SUCCESS
& MAGAZINE
The National Post

CHRISTMAS
1911

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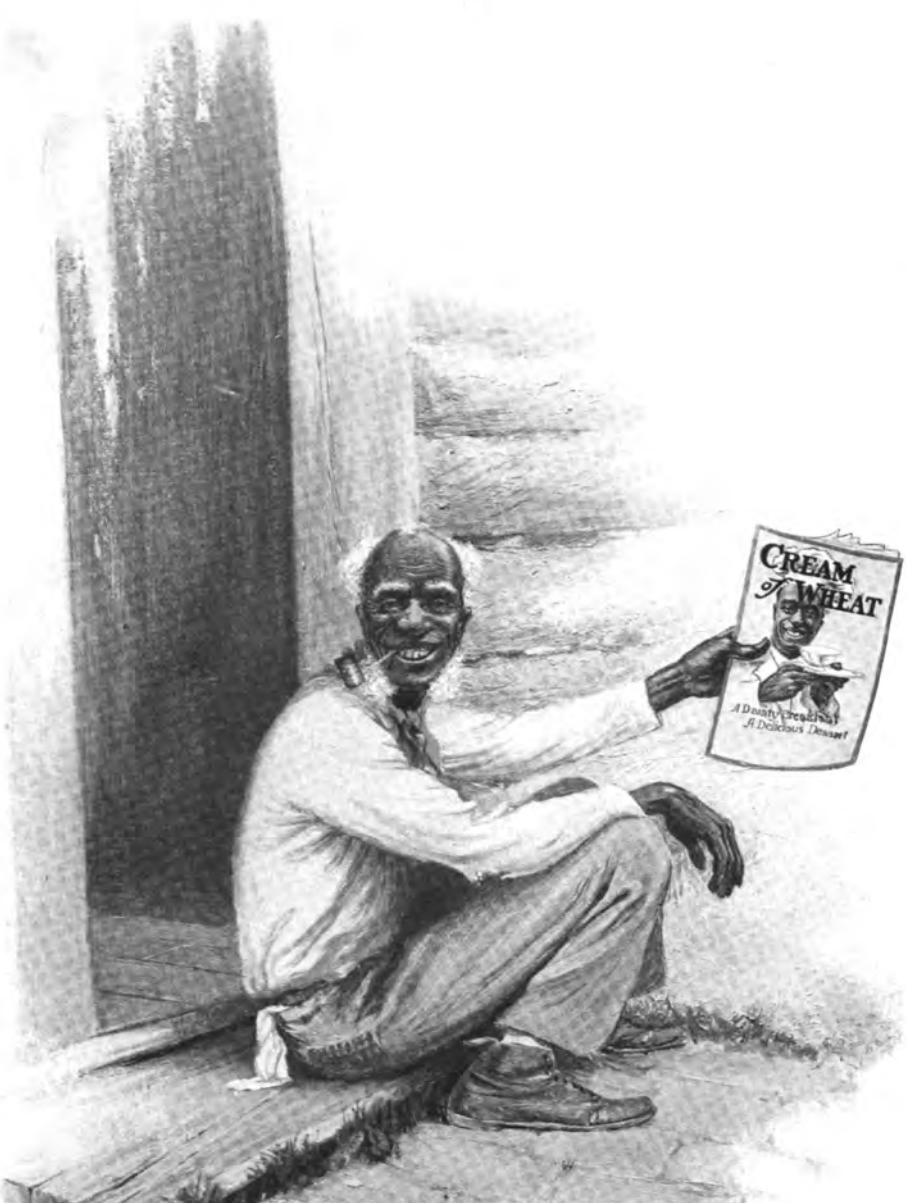

"DAT'S MAH BOY"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

SUCCESS
MAGAZINE
AND
The National Post

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EXPIRATIONS AND RENEWALS.

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

Subscriptions to begin with the current issue should be received by the fifteenth of the preceding month. 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.

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FROM YOUR STANDPOINT AND MINE

WHEN a rainless season dries up the grass of the Western ranges, our butcher charges you and me a little more for our roast beef. If an automobile factory is badly managed with resulting inefficiency and undue waste, you and I are quite apt to have to pay a little more for that particular make of car. When high-salaried salesmen are employed to get dealers to stock up with an article for which there is little demand, you and I are asked to help foot the bill. Regardless, therefore, of the cause, as ultimate consumers you and I are the people who have to stand any increased cost up to the point where we actually purchase it, in any article we buy.

This is true of any product. Its cost—the expense of bringing it to the point where it is actually bought—is made up of three main items—the raw material, the manufacturing expense, and selling expense. If any one of these is unduly increased, the total cost increases, and with it the price that you and I are expected to pay.

We can't individually change the climate and thus decrease the cost of "beef on the hoof;" we can't ourselves suggest new methods of scientific management which will decrease the manufacturing cost of the automobile, but we do have something to say as to the size of the last item—the selling cost.

Of the three, this is the one price-determining element with which we all come in contact. We are all buyers, and as such, come in touch with the manufacturer or the dealer, his selling agent. If every one of us who buys anything—and that means everybody—could look ahead for six months and determine just exactly what his needs would be, and every manufacturer could be informed of this demand, little or no selling expense would enter into the cost of any article. Each manufacturer would know the exact quantity and exact locality of the demand for his product. His market would be assured. This would be the extreme of direct contact between maker and user. It is only as we are able to approach this that waste and inefficiency in selling cost can be reduced or eliminated.

Advertising is merely a part of the selling plan. Manufacturers and dealers advertise because they can tell you and me about their wares more cheaply and more effectively than in any other way. The Buffalo clothing merchant who hung out a sign

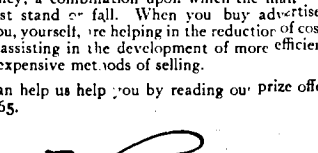
> PANTS—$1.50 a leg,
> Seats free

was doing a certain kind of advertising. He felt that he could tell passers-by about his wares cheaper in this way than by hiring a man to stand there and sing out the same refrain. The cost of advertising is not added to other items of selling cost, it takes the place of more expensive and wasteful methods. Rightly done it is "efficiency" in selling.

The manufacturer of an advertised article makes his appeal direct to the consumer, and he reaches the dealer and the jobber at the same time. There is no other way in which he can inform so many possible users so cheaply about his wares. If his article has merit and is desired and is found satisfactory by the consumer, the maker can omit the expense of high commissions and rebates formerly paid to induce dealers and jobbers to push the articles that you and I knew nothing about and therefore did not desire. This expense was, of course, added to the price of the article and borne by the "ultimate consumer." The advertised article reaches the consumers' hands with the minimum of selling expense and the buyer reaps the benefit.

When you buy advertised goods you are getting in addition to all other advantages the best goods for the least money, a combination upon which the manufacturer must stand or fall. When you buy advertised goods, you, yourself, are helping in the reduction of cost. You are assisting in the development of more efficient and less expensive methods of selling.

You can help us help you by reading our prize offer on page 65.



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In the Editors' Confidence

A New Weapon of Democracy

In their fight to win back for themselves the control of their government the people are seizing eagerly upon a new weapon, the Presidential preference primary. Two years ago it was unknown in America. To-day it is in operation in five states, its adoption is probable in several others before the national conventions next summer and there is a constantly increasing demand for it in various sections. Yet because it is so new it may merit a word of explanation.

The Presidential primary provides that the people shall be permitted to go to their nominating primaries and express their preference for the candidates of their parties for President of the United States. The decision of the majority of the party in any state then becomes binding upon that state's delegation in the national convention.

The will of the people is thus substituted for the rule of central committeemen, of office-holders and in general of that system of political control which we call "the machine."

To take a concrete example: On the nineteenth of next April, the voters of Oregon (which, by the way, was the first to adopt this system) will go to the primaries to nominate candidates for office. They will there be given an opportunity to vote for their favorite candidate for President in some one political party. Let us suppose the Republican choice falls upon Senator La Follette and that the Democrats choose Governor Wilson. The delegates from Oregon to the national conventions in June and July must, therefore, cast their votes for La Follette and Wilson respectively. They have no more actual free will in the matter than have the manikins of the Electoral College who elect the President.

This system is now in force in North Dakota, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Oregon and New Jersey. It will without doubt be adopted at the coming special session of the legislature in California. The plan might also be adopted, as *Collier's* points out, in the following other states which have legislature sessions this winter: Kentucky, Maryland, Mississippi, New York, Rhode Island and South Carolina. The rapid growth of the sentiment for this reform justifies the belief that before another four years have passed we shall actually be nominating our Presidents by a nation-wide direct primary.

But fortunately it is not necessary to wait four years before the Presidential preference principle may be put into effect. It is possible to get each party to adopt the rule for itself. Note the recommendation of the Republican progressives at their recent meeting in Chicago:

> "We favor the ascertainment of the choice of Republican voters as to candidate for President by a direct primary vote, held in each state pursuant to the statute, and where no such statute exists, we urge that the Republican state committees provide that the people be given the right to express their choice for President."

The Republicans of several states are urging their respective state committees to permit such a primary. In some states the machine has been put in the embarrassing position of fearing to trust its favorite candidate to the voters of the party. Senator Bourne has solicited support for the movement from the Republican national committee. This is an extract from his letter to each member of the committee:

> "In the near future the Republican national committee of which you are a member, will meet to issue a call for the next Republican national convention at which candidates for President and Vice President will be nominated. In behalf of that large majority of Republicans who believe in direct primaries, I earnestly request you to insist that when the call is issued, it shall contain a strong recommendation that in all states wherever practicable the state committee call Presidential primaries at least thirty days prior to the Republican national convention, thus giving every member of the party an opportunity to express his preference for party candidates for President and Vice President."

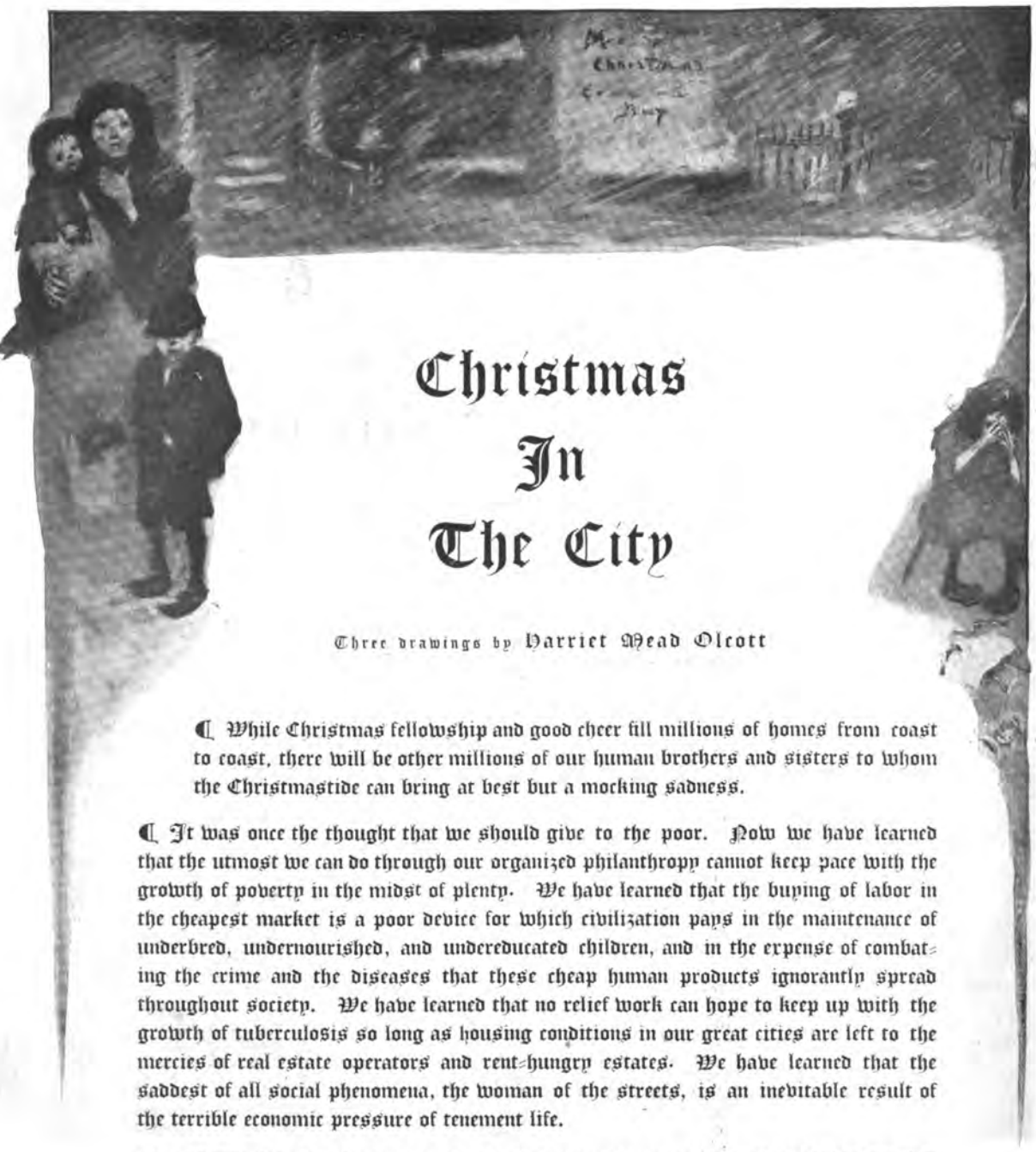
In the Democratic party the movement is prospering. Missouri leaders express their willingness to permit such a vote. There is an excellent chance for it in Alabama and agitation in Kansas, Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky and Maryland. Louisiana has adopted the rule.

Those who believe that our government must be made more responsive to the popular will before we can adequately grapple with our serious industrial and social problems, would do well to urge this action upon the organizations with which they are affiliated. If any candidate for office shows such distrust of the people as to oppose such a method of recording the popular will it is obvious that the distrust should be mutual. The adoption of the direct Presidential primary is a necessary step in our democratic progress. It means ultimately the downfall of the office-holders' delegation, of the "steam roller," of nomination by barter and sale.

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Under the recent ruling of the Post Office Department, a large part of the monthly shipment of Success Magazine (together with other monthly magazines) is now carried by fast freight instead of by the regular post as formerly. This arrangement has brought about delays in the case of Western subscribers amounting to two weeks and more. To obviate this difficulty, it will be necessary to arrange an earlier closing of the editorial and advertising pages of the magazine, and also to effect considerable readjustment in all departments of our business. In order to overcome the delay arising out of the new condition, we have decided to combine the January number with the February number, which will be delivered promptly in January. Our subscribers in every case will of course be credited with the extra month; that is, a month will be added to the life of each subscription.

THE NATIONAL POST COMPANY.



Christmas In The City

Three drawings by Harriet Mead Olcott

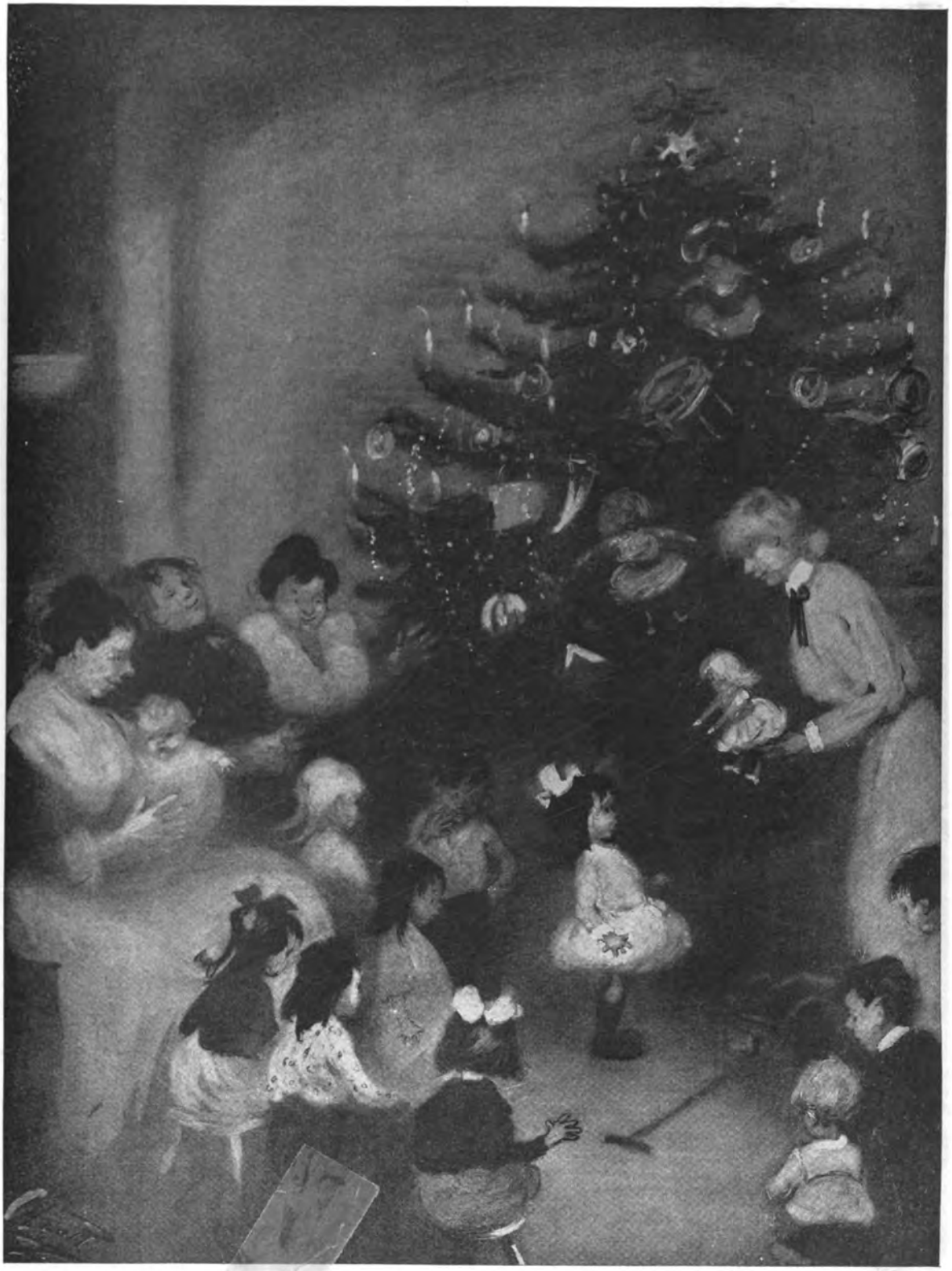
¶ While Christmas fellowship and good cheer fill millions of homes from coast to coast, there will be other millions of our human brothers and sisters to whom the Christmastide can bring at best but a mocking sadness.

¶ It was once the thought that we should give to the poor. Now we have learned that the utmost we can do through our organized philanthropy cannot keep pace with the growth of poverty in the midst of plenty. We have learned that the buying of labor in the cheapest market is a poor device for which civilization pays in the maintenance of underbred, undernourished, and undereducated children, and in the expense of combating the crime and the diseases that these cheap human products ignorantly spread throughout society. We have learned that no relief work can hope to keep up with the growth of tuberculosis so long as housing conditions in our great cities are left to the mercies of real estate operators and rent-hungry estates. We have learned that the saddest of all social phenomena, the woman of the streets, is an inevitable result of the terrible economic pressure of tenement life.

¶ The capacity of the human being for joy is immense and amazing, short of the day when the weight of poverty crushes out his spirit and leaves him a dead shell. A nation is an accumulation of men and women plus an intangible spirit. The better the average of the men and women the finer and more powerful the spirit that arises from and envelopes them all. The greatest and the most economical gift a nation can make to its humble individuals is a chance to live.

¶ Christmastime is an excellent time for meditation on these facts.

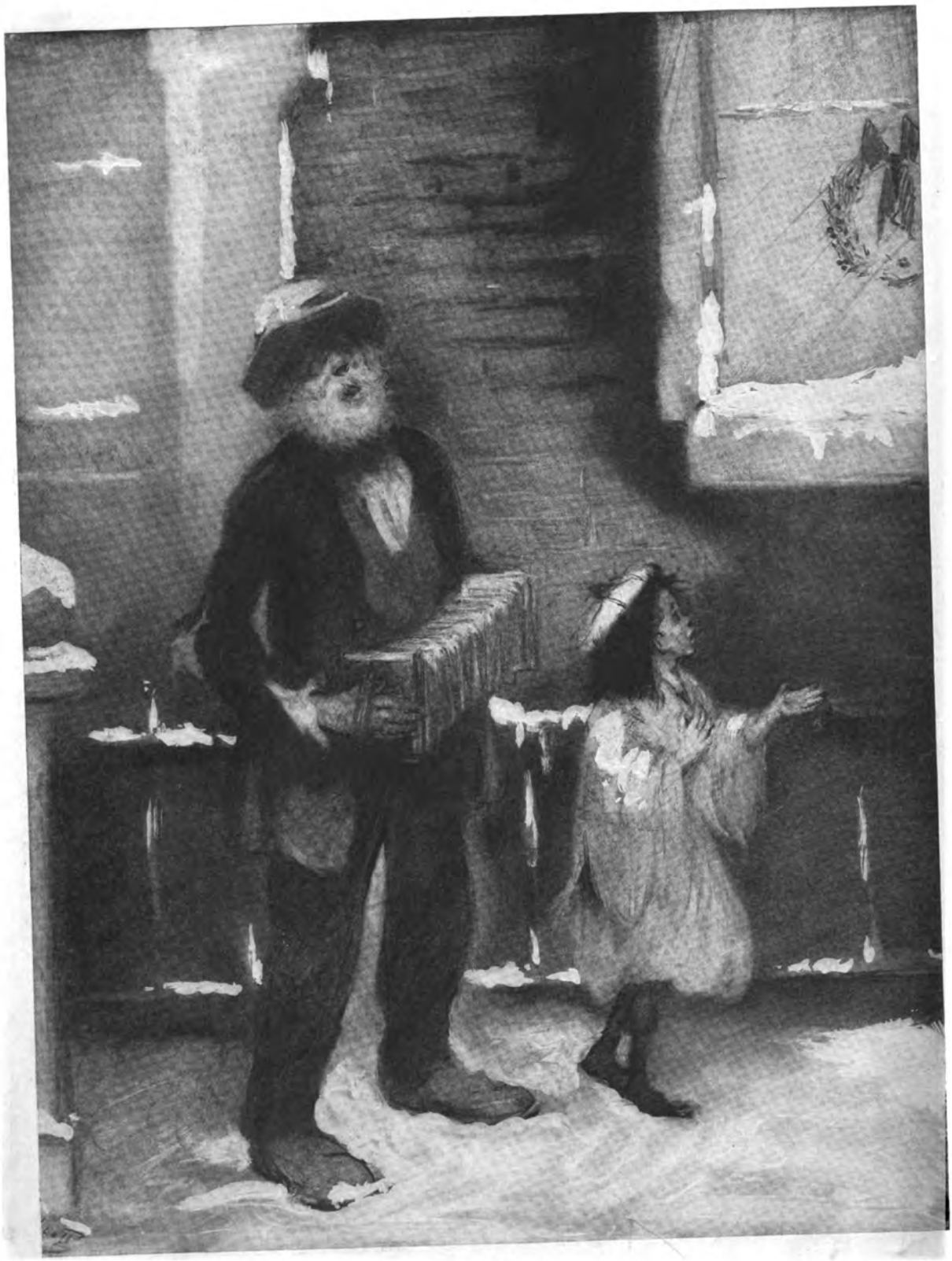
Christmas in the City—I



The Settlement

Drawing by Harriet Mead Olcott

Christmas in the City—II



The Street

Drawing by Harriet Mead Olcott

Christmas in the City—III

The Window

Drawing by Harriet Mead Olcott

The Changing Years

By Anne Shannon Monroe

Illustrations by Vincent Lynch

"Old man Croary," bushy-red-whiskered, twinkling-eyed

MRS. BROOKER was the first one to think of it. She brought the matter before the Ladies' Aid, and every woman present saw it at once from her viewpoint, and joined, on different notes, in the refrain, "Poor old man Croary!"

"I've been worryin' about it ever since he came to my house a week ago yist'day," Mrs. Brooker went on, "the letter tremblin' in his hands, an' his eyes shinin', an' he sayin' 'Ely's comin', Mrs. Brooker. The lass took it into her own head to come right on, an' she'll be here two weeks from to-day.' Now that leaves us just six days to do the work in."

"He was to my house with it first, of course," panted asthmatic Mrs. Jones, "being next-door neighbors, and I just thought how cozy he'd be after all the lonely years, smoking his pipe alone every night on the back porch."

"He came to my house with it, too," put in Mrs. Carson, "and he said, 'Oh, Mrs. Carson, once ye see Elly! she's that fair a lass!' And I was thinking of her so fair and pretty—I never once thought—dear me, dear me!"

"I was just thinking all along how *sweet* it was that he was to have his Elly after all the years of waiting—and how sweet for Elly," moaned thin Miss Bean, rocking hard.

"He's sixty if he's a day," Mrs. Brooker continued, with heavy emphasis, thereby getting the floor, "an' he's said over an' over these last five years, tellin' about it, 'Elly and me was children together'; an' can a woman be 'children together' with a man of sixty an' not be close on to sixty her[illegible]"

Her tone was so militant that everyone agreed instantly and poor Miss Bean rocked faster than ever, biting her lip hard.

"An' if she's close on to sixty," went on Mrs. Brooker, "she's no bloomin' dancin' girl like he's always tellin' about; she's fat; to begin with, she's fat!"

This was really heroic; poor Mrs. Brooker always had a hard time getting food across the ample expanse of her own bosom without accidents. Every thin woman present nodded and repeated: "Of course; she's fat," and the needles worked away.

"Or"—Mrs. Brooker had dramatic instincts—"she's thin!"

Poor Miss Bean jumped as if she'd been poked in the ribs; but the minister's invalid wife smiled cheerfully in her loose withered skin.

"And," went on the thorough Mrs. Brooker—and it was noticed that every pair of thrifty hands, fat and thin, stopped still in the awful moment of suspense, "she's got a mole, mebby with hairs growin' out of it."

Jones's hand went quickly to the side of her face, but as quickly fell again to her knitting; she hoped no one noticed.

"Or mebby it's a wen."

Mrs. Harper, the grocer's placid wife, who had been staring openly at Mrs. Jones's huge mole, now dropped her eyes to her embroidery.

"Or a bald head."

Little Mrs. Carson bent conscientiously over a gingham apron she was feather-stitching.

"Or p'raps it's just a touch o' rheumatism that makes her walk lame an' hitch up her face with the pain, an' need a shawl when she sets. Meanin' myself," she added quickly, as she caught the self-conscious look in the face of the minister's wife. "Whatever it is, them sixty years 've done *somethin'* to Elly."

"And here he's picturing her as she looked the day he bade her good-by in Nova Scotia, she waving to him from the gate, and he going off so hopeful to make their fortune, and neither one thinking of the changing years," recapitulated Miss Bean, dolefully. There was a hectic flush in her sallow cheeks, and her eyes shone.

"Pictures is nonsense!" ruled Mrs. Brooker. "We've got to give him another picture, and do it quick." She paused for her words to sink in.

"I'm sure Mrs. Brooker has some very kind plan," said the minister's invalid wife, from her wheel chair. "What is it, Mrs. Brooker?"

"First, is it on your conscience to save ol' man Croary?" Mrs. Brooker demanded.

"I'm sure we all want to do all we can," laughed the minister's wife; but there was tenderness in her laugh. "He's a great-hearted boy who's never grown up; we women should do something to prepare him, as Mrs. Brooker says. Now, what can we do?"

"You all promise?"

"Must we promise before we know?"

"Yes, for 't won't be easy. How many agrees?"

Miss Bean's wavering, uncertain hand was the first to go up; true, it went up a little way, then darted back, then tried again, this time getting a little higher, then back again, and at last it shot up straight and large and ungainly, but firm, as some flag that waves bravely after having a hard time in the unfurling. One by one the others went up till every hand, even the knobby one of the minister's wife, had joined the volunteers.

"Now then," began the redoubtable Mrs. Brooker, "it's just this: We've got to make him see that we're all old an' ugly, but we make our men happy—those that's got men—just the same an' that he, bein' old himself, must make up his mind to welcome a Elly that's just one of us, that's all; an' you, Millicent Sanderson," she gazed severely at the sunny-haired young mother who was beginning to grow anxious about her baby whom she had left for the first time, "an' you, Caroline Bates," she looked threateningly at the trim, well-tailored young matron, "you two young wives keep right out o' ol' man Croary's sight till it's all over."

"And the rest of us?" queried Miss Bean anxiously.

"The rest of us," began Mrs. Brooker—and every head reached forward, and every jaw fell in dismay as she laid the plan before them; but they had promised, and Hazelhurst women were—Hazelhurst women.

II

In the meantime "old man Croary" for whose benefit this heroic campaign was being planned, thrust his great red hands into the pockets of his blue overalls, and contemplated

he result of his day's work; he had been sod-ling the lawn in front of the house which vas soon to be home to Elly. He was a heavy, lorid, bushy-red-whiskered, twinkling-eyed nan, who went about the neighborhood with pocket full of uncut diamonds, and a brain ull of wonderful tales; the latter dating back orty years over a winding course that touched very known diamond camp. Poor old O'roary ad been a light-hearted, easy-going rover, naking a strike only to lose it, and losing it nly to start over again, just as confident with ach new venture that that was to be the one o land him, with a fortune in his hands, at Elly's door on the other side of the world. Six times—so he told the young people, in he soft summer evenings when they gathered n his porch or he went to one of the neigh-orhood centers—six times he'd "made it"; ix times he'd written Elly to expect him ack in dear old Nova Scotia where the par-nts of both had gone from Scotland and Ire-and a generation earlier; and six times had uck failed him. The tears always glistened n his humorous blue eyes when he told of he steamer pulling out with only his letter board.

And then he told of the time he lost hope, nd wrote Elly to "give him up for a bad un, an' to marry Thamas O'Neil who was lways a' wantin' her, the meeserable lad."

"An' d'ye think she'd do it?" the old man would repeat with glee each time, "not Elly; she'd do nawthin' o' the kind; she only wrote back she'd still be waitin', an' get that many more quilts done. Ah, but Elly's a fair lass, an' as good as she's fair."

A tramp steamer had landed Croary in Oregon, with only the handful of diamonds he was saving for Elly; they were all he had to show for his forty years of wandering—the diamonds, and a big heart, and a merry laugh, and a fund of good stories; and peeping out from the stories and through the laugh, a quaint philosophy that helped, in bad crossings. By an ever busy law of affinity, he gravitated to Portland's oldest suburb, where he found employment in Brown & Harper's grocery store; he bought a tiny cottage with an acre of ground, and here he "bached," and smoked and dreamed, saying all along he'd get another stake yet, then strike out for the mines, and he'd make it this time, sure, then go home at once to "the lass"; but five years had gone by, and he hadn't gotten his "stake," and here was Elly, taking things into her own hands and coming to him.

He gazed from the small green patch over the whole acre with a prideful sense of satisfaction; it was not what he had planned for Elly, "the bonniest lass in ol' Scotia," but it was very nice; Mrs. Sanderson had said it was "lovely," and Mrs. Sanderson knew. She referred particularly to the way he had cleaned the brush from under the clump of fir trees at the left of the house, and made a cunning rustic seat, just where the full moon could shine in. And he had had several barrels of shells shipped up from Seaside, and poured along the path from the gate to the porch; he said it would tramp down fine, in time, and make a suitable path for the "daintiest feet ever shoved into shoe-leather." And he had bought a porch hammock—though it was still too early for much sitting out—but Maud Carson said she knew Elly would be pleased with it, and she'd see right away how delightful it would be when the roses came in bloom; and then he had made a trellis over that end of the porch all ready for the roses that had been set out by Mattie Bates. Mattie had just married Tom Travers, and had planted them that way about the new little bungalow her father gave her for a wedding present; and the silly Mattie, all unrealizing, gushed that she was sure "Elly 'd just love it!"

"As if," snorted Mrs. Brooker, "Elly was a girl like herself!" The whole acre was as trim as a ship, and the space at the rear all ready for the garden to be put in next month.

Old man O'roary started down the shell path to the house; his hand went to his hip and he limped a little, also his face hitched up on one side as he stepped; he was growing old, and the rheumatism that had made him abandon the mines, still troubled him at times. As he went up the steps, he stooped to pick up a bird's nest that had blown down from a fir tree, and seeing no place to deposit it, carried it into the house with him.

The sitting-room wasn't quite finished;

A little round woman stepped—no—rolled out: the quaintest, squattest, most old fashioned figure you ever saw

Mrs. Sanderson had gone into Portland that very morning at his request, and selected him a rug. "Somethin' bright, that'll please a lass like Elly," had been his only instructions. The bedroom across the hall was more nearly ready; Mattie and her stepmother, the new Mrs. Bates, had fixed it up the day before.

The bedroom awed Croary; there was a wonderful dresser, cunningly contrived from a goods box—a maze of white muslin, all ruffled; and white muslin curtains at the windows, and a white cover on the bed; he hadn't slept in the room since it had been "red up," and he wouldn't—he was "savin' it for the lass"—so he just rolled up in a blanket and slept on the kitchen floor. A small white chair stood by the bed, and a white stand with Croary's old Bible that he'd carried all these years, on it; he wanted to get a new one, but Mrs. Bates insisted on the old one—"her so neat, too," puzzled Croary. One small picture was on the wall; one he had had there ever since he came to Hazelhurst—a great white ship plowing a blue sea—only Mattie had insisted on putting it in a white frame "to match."

As he tiptoed about the room, now examining the paint to see if it was dry, now pausing in front of the picture—and stifling, perhaps, the leap of heart it gave the old rover—the bird's nest still in his big clumsy hand, his face grew more and more tender, till at last, feeling ashamed of the soft mood, as big men will, he went on through to the kitchen.

Here he was more at ease; his "tools," as he called his cooking utensils, were still on the back of the stove, for he must be fed till Elly came, and far be it from him to touch any of that new blue-and-white porcelain that Mattie Bates and Maud Carson had selected, and that now adorned a shelf back of the stove. Blue-and-white linoleum covered the floor; he tiptoed across it with clumsy care, and on to the back porch where he breathed freely; here was a homely unpainted chair, left him for solid comfort; he sat down, pulled out his old brier pipe, filled and lighted it, and with a sigh of perfect content, leaned back and began slowly to puff away.

Perhaps he was carried on those rings of smoke to "ol' Scotia," where he lingered along a pleasant lane with Elly, whispering the sweet nothings of youth that become the somethings that bind us and hold us fast through all the years; or perhaps he was transported to far countries where in lonely hills with pick and pan he had worn out his young manhood; maybe he saw the succession of hopes and disappointments, or ruminated over the letters that came, and the long months in remote wilds when he faced hardship and danger—and often death; and now here he was under friendly skies, among kindly neighbors, sitting on his own porch, waiting for Elly! "An she never out o' her own dooryard before, the lass."

He said this aloud and it made the opening poor Miss Bean needed; she had slipped around the back way, seeing his smoke, and stood waiting, dreading to disturb him. She coughed.

"Well now, Sary Bean," he said clumsily, starting to his feet, "this is right down clever o' ye."

"Don't get up; please don't," insisted the nervous Miss Bean, at the same time sitting on the porch step. In neighborly fashion she pulled off her hat and made herself at home. Her wispy hair was drawn up to the top of her head, and the ends of the pins showed where they ran through the small button of a coiffure; she wore large silver-rimmed spectacles and the wires made her ears stand out from her head; her faded brown gingham dress hung lankly over her bony frame, and her feet protruded in flat-footed ugliness; she was not a lovely picture.

"Mr. Croary," she began, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands, "just look at me real good; ain't I a thin, ugly woman?"

Old man Croary was startled out of the comfortable depths of his easy chair. He had received many a nice little jar of blackberry jam from Miss Bean's famous berry patch, but some way he had never thought about her appearance. He now scrutinized her closely; even laid down his pipe and put on his glasses.

"Surely, Sary Bean," he said at last, slowly and kindly, "you mebby ben't what one would call handsome, but you ben't a young woman no more."

Miss Bean winced. "That's just it," she said, "I may never have been 'the prettiest

Into his great arms crashed Elly

lass' in Hazelhurst, but time was when I was right good-looking; I was spry and quick, and—I wasn't ugly; it's age, Mr. Croary; age does it; I'm forty."

"Forty! Why, Sary, that ben't old! Ye ought to marry a likely lad yet." Old man Croary was the most encouraging of fellow-travelers over the earth.

Miss Bean flushed up to the roots of her thin hair; but she had her duty to perform. "That ain't it, Mr. Croary. I just want you to look real good and see what age does to women; leaves 'em with more sense maybe—maybe not—but it takes their beauty plumb away."

"Now, Sary," he began in a cajoling voice, "I've been seein' ye every day nigh abouts for five years, an' I never noticed no shortage on good looks till this minute—"

"Well, you've seen it now, haven't you?" she said sharply, and before he could puzzle it out, she disappeared around the house. He sat some time thinking on Sary Bean's case; but at last lighted his pipe and was soon happily adrift in other scenes.

The following day, late in the afternoon he laid the rug. Personally he had been inclined to a cheaper floor covering in the way of an ingrain carpet, which would have left money enough for a pair of big-flowered vases among other things; but Mrs. Sanderson had insisted on the rug. Now that it was down he surveyed the effect; it was blue and white and it did look pretty with the white curtains at the windows, and the new wicker chairs; he guessed Millicent knew best when it came to fitting up a house, but he was still pining for the vases—he remembered how Elly had wanted a pair once, at the Fair—when Mrs. Jones wheezed up the steps, and plumped right down in the new couch hammock. Croary rushed out and pushed a chair over toward her.

"Hadn't ye better take this?" he asked anxiously. "Ye'll find it easier, Mrs. Jones. Take care!" he cautioned. Mrs. Jones was actually jouncing up and down on it, a great woman like that! "The hammick's for Elly," he added.

"You'd ought 'a got a stronger one, then, like 's not she'll go down the first time she sets in it."

The old man carefully laid the hammer on the window sill, and smiling foolishly, lumbered over to her: "My two hands," he said softly, putting his fingers and thumbs together, making a circle, "will meet round the lass's waist like that."

"*Did*—is what you actually mean," wheezed Mrs. Jones, continuing to sway the hammock. "You can ask Mr. Jones if *his* two hands couldn't 'a' met round my waist like that—and *did* when we was married."

"Surely, surely," said Croary, perplexed but interested.

"Time changes us *all*, Tim Croary, *all*; they ain't no favorites, 'nless a man's blind some is."

"Surely," repeated the old man vaguely, slowly stroking his bright bushy beard.

"And moles," Mrs. Jones continued; no one should say she was not thorough; she twisted her head on her short fat neck, showing white creases in the red. "Some of us get moles, with hairs; that's Time, Tim Croary—the years does it."

"Surely," he said again, continuing to stroke his beard in puzzled bewilderment. "Surely, Mrs. Jones; Mr. Jones—ah—er—well."

Mrs. Jones rose and the hammock gave a great bound. "Yes, he's well enough, but he's not so young either, Tim Croary, no more than you or me or anyone else that's lived sixty years."

With which she wheezed laboriously down the steps and wobbled along the shell path to the gate and back again into her own yard. Croary stood watching till she disappeared into her own house.

"Surely, surely," he repeated mechanically, then went on to the back porch for his usual evening smoke; soon the misty wreaths were steadily pursuing one another upward, and his romance was unraveling itself again.

The third of his prenuptial days, old man Croary devoted to whitewashing the chicken house; by supper time he was tired and lame and bespattered; but when he went into the kitchen to "cook a snack," his eyes lighted up at once; the kitchen reminded him most of Elly; was it that he had done his courting between rows of shining milk pans—Elly's special charge? He generally thought of her as she tripped about a sunny kitchen, or lingered teasingly along a certain lane where cows came and went night and morning, to be milked, a foolish collie dog barking at their heads, and Elly to let down the bars. He lighted his fire, then picked up his old black frying-pan and slapping a piece of ham on it, set it over to cook. A shadow fell across

[Continued on page 53]

A Housekeeper's Defense of the Trusts

"Let Us Keep the Corporations and Cut Their Wages"

By Robert W. Bruère

Illustrations by Warren Y. Cluff

ON the 15th of last May, Ellis Howe, my next door neighbor, came swinging down the road from the station with a smile that looked as if the company had doubled his salary.

"Well, it's out, and they've soaked 'em!" he shouted to his wife as soon as he got within ear-shot of the veranda.

"Out? What's out?" she called back pleasantly.

"Why the oil decision, of course; the government won, the trust is dissolved, we'll get our chance yet!"

Ellis Howe was much excited. I knew that there was an old feud between his family and the oil trust which had got away with his father's wells some twenty years before, and now as his voice boomed across the lawn that separated our house, I realized that this oil decision was a personal matter with him. The Supreme Court had smitten Ellis Howe's enemy hip and thigh, and might deliver his father's oil wells into his hand.

"Isn't it great!" he cried, holding up the big black headlines for his wife to see.

But Mrs. Howe met her husband's enthusiasm calmly. I knew that her father had been a dashing speculator and had made and lost a dozen fortunes. She was used to big expectations and small returns, and didn't think them a fair exchange for a steady salary when there was a young family to consider. Also, she had ideas of her own.

"What do you think this decision will do?" she asked rather vaguely.

"Do?" he repeated with surprise. "Do? Why, it'll do a whole lot! It isn't the oil trust only; it's the meat trust, and the wool trust, and the steel trust, and the lumber and sugar trusts, and the whole leechy lot of them! They'll all be busted! Trade'll be free again,

"Isn't it great!" he cried, holding up the big black headlines for his wife to see

we'll have competition, and prices will get down where they belong. It ought to cut the cost of living in half. Do? It'll do everything!"

Editors' Note.—President Taft looks to the Sherman law, as recently interpreted by the Supreme Court, to restore the age of competition. On the other hand, Judge Gary of the United States Steel Corporation and Attorney-General Wickersham are on record as favoring the regulation of prices rather than the dissolution of trusts. Mr. Bruère's timely article represents the consumer's view of the trust question. Mrs. Howe, the practical housekeeper, cannot see any advantage to the consumer in "trust busting," and makes a telling argument in favor of strict government control of prices. The article seems to us pertinent and interesting.

About a month later my wife and I ran into the Howes' for an after-dinner cup of coffee. Things had been moving fast in the world. The Sherman law had been making good. Another Supreme Court decision had been handed down, the steel and sugar trusts had been under the probe of a Congressional committee, and Judge Gary had startled business with his famous suggestion for the government regulation of industrial monopolies. Ellis Howe was sitting under an electric lamp, reading the Tobacco Decision as though it were a new novel.

"This," said he, slapping the document approvingly, "is the greatest thing since the Emancipation Proclamation! It means the liberation of the entire community from economic slavery. It means the return of prosperity. It means—"

But Mrs. Howe, who had paused at her desk where my practised and shrinking eye discerned a pile of household bills, checked what promised to be a splendid flight of his oratorical aeroplane.

"Ellis," she said, "I wish you could manage to have a date fixed when we might expect the promised benefits of restored competition to flood in upon us. I have failed to observe any of them in active operation."

Howe looked at his wife as one floundering after an unexpected descent.

"My dear, you don't seem to understand," he said patronizingly. "The courts—"

"I understand *these!*" She flourished aloft a handful of bills. "There's no drop in the price of provisions visible to the naked eye. Kerosene flows tranquilly on at thirteen cents a gallon, the grocer's bill, the butcher's bill, and the dry-goods' bill grow like Jack's bean stalk, and the milk has got elephantiasis, though I understand that the milk trust was 'busted' fifteen years ago. Besides," she added somewhat irrelevantly, "haven't I heard you say, time and time again, that the big modern business combinations could give us better and cheaper things than the small dealers? I certainly get better dress goods at the big stores than at Miss Wade's Notion Bazaar. If it's the trusts that do this, why bust them?"

Howe looked at his wife in despair.

"My dear," he said, "you're a wonder! Where would the small business man come in if all the business worth doing were monopolized. Can't you see that it's a plain business proposition?"

"Business proposition! Well, what is business for, then?" came the feminine question. "Is it just to keep the world occupied doing and undoing things as I used to keep Clara quiet stringing beads? Or is it to get the world's larder into shape so that the children of men may have food and clothing and shelter in the easiest and most scientific way? I don't really see that it's to the advantage of anyone but the small business man himself to keep him going. Why even the New York *Times* lifts its cherubic voice to heaven one day in praise of the 'trust-busting' decisions that have 'brought back competition' and saved the country, and the next day informs us that we needn't expect any reduction in prices. Now can you tell me what good it does to 'bust trusts' if we've got to pay as much to live afterward as we did before?"

I found myself laughing.

"Do you mean, Mrs. Howe," I asked her, "that we have these 'trust-busting' campaigns to distract the people just as they used to have gladiatorial contests to take people's minds off the high price of bread?"

"Exactly! And we can't afford such expensive amusements as that. What's the use of having these two telephone bills, for instance?" shaking them wrathfully. "It's a lot of bother to find out which line anybody's on, and an extra check to write! Oh, I'm not for having these combinations broken up—not at *all!* Why, when the street-car lines in New York were all in one company, I could transfer almost anywhere and ride all over

"Ellis," she said, "I wish you could manage to have a date fixed when we might expect the promised benefits of restored competition to flood in upon us"

the city for five cents, but now that they've got separated into their original companies again, I have to pay several fares instead of one. You men may fight the trusts as though you thought they were original sin, but I find it very inconvenient and expensive to have them busted. If it's only a question of their making too much money, why not keep them working and pay them less?"

"Now listen to that!" laughed Ellis Howe.

"You talk as if the trusts were your washwoman and you could put them on wages. Do you think they'd stand for it?"

"The New York Gas Company had to," replied his wife. "I know about that fight, because I was doing settlement work down on the East Side when it was on."

"Now listen to that," laughed Ellis Howe. "You talk as if the trusts were your washwoman and you could put them on wages"

And she told how the gas combine had actually charged more than the traffic would bear; how in spite of the new meters, where they could buy gas by dropping a quarter in the slot, instead of making a five-dollar deposit, the people who had to use gas for fuel because their flats were too small to have storage room for coal, simply got to the point where they neither could nor would pay a dollar a thousand feet for gas.

"They made *eighty-cent gas* a political slogan," said she. "I used to lean out of my window on Rivington Street, and listen night after night to men speaking from soap boxes on the corner. Whenever they said 'eighty-cent gas,' the crowd cheered. There may have been other political issues in other parts of the city—I don't know. But down there in the Ghetto nobody seemed to care who the various candidates were, or what they promised; all they wanted was eighty-cent gas, and they *would* have it."

"Everybody knows now how the people got what they wanted. They put through a law fixing the price at eighty cents, and the Consolidated Gas Company, which was a legalized combination of six smaller companies, immediately began to fight. They claimed that they could not manufacture and sell gas at eighty cents, and that a law requiring them to do so was confiscatory, and therefore unconstitutional. The case turned on the point of just what part of their capitalization was water and what was legitimate investment. In the process of squeezing out the water, the Supreme Court disposed of eight million dollars' worth of *good-will* and twelve million dollars' worth of franchise. Yet after leaving in gift franchises as worth $7,781,000—because in 1884, when the consolidation was made, stock was legally issued upon them to that amount and the holders of the stock were entitled to legal protection—the Supreme Court found that eighty-cent gas would yield a six per cent. return and that six per cent. was not confiscatory."

"The really important thing about that decision," I ventured, "isn't the fact that the people got eighty-cent gas, nor even the precedent of judicially squeezing the water out of overcapitalized corporations, but the thing on which the court didn't lay any particular stress—the establishment of the right of the people to limit the profits of public service corporations to so modest a rate as six per cent."

"Just what I said," cried Mrs. Howe triumphantly. "Pay the monopolies, put them on a basis of six per cent. or four. The New York people didn't try to 'bust' the gas combine into its original companies, they didn't want a lot of little firms to furnish gas, any more than I want a lot of little stoves instead of one big furnace to heat my house. They simply reduced the wages of their servant, the gas monopoly. I say let's keep the trusts; treat them as literal servants of the people. Don't just regulate them; put them on a Maximum Wage!"

The more I reflected upon the matter, the more Mrs. Howe's housekeeper's view of the problem appealed to me. "What is business for anyway," I found myself asking, "except to feed and clothe and house the human race? How shall the real worth of industry be judged except as it aids or hinders human conservation? What other standard of value can there be than human life?"

To take a concrete example: What is the human significance of nine-cent-a-quart milk in New York City and the hundred and twenty per cent. dividend recently earned by a member of the milk combine? Of course, theoretically, the milk combine is "busted," and the troubles of the city are due to the greed of the farmer and the eccentricities of the cow. I say *theoretically*.

For in November, 1909, the milk dealers of New York, obeying some mysterious common impulse, raised the price of milk from eight to nine cents a quart. New York uses two million quarts a day, so that the one-cent increase footed up to about twenty thousand dollars a day for the dealers. This happened just after the autumn rains with plenty of grass in the pastures; but when the people raised a howl, the dealers put all the blame on the cow. They said that they had been compelled to raise the price because there was a shortage in the supply. The state's Attorney-General decided to have a look-in on this alleged queer conduct of our bovine working class. So he appointed Mr. John B. Coleman, his special deputy, to call witnesses and to take testimony.

As the investigation opened, the dealers withdrew their little joke about the cows, and

"I say let's keep the trusts; treat them as literal servants of the people. Don't just regulate them; put them on a Maximum Wage!"

shifted the blame to the farmers. They said that they had been compelled to raise the price because the *farmers* had caught the American habit of extravagance and were asking unreasonable prices for their milk.

Later they shifted the blame again, this time to the consumer. They said that the people were demanding such high class service, and the cost of handling had consequently so increased, that there was nothing in it for them at eight cents a quart. They had been philanthropists long enough; and now they had to increase the price or go out of business.

Familiar story! We've heard it each time we've had to go deeper into our pockets for oil, or meat, or wooden socks, or any of the other things we absolutely need to keep alive.

Now check off the facts.

Expert evidence showed that the average price paid by the dealers to the farmers during the year immediately preceding the rais

They made eighty-cent gas a political slogan

in price was actually a little under the price they had paid the year before, and that for two years the farmers had been getting on an average from three and a third to three and a half cents a quart for their milk, whereas it had actually cost them from three and a fifth to four cents to produce it. The farmers had kept on selling to the milk combine because they had no other market.

And the luxurious consumers? An examination of the dealers' books by a certified public accountant showed that one company whose total capital stock in 1909 was twenty-five million dollars—of which over fifteen millions had been issued against trade-marks, patents, and good-will (which the experts declared to be pure water)—showed total net profits for the year of $2,617,029.40 representing an earning of nearly twenty-eight per cent. on the total invested capital, water excluded. Another of the dealers, who said he would have to go out of business if the price continued at eight cents, had his company capitalized at five hundred thousand dollars of which two hundred thousand dollars had been issued for tangible assets, three hundred thousand dollars representing water. This company showed net earnings for the eight months immediately preceding the raise to nine cents of $257,923.47, which was over one hundred and twenty per cent. in eight months on the original investment. In the eighty-cent gas decision the Supreme Court considered six per cent. a reasonable and sufficient return on unwatered capitalization.

When these facts came out in the newspapers, the dealers put the price back to eight cents, joyously proclaiming with one accord that, though the month was February, the cows of New York and vicinity had got back on their jobs and were running a flush of milk. But as soon as the public excitement died down and the investigation was over (*July*, when there is usually an abundance of milk, the combine brought out the old joke about a shortage and raised the price to nine cents again, where it has remained ever since.

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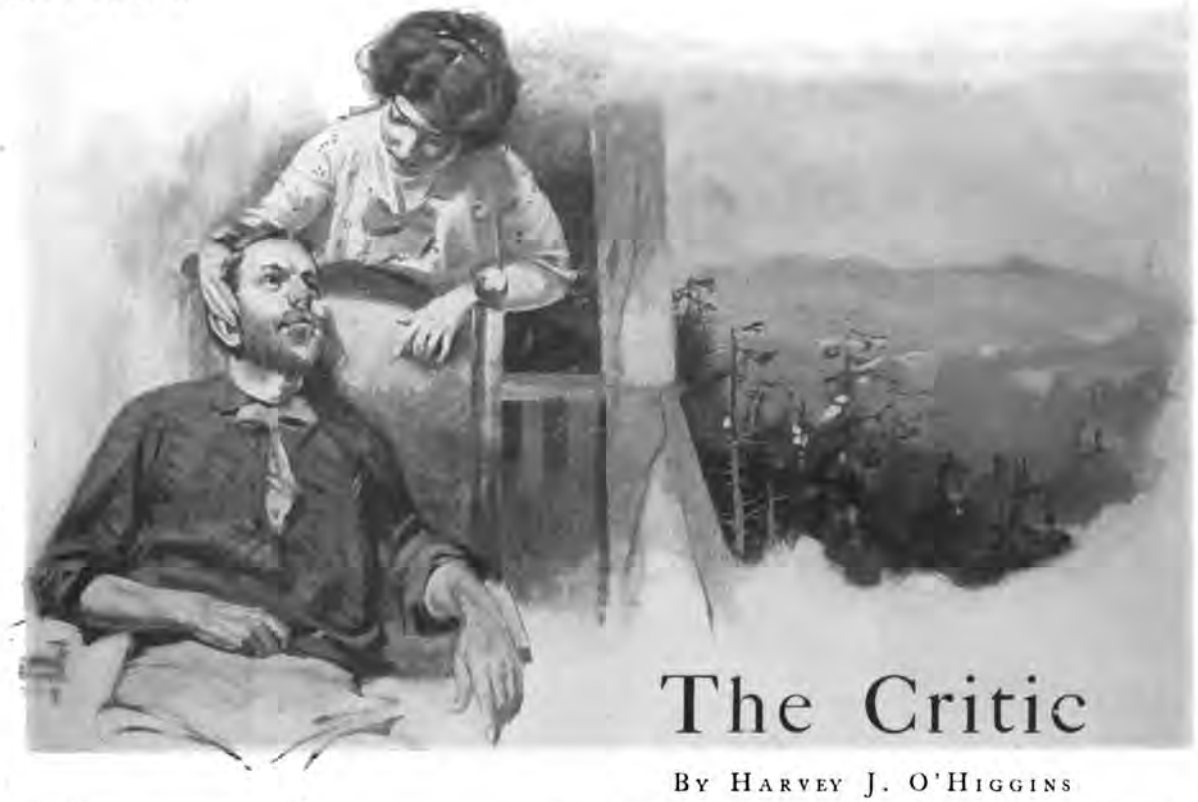

The Critic

By Harvey J. O'Higgins

Author of The Beast and the Jungle (with Judge Ben Lindsey), The Reformer, etc.

Illustrations by Howard V. Brown

KIRKWOOD was city bred; and it is one of the triumphs of our city civilization that it has hidden death in the private rooms behind the undertaker's "parlors" and made all thought about it "morbid." Death had long been to Kirkwood one of those physical facts of life which a wholesome mind avoids instinctively and a philosophic mind considers only to contemn! As the literary editor of a Saturday supplement, he had argued that "the tragedy that ends in a death is as crude artistically as the romance that ends in a wedding." His criticisms of Shakespeare had emphasized the same objection. "In the drama of ideas," he had written, "death ends all, but it solves nothing. It makes a finis but not a conclusion." It bore, in his opinion, this relation to life. It was not the finale of the music, but the breaking of the strings.

An attack of influenza had forced an interruption of his intellectual life, but he had not called in the doctor, and he had risen prematurely from his convalescence, with a renewed vitality of mind, to attend a promising "first night." He disregarded the consequences of this indiscretion—a cold that settled on his lungs—until he awoke, one morning, in a fit of coughing, found blood in his mouth, and remembered Keats. Even then his momentary panic was dignified by a disgruntled sense of having his mind annoyed by the affairs of his body, and there was something apologetic in his manner when he betook himself to a physician.

The physician "percussed" and "stethoscoped" him, tapping and listening at his chest while Kirkwood said "Ah—ah—ah," according to directions but in a tone of detached unconcern. And when the doctor, pen in hand, making a journal record of the case, questioned him about his health and about his parents, he confessed—in the same tone—that there had been tuberculosis on his mother's side of the family.

He looked scholarly, genial, even humorous, with his bony New England nose and the premature wrinkles of a twinkling speculation around his eyes. He was little more than thirty years old, but he had already an air of being permanently unmarried—the intellectual air of a slightly threadbare bachelor whose ambitions are esthetic and whose income is small.

The doctor asked sharply: "How long have you had this cough?"

"Perhaps three weeks," he replied, beginning to resume his outer clothing.

"You should have had it attended to before."

He explained dryly: "I have been busy."

The doctor slewed around in his swivel chair and looked at him, over his eye-glasses. "Well," he said, with an intentional brutality, "your busy days are over. You're in a bad state. You can't live here in New York."

Kirkwood was shaking inwardly with the physical tremor that comes of a stripped examination in the chill of a doctor's office, but he controlled his voice to ask: "Where *can* I live?"

The doctor turned to his desk and reached for letter paper. "You'll have to go to the mountains," he said, dipping his pen.

He wrote with a heavy scratching.

An inexplicable musical turmoil had invaded Kirkwood's brain, and this music distressed and bewildered him, churning up his thoughts in a melodic confusion. He took the addressed envelope dumbly; it had for him the finality of a written decree of condemnation.

The doctor glanced at his watch. He was already late for an appointment and his outer office was still full of waiting patients.

Kirkwood drew a long, uncertain breath, with an effect of pulling himself together. "What a cursed nuisance!" He rubbed his forehead. "Whenever I'm overworked," he explained confusedly, "or anything like that—I'm always persecuted by some crazy air—" His eyes comprehended the writing on the envelope. "Yes. Thanks," he said, with a mechanical politeness.

The doctor opened the door into the waiting-room; and Kirkwood was in the hall before he thought of asking for any particulars about his physical condition. He decided to inquire by letter about it—later.

When he issued upon the street, he had still the air of a mind superior to misfortune, though his face looked pinched. He was trying to keep himself from thought in one direction, and trying to force himself to think in another. He was somewhat bewildered in these efforts by the almost jubilant tune in his head—which had begun to swing itself, now, to the rhythmical beat of the traffic in the familiar thoroughfare—and he was obscurely aware that the thoroughfare was no longer familiar, that it looked strange, that it was detached from him, that it was no longer the accepted background of his life, but something passé, cast-off, out-worn to his shocked and excited brain.

He realized, at last, that this brain had been wailing to him, all the time: "Flee like a bird to the mow-ow-untains!" He wondered if he were losing his mind, which seemed divided against itself. And then something odd happened to him. The weight of his interest and the preponderance of his consciousness of himself seemed to withdraw to that inner chamber of his intelligence where the music sang; and at once he found himself whole, and balanced, and above the life that moved about him—the life in which he had once been so absorbed—the life that still clamored below him busily, with a noise and bustle that sounded small and far to his withdrawal from it.

It was not that he was really conscious of the change—which was a matter rather of a mood of vague emotions than of any definite view-point of clear thought. He was, in truth, no longer thinking. He felt that he must get away from things, in order to think,

She remained silent, breasting the wind, bareheaded, with the sunshine brightening a reddish glint in her black hair

nd he was hurrying to make his departure. t was as if he carried in the doctor's envelpe the "sealed orders" of a special agent nd must arrive at his destination before he ould open and consider them; and meanwhile is service here was ended and his life here one.

In this mood he arranged for the packing nd storing of the furniture of his little at—the prints and playbills, bibelots and amphlets, music and old books that he had ollected, in years of economical connoisseurhip, with an almost feminine zest of bargainunting. He saw the apartment stripped, ithout an emotion; and remembering the oignant sadness of such a scene in a stage ragedy, he rather wondered at himself. When he went to say good-by at his office, he ound himself at first annoyed by what he elt as a certain condescension of sympathy rom his friends; and then, when he put aside his pitying superiority of health, impatiently, e struck hard upon a basic indifference as elfish as his own. These men were busy—bsorbedly busy—and busy with affairs that ad lost their value to him. Indeed all the values" of life had changed; for though he as still resolutely refusing to think of the hing that had suddenly become foreseen as he destination of his days, that shrouded hing had already drawn about him a magic ircle that could not be crossed by the inerests, the sympathies, the friendships of his ld life.

He had no relatives in the city to intrude pon his aloofness; and only one intimate acuaintance came to the railroad station to see im off. He made the most perfunctory acnowledgment of the kindness when he said ood-by, and he hurried into his car almost retfully, eager to be alone. His friend felt t—felt it as a chill premonition of the end nd a preliminary closing of the death-hamber door. He walked out of the station, linking shamefacedly.

Kirkwood sighed in a sort of oppressed reief as he sat down in the Pullman sleeper nd shut his eyes. When the train had tarted, he drew the doctor's envelope from an nner pocket and began to gaze at it with a ixed, tragic stare, hypnotically, as if it were clairvoyant's crystal that he held in his and.

II

The morning of his third day at Dr. Slauer's Sanitarium, in the Catskills, was one f those spring mountain mornings when the ir has in it a bland sparkle, an ethereal elish that excites the lungs to an appetite or deep inhalations and unappeasing long raughts of the inexhaustible breezes. Kirkrood had climbed from the valley of the Villamoc, high upon the bare slopes of Little Baldy, from which the timber had long been urned. He had paused to look back on the oofs of the cluster of rustic cabins that made p the sanitarium; and he could see, far down he valley, the white frame cottages and summer hotels of Catkins, where the willows were lready a delicate pastel green.

The shadows of the clouds drifted across rown tufts of bracken in bleached pastures, cross the ruddy black of plowed fields, cross a general yellow flush of twigs in the imbered slopes of the hillsides below the usty green of the winter's pines. Kirkwood aw it all as merely a patchwork of color, ard and clear. "Shall we go on up—igher?" he suggested to the girl with whom e had climbed.

"No," she replied, without turning her ead from the view, "this is as far as I can o."

The breeze had wound and tightened her lue cloth skirt about her legs; she stood in t as strong and rounded as a young tree.

"You mean," he said, "that this is as far as *may*."

She did not reply, and he accepted her silence as part of her trained impersonal way f treating him; he understood that she was ome sort of superintendent of nurses in the anitarium. He sat down on a rock, and he as sensible of his sharp knees, his long thin limbs that were more like the scrawny roots of a pine than the trunk of it. He looked at the health of her back.

A few days ago, he would have considered her a robust nonentity, handsome in a commonplace way—for he had rather subtle ideals of beauty—and crude in her silent poise of character. The women of his circle had been to him just charming light intelligences that fluttered above the heavy work of life, applauding the workers. It was a part of his changing views that he saw the body of the girl before him, now, and contrasted it with his own.

Suddenly he asked: "Will *you* tell me how ill I am?"

She remained silent, not looking at him, breasting the wind, bareheaded, with the sunshine brightening a reddish glint in her black hair. When she spoke at last, it was to say, out of her inscrutable thoughts: "You smoke at nights."

He took it as an accusation of weakness in him—as if she advanced it as proof that he was not sufficiently responsible to be told the facts of his condition, since he did not obey the doctor's orders. He drew his old brier pipe from his pocket and flung it down the slope in front of her.

"And write," she said, then, "and worry."

"I have to write," he replied sharply. "I'm not wealthy."

She let the wind blow away that answer and busied herself tucking back a wisp of hair that had fluttered across her eyes. "I supposed," she said, "that writers . . . understood."

It was said thoughtfully, with no scorn but with an implication of disappointment. There was something maddeningly superior about it. "What do you mean?" he demanded. She turned and looked at him, still busy with her hair; but she did not answer. "I'm *not* a writer, in any case," he protested. "I'm a critic—a newspaper hack."

She sat down beside him, put her hands in the pockets of her black jacket, and let the wind have its way with her hair. She seemed only interested in studying the valley, and she continued to study it after she had asked him: "What paper did you work on?"

He told her, almost sulkily.

"I knew a man who worked there—years ago," she said. "We both came from Leadville, originally. That's in Colorado. His name was Hart."

He asked incredulously "'Corky' Hart?"—for the escapades of Corky Hart were still a tradition of brilliant and dissipated Bohemianism in many a hard-working office on Newspaper Row. (He did not tell her that it was Corky Hart who had nicknamed him "the Colonial Dame.")

"Yes," she said, "Corky Hart." She indicated the rounded mountain tops across the valley. "This is as near as I've ever come to getting back to the Rockies."

He looked at them and found nothing to say.

She asked, suddenly: "Do you think I could have helped him if I had married him?"

"Not from what I knew of him."

"That's the way *I* felt. I came on to New York thinking I could do it. But I went nursing—and after the things I saw in the hospital—the babies there—" She made a gesture that expressed the impossibility of marrying the dissolute, and also dismissed the subject as not to be talked of. She leaned forward to rest her chin on her hand.

He studied her with a sympathetic scrutiny. There was not a wrinkle in the fresh maturity of her face, and he did not suppose that she could be thirty yet. The hand under her chin was strong, plump, capable, but dimpled. He asked her, in a more natural tone: "What did you mean when you said that you thought 'writers understood'?"

"Why," she said, "I thought writers—" She turned her head far enough to smile at him. "You reminded me of a man that came here two years ago and told me he'd never before *thought* about dying. He'd been 'too busy,' too."

"Am *I* dying?" he asked hoarsely.

"Well—but did you think you were going to live forever?"

He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. He looked pale and worn—chiefly because he had been making a sleepless horror of his nights.

"You've been *worrying* yourself to death," she said.

"I suppose I'm ill," he apologized shakily. "I'm not myself. And the suspense— If they'd only tell me how long I have."

She reached out and took his hand, in a firm soft grasp. "How can they tell you what they don't know? So much depends on yourself, on your vitality. And listen. It isn't right for me to say this, but why do you stay here among all these sick people? Why don't you rent a cabin somewhere off by yourself, and just get lots of fresh air and good food, and loaf around, and perhaps fish a little, and stop worrying." And she began to lecture him on his restlessness, his fretful brooding, the midnight light in his room of the cottage in which she and two of the nurses also lived, his lack of appetite, his ill temper.

He was surprised to find that he had been so closely watched, for he had never seen a sign in her of any interest in him. He patted her hand as he freed his fingers from her reassuring touch. "My dear girl," he said, "I have been acting like a fool, I know. I'll do better. Why do you smile that way?"

She continued to smile in a very friendly amusement, showing her strong small teeth. "You're such babies—all of you men," she said, "and so afraid of being 'babyed.'"

His manner of patting her hand had been nervously superior; now he flushed for it; and in that flush there passed the last defensiveness of his condescension toward her as one of her sex. He said: "Well, then, I've been acting like a 'baby' if you wish. And I've been worrying. But it hasn't been altogether— It's been because I don't seem to have lived," he blurted out. "I seem to have been just rushing ahead—through life. And now that it's all over, I'm empty-handed. I feel as if I'd been cheated. Is that the way they all feel?"

"All who?"

He looked at his feet and answered: "All the people who die here."

"I don't know," she said deeply. "I don't know what they feel." She thought back over her experience. "It wasn't the way with Corky. He kept saying he'd had 'a bully time.' . . . I guess, though, he went to the limit the other way. . . . The only thing he regretted was, he said, he ought to have made me marry him before he came East, so he could have given me 'a bully time,' too. . . . You know," she turned to him, "if I were you, I'd start now. Even if I had only a day left, I'd *live* it."

"How?"

"Well—I'd *make* her marry me."

He smiled askew. "There isn't any 'her.'"

"Oh, dear!" she breathed, with pity. "I thought you were writing to her at nights."

He stood up. "Lord, what a farce!" he said, more to himself than to the girl. He saw the sanitarium. "It's time we started back for luncheon, isn't it?" And in some ridicule of a serious thought that was in his mind, he added sarcastically: "It would be a shame to miss any of my few remaining meals."

III

The curious part of it was that he continued somewhat whimsically humorous throughout the luncheon. The regulations of the sanitarium provided separate tables at the "Inn" for the inmates of the separate cottages, and he and Miss McEachran sat with the two nurses who had their bedrooms in "Birch Lodge." Miss McEachran fell back into a professional reserve and silence before the others, and Kirkwood occupied himself with little Miss Kratz, a "baby-blue blonde" with parted lips and an uneasy, chapped nostril. He was aware, however, of Miss McEachran's attention, and he talked for her—if not to her—so obviously that she kept a quiet eye on Miss Kratz and intercepted the

Slipping her arm around his shoulder, she began, in a hurried, whispering rush of words

languid, significant glance with which Miss Kratz prodded the second nurse to an appreciation of the situation.

Kirkwood had always been a better talker with women than with men. He was more interested in their opinions because of their emotional apprehension, which he found so much more subtle and more quick than a reasoned conclusion. He had suffered and been bruised by the dogmatic ponderosities of the authoritative male. He had himself acquired some of the delicacies of feminine perception—particularly in a social way. He caught Miss Kratz's glance and understood it. He replied to it by ignoring her and leading out the second nurse.

All *her* thin physical qualities were summed up in her hair, which was scant, lusterless, ill-tended and obviously unloved. She was uninteresting and overworked; but he discovered in her a passion for the theater, and he soon had her discussing the plays of three years before—the last that she had seen—with all the enthusiasm of an exile. Miss Kratz interrupted, was ignored, and began to sulk. Miss McEachran twinkled and enjoyed it.

His spirits held up even through dinner; but with nightfall he found himself with a muted brain, and he sat on the steps of "Birch Lodge" looking up at a sky full of light from a moon that was yet hidden behind the eastern mountains, watching the clouds float across the heavens as a man watches water flowing under a bridge, and conscious that he had not even an emotion, much less a thought. His pulse was perhaps low for want of its usual nicotine. His mind had entirely ceased to respond to any agitation of despair.

Miss McEachran joined him there—her work finished for the day—and finding him disinclined to talk, she sat on a step below him and watched the moon rise over the wooded heights. Its light showed her dressed in the uniform of her calling, unlike in the conventional simplicity and freshness of starched linen and white cap. He watched her languidly. She seemed as virginal and mysterious, in her silence, as the moonlight itself. "What are you thinking?" he asked.

She replied thoughtfully: "I own a little bungalow about ten miles from here, up the valley, on the other side. I lived a whole year there once, when I got run down and tired of nursing. It's much wilder than down here—more wooded. I rent it for the summers usually, but it's snug enough in winter, too. There's a farmer about a half mile away, to get butter and eggs and milk and cream and cottage cheese from—and he'll team up groceries from Somerton for you for a dollar a trip. You can live there for less than five dollars a week easily, and order things by mail right from New York. Then there's fishing—trout in the Willamoe and perch and pickerel in a little lake about a mile away. You could be just as comfortable as you are here, and far more happy. All these sick people around are enough to give *anyone* the blues. Who was that?"

She thought she had heard a rustle in the doorway behind them. "Is that you, Miss Kratz?" she asked harshly.

She got no answer.

He objected, in a comfortable laziness, that he did not know how to cook; that he did not feel equal to foraging for himself; that he was afraid he would find it lonely. She argued that he most needed an outdoor lif plenty of fresh air, just a little gentle exe cise, and cheerful surroundings. "Docto and medicines and nursing are no good," sl confided, under her voice. "This place is regular graft on half the people that con here. You know—" She interrupted herse again to look over her shoulder at the doo way. "Who *is* that?" she said, and rose go and see.

She disappeared into the cottage, and h heard high voices in one of the inner room A door was slammed violently and the voic continued in a more muffled altercation. S lence followed suddenly on another bangi of a door, and then Miss Kratz burst ou with an angry rustle of skirts, and hurri down the path toward the "Infirmary." Mi McEachran did not return. And after wai ing and sighing uneasily at a moonlight th became more desolate as it strengthened, Kir wood went in to his bed.

He slept heavily, and so late that he a his breakfast alone, dully—for he was still a quiet mind—and with no thought for t incident of the previous evening. The pai ful silence at the luncheon table first r minded him that he had overheard a quarr He only hoped that no one would try to t him about it. No one did. And it was fro Miss Kratz's almost impertinent good spiri at the dinner that he guessed her triumph the dispute.

He waited on the steps for Miss McEac ran, that evening, until the darkness of a st and clouded night shut down over their li tle valley with an oppressiveness that w physical. He began to wish he were on

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The Sea Control

A Trust that is Rapidly Securing a Monopoly of the Ocean Trade of the World

By John L. Mathews

Author of Busting the First Trust, The Wasted Mississippi, etc.

THE sea, last of all, has developed a monopoly.

The world at large, and the great sea upon it is no longer a waste upon which vessels cross and recross at random. Established by the trade winds, by the swift currents, by the favoring deep channels; by the distances between the great trade depôts, by the distribution of peoples, by the development of nations and their outward expansion, there have been created certain trade routes over the sea which are as fixed as if they were steel highways and the steamships but freight trains running over them. These routes alter in centuries, seldom in decades. It is these routes of which monopoly has achieved control.

Every foreign and practically every American ship, plying regularly between our shores and Europe, between here and South America, between here and South Africa, between here and the Orient, is a member of some conference, or pool. These "shipping rings," as the British Parliament has styled them, are all knit together by common membership until they are far on the way to a single and complete organization to control all waterborne traffic between nations. These shipping rings fix the traffic rates for all the main trade routes of the world. They agree that there shall be no competition upon these routes. They agree that if any independent line or single vessel attempts to compete with them, they will unite to destroy it.

Capital has long been grabbing at the land, at forest and water supplies, at industry and communication.

But sea control—that has always seemed impossible. In the phrase of Lord Byron:

> Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
> Stops with the shore.

The open sea, obeying nothing but the moon and the tempest, was thought to be forever free. The untamed spirit of it was traditional. Every man held a right to build and operate his own ship into or out from the ports of every nation. The world's trade upon the water defied monopoly. Yet it has come, this sea control; not fully, not entirely, not organized into a complete unit; yet so strong already that every trade route of the sea is in some way fettered by it.

The Old Familiar Rebate

Sea control is secured by the simplest of devices—a game of forfeits. We may see it illustrated in small and in large affairs. Not long ago a royal commission on shipping rings, appointed by the King of England, investigated this matter. A shrewd Scot named McPherson was sent by the Dominion of Australia as one of their witnesses to give testimony upon these matters.

"In 1883," he said, "when I had three hundred tons of iron to ship to Fremantle, I went to the shipping people to learn the rate of freight. They held a meeting and then gave me a quotation. They said: 'You will have to pay eighteen shillings a ton now; but in twelve months' time, if you will confine all your shipments to the North and West to the companies within our ring, we will grant you a rebate of twenty per cent.'

"In other words, I had to leave with them a hostage of three shillings sixpence a ton on three hundred tons, and let it stay in their hands twelve months. Had I not agreed to confine all my shipping to their association, I should have had to charge eighteen shillings a ton for the freight of the iron, and I probably should have lost the business."

> *The sea trust puts its tax upon every pound of coffee Brazil sends us, or of tea and spices from the East Indies, upon every yard of cloth that England makes from our own cotton and sends back to us, upon the manufactures of Germany and France, upon fish from Norway, upon fruit from Central America. It must have its toll before we can travel forth to see the world. Like the tariff wall, excessive railroad rates, exorbitant express charges and monopolistic control generally, it lays its heavy tax, directly or indirectly, upon everything we eat or wear and the houses we live in. It is just another of the factors in the excessive cost of living, and an exceedingly important one.*

The term "rebate," as used by the members of the ring, sounds much pleasanter than either "hostage" or "forfeit," yet it is nothing but an overcharge made at the outset in order that the threat not to return it may be held over the shipper's head.

This of Mr. McPherson was a small affair, amounting to only two hundred and forty dollars. Yet it was a forfeit that would have lost him a customer had he failed to meet the conditions of the ring. A somewhat parallel investigation into these same affairs, conducted by a committee of our last Congress, produced a more startling report. The witness on the stand was a big importer of coffee from Brazil.

"Why do you not charter a tramp to send your cargoes in?" asked a Congressman. "Could you not get fair rates that way?"

"I have too heavy a forfeit posted," replied the merchant. "The Brazil conference which controls this coffee trade into New York, holds in its treasury rebates due me amounting to twenty-eight thousand five hundred dollars and covering a period of ten months; and I would lose all this if I received so much as a ton from Brazil by a vessel not in the ring. In the two remaining months of the year before the first fourteen thousand dollars of the rebates is paid to me the best I could do with tramps would be two or three cargoes at four thousand dollars' saving on each; and I would lose not only the fourteen thousand, but the whole sum."

The steamships which bring coffee from Brazil held similar forfeits for many other New York merchants. They, and the coast line in Australia which overcharged a customer three shillings sixpence per ton, are but minor examples of the powerful groups that control the highways of the sea. How much these rebates amount to the world over we can only estimate; but it is very certain that there cannot be less than fifty million dollars on any day in the year, held in the coffers of the steamship trust, all belonging to the shippers and certain to be forfeited unless the rules of the rings are absolutely obeyed. This overcharge money not only brings to the shipping companies a very large unearned interest, but it also furnishes them continually with a powerful fighting fund for destroying independent competition.

In the old days clipper ships sailed the sea routes and made famous records on them. Two powerful vessels, with towering spars breasted by huge canvasses, clearing the same day from Hongkong, captained, perhaps, by men from the same Maine harbor, might not be a week apart at any time in five months of voyaging to the same ultimate port. The captains bought and loaded the cargoes where they found them, and sold them where the market was best; and open competition held sway.

Steam liners upon single routes, and tramps upon all routes, superseded the clipper and maintained the same free bidding for the freights. All over the world the tramp and the liner divided the trade. When the liner would have raised rates, the tramp, coming out to far ports with cargoes of fuel and free to go anywhere, was always there to bid them down again. Manufacturers and merchants chartered these ships half-way around the world, to bring back their raw materials. In the early days America shared this trade; and then, little by little, the tariff wall, grim and forbidding, grew up about our shipyards, our merchant marine vanished and other nations took over our business on the sea. But we had free competition still and could charter these foreign ships to carry our own cargoes.

The First Shipping Ring

Sea business reflects the fluctuations of land conditions. Money is free and cargoes are waiting; money is tight and cargoes are refused. When credit is plentiful, shipyards work overtime; new ships are built literally in hundreds, and harbors are black with the smoke of outgoing and incoming freighters. But when credit is tight, the shipyards close, the cargoes fall off, and idle carriers lie anchored in the stream, eating up their capital in fixed charges and depreciation.

Then rates are cut, and the biggest shippers, secretly, have the biggest cuts. This situation befell in the Calcutta trade in 1873; and in the urgent necessity for getting cargoes the ship agents gave the rich merchants preferential rates, which the shippers continued to demand after prosperity had come again. By 1875 this situation had grown so bad that the line agents in the London-Calcutta trade got together to consider what to do. What they did was to form the first shipping ring, the Calcutta Home Conference. They agreed to set the tariffs at a fairly profitable figure, to charge the same rates, vessel for vessel, and to give every shipper the same without preference; and, last of all, to fight together against competition and rate cutting. There was the real nubbin of the new ring.

The big shippers, deprived of their preferential rates, organized a line of their own to fight the Conference. The Conference, casting about for a weapon for the fight, hit upon the deferred rebate, and thus put into operation the old familiar weapon of land control, as the first step toward sea control. To assure the maintenance of their tariffs and the abundance of cargoes they made contracts with each merchant, providing that if for six consecutive months he shipped everything by lines in the Conference, they would credit him with six per cent. of all the money he had paid in. Six months later, if he still (as the agents described it) remained "loyal" to the Conference and lived scrupulously up to his contract, they would pay him the original six months' forfeit, and credit him with the

second. If he shipped a hundredweight by an independent ship, or received a consignment by an independent even without his orders, his whole outstanding hostage was forfeited. In the Calcutta trade many a man stood to lose from four to six thousand pounds sterling by this confiscatory process.

So began the international game of forfeits, turning the business world into a huge gambling house in which steamship agents held the stakes and dealt the cards; and the merchants lost or won, taking a chance now and then on an independent line with the world-old longing for freedom, and then, under coercion, coming back, sadder and wiser, to begin again accumulating a forfeit fund in the treasury of the ring.

From Calcutta the new idea was passed on to China, and the China Homeward Conference was formed. Rates were raised, competition eliminated, and the game of forfeits established. The shippers, furious at this new turn of affairs, organized a line of their own to fight the new ring, and styled it the China Mutual Steam Navigation Company. Alas for their intentions! There is no line in the world to-day which has a tenderer regard for rebates or reaps more advantages from sea control than the China Mutual. It is one of the rings that dominates our trans-Pacific trade, and shares with the Ocean Steamship Company the exclusive right to carry cargoes from Puget Sound to the United Kingdom via the Suez Canal.

The New York Freights Conference

No such profitable gambling scheme, with such an accumulation of forfeits, could long escape the eye of the money interests of America. The Standard Oil Company, the grandfather of all railway rebates and secret concessions in rates, cast an eye over the sea and determined upon an aquatic adventure. It had accumulated a fleet of vessels to engage in carrying its oil to the Orient, and especially to the busy channels of the Straits Settlements. Singapore is the central depôt for an enormously rich trade, and after a long struggle, by combining with the merchants themselves, the steamship lines had organized the Straits Homeward Conference. It was on the deferred rebate system, with ten per cent. accumulating in the forfeit fund. Singapore is a great center for tramps which come out with fuel, and only the contracts made with the interested merchants, guaranteeing sixty per cent. of the tonnage, enabled the liners to compete with this cheap fleet. The appearance of the Standard Oil Company in the crowded channel threw the agents for the liners and their backers at home into a panic. In the Blue Book of the royal commission on shipping rings we find from Mr. Stuart of Singapore this account of their procedure:

"The ship owners who had so successfully instituted the Straits Homeward Conference were for long anxious to see the markets of the United States placed in a less advantageous position, probably because the fair and reasonable freights charged to American ports invited camparison; and, as has been stated, a limit was set to rates, as the danger of goods being shipped to America and thence to European markets was to be feared.

"Moreover, the Standard Oil Company, at first chartering steamships to convey their oil to Eastern markets and afterward becoming possessed of their own fleet, was a standing menace to the Conference, and whispers were heard of the intention of this company to take return cargoes for European ports en route for America.

"At any rate, finally, a combination was effected (though it is understood the Standard Oil were at first not favorable to this) on account of the steamship owners trading between America and far Eastern ports.

"The ship agents, as far as Singapore was concerned, were already supporters of the Straits Homeward Conference; and one of their number is understood to have proceeded to New York to secure the support of the Standard Oil Company. The steamship lines represented are as follows: Indra, Shewan,

Every foreign and practically every American ship, plying regularly between our shores and Europe, between here and South America, between here and South Africa, between here and the Orient, is a member of some conference or pool. These "shipping rings," as the British Parliament has styled them, are all knit together by common membership until they are far on the way to a single and complete organization to control all water-borne traffic between nations. These shipping rings fix the traffic rates for all the main trade routes of the world. They agree that there shall be no competition upon these routes. They agree that if any independent line or single vessel attempts to compete with them, they will unite to destroy it.

Tomes & Company, Barber, Mogul, Prince, Rhederei, Dodwell's Steamers, Hamburg-American Line, American and Oriental, United States Steamship Company, China and Japan, and the Standard Oil Company; the latter company, however, flying the British flag.

"Operations came into effect in May, 1905, and on August 24th rates were raised to the level of London, except on tin, rattans, and jelotong. The deferred rebate system was established, ten per cent. being given to shippers who confined their shipments to Conference vessels; but there can be no doubt that the same vicious system of secret rebates to favored shippers is also in vogue, and I know of a foreign house of secondary standing to which for some time an additional five per cent. has been granted."

The tariff to London had been just under the combination rates to New York and thence to London. America had the advantage in the Straits trade of several dollars per ton of freight. The Conference wanted higher rates to make more money. They could not be raised to London unless they were raised to New York. So Mr. Rockefeller's company, with its American-owned British ships, instead of maintaining the free route to New York and keeping for America that advantage, went into the New York Freight Conference with the British lines, raised the homeward rates to a parity with London, and laid another stone in the foundation for sea control.

By this time practically the whole trade

City Lights

By Herbert J. Hall

Out of the growing darkness spring the lights,
The fairy lights in garlands and in bars,
The jewels that the city wears o' nights
To match the ancient splendor of the stars.
I watch them tenderly, I love them so,
I know them all and some of them by name,
For some are home lights friendly, soft and low,
And some leap from the busy forge's flame.
And some from windows of the sick look down,
So patiently they look upon the night;
And some flare boldly forth above the town,
And some there are that seem to shrink from sight.
Out of the growing darkness spring the lights,
The fairy lights in garlands and in bars,
The jewels that the city wears o' nights
To match the ancient splendor of the stars.

outside the United States was organized in these rings. They came together and fe apart and organized again. On some route particularly the South African, there we prolonged wars, running through sever years, often giving America an unexpecte entrance into a new field for trade, whic ended when the inside and outside lines we weary and formed a new Conference. Wi all this they gradually grew stronger and s cured a firmer grip on the sea. The trad which set toward our ports was soon high organized, and remains so to-day; but th cargoes which went forth in increasin amounts to compete with the manufacture of Germany and England went at free an competitive rates, and there were no forfei from them.

Every once in a while some odd and une pected trait in the British character bobs u and surprises us. An old gentleman befo the royal commission in London testified th he collected from the South African Confe ence six or eight thousand pounds sterlin every year in rebates, on outward shipments

"What do you do with that? Who ge it?" asked the chairman.

"I remit it to the consignee in Africa, b cause I have already billed the freight him."

"Who gets the Home Conference rebates?

"I send them to him, also, as the goods a his and sent on sale order."

The chairman looked puzzled. "But if yo make the contracts and collect the rebates," h said, "I should think you would be entitle to them as a part of your business."

"Sir," said the old witness with much dig nity, "there is still some honor in Britis trade."

England Respects the Sherman Law

It was not this sense of honor, but an equi alent respect for law that had so far kept ou export trade free from the rebate system e cept in a brief part of a South African trad war. Looking over our statutes to determin what risk he would take in establishing Ame ican conferences in the outward traffic, Joh Bull's eye fell upon the Sherman Law. I America it was derided and scoffed at, an considered unenforceable. But there was n such feeling in John Bull when these word met his eye:

"Section 2. Every person who shall monop olize, or attempt to monopolize, combine o conspire with any other person or persons t monopolize any part of the trade or com merce among the several states or with fo eign nations, shall be deemed guilty of a mi demeanor and on conviction thereof shall b punished by a fine not exceeding five thou sand dollars, or by imprisonment not exceed ing one year or by both said punishments i the discretion of the court."

"Section 8. That the word 'person' o 'persons,' wherever used in this act, shall b deemed to include corporations . . . existin . . . under the laws of any state or any fo eign country."

There was no "law of reason" attached t it as far as he could see. It was a plain an simple statement of what the American gov ernment would do with the persons who mad up a shipping ring to monopolize her outwar traffic.

"Very well," said he, "I'll take no chance with such a statute as that. They'd send m agents to jail. Law is law."

Until the new interpretation of the law wa reached in the dissolution of the Standar Oil Company, that barrier stood, protecting u against at least a part of the sea control. Bu it remains to be seen whether the law unde the "rule of reason" will continue to protec us against the formation of outward confer ences on our routes.

Meanwhile the shipping rings, seeking som way to ally themselves with American trad and secure a monopoly of it, found it in th old Calcutta preferential rates. They mad secret contracts with the oil trust, with th harvester trust, with the steel trust, the suga

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The Spotlight

OSCAR UNDERWOOD—LISTENING

Oscar Underwood of Alabama has a buzzing in his ears but it doesn't pain him. Honeyed voices are asking him if it wouldn't sound fine to be called President Underwood of the United States of America. Of course it would sound fine. Who would blame him for listening to the pleasant melody?

No one does blame him, not even Woodrow Wilson, that cheerful radical man who has so roused the fears of the very rich and the very powerful and the very conservative of the Democratic party that they have gone the length of setting up an excellent man to be their candidate. 'Tis even said that Wilson likes the tribute of bogie-man paid to him by the settling of the conservative choice upon the capable and gentlemanly Underwood.

Nor does the manner of his choosing reflect upon Congressman Underwood or his motives. Bless you, no. Haven't the powerful the right to put forward their candidate for a nomination if they want to? What is democracy for, anyway, if it is not for a free expression of opinion? Of course there are such little things as keeping the exact meaning of some kinds of support from public scrutiny, but, then, the other fellow ought to be sharp enough to draw back the veil.

So for "conservative" Democratic chieftains it's off with Harmon and on with Underwood. A candidate from the South! Surely that will break the procession of Southern States headed Wilsonward! Surely it will capture some of the "at-heart-protective" Democratic States of the North! And with a "conservative" Democratic candidate what difference will it make—to the powerful—whether he is elected or Taft chosen again? The chance of successful Republican insurgency in the Republican nominating convention is not regarded—by the powerful—as very probable.

And what kind of a man is th
been given so important a rôle
of a man anyway you lo
were elected there are
might surprise even
would disappoint. N
want surprises. N
man named by one
carefully owned of

ernor of New Jersey, and he turned from the proprietors, and went to the people, who most joyfully followed him—but that is another story.

As for the one at hand, Oscar Underwood's longest title is Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. That means he is head of the tariff-making and unmaking machinery of his party, which in turn means that he is a more powerful personage than the Speaker of the House, even if he isn't heard or seen so much.

He is the man of whom a Senator said: "He is the only man in either house of Congress who could be locked in a hermetically sealed room for a week and emerge from it with a perfectly good tariff bill."

The Senator and some of his constituents might differ on the meaning of the word "good"; but his point was clear—Underwood is conceded to know the statistics of tariffs from the hill of protection clear down to the valley of free trade. Underwood hails from a steel manufacturing district, which is at once strongly Democratic and highly protective in tariff convictions, but Underwood is not a high protectionist. Neither is he a free-trader. He risked defeat in the last election by refusing to support Birmingham's plea for a tariff of $4 a ton on pig iron, and voted for a duty of $2.50 a ton. Here is his tariff creed in his own words:

"I have never been in favor of a protective tariff for protection's sake. I have always believed in tariff for revenue only."

Birmingham possibly won't object strenuously to that view as long as for purposes of revenue a duty is kept on pig iron. Underwood, however, is sensitive on this point of an iron duty, and when W. J. Bryan last winter made the charge that the congressman had blocked a revision of the iron and steel schedule, he took the floor and called the editor of the *Commoner* a plain and harsh word. Bryan did not return to the attack.

In family, Underwood is the grandson of a Kentucky congressman and the son of a Kentucky lawyer. Not only is he a son of the South but he was educated in the South, graduating in 1884 from the University of Virginia. His wife, whom he married in 1904, is a young woman of wealth and culture, and is a confidant of her husband's political plans.

The congressman has only one known fad. He is a great walker. He is forty-nine years old, but if he claimed to be thirty-five nobody would dispute him. His age will never be given away by his hair, which is of that light brown tint that becomes gray only by very slight degrees, and when it is gray does not look so very different from what it was when it was yellow. There isn't a gray hair in his head yet.

He has candid eyes, light blue in color.

Ida Lewis was the American heroine of her generation, and when she died, in October, a nation honored her. She was fortunate in that she was rewarded during her lifetime not only with the esteem de d by bravery but also in manner more
She lived to the last, neverthe-
life of a worker, and her epi-
must contain the record that
ars she kept the Lime Rock

ld not be forgotten. Like
will bear the re-telling by
ide, and in banquet hall.
nal fire of valor. Some-
bravery with onslaught.
, but she fought to save

life, while the enemy was the unloosed force of nature. She saved eighteen lives from the sea, the first four of them when she was a slip of a girl fifteen years old.

She was the keeper of a lighthouse at eighteen, the first woman lighthouse keeper in America, and chosen then as a recognition for heroism.

Her father was Captain Hosea Lewis, keeper of the Lime Rock Light in Narragansett Bay. His health was poor, and his daughter was doing the work of caring for the light when she was twelve years old.

One day when she was fifteen years old she was playing about the lighthouse when she heard cries for help from the bay. Four young men, out rowing, had capsized their boat. None of the four could swim. Ida Lewis jumped into her boat and rowed out to them. They fought her in a panic, but she not only kept them from dragging her under water, but, one by one, she saved the lives of all four. The rescue made her famous.

Governor Van Zandt, of Rhode Island, presented her with a medal in behalf of the state. The Governor had known her as "a little black-eyed, dark-haired girl, playing about the house." He could at first, as he himself says, not credit the report that this child had gone out in a dreadful winter storm "when black waves were rolling high, to rescue great, strong men, and had rescued them."

This feat gained her at eighteen the appointment in her father's stead as keeper of the Lime Rock Light. In the meantime she had saved two other lives. In the winter of 1858, during a heavy storm two soldiers were rowing from Newport to Fort Adams. Their boat capsized. A man this time rowed Miss Lewis to the spot where the boat had overturned, but it was the girl alone who dragged the two nearly unconscious soldiers into the boat.

IDA LEWIS, SAVER OF LIVES

Here in brief is the subsequent live-saving record of the heroine:

At the age of twenty-five she saved another soldier from drowning.

At the age of twenty-six she saved five men.

At the age of thirty-six she saved three men.

At the age of sixty-five, in 1906, she saved a woman.

Ida Lewis has been called the Grace Darling of America. This is an injustice to her. Grace Darling saved five lives; Ida Lewis saved eighteen. Rather, Grace Darling was the Ida Lewis of England.

The Three Hundred and Sixty-Fifth Time

By Lilian Ducey

Illustrations by Herman L. Dreuckler

"And for the three hundred and sixty-fourth time—will you marry me, Sue?"

"DON'T remind me about last night! . . . And *don't* put your arm around me!" And with an irritable little movement of decision the girl wriggled herself free.

"All right," the man clasped his hands about his knees and looked off to the distant golf course. Then he laughed amusedly. "But I'll get you again! Wait and see—some moonlight night." The last was uttered oracularly.

A little blaze of some hidden emotion sent sparkles to the girl's eyes and added color to her cheek. Then he went on.

"Sue, I just tramped around half the night after I left you, the happiest man in Burley—because I had kissed you."

At that the girl gathered herself together somewhat haughtily.

"That is why I came off here with you, Jimmie Carson. To—to tell you what I thought of you. How *dared* you do it?"

The man grinned happily.

"Oh, you kissed me, too," said he. "It wasn't a one-sided affair at all. And you—*liked it.*"

"Oh!"

"You did."

"Jimmie Carson!"

"Mrs. Jimmie Carson."

He leaned toward her, his voice dropping to a tenser depth as he said the last. But the girl regarded him icily.

"It's a chilly afternoon," his humor changed to playfulness as he caught her eye. "I don't ever remember one quite so chilly, Sue. Or perhaps it's only the disparity in the temperatures between last night and to-day makes me feel it so."

He kept growing serious in spite of his firm belief (founded on experience) that on the wings of flippancy one could swing this girl to higher emotional levels than with the most serious protestations.

"One thing I have decided upon," the girl said at length, restrainedly, "is that I'll be in no possible way responsible for your administration. I said forty feet? [illegible] out of that ditch if he digs till kingdom come!" The next moment his laughing eyes reverted to her.

"You were saying, you were afraid to see so much of me," he taunted.

"I said, I intended to see less of you." She made the correction with emphasis.

"I don't know how you'll manage it," the man averred pleasantly. "And for the three hundred and sixty-fourth time—will you marry me, Sue?"

"Jimmie Carson—" began the girl hotly.

"What's the use of postponing the inevitable," he interrupted her, seriousness beneath his light tone. "You've just got to in the end, you know. I want you to; your father wants you to; your mother is just about as keen about it as I am—"

"Jimmie Carson!"

"Hold on!" he flashed. "You'll wear my name to tatters. And don't be so rude. I wasn't finished. In conclusion I meant to add, that—of course I'll allow that you are self-deceived—but deep in your heart you want to yourself."

"Jimmie Carson!" It was the same astounded exclamation and he shook his finger at her reprovingly.

"Watch Henderson wallop that ball," he said companionably. "He plays golf the way I make love. He's the biggest lug on the links. Just the same I never watch him play without admiring his persistency."

The girl broke off a blade of grass and caught it between her teeth. She was smiling and worried the wisp of green to hide it.

But the man was laughing openly. "Once upon a time I heard an amusing story," he went on. "I quite forget where, or just exactly how it ran, but it was connected with the British Winston Churchill who hated to [illegible] Susie, Susie, Sue. Still I'd like to make one deduction—it is, the persistent plodder wins."

"Meaning of course—"

"Of course—meaning you and I. I'm the plodder; you're the prize."

It was a languid answer and the man smiled at her evenly. Then suddenly he put out a swift arm which she dexterously avoided.

"Sue," he said with commanding power "just this once let's get down to hardtack and bacon. What's your objection to me?"

She inspected him coolly for a moment. His tone was different from any she remembered.

"Perhaps I don't care for you enough."

"Rot!" He brought out the exclamation with some force. "I know better after last night."

"Oh! Then you think I do!"

"You—you're trying to evade the issue. But I won't let you," the man went on. "To repeat, what's your objection to me? Strong, healthy, fairish-looking, money to burn—and I love you in the bargain and you like me. Pretty decent liver even as men go. Not that I take any credit for that! If it wasn't that I have cared for you so many years, if it wasn't that you've always seemed so much more to me than any other girl, if it wasn't that I'd a thousand times rather tag after you than do anything else in God's world I'd probably have gone a more worldly pace. Now come on—what is it?"

There was a stirring quality of earnestness in his tone that forbade anything but truth. And for a long time the girl looked him in the eyes.

"Want to know, Jimmie?" she asked at last. "The truth?"

"The truth," he repeated.

"And even if it hurts?"

"Even if it hurts."

Soberly their eyes met.

"I'm twenty-four—" the girl began, but he interrupted her.

"Now don't give me any gag about ages!" It was said savagely. "So am I, and six months older."

"Wait," she shook her head deprecatingly. Then: "and I'm going to tell you the truth, Jimmie, if you don't interrupt." Her voice was a trifle unsteady; she looked at him a long time. Then out of a meditative silence continued from the point at which he had so forcibly turned her. "And when a girl is twenty-four in these days of free thought and freer living, she's often more of a woman than perhaps her own mother was at that age. She certainly has a clearer understanding of men and what she expects from them. Man—*a* man isn't her whole world. Not that she isn't ready and anxious to have him be. But her eyes are so clear that the fact that he is a man doesn't glamour over his defects and deficiencies. If she can't get the genuine article she's not going to be content with the spurious makeshift. Perhaps all girls don't feel that way, but many do. I do."

"Then you consider me the spurious article." The man spoke without feeling, in a

[illegible]

"Aside from being the best morally, you are the best at golf, the best at tennis, the best at polo, the very best dancer I know. Some accomplishments—those. But Jimmie, you are only one of the ornaments on the rim of life. And the man I marry, Jimmie, must be part of life—a worker, not an idler; a wheel, no matter how tiny, on the clock time, not the gilded youth that ornaments the top in useless perfection."

"I see," said the man quietly to himself.

"To sum up, Jimmie," and this time it was the girl's hand that reached out, finding a resting place on his shoulder, "the man I marry must be a man who *does things*."

If that soft pressure was meant to mitigate the hard truths she had uttered, it seemed to make no headway in that leavening process. Long and silently, the man sat hunched beside her, elbows on his knees, face screened by both hands.

"Have I hurt you, Jimmie—unforgivably?" After they had sat that way for unmeasured time, the girl asked her question softly, timidly.

"No," came the monosyllabic reply.

"Sure?"

"No."

"You asked for the truth."

"And I got it."

"Didn't you want it, then?" She sighed a little.

"Yes—but it's like a diet of green apples. I'm having a little time digesting it."

He sighed heavily and she answered with like kind. But after a time he spoke slowly.

"I never looked at it that way before, Sue. Alone in the world, all the money I wanted, what was the use of working? And there was always lots to do to take up my time—and there was you. I see now that I've been playing the part of an overgrown puppy; only I feel about as big as that grasshopper there."

"Oh! I have hurt you, Jimmie." The hand on his shoulder became an arm around his neck. "I have!"

Her voice was tenderly unsteady and when he spoke his held the same quality.

"Not so I won't live through it, Sue," he said stoutly. "But I want to ask you one thing, Sue. Have you thrown the gauntlet? If you have I accept the challenge. I put it into my heart and my head—instead of my pocket."

"Jimmie!" The arm gave Jimmie a little squeeze but at that moment he hadn't the buoyancy to notice it. But the glad little lilt of her voice did touch him.

"Why not?" he answered as if she had questioned him.

Several days passed after this conversation. During this time Jimmie made daily visits to the near-by metropolis, and wrenchingly held himself away from Sue. He had made up his mind that not until he could present her with the name and address of the axle on which he had fitted the wheel of himself, would he see her.

But fitting himself anywhere was a feat more uncertain than aviation. When two weeks had passed he began to ache through and through for the old companionship. At the end of three weeks he grew desperate, for the financial crisis prevailing seemed to preclude any additional wheels. He had chosen an inopportune time to enter the lists of labor for his lady's favor. Grimly, however, each day saw him assailing the strongholds of the financial district. Somewhere, if he only kept at it long enough, there must be a place for a willing worker.

And at last, through an old friend of his father, he secured a position with a banking house.

All the way to Burley that afternoon, he stood on the rear platform of the train and whistled exuberantly. The tune was appropriate, being a popular. It was: "Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more."

He lost no time in getting to Sue's house. On the way he formed variously polite plans of having himself asked to dinner. And his eyes lighted and he smiled triumphantly. It was a little previous to crow, but he meant to do it. And he hoped it would be a moonlight night.

"You've got all over caring—haven't you, Jimmie?"

But at the house he was informed that Miss Sue had gone to Albany to visit the Parsons's for a few days. In his disappointment, he felt like kicking up the whole hall. Then suddenly he looked at his watch. To be sure! If he rushed to his rooms he'd just be able to throw a few clothes together and catch the night boat. And he was always welcome at Ted Parsons's.

"At the Parsons's?" he called back over his shoulder as he bounded down the steps.

Then in an overwhelming flood of chagrin he stopped short. To-morrow was the day he became a wheel, a worker, the genuine article. Albany might as well be London, or Hong-Kong, or Timbuctoo.

And Jimmie's spirits, which had soared so vainglariously, plunged downward like a careening monoplane. Belligerently he thrust his hands into his pockets. Then slowly he walked to the club where he had his rooms. He was whistling "Old Black Joe" when he met one of his friends in the corridor.

"Lord! What's the matter, Jimmie?" asked Tony Wheeler.

"Nothing." Jimmie looked his friend in the eye, then he asked soberly: "How long is a few days, Tony?"

Wheeler thought for a minute. Wheeler was to be married in a few days and it was a suspected fact that he was not tremendously keen about it.

"I'll tell you, Jimmie," he said. "It's got Bob Burman in an automobile racer skinned a thousand ways."

Jimmie laughed heartily.

"Wrong. Go to the foot of the class," he said succinctly. "It's judgment-day."

The next few days both galloped and snailed to Jimmie. He wore his usual smile but there was a serious line between his brows. It was an incongruous situation, for with Sue in the perspective time seemed interminable, but the exigencies of business made it fly.

Each evening, as his habit had been for years, he called at her house. But Sue remained away longer than expected. And she was still absent when Jimmie's inherited wealth was caught in the financial whirlpool sweeping so disastrously through the city. He awoke one morning to find that he was penniless except for the few hundreds in the home bank, which he kept there for his immediate use.

The shock stunned Jimmie. All that day he worked numbly. And when evening came he went as usual to see if Sue had returned.

Instead of the maid, Sue's mother came to him on the veranda steps before he had time to ring. It almost seemed as if she had been waiting for him, watching at some window. Without preliminaries, in a rather hushed voice, she made known her wishes.

"I'm sorry, Jimmie," she said gravefully, "about your trouble. I can't tell you how much I wish it had not occurred. But under the circumstances I must let you know that I withdraw my consent to your marrying Sue. It wouldn't do at all—*now*."

Jimmie snorted. He knew he did. Then his anger cooled. In a voice which for the life of him he could not hold steady he said: "Sue—is she home?"

"No—no, she isn't," came the reply.

"Well I won't come in then," said Jimmie, a trifle maliciously, and turned on his heel.

When he got to the gate he looked back. And there showed on the curtain of her

[Continued on page 43]

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 II—The Law at Fullerton Point

JUST six hundred miles north of civilization Corporal MacVeigh stood watching the thunderous movement of Arctic ice out in the Roes Welcome. Standing motionless a dozen paces from the little storm-beaten cabin which represented law at this loneliest outpost on the American continent, he looked like a carven thing of dun-gray rock, with a dun-gray world over his head and on all sides of him, broken only in its terrific monotony of deathlike sameness by the darker gloom of the sky and the whiter and ghostlier gloom that hung over the ice fields. It was spring at the top of the world, but the wind was bitter, and the vision shut in by a near horizon which MacVeigh described as the rim of hell. Just now MacVeigh's heart was as leaden as the day. Under his feet the frozen earth shivered with the rumbling reverberations of the crashing and breaking mountains of ice. His ears were filled with a dull and steady roar, like the echoes of distant thunder, broken now and then—when an ice mountain split asunder—with a report like that of a thirteen-inch gun. There were curious wailings, strange screeching sounds, and heart-breaking moanings in the air. From the farther north the powerful Arctic currents were sending down their countless billions of tons of ice in the annual "break-up" flow that swept south into Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait. Two days before MacVeigh had heard its roar twenty miles inland. It had frightened back the wolves and caribou. Even the foxes hunted inland.

But MacVeigh scarcely heard the rumbling roar. He was looking toward the warring fields of ice, but he did not see them. It was not the dead gloom and the gray monotony that weighted his heart, but strange sounds that came from the cabin—the laughter of a man, the shrieking merriment of a child's voice. The man was Private Pelletier, his one companion at this fag-end of the earth, and Pelletier was happy. His service was almost at an end, and in a few weeks more he would be going down to the Girl. The Girl!—MacVeigh's pulse beat a little faster. He knew how Pelletier loved her, he knew how the Girl loved Pelletier. They would be happy, while he, MacVeigh—

He pulled himself together with a low laugh. He was not superstitious, but things had happened strangely during the past two months. He wondered what would come of it all. In a flash his mind traveled back, as it had done a hundred times before. He saw Pelletier again, almost dying of fever and loneliness. He went over his own wild dash to Fort Churchill, more than four hundred miles away, where he had raced for the medicines and the letters from the Girl, which he thought would save him. Then his mind traveled more slowly, for after that had come the great joy and the great pain into his life. He had come upon the murderer, Scottie Deane, and his wife. He had let the man escape—for the woman's sake. She had come to him like an angel from out of a world that had always been an empty and loveless one for him. He had let the man go because in those hours of storm and flight he loved the wife. He loved her now. He loved the memory of the one and only reward she had given him—a kiss of her sweet lips.

The little girl's voice came to him now, laughing and screaming as she romped with Pelletier inside, and MacVeigh laughed softly, and smiled, as he filled his pipe. Then he turned with a new sense of duty. He had been digging, and beside the shallow hole he had made there lay the stiff and frozen corpse of a man. It was a terrible picture that the dead man made, with his coarse bearded face turned up to the sky and his teeth still snarling, as they had snarled on the day he died. He had been under that shallow covering of ice and earth for nearly two months, but he was unchanged. MacVeigh shivered. He had been through the dead man's pockets, had searched him thoroughly, and the few things he had found lay on the snow. There was nothing among them that might solve the mystery of the miracle that had descended upon them. He rolled the man into the grave, covered him over, and went into the cabin.

Pelletier was in his usual place—on his hands and knees—with Little Mystery astride his back. He paused in a mad race across the cabin floor and looked up with inquiring eyes. The little girl held up her arms, and MacVeigh tossed her half-way to the ceiling and then hugged her golden head close up to his chilled face. Pelletier jumped to his feet; his face grew serious as MacVeigh looked at him over the child's tousled curls.

"I found nothing—absolutely nothing of any account," he said. "I didn't call you out when I got him above ground for I didn't think it would be pleasant for you to see the man you killed. But there was nothing on him—nothing." He placed Little Mystery on one of the bunks, and faced the other with a puzzled look in his eyes. "I wish you hadn't been in a fever on that day of the fight, Pelly," he said. "He *must* have said something—something that would give us a clue."

"Mebby he did, Mac," said Pelletier, looking with a shiver at the few things which MacVeigh had placed on the cabin table. But there's no use worrying any more, Mac. It ain't in reason that she's got any people up here—six hundred miles from the shack of a white man that 'd own a little beauty like her. She's mine. I found her. She's mine to keep."

He sat down at the table, and MacVeigh seated himself opposite him, smiling sympathetically into Pelletier's eyes.

"I know—you want her—want her bad, Pelly," he said. "And I know the Girl would love her. But she's got people—somewhere, and it's our duty to find 'em. She didn't drop out of a balloon, Pelly. Do you suppose—the dead man—might be her father?"

It was the first time he had asked this question, and he noted the other's sudden shudder of revulsion.

"I've thought of that, Mac. But it can't be. He was a beast, and she—she's a little angel. Mac, her mother must have been beautiful. And that's what made me guess—fear—"

Pelletier wiped his face uneasily, and the two young men stared into each other's eyes. MacVeigh leaned forward, waiting.

"I figured it all out—last night, lying awake there in my bunk," continued Pelletier, "and as the second best friend I have on earth I want to ask you not to go any farther, Mac. She's mine. My Jeanne, down there, will love her like a real mother, and we'll bring her up right. But if you go on, Mac, you'll find something unpleasant—I—I swear you will!"

"You know—"

"I've *guessed*," interrupted the other. "Mac, sometimes a beast—a man beast—holds an attraction for a woman, and Blake was that sort of a beast. You remember—two years ago—a sailor ran away with the wife of a whaler's captain away up at Narwhale Inlet. Well—"

Again the two men stared silently at each other. MacVeigh turned slowly toward the child. She had fallen asleep, and he could see the dull shimmer of her golden curls as they lay scattered over Pelletier's pillow.

"Poor little devil," he exclaimed softly.

"I believe that woman was Little Mystery's mother, Mac," Pelletier went on. "She couldn't bear to leave the little kid when she went with Blake, so she took her along. Some women do that. And after a time she died. Then Blake took up with an Eskimo

woman. You know what happened after that. We don't want Little Mystery to know all this when she grows up. It's better not. She's too little to remember, ain't she? She won't ever know."

"I remember the ship," said MacVeigh, not taking his eyes off Little Mystery. "She was the *Silver Seal*. Her captain's name was Thompson."

He did not look at Pelletier, but he could feel the quick, tense stiffening of the other's body. There was a moment's silence. Then Pelletier spoke, in a low, unnatural voice.

"Mac, you ain't going to hunt him up, are you? That wouldn't be fair to me, or to the kid. My Jeanne'll love her, an' mebby—mebby some day your kid'll come along an' marry her—"

MacVeigh rose to his feet and walked softly toward the door. Pelletier did not see the strange look that had come into his face.

"What do you say, Mac?"

"Think it over, Pelly," came back MacVeigh's voice huskily. "Think it over. I don't want to hurt you, 'n' I know you think a lot of her, but—think it over. You wouldn't rob her father—"

He opened the door quietly and went out. *His kid!* He gritted his teeth as he faced the cold wind from the north. The sting of that wind was like the mocking ghost of his own past life. He was thirty-two, and he had suffered the stings of pain and of loneliness since he could remember. Down south, where Pelletier was soon going to happiness and love, he had no soul that thought of him or cared for him. That world he had left behind him many years ago. He knew only the wilderness and his service. *His kid!* A flood of warmth swept through his veins, and in that moment of forgetfulness and hope he turned his eyes into the south and west, and saw again the sweet face and up-turned lips of Isobel Deane.

Then he faced the breaking seas of ice, and the north. The gloom of early night had drawn the horizon nearer. The rumble and thunder of the crumbling floes came from out of a purple chaos that was growing blue-black in the distance. For several minutes MacVeigh stood listening, and looking into nothingness. The breaking of the ice, the moaning discontent in the air and the

"Kazan"

growling monotone of the giant currents had driven other men mad; but they fas- cination for him. He knew what hap- pening, and he could almost me the strength of the unseen hands of n No sound was new or strange to him. now As he stood there—there rose ab the other tumult a sound that he had eard before. His body became suddenly tense and alert as he faced squarely to the north. For a full minute he listened, and then turned and ran to the cabin.

Pelletier had lighted a lamp, and in its glow MacVeigh's face shone white with excitement and a strange fear.

"Good God, Pelly, come here!" he cried from the door.

As Pelletier ran out he gripped him by the shoulders.

"Listen!" he commanded. "*Listen to that!*"

"Wolves!" said Pelletier.

The wind was rising, and sent a whistling blast through the open door of the cabin. It awakened Little Mystery who sat up with frightened cries.

"No, it's not wolves," cried MacVeigh, and it did not sound like MacVeigh's voice that spoke. "I never heard wolves like that. Listen."

He clutched Pelletier's arm as on a fresh burst of the wind there came the strange and terrible sound from out of the night. It was rapidly drawing nearer—a wailing burst of savage voice, as if a great wolf pack had struck the fresh and blood-stained trail of game. But with this there was the other and more fearful sound, a shrieking and yelping as if half-human creatures were being torn by the fangs of beasts. As Pelletier and MacVeigh stood waiting for something to appear out of the gray-and-black mystery of the night they heard a sound that was like the slow tolling of a thing that was half hell and half drum.

"It's not wolves," shouted MacVeigh. "Whatever it is there's men with it! Hurry, Pelly—into the cabin with our dogs and sledge. Those are dogs we hear—dogs who are howling because they smell us—and there are hundreds of 'em! Where there's dogs there's men—but who in Heaven's name can they be?"

He dragged the sledge into the cabin while Pelletier unleashed the huskies from the lean-to. When he came in with the dogs Pelletier locked and bolted the door.

MacVeigh slipped a clipful of cartridges into his big game Remington. His carbine was already on the table, and as Pelletier stood staring at him in indecision he pulled out two Savage automatics from under his bunk and gave one of them to his companion. His face was white and set.

"Better get ready, Pelly," he said quietly. "I've been in this country a long time—seven years or more—and I tell you they're dogs and men. Did you hear the drum? It's made of seal belly, and there's a bell on each side of it. They're Eskimos, and there isn't an Eskimo village within two hundred miles of us this winter. They're Eskimos—and they're not on a hunt—unless it's for *us!*"

In an instant Pelletier was buckling on his revolver and cartridge belt. He grinned as he looked at the wicked little blue-steeled Savage.

"I hope you ain't mistaken, Mac," he said, "for it'll be the first excitement we've had in a year."

None of his enthusiasm revealed itself in MacVeigh's face.

"The Eskimo never fights until he's gone mad, Pelly," he said, "and you know what madmen are. I can't guess what they've got to fight over, unless they want our grub. But if they do—" He moved toward the door, his swift-firing Remington in his hand. "Be ready to cover me, Pelly. I'm going out. Don't fire until you hear me shoot."

He opened the door and stepped out. The howling had ceased now, but there came in its place strange barking voices and a cracking which MacVeigh knew was made by the long Eskimo whips. He advanced to meet many dim forms which he saw breaking out of the wall of gloom, raising his voice in a loud halloo. From the doorway P saw him suddenly lost in a mass of dog men, and half flung his carbine to hi lder. But there was no shooting from sigh. A score of sledges had drawn up him and the whips of dozens of little men cracked viciously as their dogs sank upon their bellies in the snow. Both men and dogs were tired, and MacVeigh saw that they had been running long and hard. Still as quick as animals the little men gathered about him, their white-and-black eyes staring at him out of round, thick, dumb-looking faces. MacVeigh noted that they were half a hundred strong, and that all were armed—many with

"MacVeigh"

their little javelinlike narwhal harpoons, some with spears, and others with rifles. From the circle of strangely dressed and hideously visaged beings that had gathered about him one advanced and began talking to MacVeigh in a language that was like the rapid clack of knuckle-bones.

"Kogmollocks!" MacVeigh groaned, and he lifted both hands to show that he did not understand. Then he raised his voice: "Nuna-talmute," he cried. "Nuna-talmute—Nuna-talmute! Ain't there one of that lingo among you?"

He spoke directly to the chief man, who stared at him in silence for a moment, and then pointed both short arms toward the lighted cabin.

"Come on!" said MacVeigh. He caught the little Eskimo by one of his thick arms and led him boldly through the breach that was made for them in the circle. The chief man's voice broke out in a few words of command, like a dozen quick, sharp yelps of a dog, and six other Eskimos dropped in behind them.

"Kogmollocks—the blackest-hearted little devils alive when it comes to trading wives and fighting," said MacVeigh to Pelletier as he came up at the head of the seven little black men. "Watch the door, Pelly. They're coming in."

He stepped into the cabin, and the Eskimo followed. From Pelletier's bunk Little Mystery looked at the strange visitors with eyes which suddenly widened with surprise and joy, and in another moment she had given the strangest cry that Pelletier or MacVeigh had ever heard her utter. Scarcely had that cry fallen from her lips than one of the Eskimos sprang toward her. His black hands were already upon her, dragging the frightened child from the bunk, when with a warning yell of rage Pelletier leaped from the door and sent him crashing back among his companions. In another instant both men were facing the seven Eskimos with leveled automatics.

"If you fire don't shoot to kill!" commanded MacVeigh.

The chief man was pointing to Little Mystery, his weird voice rising until it was almost a scream. Suddenly he doubled himself back and raised his javelin. Simultaneously two streams of fire leaped from the automatics. The javelin dropped to the floor, and with a shrill cry which was half pain

and half command the leader staggered back to the door, a stream of blood running from his wounded hand. The others sprang out ahead of him, and Pelletier closed and bolted the door. When he turned MacVeigh was closing and slipping the bolts to the heavy barricades of the two windows. From Pelletier's bunk Little Mystery looked at them and laughed.

"So it's *you?*" said MacVeigh, coming to her, and breathing hard. "It's you they want, eh? Now—I wonder why?"

Pelletier's face was flushed with excitement. He was reloading his automatic. There was almost a triumph in his eyes as he met MacVeigh's questioning gaze.

They stood and listened, heard only the rumbling monotone of the drifting ice—not the breath of a sound from the scores of men and dogs.

"We've given them a lesson," said Pelletier at last, smiling with the confidence of a man who was half a tenderfoot among the little brown men.

MacVeigh pointed to the door.

"That door is about the only place vulnerable to their bullets," he said, as though he had not heard Pelletier. "Keep out of its range. I don't believe what guns they've got are heavy enough to penetrate the logs. Your bunk is out of line, and safe."

He went to Little Mystery, and his stern face relaxed into a smile as she put up her arms to greet him.

"So it's YOU, is it?" he asked again, taking her warm little face and soft curls between his two hands. "They want you, an' they want you bad. Well, they can have grub, an' they can have ME, but—" he looked up to meet Pelletier's eyes—"I'm d—d if they can have you," he finished.

Suddenly the night was broken by another sound, the sharp, explosive crack of rifles. They could hear the beat of bullets against the log wall of the cabin. One crashed through the door, tearing away a splinter as wide as a man's arm, and as MacVeigh nodded to the path of the bullet he laughed. Pelletier had heard that laugh before. He knew what it meant. He knew what the death whiteness of MacVeigh's face meant. It was not fear, but something more terrible than fear. His own face was flushed. That is the difference in men.

MacVeigh suddenly darted across the danger zone to the opposite half of the cabin.

"If that's your game, here goes," he cried. "Now, d—n y', you're so anxious to fight—get at it 'n' fight!"

He spoke the last words to Pelletier. MacVeigh always swore when he went into action.

On his own side Pelletier began tugging at a small, thin block laid between two of the logs. The shooting outside had ceased when the two men opened up the loopholes that commanded a range seaward. Almost immediately it began again, the dull, red flashes showing the location of the Eskimos, who had drawn back to the ridge that sloped down to the bay. As the last of five shots left his Remington MacVeigh pulled in his gun and faced across to Pelletier, who was already reloading.

"Pelly, I don't want to croak," he said, "but this is the last of law at Fullerton Point—for you and me. Look at that!"

He raised the muzzle of his rifle to one of the logs over his head. Pelletier could see the fresh splinters sticking out.

"They've got some heavy calibers," continued MacVeigh, "and they're hidden behind the slope, where they're safe from us for a thousand years. As soon as it grows light enough to see they'll fill this shack as full of holes as an old cheese."

As if to verify his words a single shot rang out and a bullet plowed through a log so close to Pelletier that the splinters flew into his face.

"I know these little devils, Pelly," went on MacVeigh. "If they were Nuna-talmutes you could scare 'em with a sky-rocket. But they're Kogmollocks. They've murdered the crews of half a dozen whalers, and I shouldn't wonder if they'd got the kid in some such way. They wouldn't let us off now—even if we gave her up. It wouldn't do. They know better than to let the law get any evidence against them. If we're killed, and the cabin burned, who's going to say what happened to us? There's just two things for us to do—"

Another fusillade of shots came from the snow ridge, and a third bullet crashed into the cabin.

"Just two things," MacVeigh went on, as he completely shaded the dimly burning lamp. "We can stay here 'n' die—or run."

"*Run!*"

This was an unknown word in the Service, and in Pelletier's voice there were both amazement and contempt.

"Yes, run," said MacVeigh quietly. "Run—for the kid's sake."

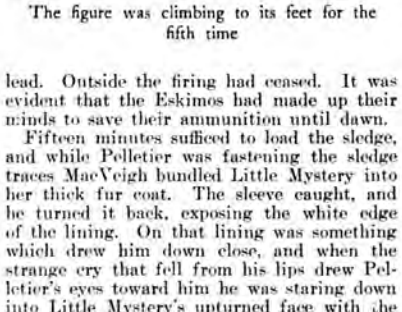
It was almost dark in the cabin, and Pelletier came close to his companion.

"You mean—"

"That it's the only way to save the kid," said MacVeigh. "We might give her up, and then fight it out—but that means she'd go back to the Eskimos, 'n' mebby never be found again. The men and dogs out there are bushed. We are fresh. If we can get away from the cabin we can beat 'em out."

"We'll run then," said Pelletier. He went to Little Mystery, who sat stunned into silence by the strange things that were happening, and hugged her up in his arms, his back turned to the possible bullet that might come through the wall. "We're going to run, little sweetheart," he mumbled half laughingly in her curls.

MacVeigh began to pack, and Pelletier put Little Mystery down on the bunk and started to harness the six dogs, ranging them close along the wall, with old one-eyed Kazan, the hero who had saved him from Blake, in the



The figure was climbing to its feet for the fifth time

lead. Outside the firing had ceased. It was evident that the Eskimos had made up their minds to save their ammunition until dawn.

Fifteen minutes sufficed to load the sledge, and while Pelletier was fastening the sledge traces MacVeigh bundled Little Mystery into her thick fur coat. The sleeve caught, and he turned it back, exposing the white edge of the lining. On that lining was something which drew him down close, and when the strange cry that fell from his lips drew Pelletier's eyes toward him he was staring down into Little Mystery's upturned face with the look of one who saw a vision.

"Mother of Heaven," he gasped, "she's—" He caught himself, and smothered Little Mystery up close to him for a moment before he brought her to the sledge. "She's the bravest little kid in the world," he finished, and Pelletier wondered at the strangeness of his voice. They tucked her into a nest made of blankets and then tied her in securely with babiche rope. Pelletier stood up first and saw the hungry, staring look in MacVeigh's face as he kept his eyes steadily upon Little Mystery.

"What's the matter, Mac?" he asked. "Are you very much afraid—for her?"

"No," said MacVeigh, without lifting his head. "If you're ready, Pelly, open the door." He rose to his feet and picked up his rifle. He did not seem like the old MacVeigh but the dogs were nipping and whining and there was no time for Pelletier's questions.

"I'm going out first, Mac," he said. "You can make up your mind they're watching the cabin pretty close, and as soon as the dogs nose the open air they'll begin yapping, 'n' let 'em on to us. We can't risk her under fire. So I'm going to back along the edge of the ridge and give it to 'em as fast as I can work the gun. They'll all turn to me, and that's the time for you to open the door and make your get-away. I'll be with you inside of five minutes."

He turned out the light as he spoke. Then he opened the door and slipped out into the darkness, without a protesting word from MacVeigh. Hardly had he gone when the latter fell upon his knees beside Little Mystery and in the deep gloom crushed his rough face down against her soft, warm little body.

"So it's you, is it?" he cried softly, and then he mumbled things which the litttle girl could not possibly have understood.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet and ran to the door with a word to faithful old Kazan, the leader.

From far down the snow ridge there came the rapid firing of Pelletier's rifle.

For a moment MacVeigh waited, his hand on the door, to give the watching Eskimos time to turn their attention toward Pelletier. He could perhaps have counted fifty before he gave Kazan the leash, and the six dogs dragged the sledge out into the night. With his humanlike intelligence old Kazan swung quickly after his master, and the team darted like a streak into the south and west, giving tongue to that first sharp, yapping voice which it is impossible to beat or train out of a band of huskies. As he ran, MacVeigh looked back over his shoulder. In the hundred-yard stretch of gray gloom between the cabin and the snow ridge he saw three figures speeding like wolves. In a flash the meaning of this unexpected move of the Eskimos dawned upon him. They were cutting Pelletier off from the cabin and his course of flight.

"Go it, Kazan!" he cried fiercely, bending low over the leader. "Moo-hoosh—moo-hoosh—moo-hoosh, old man!" and Kazan leaped into a swift run, nipping and whining at the empty air.

MacVeigh stopped and whirled about. Two other figures had joined the first three, and MacVeigh opened fire. One of the running Eskimos pitched forward with a cry that rose shrill and scarcely human above the moaning and roar of the ice fields, and the other four fell flat upon the snow to escape the hail of lead that sang close over their heads. From the snow ridge there came a fusillade of shots, and a single figure darted like a streak in MacVeigh's direction. He knew that it was Pelletier, and running slowly after Kazan and the sledge he rammed a fresh clipful of cartridges into the chamber of his rifle. The figures in the open had risen again, and Pelletier's automatic Savage trailed out a stream of fire as he ran. He was breathing heavily when he reached MacVeigh.

"Kazan has got the kid well in the lead," shouted the latter. "God bless that old scoundrel. I believe he's human."

They set off swiftly, and the thick night soon engulfed all signs of the Eskimos. Ahead of them the sledge loomed up slowly, and when they reached it both men thrust

"You've got to lie still, Pelly," he warned, arranging the blankets so that the wounded man could rest comfortably

their rifles under the blanket straps. Thus relieved of their weight they forged ahead of Kazan.

"Moo-hoosh—moo-hoosh!" cried MacVeigh.

He glanced at Pelletier on the opposite side. His comrade was running with one arm raised at the proper angle to reserve breath and endurance; the other hung straight and limp at his side. A sudden fear shot through MacVeigh and he darted ahead of the lead dog to Pelletier's side. He did not speak, but touched the other's arm.

"One of the little devils winged me," gasped Pelletier. "It's not bad."

He was breathing as though the short run was already winding him, and without a word MacVeigh ran up to Kazan's head and stopped the team within twenty paces. The open blade of his knife was ripping up Pelletier's sleeve before his comrade could find words to object. Pelletier was bleeding, and bleeding hard. His face was shot with pain. The bullet had passed through the fleshy part of his forearm, but had fortunately missed the main artery. With the quick deftness of the wilderness-trained surgeon MacVeigh drew the wound close and bound it tightly with his own and Pelletier's handkerchiefs. Then he thrust Pelletier toward the sledge.

"You've got to ride, Pelly," he said. "If you don't you'll go under, and that means all of us."

Far behind them there rose the yapping and howling of dogs.

"They're after us with the dogs!" groaned Pelletier. "I can't ride, Mac. I've got to run—and fight!"

"You get on the sledge or I'll stave your head in!" commanded MacVeigh. "Face the enemy, Pelly—and give 'em h—l. You've got three rifles there. You can do the shooting while I hustle on the dogs. And keep yourself in front of her," he added, pointing to the almost completely buried Little Mystery.

He ran on ahead, and the dogs started with their heavier load.

"Now for the timber-line," he called down to Kazan. "It's fifty miles, old boy, and you've got to make it by dawn. If we don't—"

He left the words unfinished, but Kazan tugged harder, as if he had heard and understood. The sledge had reached the unbroken sweep of the barren now, and MacVeigh felt the wind in his face. It was blowing from the north and west, and with it came sudden gusts filled with fine particles of snow. After a few moments he fell back to see that Little Mystery's face was completely covered. Pelletier was crouching low on the sledge, his feet braced in the blanket straps. His wound, and the uncomfortable sensation of riding backward on a swaying sledge, were making him dizzy, and he wondered if what he saw creeping up out of the night was a result of this dizziness, or a reality. There was no sound from behind. But a darker spot had grown within his vision, at times becoming larger, then almost disappearing. Twice he raised his rifle. Twice he lowered it again, convinced that the thing behind was only a shadowy fabric of his imagination. It was possible that their pursuers would lose trace of them in the darkness, and so he held his fire.

He was staring at the shadow when from out of it there leaped a little spurt of flame, and a bullet sang past the sledge, a yard to the right. It was a splendid shot. There was a marksman with the shadow, and Pelletier replied so quickly that the first shot had not died away before there followed the second. Five times his automatic sent its leaden messengers back into the night, and at the fifth shot there came a wild outburst of pain from one of the Eskimo dogs.

"Hurrah!" shouted MacVeigh. "That's one team out of business, Pelly. We can beat 'em in a running fight!"

He heard the quick metallic snap of fresh cartridges as Pelletier slipped them into the chamber of his rifle, but beyond that sound, the wind, and the straining of the huskies, there was no other. A grim silence fell behind. The roar of the distant ice grew less. The earth no longer seemed to shudder under their feet at the terrific explosions of the crumbling bergs. But in place of these the wind was rising, and the fine snow was thickening. MacVeigh no longer turned to look behind. He stared ahead, and as far as he could see on each side of them. At the end of half an hour the panting dogs dropped into a walk, and MacVeigh walked close beside his comrade.

"They've given it up," groaned Pelletier weakly. "I'm glad of it, Mac, for I'm—I'm—dizzy." He was lying on the sledge now, with his head bolstered up on a pile of blankets.

"You know how the wolves hunt, Pelly," said MacVeigh, "in a moon-shape, half circle, you know, that closes in on the running game from IN FRONT? Well, that's how the Eskimos hunt, and I'm wondering if they're trying to get ahead of us—off there, and off there." He motioned to the north and the south.

"They can't," replied Pelletier, raising himself to his elbow with an effort. "Their dogs are bushed. Let me walk, Mac. I can—"

He fell back with a sudden low cry.

"Gawd, but I'm dizzy—"

MacVeigh halted the dogs, and while they dropped upon their bellies, panting and licking up the snow, he kneeled beside Pelletier. Darkness concealed the fear in his eyes and face. His voice was strong and cheerful.

"You've got to lie still, Pelly," he warned, arranging the blankets so that the wounded man could rest comfortably. "You've got a pretty bad nip, and it's best for all of us that you don't make a move. You're right about the Eskimos, and their dogs. They're bushed and they've given the chase up as a bad job, so what's the use of making a fool of yourself? Ride it out, Pelly. Go to sleep with Little Mystery if you can. She thinks she's in a cradle."

He got up, and started the dogs. For a long time he was alone. Little Mystery was sleeping, and Pelletier was quiet. Now and then he dropped his mittened hand on Kazan's head, and the faithful old leader whined softly at his touch. With the others it was different. They snapped viciously, and MacVeigh kept his distance. He went on for hours, halting the team now and then for a few minutes' rest. He struck a match each time and looked at Pelletier. His comrade breathed heavily, with his eyes closed. Once, long after midnight, he opened them and

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The Wind of Chance

By Mary Heaton Vorse

Author of Bobby Willard Passes By, The Atheist, etc.

MRS. SHUMAKER used to shake her head over Elsie:

"That girl won't come to no good," she'd say.

I'd answer her real sharp:

"What's the harm in Elsie?"

Then she'd shut her mouth up tight, till it looked like a slit in a red apple, and shake her head again. Sometimes she'd go 's far 's to say:

"She ain't steady."

Well, she wasn't steady. She was like a flower bein' blown about by the wind—no, more like red-cheeked Mamie Shumaker than a flower's like a piece of bread. You know how girls is; some's like bread, so good and wholesome and you can't get along without 'em, but oh, how sweet the flower kind are. Elsie was like that and a real, refined girl beside. Oh, she was awful proud o' bein' refined. Why, if she hadn't been so happy she might 'a' been stuck up, but she'd forget to play the lady along of bein' happy; jus' like a little girl dressed up in her ma's clothes 'll drop all her grown-up ways just to clap her hands.

Elsie was happy just like some girls is pretty; it shined right out of her face so you'd turn around on the street to notice her. That was when she first come to town, before she got tired. I don't know where she come from. Where does all the girls come from that's working in New York? What brings 'em? Ambition and enterprise mostly, I guess; just the same that brings boys. And what does the city do to 'em? What does it do to 'em?

When she first come it was just enough for her to look. She was like a little girl turned loose in a play room where there was all the toys of the world. First, if you was a child and shy, you'd just look. Then supposin' you found out that they was none of 'em for you, that you could see other children playing with them toys, but *you* couldn't never touch 'em. There wasn't one you could ever hope to own, not one you could ever play with. And beside not bein' able to play, you had to work while the other children was playin'. Perhaps you'd go home then and cry sometimes like Elsie did.

I went in and found her crying one night.

"What ails you, dearie?" says I.

"Oh," says she, just catching her breath in little sobs, "it's that everything says 'It's not for you! It's not for you. It's not for you!'" Then she says: "I'm a fool. I'm just crying because I'm tired."

She was a real wise little girl, was Elsie, and she could put things in words, which made it kind of easy for her.

Mamie Shumaker says to me:

"Elsie's a fool. She had rather look nice than eat, and I told her she wouldn't look nice long if she didn't eat."

Mamie was sensible, but can you make little girls sensible—all of 'em? They're so sweet when they're not sensible.

When I go out sewing by the day, I make clothes for little girls just like Elsie—little girl women who want to play and dance and be happy just like Elsie wanted to be; little girls who are havin' pretty clothes made for 'em to show 'emselves off in; little girls who want to be loved. I've helped dress 'em in their pretty new clothes, and they would stand there shy and bold together, their hearts held out in their hands as if they were asking: "Oh, please think I'm pretty; please like me." And by and by someone does, and next time I'm back in that house I'm makin' clothes for a trousseau.

Elsie, she went to her work every day with that same kind o' look, her innocent eyes bold and shy. Men answered that kind o' look for Elsie, too, in New York. There's something about young girls so silly that it makes you mad—except the kind like Mamie Shumaker—and something about them so sweet that it breaks your heart. There's not one of them, scarcely, that don't make you think: "Oh, what's life going to do to you, my poor dearie?" Even little girls in their own warm homes make you feel like that. But oh, when it comes to girls like Elsie you want to shut your eyes and put both hands in front of 'em.

You know how there's some little girls that can't dance enough their first season; famished for fun, starvin' for pleasure, 's though somethin' inside 'em said: "Take all you can now. Take everything you can, because pretty soon comes life." And the mothers, they help 'em, smiling kind 'a' sad, for they know that sort of a good time only can come once, and they want their girls to have it to remember by and by.

Well, Elsie, she had that hunger too, only at six dollars a week what you goin' to do? And there she had to move—a hungry girl with plenty around; there she had to pass by Fourteenth Street every day with its movin' picture shows. To go to a movin' picture show with her young man—though she didn't have one—would 'a' seemed like a ball to Elsie.

An' she saw that the people wasn't starving on the street, and she read about what they did in the papers on Sundays, and all the time—though she didn't know it—she was starvin', starvin' her silly little body too, so's she could look more like the girls who had what she couldn't have—just a little fun, just a chance to laugh and be glad. Yet all the time she was happy too, because Elsie was built happy inside. That's why men turned to look at her on the street like I said, though I could see by the look of her she hadn't begun to notice *that* yet. Or if they looked too long and too hard it just scared her, that was all, because she hadn't a single bad thought in her head; most little girls haven't.

All the time she was looking, looking, looking at the toys she couldn't touch in the big play-house o' New York.

She wanted to look closer; that's where she got her big idea. When she told me that she an' a girl called Jean was goin' to the Op'ra to stan' up where they could see close to all the grand clothes it give me a little catch, because it made me think of how a hungry man goes and looks in windows where there's food. She had made it all out how she'd do it. She'd walk both ways instead of one to work; she'd save ten cents on her lunches. That's fifteen cents a day. It 'ud take her ten days; two weeks it would take her allowin' for interruptions. She told it to me and she told it to Mamie Shumaker, and I guess she told her plan to everybody who would listen to her.

Mamie Shumaker says:

"You'll wear out most as much shoe-leather as you'll save money."

Elsie, she just laughed. She didn't care how much shoe-leather she wore out; what she wanted was to save one-fifty to go and stand up at the Op'ra. No, it wasn't music took her there; don't make no such mistake. Music was just music to Elsie. Music meant dancin' and things like that—all kinds o' gay things—dancin' and soldiers marchin' in the street and bands and hand-organs. Wherever folks is real gay there's always music, ain't there? Well, that was her idea.

But the Op'ra—that was the nearest thing she could get to where all them happy people lived that she was always readin' about; where the most of 'em was all gathered together in one big place, who had most all the things that she couldn't even have any of.

Well, I couldn't but keep a-thinkin' of what that Op'ra was costing Elsie. It was costing her a faint feeling every afternoon; costing her the extra tired o' that long walk and the little bit of leisure that somehow means such a lot to us when we get older. It cost her a cold too, but she didn't feel it, bless you, no more than nothing, because she had her big idea ahead. It sort of made me sick when I'd come home from sewing in rich houses on lovely soft stuffs to think o' little Elsie walking to her work and back from her work and not eating enough just to go and stand up one time to the Op'ra so she could look on at the beautiful happy things in the world, but o' course you and me know they ain't so happy nor so very beautiful when you come down to it. But Elsie didn't know no better. How should she? You know how things seems to you afterwards when you have paid a lot for 'em? Well, the night afterwards when Elsie had been to her Op'ra and seen all them women dressed so grand, so many of them all at once, and heard the music, it seemed, I suppose, like there wasn't nothing left to live for. Just for a second it seemed to her, I suppose, like as if winter was just stretching on and on and one day after another, one day after another, and nothing but work, work, work, and no fun anywhere in it for Elsie. And oh, she wanted to have some fun so; I suppose that's what made her bu'st out crying right in the middle of telling how grand they looked to me and Mrs. Shumaker, who, being a woman, couldn't help but listen to it even though she didn't like to see money wasted so foolish.

And right in the middle Elsie bu'st out crying. We petted her and I kissed her, and we kept saying:

"What's the matter, Elsie? What's the matter?"

And finally she sobbed out:

"Oh, I wish I could ride on a load o' hay! It seems as if I'd die if I couldn't ride on a load o' hay!"

It was mid-winter when there ain't many loads o' hay in New York, but someway we knew just what she meant, even Mrs. Shumaker, who just petted her and said:

"Ja, ja; I know, I know. W'en first I come

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A Wayside Reverie

By Richard Wightman

The past? Well, what of the past, I say;
Poor outworn thing! Can I mend it, pray?
Do tears avail for the misspent days?
Will pining straighten the crooked ways?
Must yesterday's heart-break last for ay,
And yesterday's mist hide the sun to-day?
Nay, life is life and the farer's toll
Is a hopeful heart as the hours unroll.
The path ascends! Each winding rood
Blooms at the touch of a blithesome mood.
I will hold that the best is a bit beyond
And drink a toast from the lily's frond—
A toast in dew to the day that's done,
And one to the better day begun!

Ambition

By Orison Swett Marden

WHEN a person has taken an overdose of morphin, a doctor knows that sleep would be fatal, and every effort is made to keep the patient awake. He is sometimes obliged to resort to what seems to be most cruel treatment, pinching and pounding the patient, to keep off that slumber from which there would be no awakening. So it is with ambition; if it once goes to sleep, it is almost impossible to arouse it.

It is astonishing how many people there are who have no definite aim or ambition, but just exist from one day to another with no well-defined life plan. All about us on the ocean of life we see young men and women aimlessly drifting without rudder or port, throwing away time, without serious purpose or method in anything they do. They simply drift with the tide. If you ask one of them what he is going to do, what his ambition is, he will tell you he does not exactly know as yet what he will do. He is simply waiting for a chance.

How can a man who lives without a program ever expect to arrive anywhere but in chaos, confusion? A clear-cut purpose has a powerful influence upon the life. It unifies our efforts and gives direction to our work, so that every blow counts.

Every man should be a stern schoolmaster to himself. He cannot sit and take it easy every time he has the opportunity; he cannot lie abed until he feels like getting up in the morning and work only when he is in the mood, and yet amount to anything.

He must learn to master his moods and to force himself to work no matter how he feels.

Most of the ambitionless people who fail are too lazy to succeed. They are not willing to put themselves out, to pay the price, to make the necessary effort. They want to have a good time. Why should they struggle and strive and strain? Why not enjoy life, take it easy?

Everywhere we see human watches with splendid equipment, apparently all ready to run, and we wonder why they are silent, why they do not keep good time. The reason is, they have no mainspring, no ambition.

A watch may have perfect wheels, it may have a very costly jeweled setting, but if it lacks a mainspring, it is useless. So a youth may have a college education, excellent health, but if he lacks ambition, all his other equipments, no matter how superb, will not amount to much.

If there is a pitiable sight in the world, it is a person in whom ambition is dead—the man who has denied and denied that inward voice which bids him up and on, the man in whom ambition's fires have cooled from the lack of fuel or encouragement.

There is always hope for a person, no matter how bad he is, as long as his ambition is alive; but when that is dead beyond resuscitation, the great life-spur, the impelling motive is gone.

One of the most difficult things a human being can do is to keep his ambition from fading out, his aspirations sharp and fresh, his ideals clear and clean-cut.

Ambition requires a great deal and a great variety of food to keep it vigorous. A namby-pamby ambition does not amount to anything. It must be backed by a robust will-power, stern resolve, physical energy, powers of endurance, to be effective.

The fact that you have an almost uncontrollable impulse, a great absorbing ambition to do a thing which meets with the approval of your judgment and your better self, is a notice served upon you that you can do the thing, and should do it as soon as possible.

Some people seem to think that the ambition to do a certain thing in life is a permanent quality which will remain with them. It is not. It is like the daily manna which fell for the daily needs of the Israelites in the desert. They had to use it at once. When their faith was weak they tried to store it up, but they found it would never keep until the next day.

The time to do a thing is when the spirit is upon us, when it makes a sharp, clean-cut impression upon us. Resolution fades and becomes dimmer at every postponement. When the desire, the ambition, comes fresh and strong with the zeal and enthusiasm, it is easy; but after we have postponed it a few times, we find ourselves less and less inclined to make the necessary effort or sacrifice to attain it, because it does not appeal to us with the same sharp emphasis as at first.

Do not allow the ambition to cool. Make up your mind that you cannot and will not spend your life being half satisfied.

You cannot do much with a young man who is apparently content to drift along in a humdrum way, satisfied with his accomplishments, undisturbed by the fact that he has used but a very small part of himself, a very small percentage of his real ability; that his energies are running to waste in all sorts of ways. You cannot do much with a young man who lacks ambition, life, energy and vigor—who is willing to slide along the line of least resistance, and who exerts himself as little as possible. There is no foundation to build upon.

Ambition often begins very early to knock for recognition. If we do not heed its voice, if it gets no encouragement after appealing to us for years, it gradually ceases to trouble us, because, like any other unused quality or function, it gradually deteriorates or disappears.

An unfed ambition is like a postponed resolution. Its demand for recognition becomes less and less imperious, just as the constant denying of any desire or passion tends to its extinction.

It is the young man who is not satisfied with what he does and who is determined to better it every day, who struggles to express the ideal, to make the possible in him a reality, that wins.

Suppose everyone was in the condition of the sons and daughters of many rich parents whose sole object is to have a good time, to enjoy all the pleasant things and to avoid all the work and disageeable experience possible—how long would it take a world so peopled to retrograde to barbarism?

We owe everything to the climbing faculty. The struggle of man to rise a little higher, to get into a little more comfortable position, to secure a little better education, a little better home, to gain a little more culture and refinement, to acquire that power which comes from being in a position of broader and wider influence through the acquirement of property, is what has developed the character and the stamina of our highest types of manhood today. This upward life-trend gives others confidence in us.

Nothing so contributes to one's advancement in life as the formation of the climbing habit in everything, the perpetual ambition and effort to do a little better to-day than yesterday, to do everything we attempt a little better than we have done it in the past.

It is a wonderful aid to growth to associate constantly with people who are above us, who are better educated, more cultivated, more refined, who have had rich experience in lines of which we know little. We all know how quickly a person deteriorates when all his tendencies are downward, when he seeks the company of those below him, and common, demoralizing pleasures. When this process is reversed, the upward tendency, the upward progress, is just as pronounced.

No one can do anything very great unless he is spurred on by an ambition which takes the drudgery out of his task, an enthusiasm which lightens his burdens and cheers the way.

The man who goes to his work as a galley-slave to his oar can never accomplish very much; there must be a zeal and great ambition and love for the work, or either mediocrity or failure must result.

It is a very difficult thing to succeed in life under the most favorable conditions, but to love your work is a tremendous help, a great tonic. Enthusiasm seems to make us unconscious of danger and obstacles. If you find your ambition dying out, if you do not feel the same zeal for your work, if you are not so interested that you long to go to it in the morning and hate to leave it at night, there is something wrong somewhere. Perhaps you have not found your right place, discouragement may have killed your enthusiasm and diminished your zest.

It is not difficult to increase enthusiasm, to spur on a lagging ambition, if you set about it as you do about the task you are determined to accomplish. You cannot keep up your friendships without constant cultivation, and the same thing is true of ambition.

Everywhere we see people side-tracked, with their fires banked, the water in their boilers cooled down, and yet they are wondering why express trains fly past them, while they creep along like snails. They cannot understand why banked fires and lukewarm water will not pull their trains at express speed.

These people never renew their rails, do not keep the water in their engines at the boiling point, yet they complain if they fail to reach their destination. They cannot understand why they are so much slower than their neighbor's train which flies past them on perfectly ballasted roads, and with up-to-date engines and cars. If they run off their wretched tracks, they attribute it to hard luck.

The great majority of people who do not amount to anything in the world, those who are side-tracked, the idle, the indolent, the mediocre, have failed from the lack of ambition.

The youth who hungers for an education, who longs for improvement, no matter how poor, generally finds a way. But there is little hope for the ambitionless, there is no way of firing, of stirring up, of stimulating those who lack the ambition to get on in the world.

It is not an easy matter to keep back a boy with an ambition to do something and to be somebody in the world. No matter what his surroundings, no matter how badly he is handicapped, he will find a way out, he will forge ahead. You could not keep back a Lincoln, a Wilson, or a Greeley; if too poor to buy books, they would borrow them and pick up an education.

You may think your life is very common, that your opportunity of amounting to much is very small. But it does not matter how humble your position or what you are doing, if you have a taste for something better, if there is an out-reach and an up-reach in your life, if you aspire to something higher,

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A REVIEW OF EVENTS

California's Forward Step

CALIFORNIA surprised itself as well as the rest of the nation by its decisive vote on initiative, referendum, recall and woman suffrage. On the day of the vote, Fremont Older, the fighting newspaper reformer of San Francisco, was in Washington. He declared that the initiative and referendum would easily carry by two to one, and that the recall would do nearly as well. That was what most California observers seemed to think. All these radical proposals had been subjected to long critical discussion, the people understood just what they were voting on, and a very heavy vote was polled.

The count proved that the initiative and referendum had carried by about three to one, thus demonstrating much more strength than the most ardent advocates had expected; while the recall had been still stronger and in fact had proved itself the most popular of all the progressive measures. Women's suffrage carried by a very close majority after apparent defeat.

President Taft, who has rather assumed the national leadership of opposition to the recall, and whose argument against it in vetoing the first Arizona constitution was the most important document circulated against it in California, arrived in the State the morning after the election. His position must have been almost as cheerful as it was on the morning after the Canadians defeated reciprocity.

Advocates of the recall all over the country have seized upon the California result as a demonstration of real, not manufactured, public opinion toward this measure. They say that the question had been made a national one by reason of the President's bitter opposition, and that the deliberate verdict of more than three to one in favor of the recall is no more vigorous expression than will be secured in almost any State to which the question is submitted after a fair discussion.

The initiative and referendum have already been adopted in South Dakota, Oregon, Oklahoma, Missouri, Maine, Arkansas and Colorado; some of these States have the recall, some have not. Nevada already has the referendum and its Legislature has submitted the initiative to be voted on next year. The Legislatures of Nebraska, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming have submitted an initiative and referendum amendment, and Idaho has submitted the referendum alone to be voted on in 1912. North Dakota's constitution requires that a proposed amendment must be approved by two consecutive Legislatures before it shall go to the people. One Legislature has already indorsed the initiative and referendum, and the next is practically certain of passing it along to the people. In other States, notably Kansas, Texas, Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota and Iowa, agitation for this change is being pressed with great vigor.

A Broadside at the Steel Trust

By far the greatest and most important litigation ever begun under the antitrust law is the suit to dissolve the United States Steel Corporation. The Government petition presents the most sensational variety of charges ever written into such a bill. It alleges that when the corporation was formed in 1901 it had $1,402,000,000 capitalization, of which the enormous sum of $415,000,000 was plain water. The business of the company was to keep the prices of its products high enough so that it could earn returns on all this inflated valuation. Its intimate relationship to the money power is outlined graphically, showing that the group of insiders who dominate steel are also the controlling directors in the most important railroad and banking establishments. This financial power enables them to obtain the acquiescence of the railroads in paying whatever prices the trust may place on steel products, and at the same time gives a direct power over independents which may attempt to effective competition.

The most striking charge relates to the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the corporation. At the height of the panic in 1907, the petition alleges, Messrs. Gary and Frick, of the steel group, went to Washington and asked President Roosevelt's permission for the steel corporation to absorb the Tennessee company. They represented that this was necessary to prevent the financial disaster. The Government charges that the President was misled, that there was no such pressing financial necessity, that any necessity which did exist was not of such character as to be relieved by the absorption and that the absorption itself was illegal. Through this acquisition of Tennessee, it is charged that the corporation gained effective monopoly of coal and ore.

Considering the extensive speculation that has been conducted in steel shares, the stock-market flurry which followed the unexpected filing of the suit was much less violent and widespread than might have been expected. It seemed to indicate that the business and investing public has made up its mind to the fact that the Sherman law is going to be enforced, but is not going to be made an instrument for the ultimate destruction of business.

The steel trust officials have made a general denial of these charges and announce their purpose to defend the suit vigorously. Ex-Secretary of War Dickinson has been retained as special counsel to the government and the Department of Justice promises to push the trial to a speedy conclusion.

Among public men and thoughtful business leaders there has been considerable expression of opinion that this suit will lead to the passage of laws modifying or supplementing the Sherman act in such manner as to make it a directive rather than a prohibitive measure; to make it indicate to business men what things they may do, and how, rather than to leave it as now a rather vague prohibition of many things that have not been accurately defined, and that twenty-one years of interpretation by the courts have not yet made clear.

John Marshall Harlan

The death of Justice John Marshall Harlan has opened to President Taft the opportunity to appoint a fifth member, making a majority, of the Supreme Court. No other President since Washington has exercised the appointing power to this extent.

Justice Harlan's place in history will be determined in accordance as this government shall in the next generation tend to follow the lines laid down in his dissenting opinions, or those indicated by the majority opinions against which he voiced protest. He has been the great dissenter of the court in his time. He dissented in the Knight Sugar case, telling the court that if it held the Sherman act ineffective, there would grow up in this country a great fabric of monopolistic trusts. He went so far as to indicate many of them, naming the lines of business liable to monopolization, and forecasting accurately the economic and social troubles that have come from this development.

It is not difficult to guess whether the future will justify or repudiate the fears of Harlan. He will be vindicated, and as time passes he will look more and more the great man of the supreme bench. Perhaps he will never rise to the eminence that has been awarded to the career of John Marshall; but, as his social vision has seemed the more accurate, it is not impossible. Harlan understood human nature and its workings. He saw the dangers in decisions which opened the way, as did that in the Knight case, to exploitation of the people. If his counsels had more often been accepted as majority, rather than minority opinions by the great court, that body, and the judiciary in general, would to-day have been freer from popular criticism.

The Conference of Progressives

The conference of progressive Republicans in Chicago convinced a good many doubting Thomases that there really is going to be a contest for the Republican Presidential nomination. More than two hundred men of local, State and national political prominence gathered to consider means of impressing upon the party leadership that its masses are demanding progressive policies and a progressive ticket next year. The gathering adopted resolutions which on the whole look decidedly mild and conservative, as an expression of the radical wing of the party. They declared for measures to restore the government to the control of the people; for constructive legislation rather than destructive litigation to determine whether great business enterprises are legal; for a Presidential preference primary in each State; and, finally, for Robert Marion La Follette for President. La Follette and his record in Wisconsin and in the Senate were accepted as the real platform of the movement.

At the opening of the conference some of those in attendance favored the adoption of a progressive declaration which would amply indicate opposition to President Taft, but doubted the advisability of naming a particular candidate against him. Most prominent among those of this view was James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior under Mr. Roosevelt, who had just come from an Oyster Bay conference with the former executive. Mr. Garfield and others of his view early found that they were utterly out of harmony with the sentiment of the gathering and yielded to the overwhelming demand that a candidate be named and that that candidate be Senator La Follette. The conference made perfectly apparent that the contest for the control of the Republican party will be carried right into the next Republican convention.

Anti-Taft Sentiment

The cool reception given to President Taft throughout the West, plus the warm assurances that have been received by the progressive leaders at their headquarters in Washington and at Chicago have made it clear that the central and trans-Mississippi West are decidedly unfriendly to the President. Almost nobody ventures to-day to predict that Mr. Taft can be elected unless the Democrats make a series of peculiarly egregious blunders. The performance of the Democratic House at the last session certainly does not justify much Republican confidence on the basis of this expectation. Progressive Republican leaders have been gaining confidence daily, and to-day assert with the utmost confidence that they expect the national disaffection with President Taft to assume such proportion that he will be defeated and that a progressive will be nominated. As earnest of their confidence, they are demanding Presidential preference primaries in all States. They will take this demand before the national committee at its meeting in December to call the national convention, and will challenge the Taft supporters to a fair show of hands to determine which faction has the real popular majority in the party. They have small expectation that the national committee will hear them; but they are pressing the demand for a primary with the State organizations throughout the West and the Middle West, declaring that they are going to carry a majority of the States outside the South.

The most enthusiastic of the progressives admit that the South is their hardest nut. The federal officeholders named by the Taft administration will make up the regular delegations from the Southern States. These delegations will be contested, but will be recognized and seated by the administration-controlled national committee. The progressives say, however, that before the national convention meets they will have demonstrated such a nation-wide revulsion against Mr. Taft that even the entrenched machines of the standpat States will waver and finally break from the support of the President.

Woodrow Wilson Gaining

It looks more like Woodrow Wilson for the Democratic nomination. The movement for him has come up spontaneously, right out of the ground, all over the South, the West, the Middle West, and notable among the Eastern States, Pennsylvania. Mr. Bryan has carefully refrained from anything that might be called a formal and official pronouncement in favor of the Jerseyman, but he has been traveling up and down the line, whispering through a megaphone, in deep chest tone, that he simply can't see anybody but Wilson. All the Democratic powers recognize that Bryan is almost certain to be a fighting Wilson supporter at the finish. The Harmon boom has gracefully faded away, while the Champ Clark movement, which never had any real substance except during the period when it was thought a compromise between Harmon and Wilson might be necessary, has lost ground about in proportion as the overwhelming popularity of Wilson became evident.

Radical Message Rumored

President Taft has admitted that defeat is possible but he will not give up until he has made his last big play; and that play will be made during the coming session of Congress. It is authoritatively reported that Mr. Taft proposes to send to the House and Senate a very radical message. There is reason to believe that he will be for the most rigorous downward revision of the tariff, always reserving, however, that the tariff board must be heard from; that he will demand strong legislation authorizing federal control of the capitalization of interstate carriers; that he will support this capitalization recommendation by sending to Congress with his approval the report of the stocks and bonds commission authorized by law in 1910; that he will declare for the strongest conservation policy in Alaska, including in his recommendation a vigorous suggestion that the government ought to build the Alaskan railroad and own it; that he will declare that the antitrust law, as interpreted in the Standard Oil and tobacco decisions, will restore competition if properly enforced and will point to his record as to enforcement activities for proof that he is the man who ought to be entrusted with that duty. In short, if these rumors prove to be well founded, it seems that the President proposes to recognize that the country has gone progressive, and to steal the thunder of all his rivals for leadership.

By reason of the President's advanced position, and because of the great political importance of all its activities, the Congressional session opening in December will be one of unprecedented interest. All parties and all factions will be playing for advantage, and the political game will be conducted at the highest pressure. The President will make a desperate effort to get such radical downward revision of the cotton and woolen schedules as will effectually weaken the claim that he cannot be trusted with the business of tariff revision. By this play, he hopes to weaken the Democratic position. By his eleventh hour radicalism in such matters as the regulating of capitalization, strengthening the interstate commerce laws, prosecuting the trusts and proposing government railroads for Alaska he designs to weaken the insurgent opposition in his own party.

The Oregon Idea in Court

The Oregon initiative and referendum law and constitutional provision will come before the federal Supreme Court in January for determination whether under this democratic system a State is able to enjoy the "republican" form of government that the constitution pledges to every State. It will be a highly important case, in view of the widespread disposition to take up these advanced measures. The supporters of the reforms will urge that the initiative and referendum do not do away with the representative form of democracy that the constitution assures, but merely supplement it with provision for a direct appeal to the people. It will also be argued that the referendum, and the initiative are already to be found in many provisions of the federal and State constitutions and laws, and that the principle is thoroughly established.

Again the Athletics

The victory of the Philadelphia Athletics over New York's Giants by four games to two in contest for what is called grandiloquently "the championship of the world" was in line with the records of the two teams during the season. The Philadelphians had scored rather an easy victory in the American League while the New Yorkers captured the National League pennant after a remarkably close race. But because baseball precedents are so often upset and all games are in doubt until the end, nearly one hundred and eighty thousand people paid admission to see these games with speculators levying heavy tribute. Baseball extras were printed in every large city in America and score boards were innumerable. In the directly interested cities fans by thousands paid admission to watch a mechanical device which reproduced the game play by play.

The Athletics outplayed their National League opponents at every department of the game, but special mention should be made of the pitching cunning of Bender, the Indian, and of the batting prowess of John Franklin Baker. For the vanquished, Captain Larry Doyle was easily the star performer.

The Athletics twice-won championship is the direct result of years of quiet, scientific management by Connie Mack, and even the

disappointed will not begrudge him his deserved victory. Moreover, this result, the four straight victories of the Chicago White Sox over their neighbors, the Cubs, and in St. Louis the Browns' victory over the Cardinals, show conclusively that this year the American League is superior to the older organization.

Flying Without Power

Many of this magazine's readers will remember Henry Kitchell Webster's serial story "The Sky Man" and its hero's very adroit use of the soaring principle in flight. That gentleman was equipped with wings and he traveled about the polar regions at will without the use of a motor. The principle was sound enough and the mode of locomotion safe enough—for literary purposes—but it didn't seem exactly imminent as a practical proposition. Now, however, comes Orville Wright and with a new kind of glider, rises upon a fifty mile gale two hundred feet from the ground without power of any kind, and remains in the air nearly ten minutes for a part of which time his machine remained almost stationary. Wright then descended by a long and graceful curve into a meadow seven hundred feet from where he started. Just what use the Wright Brothers will make of their discovery down on North Carolina's sand dunes remains to be seen, but we are justified in hoping that something valuable will come of it. Our romance writers these days are having a hard time keeping ahead of the scientists.

The Los Angeles Trial

It is difficult for people unfamiliar with the long and bitter struggle between labor and capital in southern California, to appreciate the tense conditions at Los Angeles, surrounding the dramatic staging of the trial of the McNamara brothers on charge of dynamiting the building of the Los Angeles *Times*. The struggle has been carried on for years, and both sides have resorted to measures which in some parts of the country would be regarded as beyond condonement or palliation. The unions have been fighting for their lives, while the organized business forces have gone to great lengths in their efforts to destroy them.

The best thing that organized labor can do in this case is to provide means and support to assure the accused men a fair trial; and then, if that is secured, to abide by the result. There have been threats that if the accused men are convicted, a nation-wide strike will be started in protest. This sort of talk we feel is a grave mistake. It can do unionism no good, and must serve only to widen the breach and intensify the bitterness between the unions and their enemies. If these men are guilty, they must be convicted because they are guilty, not because they were leaders in the union movement. But this trial will be conducted with the greatest publicity and the country will get a pretty accurate idea whether the accused are guilty or innocent. If they are innocent, it is unlikely that any plot of "planted evidence" and trumped-up charges can produce convictions. If they are guilty, a strike or other demonstration against their paying the penalty will be wholly unfortunate and unjustifiable.

The Passing of Pulitzer

It is an axiom that the era of personal journalism in America is all but passed. Greeley, Dana and Medill are gone and in their place are institutions. Few know, or care to know, the names of the editors of the New York *Tribune*, or *Sun* or the Chicago *Tribune*. With the passing of Joseph Pulitzer, the New York *World* and the St. Louis *Post-Despatch* join the list of the institutionalized newspapers.

The *World* represented to the full the strength—and the weakness—of personal journalism. The *World* was Pulitzer. His staff bears witness to the fact that even during h last twenty-four invalid years, most of the years of total blindness, while he roamed th world in search of health, Pulitzer kept close oversight over the policy of his pape The love of liberty which as a penniless im migrant he brought with him to Americ made the *World* a force for justice and prog ress; his energy and genius made it one the greatest news agencies in America. Y his dislike of Roosevelt so distorted th *World's* view of public questions that it le its potent influence to fastening Tamman rule upon New York State; and at the la an old man's distrust of new things led th paper to oppose the people's rule movement the Oregon and California type. He has le behind him as a monument a powerful an we like to believe, an honest, newspaper wit a splendid opportunity to be of service to th cause of democracy.

The Glitter of Warships

New York, as this is written, is enjoyin the most brilliant naval spectacle which Ame ica has ever seen. The North River for seve miles is crowded with battleships and crui ers gray and sombre by day and at night gli tering with electricity. It is the largest co lection of warships American waters hav ever held. There are about one hundred ve sels in all, twenty-six battleships many of th dreadnought variety. Conspicuous amon these are the *Utah* and the *Florida*, newes and mightiest of the dreadnoughts. Beside these are armored, protected, auxiliary an scout cruisers and a swarm of gunboats, co liers, destroyers, torpedo boats, and subma rines.

Not to be thrilled by this sight is to be little more than human; it has the emotiona power of martial music and the tramp soldiers. It is a colossal object-lesson wastefulness, of mistaken patriotism, of devo tion to the dying cause of militarism. But is magnificent.

New Cardinals for America

Americans generally express satisfaction the news that in the appointment by the Po of sixteen new cardinals three were assigne to the Catholic Church of this country Archbishops John M. Farley of New Yor and William H. O'Connell of Boston, an Diomede Falconio, Apostolic Delegate Washington and an American citizen, an those who are to receive the red hats. Wit Cardinal Gibbons America will have fou members in the sacred college at Rome. Th appointments are fully merited and const tute a gratifying recognition of the America Catholic Church.

We cannot speak with equal enthusiasm recent expressions of political opinion h leading prelates of our Catholic Church upo the people's rule movement. Cardinal Gib bons was first, and was followed by Arch bishop Ireland and some lesser dignitaries, i severe strictures upon the initiative, referen dum and recall. They insisted that thes measures ought not to be engrafted upon ou institutions, that the old constitution ha served its purpose well for a century and quarter, and that too much democracy is a experiment which it is not desirable to mak

The distinguished churchmen are entitle to their opinions, but we are glad to note tha there is a striking majority of the plain peo ple, of all creeds, in opposition to their view in almost every State that votes upon thes proposals. In any event the people will b well satisfied to settle their own politica questions without direction from the church whether Catholic or Protestant. There is widespread conviction that this Governmen has not been conceived in the idea of eccles astical participation in State affairs. For ou part we cannot give even tacit approval the proposition that the American people de ciding their own questions through the or derly processes of primaries and elections a a dangerous and unthinking mob.

THE MONTH ABROAD

CHINA IN REVOLUTION

A tremendous social crisis is taking place in China. It is now known that the outbreak that seemed to have been precipitated without any apparent or immediate cause, is in fact the result of long years of careful planning and preparation of leaders of modernism and intelligence in China. Their names are not important. The big, pregnant fact is that these four hundred million Chinese, aggregating one-third the population of the earth, seemed to be giving demonstration that they can be organized, that they do possess a measure of national sentiment, that there is a certain measure of uniformity of tendency and persuasion among them, and that it is possible to give an impulse, to start a movement, that shall reach out to all parts of this, the most ancient and most populous empire.

The revolution undoubtedly testifies to the fact that China has been touched by Occidental influence and civilization. Chinese students, diplomats, merchants, travelers—yes, laundrymen, if you please—have carried home impressions about the outer world, which, disseminated among the masses, have inspired the growing feeling that institutions, even so ancient as those of China, are doomed.

The Manchu dynasty which rules at Pekin has never been popular with the Chinese masses, and for two or three generations travelers and students have approximately agreed that it would topple like a house of cards before the vigorous breath of national disapproval.

At the time of writing it is impossible to judge whether the revolutionary activities are destined to complete success. A remarkable series of revolutionary victories was followed by some reverses in the Yang-tse valley. The imperial authorities placed Yuan Shih Kai in dictatorial command. It is only a few years since he was humiliated and driven in disgrace from power, by the same dynasty that has now turned to him. But without trusting to military success the government through the fiction of an edict from the five-year-old Emperor made sweeping concessions, promised China a constitution and an early parliament, agreed to replace Manchus with Chinese and in general made a humiliating confession of weakness. Whether the concessions will prove sufficient to stop the rebellion is not at this time certain. It is possible that the revolutionists encouraged by success will press for the establishment of a republic. Whether they do or not, China is destined shortly to important institutional changes. The recently authorized national assembly brought a demonstration of the Chinese genius for employing the instrumentalities for popular government. Either form will constitute the most gigantic governmental experiment of modern times, considering the vast population and the ancient institutions that must be moulded into condition.

VITAL QUESTIONS IN ENGLAND

Some of the hysteria which has lately marked the conduct of English affairs seems to have disappeared, but there is still tense popular interest in the three widely separated proposals of home rule for Ireland, sickness and employment insurance and conciliation between the railroads and their workmen.

The home rule bill is in process of construction by the ministry with John Redmond voicing the demands of Ireland. His position is a strong one, and the chances are that he will secure for his country full colonial standing with a separate parliament and control over all taxation. The government is embarrassed by the fact that in granting Ireland's demands they may be compelled to make similar concessions to Scotland and Wales.

Chancellor Lloyd George is having some difficulty in carrying out his promise that his sickness and unemployment insurance bill will be passed before the close of the year. It has met with strong opposition from physicians and friendly societies. The Chancellor believes, however, that with certain amendments, the bill may be made generally acceptable. Apparently the labor problem will not be so easily solved. The Royal Commission appointed after the big railway strike in August has made its report. It declines to grant the workmen's demand that the companies carry on all negotiations with their men through the union officials, though it proposes an improved form of conciliation board for the settlement of disputes. The men may refuse to accept this decision and a new strike may be precipitated.

There is a persistent rumor to the effect that Premier Asquith intends to resign his position in favor of Lloyd George. To the American mind it seems thoroughly fitting that the author of the sweeping political and social reforms that England is adopting, should occupy the highest position the government has to offer.

ITALIANS OCCUPY TRIPOLI

The war in Tripoli has not proved thus far a wildly exciting affair, largely owing to the reluctance of the Turks to do any considerable share of the fighting. The Italians occupied Tripoli without any great resistance from the capital, but some of the smaller towns have put up a stronger defense. The Italians have landed about forty thousand men in Africa and have ten thousand more in reserve. They have taken with them artillery and horses, aeroplanes and dirigible balloons.

The cost of the occupation of Tripoli is estimated at sixty million dollars. The Italian government which already has a debt estimated at one-fourth of its national wealth, will have to pay that; the people as a whole are not likely to benefit at all.

For it is a great error to suppose that land-grabbing is a profitable national undertaking. There is scarcely a colony in the world that brings an economic return to the nation that owns it—on the contrary, it is usually a severe financial burden on the taxpayers. England as a nation has never profited by the possession of India, Korea has almost bankrupted Japan, the Philippines have meant to us nothing but expense. Colonization is almost invariably a device by which the merchant and banking classes of a nation reap profits from a dependent people *at the expense of their own government*. It is a form of special privilege that is peculiarly invidious because it always wears the mask of patriotism.

THE CARBONARIOS

That royalist revolution in Portugal that they have been promising us for so long seems to have come to an untimely end, and it begins to look as if ex-King Manuel would have to look elsewhere for employment—and without a recommendation from his former boss.

Such royalist sentiment as existed in Portugal was greatly discouraged by a secret society known as the Carbonarios. This organization of straight shooting persons apparently had considerable part in the overthrow of the monarchy, and they have distributed threats of assassination freely among royalist sympathizers with telling effect. We have in Portugal the rather unusual spectacle of a lawless, secret society working in support of the established government.

Moreover, now that the government has removed the foolish censorship of news it appears that there never was much of a revolution anyhow. One "serious revolt" now proves to have been a demonstration by some school boys of royalist sympathies. The government of Portugal seems to have passed successfully through two perils, one from the strikers, and one from the royalists. It ought to be pretty firmly established now.

Macaroni, Real and False

The macaroni crop for 1911 we learn from the consular reports was an exceptionally good one. Our consul at Naples reports many new factories and a greatly increased tonnage—one might almost say mileage—of this Italian staple. America imported nearly four and a half million dollars worth of the tubular food last year. A considerable portion of this importation must have been consumed by the Italians that are within our gates. We have never succeeded, in spite of the Agricultural Department's efforts, in producing a wheat kernel that is equal to the foreign for macaroni purposes. Besides, we substitute machine for hand labor in manufacturing it. American machine-stitched macaroni disguised with cheese or submerged in soup may do very well for the American palate, but it won't fool a Neapolitan. We are some enough on noodles and authorities on potpie but our ignorance of macaroni, they tell us is profound.

Women Everywhere

The Suffrage Victory in California

The enfranchisement of the women of California is the greatest single victory the cause of women's suffrage has ever won in America. For though California's is the sixth star in the equal suffrage flag, the population of that State is almost equal to that of the other five States combined, and the voting women of America are at once almost doubled in number. Moreover, it is likely that the California election will strengthen the women's cause in Kansas, Oregon, Wisconsin and Nevada where elections are next to be held.

It is significant that the result in California is due to rural support—in fact, with the San Francisco vote fairly complete and the country result unknown, it appeared that the equal suffrage amendment had failed to carry. Complete returns, however, brought the women the victory by about two thousand. It is said that the saloon interests were openly hostile to the amendment and that they employed the foreign vote of the cities against the measure. The influence of the Catholic Church in San Francisco is said also to have been thrown against the measure. The campaign was vigorous and picturesque, surpassing in popular interest the contest over the initiative, referendum and recall which was being waged at the same time. It is our belief that the passage of the equal suffrage amendment, together with the victory of the direct election proposals, constitute a splendid victory for justice and for progress.

"Equal Pay" in New York

Governor Dix's signature of the equal pay bill brings to an end—a happy end we believe—the long, bitter fight of the women teachers of New York City against sex discrimination in the payment of salaries. The bill, which both the mayor and the governor have signed, is faulty in particulars and they might have been justified in withholding signature in the hope of securing a more perfect bill, but one can commend their action on the ground that the simple justice of paying women teachers salaries equal to men's for the same quality of work overbalances minor objections. The new law will add three or four million dollars annually to the budget, but we believe that the schools will be amply repaid for this expenditure in the quality of the public school product. True economy is essential and its importance cannot be overestimated, but underpaying school-teachers on the ground that they are women is neither economy nor justice.

Progress Everywhere

Nor has the emancipation movement for women confined itself to our own country in the months just passed. There is evidence that the uprising in China is accompanied by a wide-spread sentiment for political equality of women with men. It is almost inconceivable that China should contemplate such a step, yet it is actually a part of the revolutionist's plan for the proposed republic.

At the other end of the world, little Iceland has just admitted women to full political equality with men.

In England a movement has been launched (without, apparently, much prospect of immediate success) to make it compulsory for husbands to pay their wives wages. It is argued by the good women of Scarborough, that few women know their husbands' incomes, and that most wives are dependent upon their husbands' whims for spending money. The wages for wives movement has found immediate echo in America but not wide-spread support.

Women and War

If we may trust the rather hysterical news dispatches from Italy there was a considerable anti-war demonstration there among the women. In one instance women are reported to have cast themselves in great numbers upon the railway tracks to block with their own bodies the trains that were carrying their men to the war. It recalls the situation in Spain only a few years ago when the women violently opposed their husbands' and sons' enlistment for the war in Africa.

The mental and physical sufferings of the women at home constitute probably the worst feature of war. There is excitement and sometimes glory in the brunt of the battle; at home there is only suspense and heartache. It is reasonable to suppose that women's increasing power in government matters will operate in the direction of avoiding unnecessary war.

The Kindling-Wood Trust

Government investigation has disclosed the existence of a kindling-wood trust. It is difficult to believe that anybody could corner the market in this commodity, yet it appears that splitting up wood into small pieces, bundling it, and selling three minute packages for five cents, has become an industry of considerable proportions. It isn't thrifty to buy wood by Troy measure, but of course there are city housewives who have to take their kindlings as they can get them.

It ought not to be difficult to bust—or rather split—the kindling-wood trust. It doesn't support any Senators in Washington and it has never aspired to a Secretary of the Interior. A board, a hatchet and a small boy who would rather be out skating will free the housekeeper from its exactions almost any day.

The Extremes of Fashion

It seems to be difficult for the fashion makers to strike a happy medium. The Pennsylvania Railroad reports that hobble skirts in collusion with high-heeled shoes have been responsible for an alarming increase in railroad accidents. Following immediately upon this statement comes the announcement that the hoop skirt is coming in again and that following the charming French custom, the advance agents of the new style were mobbed by the populace. Having had a season or two of hobble skirts, those who have charge of such matters, order that the women shall have something that is as unhobble as possible. Hence the hoop skirt, which, if anything, is even more unsuitable to the demands of modern life. It is doubtful whether either men or women want feminine clothing reduced to a state of severe, uniform common sense, but some tendency in that direction will be recorded here with considerable enthusiasm.

Editorial Chat

By Orison Swett Marden

Mottoes We Have Met

IT was an old Roman custom to place statues and busts of heroes and other great Romans in the rooms of children and prospective mothers in order to inspire heroism and lofty ideals.

It is becoming an American custom to hang inspiring and ambition-arousing mottoes on the walls of our homes, libraries, schools, factories, banks and business and professional offices of all kinds, in universities, in seals of nations and of states. That mottoes and maxims affect our ideals is evidenced by their increasing popularity. Thousands of postal-card-mottoes are mailed daily.

Many men who have left their mark on the world have been powerfully influenced by some motto or maxim.

Many a great man owes his success in life to the inspiration of a single book, a chance remark, a lecture or perhaps a sermon. A high ideal crystallized into a motto and constantly held up before a young man has often determined a whole destiny.

Ruskin always kept on his desk a piece of chalcedony inscribed with the word "To-day." This was to remind him of the preciousness of time and of the possibilities of what could be put into a day in the way of achievement, of growth and of enjoyment.

I know of a school-teacher whose life and work inspired all of his students, who used to keep on the back of his note-book, "Always expect to succeed, but never think that you have done so."

When Arago, the celebrated French scientist, was a poor boy working in a bookbindery, he saw these words on a piece of paper that was used in the lining of a book cover, "Go on, sir, go on!" and he afterwards said the inspiration of this motto affected his entire career.

Here is a motto which had a great influence upon Garfield's life: "There are some things I am afraid of—I am afraid to do a mean thing." Another was: "Things do not turn up in this world until somebody turns them up."

Not long since I saw this motto in a business man's office: "Be brief. We have our living to make, and it takes considerable of our time to do it."

Here are a few mottoes which have inspired men and women who have brought things to pass:

"Don't wait for your opportunity—make it."

"The world makes way for the determined man."

"There is something better than making a living—making a life."

"Character is the poor man's capital."

"Guard your weak point."

"Look upward—live upward."

"He is the richest man who enriches mankind most."

"Scatter your flowers as you go, for you will never go over the same road again."

"Don't worry, it won't last—nothing does."

"The king is the man who can."

"On the great clock of time there is but one word—now."

"Be greater than your calling."

"We get out of life just what we put into it."

"Not many things indifferently, but one thing supremely."

"What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life."

"We stamp our own values upon ourselves and cannot expect to pass for more."

"Necessity is the priceless spur."

"Your talent is your calling."

"Aim high and hold the aim."

"Character is greater than any career."

"Do not wait for great opportunities; seize common occasions and make them great."

This motto is in the editorial office of a great New York newspaper:

"Terseness, accuracy, terseness."

Here is a motto which I chose when a youth:

"Make every occasion a great occasion, for you cannot tell when someone may be taking your measure for a larger place."

Here is Longfellow's motto:

"I am determined to be intensely something."

Here are a few mottoes which different people have found helpful:

"Face the world with your head forward and your back-bone straight."

"Every day ahead of you is precious; the days back of you have no existence at all."

"The energy wasted in postponing a duty for to-morrow which ought to be done to-day will often do the work."

"A hog ought not to be blamed for being a hog, but a man ought."

"It is wicked to go around with a face which indicates that life has been a disappointment instead of a glorious joy."

"You must take joy with you or you will not find it even in heaven."

"Do not brood over the past or dream of the future, but seize the instant and get your lesson from the hour."

"The man who wears a smile on his face when there are tears in his heart has mastered the art of arts—self-control."

"The first thing to do, if you have not done it, is to fall in love with your work."

"Real happiness is cheap enough, but how dearly we pay for its counterfeit!"

"Mankind is above all riches, overtops all titles. Character is greater than any career."

"Character is power"—hang this motto in every school in the land, in every youth's room. Mothers, engrave it on every child's heart!

"Dare to live your creed."

"Many a man pays for his success with a slice of his constitution."

"The man with an idea has ever changed the face of the world."

"A lazy man is of no more use than a dead man, and he takes up more room."

"Character is the best kind of capital."

"First be a man."

"Give a youth resolution and the alphabet, and who shall place limits to his career?"

"Do nothing outside of business hours that will send you back to your job the next morning with a bad head."

* * * * *

I shall appreciate it greatly if you will send me mottoes which have helped you—mottoes which you have come across in your travels. We will publish the best of these in a later article. *The mottoes you send in may prove the turning point in the careers of those who read them.*

Continued from page

AMBITION

and are willing to pay the price for advanc ment in downright hard work, you will su ceed. You will rise out of your commo ness just as surely as the germ struggles through the sod by persistent pushing.

There is something in the atmosphere every person which predicts his future; f the way he does things, the energy, the d gree of enterprise which he puts into h work, his manner—everything is a telltale what is awaiting him.

"If you are only swabbing a deck, swa it as if old Davy Jones were after you," sa Dickens.

DISSATISFACTION IS NOT AMBITION

A man may be very dissatisfied with wh he is doing without having the aspiration f something higher and the stamina to rea his aim. Mere dissatisfaction with one's p sition does not always indicate ambition. may indicate laziness, indifference.

But when we see a man filling a positi just as well as it can be filled, trying to everything to a complete finish, taking gre pride in it, and yet having a great longin for something higher and better, we feel ce tain he will attain it.

When young Franklin was struggling get a foothold in Philadelphia, shrewd bus ness men there predicted, even when he wa eating, sleeping, and printing in one roo that he had a great future before him, b cause he was working with all his might get up higher, and he carried himself in way that gave confidence. Everything did was done so well, with such ability, tha it was a prediction of very much larg things. When he was only a journeyma printer he did his work so much better tha others, and his system was so much superi even to his employer's, that people predicte he would some day have the business whic went to that firm—which he did.

Men often fail because of an impatient an bition. They cannot wait to prepare for thei life-work, but think they must leap into position which others have been years reaching. They are overambitious, impatien of results, and have no time to do anythin properly. Everything is hurried and force These people do not develop symmetrically but are one-sided; they lack judgment.

We frequently see sad examples of un bridled ambition—men who have been spurre on by an overvaulting ambition, men whos sensibilities have been so benumbed by th passion to become rich or powerful, tha they have stooped to do very questionabl things. Ambition often blinds one to justice

There is nothing more pitiable than to se a man the victim of an inordinate, selfis ambition to advance himself at all costs, t gain fame, or notoriety, no matter who i sacrificed in the process.

It is very difficult to see the right, to get clear perspective of justice, when we becom victims of an overvaulting ambition. Me so intoxicated have stopped at no crim Napoleon and Alexander the Great are goo examples of the wrecks which an unbridle ambition makes of its victims.

Everyone should have an ambition to d something distinctive, something individua something which will take him out of medi ocrity, which will lift him above the ambi tionless, the energyless. It is perfectl proper to be ambitious to get up as high i the world as possible, and this we may d with all charity and kindliness of heart to ward our neighbors.

The fellow who must be aroused is your self, and every man is entitled to draw his in spiration from whatever source is at hand.

Sometimes the conversation or encourage ment of an inspiring man or woman in whom we have great confidence, the faith of som one who believes in us when others do not who sees something in us which others d

t see, arouses the ambition and gives us a
impse of our possibilities.
We may not think much about this at the
ne, but it may be a turning point in our
reer.
Multitudes of men and women have caught
e first glimpse of themselves by the read-
g of some inspiring book or some vigorous
ticle. Without it, they might have re-
ained ignorant of their real power forever.
ything that will give us a glimpse of our-
lves, that will open up our possibilities, is
valuable.
Choose for your friends those who stimu-
te you, who arouse your ambition, who stir
u up with a desire to do something and to
somebody in the world. One such friend
worth a dozen passive or indifferent friends.
Get close to people who arouse your ambi-
on, who get hold of you, who make you
ink and feel. Keep close to people who are
perpetual inspiration to you. The great
ouble with most of us is that we never get
oused, never discover ourselves until late in
e—often too late to make much out of the
mnant.
The great thing is to arouse our possibil-
ties when young, that we may get the great-
t possible efficiency out of our lives.
We cannot use what we do not first dis-
ver and see.
There are tens of thousands of day labor-
s in this country—common workmen—put-
g their lives into drudgery, who, if they
d only been aroused, would have been em-
yers themselves—would have been men of
ree, of standing in their community—but
y have been held down by their ignorance
their own power. They have never discov-
d themselves, and so they must be "hew-
s of wood and drawers of water." We
them everywhere—splendid men and wom-
, who impress us as giants in possibility,
t who are totally ignorant of the great
ees that are sleeping within them.
There are thousands of girls who are spend-
g their lives as clerks or operatives, or in
dinary situations, who, if they could but
scover themselves, could once see their pos-
ibilities, could improve their conditions im-
easurably and become great living forces in
e world.

A Tour of Self-Discovery

Sit down and take an inventory of yourself.
you are dissatisfied with what you are
ing and think you ought to do better, try
discover, no matter how long it takes you,
st where your trouble lies. Find out the
ings that keep you back. Make long, search-
g tours of discovery in your own conscious-
ss. Say to yourself over and over again,
Why can others do such remarkable things
hile I do ordinary, common things? Con-
antly ask yourself, "If others can do them,
y cannot I?"
You may find some great nuggets of gold
these tours of self-discovery, which you
ver dreamed you possessed—great possi-
lities of power which you never uncovered
fore, and which may, if developed, revolu-
onize your life.
One of the fatal dangers of remaining a
ng time in one position, as a clerk, for ex-
mple, is that habit tends to make slaves of
. What we did yesterday we are more like-
to do to-day; and if we do it to-day, it is
ll more certain that we will do it to-
orrow; and, after a while, using the same
culties in a dry routine, the other, unused
culties begin to wane, grow weaker, atro-
y, until to think that what we are doing
the only thing we can do.
What we use becomes stronger; what we
not use weaker; and we are likely to de-
ive ourselves in underrating the powers we
lly possess.
Low aim is crime because it pulls down
ery other quality to its level. Low aim
stroys the executive ability. The faculties
l the entire man follow the aim. We must
mb, or we must go down. There is no such
ing as clinging forever upon one rung of
fe's great ladder.

Mrs Curtis's Home Corner

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

Dressing Up the Christmas Gifts

ONE Christmas morning, while I unwrapped my gifts, the thought occurred: "What a lot of difference it makes, the way a thing is done up." For instance, I received one lovely handkerchief which came in an envelope with a word of greeting written on the donor's card. When I opened another parcel, out fell a second handkerchief. It did not cost one-quarter as much as the first one, but it was wrapped in the daintiest of white crape napkins and laid in a little hand-made case. The case was of a square of egg-shell water-color paper folded over, envelope fashion. The edges were touched with green and it was fastened with a pretty seal. This was done up in a crape napkin which had a pale hint of mistletoe on it. The silver cord which tied it lent the last touch needed to make it a thing of beauty.

I have heard women say: "Oh, these faddy things for wrapping presents cost so much. I would rather put my money into the gift."

Last year I made an estimate of what wrappings cost. Here is my account:

Scarlet tissue-paper, ten cents; green tissue-paper, ten cents; white tissue-paper, ten cents; three packages of seals, thirty cents; two balls of silver cord, twenty cents; water-color paper, ten cents; white paper napkins, five cents; holly and mistletoe napkins, ten cents. I sent out a hundred gifts, so wrappings, which cost about a cent to each parcel, were not outrageously extravagant. Of course if one buys ribbon to tie everything and then plasters each bundle with a miscellany of seals, it does cost, but tinsel cord is quite as pretty, and is much to be preferred to a cheap, cotton ribbon.

Scarlet sealing-wax, neatly applied in two large seals, makes a pretty finish for a parcel. If you paint in water-color, you can make your own seals, or gum each bundle with a pretty, bright blossom, as a girl did last Christmas. "Where did you get the blossoms?" I asked, for I had seen nothing like them in the shops. "Why," she confessed, "they are nothing in the world but pictures clipped from a florist's catalogue." Larger bundles may be tied with strands of brilliant red or green raffia. Use crape paper for a wrapping, which must either match the raffia exactly in tint or be a good contrast. The smaller the gift, the finer the quality of paper required to wrap it. Nothing is so pretty as embossed tissue-paper, which looks like moire. It costs very little when purchased in large sheets. Next to that are plain white crape paper napkins. You will find them in all sizes and at very moderate prices in a caterer's shop.

AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS DINNER

An English housewife concentrates all her ability on the Christmas dinner. In our country, it is a secondary consideration, because having been preceded a month before by Thanksgiving, the American housekeeper seldom feels equal during the rush of gift-giving season to expend much effort on a different menu. Consequently on this side of the water, the Christmas meal is generally a duplicate of our great November festival. In England the Christmas dinner is traditionally and in reality the supre event of the year. For weeks ahead, a hou wife is putting her energies into prepar a bill of fare, marketing and cooking. In English menu, no matter how simple or el orate it may be, two dishes appear invaria the roast beef of old England and plum p ding. Such courses as precede and fol these depend largely upon the judgment the cook or the taste of the family.

Still, into traditional English menus, th is steadily creeping a touch of Ameri cookery, perhaps nothing so aggressiv American as pork and beans, or corned b and cabbage but a frequent adaptation many of our side dishes, salads, puddings pastry, all giving larger variety to a not v elaborate table. Study, for instance, menu given me lately by a good Engl housewife, it was the Christmas dinner t appeared last season on her table.

Celery Soup	Crouton Sticks
Boiled Cod	Oyster Sauce
Roast Beef	Yorkshire Puddin
Horseradish	
Baked Potatoes	
Cucumbers	Baked Spanish Onion
Cheese	Winter Salad Pilot Br
Plum Pudding	Brandy Sauce
Coffee	Fruit

From the hostess's description of the d ner with some of her recipes, an Ameri housewife may possibly find new ideas making up her menu for 1911. No amou of flowers in a hothouse would make English forego their national decoration holly and mistletoe on December 25th. T dinner served at seven demanded lights, t were furnished by a tall candelabra with candles and shades. Now as to the recipes

Celery Soup.—This is somewhat unl anything in an American cook-book but most delicious. Take the outside stalks fr four heads of celery, wash and scrape th perfectly clean, then put through the chopp and set to cook in one quart of water, addi a few slices of onion. After it has boiled ten minutes, season with a teaspoon of s a grating of nutmeg, one teaspoon of su and add a pint of veal or chicken stock. it boil up, then press through a sieve, thick slightly with corn-starch dissolved in cold w ter, add a pint of thick cream, boil up a serve with crouton sticks.

Boiled Cod with Oyster Sauce.—Wrap small cod in cheese-cloth, dredge with fl and put to boil in court boullion which prepared as follows: into two quarts of c water put half a carrot, two cloves, half onion, three sprigs of parsley, three pepp corns, two tablespoons of lemon juice, teaspoon of salt, a blade of mace, half a b leaf, half a teaspoon of paprika and a da of celery salt. Let it come to the boil, put the fish and simmer gently until cooked. U wind carefully so the cod will keep its sha and drain well before slipping it on a h platter. The court bouillon may be kept a used for cooking fish several times.

Oyster Sauce.—Pour the liquor from pint of small oysters and strain it into saucepan. Let it come to the boiling poi strain again and add enough cream to ma a cupful of liquid. Melt in the pan a qu ter of a cup of butter and mix to a pa with it two tablespoons of flour. Add

liquid and beat till creamy, then add the ers. Until ready to serve set the sauce- into boiling water for ten minutes or so, will cook the oysters sufficiently without king them tough.

oast Beef.—The roast beef of England is hout exception the finest meat to be d abroad, for various reasons; the Eng- never dream of roasting less than ten nds. When they can afford it, they se the finest cut, the fore ribs. They t the meat on a spit in a hot oven so it ot soaking in its own juices or they set cook in front of a hot fire, turning and ing it every ten or fifteen minutes. When rib is too expensive choose the middle which make an excellent roast, also a economical one, as the bulk of the cut olid meat. Cut off the thin end with bones; it is a nice piece to boil or braise. the roast on a rack over a pan deep gh to allow of Yorkshire pudding being d beneath it. Dredge with flour, and e constantly while it cooks. Do not add till just before it is ready to take from oven as it draws the juices from the meat, e you want to retain. A cut of ten nds takes two and one-half hours to roast rished well done; it will be rare if given hours in a hot oven.

orkshire Pudding.—Into a small basin half a teaspoon of salt, seven tablespoons lour and enough milk to make a thick, oth batter. Beat for a few minutes till my, then add milk gradually till three s have been used. Last of all stir in e well-beaten eggs and pour into a shal- buttered tin. Bake for three-quarters n hour then set it under the rack on h the beef is roasting and leave it there done with the dripping from the meat ing upon it. Just before serving din- cut the pudding into squares and ar- e them on a hot folded napkin.

aked Spanish Onions.—Put the onions their skins on into boiling, salted water cook for an hour. Take them out, drain, and wrap each one in a piece of but- l paper, set closely together in a pan and two hours in a moderate oven. Peel re sending to the table, season with but- pepper and salt.

inter Salad.—Cut one head of crisp cel- into fine cubes, and five or six pickled s into dice, then slice thin three hard- d eggs. In the bottom of a salad bowl nge a bed of lettuce, over it sprinkle the y and beets, with blades of watercress and there. Just before sending to the arrange the egg slices on the vegetable pour over it a French dressing. The wing recipe makes a nice dressing: rub inside of a bowl with the cut side of an n simply to give a flavor, put in one and half teaspoons of salt, a good dash of er, six tablespoons of oil and three table- ns of vinegar. Add a lump of ice and with a spoon till the dressing begins to sen. Lift out the ice and pour over the l.

n English Plum Pudding.—Mix together large basin one and a half pounds of bread-crumbs, half a pound of flour, two nds of finely chopped beef suet, two nds of stoned raisins, two pounds of cur- s, two pounds of sugar, a quarter of a d of candied lemon and citron peel, two d nutmegs, the juice of one lemon and rind grated, one teaspoon of salt, two es of almonds blanched and broken, six eggs, one glass of brandy and just gh milk to wet the mixture thoroughly; ould be about as stiff as paste. One ser of a good pudding is to stir constantly every ingredient is perfectly blended with rest. Pour it into a buttered mold with be in the center, fit on the lid and steam oiling water steadily for ten hours. The itional English plum pudding was boiled floured bag but molds are being ani- lly used, and they turn out a much r dish, with no risk of the sogginess t is found in bag puddings.

The Individual Investor

The So-Called Protective Committee

BECAUSE a man is a law-abiding citizen is no reason why he should not know something about the nature of policemen. A peace-loving nation may occasionally have uses for a battle-ship. In the same way anyone who buys securities should know something of the workings of the thing called a protective committee. Naturally none of us expect to need the services of such an organization, and as long as we confine our investments to the highest classes of securities and are content with the returns they give we may reasonably hope to remain free from such concerns. But nowadays men vary their investments a great deal, and for the sake of a better total return often take on some proportion of the sort of bonds or stock that need watching, and among these a few are likely to become involved in some sort of readjustment.

Protective committees ordinarily, though not always, accompany receivership and reorganization. At such times they become a necessity, since a large number of security holders scattered all over the country are compelled to adopt some means of joint and equal representation. But the pending dissolution of the American Tobacco Company is an instance of the necessity for protective committees not an outgrowth of receivership, though even here there is a species of reorganization going on. Primarily they exist for the purpose of adjusting the rights of various classes of security holders in a distribution or reassignment of the assets of a company. The fact that the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company is proceeding without any committees having been organized is due to the existence of but one class of stock and no bonds.

These committees are good, bad and indifferent. Some of them have done far better for their constituents than the latter could ever have done for themselves, working as individuals or in several unconnected groups, and have served them diligently and with undivided allegiance. Others have moved across the stage perfunctorily and with little effect upon results. Still others have either acted as mere stool pigeons for men bigger than themselves, or have actually stood ready to betray their followers into the hands of some opposing and more powerful interest.

Some Tests of Fitness

It would be idle to discuss this subject without some hope of indicating to investors how they may judge the fitness of any group of individuals to receive their securities in trust and to act for them, after having been endowed with full legal power to negotiate in their behalf. As in the judgment of investments themselves, there is no rule of thumb to go by, but it is possible to suggest several general tests by which such an investigation may be begun, and intelligent men, when once they have been put on their guard, can generally take care of themselves. To begin, then, there is the origin of a committee to be considered. Now it is in the very nature of their work that protective committees should be voluntary organizations. There is no standing organization of any class of security holders and therefore no appointing authority. Some one among those who have begun to detect the little rift within the lute must step forward, and as a concert of action is always better than a one-man-power movement, the first thing that such a person does is to seek out others of his own kind who agree with him that things need looking after and ask them to act with him. The next step is a public call, by advertisement in the leading financial publications and by circulating where that is feasible, for all owners of stock or bonds of the same company and the same class to support the work of this voluntary committee. The members of this committee proceed to confer with the officers and directors of the company whose affairs seem in danger of becoming entangled, with the receivers if such are appointed, and with the representatives of those who own other classes of securities in the same company.

Committees Necessarily Voluntary

It has just been remarked that such committees are necessarily voluntary. It is therefore not a ground for suspicion that two or three or more persons seem to step forward without any particular demand for their services having been made and offer to act for all. To the same degree that they are men of established reputation it is to be presumed that they are acting in good faith and are either themselves holders of the securities they seek to represent or have been induced to take up the work by others who are convinced of their special fitness for it. Nevertheless the fact that such committees must always volunteer is frequently taken advantage of by men who have no business in the places of trust into which they have forced their way. Such committee members may indeed be bona fide holders of the securities for which the committee is to act, but they may also be far more heavily interested in the property in other ways, or may be under obligation to men or corporations inimical to the interests of the scattered bondholders.

Suppose, for instance, that a corporation that has issued mortgage bonds which have been distributed far and wide is controlled by a group of powerful bankers through ownership of most of the stock. This company falls into a receivership, or it needs additional working capital and finds that the only practicable method of raising it is to turn the property and business over to a new corporation empowered by its charter to create two classes of bonds and do other necessary things. Under certain circumstances, especially if the company is meeting its interest charges with difficulty at the time but has great unrealized possibilities, the attorneys for the controlling interests may discover some delicate legal question affecting the rights of the mortgage bondholders, or some nice point in the interpretation of the language of the mortgage. It would be simply preposterous for the controlling capitalists, interested only in the stock of the company, to attempt to have any direct representation in a protective committee of the bondholders. But it would be equally wrong and equally inimical to the bondholders if those capitalists contrived the selection of a committee made up as to any part of its membership of officers of institutions controlled by them or persons dependent upon them in any way for business.

Perhaps the most important consideration,

specially at the outset, is the character of the greement under which the owners of securies are asked to deposit them with a committee. This instrument, for a variety of reasons hat will occur to the reader, must be given mple power to deal on behalf of the bondolders. It must stand in law to all intents nd purposes as the owners of the securies, in trust. But there are certain limis beyond which the instrument should not o. One of these, and the most important, that it should not abridge the right of the epositing bondholder to withdraw his securies at any time, before or after the promulation of a plan, on payment of his pro rata hare of the expenses of the committee up to he time of withdrawal.

PROVISIONS OF A FAULTY AGREEMENT

It might be thought sufficient to provide in he deposit agreement that securities might be ithdrawn after the preparation and publicaon of a plan of executing the trust in hand. hat this is not so will at once become appart from the examination of certain provions of an actual deposit agreement and of ertain events connected therewith. One prosion of this plan was:

"The committee shall have power, if and whenever in its judgment it shall become advisable to do so, to prepare and adopt a plan and agreement for the reorganization of the ——— Company, and including in its discretion any one or more of its subsidiary, controlled, affiliated or allied companies or interests, or it may approve and adopt any plan and agreement for such reorganization although not prepared by it."

Observe that the above clause puts no time mit whatsoever on the committee's activities. he agreement goes on to provide that "when he committee shall have prepared or approved and adopted any such plan and agreeent," it shall be made public in a certain rescribed manner. Then after certain minor atters are disposed of comes the following:

"Any registered holder of a certificate of deposit may within thirty days from the first publication in said cities of ——— and ——— of such notice of the preparation or approval and adoption of any plan and agreement by the Committee file with the ——— Trust Co. of ———, one of the Depositaries, notice in writing that such holder dissents from said plan and agreement."

Not long after the organization of the ommittee the above period of thirty days was hanged to sixty days, but it was still true hat once a bondholder had deposited his onds the committee might keep them as long s it pleased, without the bondholder or any umber of them having any means of comelling the committee either to perform its unction or abdicate and return the bonds to heir owners. To be sure the committee was rganized, or at least was supposed to have een organized, for the purpose of furhering the work of reorganization by epresenting the bondholders therein, but s a matter of fact several members of he committee held such close personal relaions with other interests in the company that hey were wholly incapacitated for a position f trust that called for aggressive action. And he absence from the deposit agreement of ny time limit upon the committee's work or s existence was availed of in such manner hat the practical result was to tire out many ondholders, who threw their bonds on the narket for what they would bring. The comittee did indeed prepare, or assist in the reparation of, several plans of reorganizaion, but it was careful not to publish them n any formal way and of course not in the anner prescribed by the agreement of deosit, and so the right of withdrawal never ame into existence. It took several of the arger bondholders more than two years to ecognize that they were being played with nd then they organized for a fight in the ourts which, while it was more or less sucessful, was rather more than less expensive.

Point and Pleasantry

WE WANT NEW STORIES FOR THIS PAGE—crisp, amusing stories that have not been printed in other publications. If we judge a composition to be good enough for our "Point and Pleasantry" column we will pay ten cents a word for each story as published, reserving the right to change the wording as may seem necessary.

If we consider a contribution to be not quite up to the standard of this column, but still available for our pages, we will re it for another department at our current rates.

NO CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE RETURNED UNLESS STAMPED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED.

Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

A Beginner.

A YOUNG woman decided to learn how to play golf, and went to a sporting-goods store to buy a bag of clubs.

"How many clubs," said the salesman, "do you want to purchase?"

The girl replied hesitatingly:

"Well, I'm not sure just how many clubs I should have. You see, I don't know very much about golf as yet. Why, I don't even know for sure which end of the caddie it is best to use." —Mrs. A. S. Hitchcock.

Breaking the Monotony.

It was a small town in Central Indiana. The village storekeeper was ticket-agent, baggage-master and telegrapher of the little flag station past which two fast mails thundered each day. At last growing tired of the monotony of life, he went out and pulled up the flag. The train slid in and came to a stop in front of the tiny station.

"Where's your passenger?" demanded the bustling conductor.

"Waal," drawled the agent, "I dunno as thar is anyone wantin' to git on but I kinder thought mebbe some one might want to git off." —Z. E. A.

Imposed Upon.

Several employees received their mail at the office of the firm. One woman was interestedly reading a postal card from the morning's batch. Finally she turned it over to the address side.

"Huh!" she said in a disappointed tone. "This is for *me.*" —Ella Allison.

A Luxury.

Jim, who worked in a garage, had just declined Mr. Smith's invitation to ride in his new car.

"What's the matter, Jim," asked Mr. Smith, "are you sick?"

"No, sah," he replied. "'Tain't that—I done los' five dollars, sah, an' I jes' natchirly got tuh sit an' grieve."

—Edgar W. Stork.

Changing a Classic.

When Mike-elangelo Maginnis decorated his new saloon he had a large burnt wood board hung up over the glasses bearing the well-known inscription in old English letters:

Old Wine to Drink,
Old Books to Read,
Old Friends to Trust,
Old Wood to Burn.

Many were the compliments he received on his fine taste in decoration, and Mr. Maginnis was highly pleased with himself, but six wee later the legend appeared thus:

Old Wine to Drink,
Old Books to Read,

Old Wood to Burn.

—W. J. Lampton.

Why Tom Lost His Job.

The afternoon of the big game between t Giants and the Athletics, Tom, entering t office, found a note from his employer, M Soandso:

"I am going out—shall return at six-f teen."

Tom left a note:

"I am going out, too; but you'll nev know it, Old Glue-foot, for I shall return six-fourteen."

But Tom got caught in a street-car blo and Mr. Soandso didn't.

—C. S. Partridge.

Too Talkative.

It was a beautiful evening and Ole, wi had screwed up courage to take Mary for ride, was carried away by the magic of t night.

"Mary," he asked, "will you marry me?

"Yes, Ole," she answered softly.

Ole lapsed into a silence that at last b came painful to his fiancée.

"Ole," she said desperately, "why don you say something?"

"Ay tank," Ole replied, "they bane t much said already." —Anna Estee.

Contrast.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When the man comes around and sells y a handsome set of books on the instalme plan,

But the man worth while,
Is the man who can smile,

When the collector comes around month aft month for the next decade and, during t whole time you have been too busy to re a single paragraph. —Ellis O. Jones.

An Orgy of Despair.

Two women were leaving the theater aft a performance of "The Doll's House."

"Oh, don't you *love* Ibsen?" asked o ecstatically. "Doesn't he just take all of t hope out of life!" —Ella Allison.

Girls of Other Days.

When mother was young and girlies fe sad, for solace to verse they would turn; o beautiful fountain of comfort they had, whi soothed the most turbulent yearn. Wh mother felt morbid and downcast and pun away to the garret she'd steal, and snugg down close by an old leather trunk and rea a few yards of "Lucile." —Wm. S. An

Continued from page 33

he Three Hundred and xty-Fifth Time

m was Sue's head, looking grotesquely ge and misshapen as she moved back and th, but none the less Sue's.

Jimmie drew a deep breath. So she was k! Well, the thrill had gone from the urn. With one fell sweep conditions were h that his most sincere efforts were to fruitless. But why had the world turned him so suddenly? Never before had he erienced any genuine heartaches. Even repeated failures to capture Sue had never ected him poignantly. He had really felt tent to woo her lazily, knowing that in end she would be his. And he had no re doubted the ultimate issue than that would follow night, or summer, winter. e belonged to him. Deep in his heart was t certainty.

But after a sleepless night Jimmie began see with the lucidity of Sue's mother's s. And where Sue was concerned, he was t of the running. True he might ask her wait until he had made good, had estab- hed himself on an axle that ground out dden coin, but years might elapse until en.

Jimmie began to feel even smaller than the asshopper of a previous day as he thought ings over. And Sue had said, the man she rried must be a man who *does things*. hat was an elastic phrase. It might mean tle or much. In his present humor he took to mean big things, and Jimmie decided t he was a dead one.

So in the leaden hours of a long Sunday busied himself packing up his belongings. had decided to bury himself and his dis- pointment in the city. If by any chance of which in his wildest fancy he could not w conceive—Fate should fling him some lden apples, he would return. In the mean- ne, why make it uncomfortable for her by rading his disappointed hopes continually fore her.

So Jimmie took himself away. He didn't en leave an address. His was the humor the hurt beast that hides itself alike from iend and foe; and for relief came the pan- ea of work. Earnestly, diligently, indefat- ably, he kept at it.

At the end of six months, life swung a irleyite into his radius. It happened to be fellow Jimmie had never cared very much out, but he welcomed him with the pro- rbial open arms. They dined together, while er the meal Jimmie assimilated all the home ssip. One staggering piece of news was at Henderson was paying assiduous court the shrine of Sue. The knowledge proved od and drink to Jimmie; it satiated him. e pleaded a forgotten engagement and shed away.

But the next Sunday afternoon found him Burley. And he didn't know why he went actly, for it certainly was in no position frustrate any matrimonial designs that enderson might hold. Still he went—just cause he could not help himself. And he und Sue on the porch with the very man whom rumor now gave her.

At the sight of Jimmie both rose in amaze- ent.

"Jimmie!" burst from the girl.

And "Jimmie!" Henderson supplemented r exclamation.

Jimmie gave a hand to each, awkwardly for gue, for he had a finished grace.

"Fine day for October. Like summer." spoke perfunctorily. "I just ached to see ne red-and-gold country, so thought I'd e a run up here. Don't move, Sue. I'll sit here on the railing for a while. I've to get right back."

From his porch Jimmie looked at her as sat beside the other man. She had on a he had never seen before, a thing of nty, webby lace and sheerest lawn. And ry minute he felt is if he must lean for-

ward in the old friendly fashion and squeeze her hand and tell her how "peachy" she looked. But it was a Sue as unknown to him as her gown that he looked upon. After her first surprised greeting, she had almost nothing to say. Only every now and then Jimmie surprised a quick, inquiring glance leveled at him.

"Rotten luck—yours, Jimmie," Henderson said once, referring to the past.

Jimmie said nothing.

Suddenly Sue leaned forward, her far-away eyes grown vivid.

"What is the name of the firm you're with, Jimmie?" she asked pointedly.

Jimmie gave the name of the bankers and she repeated it after him. And when he shook hands at leaving she repeated it again. Then as she stood on the steps above him she put up a hand as if to a strangling throat.

"You—you'll run up to see us again, Jimmie?" she said in a strained voice.

"If I get the time. Pretty busy these days," he flung back lightly.

But when he got to the gate he stopped. For a minute he stood stock-still, swayed by longing. Then with a shrug of decision and a muttered renunciation of "What's the use?" he went on.

Looking around his room a few hours later, he addressed his own image in the glass.

"You fool," he said achingly. "Why, you don't earn in a month the price of that dress she had on." And far into the night he heard again and again the strained inflection of her voice as she asked him to run up to see them again.

The trip to Burley taught Jimmie a lesson. With resolution he put from him all thoughts of repeating it. Remorselessly he crushed all his desires. And in his happy face lines began to indent themselves.

But in time Jimmie reached the point where he could think of his one-time friend without feeling as if the end of all things had come for him. Then one day in the latter part of March he was called to the 'phone.

Jimmie almost dropped the instrument when Sue's laughing voice reached his ears.

"Jimmie, I'm in an awful predicament," she explained. "I must have left my purse on the train. And I'm up at the Lyceum Theater stranded with two orchestra seats. I had *them* in my pocket—I mean the tickets. Nell Belford has failed me also. She was coming down from White Villa and we were to meet here. Can you help an old friend with a dollar, Jimmie?"

Jimmie swallowed before he answered.

"Where did you say you were?"

"At the Lyceum. This is the intermission between the second and third acts."

"All right. I'll be in the lobby after the third act," Jimmie responded.

He was there before the time, watching the green baize doors. When they swung aside disclosing Sue, he rushed forward like an eager boy. They shook hands laughing excitedly.

"Wasn't it lucky I thought of you, Jimmie, and remembered where you worked?" It was a laughing question and he studied the face looking up at him. But he made no reply, just to gaze at her.

"At first I did not know what to do," she went on. "I had vague dreams of pawning something—my rings or furs. But I hadn't the remotest idea where to go to do it."

"And then—" it was an idle interruption that kept her eyes to his.

"Then?" she laughed and her color rose in two little flames to her cheeks. "Then naturally I thought of you. It's a bad habit you gave me in the long ago—to depend on you in an unforeseen emergency. In fact more than once this year I've caught myself expecting to lean on you, Jimmie." She spoke blithely, in the friendliest little tone, but the significance of her words made Jimmie's pulses leap.

"How's the show?" he asked. The question seemed irrelevant, but Jimmie's mind was following its own train of thought.

"Not as good as I expected," she answered. He looked down at her, following his first

HARPERS BOOKS

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A romance of masculine strength and weakness, with th of the great outdoors. Against the background of Pa and the Canal the youthful hero fights a fight towards liness, aided and sometimes thwarted by fascinating wo

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Like its predecessor, "The Awakening of Helena Ric this new novel is a tale of spiritual struggle and deep h emotion. Mrs. Deland pictures youth in all its tende and passion, its foolish obstinacy and generous impu ness, with truthful idealism. She portrays the elders just as deep understanding and sympathy.

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A jolly group of persons who meet on board ship con their serious love affairs and flirtations during their through Mexico. Numerous humorous complications re

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tion with another that was the natural ence to his first and her reply.
How about taking a ride through the Park taxi?"
Do you allow yourself such luxuries?" flashed with friendly satire.
Only on state occasions," he flashed back.
Oh!" said the girl. Then after a mo- t with a little inscrutable smile: "And he state occasions happen frequently?"
e looked at her closely. When he spoke it gravely.
As it happens," he said, "this is the first . I've thought of indulging in the ex- agance.
gain she emitted a little, "oh!" There a tint of satisfaction in the tone.
I feel duly flattered then," she smiled rfully, a twinkle in her eye. They were waiting to hail a cab and stood at the . "I take it then, you treat me better n your other lady friends."
Jimmie felt himself as a wisp of straw, or a taut violin string from which she ught whatever note she liked. Neverthe- he answered obediently.
I have no lady friends."
A little tranquil smile hovered around Sue's for a moment. Then with an audacious ulse she linked her arm in his.
Come on—let's amuse ourselves looking in shop windows for a while. We can walk the Grand Central. I am not going to rt you on the downward path of extrav- ances."
But Jimmie held his ground.
Here is a vacant taxi coming now."
No, I won't let you spend the money," arm coerced him.
It's my money," he said grandly.
No, no. Don't Jimmie!" For at that oment he was signaling the driver.
Come on, Sue," he had his hand on the r. "You can consider the treat—it's a one you know for the likes of me—as a thday present."
Jimmie!" The way she spoke his name s thrilling. It was almost like a caress th the wonder in it. And when the door nned and they were whirled away, straight, ining eyes sought his.
And so you remembered it—my birth- y?"
He nodded.
Oh, Jimmie!"
But Jimmie looked away through the win- ws, for greater strength. His pulses were ginning to clamor so he was half afraid he looked at her much longer they would ite get the upper hand of all his resolu- ons. And it was a curious feeling he had that moment, but he knew intuitively that hat she had denied him in his affluence she as ready to bestow on him in his poverty. e was almost the whitest kind of a little ort. But only an insane man would ask a rl, a girl like Sue, to link her life to his mpecuniosity.
He went white to the lips when she put a ttle gloved hand on him and asked him to ve her the dollar. And he held his breath the while he fumbled with a roll of bills to extract one.
When he handed it to her she folded it into n infinitesimal size. Over the process in a eak voice, tearful and wistful, a voice un- ecognizable as Sue's, she said: "You've got ll over caring—haven't you, Jimmy?"
The result was startling. It was almost ith a roar that Jimmie turned on her.
"For God's sake, Sue!" burst from him. Can't you let me alone! Of course I care! That's all the good it will do me!" The last entence was muttered hoarsely, and with an ccent of suffering. Its tone with all it rowed sent swift lights over the girl's face.
"Then you do, Jimmie. Oh, I knew it! I new it! All these miserable months." Her oice fairly sang.
"Don't! Don't—Sue." The man blanched.
"I will," she laughed unsteadily. And ow big tears began to roll down her cheeks ut she tossed them away excitedly. "And ow for the three hundred and sixty-fifth ime—go on! Go on with it, Jimmy!"

With one sweep Jimmie caught her to him. But he didn't go on. "Oh, Sue! Sue!" was all he said as he held her close. "What's the use? We can't."

But he had admitted all she wanted him to. With a determined little movement she extricated herself.

"Jimmie Carson," she tapped him authoritatively on the chest, "how much do you earn? Quick!"

"Twenty-five a week." His answer was prompt, if a little tremulous.

"And I have a hundred a month which grandmother left me. Two hundred a month," she added musingly. "I presume there are people who even do it on less."

"Sue! Sue!" he shook his head.

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" she mimicked his tone. Then with an unexpected little gesture of abandon: "Why are you punishing me so, Jimmy? For the past? Can I throw myself at you any harder?"

Just for a moment the man put his hands over his eyes.

"You're crazy, Sue," he said from behind the barricade. But the next moment he caught her to him. And she clung to him, crying. Even Jimmie made a few dabs at his eyes. Later on they planned everything.

"And for the three hundred and sixty-fifth time—not will you, but—when will you marry me, Sue?" he asked at last.

She looked at him for a little silent moment.

"I'll leave it to you, Jimmy, to decide. Any—any day but to-day. I was going to come prepared, but—but I thought it a little too—too brazen."

Jimmie looked dizzily at her, too happy for words. And suddenly she flashed the sweetest smile at him.

"Here's your dollar, Jimmie," she said, and from an inner pocket of her tailored coat she brought forth the purse which was not lost.

Continued from page 27

Little Mystery

stared at the flare of the match, and into MacVeigh's white face.

"I'm all right, Mac," he said. "Let me walk—"

MacVeigh forced him back gently, and went on. He was alone until the first, cold, gray break of dawn. Then he stopped, gave each of the dogs a frozen fish, and with the fuel on the sledge built a small fire. He scraped up snow for tea, and hung the pail over the fire. He was frying bacon and toasting hard bannock biscuits when Pelletier aroused himself and sat up. MacVeigh did not see him until he faced about.

"Good morning, Pelly," he grinned. "Have a good nap?"

Pelletier groped about on the sledge.

"Wish I could find a club, Mac," he said. "I'd—I'd brain you! You let me sleep!"

He thrust out his uninjured arm and the two shook hands. Once or twice before they had done this, after hours of great peril. It was not an ordinary handshake.

MacVeigh rose to his feet. Half a mile away the edge of the big forest for which they had been fighting rose out of the dawn gloom.

"If I'd known that," said MacVeigh, pointing, "we'd have camped in shelter. "Fifty miles, Pelly. Not so bad, was it?"

Behind them the gray barren was lifting itself into the light of day. The two men ate, and drank tea. During those few minutes neither gave attention to the forest or the barren. MacVeigh was ravenously hungry. Pelletier could not get enough of the tea. And then their attention went to Little Mystery, who awoke with a wailing protest at the smothering cover of blankets over her face. MacVeigh dug her out, and held her up to view the strange change since yesterday. It was then that Kazan stopped licking his fishy chops to send up a strange, wailing howl.

Both men turned their eyes to the forest. Half-way between them and [illegible] was toiling

wly toward them. It was a man, and Mac-
igh gave a low cry of astonishment.
But Kazan was facing the gray barren, and
howled again, long and menacingly. The
er dogs took up the cry, and when Pelle-
r and MacVeigh followed the direction of
ir warning they stood for a full half min-
as if turned into stone.
More than a mile away the barren was
tted with a dozen swiftly moving sledges
l a score of running men!
After all, their last stand was to be made
the edge of the timber-line!
In such situations men like MacVeigh and
lletier do not waste precious moments in
arranging actions in words. Their mental
ocesses are instantaneous and correlative—
d they act. Without a word MacVeigh re-
ved Little Mystery in her nest, without
en placing a sip of the warm tea to her
s, and by the time the dogs were straight-
ed in their traces Pelletier was handing
n his Remington.
" I've ranged it for three hundred and fifty
rds," he said. "We won't want to waste
r fire until they come that near."
They set out at a trot, Pelletier running
th his wounded arm down at his side. Sud-
nly the lone figure between them and the
rest disappeared. It had fallen flat in the
ow, where it lay only a black speck. In a
oment it rose again, and advanced. Both
lletier and MacVeigh were looking when it
ll for a second time.
An unpleasant laugh came from Mac-
igh's lips.
" No help there," he said. " Whoever he
, he's half dead!"
The figure was climbing to its feet for the
th time, and was only on its hands and
ees, when the sledge drew up. It was a
hite man. His head was bare, his face
eathlike. His neck was open to the cold
ind, and to the others' astonishment he wore
heavier garment over his dark flannel
irt. The man's eyes burned wildly from
t of a growth of shaggy beard and hair, and
was panting like one who had traveled
iles instead of a few hundred yards.
" Cabin—back there—in edge—woods," he
xplained, as he saw the effect his appear-
nce was making on the newcomers. " Saw
u—coming. I'm dying—no hope—know it.
ame's—Scottie Deane."
An amazed cry broke from Pelletier. He
oked at MacVeigh, his chief. Here was the
urderer for whom a half of the whole north-
n force had been searching for a year! He
ade an involuntary movement forward, but
lacVeigh was ahead of him. He raised the
tlaw to his feet, and the two stared at each
her for a space, while from three-quarters
f a mile away came the first faint howling
f the Eskimo dogs.
" Don't you know me?" asked MacVeigh,
low that Pelletier did not hear. " I'm
lacVeigh, of the Royal Northwest Mounted.
was I who helped your wife over the bar-
n, and who—who—"
A little wailing cry came from the sledge.
ith a gasp Scottie Deane turned his eyes
ward the cry.
" My God!" he screamed.
In a instant he was upon his knees beside
ttle Mystery, and the little girl's arms were
round his neck, and he was sobbing and
lking like a madman.
" She's mine—mine!" he cried, leaping to
is feet with new strength. " Where did you
et her? How—"
The Eskimos were only half a mile away.
lacVeigh turned the dying outlaw so that
is face was in their direction. Quickly,
ithout a waste of words, he told Scottie
eane all that happened. And when he had
one, Scottie ran out in the face of the army
f little black men, with Little Mystery in
is arms, and strange shouting cries on his
ps. Pelletier and MacVeigh were in the
dge of the forest when Deane met his Eski-
os. There was a long wait out there, and
hen Scottie and Little Mystery came back—
n a sledge drawn by Eskimo dogs, and be-
de the sledge walked the chief who had
en wounded in the cabin at Fullerton

Point. Scottie Deane was swaying, his head was bowed half upon his breast, and the chief and another Eskimo were supporting him. He nodded to the right, and a hundred yards away they found a cabin. The powerful little Northerners carried him in, still clutching Little Mystery in his arms, and he made a motion for MacVeigh to follow him—alone. Inside the cabin they placed him on a low bunk, and with a weak but terrible cough the outlaw beckoned MacVeigh to his side. MacVeigh knew what the cough meant. The sick man had suffered terrible cold—and the tissue of his lungs was sloughing away. It was death. The most terrible death of the North.

He spoke quite steadily.

"I'm dying," he said again. "Have been—four days. You must understand—before I go. I killed a man—but it was—right. He tried to insult her—my wife—an' you—you people hunted me. For safety we went far north—among the Eskimos—an' lived there—long time. The Eskimos—they loved the little girl and wife, 'specially little Isobel. Thought them angels—some sort. Then we heard you were going to hunt for me—'mong Eskimos. So we set out with box. Box was for her—to keep her from fearful cold—but when we saw your fire on edge of barren she made me get in it—an' so—so you found us. You know—after that. You thought it was—coffin—an' she told you I was dead. You were good—good to her—an' you mus' go down where she is—take little Isobel—"

He stopped, panting and coughing. MacVeigh was crushing both his thin, cold hands in his own.

"You was good—good—good—to her," repeated Scottie Deane weakly. "You loved her—an' it was a' right—because you thought I was dead—an' she was alone—needed help—love—an' you must go down to her—Pierre Couchee's cabin—on the Little Beaver—an' an'—"

He suddenly wrenched his hands free and took MacVeigh's tense face between them, staring straight and silently into his eyes.

"An'—an'—I give her to you," he said. "She's an angel, and she's alone—needs some one—love—a good man—an' you—you'll be good to her."

"I will go to her," said MacVeigh softly, "and I swear here on my knees, before the great and good God, that I will do what an honorable man should do."

Scottie Deane's rigid body relaxed and he sank back on his blankets with a sigh of relief.

"I worried—for her," he said. "I've always believed in a God—though I killed a man—an' He sent you here—in time."

A sudden questioning light came into Scottie Deane's eyes.

"The man—who stole little Isobel," he breathed. "Who was he?"

"Pelletier—the man out there—killed him when he came to the cabin," said MacVeigh. "He said his name was Blake."

"BLAKE—BLAKE—BLAKE!" Again Scottie Deane's voice rose from the edge of death to a shriek. "Blake, you say? A great coarse sailor man, with red hair—red beard—yellow teeth like a walrus? Blake—BLAKE—"

Scottie Deane sank back again, with a thrilling, half-mad laugh.

"Then—then it's all been a mistake—a funny mistake," he said, and his eyes closed, and his voice spoke the words as though he were uttering them from out of a dream. MacVeigh saw that the end was near. He bent down to catch the dying man's last words. "We fought—I thought I killed him—an' threw him into the sea. So—so—I'm not a murderer—after all. And he—he came back for revenge—and—stole—little—Isobel. I'm—I'm—not—a—murderer. You—you—will—tell—her. You will—you'll tell her—I didn't kill him—after all. You'll tell her—an' be good—good—"

A shudder passed through him.

It was the last sign of life. MacVeigh continued to kneel at his side for a long time, and held his hands until they were as cold as ice in his own.

Then he went out to make friends with
o faithful Eskimos who had fought for the
man's sake and little Isobel, and to tell the
nderful story of death, and of new life for
m, to Roscoe Pelletier. And as he went he
anked Heaven for the coming of the sunny-
ired baby, Little Mystery, now Little Isobel!

In the edge of the timber-line it was black
black not only with the gloom of night, but
th the concentrated darkness of spruce and
lsam and a sky so low and thick that one
uld almost hear the wailing swish of it
erhead, like the steady sobbing of surf on a
shore. It was black—save for the small
cles of light made by the Eskimo fires,
ound which a score of little brown men sat
crouched. The masters of the camp were
ll awake, but twice as many dogs, ex-
usted and footsore, lay curled into heaps, as
nimate as if dead. There was present a
range silence and a strange and unnatural
oom that was not of the night alone—a
ence broken only by the low moaning of the
nd out on the barren, the restlessness in
e air above the tree tops, and the crackling
the fires. The Eskimos were as motionless
so many dead men. They were not asleep.
eir round, expressionless eyes were wide
en. They sat or crouched with their backs
the barren, their faces turned into the still
eper blackness of the forest. Some distance
ay, like a star, there gleamed a light, a
all light and a steady light—in a cabin
ndow. The eyes of those about the fires
re fixed on this light. For two hours they
d been staring at it. And at intervals there
se from among the stony-faced watchers a
n who was chief of the tribe, and whose
cking voice joined for a few moments each
ne the wailing of the wind, the swish of
e low-hanging sky, and the crackling of the
es. But there was sound of no other voice
movement. He alone moved and spoke—
to the others the clacking sounds he made
s speech, words spoken for a man who was
d. The man lay in the cabin. He was
ered over with a blanket.

At a crudely made table, with a tin lamp
tween them, sat MacVeigh and Pelletier.
lletier's arm was in a sling. His face was
wn and haggard and blackened by powder
oke. MacVeigh was writing, slowly and
oriously, with the stub of a pencil so short
t he could scarcely hold it between his
umb and forefinger. He had been writing
three-quarters of an hour, and now he
ightened himself with a groan of relief.

"I'd rather fight—fight seven days in the
k, than write these confounded reports,"
exclaimed. "I always think of that job
ead of me when anything big is happen-
, Pelly. I thought of it back there on the
ren. At the first darned shot I knew I'd
e to write it all out for Headquarters."

Pelletier went to the one window of the
in. He could see the Eskimo fires and the
tionless figures crouching in the circles of
ht.

"Wish they'd move," he said. "They make
nervous. Hello, there's that O-gluck-
ck, or whatever you call 'im, giving 'em
other dance and spiel. By thunder, they
moving! They're jumping to their feet
l coming this way!"

MacVeigh looked at his watch.

"They're mighty good guessers, Pelly. It's
quarter after twelve. When a chief or a
man dies the tribe buries him in the first
r of the new day. They're coming after
ttie Deane."

He opened the door and stepped out into
night. Pelletier joined him. The Eski-
s advanced without a s nd and stopped
a shadowy group twen paces from the
in. Five of the little r-clad men de-
hed themselves from the others and filed
o the cabin, with the chief man at their
d. As they bent over Scottie Deane they
an to chant a low monotone which awak-
d little Isobel, who sat up and stared sleep-
at the strange scene. MacVeigh went to
and gathered her close in his arms. She
sleeping again when he put her down
ong the blankets. The Eskimos were gone

with their burden. He could hear the low chanting of the tribe.

"I found her, and I thought she was mine," said Pelletier's low voice at his side. "But she ain't, Mac. She's yours."

"You're going to take her down to the woman, and after that—"

MacVeigh broke in on him, as though he had not heard.

"You'd better get to bed, Pelly," he warned. "That arm needs rest. I'm going out to see where they bury him."

He put on his cap and heavy coat and went as far as the door, then turned back. From his kit he took a belt ax and nails.

The wind was blowing more strongly over the barren, and MacVeigh could no longer hear the low lament of the Eskimos. He moved toward their fires, and found them deserted of men, only the dogs remaining in their deathlike sleep. And then, far down the edge of the timber, he saw a flare of light. Five minutes later he stood hidden in a deep shadow, a few paces from the Eskimos. They had dug the grave early in the evening, out on the great snow plain, free of the trees; and as the fire they had built lighted up their dark, round faces MacVeigh saw the five little black men who had borne forth Scottie Deane leaning over the shallow hole in the frozen earth. Scottie was already gone. The earth and ice and frozen moss were falling in upon him, and not a sound fell now from the thick lips of his savage mourners. In a few minutes the crude work was done, and like a thin black shadow the natives filed back to their camp. Only one remained, sitting cross-legged at the head of the grave, his long narwhal spear across his knees, the wild north wind beating at his back. It was O-gluck-gluck, the Eskimo chief, guarding the dead man from the devils who come to steal body and soul during the first few hours of burial.

MacVeigh went deeper into the forest until he found a thin, straight sapling, which he cut down with half a dozen strokes of his belt ax. From the sapling he stripped the bark, and then he chopped off a third of its length and nailed it crosswise to what remained. After that he sharpened the bottom end, and returned to the grave, carrying the cross over his shoulder. Stripped to whiteness it gleamed in the firelight. The Eskimo watcher stared at it for a moment, his dull eyes burning darker in the night, for he knew that after this two gods, and not one, were to guard the grave. MacVeigh drove the cross deep, and as the blows of his ax fell upon it the Eskimo slunk back until he was swallowed in the gloom. When MacVeigh was done he pulled off his cap. But it was not to pray.

"I'm sorry, old man," he said to what was under the cross. "God knows I'm sorry. I wish you was alive. I wish you was going back to her—with the kid—instid o' me. But I'll keep that promise. I swear it. I'll do—what's right—by her."

From the forest he looked back. The Eskimo chief had returned to his somber watch. The cross gleamed a ghostly white against the thick blackness of the barren. He turned his face away for the last time, and there filled him the oppression of a leaden hand, a thing that was both dread and fear. Scottie Deane was dead—dead and in his grave, and yet he walked with him now, at his side. He could feel the presence, and that presence was like a warning, stirring strange thoughts within him. He turned back to the cabin, and entered softly. Pelletier was asleep. Little Isobel was breathing the sweet forgetfulness of childhood. He stooped and kissed her silken curls, and for a long time he stood with one of those soft curls between his fingers. In a few years more, he thought, it would be the darker gold and brown of the woman's hair—of the woman he loved. Slowly a great peace entered into him. After all, there was more than hope ahead for him. She—the older Isobel—knew that he loved her as no other man in the world could love her. He had given proof of that. And now she was free, and he was going to her.

(To be concluded)

Continued from page 18

THE CRITIC

mountain top, out of this smothered hole in the ground. Her figure, glimmering white in window light as she came up the pathway, made the only point of hope and interest for him in the whole night of gloom.

She said at once, as she sat down beside him: "Well, I'm leaving. She told Mrs. Slauber what she overheard me saying to you last night. The doctor notified me that he can't have me stealing his patients."

"You're leaving?"

"I'm turned out."

"Then," he said, even gaily, "so am I."

"Where are you going?"

"I'll carry my distinguished patronage to whatever sanitarium you—"

"But you see," she cut in, "Dr. Slauber's angry. He won't give me a reference. I'll probably not be able to get anything around here. I may have to go back to New York. I can always get private nursing in town."

"Ah," he said, "I'm forbidden New York."

"Or perhaps I'll just retire to my bungalow. I have some money saved up." There was plain desertion of him in her worried face. Only I don't like to leave you."

His silence seemed to accuse her. She explained hurriedly: "If I had enough money to build, I might start a little place up there myself. That was my idea in buying it. Then you could be my first patient. Or you could come along now if we had anyone else to come, but the shack's so small—it's really only one big room with a little lean-to on one end for a kitchen. So that's out of the question. Haven't you any of your own people anywhere? It seems a shame that you should be here alone."

He studied the darkness. "No one that I should care to impose on. I have a sister in Brookline, but she has a husband and three young children. I haven't even let her know I'm ill. It would only annoy her."

"Well," she summed it up—with what he felt was a smile though he could not see it—"we're a pair of poor homeless orphans, sure enough." She added, in another voice: "I feel sometimes the way you said *you* did—'empty-handed.' I'm nearly thirty-two, and haven't a thing to show for it."

"You have your wonderful health—and you are just beginning life."

"That's just like a man," she replied, almost contemptuously. "With a woman, at thirty-five, things begin to go *from* her instead of coming to her—if she hasn't put her youth into a home and a husband and children. I didn't take my chance when I had it."

"You couldn't," he said gently. "You couldn't have taken him."

"No," she cried, "so I turned him over to the women who would! I cheated myself of all that life had to offer—trouble mostly, I suppose, but even trouble's better than nothing at all."

"What a waste! . . . If he could have believed himself, you would have made him a very happy man."

"Do you really think so?"

He patted her on the shoulder, paternally. "My dear girl," he said, "I know it from experience. You have all sorts of character. Pardon it from an incurable wreck, but I shall miss you more than I can tell you."

"I hate to leave you in this hole," she sighed.

"Oh, what matter! What matter!" He leaned forward, resting his arms on his knees. "I'll get through with it fast enough."

"You'd be so much better in the bungalow. It's right in the pine woods—up high. And it seems so perfectly absurd," she broke out, "that we can live together under one roof *here* and can't *there*—two elderly, grown-up, sensible people!"

He allowed himself to sink into the depths, with a sort of weary contentment that the struggle was over. Her voice continued above him, all but unregarded: "If it could

only be arranged some way I'd be so gla
have some one to take care of—some one
I had some interest in. I've lost heart la
I haven't even been doing my work h
And now I'm up against a blank wall.
simply can't face New York. I can't st
it. I'd go mad for the hills, cooped up
their cramped little flats. . . . If we could
range it, you could pay me whatever you
here. That part of it would be easy.
I'll bet I could put you on your feet,
And if I couldn't, you'd be kept comfort
and happy anyway. That's the great th
isn't it?"

He replied, in an indifferent mumble:
couldn't think of imposing myself on any
to *that* extent."

She put her hand on his arm. "Now,
ten," she said determinedly. "It would
no imposition at all. It would be a gods
to me. I'd be tickled to death to have
If I were a man I could simply invite you
spend the summer with me and let you
your part of the expenses, and if you li
me I suppose you'd come. Wouldn't you?
I were a man?"

He rubbed his forehead, worried by this
sistent discussion of the impossible. "The
nothing I'd like better—"

"Well, then," she faltered, "that's the
I feel, too. We have the thing in our
hands. I think we ought to be able to f
some way—"

It was the trembling note in her vo
rather than her words, that roused h
"Don't humiliate me," he said. "You kn
I can't accept any such—"

"It isn't," she protested. "It isn't.
need you, I guess, as much as you need
I don't care a cent about people, and
haven't any that care about me—nor wha
do, either. I think we're old enough to
as we please anyway. We—"

. "Don't!" he almost groaned. "You kn
that's—"

"Well, then," she flamed up, angrily, "
you do this? Will you go down to Clar
ville and get—" she choked on it—"a
cense or something, and then we can do as
please."

He had covered his face with his han
She hesitated for one horrible moment
conventional pride, and then, slipping
arms about his shoulders, she began, in a h
ried, whispering rush of words: "I could
go away and leave you here. I haven't h
anyone I could even talk to. I've enjoyed
so much. It would make me so happy.
just wanted to have some one that—that *mea*
something to me. . . . I—I've never do
anything in all my life that you'd need to
ashamed of, and I know *you* haven't. May
you think, because Corky was so wild—b
he was never anything but just boyish a
sweet with me. . . . You need some one
take care of you. Don't you? I know I
not like the people you've been used to, b
you bet I can learn anything that's goin
and I don't have to be told, either. A
listen. It isn't as if we'd only known ea
other two or three days: both knowing Cor
that way it's as if we were old acquaintances

She understood at last that he was tryi
to hide tears—the tears of weakness, of
gratitude that was pathetic to itself, of
abject relief that suffered from a wounde
pride—and she caught his hand and press
it against her cheek in a mothering tende
ness that did not express itself in words, pa
ting his shoulder when she could not spea

"I'll bet I'll make you *well*, too. I can *goo*
like a nigger mammy. I'd die up the
alone. I just had to come back to nursin
I couldn't stand it. . . . There! Be a goo
boy, now. Don't make me feel that you don
want to come." He kissed her hand dumbl
She clung to him, with a little gulping, stra
gled laugh. "I'm awful . . . but I don
care. I'm going to make you happy, too. . .
Say—say you're not ashamed of me."

IV

One evening toward the end of July, Kirk
wood and his wife sat on the veranda of the
bungalow enjoying the last splendors of

sunset that had been burning down the sky for half an hour in one of those great processional effects of cloud and color that are so magnificent it seems as if the sky thought this was to be the final sunset of all time and crowded the flaming highways of heaven with a marching pageant of universal regret and glory. Kirkwood had been up on the topmost rocks of the hill behind their cottage and had called to her to come; and they had stood, bareheaded, like a pair of children in a cyclorama, pointing and applauding and crying out upon the gorgeousness that spread from horizon to horizon, on all sides and overhead, in a continual changing splendor. When the color had faded from all but the western clouds, they came back to their cottage and sat in their "hickory" rockers, a little breathless and satiated, smiling at the cool green radiance of the afterglow where an evening star was already glimmering.

He was roughly dressed in a costume that might have served either for a lumberman or for a hunter's guide—bearded, sun-burned, and, if not robust-looking, at least weather-hardened. The hollows had filled in his cheeks, and the wrinkles around his eyes had an expression of whimsicality. She looked the contented young housewife. They rocked their chairs, side by side, in the silence of complete under-standing.

It was a strange thing, but he felt that he had not begun to live until he had been condemned to death. His world had gone down in shipwreck under him. He had been cast on the bare rocks and basic elements of existence—freed from the conventions, from the claims of family, from the determining expectations of friends, as if he were marooned on a Crusoe Island—and he felt that he had found, at last, the real values in life. He was even happy.

A hermit thrush had begun to sing in the woods behind them, slowly turning its round notes as if in a meditative virtuosity. "What are you smiling at?" she asked.

It had struck him that those sunset hills were eternal, imperishable, undying, doltish! He had smiled at them in a mood of superior mortality!

He turned to her and stretched out a lazy, affectionate hand. "I'm smiling because I'm happy. Whose *fault* is that?"

She slapped gaily at his fingers. "Old Softy," she teased. "Do you think I have nothing to do but sit and hold hands in the twilight? I'm hungry." She rose to lean down over the back of his chair, cuddling against his neck. "Perch and broiled bacon and potato cakes and tea," she promised him.

"Tea!"

"To keep you awake, sleepyhead. I want to finish reading 'Foma' to you to-night, so you can begin dictating to-morrow."

"Do you think I'm strong enough to work?" he asked, with mock anxiety.

She shook his head from side to side. "Fatty!"

When she had left him, he looked out at the mountains again and the same superior smile as before settled slowly around his eyes.

Continued from page 12

THE CHANGING YEARS

the floor; he turned clumsily around; it was Mrs. Brooker.

"Here's a hunk of gingerbread—hot—right out of the pan—for your supper," she said. "And I wanted to tell you when it comes to buyin' stores, I'll come over and make out a list such as a *woman* 'd want."

"It's sure kind o' ye," said the old man letting his ham smoke, as he received the plate and carefully set it on the table. "Won't ye set down, Mrs. Brooker?"

"I d' know but I will; you see how 'tis with us old 'uns, Mr. Croary, specially when besides fat, there's rheumatism; it's been workin' on me for seven years, now—gets a little worse every winter. Now, Elly, I s'pose, couldn't have rheumatism?"

"Elly! Rheumatism?" Croary let his
burn while he tried to make it out.
"Well, she's no spring chicken,"
Brooker returned briskly. "If it ain't r
matism, what is it?"
"Elly? Sick?" The poor man gaspe
"Course she's not sick," she said, dar
to the fire and lifting off the smoking
"That is, nobody knows whether she's
or not; nobody round here's seen her
forty years, an' folks do change in that t
Law, Mr. Croary, you've changed yours
"I thought mebbe there'd been a teleg
and ye came to tell me, kind like, wo
bein' that soft," he exclaimed simply.
Mrs. Brooker got to her feet; she sig
deeply; it certainly was difficult; but fa
it from her to show the white feather in
own campaign.
"Mr. Croary," she planted herself dire
in front of him, "You've got to be prep
for *somethin'*; it ain't often women live
our ages without gettin' somethin' the r
ter with 'em; if it ain't rheumatism, it's—
—boils—like 's not."
"Boils!" Croary looked as if he had ha
stroke.
"Sixty ain't sixteen," she added for o
measure; and left.
Croary sat down at the kitchen table
ate the ham and some potatoes he had war
up in the drippings; then he ate some of
gingerbread; it was good gingerbread;
Brooker was a famous cook; then he sm
indulgently.
"It's just her way," he explained to the
who was arching her back. "Some folkse
this world does so many good deeds they h
to sugar coat 'em with onpleasant words
keep even." And pleased with his epigr
he finished the gingerbread, then fed the
and went out for his pipe.
The fourth day it rained, so Croary sta
indoors and made a ladder to go up to
attic. He worked and whistled away
happily all day, making quite a mess on
floor, but he meant to sweep it up before
of the Hazelhurst women discovered it. H
ever his calculations went awry. Placid
Harper, in her rain coat, rapped at the d
then pushed it open and came in.
"Harper want me at the store?" Cro
asked from the ladder, where he was pers
ing under the trap-door job.
"No, they'll get along till you're marri
Mrs. Harper said complacently. She set
herself in a chair in the deliberate man
of women who never hurry, and folded
hands across her stomach. "I just called
to see if you know anything about we
you've been around the world so much;
you ever notice this one on my neck?" cr
ing toward him. "It's been there four ye
and I thought maybe you'd know some
to get rid of it."
Croary twisted his big streaming face i
a meditative study. "Seems like I do rem
ber something I used to hear; ben't it rubb
a dish rag on the wen, now, and buryin'
an' when it rots the wen goes away?"
"That's warts."
"Surely now, so 'tis; seems like I can't j
remember; I tell ye what," brightening
stantly, "ye wait till Elly comes; she'll lik
know from bein' back there among the
folks so long."
"If she ain't got wens herself, maybe."
He laughed at the idea. "The lass ha
skin like a rose-leaf," he said.
"Old folks always get things like wen
placid Mrs. Harper declaimed, without a
mation, "wens or worse; well, I must go; h
it does rain!"
Croary wondered for a moment why
had come out in all that rain to ask ab
wens; but he became so absorbed making
trap-door fit plumb and latch readily that
forgot her entirely.
On the fifth day little black-eyed Mrs. C
son came chirping up the shell path,
caught Croary nailing a rusty horseshoe o
the door. Mrs. Carson had pale, polished s
that drew tightly over well-shaped bones,
tle quick-moving hands, and the general
of a busy bird. She was inclined to jet, wh

sed up; her thin hair, parted and plas-
d down over her head, was held in order
a heavy black net, on top of which perched
ound turbanlike hat, itself a scintillating
ss of jet pendants. When she spoke her
e squeaked, and her teeth, that didn't fit
y well, clicked and clinked, giving one an
asy feeling, lest some screw, already loose,
ght come out all together, and her whole
hanism fall to pieces. But she was a
ery, chipper little soul, and old man
ary grinned in real pleasure at sight of

"For good luck, ye know," he said a little
opishly, nodding toward the horseshoe.
"That's right," chirped Mrs. Carson, com-
up the steps. "Everything ready?"
All but the groceries, an' Mrs. Brooker's
erin' 'em to-day. Come see the kitchen."
tiptoed across the threshold; but for her
act, the bedroom offered the more suit-
stage, so Mrs. Carson tripped into the
instead; she exclaimed over its daintiness,
Croary came back and stood grinning in
doorway, pleased with her admiration.
"It's a good glass, I hope," chirped Mrs.
son, stopping before the dresser. "A
man—an *old* woman, that is—does need a
d glass, what with failing sight and—gra-
us me, Croary! why didn't you tell me my
was all on one side? Here I'm going
ut making calls looking like a fright; just
t till I fix it."
She jerked off the heavy beaded bit of head-
r, and with it—horror of horrors—came
hair—all the back part—and there arose
ve the massy jet collar, the roundest,
kest, baldest little head you ever set eyes
Poor Croary stood petrified, his mouth
d eyes stretched to their limit.
"Oh—Oh—Mrs. Carson, s'cuse me, an' I'll
startin' the fire," he gasped out, when he
ld. He turned to go.
"No you don't, Tim Croary, you just stay
ht here and tell me if I get it back straight;
haven't got a hand mirror; you must
ve one; like 's not Elly's balder than I am;
e got quite a head of hair to the front,"
turned and tossed her head at him, show-
the fringe that still persisted from ear to
, but oh, that shiny pink dome back of the
nge! "It's just age, Mr. Croary," she went
her lips pressed tightly to hold the bunch
hairpins. "When you get old you've got
lose something, and I don't know but what
rather 'twas hair than eyes or ears or
th—though I *have* got lowers." She stuck
the last hairpin, and with a sucking sound
it left her gum, deftly pulled out of her
uth a "lower"; her under lip caved in.
"I'll likely never have to have uppers,
ough," she said in that lisping way of old
ks when their teeth are gone. Then she
erfully reinserted the "lower" with a lit-
snap. "I lost them with my children;
o, with every child; but Elly hasn't had
ildren, so maybe she hasn't uppers or low-
either one; likely as not though it's hair;
n't forget the hand mirror *in case*."
Croary was still speechless; in all his life
adventure he had seen nothing like this.
"Now I'll run along," chirped the little
man. "Good-by, Mr. Croary, and if there's
e blessed thing left to be done, don't hesi-
te to tell me. Mrs. Brooker's baking cake
d a plum pudding and half a dozen mince
es; I'll send Maud over with some fresh
ead and a crock of potato salad; and Mrs.
nes is baking a pan of beans; and Sara
an is getting half a dozen pint jars of
ackberry jam out of her dark closet to bring
er in the morning; we thought best to have
bite to eat in the house so's Elly wouldn't
ve to cook till she's good and rested; it's
long trip for such an *old* woman."
She chirped it out all the way down the
ps and to the front gate; then she turned
the street with a final cheerful wave of
r hand that jangled the jet at her wrist;
t still Croary hadn't found a word to say.
hen she was quite out of sight, he turned
d with head bent went to the kitchen and
e a "cold snack" standing at the cupboard.
A little later he was in his great chair on
e back porch, absent-mindedly lighting his

old brier pipe; it went out and turned bowl downward, but he didn't notice it; his frown grew deeper, and deeper, and every little while he sighed.

"So that's what child-bearin' does to women," he said gently, at last. "The poor dears, the poor dears. I'm glad now Elly's been spared that, the lass." And as he spoke her name a cherubic smile overspread his face, and he lighted a fresh pipe for happier reflections.

III

The members of the Ladies' Aid held a call meeting Saturday morning at ten, in Mrs. Jones's parlor. Each felt that she had done her full duty by old man Croary, and now nothing remained but to finish the details of the "feed" that was to follow the wedding that evening, and decide which ones should accompany Croary to the station to meet his bride, who, he had figured out from her letter, would arrive on the six o'clock overland.

"Ladies!" Mrs. Brooker rapped loudly with her spectacle case and secured order. "The two oldest must go—that's Mrs. Jones and me; it'll make Elly seem younger by contrast, mebby."

"And now that's decided," wheezed Mrs. Jones, "I want to tell you that old man Croary's gone to Portland to get some things he'd overlooked; and while he's gone is our chance to get the victuals all carted over, so 's to s'prise him; and I move everyone gets up and dusts, and tells everybody else that's going to contribute. There's no time to lose.

Soon there was a great commotion throughout the neighborhood; women fat and thin, young and old, came down the Jones road, puffing and panting and wheezing and buzzing, under armloads of cake and pastry, roast meats and salads, jams and jellies, and every other toothsome edible common to a Hazelhurst kitchen. The Croary dining table was crowded to overflowing, and an annex had to be constructed out of a packing box.

The very last contributor had arrived, and the group stood in disheveled but talkative survey of their work, when Mrs. Carson's voice shrilled through the general buzzing. When her ears were busy with the inside of the house her eyes took care of the street.

"A taxicab!" she exclaimed. "As sure as I'm alive, it's a taxicab! Must be for Sanderson's or Bateses, or—why if it ain't coming right up this street—to your house, Mrs. Jones—no—it's coming to Croary's—it's stopping—it can't be—"

But it was; and every head that had been crowding for a peep through the window now turned, and there was a rush for the front door that would have done credit to a football team; and as the stream of women reached the gate, the cab door opened, and a little round woman stepped—no—rolled out: the quaintest, squattest, most old-fashioned little linsey-woolsey clad figure you ever saw; her face was round, her eyes were round, her hair escaped from little screwed-up braids in little round curls, under the funniest and roundest of little home-millinered hats; her arms and shoulders were round; in fact, she was round all over. And in the pause, before anyone could speak, she caught her round arms in her plump round hands, and swayed from side to side in a little dancing movement of joy and impatience and inquiry that quite bewitched the city reporter who had hurried up, scenting a story—but stunned the decorous women of Hazelhurst.

"Och, but I'm as happy as a lamb with two mothers," she caroled, in a rich Irish brogue. "An' these must be the good women o' Hazelhurst that me Tim's been writin' me about. I do' know but that made me come on, Tim's writin' how kind ye all are to 'im. God bless ye!"

The astonished but ever motherly Mrs. Brooker swooped down on her now and almost crushed her in her big arms; and wheezing Mrs. Jones, and little Mrs. Carson, and thin Miss Bean—all who had contributed now hugged and kissed her and explained all to-

ıer about expecting her on the six o'clock. Tim's being in the city to finish up his ing—while the cabby still waited for his .

But Mrs. Brooker was at once busy on a tack; and while the last ones were kiss- the bride-to-be, she was whispering right left in the outskirts of the group, and erent members of the Ladies' Aid slipped kly and cautiously away: "Go right ne, Mrs. Harper—you're nearest her *width* n' bring your *best* to Mrs. Jones's spare m; an' you, Mrs. Carson, you're nearest *height*—bring yours—an' *all* your jet, an' o on the way an' ask Millicent Sanderson come right over with some o' her lace; ve got to get her fixed up *modern* quick. ore ever ol' man Croary gets sight o' her; hes'll help a lot, but even with clothes, goin' to be a harder tug than ever I ught; it's our duty to save Croary—"

But at that moment Elly screamed and st through the circle crying, "It's me Tim, me Tim, as shure as a Malte cat has a , it's me Tim!"

And if there wasn't old man Croary from car, still in his blue overalls, his arms led with packages, and on the very top two big vases that he hadn't been able give up; and down crashed the packages, down crashed the vases, and into his great s crashed Elly, and the two laughed and d and rocked together with sobs and les and kisses and "Hiven be praiseds" l "Glory bes" till every woman in com- n decency, vanished into Mrs. Jones's din- -room where they all watched through the tains; and the reporter paid the cabby and ried away with his story.

Dinna I tell ye how fair my Elly was?" ed the old man jubilantly, of Mrs. Jones, en she dared go to the fence, later, to sult with him about the wedding arrange- nts. He was already dropping back into boyhood's Scotch. "But I couldna' half it, she's thot fair, the lass," he added derly.

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Housekeeper's Defense of the Trusts

A word of history. The New York milk mbination was organized in 1882. It was usted" under the antimonopoly law in the r 1895, after four years of costly litiga- n. It reorganized so as to be in harmony h the law. Says Deputy Coleman in his re- t to the Attorney-General: "It is well-nigh ossible for any law against combinations, matter how stringent, to reach the 'gentle- n's agreement.' It is practically impossible a prosecuting officer to prove such an eement. The evidence taken in this inves- ation shows that the consumer (like the mer) *is at the mercy of the dealers; he st buy milk at their price or do without.*"

E LIFE COST OF GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENTS

Now for the human significance of this sit- ion. Each year more than sixteen thou- d children less than one year of age die in w York City, at least one half of them n *preventable* causes. Experts have shown t one of the chief causes of this terrible ste of human life is the inability of the thers to get enough pure milk to feed them- ves and their babies properly. Surely ere a combination exists that can dictate ms to the producer and the consumer, and the sake of unreasonable profits becomes arty to the sacrifice of eight thousand lives ear, the public has an interest in that com- ation. Said Judge Waite of the United tes Supreme Court: "Property does be- ne clothed with a public interest when d in a manner to make it of public conse- nce, and effect the community at large. en one devotes his property to a use in ich the public has an interest, he grants to

the public an interest in that use, and must submit to be controlled by the public for the common good." The milk combine *is just as much a monopoly as though it were legalized by statute, and just as much a public service corporation as though it held a franchise to pipe milk through the streets.*

Suppose, now, that the people as a first step toward the control of the milk monopoly pushed the price back to eight cents a quart, what possible amount of human conservation would the saved twenty thousand dollars a day represent? Twenty thousand a day is seven million three hundred thousand dollars a year. The New York Milk Committee has carried on experiments that indicate that by the expenditure of only three hundred thousand dollars a year for doctors, nurses, and pure milk, practically all of the eight thousand babies that now die preventable deaths might be saved. But suppose this done; there remain seven million dollars a year to be applied to human conservation. This at the same per-capita rate which would save the New York babies would go far to save all of the one hundred and thirty-seven thousand five hundred babies that now die every year from preventable economic and social causes in the country!

And this calculation still allows the companies their earnings of from twenty-eight to one hundred and twenty per cent. on their actual investments.

Health Demands Cheaper Commodities

The facts have never been brought together that would enable us to establish so intimate a connection between the steel monopoly, the sugar monopoly, or even the meat monopoly and the waste of human life as has been revealed between the milk monopolies in the various cities and the infant death-rate. But who that has followed the history of these monopolies, both in their relation to the consumer and to the wage-workers on farm or in factory can doubt that there is such a connection between their arbitrary control of the fundamental necessaries in the interest of unreasonable profits and the statement of the National Conservation Commission that one half of the three million persons who are always on the sick list in the United States are needlessly sick and that the preventable deaths each year in this country foot up to the astonishing total of six hundred and thirty thousand?

This is the greatest fact before the nation to-day—the enormous waste of human life that results from tyrannical private monopoly. For the first time in the history of the world science has given us the certainty of plenty; the development of business organization on a vast scale has enormously cheapened the *necessary* cost of production and distribution. Famine and the fear of famine have disappeared. Yet while the coal yards are always filled with coal, the price the poor have to pay for coal in the sack is outrageous. The cold-storage houses are packed with meat to their doors, and scientific cattlemen keep a steady tramp of square-rumped cattle rattling up the runways of the Chicago abattoirs; but the price of meat soars beyond all reason. Last autumn I met a schoolboy in Virginia who had raised one hundred and sixty-eight bushels of corn on an acre where it used to be said that no corn would grow; but the price of a package of breakfast food remains ever the same. The certainty of plenty, steadiness of supply, the mastery of the technique of distribution so that as a race we need never again fear starvation—these are the great gifts that have come to us from the evolution of competition into monopoly. And yet one is inclined to repeat Mrs. Howe's question: "What is business for when six hundred and thirty thousand lives are wasted every year?"

And when one stops to think of it, is there anything so very wild or impracticable in her suggestion of a maximum wage for corporations? We have some mighty good experience to back it.

While New York was howling for eighty-cent gas, Boston adopted its "sliding sc fixing the dividend its gas monopoly m pay. The people up there said to their tr "We'll agree to make ninety cents the st ard price of gas, and seven per cent. standard rate you may pay on your legiti investment. But, to encourage you to do level best, we'll allow you an increase of per cent. on your dividends for every cents reduction in the price." In less two years they had eighty-cent gas and a deal more. Louis Brandeis, who had a in drafting the law, says that the officers employees of the company now devote th selves strictly to the business of making distributing gas, instead of playing the ket with their securities and working the barrel at the state house to get special leges from the legislature. With the tion of price settled, and dividends meas by service, the trust is keeping out of poli scandals.

And in Cleveland they've gone Boston better. They have a sort of sliding there, too, but the slide is all on the side the people. They've arranged a scale of st car fares running from four cents cash seven tickets for twenty-five cents, and cent for a transfer, down to a straight cent fare. Then they have limited the ear power of the company to a flat six per on authorized issues of stock. Whenever company accumulates a surplus above hundred thousand dollars by the amount two hundred thousand dollars the rate of drops automatically one notch in the s They are down to a three-cent fare in Cl land now.

I dropped these facts into the discussio "Of course," Howe came back at me, " people have a right to establish a maxim wage, as you call it, for such corporations, cause they operate on franchises that them the right to use public property. course you've a right to limit their wages settle their rates, or make them all wear hair-ribbons or fleece-lined galoshes or thing the courts will allow to be reasona But have you given any franchise to the trust, or the sugar trust, or the tin-p trust, or the rubber trust, or the beef t or the bread trust? Of course *not!* The not public-service corporations; they're vate business, and you have no more righ say what profits they shall make under Constitution than you have to tell me 'ho shall brush my hair. That's the great di ence between private business and pu service."

The People's Welfare is Paramount

"I'm afraid I can't agree with you in either," I replied. "Bruce Wyman, a re nized authority on public utilities, has rec ly compiled a legal work which proves under our constitutional system no busi can be granted a privilege unless it is pu in character, and that the condition of tual monopoly gives rise to a public ing. Therefore all monopolies can be pelled to submit to control for the com good.

Ellis Howe went up in a pinwheel spl about competition; it was evident that didn't really expect to rival the busted St ard Oil Company even if he did recover mi ulously his ancestral wells; but he some seemed to have a superstitious feeling anything that struck at the roots of free petition struck at the roots of the nati life. Mrs. Howe, on the other hand, was interested in judicial precedent, economic dition, or legislative theory. She wanted house run well, and her family well fed clothed, and if the organization of Big B ness could serve her better than competit she had no theoretic or sentimental scru against it, even if it put her husband o salary.

As I walked home her housekeeper's fense of the trusts kept ringing in my e "Let's keep the monopolies. Treat them erally as public servants. Don't just regu them; put them on a Maximum Wage!"

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THE SEA CONTROL

st and all the other big industrials that re in the export trade, to give them far er rates than their smaller and inde- dent competitors could secure. So, though ough the Sherman Act we escaped one k of the sea trust, it came upon us with other which is nearly as bad. You and I shut out of the foreign trade; but the sts are in it. American trust-made plows row the world, and the White Star Line l carry them from New York to Liverpool l thence to Australia, cheaper than it will ry British plows from Liverpool to Aus- lia in the same ship.

All of this is the conference system, or the pping-ring system, the control of the regu- freight lines. Passengers in these rings only incidentals. The cargoes are the es- tials. But in the transatlantic trade this nation is reversed. The nations engaged in s are busy exporting to and importing from ir colonies and smaller nations; but the de across the sea from America to Europe insignificant compared with the tremendous l very profitable passenger traffic. The at ships which engage in this traffic are ited, therefore, in three powerful pools, one luding the ships between America and Mediterranean, one between America and rest of the Continent, one between Amer- and Great Britain. In two or more of se pools are represented the ships of the ternational Mercantile Marine, America's st powerful sea group of financiers, includ- the American Line, the Atlantic Trans- rt Line, the Leyland Line, the White Star ne, the Dominion Line, and the Red Star ne, only the American Line having ships der our flag. In all of them are the ships the Hamburg-American.

THE PASSENGER POOL

These pools have a common headquarters Jena, in Germany, where Herr Peters man- s their affairs. Their whole purpose is to intain high passenger rates across the an, and to do that they must in some way e care of the smaller lines which would herwise cut rates to get the business. The tes for all classes are made at Jena, and ery month each steamboat line forwards to na an agreed proportion of its gross re- ipts, to be put into the pools. Every month, , the agents of all the lines meet at Herr eters's office and divide these pools according an agreed plan, providing a satisfying in- me for the smaller lines. There are rate rs yet, but they appear to be agreed-on rs. They come in the dull times, and stir business when it is needed, but they never t over into the busy season.

In these pools lies the central power of e shipping rings. In them is represented nerica's greatest group of sea financiers, in r. Morgan's International Mercantile Ma- ne, a company owning the White Star, Red ar, American, Leyland, Dominion, and At- ntic Transport lines and reaching to many her countries besides our own. In them is e Hamburg-American Line, the colossal sea wer of Germany, holding in its treasury the ck of the Sloman Line, the Cosmos Line, d many another disguise which represents in the shipping rings; owning more than a llion tons of shipping, and building now ght huge vessels, of which two are larger an the *Titanic* and *Olympic;* the North rman Lloyd Line, which girdles the world om Bremen, and is a strong factor in the ilippine ring; and the powerful companies France, Austria, Italy, Spain, Holland and lgium, Russia and the northland. They e bound together here, dominated by the eat lines of England, America, and Ger- any, and forming the nucleus, the central g on which are attached the thirty-six con- rences of the freight routes. Nippon Yusen isha, the main lines of China, the money oups of all the world come in their own

way into this system, constantly knitting the shipping rings of the ocean into a growing and strengthening monopoly of the sea. In every country the aggregations of capital have united into practical, even though regulated, monopolies which represent the land control; but it has taken an alliance of these national groups, bound together in these pools and rings, to begin the establishment of complete sea control. There is not a nation of importance in the world which has not large financial interests combined with this system for the sole purpose of destroying competition and raising and maintaining at the highest possible level the transportation charges upon the sea. The balance of power lies with the big fellows, and the smaller lines are but timorous beggars, having a living doled out to them and suffered to continue in trade so long as they remain on good behavior.

This, then, is the essential organization of sea control. When we come to watch it at work, we find it as simple as railroad or industrial monopoly. It is founded upon the same rebates and illicit preferential rates which, wrested from the railroads, made the land trusts with which we are now endeavoring to deal.

The Decline of American Trade

We hear much lamentation these days over the decline of our merchant marine and the disappearance of the American flag from the sea; it is frequently proposed to bolster up our shipping business artificially by subsidies. There are, of course, many contributing causes of the decline of our sea trade, but certainly none is more important than these great barriers to free commerce.

But more important than the decline of American shipping to us all, is the new impost upon the necessaries of life. The sea trust puts its tax upon every pound of coffee Brazil sends us, or of tea and spices from the East Indies, upon every yard of cloth that England makes from our own cotton and sends back to us, upon the manufactures of Germany and France, upon fish from Norway, upon fruit from Central America. It must have its toll before we can travel forth to see the world. Like the tariff wall, excessive railroad rates, exorbitant express charges and monopolistic control generally, it lays its heavy tax, directly or indirectly, upon everything we eat or wear and the houses we live in. It is just another of the factors in the excessive cost of living, and an exceedingly important one.

What are we going to do about it? What chance have we to control this mighty power that monopolizes the sea? The cooperative spirit of enterprise which makes possible so enormous an abuse will some day develop in the mass of people the world over an understanding of the need of the enunciation of clear and broad bases, now but vaguely formulated, upon which international arbitration shall rest. Unless it become the cause of war, here is a matter entirely without the jurisdiction of any single body. The laws of nations differ widely as to the legality of rebates, and since there is no court to establish what is ethical and equitable in international trade, there remains only to consider the expedients of defense. Look at our railroads, the weapons of land control, and see whether they may not offer us a suggestion for the ultimate government of the sea.

Government Ownership or Control

Practically every American steamship afloat to-day is owned or controlled by a railroad. Our coastwise ships are all railroad ships that are used to keep up the rates for the shoreline railroads and prevent independent competition. On the lakes all the package business is owned the same way. On the Pacific every transcontinental road either owns or controls a line to the Orient to extend its trade and to guarantee its return tonnage. The Canadian Pacific goes farther and has on the east an arm to Great Britain and on the west one to the Orient and one to Aus-

lia. Even our own government has its ef-
ent Panama railroad and its own steamers
ding from it.
The growing power of the sea trust will
n focus our attention on this situation.
gland and the United States alone, among
at nations, do not own their railroads.
ere is a constantly increasing belief that
y must soon take them over; even many
lroad men are coming to look upon this as
irable.
f we take over railroads it will be only a
ondary step to acquire the steamship lines
t connect with and belong to them, and to
rease and enlarge their fleets. It is easily
ceivable that as a nation owning its own
d highways we should build immense docks
their terminals, and with a growing mer-
nt marine under government control send
our wares into every main route of the
rld at fair and commerce-fostering rates,
is putting an end for all time to the exac-
ns of the sea trust.
The sentiment for this is already strong in
West, where a campaign has been carried
for a government line on the Pacific. It
uld not mean shutting out the independent
ips, but it would mean that as long as the
vernment ships ran upon moderate and
ofitable charges no foreign or American
ol, no matter how powerful, could raise the
tes or effect a combination against us or
ainst the independent vessels.
Government ownership of steamship lines,
wever, is a plan for the future, which we
ay anticipate with eager foresight as a final
ethod for the destruction of monopolistic
a control, but which we must not look for
on. We need now immediate and active
easures to regulate monopoly in our ports.
me of these are easily available, and with a
rong public opinion could be brought into
eration.

Strengthen the Antitrust Law

In the first place, a law could easily be en-
ted by Congress to supplement the Sherman
ct by declaring the formation of shipping
ngs, the giving or acceptance of rebates, or
e offering or claiming of such rebates in
r ports illegal and punishable. It might be
fficult to secure the necessary evidence, but
ere is already a resolution before Congress
lay bare the present status by an investiga-
on, and the foreign lines would hesitate to
sk becoming involved with our criminal
ws.
As a second measure, we could admit free
ips to our register, so that we might own
d operate our own merchant marine. These
ips would be directly subject to our laws
d could be forbidden to enter the rings or
give preferential rates or rebates.
To back up and give opportunity to such a
et, the President of the nation has the nec-
sary weapon in his hands. There rest upon
r statute books several laws establishing
rt dues, which are supposed to be levied
on all foreign ships entering our harbors.
ummed up, they total about two dollars
r gross ton on every vessel. Some of them
e suspended by revocable treaties; some
erely by the edict of the President. They
e all grouped as "retaliatory dues" to be
harged against any nation which is injuring
r commerce. Certainly these foreign rings
e injuring our commerce, and it would be a
irect solution for the President to order the
nforcement of dues up to forty cents a ton
n every vessel shown upon investigation to
elong to a shipping ring or conference, or to
e using the methods they employ. No line
f ships could long continue in opposition to
uch a plan, and both our incoming and out-
oing traffic would be free.
We have the greatest power in the world en-
croaching upon us—the united money power.
We stand face to face with this dominating
ea control. The only way we can fight it
nd retain free and open trade is by first shut-
ing it out by taxes, then making it an offense
gainst the law, and, last of all, establishing
ith our own ships free and competitive
ransportation on all the highways of the sea.

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THE WIND OF CHANCE

to this country time was when I thought I'd give my soul to smell the cheeses in my uncle's store."

'Twasn't long after this Elsie began to hold her head up and look bolder at the world, and I knew most likely she'd begun to look back at the men who looked at her on the street. They most all learn to do it. It's only in the eyes of the men on the street that they have said to them all the things that a girl likes to have said. There's nothing bad in that; it's just naturally seeking all the things a woman wants in the world—love and a man of her own and a house of her own and children, maybe; and the road to that is having people tell you that you are pretty and they like you. Funny that should be so, but no funnier than apple blossoms turning into solid, big red-cheeked things like apples.

One night in come Elsie with her eyes shining like stars and she was *gigglin'*. She had a silly, sweet sort of giggle, that made you want to shake her and made you want to kiss her.

"What ails you?" says Mrs. Shumaker.

"I got a feller," says Elsie, giggling.

"How'd you get a feller?" asked Mrs. Shumaker, and Elsie giggled harder. She laughed and laughed.

"I tossed a penny for him," she says. "I tossed a penny for him with Jean. There was two of 'em—outside the store—and we couldn't tell afterwards which liked which of us best—and Jean says: 'I like the stylish one best.' And I says: 'So do I.' And Jean says: 'We can't both have him—let's toss for him.' And she got him—and I got the other—"

Mrs. Shumaker got up on her two feet real sharp:

"You never let two fellers pick you up, Elsie?" she said.

"You bet we did," says Elsie. "How'd we get a feller any other way? All the girls do it," says she, kind of defiant.

"I'm su'prised you waited so long," says Mrs. Shumaker, dryly.

"So'm I," says Elsie, prompt. "I was a fool."

"You are more of a fool now," says Mrs. Shumaker.

Well, after that Elsie blossomed out like a rose. He took her to movin' picture shows; he took her to dances, and I looked to see any scared look in her eyes, but she met mine straight as ever. Shutting her up with just work, work, work, was just like asking a bird not to sing, and now Elsie was singing.

Then I seen him one time—a big, slow-looking feller with kind eyes. And I says to Mrs. Shumaker:

"Elsie's all right. That feller of hers is a good man or I lose my guess."

"There ain't any good men in New York," says Mrs. Shumaker, short. "If he was good he'd have more sense than to spend his money on that little piece o' thistle-down." And I knew she had seen him too, and I knew she was jealous, thinking of her Mamie.

Once or twice I asked Elsie about Jean.

"Oh," says she, "we don't move in the same circles. Her young man's a swell. He's going to get her a better job. She's leaving the store next week."

"Aren't you sorry you didn't win him?" I says, teasing.

"No," says Elsie. "I'm a sport; we flipped up that penny fair and square."

Along toward spring I give up worrying over Elsie, but Mrs. Shumaker didn't. She kept grumbling to me if Elsie got gay she'd take her room away from her—she'd not have her 'round.

"She's a bad example to Mamie," says she.

"You might as well talk about a flower-stand being a bad example to a brick schoolhouse," says I.

Them was my last words before I started off for two weeks to work, like I do every

g, for a family down to Long Island. I come back:
Where's Elsie?" says I to Mrs. Shumaker.
one," says she.
one!" says I. "You never, Mrs. Shu-r!"
Don't get excited," says she. "Elsie's all ; Elsie's married."
Married!" says I. "And how come Elsie ied without no wedding?"
s. Shumaker kind o' looks away:
Well," says she, "her and me had a fall-ut and she got sassy on me, and I told f she couldn't speak better to me—and ing only her good—she could go. And e did."
And you let her," says I. "You let her! what nils good wome ' What makes so jealous? Just by luck and just by ee Elsie's married and no thanks to you."
She was impudent," says Mrs. Shumaker. What's that?" says I. "You ought to 'a' on your knees to keep her in the place, you let her go! You didn't care what—"
Don't get so excited," says she.
f there's no harm come of it, small thanks ou," says I. "Just luck," says I. "And robbed her of a wedding—poor Elsie that d 've loved a wedding so—and I'd have e her a little wedding-dress as sweet as hing out'a nothing at all."
nd I set down and cried because I wanted There's so few times poor folks like us the excuse for having some o' the trim-s o' life that means so much to women, a wedding's one.
You're a robber," says I to Mrs. Shumaker. u robbed Elsie of a chance for a wedding."
's wonderful what that woman will stand me.
You'd ought to be thankful," says she, t there was a *marriage*."
It's you that ought to be thanking God that," says I.
nd just here Elsie come in and she threw arms around my neck, trembling.
Why, lamb!" says I. "What nils you? t's the matter? Ain't he good to you, ?"
Oh," says she. "It ain't that; he's good old. When Mrs. Shumaker and me had at: 'You come ahead down to the City with me, Elsie,' says he. 'Tain't that, en *her!* I seen Jean! Oh, poor Jean! but a flip of the penny I seen myself! I ran her on the street—I ran into her—and n she see I knew what she was doing there, tilted up her head and says:
'Don't you look so scared, Elsie. What's ng you? I don't bear you no ill will, but t put on no airs with me.'
Then she comes up to me real close:
'Do you know,' she says, 'what's the dif-nce between you and me? *Luck!*' says '*luck!* I got one kinda man and you got ther—and before we knew it I was here you're married. Don't you think you're er'n me. You ain't—I know you. Both us, we did what our fellers told us to—s married you; mine sent me here, where mighta been if you had got heads. Girls us, we just do what our fellers tell o—it just depends on the kind you get. 't you put on no airs, that's all!'
And I told her I wasn't putting on any
'Can't you get out?' I asked. 'Can't do something else?'
'How'll I get out?' she asked, 'supposing anted to? Where'll I go? Home with ?'
That was all she said, and she walked g with her head up, and I called to her she wouldn't turn back."
nd Elsie bu'st out crying all over again, I petted her and Mrs. Shumaker petted and I said:
Don't take on, Elsie. It ain't your fault; wouldn't 'a' done that."
ut we couldn't comfort her; she just set the floor with her head in my lap, sobbing sobbing and sobbing:
You don't know! You don't know! I n't no better'n her! When you love a er you do what he tells you to."

Accidental "Ten Strikes"

SUCCESS is not always made by pounding everlastingly at one thing. Just the opposite is also true. The history of many a "ten strike" in business has been a purely accidental discovery.

There are people who will not concede that these "discoveries" have been "accidental." Hard-headed, far-seeing, trained brains have seen the possibilities in the nick of time, they say. Possibly there is something in that—sometimes. But certainly it was nothing else than pure chance and accident that not long ago increased the sales of a certain factory $20,000 a year.

A young mechanical engineer was going about among his friends looking for a job. He was just out of college, and any start in the world seemed good to him. Among the men he sought out was one of the "bosses" of this same factory, a man who had been graduated from his college a few years ago. Brown was friendly; he greeted the young man with interest and even enthusiasm; he gave him quite a little of his time. "I'm sorry, Smithers," he told him, and he repeated it more than once, "that there isn't a corner somewhere that we can fit you in. There might be, by and by."

It was the usual story. The young graduate had heard it a dozen times before that week. He really knew no way to get around it. He was not a clever talker or persuader. And—as yet—he wasn't much of an engineer. The point of this story hangs on the reader's realizing all this. The surprising thing that happened immediately afterwards was pure chance.

"I'll walk out with you through the yards," said the older man, noting the young fellow's disappointment. "I'm going that way. And—I'll see, Smithers. Perhaps—"

There never was less chance of a job, or of brains coming to the front. But as they walked through the yards the eye of the young man casually fell upon a lot of iron bars. Carelessly he said, more for the sake of keeping up the conversation than anything else: "I didn't know that you people made concrete reenforcement bars."

"We don't," the older man answered. "What do you mean? Those bars over there? That's just scrap."

"Why-ee;" said Smithers. "Say, don't you know? Let me look."

The man hunting for a job was lost in the engineer who had suddenly seen something. In a moment he nodded his head again. He pointed out to his friend that the "scrap" bars were the exact pattern that were used in reenforced concrete building. He got his job at once and before the year was out the factory was making more than $20,000 out of the sale of what before had been worth nothing.

Another of these accidental discoveries that meant money—and big money—has its scene laid in Arizona. A man who had had to go out there for his health found himself located near a great copper mine. He had a little garden, and into that garden flowed frequently some of the water that was pumped out of the mine to prevent its being inundated. When the water flowed into the little garden it turned tin cans green. So the man noticed, and having been a chemist in the East, he saw here was something to fill in his time interestingly. He experimented for a few weeks until he found out how to precipitate the copper solution from the water and to turn it into pure copper.

One morning the office of the mining company had a visit from a man whom the general manager and his aides thought mildly crazy. He had a "bug" as they figured it

ome fantastic idea that he wanted all
ter they pumped from the mine. In-
proved him to be a little cottager near
who was always fussing with this and that.
me an offer of two dollars a month for
yers, and it seemed worth while to take
money from this harmless individual.
Le him have it," said the general man-
r. And he signed the five-year contract
hought little more of it. But a few
s later there was a different story in
offices. The harmless gardener's acci-
l discovery was appreciated and its pos-
ties seen. Inside of six months the com-
had bought him out for enough money
ake him rich for life.

is what might be called unsurpassing
for a business concern to suddenly learn
a wa product it has been getting a
—or less—a pound for is, in another
et, worth five cents a pound as a valued
modity and is wanted beyond everything
Yet if John Jones, a really insignifi-
factor in the concern, hadn't casually
a social friend of his in a trolley car and
't gossiped with him in an unthinking
ness way, this discovery would never
been made. Anything more accidental
ould have been impossible to imagine.
firm gained a nice little revenue, another
been spared no little worry, and two
g men have gone up several pegs in the
nation of their employers, all because of
w chance remarks.
big machine plant was continually accu-
ating a vast quantity of steel dust in the
se of grinding gears to exact gauge. It
to be carted away, and the plant thought
f lucky not to have to pay for this. A
a pound, when they could get it, seemed
od price for the stuff, and it would have
ed a waste of time to hunt for any more.
the trolley car talk changed the face of
gs.
der men would probably never have come
ther in the way these young fellows did.
n Jones and his friend got to "gassing."
n wanted to impress the other with the
" he held, and talked wisely. The friend
with one of the biggest electrical manu-
uring concerns of the country. He put
for the benefit of John, a somewhat wor-
air.
I'm off to find some steel dust," he re-
ked. "Can't get enough of it in our
ness. Gee! Last month we used"—he
ed some high sounding statistics. "The
nan's sent me out. We can pay five cents
und."
cross John Jones's mind there flashed the
ory of the steel dust in his own factory,
what was it? a cent, no, three-quarters of
nt, for the last lot and hard to sell at
. Why! By George—
e put on his most businesslike air and
ed towards his friend.
Why, we have some of that steel dust," he
nonchalantly, "yes, a pretty good lot of
I guess we could make a deal."
ut he has almost a rival in the "car strap
." Traveling on the street cars night
r night in one of the big Eastern cities, a
ng man employed by a leather belting
ory got thoroughly acquainted with car
ps. It proved well for him that he had to
g on to a car strap evening after evening,
he came to notice, finally, that these had
amiliar look. At last he realized what
e was about them. They were just like
thin ends of the hides in his factory that
e not used at all because they had been
sidered as absolutely valueless for any-
g and were simply thrown away.
he discovery flashed across him all of a
den. He could see, plainly, the "thin
s" transformed with little trouble, little
hinery and still less labor into car straps
he highest grade. It would be possible to
t out every competitor, and at a most
utiful profit. He could hardly wait to get
the office the next morning, and unfolded
discovery in triumph.
ince that time the concern has been sup-
ng most of the car straps used in the
ted States.

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