  
being sundry times overtaken in Drinking to excess"

The entries apparently were made only once a year, on the occasion of the annual meeting of the church executive to talk church and parish business for the coming year, and to

[Continued on page 62]

# The Power of Suggestion

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

**R**ECENTLY a lady wrote for advice to a physician who advertises to treat patients by mail. The physician diagnosed the case as cancerous blood and wrote the woman that she was likely at any time to develop a real cancer. The effect of the shock upon her was almost like receiving her death warrant.

Think of a man pretending to be a physician, injecting such a horrible picture into the mind of a patient he never saw! Think of its influence upon the mind and physical functions of the patient! The constant terror of a horrible disease, the watching for and anticipating the terrifying symptoms, is nothing less than perpetual torture.

There have been many serious results following an unfavorable diagnosis of diseases like cancer and tuberculosis.

I know of a patient troubled with his eyes who experienced a total nervous collapse following the surgeon's announcement that patients suffering with their eyes were becoming totally blind.

Not long ago a New York physician, in an interview with a newspaper reporter, gave his prognosis as to the probable outcome of a mad dog bite upon a patient. He foretold the probable time in which the fearful symptoms would appear, outlined the course of the fatal disease, and predicted when death would be likely to overtake the sufferer.

Think of the horrible experience of the patient who might read the physician's prediction in the paper! Could anything be more terrible than to fill a patient's imagination with such fearful prospects? Even if the dog had not been mad, the victim might have developed the characteristic symptoms, for it is well known that many people have died with all the symptoms of hydrophobia when it was found afterward that the dog which had bitten them did not have hydrophobia at all. This, in fact, was the case with a patient in a New York hospital quite recently.

Vast multitudes of people have died from fear of diseases they had a terror of, such as smallpox, cholera, yellow fever, etc., long before there was any physical possibility of their getting the disease. The terror of horrible diseases has killed more people than all the wars in the world's history.

Physicians little realize what implicit faith their patients have in them and how they are affected by their diagnoses and predictions. Often in a hospital, when a physician gives an unfavorable prognosis, the patient sinks rapidly. How the patients watch every motion of the physician when making his visit, and weigh every word he utters! If he looks hopeful, they rally; if they see despair in his face, they sink.

Faith in one's physician is a powerful curative suggestion. Many patients, especially those who are ignorant, believe that the physician actually holds the keys of life and death.

The possibilities of healing power in the affirmative suggestion that the patient is going to get well are tremendous. The coming physician will constantly reassure his patient verbally, often vehemently, that he is absolutely bound to recover; he will tell him that there is an omnipotent healing force within him, and that he gets a hint of this in the power which heals a wound, and which refreshes, renews, and recreates him during sleep.

It is almost impossible for a patient to recover while people are constantly reminding him how ill he looks. His will-power together with all his physical recuperative forces could

not counteract the effect of the reiteration of the sick suggestion.

Suggestion has a powerful influence upon health. In innumerable instances people have been made seriously ill, sometimes fatally so, by others telling them how bad they looked, or suggesting that they had inherited some fatal disease.

A prominent New York business man recently told me of an experiment which the friends of a robust young man made upon him. It was arranged that each one should tell him, when he came to work, that he was not looking well, and ask him what the trouble was. They were to say it in a way that would not arouse his suspicions, and note the result. At one o'clock this vigorous young man had been so influenced by the suggestion that he quit work and went home, saying that he was sick.

There have been many interesting experiments in the Paris hospitals upon patients in a hypnotic trance, wounds being inflicted by mental suggestion. While a cold poker was laid across their limbs, for example, the subjects were told that they were being seared with a red-hot iron, and immediately the flesh would have the appearance of being severely burned.

*The suggestion which comes from a sweet, beautiful, charming character is contagious and sometimes revolutionizes a whole neighborhood. We all know how the suggestion of heroic deeds, of great records, has aroused the ambitions and stirred the energies of others to like achievements. Many a life has turned upon a few moments' conversation, upon a little encouragement, upon the suggestion of an inspiring book.*

*Many men who have made their impress upon history, who have left civilization a little higher, accomplished what they did largely because their ambition was aroused by suggestion; some book or some individual gave them the first glimpse of their possibility and enabled them to feel for the first time a thrill of the power within them.*

I have known patients to collapse completely at the sight of surgical instruments in the operating room. I have heard them say long before they took the anesthetic that they could actually feel the cutting of the knife.

Patients are often put to sleep by the injection into their arms of a weak solution of salt and water, which they are led to think is morphia. Every physician of experience knows that he can relieve pain or other distressing symptoms simply by the use of water disguised as medicine or by bread pills.

The mental attitude of the nurse has much to do with the recovery of a sick person. If she holds the constant suggestion that the patient will recover; if she stoutly affirms it, it will be a wonderful rallying help to the forces which make for life. If, on the other hand, she holds the conviction that he is going to die, she will communicate her belief, and this will consequently depress the patient.

Many a physician sends patients to some famous resort not so much for the waters or the air as for the miracle which the suggestion in the new environment will perform.

Even quacks and charlatans are able, by stimulating the hope of those who are sick, to produce marvelous cures.

We are under the influence of suggestion every moment of our waking lives. Everything we think, feel, see, hear, read is a suggestion which produces a result correspond-

ing to its own nature. Its subtle power seems to reach and affect the very springs of life.

The power of suggestion on expectant minds is often little less than miraculous. An invalid with a disappointed ambition, who thinks he has been robbed of his chances in life and who has suffered for years, becomes all wrought up over some new remedy which is advertised to do marvels. He is in such an expectant state of mind that he is willing to make almost any sacrifice to obtain the wonderful remedy; and when he receives it, he is in such a receptive mood that he responds quickly, and thinks it is the medicine which has worked the magic.

Many a sick-room is made a chamber of horrors because of the depressing suggestion which pervades it. Instead of being filled with sunshine, good cheer, and encouragement, it is often darkened; God's beautiful sunshine is shut out; ventilation is poor; everybody has a sad, anxious face; medicine bottles and surgical apparatus are spread about; everything is calculated to engender disease rather than to encourage health and inspire hope. Why, there is enough depressing suggestion in such a place to make a perfectly well person ill!

What people need is encouragement, uplift, hope. Their natural resisting powers should be strengthened and developed. Instead of telling a friend in trouble, despair, or suffering that you feel very sorry for him, try to pull him out of his slough of despond, to arouse the latent recuperative, restorative energies within him. Picture to him his God image, his better self, which, because it is a part of the great immortal principle, is never sick and never out of harmony, can never be discordant or suffer.

The suggestion of inferiority is one of the most difficult to overcome. Who can ever estimate the damage to humanity and the lives wrecked through it! I know men whose whole careers have been practically ruined through the constant suggestion, while they were children, that they would never amount to anything.

This suggestion of inferiority has made them so timid and shy and so uncertain of themselves that they have never been able to assert their individuality.

I knew a college student whose rank in his class entitled him to the highest recognition, whose life was nearly ruined by suggestion; he overheard some of his classmates say that he had no more dignity than a goose, and always made a very poor appearance; that under no circumstances would they think of electing him as class orator, because he would make such an unfortunate impression upon an audience. He had unusual ability, but his extreme diffidence, timidity, shyness, made him appear awkward and sometimes almost foolish—all of which he would undoubtedly have outgrown had he not overheard the criticism of his classmates. He thought it meant that he was mentally inferior, and this belief kept him back ever after.

What a subtle power there is in the suggestion of the human voice! What emotions are aroused in us by its different modulations! How we laugh and cry, become indignant, revengeful, our feelings leaping from one extreme to the other, according to the passion-freighted or love-freighted words which reach our ear; how we sit spellbound, with bated breath, before the great orator who is playing upon the emotions of his audience, as a musician plays upon the strings of his harp, now bringing out tears, now smiles, now pathos, now indignation! The power of his word-painting makes a wonderful impression.

[Continued on page 36]





## WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS



UST as Germany and France were winding up their Moroccan war scare with a final burst of "conversations," Italy, without any conversation at all, projected a real war. For many years Tripoli has been earmarked for Italian

dominion. Lying immediately opposite the geographical boot, it was the last slice of northern Africa not tentatively staked off by a European power. England had Egypt, France had Tunis and Algeria, Germany and France were agreed at least in that one of them, or both together, would take Morocco. Small wonder that Italy, the most Mediterranean of all powers, should insist upon taking as her share the country she has long been colonizing.

Call it brigandage if you please, at least Italy's procedure was engagingly bold and direct compared to the furtiveness of France and Germany, each with its paw on the bone and its eye on the other. Italy asked nobody's by-your-leave, made no insincere pretenses, and took the chance of affronting the discordant "concert" of powers. She stepped boldly forward, announced her purpose, declared war, and began shooting. It was refreshingly like the blunt old diplomacy of Bismarck and Cavour.

Boldness carried the day. Europe had no time to protest till the die was cast; and then Europe discovered itself so distraught with jealousies and fears of a Balkan conflagration that it could do nothing. France, Germany, and Britain, just emerging from a wordy quarrel over the Moroccan cherry, were in bad countenance to pretend concern for the dominion of the Turk. Austria made protest, but up to the time this is written Italy has shown no disposition to withdraw from the conflict.

Having a highly respectable navy while her opponent's sea force is negligible, Italy seemed sure to win. On land, the countries would be well matched; but the tiger cannot fight the shark. Italy will doubtless get her prize.

But it is a tremendous responsibility the Italian government has assumed. Islam sees in all these encroachments the greed of Christianity, reaching out to dominate the world

and destroy the religion of the prophet. In the Balkan peninsula, in Asia and Africa, are many millions of Christians living in Turkish dominions. The frenzied Moslems, proclaiming a holy war, may retaliate against all Christians with rapine, torch, and massacre. Imagination cannot picture the horrors of such an outburst of the Turk's desperation and fanaticism.

For centuries the problem of the Balkans has been the sphinx whose question European diplomacy could not answer. Under Turkish dominion these provinces, lying between the Adriatic and the Black Sea—Serbia, Bulgaria, Eastern Roumelia, Roumania, Bosnia, and Herzegovina—were tortured by their oppressors because they were Christian. In the War of 1877 Russia drove out the Turk. But the powers could not permit the Czar to take Constantinople; least of all, Britain, because Russia at Constantinople would menace Egypt, the canal, and the road to India. So the powers forced Russia back, and created the group of buffer states just named, to keep Austria and Russia away from the Turk. Incidentally they granted to Italy "pacific penetration" of Tripoli. Feeling that he has been robbed of these, as well as of Greece and Crete, the Turk has sullenly held to his remaining foothold in Europe, played off the powers against each other, outraged the Christians within his restricted dominion with impunity, and waited. For what? For the time when a disruption among the powers might give him opportunity to resume his old sway, or when a united Europe might be able to act together long enough to kick him off the continent entirely.

Italy's sudden move in Tripoli may precipitate this crisis. No man may foretell the result. Without doubt Britain would again spring to Turkey's defense if need presented. Russia and Austria both want that prize. Germany has been playing a desperate game of diplomacy at Constantinople to strengthen her hand with the Turk.

This is a rough sketch of the near-eastern Pandora's box. Italy's move in Tripoli has loosed the lid. No man may guess what is inside, to afflict the whole world if once it is lifted. The danger of an all-European conflagration is the measure of the responsibility Italy has so blithely assumed.

## WIDE-SPREAD UNREST IN EUROPE

Not since 1848, the year of social revolutions all over Europe, has there been a time when the evidences of deep-seated unrest were so wide-spread as in the last few weeks. They may be traced, generally, to that striking demonstration of the inequities of distributing the world's wealth, which is attested by the complaints of high living costs. People understand, a good deal better than they did in 1848, what it is that's the matter with them. They know, too, that they have a larger part in righting these wrongs than they ever had before. Probably all this, in turn, explains why the demonstrations of disaffec-

tion are less violent this year than in 1848, and those of 1848 were less extreme than those of the French Revolution.

The bigger the share the people get in their government, the better the chance they have, through its orderly channels to correct conditions that they disapprove. The ferment in Europe is very like that in this country. They have been having food riots in Austria, Hungary, and in some of the French provinces, due to the high prices. The people nowadays realize that the world never worked so efficiently as now, never produced so much per capita as now; they know they are not getting

a square deal in the distribution. On the other hand, in Spain, where the government is less responsive to the popular will, the dissatisfaction has taken a political turn.

Following the big railway strike in Britain, and coincident with another in Ireland, there is serious suggestion that government ownership of railroads is soon to be inserted in the liberal program. If so, it will leave the United States the sole great country that is not committed to the government railroad principle. Such a plunge by Britain would have more influence on this country than the like moves of all the other countries have had.

The assassination of Premier Stolypin in Russia has centered attention anew on the oppressive conditions of that unhappy country. Stolypin was a hard, unflinching despot. The mailed fist was his uniform policy, and he came to the end that so many Russian oppressors have reached.

Far the most significant of a greatly improved community understanding of these social questions, have been the demonstrations against war. Great masses of people in German cities have assembled to denounce the government which was menacing them with a useless war with France, and actually imposing great hardship on them through financial contraction.

## THE GERMAN-FRENCH AGREEMENT

The announcement of an amicable settlement of the Moroccan difficulty between Germany and France may have been somewhat premature, but the spirit of compromise seems to have entered into the negotiations, and there is little doubt as this is written that an adjustment will be reached. There is, of course, always a chance that the war between Italy and Turkey may complicate the negotiations, but otherwise the situation is hopeful.

A peaceful solution of the Moroccan difficulty will be a most noteworthy achievement of modern international finance. During the hostile demonstrations Germany's credit suffered severely; she found that she was dependent for financial stability not only upon British and American capital, which was not favorable to her pretensions in Morocco, but upon French capital as well. As a consequence she was compelled to recede from her position and, accepting concessions made by France in the interest of amity, to suffer a diplomatic defeat. The impressive socialist anti-war demonstration in Berlin must have furthered the spirit of conciliation.

In the tentative agreement France is confirmed in her possession of Morocco and Germany receives as the price of peace certain territories in the Congo hitherto regarded as French possessions.

## THE LIFE COST OF NAVIES

The destruction of the French battle-ship *Liberté* by fire and explosion in the harbor of Toulon and the unspeakably horrible death of nearly three hundred men calls attention to a fact usually overlooked by the advocates of heavy armament. "A navy," they say, "is the surest guarantee of peace." But have we peace? Have we not rather a modified form of war constantly going on, a war not only of exhausting national expenditure and of large numbers of able-bodied men permanently withdrawn from productive industry, but also of human lives. Disasters of the magnitude of that of the *Liberté* and our own *Maine* are fortunately rare, but minor explosions are of frequent occurrence. The French navy alone has suffered ten serious accidents in four years. Japan's loss of the *Mikasa* in 1902, with three hundred fatalities and the death of sixty Americans in the gunboat *Bennington* are other examples. Only a few days before the Toulon tragedy the British cruiser *Harke*, equipped with a murderous ram, struck the monster *Olympic* and endangered the lives of fifteen hundred people. With the Morocco difficulty being settled in the banking houses of Berlin, a battleship seems a costly, dangerous toy.

# THE MONTH IN AMERICA

## PRESIDENT TAFT'S JOURNEY

President Taft's thirteen-thousand-mile swing around the circle is the most important feature of his campaign for a renomination. He prefaced it with the speech at Hamilton, Massachusetts, where in the momentary enthusiasm of facing an audience of admiring standpatters, he spoke without notes and with a delightful candor. He declared war upon all insurgents, condemned the insurgent-Democratic coalition that passed the tariff bills, and declared that the bills represented a policy, not of tariff for revenue, but of tariff for politics.

This speech aroused Democrats and progressive Republicans alike to bitter retorts. Speaker Clark, exasperated with the President's tone and manner, took the country into his confidence by saying that before the extra session was called, he and minority leader Underwood, called in conference, notified the President that if he ordered an extra session, he could expect that the House would not stop with reciprocity, but would pass as many schedule revision bills as possible. Mr. Clark defended the bills that were passed, pointed out that they could not have passed the Senate without a large Republican support, and denounced as exceedingly unfair the charge of playing politics, when in fact the President was frankly told what he could expect.

It was thus with an unfortunate start that the President launched his trip into the progressive West, armed with a bag of speeches in support of his reciprocity policy. That it could be defeated in the then pending election in Canada few people in this country imagined. Canada's action killed the reciprocity speeches and issue. The one achievement of his administration was thus almost pathetically turned to failure at the moment when he was ready to go out and defend it before the people.

It has plainly been the President's purpose to adopt a tone of conciliation toward progressives, when he got into the West. But a well-intentioned slip in his Detroit speech brought more disapproval from the people he wanted to please. "They say I have used patronage," he said, "but if I ever used patronage to accomplish anything, I was unconscious of it."

People who remembered the famous Norton patronage letter could only wonder what the President could mean. The Norton letter, a year ago now, frankly said, through the President's own secretary, that the progressives had been denied their patronage privileges pending the primaries and conventions. True, that policy did not "accomplish anything," for the progressives all won despite the loss of their paps.

Throughout the trip, big friendly crowds greeted the President, but reports agreed that there was a marked lack of enthusiasm. The Chicago Tribune sent a correspondent trailing the Presidential train, dropping into towns where the President had spoken, three or four days after the big event, and talking to people of their impressions, after the excitement had worn off. His reports, manifestly made with painstaking effort at impartiality, indicated that the overwhelming trend of opinion was that Taft had lost his hold with the people; that he could not be re-elected, and yet that he was almost certain to be renominated. Some other observers, chiefly important men of business and professional life, insisted that there was yet time for him to make good, and insisted that judgment must be withheld.

In Kansas, Secretary of the Interior Fisher made a sneering reference to the Kansas kind of progressives, presenting himself and the President as the real thing in that line. The President, reports say, was visibly embarrassed. Senator Bristow, insurgent leader of the state, followed Fisher in speaking, and made an arid response, defending progressives of the Kansas school. This incident tended in nowise

to mollify progressive disaffection. When the President got to Iowa, Senator Cummins, who meanwhile had endorsed the LaFollette candidacy, declined to ride across the state with the Presidential train, though acting as head of the reception committee at Des Moines.

At Waterloo, Iowa, the President spoke on the relations of business to the government, touching on railroad regulation, the trusts and the Sherman act, tariff and currency. The speech came just when Wall Street was in the midst of a flurry over reports of proposed government proceedings against more trusts; and it called forth unfriendly comment from J. P. Morgan at one extreme and the progressive press and public men at the other. The President claimed for his administration all the credit for passing the railroad legislation of 1910; defended his tariff position, and gave another general endorsement of the Aldrich currency plan. He reiterated his insistence in earlier utterances that the Sherman law was the established policy of the country, that it should not be amended, and that he ought not to be blamed for enforcing it.

## PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN ACTIVITY

The President's tour has emphasized the feeling that he cannot be reelected, while leaders of the progressive Republican movement insist that it has given them renewed hope that the party will finally determine not to court defeat by nominating him. Certainly, the anti-Taft faction has been displaying activity and earnestness. They have established headquarters in Washington in charge of Walter L. Houser, former Secretary of State of Wisconsin, and for many years a LaFollette lieutenant.

This establishment, with a big force of clerks and a corps of agents in the field, has been the liveliest political institution in the country during the autumn. Mr. Houser recently announced that organizations had been perfected in ten states, that as many more would be organized before the opening of the Congressional session and that the volunteer correspondence from all parts of the country was of such volume that, although his force was being constantly increased, every week made it more difficult to keep up with the business.

"There is no insurgent section," he said, "simply because the whole country is insurgent. For instance, we have had more volunteer letters from Massachusetts and Pennsylvania than from any other state. All New England is alive with protest against Taft. Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Florida will be well organized in the near future; I believe there is a bigger proportion of anti-Taft sentiment in Missouri than in any except a few of the well-known insurgent states, where it is utterly one-sided."

## SPEAKER CLARK'S PROSPECTS

On the Democratic side, it has become apparent that Speaker Champ Clark has gained strength as a Presidential possibility very rapidly since the vigorous and effective answer which he issued on the day following Mr. Taft's speech at Hamilton.

A cabled interview with Mr. Hearst from Paris, declaring his preference for Mr. Clark as the party leader, added force to the Missouri man's boom. Moreover, it has become pretty plain that the powerful special interests, which are particularly determined that Woodrow Wilson must not reach the White House, are willing to let the party concentrate its support on almost any other man, and Mr. Clark seems the most available. It is not that they love Champ Clark more, but Woodrow Wilson less; they would vastly prefer Harmon to either, but that preference was made so apparent months ago that Harmon has seemed latterly to be well-nigh impossible.



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## A SET-BACK FOR WILSON

Governor Wilson suffered an undeserved loss of prestige through the result of the New Jersey primaries in September, when the anti-Wilson or old-line Democrats made an unexpectedly strong showing and defeated for nomination a considerable proportion of the men who in the last Legislature supported the Governor. The regulars accomplished this through organization, hard fighting, and the presentation as their candidates of unexceptionable men. No matter whether it is a Wilson or anti-Wilson Legislature next winter, the Jersey authorities will be of higher quality and character than any in a good many years. For this, the state must thank Governor Wilson and the primary law whose passage he compelled. As to Governor Wilson himself, while for the moment he has lost something of prestige, the Jersey authorities agree that when he is himself a candidate before a primary in the state, either for a Presidential endorsement or for Senator, he will get a backing that will end any uncertainty as to his hold upon the state.

## THE GOVERNORS' PROTEST

However strongly one may be devoted to the policy of a strong, centralized, federal control over the instrumentalities of commerce, one may still endorse the Governors' Conference action in naming a committee to appeal to the national Supreme Court in the Minnesota railroad rate case.

In that case, the circuit court, Judge Walter H. Sanborn sitting, enjoined enforcement of a state rate regulation measure, employing a line of reasoning that if sustained above could easily be extended to the point of depriving the states of all regulative authority over commerce within their borders. Now, if it were proposed to take all this authority away from the states and give it to the national government, with full authorization and equipment to exercise it, enthusiastic endorsement would be very easy. But such was not the case. The Sanborn decision, sustained, would leave the whole fabric of state transportation charges absolutely without the regulative pale; the national government cannot do it and the state would be prohibited from doing it. There would be a zone, not of twilight, but of utter darkness.

With only one dissenting voice, the Governors voted to name a committee to appear before the Supreme Court and present the reasons of the states, in their sovereign capacities, for urging the rejection of this decision. Governors Harmon of Ohio, Aldrich of Nebraska, and Hadley of Missouri were named.

## A VICTORY FOR WILEY

The pure food law has been passed back to Dr. Harvey W. Wiley for safe keeping. President Taft, after studying the records, decided sweepingly in favor of the doctor, expressed sympathy for him in the fight he had made for the law, directed that he be retained in the service, and vigorously intimated that later measures would be taken to reorganize some of the bad conditions out of the department.

Secretary Wilson did not wait for any more specific instructions. He restored Dr. Wiley to sole and unquestioned control of the food law's administration, appointed Dr. R. F. Doolittle, a Wiley sympathizer, to the board of food and drug inspection in which Wiley had been too often a minority of one, instructed Solicitor McCabe, the anti-Wiley leader, that he was not further to concern himself with the general administrative work, and intimated that he expected the Remsen board of appeals in chemistry to be abolished by executive order.

Congress is expected to strengthen the law at some important points next winter, and there is revival of the effort to get a department or a bureau of public health created, which shall take over the food law and its ad-

ministration, along with all the other government functions having to do with health and sanitation.

## WHY RECIPROCITY FAILED

Canada's sweeping rejection of the reciprocity proposal, at the general election, came as the result of a remarkable combination of influences. The Liberal Party was defeated, after fifteen years of control, and the Conservative came in with a majority about twice as large as their most enthusiastic forecasters had dared to expect. The Liberals lost ground in all parts of the country.

The result was brought about by a series of vigorous appeals to anti-American prejudice. The Conservatives vehemently declared reciprocity to be the first step toward union with the United States and ultimate annexation. They insisted that Canada, with its ninety million people, would be submerged and lost in the attempt to maintain independence despite a commercial union with the ninety million people of the States. They charged that the trusts and Wall Street had carefully planned and were commencing the reciprocity campaign for this very purpose of commercially seizing the great Canadian storehouse of natural resources and exploiting it for their own benefit.

Americans, knowing how groundless was the charge of ulterior annexation purposes and knowing also that Wall Street and the trusts were almost solidly opposed to reciprocity and that it passed the Senate in spite of them rather than with their help, were astounded that such misrepresentation could so completely sway the Canadian mind. The truth is, that the Canadian election gives us Americans a most unflattering impression of ourselves as others see us. The Canadian cousin doesn't like us, doesn't believe in our civic integrity, our political institutions or our national good faith, and he registered a vote of protest against having anything to do with us. Incidentally, he voted against his own substantial interests, and there is justification for Sir Wilfrid Laurier's opinion that in the cool, deliberate after-judgment, the Canadian voter will decide that he erred. The reciprocity statute will remain on our books unless it is repealed—which is unlikely—and if Canada changes its mind in two or three years, the pact may yet become effective.

## PHILADELPHIA'S FORWARD STEP

That any civic good should come out of Philadelphia is only less remarkable than that Boies Penrose should escort it out. But Penrose and his machine backed a good man for mayor of that town. He is George H. Earle, famed for his successful prosecution of the sugar trust. Penrose was moved by no lofty motives in espousing Earle. Two factions of the millionaire contractors who have fattened off Philadelphia, quarreled over the mayoralty. The Vare crowd wanted William S. Vare for mayor, and intended, if they got possession of the machinery, to displace Penrose as Senator. Forced to fight, Penrose catered to public opinion by backing Earle. In less stormy times he would never have dreamed of such a concession to good citizenship.

George Earle is the sort that will be no man's mayor. He will probably be elected, though the Keystone Independents and Democrats fused and nominated Rudolph Blankenburg, another man of the highest character, and far better known for civic usefulness than Earle. Blankenburg has been a leader in many a hopeless fight for reform, and, considering his record and Earle's questionable Penrose associations, is the man who ought to be elected. But Philadelphia is reasonably certain to get a vast improvement in its city government, whichever wins.

Both Earle and Blankenburg were nominated with sweeping pluralities at the primaries over Vare and Gibboney respectively. The result shows the superiority of Pennsylvania's modern primary system over the old style,



Maine is in a ferment quite without parallel in the East. It acquired a Democratic Legislature and Governor last fall, a Democratic Senator soon afterward, and within the last few weeks, following the death of the venerable Frye, has secured a second Democrat in the upper chamber, Obadiah Gardner. He was appointed by Governor Plaisted pending election by the assembly.

Maine now has the initiative and referendum; the progressives got it through, apparently, while the old régime was not watching. The latest upheaval is the apparent repeal of the constitutional prohibition provision. At this date the repeal is not certain, an apparent majority for repeal of eighteen votes being offset by a claim of the prohibitionists that corrections in returns, if made by the state canvassing board, will reverse this finding by several hundred.

In any case, the result is so close as to be a demonstration that Maine is no longer devoted to state-wide prohibition as formerly. Repeal of the provision would be hailed by its advocates as a sorry step backward, but a state that has recently unhorsed the old Hale machine, unloaded Boston & Maine domination, and adopted the initiative and referendum cannot easily be convicted of reaction. Maine has given prohibition its longest test. If it changes its mind, it does so from conviction that local option, letting each community deal with the question as its own peculiar problems dictate, is preferable to trying to impose the will of one community upon another which is of opposite mind.

#### A REMEDY FOR OVERCROWDING

A committee of New York citizens, which has for several years been making an investigation into the congestion of population in the metropolis with the purpose of ascertaining its causes and proposing remedies, has become convinced that the causes of overcrowding are chiefly economic, and it therefore offers an economic remedy. Its bill, recently introduced into the legislature, proposes gradually to reduce the rate of taxation on all buildings and personal property until it is one-half the rate of taxation on land. Organizations representing over half a million people have endorsed this proposal, which, however, the real estate interests are opposing vigorously. Meanwhile, the Committee on Congestion of Population has lost a lot of financial support because of its suggestion.

No one who has seen great numbers of vacant lots in the outskirts of our large cities can doubt that this proposal, if enacted into law, would help greatly to minimize the crowding evil. Vacant lots are held as a speculation, while houses are scarce and rents soar constantly. The proposed law would put a premium upon the building of houses and would undoubtedly bring relief to the city flat-dwellers. A similar program carried out in Vancouver has resulted to the benefit, not only of rent payers, but of tax payers as well.

#### OREGON'S "FICKLE MOB"

Opponents of the recall of judges recently pointed with horror to Oregon, which they said was preparing to remove Judge Coke from office because his decisions were unpopular. It was at once assumed that Judge Coke was a great and good man and that his removal from office would be a public disaster. The opponents of the recall, having made this point, washed their hands of any further responsibility as to developments. As a matter of fact, what happened was that, not only was Judge Coke not recalled, but his opponents were unable to secure anything like the necessary twenty-five per cent. of signers to compel an election, and are reported to have abandoned the movement.

We have no special information as to Judge Coke's fitness for the position he occupies, but apparently the people of Oregon acted with calmness and discrimination. There is, of course, room for honest difference of opinion among people of progressive mind as to whether the recall principle should be applied to judges. For our part, we believe that the Oregon example represents the temper of all our people fairly well and is the best possible answer to those who, like President Farrar of the American Bar Association, fear "the passions of the fickle and changeable mob."

#### CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

We here deviate from our custom to speak a word of appreciation of a good man who has passed. In the death of Charles Battell Loomis the magazine world loses a rare and genial spirit, the lecture platform a most attractive personality. Friends all over America have sustained an intimate, personal loss.

As a writer Mr. Loomis was a faithful interpreter of the world as he saw it, and he saw it with the kindest and humanest of eyes. His fun was without malice; he never stooped to dip his pen in vitriol. His spirit was what men are not ashamed to call sweet. The readers of this magazine who so often shared in Mr. Loomis's genial mood will, we are sure, second us in this word of appreciation.

#### RELIGION BY BUSINESS METHODS

A notable effort to give an impetus to the cause of religion is the "Men and Religion Forward Movement," recently launched in New York City. The aim of the organization is "to convert men to the course of Christianity and to enlist them in active church work." The plan is to organize committees in seventy-six principal cities and sub-committees in fifteen hundred minor cities of the United States and Canada, and to make a scientific study of the religious condition of the people. It is hoped that by this system the movement will reach something like twenty-three million churchgoing people. Its organizers believe that they can accomplish something like a wide-spread religious revival without the over-emotionalism that sometimes accompanies revival movements.

The keynote of the "Men and Religion Forward Movement" is system, and to this end its founders have enlisted the support of some of America's most prominent business men, notable among whom are J. Pierpont Morgan, Cleveland H. Dodge, James G. Cannon, James H. Post, and Cyrus H. McCormick. The effort to introduce "big business" methods into organized religion will be watched with keen interest. Cynical comment reflects the hope that the rule will be found to work both ways and that the movement may in turn result in introducing more religion into big business.

#### EUCALYPTUS AND 'POSSUMS

Some one who had little else to occupy his time has figured out that the most profitable thing a farmer can do is to grow a patch of eucalyptus trees, and raise a crop of opossums in them. Eucalyptus grows fast and soon the farmer can install his pair of opossums, which thrive on the eucalyptus leaf. The animal is not only a food fit for a President but bears valuable fur. After the opossum crop gets a good start all the fortunate farmer will have to do is to keep it from eating up the rest of the produce.

Telling the farmer what to do with his spare time has become one of our leading, if not most gainful occupations. Mushrooms, squabs and violets have long been the stand-bys of this unofficial farmers' advisory board; opossum farming will constitute a welcome change and, as no real tiller of the soil is likely to take this fad seriously, a harmless one.



## Living by Knowledge

A little thought will make clear the value of skillful selection of food.

High pressure days (and there are many now) tell on human body and brain.

Knowledge and facts help when ignorance would ruin.

## Grape-Nuts

FOOD

is made by knowledge; not by chance.

Wheat and Barley properly combined and cooked (as in Grape-Nuts) are rich in the elements required for human nourishment.

Grape-Nuts contains (in addition to the natural albumins, starches and sugars of these cereals) Phosphate of Potash (grown in the grain) and demanded by Nature in rebuilding brain and nerve tissue.

Grape-Nuts is fully cooked at the factory. When served with cream or rich milk, it is an appetizing food, and affords ideal nourishment for all stages of Human Life from infancy to old age.

### "There's a Reason"

You can find it in the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages of

## Grape-Nuts

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

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Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

# WOMEN EVERYWHERE

## THE PRESIDENT ON DIVORCE

However admirable the President's intentions may have been, one cannot feel that the divorce problem has been greatly illuminated by his remarks in Humboldt, Kansas. After weakly characterizing it as "awkward" that a man may be married on one side of the state line and not on the other, he gives expression to this opinion:

"You say we ought not to keep unhappy people together. Who brought them together? We did not. If they got together under a contract, why shouldn't they be bound to the contract unless one or the other does something which in the eyes of all men ought to permit or require at least separation if not a divorce?"

In the eyes of New York men, if we may judge by its state law, there is only one ground for divorce, in the eyes of South Carolinians there is none at all. In the eyes of the legislators, at least, in forty-two states cruelty in various degrees is sufficient cause for the action. Obviously "all men" cannot agree upon this question.

Perhaps before his tour is ended the President will give more adequate expression to his views upon the divorce question. Uniformity is of course desirable if the result is not a law that is uniformly bad; the permanence of the family should be striven for in so far as it is consonant with justice to those who are suffering the consequences of a serious mistake. To say, however, that we must have a law "that stiffens up and makes sacred the marriage tie" is to express a confidence in legislation that most of us do not possess.

## HIGH-SCHOOL HOUSEKEEPERS

Recent developments show that housekeeping is becoming more and more a subject for serious and systematic thought in educational circles. Chicago has just established the Lucy Flower Technical High School for Girls, the primary object of which is to teach girls how to manage a home. As a secondary feature of the school is instruction along the lines that will enable girls to make a comfortable living until they are entrusted with the management of a home. The curriculum includes cooking, management of the family budget, care of the household furnishings and laundry, household design and decoration, dressmaking and millinery. By making a separate high school for such practical purposes Chicago is not unjust to those girls who desire a more cultural course, as that may still be obtained elsewhere.

Cincinnati's recent contribution to domestic education is a model flat in charge of a specialist, where household art and science is taught in a most practical way.

Nor is progress confined to the large cities. Carbondale, Illinois, has two hundred and fifty girls taking a lively interest in wifely matters in the public schools. A recent inquiry showed that most of the girls were ambitious to be housewives and that they had already become of greatly increased assistance in their homes.

The idea that women are fitted to become good housekeepers spontaneously by reason of their women's intuition will not long survive in an age of high-school household economies.

## EDISON ON WOMEN'S DRESS

Thomas A. Edison is notable not only for his genius for invention, but also for his temerity. Not long ago he dipped into religious discussion with disastrous effect upon the public peace of mind, and now he has expressed himself on the ticklish subject of women's dress. Here are some of his opinions:

"Primary colors in a toilet are a sign of an undeveloped sense."

"The straight lines in the feminine dress worn to-day are contrary to all acknowledged esthetic laws."

"It is a cardinal law that the material of a woman's costume must not reflect light."

Mr. Edison further recommends black for blondes and white for brunettes, and he comes out unreservedly in favor of curves.

Dressmakers generally seem to agree with the minister's of last year's controversy. Edison is a wonderful inventor and the world's greatest authority on electricity.

## JURY DUTY IN WASHINGTON

The women of the State of Washington had their first experience as jurors—or would you say "jurresses"? Whatever they are called, four of them served on the panel of the September session of the Supreme Court. The four women range in age from twenty-one to sixty-two years, and only one of them is unmarried. The first case coming before the court was one in which city officials were charged with graft, a job of housecleaning for which women should be peculiarly fitted.

Even more interesting than the women serving on this jury are those who were excused—twenty-three out of twenty-seven called preferring not to act. Most of those who begged to be excused gave husbands and children as reasons why they did not serve, while one young woman was let off because she had to make preparations for her approaching wedding. As a matter of fact, it was not necessary to give excuses, as women in Washington may be relieved from jury duty for the asking.

## IS HOSPITALITY GROWING EXTINCT?

Not long ago we recorded the pitiful fact that the mother-in-law joke had been barred from a Boston theater. A New York judge has gone farther and taken steps toward the elimination of the lady herself from the homes of her married children. A late judicial opinion fixes ten days as the proper limit for a mother-in-law's visit. Henceforth in the metropolis mothers-in-law overstaying the ten-days' limit do so at their own risk.

Hospitality is achieving new low records almost every day. One paper is bewailing the passing of the spare room, the time-honored symbol of hospitality. The stingy city flat is ringing the death knell of the guest room; the flat-dweller finds it hard enough to find room for the family. Some one has discovered that the old sociable Saturday night has passed away. A society-conductor sheds a tear over the passing of the formal call; automobiles and bridge whist have wrought its downfall. And now the ban on mothers-in-law! Is social intercourse of the future to be limited to the telephone and the picture postcard?

## WOMEN AS OFFICE EMPLOYEES

A Western railroad has announced that hereafter it will employ no women as stenographers or clerks. The ground for its action is the experience that women, because of their liability to marry at the very time when their services have become most valuable, are not an economical and profitable class of employees. This revolt against the employment of women for clerical positions is not a new thing, as such decisions are made periodically.

At the same time, there is little doubt that the tendency is the other way. The president of the New England Telephone Company is reported as declaring that women are neater, steadier and more dependable as employees than men, and that although they may leave to be married, they do not change position as often as men do. This seems to be a more common experience than that of the railroad. The truth is that most employers are inclined to fix women's wages on the basis of temporary employment and then to be disappointed when they leave.

[Continued on page 65.]



## "YOUR FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE"

In the life of every man and woman a supreme happiness is won or lost by personal appearance. A complexion that is clearer, cleaner and more wholesome than the average is surely—sometime, somewhere, somehow—going to reward you with something dear to your mind or heart.

Likewise, a neglected complexion will just so surely work against you

In a million families, men and women are happier to-day because Pompeian has added to the value of their personal appearance. Sometime, somewhere, somehow will come the wish that you had used

## POMPEIAN Massage Cream

But you can't "wish on" a good complexion. Now is the time to begin. Discover how Pompeian cleanses, refreshes, improves and invigorates the skin, how it exercises the muscles of the face, stimulates the circulation and creates a fine skin-health. A short use of Pompeian will surprise you and your friends. A test will prove this. Make the test. Sometime, somewhere, somehow you will be glad that your face is really your fortune. "Don't envy a good complexion, use Pompeian and have one." Sold by all dealers; but you can try before you buy.

### 1912 Art Calendar

of this charming "Art Beauty" sent with each trial jar. Size 32 in. by 8 in.; an ideal panel for framing (calendar at bottom can be cut off without injuring picture). Reproduced in exquisite colors (dark red and gold) from original \$1000 painting by Carl Blecker, painter of beautiful women.

Trial Jar and 1912 Art Calendar both sent for 10c (stamps or coin). This is a rare chance to get a trial jar of the most popular face cream and also a copy of the most popular Art Calendar. Clip coupon before you forget it.

Magazines and Books for Library Slips (one in each package)  
Cut along this line, fill in and mail to-day

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Continued on page 65 of "Pompeian Magazine" and a 1912 "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendar.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Editorial Chat

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN



## Making Friends of Customers

**I**N an address to his employees John Wanamaker once said, "When a customer enters my store he is king; forget me."

What a great thing it would be if every store had a similar motto instilled into the minds of thousands of clerks make their employers' customers feel that they are intruders, that a favor is being conferred on them in letting them have what they wish to buy, instead of making them feel that it is a real pleasure to serve them, to accommodate them.

Mr. Wanamaker has always insisted upon extremely courteous treatment of customers, whether they are merely looking at goods or purchasing. There is in his stores a certain cordiality and helpfulness which is in sharp contrast with the cold, repelling, indifferent atmosphere in many stores and there is a psychological reason for all this. We radiate a mental attitude, our feelings. If we feel kindly, obliging, accommodating, if there is good cheer in our hearts, if we feel kindly toward everybody, we radiate these qualities and others feel as we feel. This makes the store atmosphere uplifting. But where hundreds of clerks and employees are radiating indifference and snobbish mental attitudes everybody who enters the store feels the quality of this radiation.

People go where they feel the most comfortable, where they get the most kindly and courteous treatment, just as we try to get into the most comfortable positions and the most attractive situations in life. We gravitate toward comfort, kindness, and good cheer, away from the disagreeable, the repellant, away from hostile mental attitudes, away from selfishness.

A shrewd business man in the West says that he loves all his customers because they are his friends. It is the aim of his establishment to make a friend of every customer. He says that if you buy an article in his store, and even months afterward find that it is not what it was represented, unless there is evidence of an intention to take an unfair advantage of the house, the article is taken back and its price refunded.

He says his house cannot afford to lose a customer's good-will. Even if he must lose a customer, he cannot afford to have him leave as an enemy. He wants him to feel that he has been fairly dealt with.

He believes that there is no advertisement so satisfied a customer, and tries to make all to trade with him feel a real friendship for his house and his methods of doing business. He says that it is very important to make every customer feel, when he leaves the store, that he has got his money's worth; that he has been treated politely and kindly. Making friends of customers is one of the great secrets of mercantile success.

This merchant has made, as have the Straus Brothers, owners of the store of R. H. Macy & Company, New York, a study of the man at the other end of the bargain.

One of Marshall Field's methods was to consider the customer as always right in any question under dispute; that is, he could not afford to allow a customer to feel that he was wrong unless it involved principle. In other words, Mr. Field found that it always paid

to make things right with dissatisfied customers.

Whatever your business, whatever your vocation, try to stamp it with your individuality. Make it a part of your real self, an outward expression, an enlargement of yourself. Encourage your employees to carry out and magnify your individuality in your establishment, so far as it can be done without interfering with their own individuality.

### A POINTER ON BOYS

A teacher in a country school said to one of the boys who had agreed with the other boys not to bring wood to the schoolroom: "I know that John will be glad to go and bring in some wood for the fire." Although John had made up his mind not to do this, he could not resist when the teacher spoke as though she could depend upon him. If she had said, "John, I want you to go out and bring in some wood immediately," her words would have hardened instead of softened his heart. He would have resisted; but he could not resist gentleness and kindness.

"Robert is such a lawless boy. He is so wild that I cannot do anything with him," said a mother in his hearing.

Of course she could not do anything with him or get spontaneous service from him while she did not even expect it. While she was looking for the bad, and expecting it, she could not get the best.

There is everything in the teacher's and the parent's expecting the best thing from boys. What a common thing it is to hear parents say before their children that they are good for nothing, that they are lazy and impudent. Like produces like, and reproof engenders antagonism. The child naturally rebels at such reproof, and it calls out the worst elements in him.

### I CAN'T

Did you ever know a person who has a great many "I can't's" in his vocabulary to accomplish very much? Some people are always using the words, "Oh, I can't do that;" "I can't afford this;" "I can't afford to go there;" "I can't undertake such a hard task, let somebody else do that."

It is said that Napoleon hated the word "can't," and would never use it if he could help it.

Did you ever think that every time you say "I can't" you weaken your confidence in yourself and your power to do things? Confidence is the greatest factor in achievement. Self-faith is a powerful asset, better than money capital without it. Nobody believes in the youth who thinks he cannot do things, who has no confidence in himself, no faith in his ability, because everybody knows that he cannot do a thing until he thinks he can. He must first believe in himself, must be convinced that he can accomplish it.

I know a young man who seems very ambitious in a general sort of way, but when the opportunity which, perhaps, he has been working a long time for, comes, he wilts, his stamina seems to ooze out, his ambition wavers, and he does not feel equal to it. He can see how somebody else can do it, but he does not feel equal to it himself. When the object of his ambition is a good way off he believes he can do it; but when he gets close to it he

## Why Not Be a Money-Maker

### We Show the Way

Take a mental inventory of your prospects. Are you satisfied with the outlook?

Are you content to plod for another year in a path that runs in a circle?

Don't you long for a great big opportunity—one that will try your steel?

—One that offers full scope for your powers and splendid rewards for your efforts?

Here's some good news for several hundred men whose character and caliber are right.

The Oliver Typewriter Company is going to establish a large number of new Local Agencies in cities, towns and villages throughout the United States where it is not now represented.

### Amazing Success of "Printype"

The introduction of the new "Printype" Oliver Typewriter has resulted in an enormous expansion of our business.

Far-reaching plans for the extension of our agency system have been set in motion to take care of the vast volume of new business which "Printype" has created.

Printype is virtually Book Type—the type which the eye has been trained to grasp quickly.

—The same type in all essentials as that used on the world's printing presses!

**Printype —**  
**OLIVER**  
**Typewriter**  
*The Standard Visible Writer*

The advent of "Printype" has created as great a sensation as resulted when *visible writing* was first successfully introduced by The Oliver Typewriter over a decade ago.

Think what it means to Oliver Local Agents to represent the only writing machine in the world that *successfully typewrites print*! And remember that you can sell The Printype Oliver on the famous "17-Cents-a-Day Plan."

### Agencies Control Sales

The Local Agent has exclusive control of all sales of new Oliver Typewriters in his territory. He can build up as substantial and profitable a business as any merchant in the same community, *without the heavy investment of capital* which the merchant must necessarily make.

We are exceedingly careful in the selection of Local Agents for The Oliver Typewriter. The qualities we require are ability, energy, character. We train our men in salesmanship. We place a premium on initiative. Whether the Local Agent gives all or part of his time to the work is left to his own decision. Each man is judged by results.

### Are You the Right Man?

Measure yourself by the standards briefly outlined above. If you believe in yourself, if you are willing to accept responsibilities and not afraid of hard work, write a letter of application at once. There may be an opening right in your home town. Ask for the "Opportunity Book," which tells all about our wonderful Sales Organization and the money-making possibilities of the typewriter business.

Address Agency Department

**The Oliver Typewriter Company**  
337 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago



(134)





## REAL WINTER

does not give you an unwelcome chill if you wear the genuine and only **original Cooper's "Spring-Needle" Underwear**, in fine winter weight worsteds. Nor do you have the horror of the usual wool underwear—that itchy, exasperating uncomfortableness. For Cooper's absolutely gives the greatest human underwear comfort—something impossible in other makes. All who use Cooper's swear by Cooper's. They have tried other makes—but "Cooper's or nothing" is now their slogan. Try Cooper's and you'll join the exclusive class and wear Cooper's just so long as you can buy **Cooper's**. There is no doubt about it. For there are no known exceptions. You see Cooper employs nothing but the finest stock, knitted on

the "Spring-Needle" machines invented, patented, made and controlled by

**COOPER'S** of **BENNINGTON VERMONT**  
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These machines make an elastic, smooth, non-irritating, most comfortable feeling fabric that fits skin close all over the body, keeping out the chill—keeping in the heat, yet yields on slightest pressure and returns so soon as pressure ceases. Each point of strain is reinforced with silk tape; the buttons won't come off and the finish and workmanship are in entire keeping with the character of the fabric. Just say "Cooper's or nothing—Cooper's of Bennington, Vt." You'll be satisfied! Cooper's comes in Union and two-piece suits in Fine Worsteds, Silk Lisle and in Cotton. Union Suits, \$1.50 to \$5.00; Shirts and Drawers, \$1.00 to \$2.50 each. Send to us for free samples of Spring-Needle Fabric and booklet of styles and prices. It's worth while.

**COOPER MANUFACTURING CO.**

Patentees and Makers

**BENNINGTON, VERMONT**

ALWAYS INSIST ON THIS TRADE-MARK



**BENNINGTON, VT.**

wavers. His courage fails him. He does not have faith in himself equal to his ambition. Of course his life is a disappointment.

This is why men have been able to do great things which seemed impossible to others—because of their colossal faith in themselves, their undaunted confidence that they were equal to the thing they attempted.

### PUTTING ENERGY INTO ONE'S WORK

In passing through stores, offices, factories one is impressed by the sight of great numbers of employees who go through their day in a half-hearted and feeble manner, dawdling, moping about as though they had little ambition or little care as to whether the business they represented succeeded or failed.

It is vital energy that counts. In going through a great establishment, one can easily tell those who will never get away from the yardstick, the ledger or the counter. It takes ambition, energy, push, and determination to rise. It is a sorry sight to see young people doing their work in a half-hearted, ambitionless manner, looking upon it as drudgery, because these are symptoms, indications of their characters, earmarks of their future mediocrity.

Continued from page

### THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

A thousand listeners respond to whatever suggests.

Some natures are powerfully affected by certain musical strains; they are immediately lifted out of the deepest depression and respondency into ecstasy. Nothing has touched them; they have just merely felt a sensation through the auditory nerve which aroused and awakened into activity certain brain cells and changed their whole mental attitude.

George Eliot, in "The Mill on the Floss," gives voice to what some of us have often doubtless felt when under its magic spell: "Certain strains of music," she says, "affect me so strangely that I can never hear them without changing my whole attitude of mind for a time, and if the effect would last, might be capable of heroism."

A tight-rope walker was so ill with lumbago that he could scarcely move. But when he was advertised to appear, he summoned all his will-power, and traversed the rope several times with a wheelbarrow, according to the program. When through he doubled back and had to be carried to his bed, "as stiff as a frozen frog."

There is no one principle that is absolute in the business world more than the law of suggestion. Everywhere in this country we see the pathetic victims of those who make a business of overpowering and controlling weaker minds. Thus is suggestion carried even to the point of hypnotism as illustrated by unscrupulous salesmen and promoters.

If a person steals the property of another he is imprisoned, but if he hypnotizes his victim by projecting his own strong train of thought into the innocent, untrained, unsuspecting victim's mind, overcomes his objections, and induces him voluntarily to buy the thing he does not want and cannot afford to buy, perhaps impoverishing himself for years so that he and his family suffer for the necessities of life, no law can stop him. It would be better and should be considered less criminal for a man to go into a store and steal articles of value than to overpower the minds of the heads of poor families and hypnotize them into signing contracts for which they have really no right and are not able to buy.

Solicitors often command big salaries because of their wonderful personal magnetism and great powers of persuasion. The time will come when many of these "marvelous persuaders," with long heads cunningly trained, traveling about the country, hypnotizing their subjects and robbing them of their

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AFTER LATEST NEW YORK DESIGNS. We will trust any honest man anywhere. We guarantee a perfect fit. Send for our samples and look of latest New York fashions free.

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America's Largest and Leading Men's Tailors. Est. City  
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**The Blend That Satisfies** Mellow, richly flavored, delightful—blended by an expert from the best pipe tobacco grown.

**SMOKE-SHOP MIXTURE**

It can't bite—all the "sting" has been scientifically taken out of it. It will give you a cool, sweet smoke, white-ashed right down to the last grain.

Packed in our new Vacuum Humidor Can, it reaches you fresh and fragrant.

Send 20c, for a trial can today, delivered free. Three cans supplied for \$4.00. If you return your money, we will gladly refund your money if it is desired.

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We can positively show you by mail how to INCREASE YOUR SALARY. Book mailed free. **Page-Building Co., 1121 Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill., or 150 Nassau St., New York**

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A high-salaried and easily learned trade, taught thoroughly by mail. We will teach the beginner letter-engraving, then he can gain in depth of skill and speed. We will also instruct in the art of any engraving, and for ornamental. The Engraving School, 21 Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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IS AN INTERESTING ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL FILLED WITH FASCINATING FACTS ABOUT THE MARVELOUS GROWTH OF THE WONDERFUL CITY OF NEW YORK. IT ALSO TELLS HOW THE AMAZING GROWTH OF THE METROPOLIS IS MAKING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS FOR WISE INVESTORS IN LAND, AND HOW, STARTING WITH AS LITTLE AS \$100, YOU CAN SHARE IN THESE GREAT PROFITS. YOU CAN SECURE THIS MAGAZINE FREE FOR SIX MONTHS BY SIMPLY SENDING US YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND OCCUPATION ON A POST-CARD, BUT DO NOT NOW.

**THE METROPOLIS MAGAZINE**  
Dept. S, World Building, New York

**MUSHROOM GROWING WILL MAKE YOU INDEPENDENT**  
Men and Women can raise them in large quantities in cellars, shades, sheds, barns, etc. Crop easy to raise and sells for 50c to \$1.00 a lb. Start now. Write for big illustrated booklet telling how to do it, FREE. Visitors welcome at our farm.

**NATIONAL MUSHROOM CO.**  
Dept. 25, RUDE PARK, MASS.

ard-earned money, will be regarded as criminals.

On the other hand, suggestion is used for practical good in business life.

It is now a common practise in many concerns to put into the hands of their employees inspiring books and to republish in pamphlet form special articles from magazines and periodicals which are calculated to stir the employees to new endeavor, to arouse them to greater action and make them more ambitious to do bigger things. Schools of leadership are using very extensively the psychology of business and are giving all sorts of illustrations which will spur men to greater efficiency.

The up-to-date merchant shows his knowledge of the power of suggestion for customers by his fascinating show-windows and display of merchandise.

A person who has been reared in luxury and refinement would be so affected by the suggestion of uncleanness and disorderliness as a cheap Bowery eating-place that he would lose the keenest appetite. If, however, the same food, cooked in the same way, could be transferred to one of the luxurious Broadway restaurants and served upon delicate china and spotless linen, with entrancing music, the same condition would be changed. The new suggestion would completely reverse the mental and physical conditions.

The suggestion of the ugly suspicions of a whole nation so overpowered Dreyfus during his trial that it completely neutralized his individuality, overbalanced his consciousness of innocence. His whole manner was that of a guilty person, so that many of his friends actually believed him guilty. After the verdict, the presence of a vast throng which had gathered to see him publicly disgraced, when his buttons and other insignia of office were torn from his uniform, his sword taken from him and broken, and the people were hissing, jeering, and hurling all sorts of anathemas at him, no criminal could have exhibited more evidence of guilt. The radiations of the guilty suggestion from millions of people completely overpowered his mentality, his individuality, and, although he was absolutely innocent, his appearance and manner gave every evidence of the treason he was accused

There is no suggestion so fatal, so insinuating, as that of impurity. Vast multitudes of people have fallen victims to this vicious, subtle, fatal poison.

Who can depict the tragedies which have been caused by immoral, impure suggestion conveyed to minds which were absolutely pure, which have never before felt the taint of contamination? The subtle poisoning infused through the system makes the entrance of the seething vicious suggestions easier and easier until finally the whole moral system becomes saturated with the poison.

There is a wonderful illustration of the power of suggestion in the experience of what are called the Stigmatists. These nuns who years concentrated all of their efforts in trying to live the life that Christ did, to enter into all of His sufferings, so completely concentrated all of their energies upon the last suffering, and so vividly pictured His wounds in their imaginations, that their thought really changed the chemical and physical structure of the tissues and they actually reproduced the nail marks in the hands, feet and the spear wound as in the side of the crucified Christ.

These nuns devoted their lives to this reduction of the physical evidences of theifixion. The fixing of the mind for a long period of time upon the wounds of the hands, feet, and the side with the awful suffering were so vivid, so concentrated, that the picture was made real in their own flesh. In addition to the mental picturing, they kept constantly before them the physical picture of the crucified Christ, which made their mental picture all the more vivid and concentrated. The religious ecstasy was so intense that they could actually see Christ being crucified, and this mental attitude was outlived in the flesh.

# American Woolen Company

Wm.M.Wood, President.



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**NOW HANDLE** Oswego Serge. You get that unmistakable "feel" peculiar to thoroughbred serge — soft and pliable. Presses well and stays pressed.

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**YOU WILL FIND** that we make the best in all the woolen world.

In order to be sure of the cloth when ordering a custom suit from your tailor, or a ready-to-wear suit from your clothier, insist on *Oswego Serge*.

If unable to obtain *Oswego Serge*, send us the name of your tailor or clothier, accompanied by money order or check for quantity desired at \$3.00 per yard, and we will see that you are supplied. Samples furnished on request.

Order the cloth as well as the clothes.

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INSTEAD OF THROWING AWAY  
LEDED RUCHING, try cleansing it in  
oline—it will stand several such treat-  
ments.—ANNA E. PERRINS.

WHEN THREADS BREAK IN STOCK-  
INGS resulting in "runners," stitch them like  
ordinary seam on the sewing machine.—S.  
VIRGINIA LEVIS.

ABLE SALT SPRINKLED OVER A  
LSBACH GAS MANTLE when the gas  
lighted, and allowed to burn off, will com-  
pletely remove the black smudge caused by  
flickering in lighting.—S. VIRGINIA LEVIS.

N EXPERT IN THE SHOE BUSI-  
NESS ADVISES that new shoes be pol-  
ished. This keeps the leather soft and pliable  
prevents spots from sinking in which are  
difficult to remove.—A. WHITNEY.

CHICKEN SALAD IS GREATLY IM-  
PROVED if chicken stock is added to the  
mayonnaise dressing. The stock should be  
strained. Add it to the mayonnaise and beat  
a few minutes with an egg beater.—I.  
C.

WHEN USING PUTTY TO FILL  
WIDE CRACKS you may find it diffi-  
cult to spread easily. To prevent it from  
shrinking, dip the knife in coal-oil, which  
has the advantage of evaporating more rap-  
idly than other oils. This facilitates drying  
putty.—S. VIRGINIA LEVIS.

WASH SOILED DRESS SHIELDS.  
On a board or table, soiled side up,  
give a thorough scrubbing with a stiff  
brush and any good laundry soap with plenty  
of lukewarm water. Hold under the faucet  
until completely rinsed. Do not squeeze, but  
squeeze each dripping piece on the line until  
dry.—S. VIRGINIA LEVIS.

HEAVY HAIR THAT IS DIFFICULT  
TO DRY in cold weather can be nicely shamed  
with corn meal. Sift the meal and  
brush very hot in oven. Rub the hair from  
scalp out, not rubbing the meal into the  
hair; brush and shake. The hair becomes  
soft and clean with little trouble.—F.

DURING THE FIRST CRISP, FROSTY  
DAYS OF FALL we cover tomato vines,  
when a hard frost threatens, we cut the  
plants off close to the ground and store them  
in a cool dark cellar, wrapping newspaper  
around each plant. The newspapers are re-  
turned and the fruit gathered as needed, and  
may be kept in this way for many weeks.—  
N. BROWN.

WHEN ADVERTISING FOR A SER-  
VANT, the manner in which you word your  
advertisement has much to do with the kind  
of girl who answers it. Endeavor, in the  
fewest words possible, to express your re-  
quirements. Do not mind the labor of re-  
writing your ad. several times. This may  
cost you a lot of work, but the results you will  
obtain from it will be far more satisfactory  
than if you had written it carelessly.—A.  
WHITNEY.

TO COLOR ELECTRIC GLOBES OR  
PAPER CHIMNEYS, take white shellac and  
mix it with alcohol so it will spread evenly.  
Dip into it, held by a string, the globe or  
chimney, then hang to dry where it will not  
be against anything. This gives the glass  
appearance of frosted glass and furnishes  
a light which is much better for the eyes  
than the bright glare from clear glass. If a  
darker light is desired, a little dye, if dis-  
solved in wood alcohol and added to shellac  
will give any tint desired. Wood alcohol will  
remove both color and frosting.—ISA GER-  
DE WHITMAN.

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# The Individual Investor



## Stocks Versus Bonds

T

O every man who invests his surplus income there comes a time when he asks himself whether it is quite necessary for him always to stick to bonds. Probably nine out of ten investment bankers in the United States have been asked a dozen times the past month some such question as, "Don't you think stocks are beginning to look pretty cheap?" or "Why isn't X, Y, and Z common good enough for me to lay a few shares of it away at this price?" It must be confessed that the question is a hard one to answer, no matter how strong the banker's personal convictions on the subject may be. It is even harder to explain convincingly that the same answer won't do for all inquirers, though that is the fact.

There are circumstances under which it is safe to recommend the purchase of a few shares of well-seasoned industrial or railroad common stocks to the average investor. The most important of these requirements is that the man or woman who thinks of making the purchase shall not be a beginner in the investment field. To lay the foundation of your investment estate in stocks, no matter how wisely these might be selected, would be poor policy. It is true that many men have done that very thing and have become wealthy, but that does not alter the general rule. It must always be borne in mind that the primary quality of a foundation is stability, and that stability in the highest degree is to be found only in the better classes of bonds. Granted that Pennsylvania Railroad stock, for instance, is in point of dividend returns an exceedingly stable security, it still remains true that the Pennsylvania Railroad has outstanding several hundred million dollars' worth of bonds that are far more stable than that company's stock, if for no other reason than that the stockholders must always come after the bondholders in the line at the treasurer's window and must always stand ready to do without part or all of their income, if need be, to protect the bondholders, their creditors, from the possible effects of a prolonged depression in trade, a sharp rise in the cost of labor or materials, an enforced general reduction in freight rates or any other contingency. The foundation of your investment holdings you depend upon to give the whole substance, not only for yourself, but for your children. As to that part of your modest fortune, you want to be assured beyond all question not only that the principal is safe and readily convertible without loss into ready money, but also that it will continue to pay a known return until the principal itself is repaid to you. Such assurance may not seem to be of such supreme importance just now or for the next few years, but who will attempt to say just what investment conditions in this country are to be twenty or even ten years hence?

### STOCKS MUST BE BOUGHT CHEAPLY

The next requisite is that stocks should be bought when they are selling below what you determine to be their intrinsic value. I say below, and insist upon this condition for stocks and not for bonds, because the prospect of returns should be sufficiently better in the one case than in the other to compensate for the greater risk. Another reason is that the intrinsic value of stocks is far more difficult to judge, even for the experts, than that

of bonds, and the man who thinks he is getting stocks cheap is not unlikely to find afterward that he paid all they were worth. This is, indeed, only another way of saying again that there should be a very decided preponderance of evidence on the side of cheapness to offset the inevitably greater risk.

As to whether stocks are or are not cheap at any given time, the investor will probably experience some difficulty in obtaining trustworthy advice. His banker will in most cases be ready enough to give his individual opinion for what it may be worth and without assuming any responsibility for its correctness; he will rarely be willing to advise the purchase of stocks and to assume the same moral responsibility that attaches to advice respecting bonds. The difficulty of determining the investment value of stocks is bad enough, but there is always the possibility that a purchaser who has got them at reasonable prices may see them go lower soon after he has bought them. Whenever that happens, though it may not constitute any real reflection upon the value of his shares, the investor is practically sure to feel dissatisfied, and he may remind his banker that he could have saved money by waiting.

At the time of this writing a few standard railroad investment stocks are to be had on a five-per-cent. basis, some good ones on a five-and-one-half-per-cent. basis, and some fair investments of this class on a six-per-cent. basis, or close to it. It must be confessed that certain stocks whose names are almost household words the country over, stocks which are associated with some of the country's great fortunes, are selling at prices which, if the companies concerned can continue to pay their present rates of dividend, mean a return of six per cent. on the purchase price. But as to some of these there is grave doubt as to the permanence of their dividend rates, yet it cannot be said with any degree of assurance that they have "discounted" impending reductions. About all that can be said is that on account of the doubt felt in financial circles over this point they are selling somewhat lower than they would otherwise be selling.

### FACING THE FUTURE

The fact is that the stockholders of our railroads are passing through what is for them a period of unsettlement. The past ten years have been a period of wonderful profits and enrichment for them. It is the writer's opinion that that phase of the country's development is definitely past. If this opinion is correct the pendulum will tend to swing in the opposite direction. The question arises, then, how far it is going to swing against profits in transportation and the value of railroad common stocks. No one, not even the most "advanced" advocate of corporation repression, seriously desires to see the owners of stock in honestly capitalized and ably managed railroads, such as most of them are, deprived of a fair return on their money, but opinions differ as to what such a return is. Various agencies are at work regulating, independently of each other, the use of the same capital, while the strictly economic conditions under which it is used are constantly shifting and changing. The brunt of all this and whatever risk it may contain comes upon the common shares of the transportation companies.

Much the same thing applies to the industrial common stocks. They are as yet free-

on governmental regulation of their selling prices, but to counterbalance this, they are more exposed to the hazards of tariff legislation than are the railroads. From the standpoint of the small investor the junior industrial stocks have the further disadvantage that few of the companies issuing them make public anything like as much information respecting their affairs as the railroads are compelled to give out.

Yet it cannot be denied that a limited number of railroad common stocks and a still more limited number of industrial common stocks are regarded by hard-headed bankers belonging to the conservative investment class. When you say this of stocks it does not mean that the risk of loss, the speculative element, has been eliminated, as it practically does when one says the same thing of bonds. It means rather that the purchase price fairly represents the equity of the stockholders in the property, that the current rate of dividends promises to be maintained indefinitely and that there is at least one prospect of an increase in the rate of dividend or of occasional offers of stockholders' "rights," or both, as an offset to whatever degree of risk the investment presents.

#### STOCKHOLDER IS PARTNER, NOT CREDITOR.

It must always be borne in mind that no investment offers the chance of increased principal or income without coupling with it the chance of loss, and that the fundamental difference between bonds and stock is that the aim of the former on the company's prosperity, though limited in advance, comes first, while that of the latter, though not restricted otherwise than by prudence and enlightened self-interest, must always yield first place to the claim of the bonds. The stockholder justly expects a somewhat higher return on his investment than the bondholder, because he has undertaken to insure the bondholder against the usual hazards of business, and then his prospects for an increased rate of distribution in good years may mean only the prospect of a sustained average return through good years and bad. The old and common-sense distinction, which can hardly be improved upon, is that the bondholder is a creditor, while the stockholder is a partner in the business.

Undoubtedly, there are stocks which, at times around those now prevailing, the ordinary investor can afford to consider for the position of a part of his savings. Pennsylvania Railroad is one. It now sells to yield most or quite five per cent. and can reasonably be counted upon to add to this yield in the longer future either through extra dividends or the offer of new stock to the stockholders for subscription at par, or some other way under the then prevailing market figure. New York Central, for no better reasons than that a large proportion of the existing stock is permanently held by the Vanderbilt family and that it always has commanded a high price, generally sells to yield less, but it is also close to a five-per-cent. basis at the present time and is a stock investment of no mean order. Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe yields substantially more than either of the foregoing and represents one of the best managed and most fundamentally sound transportation systems in the country. For Southern Pacific almost as much can be said; indeed, some judges rank it ahead of Atchison. The northwestern roads, Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Chicago & Northwestern, and Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, have for two years seriously felt the combined effect of the higher cost of labor and the loss of earnings due to short crops. Like a good many other railroads all of these have been compelled by the necessity of occupying their rural territory to continue the expenditure of a great deal of capital on extensions and additional facilities, raising the money for most part through bond issues and thus increasing their interest charges in the face of shrinking net earnings. Doubtless this is a phase through which the railroads are passing in a reasonable time pass into an era of renewed prosperity, but it accounts in considerable measure for the low level at which these is-



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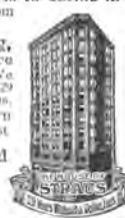
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## NO EXCUSE.

O F the diplomatic circles is a delightful woman whose English is still French. She was urging an officer of the Navy to attend a ball the invitation to which he had already declined. "I can't," he protested. "I have burned my bridges behind me." "Oh," she replied, "I will lend you some Henri's."

—ALICE J. MILLER.

## EDUCATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Educators in the Philippines frequently experience difficulty in carrying out suitable dress reforms. Pedro is a dusky little Igorote whose absence was explained by this note:

DEAR TEACHER: A thief stole father's clothes yesterday, while father the siesta took. Father put on all of mother's garments so he could go forth and chase the robber, and mother is wearing everything else in the house except my hat. I will come back to school as soon as father catches the thief.—PEDRO REFERDO.

—G. B. BUCHANAN.

## DIDN'T BLAME HIM.

The professor had just stated a hypothetical case.

"Our patient," he concluded, "suffering from disease of the hip-joint, walks lame. Now, young man, what would you do in such case?"

"Why—er—why, sir, I'd walk lame, too," replied the somewhat mystified medical student.

—IRVING EISLER.

## ECONOMY TO THE END.

The candidate for the position of locomotive fireman had studied the impressive figures showing the aggregate loss to the company each year resulting from careless firing and waste of coal and oil. The first question put to him in the verbal examination was what he would do if he found his freight train confronted by an on-coming passenger.

He hesitated only a moment, then replied: "I'd grab a lump of coal in one hand, the other in the other and jump for my life."

—H. F. LANE.

## A FATAL ERROR.

The proof-reader is blamed too much, but one who overlooked this substitution of a "c" for an "o" deserved all he got.

This item is the reason why the newspaper lost a friend.

"Mrs. Brown, who underwent an operation for appendicitis several days ago, is progressing rapidly toward recovery. This will be good news to her many friends who hope to see her cut again soon."

—J. L. SHERARD.

## GOOD POINTS.

When Mark Twain was touring the Hawaiian Islands, in 1866, he was hospitably received, after a day of hard riding, at Judge's sugar plantation. In the morning the judge looked his guest's horse over.

"You can't ride that poor creature to Maipo Valley," he said. "Take one of my horses."

"You must not think too poorly of my old horse," replied Mark Twain. "He has some good points; I hung my hat on one of them yesterday."

—H. A. T.

## AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Good, absent-minded old Dr. Wilder was greatly dependent upon his practical wife. One morning Mrs. Wilder sent up an announcement after he had entered the pulpit with a foot-note intended to be private.

"The Women's Missionary Society," he read aloud, "will meet Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock sharp. Your necktie is crooked, please straighten toward the right."

—MARION MOORE.

## OUT OF COMMISSION.

Many visitors to Nantucket will remember its genial and witty collector of the port, formerly a sea captain, whose conversation is always full of the terminology of steamboats.

On one occasion a member of his family had planned to leave the island, but the appointed day brought a howling notheaster.

Being asked by a neighbor whether his aunt was going away that morning he replied cheerily:

"No weather for aunt to-day. She's got something the matter with her upper boxes and can't reverse pumps."

—MARY STARBUCK.

## A WORDSWORTHIAN REMINISCENCE.

I walked and came upon a picket fence,  
And every picket went straight up and down,  
And all at even intervals were placed,  
All painted green, all pointed at the top,  
And every one inextricably nailed  
Unto two several cross-beams, which did go  
Not as the pickets, but quite otherwise;  
And they two crossed, but back of all were posts.

O, beauteous picket fence. Can I not draw  
Instruction from thee? Yea, for thou dost teach.

That even as the pickets are made fast  
To that which seems all at cross purposes,  
So are our human lives, to the Divine—  
But oh, not purposeless, for even as they  
Do keep stray cows from trespass, we no doubt  
Together guard some plan of Deity.

Thus did I moralize and from the beams  
And pickets drew a lesson to myself,  
But where the posts come in, I could not tell.

—JOHN EDWARD COLBURN.

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Continued from page

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## The Voodoo Man

Then it had flown again, and a shy, innocent coquetry had taken its place. For a moment he had thought she wanted him to go, but she seemed only anxious that he should stay.

And he would not go. He knew that he rode back to the house, for the girl, until that day, had suddenly become the most important thing in his life. His heart leaping with an irrational happiness, for not she, Palmyre Marinières—she acknowledged the name, even to the significance of the distinguishing "de"—promised to meet him again?

Day after day they went together, she riding his horse, he walking at her side, they would go through the rosy gloom of cocoa, to the edge of the matted High Wood or down to the beach where the breakers flashed in the sun and cast up strange specters torn from the coffers of the Caribbean.

He loved her, and he knew that she loved him. Their days together were a sort of delicious torment to Allister. His arms ached to hold her, his lips pined for her kiss, but his arms were chained and his lips sealed, as much by his very love for her as by his honor.

That tiny stain of black blood stood between them like an invisible barrier, impossible to be crossed with honor, and the dominant quality of her white blood forbade anything else.

They never spoke of it, but snatched away they could and put aside all thoughts of the future. Palmyre seemed to accept the situation without rebellion, bowing her head to it with a sort of proud humility, without bitterness. She loved her half-brother, Allister could see that. He was even sometimes jealous of her devotion to de Marinières. She never approached him, but when she spoke of him it was with a yearning tenderness that made Allister sometimes wonder, indeed, it were not her brother who was in her heart, after all, whether he himself was not merely a means to some end.

She seemed to expect something of him that he would be, in some way as yet unknown to himself, of service to the Creole.

With the negroes she never mixed, but she as proudly aloof as though she were in the midst of no kindred to them, and they drew silent aside when they met her, saluting her with respectful looks.

Once they had met Cudjoe, beaming at them with a grandfatherly delight, hat in hand, his kind old eyes smiling as he nodded and bowed in his half comic, pantaloon fashion, but Palmyre had been a different creature after seeing him.

The flower and humming-bird girl was gone and in her place was a tempestuous woman, strange moods, a woman in whom one mastered fear fought with a despairing faith in Allister, a faith that in itself fought with a fear of his failing her.

"What is it—tell me?" he had cried, swayed out of his self-control by her emotion. He crushed her in his arms in sudden passion, he implored her to speak, but she only clung to him, kissing his lips, the first time she had done so, and then flung herself sobbing to the ground.

He raised her up and kissed away her tears. "What is it, Palmyre—what would you say—that you love me—no?"

"Ah, yes—yes—I love you," she cried. "—if you only loved me as I love you!"

"But I do, Palmyre, I do," he had said, intoxicated with the scent of her hair, kissing the purple shadows on her creamy throat.

She drew away from him, shaking her head sadly. "You love me—yes, but not as I love you. I am young, and it is pleasant to love me, and you like pleasant things. It is the easiest thing to do, so you love me. But you loved me as I love you—then I could speak."

She broke away from him in sudden gaiety, humming a little chansonette, laughing lightly as she teased a mimosa bush to see its sensitive leaves curl and droop at her light touch.



ch. Allister, glancing round to see the  
se of her sudden change of manner, saw  
Cudjoe riding toward them down the track  
ween the high cane. He passed them, nod-  
g and smiling, a bent, half-pathetic figure  
he sat huddled up on the back of the  
nebling mule, hat in hand, the picture of  
er servility, but Allister knew that it was  
real master of Tacarigua who passed  
u by.

Allister felt a depression settle down on  
e, a brooding sense of waiting for some-  
ing to happen. That which had brought  
to Tacarigua was surely soon to culmi-  
e, and Palmyre knew what it was and  
uld not tell.

"What is it, Palmyre?" he cried. "What  
this shadow that is all about us here?  
at is it that you fear so much—for your  
ther—for me? Tell me."

But Palmyre merely shook her head again.  
No—you do not love me enough. You  
y, when it is over—or you may—ah, Mère  
Jésu—why do you not love me enough? If  
I did, then I must speak; as it is, I must  
the best with what love you have for me."

Miché—Miché."

It was Cudjoe who called, and Allister woke  
uddenly, peering into the darkness. The  
gro was standing at his bedside and behind  
u was de Marinières.

Miché—we go for lagoon to spear fish—  
a want come?"

Allister sprang out of bed. He loved to go  
a spearing in the mazes of the lagoon.  
ere was a wildness and weirdness about the  
ort that fascinated him.

It was the dark of the moon, and the  
ght hung over the island like a purple pall,  
perfect night for their purpose. Down in  
e recesses of the lagoon it was hot and  
dling, the air reeking with the odors of un-  
n flowers as they pushed through the  
angles.

From a pole in the prow hung the fire-pot,  
a red glow of which fascinated the fish.  
ey came up out of the mysterious deeps,  
ir pale goggling eyes held by the lure of  
e flames. Then there was a sudden swish  
the poised spear fell and the flopping, glit-  
ting creature joined the heap in the bottom  
of the boat.

Cudjoe was spearing, standing tensely in  
e bow, bending over the water. He was  
ked to the waist and, seen thus stripped,  
was a different creature from the cringing,  
sile old man he appeared when clothed.  
s body was smooth and muscular, an enor-  
ous strength showed latent in every motion.  
s face alone seemed to have grown old and  
bobbed and leered above his massive trunk.  
He dripped with water and, in the glow of  
e fire-pot, the drops stood on his black  
n like gleaming jewels. He held aloft a  
h impaled upon his spear and began a wild  
monotonous chant, rising and falling in a  
ree rhythm that sounded like a license to  
the forbidden things of men's minds to  
r their heads and walk abroad.

"What is that you are singing?" asked  
lister uneasily, as the chant stirred his  
ine with a vague chill.

"Dat de song of de Fish," answered the  
gro. "For my country dem man sing it  
e song of de Big White Fish what live for  
oon."

"What does he mean? Is not this his coun-  
try?" asked Allister of de Marinières, but the  
eole was silent. He was gazing up at the  
gro and trembling in some strange excite-  
ment.

"Moin no be bawn hyar," the negro went  
on. "Moin be bawn for Africa, my fader,  
one priest man. Ohé—oyo—dem man too  
uch foolish, massa, dem man think God be  
e Fish—one big White Fish."

"Take my oar—I am ill," gasped de Mar-  
nières, the sweat dripped from his eyebrows  
d he collapsed in the stern, quivering like  
e stricken with ague.

"Yes—dem man think God be one Fish,"  
continued the negro. "Ebby year dey throw  
one man to eat, den dey get good crop,  
enty to eat—Ohé—oyo—God is one Fish  
One Big White Fish—"



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Palmyre came down to meet him, joyous, un-  
married, calm, as some barbaric queen might  
come to meet her lord. Allister awaited  
gravely. He understood now. She loved  
him and she had used him.

"Many have gone," she said. "Each year  
white man, but only you have come back.  
I never knew it till this year, and then I had  
brother to save. What was to be done had  
to be done in secret. I would have told you  
I could—"

Allister bent and kissed her lips. "I know  
you would have told me had I only loved  
you enough."

"If you had not come back I would have  
killed him," she went on simply. "Then I  
could have died myself."

"She did not ask what had become of Cudjoe,  
there could be but one answer to that ques-  
tion."

Allister held out his arms to her. "Pal-  
myre!"

She crept into his embrace, laughing proud-  
ly at him.

"I knew you would not fail me, I knew it.  
I would not have let you go; but to tell  
you would have been to doubt you—to doubt  
myself—and this is the real you."

"You shall come away with me," said Al-  
lister. "Away to some place where we can  
marry—where you can be my wife."

She laughed again. "I can be your wife  
now. I knew you thought I was—colored."

"It was easier for me to have you think so  
than I am white. I am Palmyre de Marinières  
and that is my brother."

Allister looked coldly down at the limp body  
of the Marinières, whom the negroes had lifted  
from the boat and laid upon the sands at his  
feet.

"He is guilty, too," he said. "He deserves  
to die as much as the other." Palmyre sank  
her knees by her brother, gathering him up  
in her arms.

"No—no. He did not know what he was  
doing; that old man stole his mind from him  
with his drugs, his spells, his hypnotisms, call  
what you will. If I can forgive him for  
using danger to you, then you can forgive  
me, too. He is my brother. I love him."

The Marinières stirred and looked up. His  
eyes blazed into Allister's with an agony of  
emptied articulation, as if, the lips being  
dead, the eyes must speak.

Allister's cold rage ebbed and his heart  
throbbed to the man at his feet. After all he  
was not to blame. Brought up from childhood  
under the Voodoo's hypnotic influence he had  
probably never known what it was to think a  
thought in his life, and, even so, he had  
tried to tell whenever he half awoke from his  
trance.

"Then, for your sake, I will love him too,"  
said Allister, as she stooped and raised the  
body to his feet, supporting him against his  
shoulder. "Wake up—wake up, man!"

The Marinières wearily rubbed his brows.  
"There is something I want to tell you," he  
said. "Something I must tell you—but I  
have forgotten it."

"I know it," Allister replied.

"Where is Cudjoe?" asked the Creole.

"Dead—he fell overboard and was  
drowned."

The Marinières turned to the lagoon. "I  
thought I heard him calling me, from out  
there where the water is so black."

"You have been dreaming," said Allister.  
The torches flared under the palms and the  
beach swarmed with negroes. Shouting they  
came, singing and throwing flowers at the  
feet of the man who had come back alive from  
the place of Cudjoe's god, who had lifted from  
him the spell of the Voodoo's evil presence.

Allister suddenly realized the change that  
had come to him, the grasp and dominance  
that had replaced his spirit of laughing com-  
promise, the freedom that was his because he  
had been compelled to take it.

Drawing Palmyre into his arms he whis-  
pered in her ear:

"We were both wrong, you and I. There  
was no such thing as loving enough—or not  
enough. There is only loving—as I love you  
as I love you."



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See page 8



Continued from page

## The Purple Chlamys

ma. in that tactful way that has made her a successful hostess. "Come right into library," she said, "and we'll talk over plans."

Then I heard her pouring a regular volume of Greek phrases, Greek ornaments, Greek costumes and Greek architecture at him. Mamma has a remarkably good memory; you can pick up quite a lot of information a week. He was evidently too overcome to put in more than a word here and there. I hurried down to his assistance.

I found them sitting in the library. Mamma was still talking excitedly. As I entered, she was saying, "We can lend you a chiton and a lovely himation while you are here. You really ought to change at once. That sack suit looks perfectly ridiculous on you."

When she introduced him to me, he seemed to lose some of his embarrassment, and I noticed that his look had as much in it of admiration as of astonishment.

We all settled down again, and spent the rest of the morning talking things over. The architect proved to be very agreeable and clever, and chimed in enthusiastically with everything we suggested. He knew his business, too, for he made several little drawings that were perfectly sweet.

We decided to build the house of concrete and to make it quite large, with two square courts inside. The courts were the most important part of a Greek house, and they appealed to mamma especially because they were such fine places for afternoon teas, if the weather was good. Of course there had to be a porch around each court, and these porches were to be decorated with columns. The architect suggested the Corinthian style, because that was the most modern, but mamma thought that all the styles looked so pretty in the pictures that she preferred to have columns "assorted." So we finally agreed to have all three kinds, first a Doric, then an Ionic and then a Corinthian. In the center of each court there was to be a fountain with a statue of a nymph holding up a sponging dolphin or a cupid blowing on a conch-shell.

At lunch the architect appeared in a purple chlamys which mamma had fixed up for him. It really was very becoming, for he had a fine athletic figure, and beautiful arms and shoulders. Luckily he was fond of figs and olives, so he was able to make a square meal of our Greek *deipnon*.

In the afternoon mamma took us out to over the ground where she intended to build the Greek house built. The site was a beautiful green terrace, overlooking the golf links with cool, shady groves nearby, where, mamma put it, "we could raise Dryads, Satyrs and other odd animals," and surrounded by fine smooth turf, which she called "every bit as good as the Elysian field." We planted some stakes and decided where the front door would be, and sat down on the grass in each of the inner courts and decided that the fountain was playing. Mamma said she only wished there was a present so that we could imitate the Homeric bards. For some reason the architect became terribly embarrassed again, and he didn't have much to say until mamma left us to take nap.

After that he seemed to lose interest in the Greek house, and pretty soon we decided to play a round of golf. It seemed as if he knew each other very well by this time, and sent our caddie on ahead and walked slowly talking between shots. The architect tucked in his purple chlamys so as to give himself a free and easy swing, and he looked handsomer than ever. Mamma was quite right about his Greek profile.

After a while we sat down to rest on the bunkers. We had pretty much exhausted the regular topics of conversation, such as dances, new plays and popular songs, and so he became very solemn.

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About this Greek business," he said, "uply, 'do you really take it seriously?' Well, not the way mamma does," I admitted, "but I think it's an interesting experience, and they say I look well in the costume." "Look well!" he muttered, "Ye gods! you are the most beautiful creature I ever eyes on." I blushed very nicely. "But," added, "do you really think it's quite—pleasant?"

"This time I blushed in earnest. He saw it and apologized at once.

"You know," he explained, "we Americans are such confounded Puritans in all things that don't concern ourselves. At the same time," he added, "isn't it, to say the least, rather—silly?"

"He made me feel like such a child, with his merry tone, that I resented it and made some sarcastic remarks about architects in general attending to their own business. He seemed hurt, and said, in a subdued and shaky voice, 'I wouldn't be speaking to you so boldly if I weren't for the fact that I am tremendously interested in you, and I'd like to see a good American instead of an imitation Greek.'"

"It was now my turn to be penitent. I knew he was serious, for men don't usually talk that way. And I was glad that he thought enough of me to risk being rude and meddling. So it ended with my promising to stop going to be a Greek and to join him in perding mamma to drop the experiment also. After he had extracted this solemn promise, we had shaken hands on it, he suddenly stood out. "If that's the case, I may as well fess."

"Confess what?" I asked in astonishment. "For answer he drew out a letter from among the folds of his chlamys and gave it to me. It was from my brother Jack, saying that the bearer was his roommate at college, who was automobiling through our part of the country, and that he knew we would be glad to him, and would enjoy entertaining him a few days. Of course we knew all about Jack's famous roommate. He was captain of the baseball team and all kinds of things. Naturally I was more or less dumbfounded a minute.

"During the discussion and explanations which followed, we forgot all about the game golf that we had been playing, and started back to the house to find mamma.

"Before we had gone half way, however, we were coming, waving a letter in her hand, evidently furious. Of course the archbishop had written to say that they had no expert and couldn't think of undergirding such a piece of work as she suggested. Now she was all ready to pour out her wrath on the impostor, as she called him.

"But I quickly introduced him, and he apologized very neatly, saying that it was only enthusiasm for her Greek idea that had led him to practice the deception. Of course I was new better. But he was so tactful about that she was soon mollified, and naturally was bound to be hospitable to a friend of Jack's. On the way back to the house he brought up the Greek subject again, and began to point out very delicately the disadvantages that might be connected with the Hellenistic style of life in modern times. As student of architecture, he said, he could fully approve of a house in which there was electricity, no telephone, no door-bell, no plumbing to speak of, no heating apparatus, protection against the damp, and so on. He brought up one detail after another. Mamma became more and more serious, and I put in my arguments and said that I didn't intend to make myself conspicuous any more, she seemed quite resigned. Finally I suggested gently that we should give up the whole house entirely and put the money into a touring-car instead. To our great delight, she consented at once.

"Then papa came home that evening, he was tremendously surprised to find his whole family 'clothed and in their right mind,' as he expressed it. Of course, he felt very grateful to Jack's roommate, after he had heard the whole story. In fact they seemed to get

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along very well together. Papa got out his best cigars, and we played a rubber of bridge, and everything was harmonious and American.

The result is that Harry (I call him Harry now) has decided to stay a whole week and he's going to help us to pick out the touring-car. He takes me out in his own machine quite often, and he's a wonderful driver. Papa has told me privately that he considers him a most promising young man. Of course I'm too young to think of such things seriously, but I liked him pretty well even when I thought he was only an architect, and now that I know that he's Jack's roommate at college, it does make a difference, doesn't it?

Continued from page 26

**At the Bottom of the Ship**

I found the little Scotchman sitting on his bunk, deaf and blind to the chaos around him, absorbed in a newspaper. I glanced over his shoulder. Serious and intent, his finger moving down the column, he was reading an account of Moissant's flight the day before.

The singing had become deafening now. The group of songsters had increased to a score, a thick-packed, swaying, heaving crowd, waving bottles or holding them high as a signal for a fresh hurrah. The singing sank low, then swelled again, suddenly crazed and high. The "skelly" seemed to be taking hold.

When at last I started up the ladder, it followed me, this singing, fainter and more confused, now dying away, but again coming up in waves of sound.

I went up to the room of the chief engineer, a decent, kindly sort of man in his crowded stateroom, with a picture of his wife and three children over his desk, a few books and magazines, some attempt to make it homelike.

"Can't help it," he said when I spoke of the drinking. "All we can do is to make 'em come on sober. If we cut out the booze entirely, I'm afraid we'd find ourselves short of men."

"Will the time never come," I asked him, "when stoking may be done by machine?" "I hope so," he said earnestly. "And I think it likely. They're trying it on a battleship now. I'm a great believer in it myself, because stoking by machine is better stoking, it spreads the coal more regularly."

"Then why don't they adopt it now?" "Because," he answered grimly, "the machinery takes more room than men." "How about oil," I inquired, "to be used instead of coal?"

"Oil is too expensive."

Only men are cheap.

I came out on the decks. They were clean and fresh, and the morning was now dazzling bright, with sunshine over the sparkling waves. And the decks and the warm luxurious hallways and saloons, all were crowded with men and women, prosperous people, richly dressed. On every side were furs and flowers, there was a buzz of talking and laughter, and from up forward the crash of a band. Down on the deck the last of the freight and the baggage was being swung into the hold. Late passengers came up the dock in motors and cabs. An immense government mail truck came on the gallop. Some two hundred bags, containing tens of thousands of letters soon to be read all over Europe, were hurled into giant nets and so swung up into the ship. Gongs sounded. Friends of passengers came hurrying down the gangways. A few last trunks were swung aboard; a child's little red-and-white go-cart was jerked up last of all. The lines were cast off. A deep deafening bellow shook the air. Slowly the big liner started to move. From the decks high above looked long lines of laughing faces.

And far beneath all this, unseen, unheard, down at the bottom of the ship, the stokers still were singing.

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Continued from page 11

## Marriage in the Country Town

ing for the church bells to announce the new year and the beginning of life for both of us, we then assured each other. We planned to do the very furnishing of our home. I had seen in one of the woman's publications a picture of the modern sitting-room, furnished in mission. This sharp-angled furniture was new just finding its way into the homes of a certain class of people that boasted of artistic appreciation. I remember snuggling closely to him and timidly asking whether he did not think mission furniture just the very thing for our little flat in the city.

Walter returned to college. Then followed a year of ecstatic letter-writing. Walter graduated, and even got the newspaper job, but somehow he never earned more than enough to pay for his own keep. After a year and a half of love-hunger and misgivings came his letter saying that it was not honorable for him to keep me waiting much longer; that he guessed he wasn't much of a success in this world anyhow, and that he hoped I could soon meet a man more worthy than he. I wrote back and begged him to let me help my love, my strength, and youth cried out for the privilege of struggling with him. His reply had a hint that it was not entirely a question of poverty. That had its effect; I never wrote him again. Two years later I received a card announcing his marriage to some Boston girl. He himself had addressed that envelope.

I was nearly twenty-five then. Because one had wounded my pride and had made me suffer, to me all men were henceforth faithless and cruel. I nursed my hurt and with every bit of pain I grew more bitter and hard.

It was then I longed for the city with its many opportunities for activity and fresh interest in life. I suddenly developed a keen desire to dedicate my life to some benevolent use. I wanted to become a nurse; but I learned that besides the tuition fee, which I did not have, it would mean two years of work with no income. I thought of several other professions, but the same obstacle presented itself. I would not do it at the expense of the family. I decided that at least I could become a saleswoman in a big department store without a necessary supply of ready cash or training. That appealed to me more than teaching, inasmuch as it would afford a chance to see new faces, to talk to new people, even if it were merely waiting upon them; or to listen to the stories of the girls in attendance. I craved to see new folks; I jerked myself up into a very fever of expectancy and at last mustered up enough courage to broach the subject to my parents.

When the children had retired I brought up the topic. In order to keep firm of purpose I plunged rapidly and spoke hard. At the very first mention of the word "city," mother's paper fell from his hands. A look of horror stole into his eyes; his mouth trembled with suppressed pain.

I began to explain; I pleaded. When I finished for the second time mother said, "Remember, daughter, you are the oldest, and you are opening the path of wickedness to our two innocent sisters."

That night, in the quiet of my room, I tried to view my life in some true perspective. After all, what did I know about the city? I had heard of its golden opportunities, had read of its theaters, of its concerts, picture galleries, of its great men and women whom one could actually see and hear; but had also read of the innumerable traps set out to catch the unsuspecting country girl. I recalled an article on the department-store floor—the author's apology for the extent of morality among that particular class of workers: "Is it any wonder when one stops to think that it is impossible for two-thirds of our working girls to live decently on the go they earn?" I thought of my parents, no longer young, leaning more and more on

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us children. My home-leaving would be an encouragement for my sisters to do the same. I had faith in my ultimate victory in the struggle for a decent livelihood, but could I chance setting this example for my younger, lighter-headed sisters?

The youngest was sound asleep at my side. I felt a sudden tenderness for her. I turned up the light so as to see her better. She was sixteen and well grown for her age. She looked very pretty and innocent, half smiling in her sleep. I leaned over and lightly kissed her. My little sister was very dear to me, and I felt gross at the thought that I might be about to sacrifice her. With that kiss I forever sealed the question of my going to the city.

Rigidly I fought every thought of Walter out of my mind, diligently I smothered every bit of sentiment that found its way into my soul, until with bitter satisfaction I saw myself becoming a resigned old maid, of the correct conventional type. My face lost some of its roundness and rosiness, my laughter grew less frequent, my step less buoyant, and with the first gray hairs it dawned upon me that at twenty-eight, I was an old woman both in spirit and looks.

Perhaps it is Mary Grant who has helped me most to grow into "a sweet old maid," as she calls it. She is the only one among the "shelved" in our town who does not keep a cat and who has a sense of humor. It was she who reminded me that my face was beginning to show the deep suffering of the lonely woman, though I was still young; she pointed out to me that though Walter had given me up for another woman, there was no cause for self-depreciation. That was the first time anybody had dared mention his name in my presence. It hurt, but curiously enough, at the end of a long talk I felt better than when I had carried a heartful of pent-up emotions. My pride was eased when she drew a picture of Walter, no doubt also lonely in the large city, as she assured me, without friend or home; of some nice girl coming into his life; of perhaps their working on the same job, or living in the same boarding-house; of the need of human companionship, of the numerous intimate associations that would gradually draw them closer and closer together; then, to find that propinquity had done the job; the sudden realization that he loved her. During all that time, with every passing week I was becoming a vague and vaguer memory.

Of course it would be different with me. I had no substitute for Walter; no one to be interested in me, to make me forget my loneliness a wee bit. Instead, I nursed every romantic memory Walter left me; trees and babbling brooks did not make it easier; and worst of all I had lots of time to dream and brood.

Nevertheless, as I see my youth slipping from me, I feel pretty hopeless. What shall I have to show for my life? Oftentimes my thoughts wander to our neighbor and her ill-gotten son. When I think of her brave stand before the village gossips, of her happy struggle to get the wherewithal for her son's education, of the splendid boy she is making of him, I wonder whether hers or mine is the greater wrong.

When I visit the homes of my married friends and see the little kiddies playing about, my whole being cries out for their baby caresses. I want to kiss and dress them and play with them. The thought that I may never have any of my own, makes my heart feel cold and empty.

And what of my sisters? Are they, too, to suffer as I have been suffering? Like Stella, must they eventually marry one of the "left-overs," or join the already pitifully large band of spiritless and childless women?

Our town of about three thousand inhabitants already boasts of forty-two old maids, all above thirty-five years of age, as well as of an equally large number of still young unmarried girls. These girls are all fairly well educated; most are high-school or normal-school graduates, and very few of them are so situated that they find it necessary to support themselves. Still, to alleviate the loneliness

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and restlessness, many turn to such light occupations as are available, thereby filling the jobs that rightfully belong to more needy girls. The immediate neighborhood offers them scant choice for service; teaching is about the only profession open to them, and a good many turn to that. Some of them even prefer clerking in the larger neighboring stores to staying at home. The greater number, however, stay at home and help with the lighter household duties. At best few of them are happy and satisfied. Brought up as semi-leisure-class girls, they are industrially unskilled, neither are they trained for any particular profession. In fact, they have been trained for motherhood if for anything. Their vitality unimpaired by factory or office demands, reared on the wholesome, home-made food of the farm, with a great deal of outdoor life and plenty of time for rest, they are physically the best-equipped girls in this country to become the mothers of sane and healthy children. Society makes very little nervous demand upon them. Most of them are trained housekeepers. Even the more prosperous farmer is seldom bothered with too much ready cash; consequently both mother and daughter quickly learn that they must make every penny count. To the girl that has helped string the beans, pick the potato bug, and churn the butter, household economy becomes an instinct. With the care of a home comes the love for a home of one's very own, where one can have the new kind of furniture instead of the old-fashioned plush set that mother insists upon keeping covered throughout the year—and perhaps even a statue of Venus; and oh, the hundred and one things that every girl begins with her doll-days to plan for her own nest. Husband, children, and a home are her only excuse for life, and that is denied her. Unlike the city girl, these country girls have no attractions, either of work or pleasure, to alleviate or divert the love-hunger. Is it any surprise that after years of this suppression of legitimate natural instincts we have purposeless, straw-souled women, grown hard and bitter at an early age, out of touch and sympathy with all the world, not quite understanding the why and wherefore of it all?

Yes—why this human sacrifice? What reason is there? Perhaps the wise men who write about the unfeminization of our women, the moralists who rant about the increase of stray sheep, the playwright who bids one go home and find love on the hearthstone—or even our great man who with the cry "Race Suicide" has made our nation weep over the empty cradles—perhaps these wise men can tell me why!

Continued from page 14

## The Laboratory of Democracy

In Switzerland no such undemocratic situation would be permitted. There is no popular Initiative for federal laws, but there is an Initiative for changing the Federal Constitution. When the people desire a law, to which the National Congress is opposed, they can secure it by proposing a change in the Federal Constitution and by voting upon the change.

The Swiss method of revision is extremely democratic. Any fifty thousand Swiss voters (hardly more than a twentieth of the total) may demand a total revision, whereupon all the people vote upon the general question whether it is desirable to amend the instrument. If the majority is for revision, then a new Constitution is prepared by a newly elected National Congress and this new Constitution becomes the organic law of the land—if it is accepted by a majority of all Swiss voters, and by a majority of the voters in a majority of the States. A partial revision may be proposed by the same number of voters (fifty thousand), and if in proper legal shape, or if accepted by the Swiss Congress, it goes directly to the people. The Swiss can change their Constitution whenever they wish. The Constitution of Switzerland is what the Swiss people of to-day desire. It is not what their ancestors have prescribed.



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In America, or at least in large sections of America, we have a rule by special interests tempered by an occasional political revolt of the people; in Switzerland, they have the Referendum.

In America, or in sections of America, we have corrupt primaries, corrupt party bosses and inadequate and unpopular legislation; in Switzerland, they have the Initiative.

In America we have a rigid, unyielding Constitution, which is, after all, what unelected judges make of it; in Switzerland, they have a Constitution, to which amendments may be proposed by the people and accepted by the people.

In America we have checks and balances and hindrances which are in large measure checks upon the people; in Switzerland the checks are those which the people have upon the legislators.

In America we have "representative government," which is often highly unrepresentative; in Switzerland the people rule.

One might think that the Swiss would become drunk with so much democracy.

They do not become drunk with it. The Swiss take their liberties soberly.

They are accustomed to them. The story of Swiss freedom began more than six hundred years ago. In 1291, two hundred years before Columbus set sail for the West, three mountain cantons of Switzerland, entered into a "perpetual union." The union grew. New states were admitted. The lines of the present day Switzerland appeared.

It was not all a progressive development. There were fierce and bitter quarrels between the states, especially between the agricultural and the city states, and later between the Protestant and the Catholic states. There was everywhere a growth of aristocratic families who ruled for their own benefit. There was much bribery. There was much narrowness. There was much state patriotism and but little national patriotism. The Confederation hung together precariously. The Swiss thought more of freedom than of union.

In 1798 the French Republicans over-ran Switzerland. They smashed the narrow pretensions of the little aristocrats, and forced the Helvetic people to think as a nation. But the constitution which they imposed was totally unsuited to Swiss historical development, and while Napoleon gave a better government in 1803, the Swiss, upon his fall in 1815, returned to their old decentralized system.

Since 1815, however, when a Constitution was adopted upon the general model of the American Constitution, and especially since 1874, when the present Constitution was adopted, the progress of the Swiss people both toward national unity and pure democracy, has been continuous. In the democracy of 1911 are preserved the liberties of 1291.

Some of these old liberties are preserved in almost the identical form in which they existed in the old days before a mythical William Tell shot an apple from the head of his son, or the days in which very real Swiss peasants drove the invading Austrian soldiers into the lake. The old liberties, the old popular prerogatives, the old political institutions have survived from those days of feudal barons, chain armor, cross-bows and mounted castles, down to these days of automobiles, aeroplanes and wireless telegraphy.

If on a Sunday morning in April you go to the mountain cantons of Glarus or Nidwalden, you may chance to see the direct democracy of Switzerland in its simplest and oldest form. A group of peasants in their best clothes form a ring about a simple wooden platform, and there "under the free heaven of God" they conduct a Parliament of all the citizens of the state. Attendance is compulsory, and even children are expected to be present so as to learn early how the laws are made.

As you look at such an assembly of grave men, gathered in the valleys, encircled by the lofty Alps, you think at first of public meet-



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in America, called to recommend laws to protest against them. But in these assemblies (or *Landesgemeinden*, as they are called), the citizens do not ask for legislation, but themselves legislate. In Nidwalden, the presiding officer addresses the people and asks them whether they desire to hold a *Landesgemeinde*. After a pause, the assembled folk through the mouth of their oratorically dressed herald, answer "Most honorable Presiding Officer, we desire to hold a *Landesgemeinde* according to ancient custom." Thereupon, after prayer and an address by the Presiding Officer, this popular parliament, composed of all the citizens, gravely elects the officers of the year, and discusses and passes such legislation as it sees fit. It is the direct, complete and unconditioned sovereignty of the people.

You could not introduce the *Landesgemeinde* into Illinois or Missouri. You would if you could. The six Swiss states (and states) which preserve this popular parent have small populations and small territories. Every voter can easily walk to the polling, and every voter is personally known. Conditions are simple. There are no hidden fortunes in these mountain cantons, no unemployed, no abjectly miserable, no criminal populations. The laws change slowly. A *Landesgemeinde*, which does under such primitive conditions, would utterly fail in Alabama or California or Texas, just as it would fail in the large Swiss cantons, Zurich, Berne or Geneva.

But the spirit of the *Landesgemeinde* is the spirit of the direct democracy of Switzerland, as it is the spirit of the direct democracy which is spreading now in America.

When a state grows so large that a man's vote will not carry to an assembly of all the people, representative government becomes a necessity. But representative government, unless most carefully guarded tends to become unrepresentative. With the printed ballot and newspaper and an intelligent reading public it becomes possible to apply the principle of the *Landesgemeinde* to a population of a million, or of four millions, or of ninety-two millions. The whole people of Switzerland or the whole people of the United States could vote yes or no on a question almost as readily as the people of Glarus or Nidwalden can hold their hands. And in these days of telegraphs, you would know the result within a few hours.

This is the merit of Switzerland—not that it has preserved the old open-air democracy of the *Landesgemeinde*, but that it has applied the principle to new conditions. It has saved its democracy by ceaseless experimentation. Switzerland is not only a political museum. It is also a laboratory of democracy.

It is eminently fitted—it has always been eminently fitted—to be such a laboratory. At the first place Switzerland is very small. Its area is about half that of Maine. Its population is about half that of Pennsylvania. Switzerland itself is small, the twenty-two states of which it is composed are minute, infinitesimal. Berne, the most populous, has half-a-million inhabitants; Nidwalden less than fourteen thousand. No Swiss canton has an area as large as Connecticut. The smallest (Basel City) has an area of only ten square miles. The average area of a Swiss state is less than the average area of an American county.

You cannot look at Switzerland without realizing that it is destined to be a place for political experiments. The great mountains, the high look up the little cantons, are like the peaks of a test tube. And the cantons themselves are all different. Switzerland is not French, not German, not Italian. It is all three. In the United States, hundreds of thousands of non-English-speaking immigrants arrive yearly. But their languages tend to disappear. They are like snow, constantly falling, constantly melting.

Switzerland, on the other hand, is permanently tri-lingual. The cantons which now speak German, always spoke German. The



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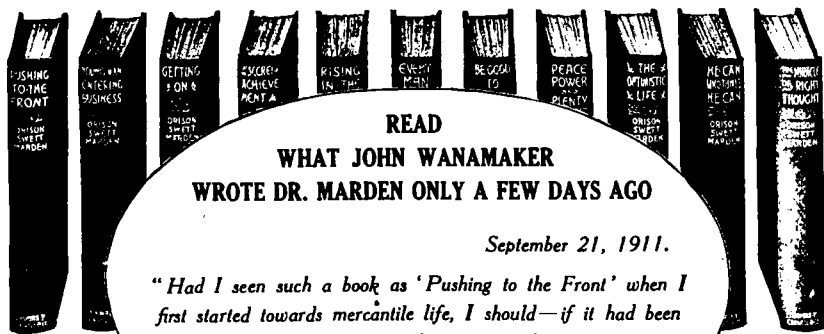
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cantons which now speak French or Italian. Federal laws always spoke French or Italian. Federal laws are printed in all these languages.

Two great experiments have been worked out in this laboratory of democracy. One was the fusing of a nation out of different elements, what one may call a national synthesis; the other was the development of direct modern democracy out of ancient customs and liberties.

Switzerland has known how to make people, with one national feeling, out of Germans, French and Italians. It has known how to make one people out of Catholics, Protestants and Jews. It has known how to unite into one nation mountaineers, bankers, shepherds, bricklayers, people living beyond the Alps in the beautiful land of Ticino, and upon the other side of the Rhine in the cantons of Schaffhausen. There was nothing to unite these elements, there was no community of race, of language, of religion, of territory. There was nothing but the will to be free and the will to be one.

In no country is there less talk of patriotism. In no country are the people more patriotic.

Similarly Switzerland has known how to keep alive the spirit of democratic government while altering its form. It has known how to evolve from the old *Landesgemeinde* the Referendum and Initiative, a Constitution of Initiative and Referendum, a direct and responsible democracy. Nor is it satisfied with its present progress toward democratic reform. It does not feel that the goal is attained. It experiments with new devices, with the representation of minorities, with proportional representation, just as on the international field it experiments with the manifold problems of international peace and of international progress. With democracy within, peace and neutrality without, Switzerland beckons the world along the path that leads to the laying down of all arms.

Can we in America learn from Switzerland's experiments? Can we apply her experience in democracy to our own political problems?

There are some who believe that we cannot. What is good for a small country, they say, may be bad for a large country. Switzerland, being small, its representatives are nearer the people.

And yet political probity is not a question of size alone. New Hampshire is not maculate. Vermont is not incorrupt. Rhode Island is not Utopia. All these states have smaller populations than has Belgium, where a direct democracy works admirably.

The argument from size proves too much. The Constitution of the United States was adopted for a nation with a free population smaller than that of Switzerland to-day.

There is a more serious difference. In America have vast differences in wealth. We have a small group of opulent men monopolizing a large part of our business and political life. We have many ignorant voters. We have vast fortunes represented politically by corruption.

In Switzerland there are no parallel conditions. There are smaller differences in wealth. They have no gigantic fortunes, no abysses of hopeless poverty. The Swiss are a simple, shrewd, steady, laborious people, earnest, determined, self-respecting, mutually respecting; not artistic, not luxurious; rather than quick, thoughtful rather than brilliant. They seem fitted by their national character for a direct democracy.

We in America have not the same conditions. Neither have we the same history nor the same international status. And yet, while our conditions are so different, there are also elements in common. We, too, are a federal government. We, too, have an earnest, inventive and determined people. We, too, have in our West and even in some of our Eastern States many democratic laboratories, in which we have experimented with the Referendum and the Initiative with no little success.



America to-day we are struggling for a better government. We do not much care whether that government be representative or direct, whether the will of the people be expressed by legislators, or whether it be expressed directly by vote of the people. We are willing to choose either means or both, so long as the people rule.

Continued from page 17

## THE SAVERS

not of choice. He had been doing things were not to his taste for months past and as he could see now he'd have to keep doing them for a long time to come!

"I believe I'll give them a try at it, Henry," he said at last. "I'd go right out to Larimore's now if I had decent tires." He told Henry how many weeks the machine had needed repairs.

"What's the matter with me driving you?" Henry suggested, and it was arranged that way.

When the chores were done, Larimore held a lantern while Henry hitched up to the spring wagon. Then they tied the lantern under the front axle and started to Ser-

gus was late when they arrived. Larimore was not been in that part of the country for years. Sergius lived in a shack much like his father's, but Larimore noticed that the barn which loomed out of the shadows three times as large as his own. That the way with them; they housed their horses better than they housed themselves; there was more money in it.

Henry pounded on the door till Sergius opened. He was surprised to see Larimore. He felt around for a new length of candle lighting it, let it gutter till it adhered a piece of dish which served as holder. He put it on the table and moved the kitchen chairs forward for his visitors. Larimore himself stood with shoulders and head to escape the slant of the low roof. His dull blue eyes, with sleep still in them, looked down wonderingly.

Larimore said, he did not seem surprised to see Larimore made his business known. Larimore's heavy lips parted to ask a laconic: "How is it?" The sleep left his stolid face when Larimore named his price.

Larimore, hurriedly dressing, came from the bedroom and took an active part in the discussion. She was quicker than Sergius but so sure. Their bargaining showed a knowledge of the resources of the ranch that Larimore even Larimore, prepared as he had for it. He could not help feeling that he had long ago weighed every proposition and again.

When it was midnight when they got through, Larimore climbed stiffly into the spring wagon pulled the robe close, although the air was not cold. He never forgot that journey. As yet, he had told Lizzie and Little no nothing; he would have to tell them to-morrow. They must face life again somewhere, he hadn't had time to study out yet. And they must face it with precious little that was left them. It had been hard on Lizzie; he recalled suddenly that she had planned an elaborate card party for the next day.

Through all his turmoil and trouble one thought that night kept driving itself into his mind—the inevitability of those who never let to save.

Three years after the crash at Fitchburg, one morning of a crisp autumn day, a conveyance moved slowly along the road from Larimore, past the ranch of the elder Malkar. The team which drew it was the typical westerner's—horses that were conspicuously blemished but that still retained a deal of strength and endurance. It was just such a man as John Larimore, who drove it, had chased thirty years ago when he homesteaded the splendid place which he was now using.

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The last few years had wrought a great change in him. His once sturdy figure was thin and stooped and his hair was white. There was a redeeming eagerness in his face—the eagerness of a hunter who has just been put in possession of weapons of which he had long been deprived.

Mrs. Larimore, sitting further back in the wagon which was loaded with building material and household goods, lifted the canvas cover and peered out at the familiar scene. Old Mrs. Malkaroff was rocking away comfortably on the front porch; her husband pattered around as comfortably in the corner. Vladimir, now almost a man, was oiling the motorcycle. The young shade trees were a trifle larger, the old barn had been replaced by a better one and a telephone pole had been planted just inside the front gate. Otherwise the place looked much the same. Beyond the ranch, in the valley four miles away, the spire of the Fitchburg Methodist Church lifted high. Mrs. Larimore's throat tightened. She had visited Fitchburg but once during those three dreary years which they had just completed in Denver, where they had retreated after the failure.

Little John lay sprawled on a roll of building. He was a tall, spindling chap, now given to cigarettes. He was smoking now, puffing it nonchalantly out of the gaped canvas at the rear.

The wagon moved slowly around the curve of the road, revealing the other side of the corral. The tarred paper shack had not been included in the numerous improvements. It stood just as it had when the Malkaroffs occupied it. A Japanese stuck his head out the door and regarded the covered vehicle curiously; another was busy with some washing.

Larimore was not accustomed to philandering overmuch. He never pursued a caprice if it promised to lead him very far afield. As is the case with most men of his type, his mind was likely to dwell only on those things which his hands could touch. A mental ecstacy often leaves that sort of man little wiser than it finds him, while the lowliest maggot of an idea, bred in the commonest incident and worming its way into his mind will, by its persistent irritation, finally tease him into discernment.

Larimore's maggots were the sight of the Japs there in Malkaroff's shack. Malkaroff had worked for that long-ago Larimore. Japs were now working for Malkaroff. Who would follow the Japs? Who would follow the people who followed the Japs? And would so future Malkaroff forget to save? Would Japs follow him into the house? And after a while would the people who followed Japs own the place which had been his prize?

These questions pursued each other round and round in his mind. The squeaking of the wagon, the plupp, plupp of the horse's feet in the deep dust made a silly sort of companionship for them. Dimly, in the background of the sequence of teasing questions he began to discern another sequence—a sequence of events. For the first time he sensed something of the tremendous racial drama that was being enacted about him. Here, on the edge of things, Americans pushing the lowlier work on to Russians, Swedes, Russians and Swedes passing it on to Japs. Back there in Denver, where, driven to desperation, he had once applied for a smelter job, Americans had given away to Irish, Irish to Slavs. Various sequences in various places but sequence always and inexorably.

He had been a part of it, was a part of it now, a pitifully small part because he had forgotten one of the great rules of the play: he had forgotten to save. Oh, well! Maybe after a while Russian and Swede would get, then Jap and Slav, then—

He pulled himself and the horses up at the same time to make room for a passing bus. Katinka and her husband were in. Katinka had married a Cornishman over Kersey. She nodded smilingly at Larimore. Mrs. Larimore bent behind the angle of the canvas hood.

Driving ahead, Larimore recalled that

A family that was as alien to its community as the Mulkaroffs had ever been, moved slowly ahead, to take life up anew.

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F. E. MORRISON.

## LITTLE MYSTERY

wedged in the door. The sound came again a human, wailing, sobbing cry!

With his lantern in his hand, Pelletier darted across to it. There was another roll of blankets on the floor, and as he looked he saw the bundle move. It took him but an instant to drop beside it, as he had dropped beside the other, and as he drew back the damp and partly frozen covering his heart leaped up and choked him. The lantern light fell full upon the thin, pale face and golden head of a little child. A pair of big frightened eyes were staring up at him, and, as he knelt there, powerless to move or speak in the face of that miracle, the eyes closed again, and there came again the wailing hungry note which Kazan had first heard, as they approached the igloo. Pelletier flung back the blanket and caught the child in his arms.

"It's a girl—a little girl!" he almost shouted to Kazan. "Quick, boy—go back and get out!"

He laid the child upon the other blanket and then thrust back Kazan. He seemed suddenly possessed of the strength of two men. He tore at his own blankets and dumped the contents of the pack out upon the snow. "Send us, boy," he cried, his breath coming in sobbing gasps. "Where's the milk—n—n—stove—"

In ten seconds more he was back in the igloo with a can of condensed cream, a pan and the alcohol lamp. His fingers trembled so that he had difficulty in lighting the wick and as he cut open the can with his knife he saw the child's eyes flutter wide for an instant, and then close again.

"Just a minute—a ha'f minute," he pleaded, pouring the cream into the pan. "Hungry, eh, little one? Hungry? Starving?" He held the pan close down over the blue flame, and gazed terrified at the white little face near him. Its thinness and quivering frightened him. He thrust his finger into the cream and found it warm.

"A cup, Kazan! Why didn't I bring a cup?" He darted out again, and returned with a tin basin. In another moment the child was in his arms, and he forced the few drops of cream between her lips. Her eyes shot open. Life seemed to spring into her little body, and she drank with a loud noise, one of her tiny hands gripping him by the wrist. The touch, the sound, the feeling of life against him thrilled Pelletier. He gave her half of what the basin contained, and then wrapped her up warmly in his thick seal-ice blanket, so that all of her was hidden by her face and her tangled golden hair. He held her for a moment close to the lantern. She was looking at him now, wide-eyed and wondering, but not frightened.

"God bless your little soul," he exclaimed in his amazement growing. "Who are you? Where'd you come from? You ain't more than three years old, if you're an hour. Where's your mama 'n' your papa?"

He placed her back on the blankets.

"Now, a fire, Kazan!" he said.

He held the lantern above his head and found the narrow vent through the snow and ice wall which Blake had made for the escape of smoke. Then he went outside for the fuel, freeing Kazan on the way. In a few minutes more a small bright blaze of almost smoldering larchwood was lighting up and warming the interior of the igloo. To his surprise Pelletier found the child asleep when he went to her again. He moved her gently, and carried the dead body of the little Eskimo woman through the opening and half a hundred paces from the igloo. Not until then did he stop to marvel at the strength which had turned to him. He stretched his arms about his head, and breathed deeply of the cold air. It seemed as though something had loosened inside of him, that a crushing weight had lifted itself from his eyes. Kazan had followed him, and he stared down at the dog.

"It's gone, Kazan," he cried in a low, hoarse

ulous voice. "I don't feel—sick—any—  
It's her—"

He turned back to the igloo. The lantern  
the fire made a cheerful glow inside, and  
his growing warm. He threw off his heavy  
drew the bear skin in front of the fire,  
sat down with the child in his arms. She  
slept. Like a starving man Pelletier  
down upon the little thin face. Gently  
rough fingers stroked back the golden  
He smiled. A light came into his eyes,  
head bent lower and lower, slowly and  
fearfully. At last his lips touched the  
s's cheek. And then his own rough griz-  
face, toughened by wind and storm and  
ice cold, nestled against the little face of  
new and mysterious life he had found at  
top of the world.

He listened for a time, squatted on his  
heels. Then he curled himself near the  
and slept. For a long time Pelletier sat  
gently back and forth, thrilled by a  
siness that was growing deeper and  
deeper in him each instant. He could feel  
tiny beat of the little one's heart against  
breast, he could feel her breath against  
cheek, one of her little hands had gripped  
by his thumb.

hundred questions ran through his mind.  
Who was this little abandoned mite?  
Where were her father and her mother, and  
were they? How had she come to be  
the Eskimo woman and Blake? Blake  
not her father, the Eskimo woman was  
her mother. What tragedy had placed her  
? Somehow he was conscious of a sensa-  
of joy as he reasoned that he would never  
be able to answer these questions. She be-  
lieved to him. He had found her. No one  
could ever come to dispossess him. Without  
knowing her he thrust a hand into his breast  
and drew out the photograph of the  
t-faced girl who was going to be his wife.  
It did not occur to him now that he might  
The old fear and the old sickness were  
gone. He knew that he was going to live.

"You," he breathed softly. "You did it.  
I know you'll be glad when I bring her  
to you."

and then to the little sleeping girl;  
and if you ain't got a name I guess I'll  
to call you Mystery—how is that?—my  
e Mystery."

When he looked from the picture again,  
the Mystery's eyes were open, and gazing up  
at him. He dropped the picture and made a  
fire for the pun of cream warming before  
fire. The child drank as hungrily as be-  
with Pelletier babbling incoherent non-  
sense into her baby ears. When she had done  
picked up the photograph, with a sudden  
foolish inspiration that she might under-  
stand.

"Look," he cried. "Pretty—"  
to his astonishment and joy Little Mystery  
took a hand and placed the tip of her tiny  
finger on the girl's face. Then she looked  
into Pelletier's eyes.  
"Mama," she lisped.  
Pelletier tried to speak, but something rose  
a knot in his throat and choked him. A  
leaped all at once through his body; the  
of that one word blinded him with hot  
sness. When he spoke at last his voice was  
en, like a sobbing woman's.  
"That's it!" he said. "You're right, little  
She's your mama!"

On the eighth day after this Corporal Mac-  
gregor came up through a gray dawn with his  
sore dogs, his letters, and his medicines.  
had traveled all night, and his feet  
ached heavily. It was with a feeling of  
that he at last saw the black cliffs of  
Arcton rising above the ice. He dreaded  
first opening of the cabin door. What  
did he find? During the past forty-eight  
he had figured on Pelletier's chances.  
they were two to one that he would find  
partner dead in his bunk.

And if not, if Pelletier still lived, what a  
there would be to tell the sick man.  
tally he rehearsed the amazing story of  
t came to him that night on the Barren,  
the dogs coming across the snow, the great,

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This may certify that Shaddeus Dis-  
son of — attends public worship with  
Methodists at Hickory Hill, and free-  
contributes to the support of their min-  
istry. Sept. 30, 1791 (signed) Aaron  
P. Preacher. (Received to record 3,  
Nov. 1791) Phineas Chapman."

These certify I the subscriber do so-  
ly dissent and differ from the worship  
and ministry of the ecclesiastical society  
the Town known by the name of Pres-  
byterian Society and have chosen and do  
choose to join and have joined myself to  
the Methodist Episcopal Society in the  
town, and desire to manifest this my  
choice according to the Laws of this state.  
July 10, 1803. Zophar Smith."

Among the ever-recurring entries through  
the years are two that naturally never fail,  
ones referring to the salary of the minister,  
and to a functionary whose work was to sum-  
marize the folk to church, and keep clean the  
meeting-house. Here is an entry in which we  
get a picturesque glimpse of the way men  
were baled to church in 1731:

"Voted that John Blackman shall have  
fourty shillings to beat ye drom on Sab-  
bath days on Clabford Hill and to sweep  
meeting-house for the yr. ensuing."

Among the entries regarding the salaries of min-  
isters we are driven to the conclusion that,  
as these old Puritans valued religion  
and respected their ministers they did not  
hesitate to regulate their salaries.  
The salaries vacillated strangely, as I shall  
have occasion to note in the hinted stories of  
the parsons, and when the hard times of  
the Revolution came, they seem to have  
been paid perforce with irregularity and fre-  
quently in kind instead of money, as witness  
this entry:

"Voted that the Revd. Hezekiah Ripley  
shall have One hundred pounds paid in  
the following articles of produce, viz:—  
Wheat at 6/4. Corn at 3/4. Beef at 2/-  
per hundred. Pork at 30/- per hundred.  
Hog at 2/- Rye at 4/- per bushel. Oats  
at 1/10, flax fit for spinning 9/4. Barley  
4/4."

In connection with this entry it is "voted  
if any paies in hard money they must  
pay twenty-five per cent to the above-named  
paies." And it is interesting to note in re-  
ference to "hard money" that in 1796 the ac-  
counts are still kept in "pounds and shil-  
lings" but in 1797 we read of "a tax of 2  
and five mills on a dollar," whereas,  
in 1798, we find dollars and shillings  
in the same entry. Back again in 1769, we  
find upon another ancient method of paying  
in reference to "John Couche's note for 14  
pence of coined silver," and "Nathaniel Hub-  
bards bond for 8 ounces and 15 penny weight  
good silver Troy weight." These ancient  
methods of exchange in kind have a poetic  
charm that reminds one of the purchase of the  
bull of Carthage for a bull's hide, and indeed  
of these old farmers we were reading of  
likely well within memory of the time  
the land they were tilling had been bought  
from the Indians in like Homeric fashion.  
The sounds very scriptural. Here, by the  
way, is a good place to introduce a letter we  
had set on record among dry columns of  
rents and so forth, a letter which sudden-  
ly illuminated the page with the deep pathos  
of human story long since folded away and  
forgotten. It is a letter from the Rev. Heze-  
kiah Ripley, the computation of whose salary  
in various articles of produce was quoted  
above. The old man had been a faithful min-  
ister of his parish for nearly half a century,  
and with it through good times and ill,  
and with it the inclemencies of the Revo-  
lution, and now, in the year 1817, was very  
old, one cannot but feel, venerable. But  
some little time the parish had had to call  
upon a younger man to help him with his duties,  
and, at last, was apparently beginning to  
realize that the world is apt to feel toward old  
faithful servants, that the good old doc-



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tor was becoming a burden, and had offered him some pitiable pension concerning which thus with touching pathos and dignity, a fine Old Testament ring in his voice, spoke his mind:

"October 1, 1817.  
"GENTLEMEN: I am very sensible that my original salary was one hundred pounds and you must also be very sensible that for five years last past I have not received from the society, with the addition of wood more than one half the value of that sum. I have been crowded hard and should have been much more so, had not particular friends relieved me. What you now propose for my support (if the prices of the articles of life continue and increase as they have done) will not more than supply me with wood and bread. I can sincerely say that I have never sought yours but you. I have still to live in peace and harmony with the society and, as Job said, to die in my nest; and when you shall have performed the last office of respect by laying my withered limbs under the cold clouds of the valley, you will return to your respective places of abode with deep contemplation on your own mortality. Permit me on this occasion to commend to your friendship my aged companion, if she should survive me, for that will be to her a day of affliction. She has been for more than half a century my helper in the Lord. I subscribe myself your servant in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

"HEZEKIAH RIPLEY."

Such is the story of a good shepherd of a flock; but we came upon the story of a shepherd of a different kind no less human if so edifying. Two short extracts will tell without the need of comment save that Rev. Mr. Chapman's day of tribulation as far back as 1741, nearly eighty years before poor old Dr. Ripley wrote so movingly about "the cold clouds of the valley."

"Put to vote," runs the first entry "whether or no that the Reverend Mr. Chapman hath for several years past led an unusual life and conversation in many things more especially for being sundry times taken in Drinking to excess, and unwilling ye said Mr. Chapman should continue for work of the ministry any longer. Passed in the affirmative."

The second entry grimly runs:

"Put to vote whether or not that Simon Couch, Samuel Sherwood, and Samuel Couch be a committee to prosecute the Reverend Mr. Chapman for the crimes said against him, at a meeting of the parish bearing date July 7, 1741, according to the constitution of the churches in this government. Passed in the affirmative."

Verily the way of the transgressor was in this stern green country in 1741. Called upon Mr. Chapman's genial weakness "crimes" in those days. Yet there are our entries to hint that previously he had been quite a popular person in his parish. To how he fared under the no doubt zealous prosecution of Messrs. Couch, Sherwood, Couch, we have no clue. All we can be pretty sure of is that his "crimes" and old Dr. Ripley's sorrows are long since by side in peace. As it used to be fashionable:

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,

(There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

In fact, those very lines came to Old Joseph and mine at the same moment as closed our old book, agreeing together much we would like to have known both old persons, each, in his different way, speaking so humanly from a mere record of his expenses long ago.

(To be concluded.)

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The idea that a man who has once fallen from a position of physical prowess can "come back" to his former glories, an idea which was supposed to have received a damaging blow in 1910, has been revived in the victory of Harold H. Hilton, the English golf player, over America's Frederick Herreshoff in the International match this year. Ten years ago Mr. Hilton was a notable golf player, but he later suffered a relapse. Later, by his brilliant and steady work, he regained his former glories, and is now amateur champion of Great Britain and also of the United States.

The victory of W. A. Larned over his young opponent, McLaughlin, and the leading part he played in the defeat of the English tennis team upon their recent visit to the United States, is another example of an "old man's" success. It can hardly be designated a case of "come back," because Mr. Larned has been among the leading tennis players of America for ten years. He is an old man only in the athletic sense, being, as a matter of fact, only in his fortieth year.

Cy Young, who passed that milestone several years ago, apparently has just entered upon a new career of baseball usefulness in the pitching staff of the Boston Nationals. The athletic honors this year seem to be with the "come backs."

### TAX-PROOF HOUSES

The Supreme Court has granted a reduction in the taxes on Senator Clark's New York mansion on the ground that its excessive cost and unusual design render it unsalable. Anyone who has seen the Fifth Avenue house in question will readily agree that only a multimillionaire with a taste for the bizarre would think of purchasing it. The question as to whether a house is built to sell or to live in is not settled by this case as the Senator's house is obviously of little use for either purpose. But doesn't this verdict open a new route to tax-dodging by the construction of freak buildings? A house which combined the essential qualities of Grant's Tomb, a Queen Anne cottage and the Bunker Hill Monument might escape taxation entirely.

### BRIGHT HOPES FOR THE TREATIES

Our Senate loves its prerogatives, but it will not, finally, stand in the way of the arbitration treaties with England and France. It will eventually approve the treaties, in part because public feeling would not permit, in still larger part because the new element coming into the Senate is not devoted to war as an international sport. We are getting men into public life who understand that a foreign war or war-scare is the last resort of Toryism in its opposition to progress. They want the shadow of war removed, so that there will be opportunity for consideration of the great domestic problems.

The two treaties which are to come up next session mark a great step toward world peace, largely because the Anglo-American treaty necessitates the revision of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and Japan has indicated willingness to consent to that alliance. Under the present pact, England is bound to fight on the side of Japan, and therefore cannot bind herself not to fight America. Japan promptly agrees to excuse England from this obligation; which is a long concession to the peace cause, considering that Japan's most probable opponent in war—if we would believe our Chauvinists and hers—is the United States. The inevitable outcome would be an arbitration treaty between the United States and Japan.

The Senate objects to submitting to an arbitration court international questions, without reserving the right of the Senate, as part of the treaty-making power, to pass on the decision of that court. This will be adjusted in some fashion that will conserve the self-esteem of the Senate; but in the end the President will win, because modern, enlightened thought is on his side.

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