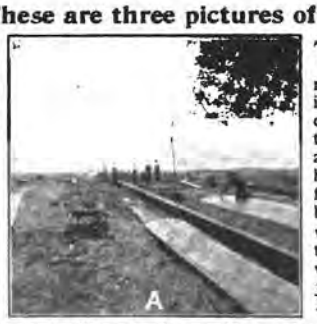
SUCCESS MAGAZINE

HOW MONEY GROWS

These are three pictures of what Westminster Heights Park looks like now—SEED PLANTING TIME:

THE first picture marked "A" is the reproduction of a photograph taken some months ago when East 29th Street, between Avenues J and K, was being graded and sidewalked.



THE picture marked "B" is another view of how East 29th Street, between avenues J and K, looked (you can notice the signboard with the inscription "Avenue K" on it, just behind the automobile, if you take a good glass), only three months after the one marked "A," and it shows that two houses in East 29th Street, between Avenues J and K, were already nearing completion; the three other houses, making the first five of our first operation of fifty-five houses, in the background, are on East 31st Street, between Avenues J and K. Nostrand Avenue, down which the trolley is to run, giving us even better transportation facilities to the business centre of Manhattan than we have now, lies between East 29th Street and East 31st Street, and would be East 30th Street if it were not Nostrand Avenue.

THE picture marked "C" was taken at Avenue J and Nostrand Avenue, looking southeast, only a few months ago, since which the house on East Thirty-first Street and Avenue J., the foundations of which are discernible on the extreme left hand side of this photograph marked "C," has been completed, as have the other houses. Our office at the grounds is shown in the foreground on the right hand side. Since this picture was taken nearly one thousand lots have been sold at Westminster Heights Park, not only to New York and Brooklyn people, who might naturally be expected to appreciate the advantages of the investment at such a place as Westminster Heights Park, but to people in all parts of this country—in Cuba, Mexico, France, England, Northwest Territory, Alaska, and even in the Philippine Islands and in Corea. So widely has attention been attracted to buying these lots that an operation which we expected to last two or three years will probably be closed out during the next few months.

These pictures show how Westminster Heights Park, our latest development, is going to grow, as evidenced by the actual growth of our last previous development—GROWTH OF THE SEED:

THE photograph marked "D" was taken to show lots 26-27 in block 43, Borough Park, at 49th Street between 12th and 13th Avenues, looking south-east. This picture shows a glimpse of our splendid $55,000 Club House at Borough Park, in the background on the extreme right hand side of the picture; it also shows some of the houses that have been built by outside builders, or by individual holders of the lots, during the past three years. This picture does not show the whole of the 12th Avenue end of block 43; if it were taken over again now the Club House would not be visible because in the past few months, the Johnson Building Company, which is now putting up an operation of 250 houses at Borough Park, fifty of which have been completed within the past three months, has erected nine new houses on the lots on the right hand side of this picture, or, in other words, the 12th Avenue end of block 43.

What would you think if you bought a bare tract of land and on visiting it three months afterward, found twelve new houses so close to your lots that you could almost toss a small cannon ball and hit every one of them?

The photographs marked "E," "F," "G" and "H" show in progressive form the phenomenal growth and development of Borough Park, and absolutely prove my contention that within a very few years there will not be one of the pretty villas and maisonettes that exist on Borough Park now—they will all be torn down to make way for high class flat and apartment houses and the whole property will become a mass of brick and stone, just the same as Prospect Park Slope, only a mile away, has become during the past few years. The photograph marked "E" shows an operation of eleven houses in block 64, Borough Park. The photograph marked "F" shows an operation of thirteen houses in block 4, Borough Park. The photograph marked "G" shows an operation of small flats on 17th Avenue ends of blocks 23 and 26, Borough Park. The photograph marked "H" shows an operation of eleven brick buildings in block 4A, Borough Park.

Can any one doubt after looking at these progressive instances of growth and development, and this tendency here demonstrated toward the fine brick and stone flat and apartment house era, shown in different parts of Borough Park, that within a very short time all these lots are going to be immensely valuable. It is now less than two years and a half to the opening of the new Manhattan Bridge, the bridge between the Brooklyn Bridge, opened in 1883, and the Williamsburg Bridge, opened in December, 1903.

These pictures show what Westminster Heights Park is destined to become—HARVEST:

THE photograph marked "I" was taken to show a part of one of Senator William H. Reynolds' twenty-four house operations in Eighth and Ninth Streets, Brooklyn. These little houses sold for $5,500 each, and were snapped up just as fast as they could be built. The lots on which they stand cost nearly $3,000 each, and these same lots could have been bought only a few years ago for $500 or $600 each.

The picture marked "J" shows one of Senator William H. Reynolds' operations of twenty-six houses in Second Street, Brooklyn, selling at from $17,500 each to $25,000 each. The photograph marked "K" is, if possible, a more conclusive proof of the fact that brick and stone apartment houses must take the place of the villas and fill all the now vacant lots in Brooklyn. This picture was taken in Flatbush Avenue, and shows, on the right hand side, one of the old maisonettes still standing, while on the left hand side is one of the modern buildings, which was built on a site of just such a house as that on the right hand side of this picture marked "K."

The photograph marked "L" shows another of Senator William H. Reynolds' operations (fifteen houses in Sterling Place, Brooklyn.)

The same development; the same opportunities; the same growth, only faster and more of it, are going to make money that you plant in Westminster Heights Park, **now**, grow and increase just as they have in the past, only faster. A few hundreds that you invest in lots **now**, at the rate of $10 down, and $6, $8 or $10 monthly, will become thousands within the next few years, just as surely as water still runs down hill, the same as in the time of Moses. It seems extraordinary, it may appear impossible, but look into it; investigate; we cannot make you buy if our reasoning does not appeal to your common sense. We ask you no more than a hearing. Write and ask for particulars. If you are open minded and want to get ahead, let us tell you what the expenditure of over $250,000,000 is doing for those who have intelligence and foresight, and plant where others will till and you reap. Buy with the company that builds and develops. Nearly 1,000 houses on our last tract after less than five years' development.

We claim that Westminster Heights Park's worst lots are better and cheaper than the best lots of any other operations of the kind, and we make this offer to prove it: we will cheerfully pay the railroad fares and refund money paid by any purchaser, who, after inspecting Westminster Heights Park and any of the other Brooklyn real estate propositions, prefers to buy elsewhere, provided such requests be made within thirty days from date of purchase.

WILLIAM H. REYNOLDS, President.

THE WESTMINSTER HEIGHTS CO.

Combined Capital, $500,000.00

BOROUGH PARK CO.
BENSONHURST CO.

Combined Surplus, $750,000.00

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An Old Story!
But NOW, if he forgets the
HAND SAPOLIO

The First Step Away
from self-respect is lack of care in personal cleanliness; the first move in building up a proper pride in man, woman or child is a visit to the Bath-tub. You can't be healthy, or pretty, or even good, unless you are clean.

Would You Win Place?
Be clean, both in and out. We cannot undertake the former task—that lies with yourself—but the latter we can aid with HAND SAPOLIO. It costs but a trifle—its use is a fine habit.

THE FAME OF SAPOLIO has reached far and wide. Everywhere, in millions of homes, there is a regard for it which cannot be shaken. SAPOLIO has done much for your home, but now for yourself—have you ever tried that "Dainty Woman's Friend," HAND SAPOLIO, for toilet and bath?

HAND SAPOLIO neither coats over the surface, nor does it go down into the pores and dissolve their necessary oils. It opens the pores, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of a healthy complexion. Test it yourself.

I forgot that
SAPOLIO
But my wife won't forget it

Sapolio means so much to good housekeepers that it's hard to plan the day's work without it.

Cleans, Scours, Polishes

WHY TAKE DAINTY CARE of your mouth, and neglect your pores, the myriad mouths of your skin? HAND SAPOLIO does not gloss them over, or chemically dissolve their health-giving oils, yet clears them thoroughly by a method of its own.

A FIVE-MINUTE INTERVIEW with HAND SAPOLIO will equal in its results hours of so-called health exercises in regard to opening the pores and promoting healthy circulation. Its use is a fine habit—its cost but a trifle.

The Entire Household Will Miss It

—The Baby, because it is so soft and dainty for its delicate skin. The School-boy, because its use insures him "Perfect" marks in neatness. The "Big Sister," because it keeps her complexion and hands soft and pretty. The busy Mother, because it keeps her hands young and pretty in spite of housework and sewing, and the Father, himself, because it helps him to leave behind the grime of daily work. TRY IT YOURSELF.

Make Money as the Astors Made It

What $5 or $10 a Month Will Do

Deposited with the United Cities Realty Corporation

OF COURSE you have heard of the Astors of New York? You know that they are multi-millionaires. You also probably know that their vast fortunes were made through real estate investments. William Waldorf Astor visited this country a few weeks ago to find that *his holdings had increased in value to the extent of twenty millions of dollars in the last seven years.* The result was that he increased the rents of his various properties so as to bring him one million dollars more annually.

There are not many Astors. Few individuals have the means to do what they have done. Still the vast possibilities have long ago been understood by the ablest financiers in New York City, and the result has been many combinations of rich men to purchase such properties as made the Astors wealthy. Numerous small organizations or syndicates have been formed, and the shares are so closely held by them that they are not obtainable in the open market. A few shares of the stock of one such organization in Brooklyn found their way into the open market not long ago and were immediately snapped up at $131 per share, though the corporation pays only 5% annually.

Now there are millions of people who would be only too glad to have an opportunity to invest in the kind of property these wealthy men buy, but until the organization of the United Cities Realty Corporation they could not do so. This corporation is especially designed to successfully handle the savings of people of moderate means to whom the *safety* of the money they pay in is the prime factor.

Though only two years old the corporation owns a million dollars' worth of property in several of the fastest growing cities of the country, and independent appraisals by experts show a continuous increase in the value of its holdings.

Income-producing real estate in the centers of growing cities is conceded to be the best possible investment. The wisest people in the most conservative cities (such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc.) have placed trust funds in that kind of property. Panics may come and panics may go, but you will invariably find that the best business properties in the most active centers of progressive cities are always occupied. We buy only this class of real estate, and once it is in our possession we manage it so that the highest possible income may be derived.

You can participate in this enterprise for $5 or $10 a month, or as much more as you desire, and though your individual contribution may be small, the aggregate of many such enables us to do precisely what the Astors have done. You will be a partner in holdings as valuable, and the *first* earnings go to you as profit. The preferred shares which we offer you are already paying dividends of 6% per annum, and the earnings of the corporation are over 9%, all earnings in excess of dividends being held for reinvestment. When the earnings become 10% or 11%, which is extremely probable within a reasonable time, your dividends will be increased. Increased earnings mean increased value, and as you are a part owner of the properties acquired by the United Cities Realty Corporation your share will increase in value in proportion to the whole.

Just to give you an idea of the sort of properties we buy:—about two weeks ago we closed a deal for the Nicollet Block in Minneapolis. Any resident of Minneapolis will tell you that the Nicollet Block is one of the very best investment properties in that city, and it yields us an income through rentals alone of 11% above all expenses, and, by the way, we have leased this property for a term of ten years, thus insuring a continuance of this income.

THE NICOLLET BLOCK, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

One of the latest purchases of the United Cities Realty Corporation. Nets a profit of 11 per cent. annually and is leased for 10 years.

Surely if a man of wide experience and highest personal character came to you and said, "I have a piece of property which I will purchase and manage for you at the lowest possible cost if you will invest $5,000; I will charge you no salary, will give you the first 5% earned, and will divide with you equally any profits above 5%," wouldn't such a proposition strike you as being very fair?

Well, that is exactly the proposition we make. ***You can secure an interest in all properties of the United Cities Realty Corporation for as little as $120, or, as much as you like, on instalments or for cash. Subscriptions for $600 or less can be paid for at $5 a month; between $600 and $1200, $10 a month,*** etc., etc. ***If your purchase amounts to $1200 or more, we will insure your life for the entire amount of your contract in one of the best life insurance companies in America.*** The insurance provides for the delivery of full paid shares to your heirs without further payment should you die before the maturity of your contract.

Even if you do not eventually make an investment with us, you at least owe it to yourself and your family to make full inquiry. A postal to the undersigned will bring particulars.

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WHY JAPAN MUST WIN

HOSMER WHITFIELD

[Mr. Whitfield left New York, in June, 1904, as the special commissioner of SUCCESS MAGAZINE to Japan, to study the war between that country and Russia. His article, which gives specific reasons why Nippon should be the victor, was written after a close and careful survey of the situation, and from facts supplied in interviews with such men as Marquis Ito, General Kuroki, Baron Kenako, and officers of the Russian army whose names are withheld for obvious reasons. The intimate knowledge of the mikado was obtained from members of his majesty's service. We regard it as an unusually correct picture of a monarch of whose private life little is known.—THE EDITOR]

Russia Looked upon Japan as a Puny Nation, very Easy to Defeat

IN conversation with Marquis Hirobumi Ito, the "grand old man" of Japan, at Tokyo, last September, he told me that word had come to him of a number of Russian prisoners in the Japanese hospitals who did not know even the name of the country against which they were fighting. He added that this ignorance was the basis for the reason why his country would win the present war. "The Russian," he declared, "fights blindly because he has been commanded to fight. There is no patriotism in his warfare. I have been told that there are many Russian soldiers who do not care whether Russia wins or not. The Japanese are the very fire of patriotism. Therefore they will win."

Marquis Ito's very optimistic view is, no doubt, the theoretical one, but after months of observation I should say that the secret of Japan's success lies very largely in the extreme care which was taken in adopting the national defensive machinery during years of minute war preparation, and the huge sum that was spent in subsidies to encourage the mercantile marine which has furnished transports for the army.

The bluff and big words of the Russians, many of which came to my notice, constitute, too, a factor in Russia's undoing. The Russians hold that they have risen from being Asiatics, and are now immensely superior to their former race companions. This idea seems able to withstand any amount of experience and education. It may be put into words somewhat like the following, from a description given by a highly educated Russian diplomat: "After all, they are only yellow monkeys, and can not be considered on an equality for a moment." So it is with all the Russians, —generals, viceroys, admirals, and diplomats. They do not confess it; in fact, they often take care to deny it, but their acts belie their words, and the results speak louder than do their tongues. It was this feeling that has caused Russian diplomacy to fail so conspicuously at Tokyo; too often her ministers there have let it be understood that they did not care to have much to do with the Japanese, thinking it not dignified to "descend to their level," and consequently they know very little about the Japanese and their country. In the beginning, Russia thought that she was pitted against an enemy not worth considering. It was just a belief that cost Russia the battle of the Yalu. Russia generally believed that Japan was a puny nation with no progressive ideas, but few people in the world have advanced so steadily in progress and ability as the Japanese, though forty years ago they did not have a locomotive or a daily newspaper in all their domain. But those who think that Japan began her career with the advent

Captain Yamakoa,
who carried the message requesting Stoessel's surrender

Wigwagging the Enemy's Position
A corps of scouts informing the main body after a tour along the Yalu River

of Commodore Perry are greatly mistaken. Japan was a progressive nation before Perry's arrival, but in her own particular way. Perry showed her how to swing into the procession of countries that were advancing with modern ideas. There Japan will stay. Her influence in the world will be good. It will be far better than the influence of Russia. Marquis Ito told me that no fear need be expressed by the nations who regard Japan as a "yellow peril." "When we get through with this affair," he said, "we are going to stay at home and build up our own country."

People may be prone to exaggerate the importance of the war of whose events they read day by day in the newspapers; though the disposition is rather, we think, to minimize their significance, and to regard them as little more than incidents of the day, whose effect will not last beyond to-morrow or the day after. The newspaper accounts that I have seen have, in many cases, been frightfully inaccurate, especially as to the number of men engaged in the various battles and those killed. It has been given out that Stoessel has held Port Arthur with but three thousand men. This total is ridiculous. How many thousands he had with him only the Russian government knows, and it seems to have made an attempt all along to mislead the correspondents.

Something more is involved than the relative power and influence in the East of the two nations which are in conflict. The conquest and submission of the dawning civilization of Japan by the barbaric hordes of Russia would be a tragedy similar in kind, though not equal in degree, to that which would have followed if Greece had been overwhelmed by Persia, whose hosts were driven by the lash on to the field as Russian recruits are by a compulsion scarcely less direct and cruel. The boastful order of General Kuropatkin, probably dictated to him from St. Petersburg, was followed by a signal defeat. His humiliation is extreme. Russia was pledged by promise after promise, ostentatiously made and shamefully broken, to retrocede Manchuria to China. She might have quitted it without dishonor. She refused to do so, and now she is ignominiously driven out by the foe whom she insulted and affected to despise. If the contest should continue to be confined to Russia and Japan we would have no doubt of the issue. But Russia is aided by the benevolent, we might almost call it the fraudulent, neutrality of Germany, and by the sympathy, more legitimately expressed, of the friendly and allied nation. Against this Japan may reckon on the good will of the two great English-speaking nations, with whom her own genius as a free and maritime people has much in common. Is it likely that, in the event of a combination against her, their attitude would be that only of sympathy and respectful condolence? The spread of western civilization throughout the Far East, with its concomitants of national independence, political freedom, and industrial development, is the interest alike of England and the United States. The unchecked ascendancy of Russia would be the triumph of despotism, barbarism, and monopoly. Great Britain is really the greatest Asiatic power. Since the United States acquired the Philippine Islands it, too, has become an Asiatic power. The policy of Japan in the Pacific is at one with theirs. She may be said to be their agent in advance. If there were any attempt to organize a coalition against her, the presence of the Pacific squadrons of Great Britain and the United States in Japanese and Chinese waters would, to my mind, probably suffice to dissolve it without the necessity of firing a shot.

The Meddling of Russian Grand Dukes Has Caused Many a Blunder

I met a Russian merchant in Manchuria, and I put this question to him during a conversation: "What is the matter with Russia?"—that is, why is she unable to conquer Japan? His answer, which was highly amusing, was as follows:—

"If a patriotic Russian were asked to suggest some means by which an immediate change for the better might be brought about in the government of his country, the chances are that he would reply, without a moment's hesitation, 'Make a clean sweep of the grand dukes; put a stop once for all to their meddling.' If he had but the courage to speak loudly enough for them to hear it, millions of his fellow countrymen would applaud his suggestion. The subject is one on which officials and non-officials are in cordial sympathy, however determinedly opposed to one another they may be on other points. All classes in Russia, barring courtiers and revolutionaries, are against the grand dukes; all classes regard them with ill will,—rejoice when misfortune befalls them, and are sorry if good luck comes in their way. In ministerial circles the feeling against them is stronger even than elsewhere. Sergius de Witte, when minister of finance, never attempted to conceal the fact that he looked upon them as a veritable thorn in the flesh,—a source of endless annoyance to him personally, as well as of real detriment to the empire. Between him and them there was war to the knife during the whole time he was in office, just as there is and has been, for years, an armed truce between them and Count Lamsdorff.

"As the grand dukes are the general *bête noire*, they are also, of course, general scapegoats. Whenever things go wrong in Russia,—when the czar does something his subjects think he ought not to have done, or when he leaves undone something they would fain have him do,—the blame is always laid on his relatives. 'This is the grand dukes' doing,' all St. Petersburg cried, when Alexieff was appointed viceroy; 'this is the grand dukes' doing,' all St. Petersburg cried again, and still more bitterly, when it became known that Russia must fight Japan. The czar would

A corner of the bay of Matsuohimo

The Long-distance Telephone as a War Factor
The Japanese laid miles of wire along the ground, and battalions, widely separated, conversed freely

General Nogi,
In command of the Japanese troops that expect to take Port Arthur

Looking from the pine-crowned heights of Suma

never have heard of Alexeieff had it not been for them; and, had Alexeieff never been made viceroy, there would have been no war. It was taken for granted at once, when Kuropatkin's plan of campaign proved a failure, that it was due entirely to their meddling. Not only among soldiers, but also among civilians, the firm belief prevails that any blunder Kuropatkin may have made he has made because he obeyed orders, just as that any success he may have scored he has scored by setting the said orders at defiance. Never would Kuropatkin have advanced when he did, never would he have sent off that ill-fated Port Arthur relief expedition, and, above all else, never would he have played into Oyama's hand by attacking his forces at Yentai, if he had had a free hand."

Whether or not the grand dukes do really meddle in all the cases in which Russians accuse them of meddling, it is, of course, impossible for me to say, as it is from behind the throne, where they are well out of sight, that they, as a rule, make their influence felt. Still that they do meddle, and most injudiciously, most tactlessly, nay, most shamelessly, one is tempted to say, can not be denied. No minister is safe from their interference; let him be as cautious as he will, he may at any moment be called upon to break promises he has made, and to cancel appointments, for no other reason than that there are grand ducal *protégés* who must be provided for. It is the same with the military and the naval authorities. Generals and admirals, before making promotions or meting out punishments, have always to take into account the wishes of some grand duke or other; or, rather, what is still more trying, the wishes of the motley crowd of plutocrats by which the czar is surrounded.

The Mikado Is to-day the Idol and the Inspiration of His Countrymen

"No other ruler," a correspondent says, "has a record like that of Mutsuhito, emperor of Japan,—a record of great things accomplished,—a record of progress and victory. More than was the reign of Augustus to Rome, more than was that of Alfred the Great, or of William the Conqueror, to England, that of Gustavus Adolphus to Sweden, that of Peter the Great to Russia, that of Napoleon to France, that of Victor Emmanuel to Italy, or that of William I. to Germany, and more than the presidency of Lincoln was to our country, has been the reign of the mikado to Japan. If he be not the greatest of living rulers, who is there in any country who can dispute his title to that distinction? If he be not the foremost of the world's revolutionists, what is the name of the foremost?"

Japan is the land of mystery and surprise for a foreign visitor, and at no other time would the feeling of mystery and surprise be greater than when he witnesses the enthusiastic greeting of the people on seeing the august "dragon carriage" of the emperor in the streets of Tokyo. He would exclaim, in wonder, "Is there another monarch on this globe as universally honored and beloved by his people as is the emperor of Japan?" The patriotism and loyalty of the Japanese are at once inspired by his face, and patriotism and loyalty is the chief source of Japanese strength. The happy cry of "*Banzai!*" (Ten thousand years of life to the emperor!) will follow the imperial train like wave after wave of a roaring ocean. How handsome the emperor appears in his great costume! What a tender beam in his eyes! What a profound joy it is to the people when he turns to them giving a most cordial military salute! The Japanese are universally said to be a small people in stature, but look at the emperor! He will vindicate them in this respect. He is slightly less than six feet,—five feet and eight inches, to be particular,—and he weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

The emperor is firmly believed, not merely supposed, to be the son of God; since the first emperor, Jimmu,—his forefathers came down from the heavens. Mutsuhito is the hundred and twenty-second sovereign. A single thought of the emperor in old days inspired little but awe and reverence. It used to be, "*Shitani ore!*" (Down on your knees!) to the worshiping subjects who fell prostrate on the bare ground as his palanquin passed by. But how near is the august emperor of the Japan of to-day to the hearts of his people! To them, he is the son of God, and, more than that, he is a Japanese, through and through. They worship him, because they think he is divine. They love him, because they know he is human.

Japan has had a thousand events involving momentous national issues since he came to the throne, just thirty-seven years ago, when the great Restoration of 1868 was accomplished. Every event served to bring about a closer relationship between him and his people. It is heartrending to think what a self-denying solicitude he felt during the war with China, some ten years ago. With what painstaking care he watched and directed the conduct of the military operations! He removed from his Tokyo palace to Hiroshima and there remained in daily close connection with the war, and in constant communication with the leaders in the field, sparing himself no exertion or labor for the long ten months. It is said in Tokyo, to-day, that he has not made his nightly rest more than five hours long since the present gigantic war broke out. He personally reads every report from the front and sends messages to the admirals and generals under his personal direction. He has addressed himself more than twenty times to Admiral Togo alone. He delivers his personal condolence to the "glorious dead." He has spent more than one hundred thousand dollars for the families of the dead officers out of his personal treasury. It is not a small amount he spends yearly for his own country. He is the first to express sorrow or joy. He is the first contributor whenever any calamity happens. Japan is

A telegraph instrument in operation in the field

A surveying corps at work with the advance guard

supposed to be poor: in fact, she is, but the emperor's personal wealth is immense. Surely he is one of the few richest men of the world. It is said that he is worth more than two hundred million dollars.

There is no accurate report concerning his fortune. It is known, however, that his wealth consists chiefly of forests and mines. His daily expense is not extravagant, by any means. His style of living is remarkably frugal and free from ostentation, and his wardrobe and table are alike simple. He wears European dress on state occasions, and usually changes to the Japanese costume in the evening, because it is more comfortable. The decorations of his five Tokyo palaces, Aoyama, Akasaka, Takanowa, Hama, and his daily residence, Fukiage,—are chaste and almost severe. He rarely goes to his country palaces; in fact, he has only a few of them in all Japan. It is not a fad yet in Japan to spend summers in the country. The weather is not so trying as in Europe and America either in summer or winter.

The emperor's yearly expense of living is limited. For this purpose he draws three million dollars from the national treasury. His personal wealth is not to be spent on his own living, so that three million dollars is really his yearly salary as manager of the country. He has got to pay out of it some one thousand employees. The lady-in-waiting is said to be paid one hundred and fifty dollars monthly. I have no doubt that even a washing girl is paid about seventy dollars. Japan is a country where a laboring man's wages are not more than fifty cents daily. The chief cook of the imperial palace is paid two hundred dollars a month.

The emperor's daily fare is Japanese. He is perfectly satisfied, for breakfast, as a common Japanese is, with a bowl of bean soup and a few similar dishes. But his dinner usually appears in splendid style, in some twenty courses, although he always denounces it as a useless extravagance. When any official feast is held,—the cherry-blossom-viewing party at the Koishikawa botanical garden, or the chrysanthemum party at the Akasaka palace, for instance,—he will not spare any expense in preparing an elegant European banquet. The empress is the manager on such an occasion. She is a noted economist. She always gives a hint to her court ladies and the wives of the ministers how to arrange their dresses and how to save expense. She is regarded as an exemplar of loveliness and womanly sweetness. There never was a woman truer to the old teachings in respect to womanly disposition and demeanor.

There was much talk about increasing the palace expenses to four million dollars when we received one hundred and fifty million taels from China as war indemnity. The empress objected to it. "We will not forget that we must live as if it were the old days," she said. The extra million was put in the national educational fund. Education is the first aim of the emperor and of Japan. True, even the court expense of three million dollars seems tremendous when we think how the imperial household was obliged to support itself during the Kyoto days,—before the Restoration. The whole appropriation was one hundred thousand koku of rice, some two hundred thousand dollars in money,—that was all. Grants were made out of the amount to the different princely houses and thousands of others. The Ichijo family, from which the present empress came, could not have enough allowance to keep a servant, and the empress, then a young girl, was often sent out with a basket to buy bean curd. I am sure that even the emperor was not furnished with three carriages. What a change they have to-day! When he returned from Hiroshima, after finishing the war with China, the emperor and the empress used to delight in taking a quiet walk together during their stay in their old home, the palace of Kyoto, through the gardens, and in recalling their early days in the familiar trees and fountains. I can fancy that they must have been wondering at their change.

The Restoration was the revival of the imperial family. The emperor was perfectly nominal for a thousand years under feudalism. In 1868, Japan made herself free from the trammels of that Old World feudalism and awoke in liberty. The present emperor, then a youth of twenty-five, ascended to the throne and issued the famous decree of the five articles, "*Gojono seimon*," as it is known in modern Japanese history.

He said: "On ascending the throne of our ancestors, our determination is, in spite of all difficulities that may beset our path, to rule our country in person, to secure the peace of all our subjects, to open friendly relations with other countries, to make our country glorious, and to establish the nation on a permanent basis of prosperity and happiness."

His words were perfectly realized, as it seems. The minds of the soldiers and sailors were profoundly impressed and they promised to make any sacrifice, however costly, for the sake of the emperor ["The emperor" means *Japan*, and *Japan* means *the emperor*.] When he addressed the soldiers, years ago, he said:—

"We are your commander in chief. As such, we rely upon you as we do upon our own hands, and desire you to look to us as your head, so that the relation between us may be one of absolute and secure confidence and trust. Whether we perform our duty successfully or not depends entirely on the manner in which you perform yours. If our country fails to stand high in the opinion of other nations, we desire you to share in our sorrow. If it rises with honor, we will enjoy the fruits of it with you. Stand firm in your duty; assist us in protecting the country; and the result must be the prosperity of the nation and the enhancement of our country's reputation."

He Has a very Liberal Mind and Likes to Wrestle and Write Poetry

His word is the law. His wishes are the country's. Even the humblest private or blue-jacket is imbued with the idea that his conduct must be in conformity with his august message. Is there any Japanese fighter who is not brave and hardy, true and honorable, simple and frugal, for the sake of the country? Five million Japanese look upon the emperor for the commanding words with awe and respect. There is an endless parliamental strife and conflict, or disagreements between the ministers. The diet often impeached the ministry, and often the house was dissolved. The emperor, seeing the danger to the welfare and prosperity of the people, intervened with a message, and begged members of the cabinet as well as of the diet to think that disputes and bickering at home are not only a waste of time and dissipation of energies, but hinder and delay the attainment of the national projects. They immediately calmed down, stopping their fight, when they heard his voice, and shook hands with smiles. To make the navy and the army perfect was his desire. Once, some years ago, the political parties impeded the government projects for military expansion. It was the case during the ministry of Marquis Ito, when the lower house voted a wholesale reduction of government expenditure, to which the ministry refused its consent. The emperor thereupon issued a message as follows: "In the matter of administrative reform, we have given special instruction to our ministers to give the matter full consideration, so that there may be no error in the conclusions they reach, and then to come to us for our sanction to any reforms they may desire to introduce. The question of national defense is one which brooks no delay, and in order to show our own sense of its paramount importance we have ordered the expenditures of our household to be cut down, so that we may be able to contribute a yearly sum of three hundred thousand dollars for the next six years to the necessary equipment of the national defenses. We have, at the same time, ordered all officers and officials in our service to contribute, unless excused by us for exceptional reasons, one tenth of their salaries, for the same period of years, toward the expenses of naval construction. We depend, therefore, on the coöperation, along constitutional lines, of ministers and representatives, in the accomplishment of our great national tasks; and we call upon our people, one and all, to do their duty in this matter."

Thus Japan built the splendid navy which Admiral Togo has gloriously commanded off Port Arthur.

"I am grateful for my fate, that I am not the emperor," one chamberlain used to say, seeing his august lord eternally busy through the year. There is no doubt that he is the busiest man in Japan, if not in the world. To make three million dollars a year is not an easy task. Anybody who has an intimate acquaintance with the mikado (which word means "honorable gate,") would say that he is not sufficiently paid for his work. He must read carefully some three hundred official documents every day, and whenever his signature is required he will pay double attention. It is said that he usually signs one hundred papers a day. He must be ready any time to receive any of his ministers in audience on matters of grave importance. It happens that his dinner, which he takes with the empress unfailingly, is often interrupted. Frequently his early morning will be disturbed by his ministers' presence. He is called a slow but sure worker, and his decisions are never given until, by a succession of searching questions, he has arrived at a clear understanding of the whole state of the

[*Concluded on pages 62 to 64*]

THE DEMOCRATIC DEFEAT

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

THE magnitude of the national defeat which the Democratic Party experienced at the recent election makes the question, "What of the night?" seem more appropriate than "What of the day?" Yet a careful survey of the field will lead a Democrat to face the future with confidence and hope. The Democratic Party has been passing through a crisis, and conditions have been such as to make its path a thorny one.

The last third of a century has been characterized by a remarkable growth in the wealth of the country, and by a still more remarkable concentration of that wealth in the hands of a few. The figures which measure the wealth produced by the intelligent toil of American citizens are almost fabulous, yet no one can travel through the country without noting that the improvement in the condition of the agricultural sections and among the laboring men has not kept pace with our increasing wealth. The wealth has been produced; it has been created, but who owns it? Never before in the history of this country have the earnings of those who labor been so unequally and inequitably distributed. The Republican Party boasts that it has been in power almost without interruption for forty-four years, and yet the ordinary laborers of the country have so little laid up that they are practically dependent upon their daily wages for their daily bread. Even skilled laborers have little to their credit in the bank, compared with the accumulations of the so-called "captains of industry." The Homestead Strike, which occurred just after the presidential nominations of 1892, forced President Harrison to admit, with a pathetic reluctance, that "capital sometimes takes too large a share of the profits."

The exploitation of the masses has been increasing rather than diminishing. The draining of the agricultural sections by a high tariff first attracted attention, and reformers, with varying emphasis, began to point out the injustice of a tax levied upon the whole people for the benefit of a few industries, affectionately described as "home industries" and "infant industries." The farmers, selling their produce in an unprotected market, and buying their supplies at a price enhanced by the tariff, naturally suffered in comparison with the more favored manufacturers. The wage-earners, too, failed to secure their share of the bounty voted to the manufacturers in trust for the laboring men,—the manufacturers being under no legal obligation to divide with their employees.

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Then came financial legislation which oppressed the masses and enriched the financiers. It is not a theory, but an axiom, that a dollar which increases in purchasing power brings to the money owner and to the holder of fixed investments an unearned increment. For instance, if a man acquires a thousand dollars at a given time and keeps it until the thousand dollars will purchase fifty per cent. more of the things which he needs, his wealth has really increased fifty per cent. as surely as it would if he owned a piece of land worth a thousand dollars, and, during his possession of it, it increased in value until it was worth one thousand, five hundred dollars. On the other hand, the man who produced merchandise sold upon a falling market, and the man who owed a debt was compelled to raise more and more of the products of the farm to secure the amount of money necessary to discharge the debt.

The increase in the purchasing power of the dollar was occasioned by legislation which, by demonetizing silver, increased the strain upon gold. This, too, is not a theory, but an indisputable fact. To say that the value of a dollar can be increased by legislation which lessens the number of dollars is to assert as plain a truth as to say that a short corn crop will increase the price of corn.

When, in 1893, the men who were responsible for the legislation against silver combined to strike another blow at the white metal, the people were aroused, and the Democratic Party, after a tremendous contest within its own ranks, took a strong position in favor of the remonetization of silver. While the money question was the paramount issue of that campaign, the principles ran much deeper than any surface issue. It was really the first widespread revolt against the plutocratic tendencies of the times. The Populist Party had sounded a note of warning, but its membership was not numerous as compared with the membership of the old parties, and was composed of men who were, for the most part, unknown to national politics.

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The platform adopted by the Democrats, at Chicago, in 1896, stirred the country as few platforms had done before, and this was because it was regarded as a call to arms by the masses. Those who were intrenched behind special privileges and fattening at the expense of the public recognized in that platform a menace to what they called their "business interests."

The election of 1896 drew forth a remarkable vote,—a vote so far in excess of the vote four years before, and so much greater than the natural increase in population would justify, that many people believe it was not entirely an honest vote. The fraudulent votes, however, were probably few in comparison with the votes that were cast under coercion. The Republican Party won, but it was so completely vanquished upon the arguments that the first act of the administration was to send a commission to Europe to plead for assistance in the establishment of international bimetallism, and this in itself was a confession that the gold standard was unsatisfactory. Some months after the election the increased production of gold began to relieve the strain upon gold, and during the last seven years this increase has been so unexpectedly large that, together with the influence of the Spanish-American War and favorable seasons, it has brought in part the prosperity which the restoration of bimetallism would have brought in a larger measure.

Had the quantity of money been the same in 1900 that it was in 1896, the Republicans could not have fought a successful campaign, even with the advantage of a pending war. The improved financial and industrial conditions, due largely to an increase in the volume of money, rescued the Republican Party from its own blunders, but that party has failed to profit by the lesson taught in the campaign of 1896. It has not, since its return to power, given the public a single act of remedial legislation, nor has it taken a single step toward the protection of the public from the growing greed of predatory wealth.

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Accepting, as if the work of its own hands, the blessings of Providence and the benefits that have followed from an increased volume of money and from other causes, the Republican Party has become more arrogant and boastful, and it entered the campaign of 1904 without a promise of reform. To be sure, the Republican leaders claim that their party has made some progress on the trust question, but the Publicity Bureau has as yet failed to justify its creation, and the President has spent but a small fraction of the five hundred thousand dollars appropriated for the prosecution of the trusts. The Merger Case was not followed up by the prosecution of manufacturing combines, and the real purpose of the Elkins Law is to be found in what it repealed rather than in what it enacted.

The Republican Party stands, to-day, as the champion of that political system which has nurtured great corporations at the public breast, and its recent victory is not likely to turn the thoughts of its leaders in the direction of reform. The defeat which the Democratic Party suffered in 1896 dampened the ardor of some who were enthusiastic that year, while the improved conditions led the Gold Democrats to claim that their position had been vindicated.

While the Democratic Party maintained its position on the money question, in 1900, it did so only after an animated contest in the committee, and the platform relegated the subject to the third place in importance. The question of imperialism was made paramount, and the trust question was given second place. This action of the convention was regarded by some as a retrograde movement, and the boast of eastern papers that the party had partially surrendered its position on the money question had the effect of reducing the enthusiasm of many who were active in the campaign of 1896.

The campaign of 1900 was not marked by anything like the depth of feeling that characterized the campaign of 1896, although, in the campaign of 1900, the fundamental principles of government were under discussion. The failure of the Democratic Party to poll as many votes in 1900 as in 1896 [The total vote was about the same as in 1896, the Republicans gaining and the Democrats losing about one hundred and fifty thousand votes.] gave renewed hope to those who wanted to reorganize the party and disheartened its more radical members.

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At St. Louis the so-called "conservative element" of the party obtained control of the party organization, partly because two defeats had discouraged many who supported the platforms of 1896 and 1900, partly because the Gold Democrats could point to prosperity as an apparent vindication of their position, and partly because the race question in the South made southern Democrats willing to join with the eastern Democrats in the hope of defeating President Roosevelt. Judge Parker was not only a gold man, but he insisted upon announcing and reiterating his positions on the money question after the convention had agreed, as a compromise, to leave the question entirely out of the platform.

This review of the history of the last few years is presented as a basis for some comment upon the future. The past explains the overwhelming defeat which the party suffered at the last election. Many of the Democrats who for eight years have been fighting plutocracy would not respond to the party call even when all those who were in positions of leadership pointed out the advantage to be gained by a Democratic victory. The election was not so much an indorsement of the Republican position as it was a condemnation of the action of the Democratic Party in pausing in the midst of the battle.

Regrettable as was the defeat of Judge Parker, the fact that the party lost all over the Union makes certain that it will not again yield its position as a reform party in the hope of winning the support of the plutocratic element of the country.

The Democratic Party will, in 1908, in all probability, attack the Republicans all along the line and thus revive the courage and enthusiasm of those who are anxious to make this government again "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

The Republican Party, encouraged by its great victory, is not likely to reform the tariff, no matter how excessive and unnecessary the rates may be. It is not likely to begin a vigorous prosecution of the trusts; it is not likely to amend the interstate commerce law and thus make possible the control of railroad rates. It is not likely to deprive organized wealth of any advantages which it has gained through legislation or through the failure of the administration to enforce the laws against combinations in restraint of trade. While the production of wealth is likely to go on on a large scale for a few years, the Republican Party shows no disposition to make the distribution of wealth more just and equitable.

Neither is the Republican Party likely to enact remedial legislation in the interest of the wage-earners or to bridge the widening gulf between capital and labor. It is not likely to reduce the size of the army or to

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DIPLOMATIC MYSTERIES

VANCE THOMPSON

HOW TREATIES OF PEACE ARE MADE

The Difficulties Encountered and the Diplomacy Needed

[*New Series: Number One*]

SOME one recently asked me a question. It was simple; it was natural; yet I have been thinking of it with a grim sense of derision ever since it was propounded. "How are treaties made?" he inquired.

Surely there is no great difficulty in finding an answer: dignified statesmen gather in collective wisdom; they put away little animosities and compromise their national greeds for the good of humanity; they erect, in paper partnership, peace-barriers against aggression; and in a score of other ways and for as many diverse reasons they form international alliances,—always, of course, after free discussion and mutual concession. This, or something like it, is the general understanding of how treaties are made. Certainly there should be no more serious business than that of treaty-making. That, too, was one of the wise maxims of old Bismarck. "Making war," he said, "does not amount to much; dictating the terms of peace is more important; but everything lies in knowing how to make and use a treaty." He was right. It was a treaty—that famous one of Utrecht,—which placed England at the head of the great powers, two centuries ago. The Treaty of Paris, in which the results of the Crimean War were embodied, gave France a temporary preponderance in Europe. With the Treaty of Frankfort the headship of the powers passed to Germany. The Treaty of Berlin was a recognition, universal and complete, of Prussian preponderance. Instance upon instance would only confirm the truth of Bismarck's maxim. Now, next to their importance, the most interesting thing is that treaties are made in the dark. The diplomatic world is a sort of limbo, where the shadows are distorted by vague, momentary lights. So plain a matter as ours of Panama was the matrix of intrigues that fluttered half across the world. The great treaty that binds France to Russia—M. Delcassé, the French minister of foreign affairs, calls it the *pierre angulaire* of French policy in Europe, the *instrument* of French grandeur in the world. He might have added that it has been, for a decade, the sole guarantee of peace in Europe.

I.—Behind the Scenes of an Alliance

IT was at the *Théâtre de la Monnaie* the other night in Brussels. The opera was "Louise;" so my attention wandered from the stage. In a box not far from mine I noticed a woman conspicuous for her pallor, her coiffure of tawny hair, in which were white striations, and the opals she wore. I recognized the opals. Indeed, they are known in all Europe, these occult, wonderful stones. They have been paid for by every pretty crime and every feminine treason that a woman of high birth and dangerous destiny can commit. They say she was once very beautiful, this "Lady of the Opals." It may be; there is still beauty in the keen, old face, and in the eyes, inscrutable as sea water. I looked at her, not without interest, watching the sleeping fire of the opals on hair and throat and hands. There have been few diplomatic rogueries in the last thirty years in which she has not had some part,—slight, at least. Once we knew each other in a way. It was natural to come upon her here. Brussels is the center of the international spy-system; hence the threads of the web radiate to every capital; here it is that the German spy meets the Italian; here the English spy foregathers with his suave brother, the Turk; here the Frenchman comes to sell the secrets of his national defense and the Russian to betray his country; if you will walk abroad with me in the pleasant streets, or idle in the great *cafés*, you shall see more than one of them. Brussels, indeed, is the clearing house for the spies of the world,—this neuter capital of a neutral nation. Why should she not be here, my "Lady of the Opals?"

She saw me, after a little while, and made me a vague sign; I took it for an invitation, and went to her box and sat near her.

"Tell me," she said, "who it was that betrayed Thiers's project of war to Bismarck,—you see I read you."

"Certainly I will tell you," I said, "but one bad turn is worth another,—how did the letters of the Countess of Flanders come into Flourens's possession?"

The lady laughed,—laughed till the opals glowed and twinkled in sympathy; she is rather proud of that adventure,—and well she may be. She, and not Bismarck; she, and not Emperor Francis Joseph; she, and not that poor creature, Crispi, cemented the Triple Alliance, united France and Russia, and changed the diplomatic map of Europe. I know the story, and she is aware of the fact, but she will not tell me how the letters came into her hands,—at least, not until I give her the name of the austere republican who was once a traitor, and it is not worth while.

It was in August, 1887, that Prince Ferdinand of Coburg ascended the throne of Bulgaria. There was universal dissatisfaction; even England, Italy, and Austria protested; but the strongest protest came from Russia, and was noisily seconded by Germany. Diplomatic Europe was greatly agitated. There were all sorts of rumors. It was said that Italy and Austria had protested merely for form's sake, that they were really against Russia on the Bulgarian question, and that secretly they were abetted by Germany. A few years before, an *entente* had been arranged between Italy and the German powers, but there was no treaty, and the Triple Alliance did not yet exist. Day by day it became more evident that Austria and Italy were acting in direct opposition to Russia, and that the Bulgarian intrigue was their chosen weapon. What was the attitude of Bismarck?

Ostensibly he was a firm friend of Russia. His dispatches to St. Petersburg stated emphatically that Germany would side with Russia. (To aid Austria he would not sacrifice one Pomeranian grenadier.) In return he asked only a free hand in Western Europe,—in other words, his long-planned second war upon France. The situation for the republic was not a pleasant one. France, still aflame with Boulangerism, was isolated in Europe and lay open to whatsoever attack Germany might be pleased to make. Flourens was premier, that year. Through M. De Laboulaye, his minister at St. Petersburg, he sounded M. De Giers.

"If France is attacked, what will Russia do?"

"Between France and Germany," said the Russian minister, "we shall remain neutral."

It was the grim neutrality which refuses to intervene between the lion and the lamb. The end was evident,—and at Paris consternation reigned. Never has modern France been nearer destruction. At this black moment there came to Flourens a *personage*, as the expression goes, whose name was great enough to open all doors to her. Her title was one of the oldest in North Europe. She was initiated into the secrets of all the diplomatic chancelleries. She had been one of General Boulanger's agents charged with occult missions in Germany and Belgium. At Rome, at Vienna, and at Madrid—heaven knows where not!—she had passed in her dark, pragmatic way, overturning the stablest matured plans of statesmen and kings.

So she went to the Élysée and Flourens received her, and she sold him—at the price of how many opals I know not,—divers documents in manuscript, relating to Bulgarian affairs. Among them were two of first importance. One was a letter written by Ferdinand of Bulgaria to the countess of Flanders, sister-in-law of the king of the Belgians. In this it was made clear that Bismarck, while officially upholding Russia, was really working against her,—an old Bismarckian trick. In order to prove to the countess

"Brussels, indeed, is the clearing house for the spies of the world. Why should she not be here?"

of Flanders the reality of Bismarck's support, the prince inclosed a letter, written to him by the German ambassador at Vienna; it said:—

> No matter how unfavorable or even hostile German policy may now seem to your highness's enterprise, the moment will soon come when the sentiments secretly cherished by the government at Berlin, for the success of your monarchy's action in Bulgaria, will be made clear. Then they will have all the efficacy attached to the open and divided action of a powerful empire.

How did our Lady of the Opals secure these documents? Flourens asked no questions. The authenticity of the documents seemed incontestable. They were not only probable,—for, where Bismarck was concerned, double-dealing was always probable,—but they also confirmed the reports that had already come in from other agents. Of course, since they had presumably been stolen from the countess of Flanders, it was impossible to make any diplomatic use of them. A *diplomate de carrière* would have doubtless refused to touch them. Flourens did not belong to that dignified profession. In addition he had a taste for adventure, and liked well enough to step outside the routine of state negotiations. So, in spite of the irregularity of the proceeding, he decided to make what use he could of the Bulgarian documents. Believing they would effectually break the bonds that united Russia and Germany,—a union fatal to France,—he sent them to the czar, who was then at Copenhagen. It was Prince Obobuski who put them into the hands of his imperial master. Not for an instant did the czar doubt their authenticity. He saw in these documents unequivocal proofs of Bismarck's duplicity. There is no man—from czar to diplomat,—who endures being tricked; the czar's anger was prompt and fierce. He had intended to journey homeward from Copenhagen by boat, but changed his plans and went by way of Berlin. He reached the German capital November 18. A few hours later he received the Iron Chancellor. Bismarck took this occasion to speak of Germany's warm friendship for Russia and his own desire to second the czar's action in Bulgaria. The latter threw down on the table the document he had received from Flourens.

"Then what do these mean?" he asked.

Bismarck looked at the letters and swore they were apocryphal; the czar refused to believe him; the Russo-German *entente* was broken; little Italy took Russia's place in the Triple Alliance, and France—the poor Bismarck-badgered republic!—had found a powerful friend and ultimate ally in the czar.

And the letters?

There is grim and mocking irony in the knowledge that they were not authentic. It is admitted in the diplomatic world that Bismarck finally established their falsity. Only, as chance would have it, they really did answer to his thought, and the intrigue they unveiled was already at work; he was playing false, but the letters that unmasked him were forgeries.

But who forged them?

In yellowing lace, in the opalescent splendor of her jewels, the *grande dame* laughed; it was in her box at the opera in Brussels, and beneath us surged Charpentier's black parody of music; her old eyes were full of wisdom and mockery; she tapped with bony fingers on my knee.

"Tell me who betrayed Thiers," she said.

* * * * * * * * * *

A woman's love for intrigue and jewels, a few forged letters, the czar's anger at being duped, and Flourens's adventurous disdain for ordinary diplomatic methods,—these were the feathery origins of the alliance. No treaty had been drawn. That was to come later, when a reasonable basis had been found for the friendship that was drawing the two nations together. Now monetary interests are the only stable bases of international friendships.

There was a banker in Paris, a Dane by birth, French by naturalization, a good man and wise, the name of him being Hoskier. He knew Russia well and all her immense resources. Up to that time all the loans contracted by Russia had fallen, sooner or later, into the hands of the Rothschilds. No matter where the loans were placed,—in England, Holland or France,—they became, in time, Rothschildian; and, as this great house is German, after all, Russia found that her bonds and her credit were paying tribute to Berlin. In plain words, she was a financial ward of Germany. Now Hoskier saw it would be a great boon for Russia if her bonds could be got out of the hands of those cosmopolitan bankers and distributed among the saving masses of the French people. The operation would furnish profitable and safe investment for the accumulations of French thrift and give stability to Russian finances. Russian bonds, in that day, were merely gambling tools. Wischnegradsky, the Russian minister, was brought round to Hoskier's way of thinking. The result was that first loan of five hundred millions which was offered to the French people and subscribed within a day. One of the Rothschild loans was paid off; gradually the czar's money-market began to shift from Berlin to Paris. Seven hundred millions more were easily placed with the French investors.

At this point the financial allies of Germany made their hardest fight. The Russian government announced its desire to contract a new loan. A syndicate of French bankers, with Hoskier and Sautter at the head, agreed to place it. The Rothschilds, however, made such tempting offers to Wischnegradsky that he agreed to accept their agency, and contracts were signed. Suddenly the czar intervened and broke the arrangement. The cause of this rupture is an open secret now. On the insistence of the Rothschilds who govern the English branch of the house, there was a clause in the contract binding the Russian government to repeal its anti-Jewish legislation.

"Does this money lender expect to treat with me *de puissance à puissance?*" asked the czar.

He summoned Hoskier to St. Petersburg, and with him the business was concluded. That was the beginning of a war—no less ferocious that it was financial,—which is not yet at an end, for the Rothschilds are still sending out their battalions against Russia and Russian credit. The first attack of the Frankfort millionaires really forced France and Russia into alliance. A few details are necessary to an understanding of the situation. That loan of 1891 differed from its predecessors in one main point. The others had been loans of conversion and did not add to the Russian consolidated debt. The new loan was to be expended in railroad building Siberiaward. Thus it was not a substitution, but a new charge. For this reason its reception by the French people was a matter of doubt. To the surprise of the most sanguine the loan was subscribed eight times over. The Rothschilds opened immediate war. Operations were begun simultaneously in London, Berlin, and at Paris, whither came the old Bleichroeder himself—a daring trooper of finance,—to lead the charge in person. The conspiracy was a simple one. It consisted in a plan to ruin Russian credit by forcing down the price of the bonds, and incidentally the subscribers to the loan were to be taught a bitter lesson. Under the heavy selling prices went down. In France there was a "panic,"—the French *rentes* fell, all other securities fell, and thousands of small investors were ruined in a day. Nor could the bankers hold out against this terrific onslaught,—they were attacked from London and Berlin, and from Vienna and Amsterdam; on every *bourse* the barons pounded them. Help came at the last hour. Wischnegradsky telegraphed them to buy all that was offered for the account of the Russian treasury. Then the battle waged anew. The great moneylords sold and Russia bought and bought. It was an epic struggle, this in which the old Wischnegradsky and a few French bankers resisted the rudest assault that has ever been made on the credit of a great nation. Before the Rothschilds acknowledged defeat over two hundred millions had been bought for the Russian account. As is usually the case, those who were

ruined were noncombatants, harmless citizens whose savings were swept away in a "panic" they could not foresee. The settling-day was a hard one, too, for the leaders of that desperate financial raid.

Such, broadly outlined, is the story of the Russian loans which form a chain of interest and alliance between the thrifty democracy of France and the northern empire. The foundations of this alliance are the five *milliards* of money upon which Russia is paying interest to France.

The treaty was to follow: a French fleet appeared at Cronstadt and a Russian squadron at Toulon; there were much thundering of guns, and making of speeches, and wine-drinking,—these were the visible signs, but the alliance dates from the czar's receipt of the forged letters and the tacit ratification of the treaty which followed that battle of the barons. The history of great events is made up of little anecdotes.

II.—The Paper Guns of Alliance

AT the present moment, as I have intimated, the nations seem to be chiefly occupied in swearing out peace warrants against each other. Never before were the great powers so treaty-bound. The result is curious. Without war or menace of war the diplomatic center of gravity has been shifted in Europe. There is a readjustment of diplomatic frontiers. Of all these alliances the most important is that of France and England. It has been long in the brewing, this treaty. Paradoxically enough, it was signed while the allies of the two powers—on the one hand the czar, on the other the mikado,—were at war; the fact is without precedent in the annals of treaty-making.

In a way it is a victory, largely personal, for King Edward VII. For twenty years England has bent every effort to gain the good will of Germany; indeed, she has been her moral ally; but Germany's commercial rivalry and growing sea power have snapped the old bonds of kinship and friendship. The change of front was not quite so sudden as it seemed. After the Boer War blood was no longer thicker than water; Hans was no longer a cousin of the house; the true friend was the cousin of Normandy,—for he, too, is of the blood,—and the wooden-shod, red-capped democracy across the English Channel. All of this is true enough; France is no longer a redoubtable rival for England; other states, equaling her in vitality and surpassing her in population, are the real rivals of English power,—Germany and the United States. At every point these nations menace England's future,—her industrial and commercial future, and her colonial and maritime future. The old historic reasons which made France the enemy to be feared no longer exist. The wooing of France went on for two years. It began, as all modern crusades do, in the press. Edward VII. had always been a Parisian favorite, and the newspapers broke out in a rash of compliments, eulogies, and anecdotes. One paragraph I remember; it was launched by the official organ of the government and took its way over France; it read something like this:—

> It was a May morning, a few years ago,—one of those spring days, made all of light and perfume, which are the charm of Paris and clothe the city with incomparable grace. Idly swinging his walking stick, the future king of England, accompanied by a friend, strolled down the Avenue des Champs Élysées. Flower-girls cried their lilacs on the curb; a flight of carriages went toward the Bois. Lifeful and gay the broad avenue stretched away in the sunlight. It was so good to be alive, the air was so light and the sky so transparently blue, that the future king, overcome by the delicate beauty of the hour, stopped his companion, and, with a sweeping gesture, showed him the passers-by, the trees, the Place de la Concorde, the Tuileries, the Champs Élysées, the triumphal Arch of the Emperor,—all this beauty which is unique in the world,—then, with a sigh of regret, said: "Ah, Paris!"

"Ah, Paris!" The blithe *boulevardiers* laughed for a month; it became a byword,—the pet slang of the hour; the street Arab, grinning, threw his "Ah, Paris!" at you. And yet it told; one forgot the Boer War; one reason that, after all, this Edward was *un bon garçon;* and Paris laughed itself into tolerant indifference to Fashoda. The wooing went bravely on. The English chamber of commerce in Paris, all the quasi-diplomats, lawyers, and journalists upon whom England could depend lent their aid. The great international money-powers spoke; the campaign ran hot in the French official press; there was daily parade of Gambetta's famous prophecy: "With the alliances of London and St. Petersburg, we shall be invincible,—and the hour for this triple union will come." And so Edward VII. visited his great and good friend, M. Loubet, and amiable, confraternal words were said, ["Ah, Paris!"] and the president returned the visit of the king. Then the time was ripe for taking the cover off the box. With a pretty gesture of satisfaction, M. Delcassé disclosed the Franco-English treaty. It did not create any enthusiasm. The English do not love the French; the French do not love the English,—it was a *mariage de raison.* And what did France gain? The troublesome Newfoundland Question was settled; she gained the freedom of the French shore. Moreover, England agreed to give her a free hand in Morocco. On the other hand, Great Britain secured Egypt,—the Egypt she has been so long "evacuating." All this is very well. Behind and beyond these mutual gains and concessions lies the real import of the treaty,—the isolation of Germany. Outside the family of the Triple Alliance Germany has only two friends in Europe,—neither of them eminent in war,—the sultan and the pope. For England, the diplomatic victory was totally complete; she had secured Egypt; she had isolated Germany; and, by way of payment, she had given no more than an assurance that she would not interfere with the Moroccan projects of her new friend. And yet, upon thinking it over, the foreign office was not content. It had given France a right of way in Morocco; it next set about erecting a barrier across that right of way.

There is no prettier illustration of the subtleties of modern diplomacy.

Giving with one hand and taking with the other is child's play; there is something essentially diplomatic in asking a man to your house, presenting him with a gold watch, engraved with the symbols of friendship, patting him on the back, bidding him "God speed!" as you usher him to the door,—all the while having posted in the vestibule a dirty little boy to pick his pocket of the watch.

In this case, Spain was the dirty little boy.

The new Franco-Spanish arrangement is merely a corollary to that signed by England. It was inspired in Downing Street, where it might well have been countersigned. Clandestine as all treaties are, nowadays,—for even republics do not trust their citizens, in these occult affairs,—it is still known that it leaves the Moroccan question just about where England wanted it left. So far as that crumbling yellow empire is concerned, matters could not be much worse. Sultan Mulai-Abd-el-Aziz has no illusions. One of our own diplomatic agents has told me that, when the treaty bearing the signatures of Lord Lansdowne and M. Delcassé was shown him, he flushed with anger, and cried: "Then I have no longer an empire!" Thereupon he sat down and directed an energetic protest to France. It was written out by a scribe, in a fair hand, on parchment; it was signed, and sealed with multiple seals; it was started on its way to France; only, it never reached the Quai d'Orsay,—it was "lost" in the diplomatic mail bag; somber, without illusions, the brown sultan waits for his answer. The empire is no longer his; England, with the gesture of one making presentation of a watch, engraved with the symbols of friendship, gave it to France; Italy—touched, also, by the treaty mania,—has acquiesced in its fire-new convention with France; whose, then, is the possession of this old empire, rich in arable soil, in rivers, and in copper mines, that rots on the Mediterranean? Is France to fall heir to this wealth? Not yet; what the English treaty gave the Spanish has taken away. In this matter our American diplomacy has never been deceived for a moment. It is worthy of record,—and the record is in Washington. By the twin treaties—with England and Spain,—France abandons Tangiers and Tetuan, which are comprised in the Spanish sphere of influence; moreover, Ceuta and the Moroccan coast from Melilla to the right bank of the Sebou are made neutral. Now Tangiers is, at the same time, the pearl and the key of Morocco. It is the only port which at all meets the needs of modern commerce. Now, by the cession of this territory to Spain, and by the neutralization of the coast strip, the land of the sultan—the Bled-el-Maghzen,—is divided between two European powers,—between two protectors, the one at Tangiers, the other at Fez,—between two different systems of colonization,—between two civilizations, *cosas de España* and *choses de France.* Out of such a division only dissension can come. The pacific penetration of Morocco, for which France bartered her rights in Egypt, is more aloof than ever. In giving her Morocco England has yielded only an interest in inevitable quarrels, a costly protectorate, and the certainty of a colonial war. M. Delcassé, a brave little ex-journalist, was no match for the keen, imperial diplomacy of Downing Street. Now, only, he begins to realize it,—as he stands, dazed, in the vestibule, watching the dirty little boy pick his pocket.

Behind every one of these latter-day treaties—the Italian as the Spanish, that with Japan as that against Germany,—one may see England's great and pathetic struggle to maintain the world-supremacy that is slipping away from her. Not since her diplomacy organized Europe against Napoleon has she put forth efforts so strenuous. One great victory she may record: the Russo-Japanese War has given her an opportunity to "occupy" Thibet; for "seventy-five years" she is to hold the great valley of the Chumbi, which is the key of the land. The ink on the French treaty was hardly dry—Germany had hardly realized her isolation,—before English arms and ammunition were sent across the frontier and the native tribes of Damaraland and Namaqualand rose in revolt against German authority. It is all part of that fierce struggle for commercial, industrial, maritime life in which the United Kingdom is battling with such blind, fierce energy. Joseph Chamberlain sees—as at Washington they see,—that the mother of nations is fighting against destiny.

Nothing counts but trade. There is no national greatness which is not based on commerce.

Imperialism is forged only in the shops and factories.

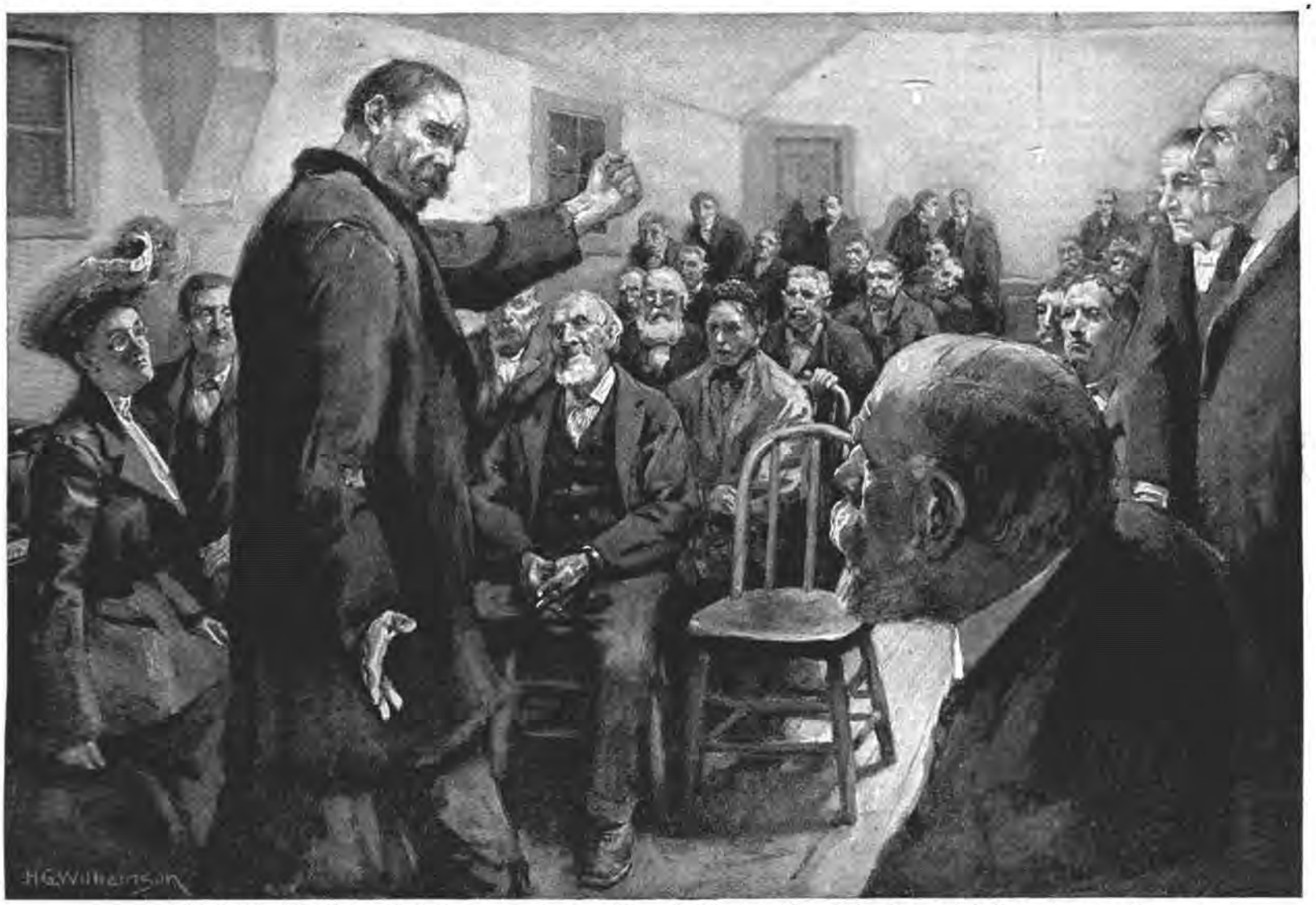
For two hundred years England ruled the world—and those notable waves,—because she was the market on the road that ran between the little seas of Europe and the Atlantic Ocean. Now the world's market is otherwhere. That place the United States holds,—it lies between the little seas of the world, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, and that veritable ocean of the world, the Pacific. Just such a market place as England held for Europe, the United States holds for the world. The parallel is absolute. The gulf stream of trade has shifted its course once more,—as it has so often done. Nothing else is so insolent as a fact. No amount of national energy and diplomatic subtlety, and no multiple number of paper treaties could bring back the shifting current of trade to Tyre or Venice or Amsterdam; and neither Mr. Chamberlain's protectionism nor Lord Curzon's Thibet, neither the isolation of Germany nor the cozening of France, will prevent the commercial gulf stream from deserting the huge docks of London. This fact, and such an interpretation of it, underlie all the occult and complicated play of the diplomats,—ail the fluttering of adroit women and the battles of bond-barons,—all the chicanery, bribery, treachery and war that go to the making of treaties, and the breaking of them.

The Treaty of Utrecht marked the beginning of England's long reign of supremacy; the second Hay-Pauncefote treaty marks the beginning of a new supremacy,—that of the United States. In this matter, as in all others, diplomacy has merely set its seal upon an accomplished economic fact.

The Swedish chancellor, meeting the statesmen of Europe, was astounded at the little wisdom that went to the governing of the world; he did not look far enough; behind the statesmen are those who buy and sell and traffic; the ultimate chancery is that of trade.

The Only Free Man in Russia

Mr. Thompson's "Diplomatic Mystery" for next month will be entitled, "The Only Free Man in Russia,—Leo N. Tolstoi," and promises to be one of the most interesting and important contributions to this series. In the vast prison known as the Russian Empire, there is but one man who is not afraid to call his soul his own. He is Count Leo N. Tolstoi. Out of the clouds of darkness lowering over that prison shines but one star,—the genius of Tolstoi. Like one of the great prophets of old Judea, he, a mere man of letters, towers above princes and ministers, and he speaks down as from a supermundane elevation, even when addressing and criticising the czar himself, as he did in his recent pamphlet, "Bethink Yourselves!" If this had been the work of any other subject, it would probably have cost the author his freedom or his life. But Tolstoi has grown too great for punishment. A blow struck at the venerable seer would hurt the Russian government more than anything else.



"He faced Alderdice, and then swung about a bit, and talked, half to Alderdice, and half to the crowd"

HOW STEVE MACKERLEY GOT EVEN

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

THE leader of the mission meeting tiptoed to the side of James J. Alderdice.

"Brother," he whispered, as the strains of the gospel hymn were dying slowly, "brother, will you give the invitation?"

James J. Alderdice, a thrifty man of business, and pillar of the church, arose. He felt, in sooth, that there were few men who could give the invitation as he could give it. He had attended many meetings at the mission, and he fully understood the importance of the invitation,—that crisis which is reached after the giving of the testimony of convicted sinners, and of the exhortation of the mercy seat. He stretched forth his arms.

"Men,—men," he cried, with a voice and manner which he believed to be full to overflowing with good fellowship and sympathy, "now is the accepted time,—now—"

He was interrupted. The door of the small room was thrust open, and a man stumbled in,—a man sodden, ill clad, and reeking with the odors of the rum shop and the gutter; a shaking, shivering clod of humanity. Why was he there? Because he had been kicked from the saloons. After he was banished from the saloon, he could go to the mission. Then,—what? This man didn't know,—he didn't care. He had seen the light from without,—he knew the door was an open door, and that inside he could be warm. He slouched into a seat, a bit of the flotsam and jetsam of life.

Alderdice took quick note of all this. He was a man who understood his powers; it is due to him to say that he did not overrate his ability in this particular line, and he told himself that he was the instrument of salvation of the man before him,—and he started in.

"My brother," he exclaimed, in a low voice, "we've been waiting for you,—we need you,—we must have you, and I'll tell you why,—I'll tell you why—"

Fifteen minutes later Deacon Alderdice was feverishly wiping the perspiration from his brow; there was a glow of satisfaction on his face, for at his feet there kneeled a shaking, shivering wretch, pouring out in sobs the story of his life, his fears, and his hopes of something better. The deacon wiped his eyes.

"A hymn," he said, falteringly; "some one start a hymn."

A man in a rear seat rose. "Throw out the life line," he began, in a voice hoarse with emotion, and, in the fervor of religious enthusiasm, the little congregation of outcasts leaped to its feet, and surged and swayed and sang about the man who wailed and whimpered at the mercy seat.

"Throw out the life line," they cried, pleadingly; "throw out the life line,—some one is drifting away."

In the midst of it all the man at the mercy seat rose to his feet. He was sober, at length, but he gave little starts and jerks that indicated a woefully unstrung condition,—he was hysterical in the extreme. He faced Alderdice, and then swung about a bit, and talked, half to Alderdice, and half to the crowd. He roughly waved his right arm.

"I want to tell you," he began, "I want to tell you—about myself. You don't know me, do you? Well, I'll tell you. I'm Mackerley,—that's who,—Steve Mackerley. *Now* do you know me?"

There was a rustle of surprise, and a craning of necks. "He's a merry liar," whispered one man, who had recovered from his excitement of a few minutes before, "he ain't Steve Mackerley." The man he whispered to stood up and looked anxiously over the heads of the little crowd. At that moment the man in front put up his hands before him, and stepped back in an attitude of defense.

"By George," returned the man who had been whispered to, "by George, it *is* Steve Mackerley,—and no mistake. I've seen him, and I won't never forget him. It's Mackerley, all right."

"I'm Mackerley," went on the man in front; "you've heard of me,—Mackerley, middleweight champeen f'r seven years. *You* know." There was a ring of pride in his voice as he said it. Alderdice remembered vaguely that some years before he had seen the name of Mackerley on the sporting page of newspapers.

"But what's the use?" went on Mackerley; "I'm down and out; I've been down and out for years." He gestured roughly with his right arm. "But look here," he blurted out, "I ain't a-going to tell you my troubles,—the bartenders is sick of hearing of 'em, and I ain't a-going to load you up with 'em. But let me tell you," he continued, in a low voice, "f'r the last five—six, I don't know how many years, it's been—just hell with me. Understand?"

They understood. Alderdice understood, and to his ears there seemed nothing profane in what the man had said. The man was *not* profane. Nor was he profane when he lifted his hand high in the air and uttered what to him was a sacred oath.

"I'm goin' to stop," he cried, hysterically. "I'm goin' to quit. It's right about face, boys, from this day. It is, so help me God."

On his way home Alderdice thought it all over. What did it all mean?

Had this come about merely from the nervous, overwrought condition of a habitual drunkard,—an unstrung nature,—or did it really mean something, after all? He thought of the many men who had come into the mission, who for the moment had been caught in the emotional atmosphere of the place, and to no purpose. But there had been something in the intensity of Mackerley that impressed the deacon.

"Perhaps," he thought, as a warm glow of pride suffused his face, "perhaps he really means it. If so, then I have done it."

He contemplated with satisfaction this mission which he had established. It had been his own idea. It was not technically a mission,—it was

the First Church Industrial Home. "We help those who help themselves," was its motto. It was a business enterprise as well as a charitable one.

"It's a sort of—a religious wood yard," the First Church people would explain. It was meant for the outcasts of society. Its methods were simple. A man earned supper, lodging, and breakfast by cutting firewood.

"You've got to 'tend the meeting, though," the assistant superintendent would explain to applicants; "that's one of the rules. See?"

Alderdice, from the start, had understood the value of the scheme from a business standpoint. The Monroe First Church had a substantial mortgage upon it, and knew that this was a good way to pay it off. He perceived that there was two or three hundred per cent. profit in selling kindling wood when it cost only suppers, lodgings, and breakfasts, and there was a market for it. His own church had a thousand people who would patronize the enterprise. Monroe was a city of some two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants,—and a charity of this kind speedily commends itself. It was good business.

"And then," Alderdice assured himself, "there is the chance of saving souls."

Well, the First Church Industrial Home was accomplishing its mission. Little by little it was making money. Little by little it was saving souls,—if the abandonment of evil habits means the saving of a soul. It could point with pride, after its first three years, to at least five men who had come in, sodden with drink, who were treading with faithfulness the straight and narrow path.

It saved Mackerley. He stayed at the home and cut wood the whole week through.

"I've got to keep by you fellows," he told them, "so I can keep straight." He kept straight, and he became a "steady" at the mission,—a man who lived and worked there all the time, and who was paid small wages for his services. He was useful in another way. He was a rude, but powerful exhorter,—and of a new kind. He led meetings, now and then. There was no hysteria about him. He told nothing but unvarnished truths, and the men liked him.

"I don't know why it is," he would explain, "but, you see, I've been through it all,—and I sort of understand 'em, don't you see?" That was the solution,—he understood them, and they understood him.

It did not take Alderdice long to see the value of this man, both from the standpoint of business and of religion. Mackerley had a strong nature; his influence upon men was powerful, and it made itself felt.

In two years he had been made the superintendent of the home,—Alderdice was responsible for that. It was a logical appointment.

One day, about two years after Mackerley's appointment to the superintendency of the home, he stepped briskly to the assistant's desk.

"Tom," he said, "a fellow told me about a pile of good hard wood over in New York that I can get dirt cheap. I'm going over to get it. You'd better draw the money and I'll go over and get the stuff. The sooner the better, for it's a bargain and no mistake. And, Tom," he added, "just let me have, say, five dollars on account. That's for myself. I need some new boots, I guess, and a thing or two besides."

Deacon James J. Alderdice was a New York business man. At night, at busy seasons of the year, he was sometimes delayed. This was his busy season, and it was after ten that night when he caught the ferry for Monroe. He entered the last car in the train. It happened to be the smoking car. The deacon did not smoke, and, if he had, he told himself that never could he bring himself to sit in a smoker. He started to walk through, when a man entered at the front door and lurched heavily into a seat.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the deacon, as he saw this man, who was drunk beyond all compromise.

It was Stephen Mackerley, superintendent of the First Church Industrial Home. Alderdice stepped to his side and looked down upon him. It was Mackerley, beyond mistake. The deacon said nothing, and passed on. When he reached Monroe he stopped at a drug store, purchased three postals, filled them up, and mailed them.

"This," he told himself, "is too important to be overlooked."

The next morning three of the committee in charge of the Industrial Home met in the office at the home. They were there to see Mackerley. He had stepped out for an instant, but soon came back.

Apparently he was in first-class shape. None but a man with a practiced eye could see that he was nervous and just a bit unstrung. But Alderdice knew. He cleared his throat and spoke.

"Mr. Mackerley," he said, "last night you were dead drunk, and this morning you've been out to get a drink. Now, what does it all mean?"

"Mackerley lit a match"

Mackerley looked Alderdice in the face. He flushed. "I *was* drunk last night," he admitted, slowly; "that was the sin. "I *have* had a drink this morning," he went on, "but naturally I *had* to have a drink. That don't worry me. It's last night that worries me. Here it's been over three years now, and—. I hadn't ought to have gone over to New York. I ought to've stayed right here." He looked around forlornly. "I ought to've stayed right here," he said again.

"I'll tell you what I went for," he continued, suddenly. He pulled out a receipted bill for wood. "There was that stuff to be had there at a bargain. I found it out from Bilsland, over at the docks. It was too good to lose. I went down and bought it." He passed over the bill and they looked upon it. Alderdice admitted to himself that it would have been too bad to lose it.

"But I hadn't ought to have gone," repeated Mackerley.

"Mr. Mackerley," said Alderdice, "step into the next room. I want to talk to these gentlemen a moment." Mackerley nodded in a spiritless way, and obeyed. Alderdice, with a heavy countenance, arose.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a low, serious voice, "you all know that I have abundant reason to be severe upon a man who drinks. It is not necessary for me to state the reason. You quite understand its importance, from every point of view."

The other two exchanged glances, and then stretched out their hands and pressed the hand of Alderdice.

"We understand," they answered, sympathetically.

"You might assume," went on the deacon, "that for that very reason my sympathy would go out to this man Mackerley. It might. It does. But Mackerley's is not a common case. He has been standing on a pedestal where every man employed in this home could see his every action. He is the superintendent of the home. He has fallen. That's all. If he were merely one of the rank and file I would give him every chance. But this is too much. The superintendent of this home, which is a home for the reformation of the outcast and the sinner, must be above drunkenness. He occupies an exalted position; he exerts a powerful influence for good or for evil. As a man, we can forgive him. As the superintendent of this home, he must go, and go at once."

They agreed with him. They sent for Mackerley and told him about it.

"Oh, don't do that!" protested Mackerley; "no, no! Why, you don't seem to understand. Look! I've been here three years and a half,—think of it, three years and a half, and never touched a drop. Think of what I was before and think of what it means never to touch a drop for three years and a half. Don't you see? You mustn't fire me,—not just for last night. It was bad enough,—don't I know that? But you wouldn't fire me,—after I've kept straight for three years and a half,—no, no!"

They might ultimately have yielded to his entreaty, but for the fact that Alderdice was adamant; and then, when the superintendent understood that they meant what they had said, the old Mackerley broke forth into vituperation and profanity. That settled it: he went.

He walked slowly down the street. "They don't understand," he wailed; "they—they can't understand."

He crossed the city and walked listlessly up one block and down another. Finally he smote himself upon the forehead.

"Oh, what's the use?" he exclaimed; "I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb!" He quickened his footsteps and finally entered a cheap dive.

"Drunk?" he told himself, "I'll get drunk, all right."

He started in to get drunk. He looked about for some of his old associates. He saw none. Even the bartender and the waiters were strangers to him. The place was a music hall, and a man was banging away at a piano. It sounded good to him,—that cheap music,—and the sodden smell of the place seemed to quicken the lifeblood in his veins. This, he told himself, was right in his line.

"I'll bet you a quarter," he said to the waiter, "that River Street will sit up and take notice when I swing down the pike, to-night."

The waiter laughed in a matter-of-course way, and mumbled some reply. Mackerley gave him a quarter, anyway. It was not until Mackerley was half drunk that he began to think,—that he really found himself. Then, suddenly, he realized that he was n't having any fun.

"This ain't like old times," he complained to himself; "there's something the matter with Steve Mackerley, to-day." He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a roll of bills,—his back pay that they had hoarded for him at the home.

"The good time will come, all right," he assured himself; "I certainly know how to spend that little wad."

Suddenly it occurred to him how hard it had been to earn the money,—how it had piled up, little by little, day by day. He thought again of the home, and he thought again of Alderdice, and it was Steve Mackerley of River Street—the old Steve,—who spoke.

"I'll get even with him," he muttered, for he had forgotten something for the moment. He had forgotten the night when first he stumbled into the mission and heard the voice of Alderdice.

And then, as he sat there, looking stupidly at his roll of bills, like a flash out of a clear sky, an

idea came to him. It stunned him, at first,—this idea; then, suddenly, he rose to his feet, walked slowly to the bar, fumbled in his pockets, and laid down a nickel.

"Gimme a seltzer lemonade,—and right away," he said. He swallowed it at a gulp, and then swung out into the street.

"I've got the money," he exclaimed, exultingly, "and, by George, I ll do it. I'll run a mission house myself."

The more he thought of it, the more he liked it. "I'll show 'em," he told himself. "I can do it, all right, for I understand the men."

He started in. He rented an almost abandoned building along the river, with a disreputable back yard. It was surrounded by places that reeked with all manner of debauchery and crime.

"I'll clean out the river front, I will," said he, "with Mackerley's Rescue Mission. See if I do n't!"

In six months his mission was well under way. It became noised about that Steve, of the middle-weight career, had become a gospel shark, and the riffraff drifted there for a while, out of curiosity. Steve got them in, and then locked the door and talked to them like a Dutch uncle.

"Yes," said he, "I lock the door when I have them in. I ain't going to take the chances of their getting out till I get through with them. That's all right. You do n't have to tell me. I know something, too. Over at the First Church they give the men cake and coffee so that they'll be attracted to the meetings. Well, I know. If they give them the cake first and the talk afterwards, the men take the cake and leave. If they give them the cake afterwards, they do n't come until afterwards, to get the cake. But if a man's locked in and knows he won't get out for forty minutes, he eases up a bit, and listens. They've *got* to listen—to me and men like me that's been through it. That's all I ask of them, just the work and the meeting, and they get their meals and their bed and their five cents, all right."

The First Church Industrial Home ignored the Mackerley Rescue Mission completely, until it found that the men were flocking to the latter and deserting the former. Then the management of the church mission investigated, and discovered the facts about the five cents, and protested.

"It's all right, I tell you," said Mackerley; "it's all right for 'em to have the five cents; they earn it." But it became rumored about that Mackerley's men were spending their money for beer and in other forms of dissipation. Mackerley admitted it.

"So are the workmen in the thread factories," he said, "only they spend a quarter where my men spend a nickel. Now, look here, do n't you think I understand these fellows? You ain't a-goin' to change these chaps in a day; it can't be done. I ain't stuck on their drinking beer, either, but they're bound to do it, regular or irregular, and I'm goin' to have 'em respectable about it. Dutch Jake's is a decent place of its kind, and I'm goin' to clean all the other places out o' here,—oh, I've got votes all right, and the aldermen know it,—and I'm goin' to leave Jake here, because he's square. But look here, it ain't everybody that I let go into Jake's. These bums that I deal with,—they ain't all drunks; you know that; they're all sorts. But the drunks do n't go into Dutch Jake's at all. I 'tend to them. I'm keeping them straight. Now look here, you tell those folks at the First Church that I ain't making pretensions of any kind. I've simply got a lot of chaps to deal with, and I understand 'em,—and, well, say, we'll see who gets there first, that's all."

This self-conceit of Mackerley's was good for him. His success in his mission line was good for him. True, he gloried in it in a selfish way, but it was keeping him straight. He had something to live for; he was seeing his way clear; and, with it all, he was making money. Meanwhile the First Church mortgage was holding its own. The First Church Industrial Home was not making the inroads upon the mortgage that formerly had been made. Alderdice watched the Rescue Mission of Mackerley with an unapproving eye. He looked upon it merely as a money-making concern and nothing else,—and he looked upon Steve Mackerley as a hypocrite and nothing else. But he couldn't see any possible reason why his own concern should fail so ignominiously.

"I do n't know," he sighed; "we do n't seem to understand these chaps, somehow." But Alderdice had other burdens upon him,—one burden, in particular,—and, though he forced himself constantly into the breach at the Industrial Home, yet he was losing courage,—he was losing heart.

One night, as Mackerley swung down a dark street, he almost stumbled over an object lying upon the ground. It was a man. Mackerley stooped over him and slightly shook him. There was a supineness about the man that alarmed Mackerley a bit, and he lit a match. Then, with an exclamation, he stooped lower yet, and swung the man, somehow, across his shoulders, and

"'Mother—come quick. Here's Jimmy'"

hastened down the street. He reached the Rescue Mission and carried the fellow through a wondering crowd up the ramshackle stairs and into his private room. Then he sent posthaste for a doctor, and the doctor came, and worked quietly and ceaselessly over the subject for ten minutes.

"In time?" queried Mackerley. The doctor nodded.

"Just in time," he answered. The man had cut his wrists and his lifeblood had been ebbing away.

"He's in pretty bad shape," the doctor said, carelessly; "he looks like a 'rounder.' But he'll get well so he can start on the rounds once more."

"He'll get well," repeated Mackerley, "so he can start on the square once more."

The doctor laughed. "Have it your own way, Steve," he said, good-naturedly.

The subject was a young man,—not more than twenty-five. He had good features, and possibly had come of good stock. But he had led a hard life. His body was wasted to skin and bone.

Nobody but Steve and that young man knows what the former said in the privacy of that little room,—but Steve said what he had to say.

"I had it out with him," he told himself, afterwards.

One day he tapped the young fellow on the arm. "You chucked your life away, you know," he said; "I picked it up. I'm blest if I do n't make some use of it! I ain't asking you what your name is, or who you are, or what you were. But I can see one thing,—you've got a bit of education, and I need that, hang it! right here in the business. Now I want to tell you the time's come when we've got to have some intelligence in our line, and we've got to advertise. This here coal strike that's coming on us is going to put us to it, and I'm going to see that *we* get the business of the town instead of the regular wood yards,—and you've *got* to help me out."

The other stretched forth his hand. "I'll help you out," he said, contritely; "I'll do anything you say. I only want a chance."

The coal strike came on. Alderdice, over at the First Church Mission, had been expecting it.

"If everything goes right," he assured himself, "we ought to pay off that mortgage this time, sure."

And *he* advertised a bit. But Mackerley, finding that the church wood was selling at the rate of three barrels for seventy-five cents, put down his price to sixty cents, and started in to advertise in earnest. He advertised for men and he advertised for patrons. The First Church Mission was flooded with orders, but it could n't fill its orders,—its force was too small. The public got tired of waiting. The regular wood yards were running to the top of their bent, but they could n't supply the demand. But over at Mackerley's there was absolutely no limit to the supply, either of men, or of wood. He had enlarged his wood yard, had bought up a mountain of raw material, and was giving his men an interest in the proceeds; and his advertisements, clever and to the point, had their effect, and the public flocked to him.

"Anything you want," he told the public, "on twenty-four hours' notice."

But he held his outcasts in with a steady rein, and his meetings were better attended than ever before. Discipline was never relaxed. His young *protégé* worked like a slave.

"I've got to work," he told Mackerley, "just to forget and to keep from—"

Mackerley nodded. He understood. But one night, after a peculiarly heavy day, Mackerley found the young fellow in Dutch Jake's, where he had no right to be.

Mackerley stepped up to him and dashed the glass from his hand. Then he swung his hand heavily in the air and brought it down upon the young fellow's face. The latter flushed angrily and stepped back. Then he lunged forward and struck out blindly. Mackerley knocked him down. Then he picked him up, and, holding him by the collar, forced him across the street and into the mission.

"Now, look here," he said, in the privacy of his room, "that kind of thing ain't for *you*. You can't stand it, see? It was coming to you, and you got it. I humiliated you, all right. 'In front of the crowd?' It's what you needed. That stuff in Dutch Jake's ain't for you. You've got to understand that. It's for others, maybe, but not for *you*." The other man leaned, sullen and angry, against the wall. Mackerley stretched out his hand. "Look here, young fellow," he went on, "it ain't for you, and it ain't for *me*. Look here!—I did n't want to disgrace you. You ain't a baby. I know that. You do n't have to tell me that. But you do n't understand. Maybe you do n't know why I'm taking so much interest in you. I'll tell you. It's because you're keeping me straight—"

"W–what?" gasped the other.

"Exactly," returned Mackerley; "do you think *I* do n't feel just like you do? Do you think that I would n't like to stand in front of Dutch Jake's bar and drink, not one, but twenty drinks? Do n't you know that every time I pass a rum shop on the street, I hear the voices from inside calling to me? I hear 'em, more than anybody else. I'm telling you that it's hard—main hard,—for me to keep straight, that's what."

The other man had forgotten his anger. He leaned forward, listening to every word, watching the changing expression of the former's face.

"And so," concluded Steve, "you've got your work cut out for you. It's you, not me, that's been keeping Steve Mackerley out of danger and out of trouble, and, if you go wrong, why, where am *I*?"

He passed his hand across his eyes. "Look here, lad," he continued, tapping the other gently on the shoulder, "you and me has got to stick together, and we've got to keep each other straight."

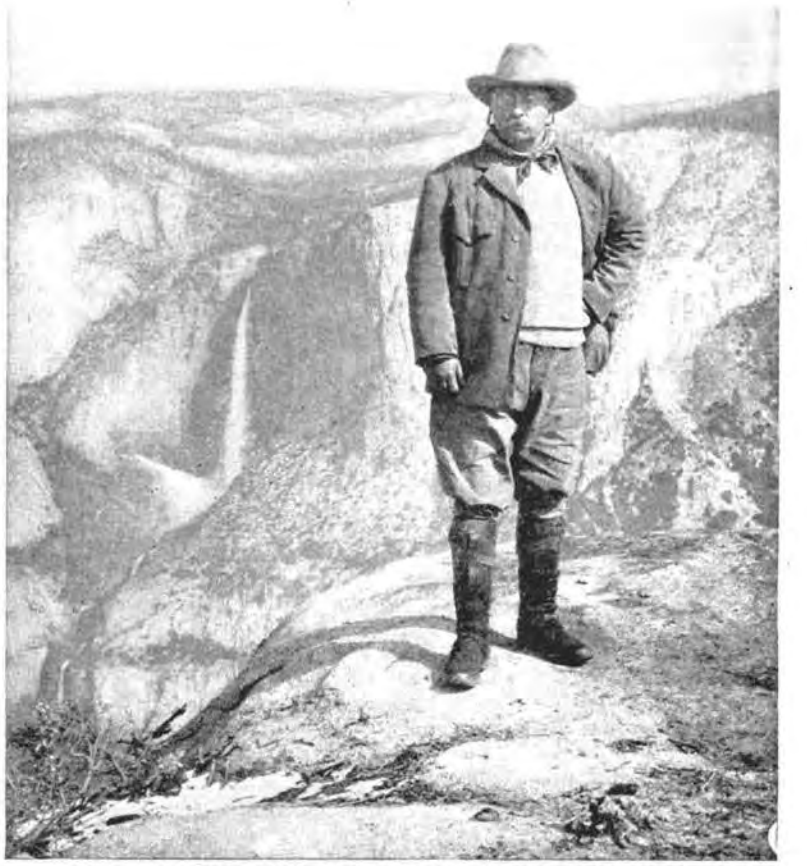
The young man held out his hand. "I under-

[*Concluded on pages 33 and 34*]

People We Read About

LADY CURZON, (Née Mary Leiter,)
the American girl who is Vice-reine of India

The recent illness of Lady Curzon, from which she is speedily recovering, startled the civilized world. As vice-reine in Great Britain's first colony she has endeared herself to many people and has filled her position with a charm and grace that is a credit to the land of her birth.

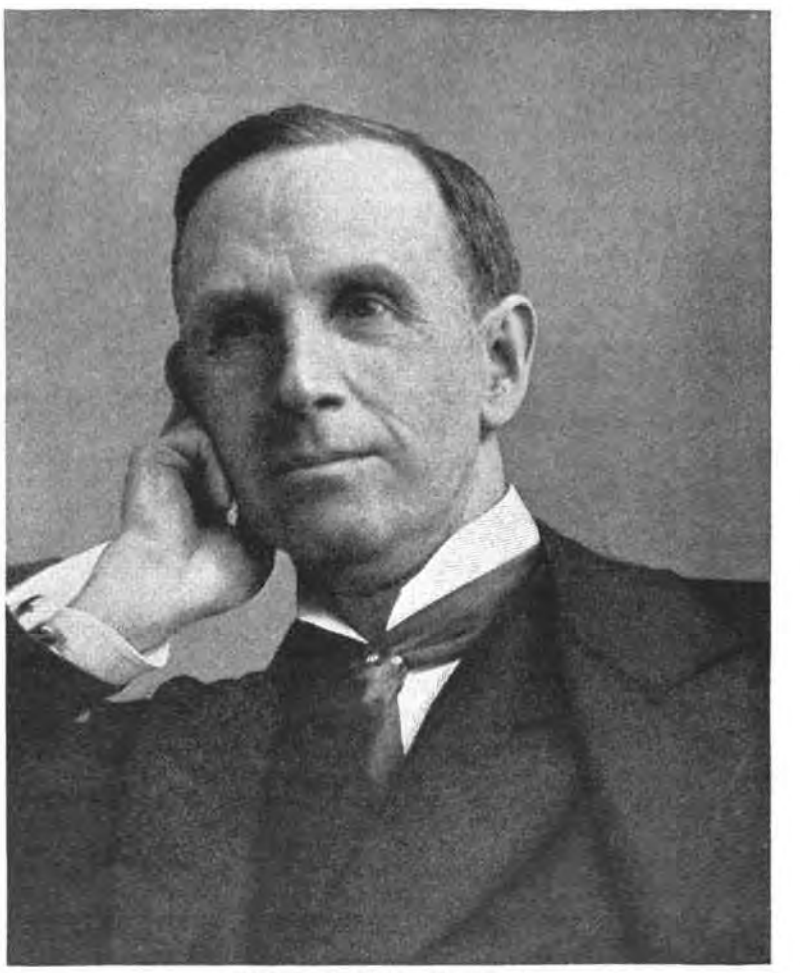


THE PRESIDENT IN TRAVELING COSTUME
[This photograph was taken on Glacier Point, Yosemite Valley, California]

The president likes to "rough it," and during his recent tour of the Yosemite Valley, he tramped over miles of country dressed in an ordinary garb. With his companions he camped out at night, and was earnest in his efforts to see every wonder of the great place.

PRINCE FUSHIMI,
the adopted brother of the emperor of Japan, now visiting America

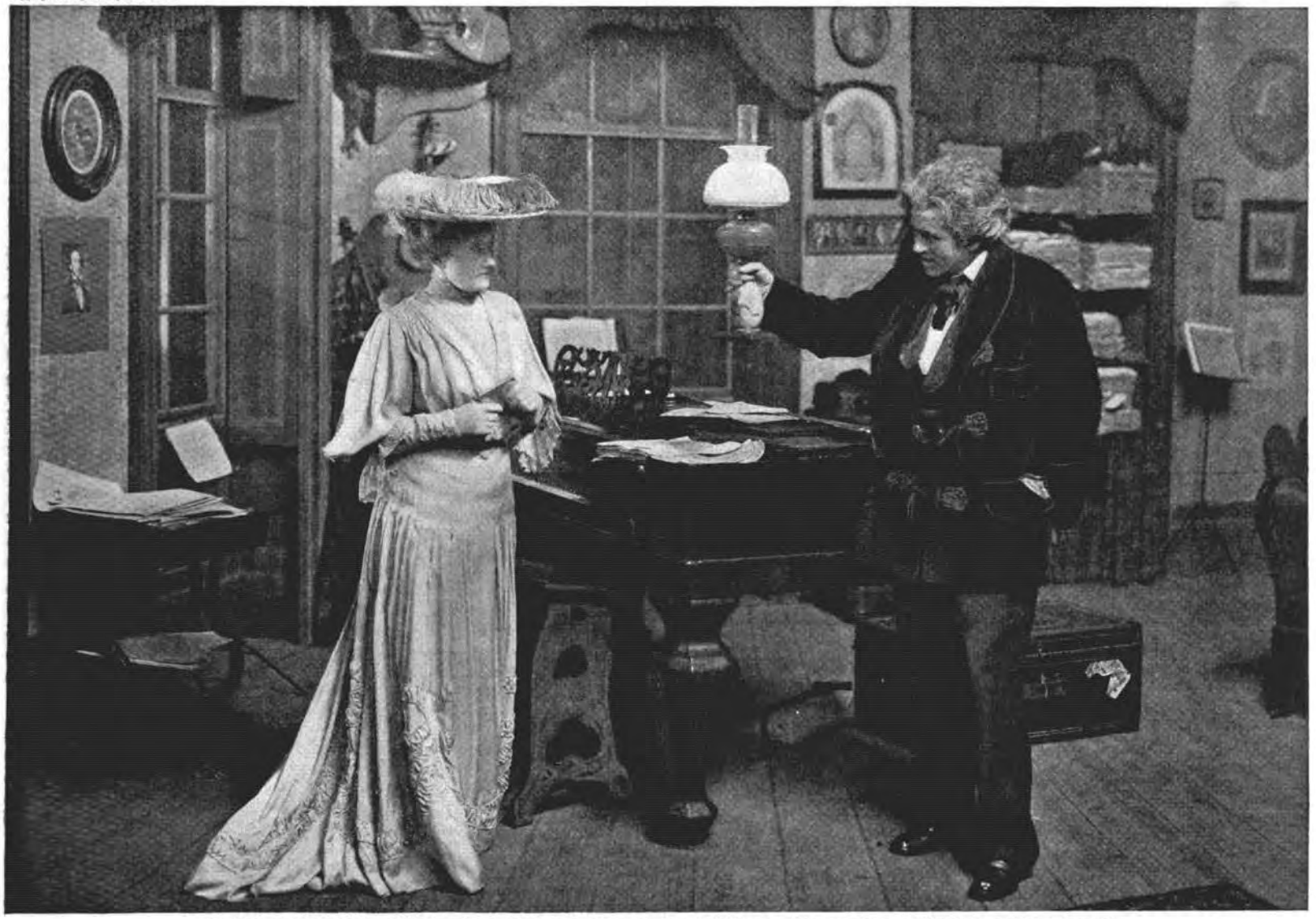
Prince Fushimi, the hero of the battle of Nanshan before Port Arthur, came to the United States on a personal mission of friendship from the mikado. Though a member of the royal family he is very democratic. Through his secretary he says that this country is Japan's national model.



JOHN MORLEY, M. P.,
who advises the United States to adopt free trade

During his recent visit to the United States, Mr. Morley made a number of speeches in which he strongly urged us to abolish our protective treaties and establish free trade. It is many years since a foreigner has been so active in an effort to change American politics.

People We Read About



MISS MINNIE DUPREE AND DAVID WARFIELD, IN "THE MUSIC MASTER"

Mr. Warfield suddenly ceased to appear as a dialect comedian and became an actor of serious rôles, and his success has astounded New York

GERMANY'S FUTURE RULER AND HIS FIANCÉE

She is Princess Cecilie, of Mecklenburg-Schwerin

JULIA MARLOWE AND E. H. SOTHERN

A scene from Shakespeare's immortal "Romeo and Juliet"

AFTER FAILURE,—WHAT?

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
[*Editor and Founder*]

"I WISH," said President Roosevelt, in a recent address in Washington, "to see in the average American citizen the determination not to shrink back when temporarily beaten in life, as each one will be now and then, but to come up again and *wrest triumph from defeat.*"

"To come up again and wrest triumph from defeat." That is the secret of the success of every brave and noble life that ever was lived.

Perhaps the past year has been a bitter disappointment to you. In looking it over you may feel that you have been a failure, or at best have been plodding along in mediocrity. You may not have succeeded in the particular things you expected to do; you may have lost money when you expected to make it; or you may have lost friends and relatives who were very dear to you. You may have lost your business, and even your home may have been wrenched from you because you could not pay the mortgage on it, or because of sickness and consequent inability to work. A serious accident may have apparently robbed you of power. The New Year may present a very discouraging outlook to you. Yet, in spite of any or all of these misfortunes, if you refuse to be conquered, victory is awaiting you farther on the road.

A little boy was asked how he learned to skate. "Oh, by getting up every time I fell down," he replied. This is the spirit that leads men and armies to victory. It is not the fall, but the not getting up, that is defeat.

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After twelve thousand of Napoleon's soldiers had been overwhelmed by the advance of seventy-five thousand Austrian troops, he addressed them thus:—"I am displeased with you. You have evinced neither discipline nor valor. You have allowed yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of resolute men might have arrested an army. You are no longer French soldiers. Chief of Staff, cause it to be written on their standards, '*They are no longer of the army of Italy.*'"

In tears the battered veterans replied:—"We have been misrepresented. The soldiers of the enemy were three to one. Try us once more. Place us in the post of danger, and see if we do not belong to the army of Italy." In the next battle they were placed in the van, and they made good their pledge by rolling back the great Austrian army.

He is a pretty poor sort of man who loses courage and fears to face the world just because he has made a mistake or a slip somewhere, because his business has failed, because his property has been swept away by some general disaster, or because of other trouble impossible for him to avert.

This is the test of your manhood: how much is there left in you after you have lost everything outside of yourself? If you lie down now, throw up your hands, and acknowledge yourself worsted, there is not much in you. But if, with heart undaunted and face turned forward, you refuse to give up or to lose faith in yourself, if you scorn to beat a retreat, you will show that the man left in you is bigger than your loss, greater than your cross, and larger than any defeat.

"I know no such unquestionable badge and ensign of a sovereign mind," said Emerson, "as that tenacity of purpose which, through all changes of companions, or parties, or fortunes, changes never, bates no jot of heart or hope, but wearies out opposition and arrives at its port."

It is men like Ulysses S. Grant, who, whether in the conflict of opposing armies on the battlefield, or in the wear and tear of civic strife, fighting against reverses, battling for a competence for his loved ones, even while the hand of death lay chill upon him, "bates no jot of heart or hope," that wring victory from the most forbidding circumstances. It is men like Napoleon, who refuse to recognize defeat, who declare that "impossible" is not in their vocabularies, that accomplish things.

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You may say that you have failed too often, that there is no use in trying, that it is impossible for you to succeed, and that you have fallen too often even to attempt to get on your feet again. Nonsense! There is no failure for a man whose spirit is unconquered. No matter how late the hour, or how many and repeated his failures, success is still possible. The evolution of Scrooge, the miser, in the closing years of his life, from a hard, narrow, heartless money-grubber, whose soul was imprisoned in his shining heap of hoarded gold, to a generous, genial lover of his kind, is no mere myth of Dickens's brain. Time and again, in the history of our daily lives, chronicled in our newspapers, recorded in biographies, or exhibited before our eyes, we see men and women redeeming past failures, rising up out of the stupor of discouragement, and boldly turning face forward once more.

There are thousands of people who have lost everything they had in the world who are just as far from failure as they were before their loss, because of their unconquerable spirit,—stout hearts that never quail. How much we owe to this great army of the invincible which is forever amongst us, wringing victory from defeat!

There can be no failure to a man who has not lost his courage, his character, his self-respect, or his self-confidence. He is still a king.

If you are made of the stuff that wins, if you have grit and nerve in you, your misfortunes, losses, and defeats will call them out and make you all the stronger. "It is defeat," says Beecher, "that turns bone to flint and gristle to muscle, and makes men invincible."

Some people get along beautifully, for half a lifetime, perhaps, while everything goes smoothly. While they are accumulating property and gaining friends and reputation, their characters seem to be strong and well-balanced; but the moment there is friction anywhere,—the moment trouble comes, a failure in business, a panic, or a great crisis in which they lose their all,—they are overwhelmed. They despair, lose heart, courage, faith, hope, and power to try again,—everything. Their very manhood or womanhood is swallowed up by a mere material loss.

This is failure, indeed, and there is small hope for any one who falls to such a depth of despair. There is hope for an ignorant man, who can not write his name, even, if he has stamina and backbone. There is hope for a cripple who has courage; there is hope for a boy who has nerve and grit, even though he is so hemmed in that he has apparently no chance in the world, but there is no hope for a man who can not or will not stand up after he falls, but loses heart when opposition strikes him, and lays down his arms after defeat.

Let everything else go, if you must, but never lose your grip on yourself. Do not let your manhood or womanhood go. This is your priceless pearl, dearer to you than your breath. Cling to it with all your might. Give up life itself first.

A man should be so much greater than any material failure that can come to him that it would scarcely be mentioned in his biography, and that it would be regarded as a mere incident in his career,—inconvenient, but not very important. In true manhood there is something which rises higher than worldly success or failure. No matter what reverses come to him, what disappointments or failures, a really great man rises superior to them. He never loses his equanimity. In the midst of storms and trials to which a weak nature would succumb, his serene soul, his calm confidence still assert themselves, so completely dominating all outward conditions that they have no power to harm him. Like a great monarch of the forest, amid the war of elements he stands unshaken through all changes and ravages of time.

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I have been in the track of a terrible tornado the day after it had swept on its path of destruction. It had uprooted everything that was weak, and had twisted off every tree that was rotten at heart or that was not firm of fiber. Only the stalwart and true, those that were sound to the core, withstood the awful test. All the buildings, in a village through which I passed, except the strongest, whose foundations were deep and firm, went down before its terrible force. When the great historic panics swept over this country the weak houses, with small capital or headed by men without great resources of experience and character went down by thousands. Only the sound and vigorous, with great reserves of power and capital, withstood the ordeal. Little, weak, backboneless, nerveless men are the first to go down when an emergency comes, and hard times and panics frighten capital. Obstacles paralyze the weak, but nerve and strengthen the strong.

"What is defeat?" says Wendell Phillips. "Nothing but the first steps to something higher." Many a one has finally succeeded only because he has failed after repeated efforts. If he had never met defeat he would never have known any great victory. There is something in defeat which puts new determination into a man of mettle. He, perhaps, would be content to go along in comparative mediocrity but for the stimulus of failure. This rouses him to do his best. He comes to himself after some stinging defeat, and perhaps for the first time, feels his real power, like a horse who takes the bit in his mouth and runs away for the first time, when he had previously thought that he was a slave of his master.

A great many people never really discover themselves until ruin stares them in the face. They do not seem to know how to bring out their reserves until they are overtaken by an overwhelming disaster, or until the sight of their blighted prospects and of the wreck of their homes and happiness stirs them to the very center of their beings.

Young men who never amounted to much, when suddenly overtaken by some great sorrow or loss, or other misfortune, have developed a power for self-assertion, for aggressiveness, an ability to grapple with the difficulty or trouble confronting them which they never before dreamed they possessed, and of which no one who knew them conceived them capable. The very desperation of the situation spurred them on to do what they would not have thought possible in their former ease and luxury. They had never touched their power before and did not know their strength until the emergency came.

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Many a girl who has been reared in luxury and ease, who has never had practical training, is suddenly thrown upon her own resources by the death of her father, or the loss of property, and instead of being cared for, nursed and caressed by tender parents, she finds herself obliged, not only to support herself, but also to take care of brothers and sisters and an invalid mother. This crisis which confronts her calls out her reserve and develops an independence and power of self-effort which no one ever imagined she possessed, and which is amazing even to herself.

There is a certain something in our nature, a divine force, which we can not describe or explain, which does not seem to inhere in any of our ordinary faculties, which lies deeper than any visible attribute, but which rushes to our assistance in great emergencies, in supreme crises. When death or danger threatens in railroad or steamship accidents, how often we see men, and sometimes frail women, exert the power of giants in their efforts to extricate themselves from the impending peril. In disasters at sea, during great fires or floods, how often have delicate girls and women performed Herculean tasks, tasks which they would have deemed impossible had it not been for the magic stimulus born of the emergency.

It is the locked-up spiritual forces within us—forces that we do not, as a rule, call to our aid in the ordinary experiences of life—that make men giants, that stamp humanity with the divine seal. The man who uses all the resources that the Divine Power has implanted within him can not fail. It would be strange, indeed, if the grandest of God's creatures were ever, in his real character, at the mercy of the accidents which make and unmake fortunes. No, there is no failure for the man who realizes his power, who never knows when he is beaten; there is no failure for the determined endeavor; the unconquerable will. There is no failure for the man who gets up every time he falls, who rebounds like a rubber ball, who persists when every one else gives up, who pushes on when every one else turns back.

THE FUTURE INFLUENCE OF AMERICAN WOMEN

EMIL REICH

I AM much beholden to the editor of SUCCESS MAGAZINE for his offer to publish an article from me in regard to the influence of American women, at home and abroad. The offer could not, for me, be more opportune. In the last six months I have been held up, in some one hundred and fifty American papers, to the sneers, contempt, or execration of Americans in general, and American women in particular, on account of my misdeeds perpetrated in one chapter of my "Success among Nations." In that chapter I treated of success in America, and ventured to say that, unlike so many other things in the United States, the American woman is not an unqualified success. I thought that five years' stay in America had sufficiently equipped me with the requisite instruments of analysis and the necessary number of opportunities. I have lectured to some ten or fifteen thousand Americans; I have met personally a vast number of American ladies, with whom, from the rippling banter of small talk to the majestic lakes of serious discussion of great topics, I have had all possible mental contact and friction. Being unmarried at that time, I also went through a few emotional crises caused by conflicts with superior American female charms, and so have been benefited by what in all things I have always considered to be the principal leverage of real insight,—strife and stress. I danced and conversed; I discussed and corresponded with American women. I saw them calm and irritated; flirting and loving; at games and in the library; in the church and in courts of law; at watering places and in offices. All these opportunities, by themselves, are, I admit, not yet a safe guarantee of correctly constructing the American woman. One may have lived in America all his life without being able to formulate the American woman with precision. What is needed, in the first place, is the possession of some fair standard of measurement. As in all other things organic, that standard can be obtained only, I take it, by way of comparison; by means of comparing the women of one nation with those of other nations. In default of such powers of comparison, no amount of personal observation of American women will lead to true valuations. Just as the comparative method has long proved the most potent instrument of a long array of modern sciences, so it will prove the only means of giving the women of a country their right perspective, their real bearings, their place in the compound of the universe.

I was fortunate enough to be able to conduct a research on comparative lines. I do not mean that I had read a goodly number of books on the women of various nations. I do not believe in books; or, to be quite truthful, having gone through some forty thousand volumes, I find that I can read no longer. I re-read a few books; and, for the rest, use reference books.

The Greeks, the most intellectual nation of the world, read very little. They talked; they acted. It is by talk and active contact and conflict with the women of Poland, Hungary, Austria, Germany, France, England, and America that I have arrived at a few implied principles of tact rather than of rigid formulation in estimating women. I know the gypsy woman, and the Slav peasant woman. I know the Magyar *menyecske*, and the Vienna *Frau Godel*. I know the German *fraculein* and the German *ehrenfrau*. I know the *polska;* the British matron; the English lady; the Irish *fata morgana;* and I know *sa majesté, la femme Française*. When I say "I know" I mean that I know some few things about them. To know them thoroughly passes the forces of limited manhood. A man may know a boy, a youth, or a man. He can never really know that other side of the moon called woman. But even a little is much,—very much,—and I am afraid that such amongst my English and American critics as have not even this poor knowledge of mine are altogether out of count; for, poor and petty as this knowledge may be, it is yet strong and suggestive of sound comparisons. It helps one to new points of view, to new angles of vision, such as comparative methods alone can give. It is not meant to take a certain type of woman, say the French type, and apply it mechanically to German or American women,—not in the least. Do we, in comparative linguistics, take, say, Greek as "the" typical language, estimating all the other Indo-German idioms mechanically after the measures of Greek?

Nor do we need fear such mechanical measurements in the comparative study of women. This study does not furnish rigid units; it strengthens the powers of estimation in the student. It gives advantages subjective, not objective. Schopenhauer was not only unjust to, but also largely wrong, about women. He taught that there is, properly speaking, only one woman in the world, and all the other women are the lamentable copies of that one. This is going too far. There are several women in the world. In each fully organized nation there is an individual woman of its own. Accordingly there must be several women. But Schopenhauer is right in that, in each well-developed nation, there is only one type of women. Amongst men of the same nationality there may be, and frequently there are, various types. A Prussian is not a Bavarian; an Irishman is not an Englishman proper. Amongst women, on the other hand, there is, practically, no variety within the same nation. *Plus cela change, plus c'est la même chose.* This, I am fully aware, will not only not be admitted by most readers, but will also be positively pooh-poohed. Yet it is true. The reader will permit me to tell him, frankly, that the unwillingness to see and recognize the one immovable type in each nation's women is simply due to inability to generalize. It took centuries,—in fact, scores of centures,—before chemists made the generalization that coal, graphite, and the diamond are chemically one and the same substance.

The United States being undoubtedly *sui generis*, so are also its women. Let us, then, see both what American women are, and why they have so developed. After this it will be relatively easy to estimate the future influence of American women at home and abroad.

The American woman belongs, physically, to the beautiful women of the world. From the age of fifteen to eighteen she is frequently of startling beauty. The purity of her features, especially the basal line of the forehead connecting the eyes; the slightly swelled Hellenic temples; the rich, finely colored hair; the sunny, brilliant eyes and the well undulating line of the back (so extremely rare in England,) constitute her a fine woman at all ages, and an enviable model from fifteen to eighteen. I may be permitted to say that once, seventeen years ago, in Milwaukee, I was asked to lecture to a number of young American girls at a "female academy" on the difference between "The Beautiful" and "The Pretty." No lecturer ever had a more perfect choice of women illustrating his subject. Unfortunately, beautiful hands are amongst the greatest rarities in America. During all my stay in America I saw only one pair of really beautiful hands. It can not, it is true, be denied that hands, too, have their geography and psychology. In the semi-eastern countries of Europe, where ladies scarcely ever do any manual work, except that of rendering pianos out of tune, beautiful hands are easily met with. West of the Elbe River they grow rarer, and not too many have crossed the Channel. They seem to dread the Atlantic.

Features by themselves are sufficient to characterize a female; expression alone tells a woman. In studying the psychology of individuals and nations, there is, perhaps, no safer, certainly no quicker, guide than the study of the impression received from the artist's standpoint. What a world of facts and realities is implied in the subtle remark of the Goncourts—that in the faces of old Jews there is seldom a trace of true dignity! No wonder that members of intensely artistic nations, like the Italians and the French, frequently pass the most profound judgments on character and motives.

In analyzing the expression of the features of American women the

student, provided he has gone through a solid course of comparative research, is struck by the boldness and forwardness of the carriage, and the fearlessness and directness of the glances. In London, where, in the months of June and July, numerous American women may be seen in the great thoroughfares, it is very easy to tell an American woman from an English woman, both walking in the streets with their backs turned on the observer. The gait of the American woman originates from the hips, and is freer and bolder. The English woman walks *from* her feet, so to speak, and in one dimension only.

This first result of the study of expression is rapidly intensified by paying close attention to the voice and to the drift and internal rhythm of conversation. Except in New England, where female voices are less nasal and harsh, the voices of American women are not musical. Much has been written on the peculiar "twang" of the Americans; and philologists, than whom no one knows less about the psychology of language, have traced it to this or that alleged "twang" in one English county or another. It may be pertinently remarked that South American Spaniards talk Spanish with nearly the same "twang" that Yankees talk English. Whatever the cause of this peculiar voice-modulation, it is certain that it can not but convey an impression of coldness of temper,—of lack of emotionality. It invariably reveals the exiguous fund of respect offered by the speaker to the listener. This lack of respect is soon evidenced to the exclusion of all doubt by the eagerness for sensation and diversions readily manifested by the American woman. This excessive eagerness for new sensations is proof conclusive that the person evincing that eagerness has rarely, if ever, had that "good time" which she is so anxious to enjoy. It is an old secret that amusements derive their keenest zest from the deep mutual respect that partners in the amusement entertain for one another. Slaves have *lazzis*, or clownish farces, but no amusements. Admission to court balls is not the weakest of the ties by which old monarchies secure deep-seated loyalty. The satisfaction given to the person admitted is largely due to the intensity of the amusement he derives from it.

Artists, Entertained on American Shores, Carry away a Bad Opinion

After a time the patient observer will arrive at the conclusion that, if the respect felt by one American woman for another is not very substantial, the respect she feels for man in general or particular is practically nil. Women, in a certain sense, are the worst democracy ever established, and there is nothing to astonish one in their disinclination to cultivate feelings of mutual respect with especial care. But woman's respect for man seems to be a law of nature. It is to be found nearly all over the civilized globe, from that *marquise* who gloried in the pride of "giving birth to a man," to the last gypsy woman who showers over her baby son all the tempestuous tenderness of her ancestral Sanskrit in wild joy.

It is more particularly this statement of mine that has aroused the anger of the American woman. I have been told in "letters" to newspapers, in articles, and in reviews, that I quite misunderstood the heart of American women; that I am generalizing from a limited and insufficient number of facts; that I ignore the numerous American women who, it is said, entertain absolutely no contempt for man, certainly not for the species American.

In writing this article I am addressing a portion of a great nation. It is unworthy of a great nation to take offense at honest criticism. Apart from the insignificance of my person, my remarks ought to command fair if short-lived attention, for the simple reason that they are, as nearly every one of my English and American critics has admitted, prompted neither by malice nor by sensationalism. At the risk of making myself even more obnoxious, I do assure my readers that what I have written about American women, in my "Success among Nations," is the one opinion carried away by each European visitor to America. More especially, artists, returning from wonderful triumphs accorded them in the United States, concur in that very opinion. No true American patriot, I beg to intimate, can afford to ignore such an absolutely unanimous judgment. Have all these Europeans, many of whom were the recipients of the greatest adulation in America,—have they all been misled in their views by sheer rank prejudice?

The Women of America Do altogether too much Household Work

But, my critics say, I generalize from a number of American "women of the world," or *mondaines*, ignoring the womanly, hard-working American housewives. I do not ignore them at all. I have known hundreds of them. I hold that that class of women in America is not only hard-worked, but is far too much overworked. The number of house-servants in the United States is not half so large as that in little England. This entails an enormous amount of household work to be done by untold thousands of American housewives. I know it; I have seen it for years. In factories, in public libraries, in post offices, and other state offices, in private offices, and in the infinite number of schools, American women are working very hard, frequently to the detriment of their constitutions. But herein is found the great difficulty in summing up correctly the state of women in a given country. The hard-worked, the over-worked women are of the same type and class all the world over. They do not constitute the distinctive type of womanhood of a country. We must estimate them, not by what they are actually doing, but by what they are aiming at. The very American housewife whose husband has heretofore been unable to give her sufficient "help" will, as soon as her husband is financially successful, turn out a type totally different from what she has been. It is this ever-present tendency toward the distinctive American woman-type, even in the lowliest of American housewives, that constitutes the essential feature in American womanhood. As in England there is no *bourgeoisie* proper, not because there are no middle-class families, of which, indeed, there is no lack, but because in every English middle-class family there are an ever-present desire and a restless ambition to get socially out of that middle class: even so there is in America no real *bourgeoise* woman, owing to the unmistakable, ineradicable tendency in every American woman to reach the type of that American woman whom my critics think they can restrict to a limited number with worldly inclinations.

Imperialism is an ideal; and, like all other ideals, it must be paid for heavily. In another place I have tried to show how the Spaniards purchased their vast empire at the enormous price of complete submission to the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, how the English had and have to endure the gloom and killjoy of nonconformism as the price paid for their empire; and how the Russians are compelled to submit to the most obnoxious tyranny at home in order to maintain a vast empire abroad. The United States can not escape the dire consequences of this correlation between imperialism and heavy sacrifices, either. The American woman is one of the sacrifices for American imperialism. As most imperial Spaniards were proud of their bigotry; as most Englishmen glory in the stodginess and inelasticity of English middle-class life; as most Russians willingly kiss the scourging hand of the almighty despot, even so, I have no doubt, most Americans will hear of the female sacrifice implied in American imperialism with a smile of satisfaction. "Is that all?" they will say; "is our sacrifice to be mainly the endurance of our lovely and perfect women? Well, we can stand that with comfort."

In an Empire, nearly All of the Important Work is Intrusted to Men

I do not object. No Englishman seriously feels the abominable tyranny of his Sunday,—rightly, I add, for this English Sunday is part of the powers and deficiencies that have made for English imperialism. He takes a pride in the latter; how can he complain of the former? In the same way, no American, or practically none, feels the wrong position of American women,—their over-mentalization, their over-energization, their lack of respect for man, or their excessive love of sensationalism. He instinctively feels that this is as it ought to be. Perhaps "ought to be" is putting it too strongly. Let us say that it is "as it can not but be." Empires do not bring forth superior women. Rome had her Cornelias, but before she had made her empire. Had Napoleon really established a lasting French empire, the French woman would have speedily lost half of her good qualities. In an empire nearly all the work to be done must be intrusted to men. Women, by nature conservative and stay-at-home and tradition-loving, are, as it were, superfluous in the work of ever-advancing and ever-spreading imperialism. They come to feel that they are, in an empire, more ornamental than necessary. The chief cause of the inferiority of the Mohammedan or Chinese woman is the early imperialism of the Mohammedans from the seventh to the sixteenth century, A. D., and the similar imperialism of the Chinese. There is less difference between the typical Russian woman and the typical American woman than the pride of the latter is willing to admit.

In the strictures of President Roosevelt there is a great inconsistency. He is an imperialist, yet he reproaches the American woman with shortcomings directly born of imperialism. The national race suicide of which he speaks, is it not the regular phenomenon of all excessive imperialism? Let us be just. What the typical American woman is, she can not help being. In the vast edifice of American imperialism she does not dispose of the tiniest nook. She feels that she does not really hold the soul of her nation. She feels deserted, lonely. In that internal solitude of hers,—the worst of all,—she tries to beguile her void by pleasures and distractions. Remove her internal solitude and she will at once do what hundreds of "reform clubs," "female improvement-meetings," "lectures," and "free libraries" will never do. Who has the courage to remove the cause?

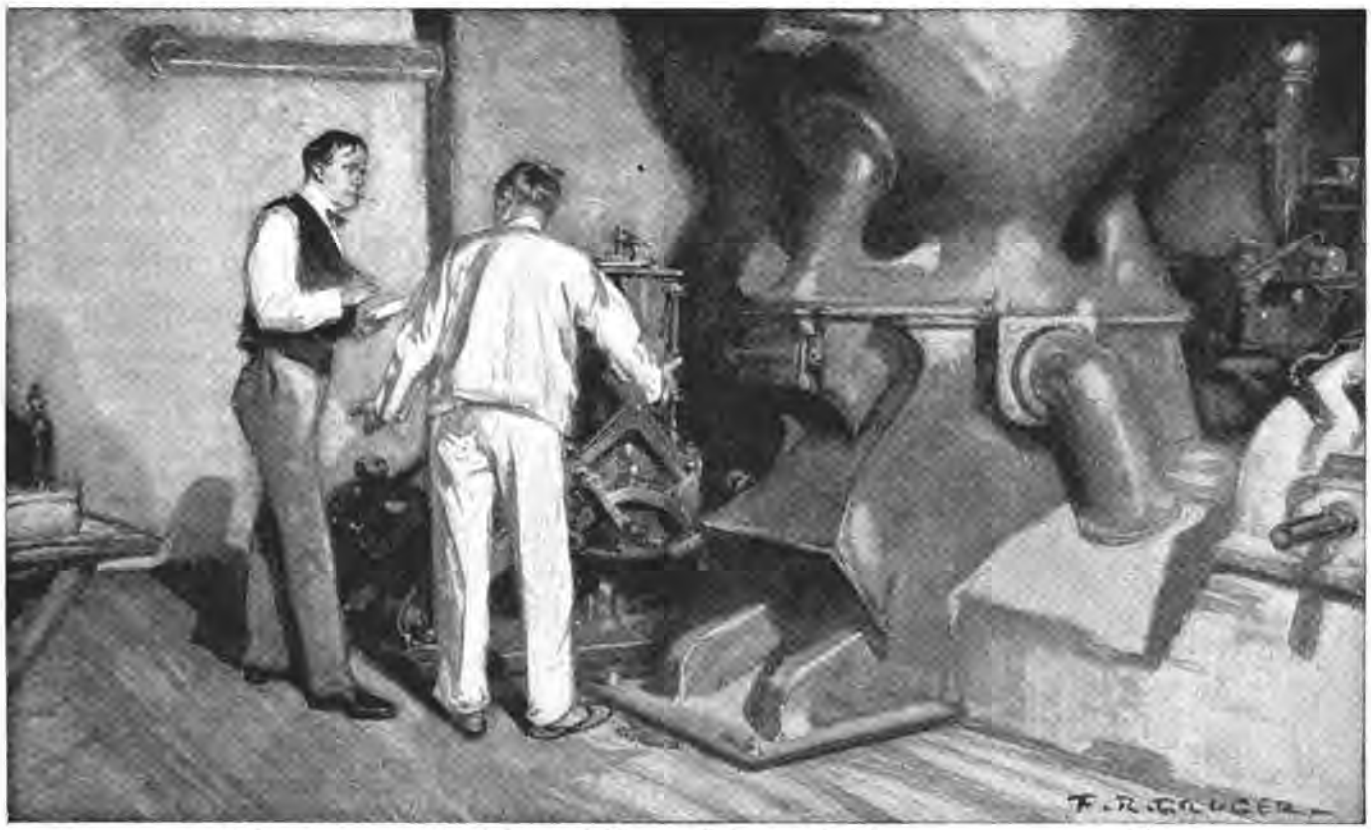
The Influence of American Women abroad is a Vanishing Quality

It is now relatively easy to answer the main point of our problem, the future influence of the American woman, at home and abroad. At home, I hold it can not change. Whatever it has been so far, such it will be in the future. It rests on American imperialism; that is, on the very life principle of the American commonwealth. The American woman can not form that ultimate unit of the state which the French woman has long succeeded in building up, chiefly through her own exertions. The sociological unit in France is the family,—as in England it is the individual. In America this unit will, as heretofore, continue to be of a commercial or political character. The woman does not enter into its composition. Hence women in America will be neither the subjects nor the inspiration of great male poets or artists. On the other hand, the coming great American poet or artist will be a woman. Much as prophecies are to be dreaded, I do not hesitate to risk this prediction. It will be poetry of a new flavor. It will cause new shivers of poetic delight. It will be as original in poetry as Chopin was in music. It will be appreciated in Europe more than in America. But the main social institutions of America will suffer no change.

Lastly, the future influence of the American woman abroad is a vanishing quantity. Continental Europe is the very reverse of America, in that it is not, and never will be, imperialized. Continental European women, therefore, being organic parts of their respective countries, firmly control the chief arteries of social life in Europe, and mere lady visitors from America can no more affect continental Europe than can Europeans visiting the Orient alter oriental customs. In England, on the other hand, American women change first themselves, then their English husbands.

$100 for the Best Reply

[As Dr. Emil Reich's article is based on a subject of such wide and diversified phases, SUCCESS MAGAZINE will give one-hundred dollars to the woman who writes the best reply to it, stating the most cogent reasons whether or not his views on American women are correct. This contest is for our women readers only, and no manuscripts from men will be considered. All articles must be limited to twenty-five hundred words, and must be mailed so that they will be received at this office not later than February 1, 1905. The successful article will be published in an early issue following. The judges of the contest will be announced in our next issue. Write on one side of the paper only, do not roll your manuscripts, and inclose stamps if you wish to have them returned. Address: Prize Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York City]



"'You even got out of bed and illustrated the whole thing on your apparatus'"

THE WRATH OF THE DIAMOND SYNDICATE

H. S. COOPER

PART III.*

I LOOKED at him in amazement. I really thought, at first, that he was getting somewhat "off" on account of worrying over the stone, but a look into his eyes showed me that he was talking very earnestly, and was as sane as I was.

"But, Bob, if you say that it is so well done, how do you know it is done at all?"

"By a patience and watchfulness as keen as theirs, by an accident or slip on their part the very first night they visited me, by a quickness of two of my senses, sight and hearing, that you know are phenomenal, and by a feeling that I can not describe or explain. Now what does it all mean, Tom?"

I could not tell him. I had exhausted the possibilities of speculation in regard to the actions of Donner and Rosenthal, and—knowing them both as well as I thought I did,—I had not been able to come to any conclusion satisfactory to myself or that fitted the facts. And now this announcement of Bob's turned everything upside down again. That it was true I did not for a minute doubt, for many things that had occurred to me, personally, lately, were put in a new light by these facts. I could only answer:—

"I don't know, Bob; to tell you the honest truth, there's a whole lot about this business that I want to see cleared up, and I think it will be all straight as soon as that confounded stone is finished, and that won't be long, one way or the other, now!"

Just about as I said these words young Leon Rosenthal came up and said:—

"Macy, the *pater* told me this morning, if I saw you, to tell you that he wanted to see you on important business this afternoon at his office,—somewhere about three o'clock, if possible. No, I can't stop,—thanks! The *pater's* just got back from across the water, so I guess there's a big deal on and you're wanted. So long!"

"That's your Hebrew friend again, is n't it?" said Bob, when Leon had moved away.

"Yes; that's he, and I guess I'll have to go at once and see the '*pater*,' as he calls him, as we have some important business together."

Rosenthal was alone in his private office when I went in, the clerks being off on their Saturday half-holiday. I was surprised at his appearance and more so at his greeting. He looked thin, haggard, and worried, and he greeted me more like an old friend than in his usual curt, business way.

After a little desultory talk about his trip he got up and looked to the fastening of all the doors in the outside office, examined every place where anyone could possibly be hidden, as if suspecting an eavesdropper, then, coming into the office, opened his desk, took out a box, and said:—

"Macy, how much ought I to have paid for this?" and he put the box into my hand. I opened it and there lay the finest and largest stone I had ever seen; it was of the very first water, was absolutely flawless, and was extraordinarily brilliant. It had been perfectly cut in modern style, and it lay there, a perfect sea of light, looking as if a whole summer day—rainbow and all,—were condensed in it.

"There is no value to such a stone, Mr. Rosenthal,—you know that. It is probably the finest diamond in the world,—you paid anything from one to five million dollars for it. Where did you get it and who is it for?—what did you pay for it, anyway?"

His face changed. I did not think that the old man could ever look grieved or sorry, but certainly grief and sorrow were in his face and voice as he answered:—

"I paid the biggest price I ever paid for any stone, Macy,—my peace of mind! Heavens, man, is it possible you do n't recognize it?" Then I knew,—it was Bob's stone,—and something of the matter came to me at that minute, and my hand trembled as I took it up and looked at it again, for all of a sudden came to my mind the retorts and machines in Bob's cellar,—I had never once thought of them from that day on,—and I knew that, while the stone I held in my hand was a diamond, it was not a natural one,—Bob or some one else had solved the problem of diamond making,—of gem making,—and this was the result! I looked up at the old man, and he said, quietly:—

"So it has come to you, at length,—has it, Macy? You're quick in some things, but in others you're very stupid, and that's one reason why I like you,—you are blindly true to a friend! Come with me a minute."

He led the way into the big safe vault that formed the whole back of his office, and, going to the back end, he unlocked a little safe that stood there, fumbled inside of it a minute, then pulled on some handle, and a door opened in the back of the vault; he stepped inside, lit an electric light, and called me in. It was a small place, just about big enough for us both to move freely when the door was swung to, and it was lined with small drawers. Rosenthal pointed to them, and said:—

"Look into them, Macy; look into a lot of them!"

I opened them, one after another, in a kind of dream, for one and all were filled with precious stones,—mostly diamonds,—and *such* stones, the very finest in the world, and hundreds upon hundreds of them, rough, cut, partly cut,—there in that little vault, in a space about as big as a dinner table, were fifty millions of dollars! I was dazed, terrified. Why did Rosenthal show me these, and what did it all mean? As if to answer my thoughts, he said:—

"Macy, here are millions of dollars; up and down this street are millions more in stones. In every city in this world—large or small,—there are hundreds, thousands, millions, invested in these same stones. To millions of people they are the only valuable, negotiable things they have, to thousands they afford a living, and millions of capital are invested in them,—what would happen, do you think, if, to-morrow, every diamond on earth were as valueless as a piece of glass of the same size?—what must be done with the man who would so render them valueless? Answer me, Macy,—tell me, if you can, for I can not see the end of it!"

Then I *knew*,—like a flash it was all clear to me,—Donner's fright and his warning, and Rosenthal's strange actions,—in some way they had recognized Bob's stone as an artificial diamond, and had realized what it meant if it should prove to be a veritable gem-stone, while I—blind fool!—had never once thought of it, although it had been forced upon me! And now Rosenthal's words—the menace of his last words,—came over me, and I said:—

"What do you mean by asking what must be done with the man who makes these stones value-

* This story was begun in the December SUCCESS.

less, Mr. Rosenthal? Is that a threat? Remember that that man is my friend, and I will not have any crooked business—"

Rosenthal held up his hand,—and exclaimed:—

"Stop, Macy, stop, before you say too much! The fact of his being your friend has been his safety, so far, and I have shown you these things around us here, so that you may fully understand matters and prove a friend—a true friend,—to your friend! Let me tell you this,"—and he came up close to me and laid his hand impressively on my shoulder,—"let me tell you this, Macy: twice before, in the last fifty years, has there been a man who made true gem-stones,—but not as good as your friend has made,—and where are those two men? Who has ever heard of them or their inventions? I know of them,—one was wise and lived his life as he agreed to. The other? The other, Macy, would not, and—my friend,—he disappeared!"

I was angry on the instant, and said:—

"Mr. Rosenthal, do you mean to say that, if my friend does not come to your terms,—whatever they may be,—you will kill him? Let me tell you that this is nonsense! This is not Russia, and we are not living in the Dark Ages! This is New York,—this is the nineteenth century,—you are talking nonsense, and I won't stay to listen to you. I shall go right from here to a police station, and shall put my friend and his stones under police protection to-night, and to-morrow a safe-deposit vault and some detectives will settle your blood-and-thunder threats! Why, man, if you had not been a good friend to me and dealt squarely with me in times past, I'd almost be tempted to tell the police just what you have said and threatened! I believe that big stone has turned your head! Here—let me get out of this before I get angry enough to do you some harm!"

Rosenthal had stood quietly watching me as I "went on" at him, a strange smile on his face, and, when I attempted to push by him to get out of the door, he laid his hand gently on my arm and said:—

"Stop, Tom, and listen!" It was the first time he had ever called me "Tom," and something in his voice made me halt.

"Listen, Macy, a minute; listen to me patiently,—do n't interrupt me until I am through. I'm speaking as your friend,—now listen, I say! You think I want that big stone? Before you leave here, to-night, that stone and all the others of your friend's will be destroyed,—gone,—wiped out! That for the stones! And you would go to a police station and set them on me? Macy, do you take me for a child? Why, if you got out of this vault, you could not get out of my office,—you could not get out of the big office,—you could not get down stairs,—you could not get ten feet on the street,—listen, Macy, it is not me you are fighting against, it is not me your friend's discovery can ruin, but it is the owners of all these stones, of hundreds of millions of others; it is thousands of millions of dollars against you,—with all that they can do! Have some reason, Macy!" But I was angry, too angry to listen or to realize what I heard, and I said:—

"That 's all tommy-rot, Mr. Rosenthal; I shall go out of this and do as I said," and I pushed him to one side and laid my hand on the door, and, as I did so, the light went out, I received a blow in the face that sent me reeling back, and I heard the door close and the bolts shoot. An instant afterwards Rosenthal's voice came to me through the door,—or some opening, and it said:—

"Macy, you will have to stay here a while, and cool off; no harm will come to you; you will be let out shortly,—in the meantime think over what I 've said,—for it 's true!"

I was angry, but I had sense enough to see that it was of no use to yell or try to force my way out,—burglar-proof vaults are not just the things to do either in successfully. So I turned on the light and set to work to examine the door and found that it might be burglar proof from the outside but that all the works were open and exposed inside and that a few minutes' work with a screw-driver and wrench would take off the catch that held the bolts and allow them to be slipped back. I had no screw-driver or wrench, but I had a good knife, and with this I went to work on the screws as quietly as I could. I broke every blade in it and only removed a few of the dozen necessary to let me get at the lock. I worked at the remaining ones with the stubs of the blades and in the course of half an hour I had every screw out, took the plate off the lock, lifted the catch, and shot back the bolts quietly, one by one. I took off my shoes, put out the light, and carefully and quietly opened the door. Rosenthal had evidently believed me safe in the inner vault, for the door to the big vault was partly open. As soon as I came near it I became aware of voices outside, and, to my amazement, Bob's voice was among them. I crept up close to the door and looked through the opening, and, sure enough, there was Bob, and he seemed to be in a terrible state of excitement. He was standing opposite a group of men, as if he were defending himself from an attack, and I heard him say:—

"Never! No power on earth could force me to make such a promise!"

I crept a little closer to the opening and could then see the men with whom he was talking; one was Rosenthal, two of the others were men whom I had seen in Europe, on one of my business trips there, and whom I knew to be heavily interested in diamonds, the third—to my surprise,—was the great diamond king, Otis, then the head of the diamond syndicate, and the other two were strangers to me,—powerful, determined-looking men, who, however, stood back from the others as if they had no immediate interest in the proceedings,—something in their manner and attitude suggested forcibly to my mind the police officer or the detective.

"The poor fellow bowed his head in despair, and I sat there speechless and half stunned"

After Bob's reply there was a minute's silence, and then Otis spoke,—his voice husky, as if he were under powerful excitement.

"Well, Mr. Allison, if that is your final decision," said he, "there is only one thing left for us to do."

Bob stepped back, and said:—

"My God, man, do you mean to murder me?"

"No, Mr. Allison,—although there is a saying that dead men tell no tales! If we had wanted to kill you, that could have been done a thousand times during the past month. No, we do n't want to kill you, although men's lives have been forfeited in my country for infinitely less money than you jeopardize. Plainly, Mr. Allison, we have got to protect ourselves, and your absolute silence is our only protection. If you will not accept the terms we have offered we shall take the matter in our own hands, and the results might not be as pleasant."

One of the foreigners here broke in. He was fat and round and jovial-looking, and his voice was soft and smooth, but somehow it put a chill through me, it was so cold and merciless. He waved the other man back, and said, in very good English, but with a peculiar accent:—

"Mr. Allison, our time is short and there is no need for many words; you have heard our proposition; it is, under the circumstances, a generous one; it is the only one we will offer, and it must have immediate and final acceptance or rejection. If you accept it, we will carry out our part in both letter and spirit, *as long as you carry out yours;* if you reject it, I tell you plainly that we will have no hesitation in making certain that you can not reveal your discovery. No, Mr. Allison,—as my friend here has assured you, we will not take your life,—we will be content to take your memory. If, within fifteen minutes, you do not accept our terms, we shall withdraw, and, when we return, you will not know us, you will not know your oldest friend, for your memory will be like that you had when you were born, and it will never come back! Now what do you say?"

Bob looked at the speaker as if dazed, and then suddenly broke out:—

"You cowards! You know you have me here like a rat in a trap,—you have these curs to do your bidding,—oh, for something or some one to help me! No,—I won't promise,—do your worst!" As he spoke he sprang for the door, but was caught and thrown on the instant by one of the two detective-looking men, and, almost before I could realize it, he was being bound and gagged. In an instant my mind was made up. I would rush through the office while their attention was on Bob, seize a chair, smash one of the windows into the street, and call for help with all my might. It seemed the only course; for to try to aid Bob without any weapon was useless, and to attract such attention to the place that it could not be ignored was the one chance, so I sprang out of the vault, made a dash at the office door and opened it,—only to fall into the arms of another detective, who tripped me up, threw me on my face, pinioned my hands behind my back, and forced my face down into the carpet,—all in a second. An instant later something was slipped under my head and tied over my mouth, my hands were fastened behind me, and I was carried in and set down in a chair beside Bob.

My sudden entrance had startled them all, except the fat man, who turned to where Rosenthal stood staring at me and said, in his quiet voice:—

"Have you any more surprises, friend Leon?"

Rosenthal answered nothing, but rushed into the vault; he came out quickly, and said:—

"He picked the lock from the inside; I forgot that it could be done!"

"Yet it occurred once before, my friend, and you know what happened to the one who forgot!"

Rosenthal turned almost white at this quiet remark, and then turned to the others and said:—

"Listen, gentlemen; this is the friend of Allison's that I told you of. You know him, Victor, and you also, Conrad. For heaven's sake, before anything final is done, let him talk with Allison, for he knows,—he realizes the case,—and he can persuade his friend to accept our offer! I tell you it must be; I will not be a party to this until every other thing has been tried!"

The third man—Conrad Goetz, I knew him to be,—said:—

"Leon, you and your safe-breaker have complicated matters. Why did you not tell us of him and where he was?"

"I thought him securely fastened in and you gave me no time,—you and Allison all came sooner than I expected, and Allison's violence drove it out of my head!"

"Well,—as it has happened, we will see what

we can make of it." He turned to Bob and me, and asked:—

"If we let you speak, will you give us your words not to try to escape or to raise any alarm?"

I was glad to take any chance offered to talk with poor Bob, and I nodded my head at once. Bob watched me, and, when he saw me assent, he did the same, and the cloths over our mouths were taken off. Otis, who had been talking hurriedly with Rosenthal, then came forward and spoke to me.

"Mr. Macy," he said, "you know of your friend's discovery, and know that it means ruin to us and to thousands more, as it makes useless rubbish of every diamond in the world, for from what we have found out he can make the most magnificent gem-stones in any size at almost the price of glass. We recognized at once the danger to us of this discovery, and, if this case had been treated as some similar ones have been, neither your friend nor you would have been alive at this minute. The issues are too vast and the amounts at stake are too enormous for one or two human lives to stand in their way,—you can realize that! But we prefer not to do such things, if they can be avoided; and, moreover, our friends Leon and Donner seem to have a personal interest in you, and, through you, for your friend. So we have made this proposition to Mr. Allison: he is to go with some friends of ours to Siberia, at once, without holding communication with any one, there to live out his life in the company of these friends or others whom we may send. On our own part we will give him —both going and while he lives there,—every comfort, every luxury that he may demand. On his part we ask his word of honor that he will make no attempt to escape *en route* or while there, that he will give no hint, no word, of the cause of his being there, that he will in no way even communicate or try to communicate his discovery to any one, and that he will take a new name, a new identity, and under no circumstances reveal his true one. That is our one offer,—you probably heard the other,—we will leave you to talk the matter over with Mr. Allison,—call us when you have settled what you will do. Victor, instruct your men to release Mr. Macy and Mr. Allison, and tell them to wait near the door and to call us when Mr. Macy calls to them."

Victor spoke to the three men in a language that I now know to have been Russian, and we were untied, while the four went into the outer office.

* * * * * * *

The three Russians stood together at the door, and I turned to Bob and said:—

"In heaven's name, Bob, tell me all about it, quick! How did you get here, and what happened before I came in?"

Instead of answering me, Bob asked:—

"Tom, why did you never tell me your real business,—I mean why did you not tell me that you were in the diamond business, and that you were in connection with the diamond syndicate?"

Then I told him, as I have written, about our first meeting, and young Leon Rosenthal's coming in and his remark about Leon. I told him all that I have written, and then said:—

"But why do you ask this now, Bob, instead of answering my questions?"

"Because, Tom, if I had known that you had any connection with the syndicate, you would have been the last man I would have spoken to about the stones. I realized, to some extent, what my invention meant,—not to its full extent, heaven knows, or I would have acted differently,—I never intended to make the gems commercially, but only wanted to make enough to give me a modest competency, and the secret should have died with me. If I had wanted to make a big fortune out of them, I would have gone about it in other ways,—but I guess it was to be!"

The poor fellow bowed his head in his hands, and I sat there speechless and half stunned, feeling like a murderer. In a few seconds, he looked up and said:—

"How did I come here? Look at this!"—and he handed me a sheet of paper. It was in my handwriting, or some so like it that I could hardly have denied it, and it said, "Dear Bob: Come to Room 211, De Beer's Building, as quick as you can. I've some news for you.—Tom."

"That came to me by a messenger boy at the house just as I got back there, and I caught the first elevated train and came down here,—oh, I know now that you did not write it, I knew it in a few minutes after I got here. Wait a minute, Tom; I'll tell you all in a minute, as soon as I can collect my thoughts. It seems as if I were in some awful dream! Well, I came here, and one

of these Russian thugs let me in, showed me in here, and these four devils met me. They showed me to this seat, and I seemed at once to feel that something was wrong,—your absence and their manner made me suspicious in a minute. I asked for you at once, and your man Rosenthal answered that you would be in shortly, and, in the meantime, that they wished to have a business conversation with me. I knew then that I was in for some kind of crooked game, and I put on a bold face, said that I preferred not to talk business until I had seen you, and started to go out. I found those three spies right at my elbow, and the one called Victor said, 'I am sorry, Mr. Allison, but we must have a talk with you before you see Mr. Macy,—all arrangements have been made to do so,—I trust you will not make it necessary for us to call upon our three friends here'—and he pointed to those three,—'to urge you to stay! Also, I warn you that no outcry you could make would be heard; we have taken too good care of that, so please sit down and I think that our business can soon be adjusted.' I saw I was fully in their power, I thought that they had found out in some way about the stones, and were going to try to force me to give them up, and I determined to hear what they had to say and trust to events to get me out of the scrape. So I sat down, and this man Victor said, 'Mr. Allison, you have learned how to make diamonds,—real diamonds, gem-stones,—and from our inspection of your product and of your methods of manufacture we know that you could replace every diamond in the world in a year. We know this because we have made them ourselves—we four,—by your methods, within the last few weeks. You wish to know how?—Mr. Allison, within forty-eight hours of the time your sample stone was in Donner's hands, every piece of the apparatus in your cellar was duplicated, and three nights afterwards you told one of my friends here your whole method,—you even got out of bed and illustrated the whole thing on your apparatus! You don't believe it? Look here!'—and he handed me my box of stones,—'do you recognize these? You know every one of them by sight and feeling; look at them,—they are all there,—and now look at these,'—and he handed me another box,—there they both are on that table,—and in it were almost exact duplicates of my stones,—not imitations, mind you, Tom,—I know too much about them,—they were true gem-stones made by my method! I was dumb, for I could not think what these men could want,—evidently not my stones, for I knew that in some devilish way they had taken my secret from me. Well, his next few words told me, and then I got desperate,—not for myself so much as for you and—for some one else,"—and again the head went down in despair, and I sat speechless,—idealess,—like the poor boy himself,—as if it were an awful dream. To sit there in the daylight of New York and try to realize the position was too much for me all at once, and I could only stare at Bob and swallow great big lumps in my throat.

"Well," he said, after a few seconds of silence, "they didn't keep me long in suspense. Victor watched me finger the stones for a minute, and then he said: 'I see that you realize the truth of my statement, Mr. Allison, and also that we do not wish to rob you of your stones, and that you are wondering what our object really is, so I will tell you in a few words,—it was necessary to convince you of what we did not want to do that you may believe me when I tell you what we do want you to do,—what you must do, Mr. Allison! In these three gentlemen and myself you see the representatives of the owners or controllers of three quarters of the diamonds in the world,—of thousands of millions of your dollars. Were your discovery to become known and used, those diamonds would be less intrinsically valuable than so much glass,—those thousands of millions would dwindle to nothing! Can you realize that fact?—has your invention never caused you to think of the possibilities it might give being to? Can you imagine that—knowing and realizing the consequences of your discovery as we do,—we would hesitate at any means to protect our interests in this matter? Are you beginning to see the drift of my words? I see that you are,—that you are now nearly prepared for our proposition, but I must add one thing more, so that you will not think that the matter has not been well thought over,—that you will not think that we are taking an unjust advantage of you. That "one thing more" is this,—your invention is no ordinary one, and the secret is no ordinary secret,—consequently we can not use ordinary means to prevent its becoming public. Were the matter an everyday one, or one involving small interests, we could afford to treat it in an ordinary business manner; we could furnish you a competency, we could take your word,—for you are an honorable gentleman, Mr. Allison, we know that, as we know everything else about you,—we could take your word for the absolute integrity of your secret. But this matter is too enormous for us to trust to any one or to any thing, our only safety in this matter being to make it as humanly certain as we can that the secret never shall escape. We have made certain that it has not yet escaped, and we know that to no one, male or female, have you ever given even a hint of your discovery,—one man only besides ourselves and you—and he is one of us,—knows of it; one man only—and he is in safe hands,—has an inkling of it. There are two methods, Mr. Allison, of preserving you,—the only man who would be liable to divulge the secret, because you are the only one of us all who has any interest in doing so,—of preserving you from so doing. One way we will not now speak of,—the other is,'—and then he made the proposition of which he told

[*Concluded on pages 37 and 40*]

THE DOLLAR AND THE DEATH RATE

Over fifty-five thousand people were killed or injured on American railways during the year ending June 30, 1904

The Reason for the Astounding Number of Railroad Wrecks in the United States. Suggestions by Which They May Be Avoided

FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS
[Inventor of the "cigar-shaped" train for breaking speed records]

WHEN one person kills another, with the deliberate motive of gain or revenge, the law calls the act murder and inflicts a penalty accordingly. If one individual causes the death of another through culpable carelessness, the law calls the crime manslaughter, and imposes a corresponding penalty. When a corporation, a company, or an individual, catering to a popular demand or in the performance of a public service, so conducts its affairs as to cause the preventable death of a hundred or a thousand of its patrons, we collect statistics of the dead and crippled, tabulate them beautifully, and speculate as to whether the ensuing year will show an increase or a decrease in the slaughter. We write editorials denouncing it. Occasionally we arrest, prosecute, and convict the employee who was unfortunately in charge of the death-dealing device.

But what is done to those who are directly responsible for these deaths? What penalty is exacted from those who profit from the use and maintenance of systems known to be defective, obsolete, and dangerous to human life? The death roll is in the tens of thousands, but what jail holds a corporation president, and on what gallows was swung the manufacturer of poisonous adulterations?

Ninety per cent. of the great accidents and catastrophes which sicken us with horror, and which then are forgotten by all save those whose dead lie in unnumbered resting places,—ninety per cent. of these are directly traceable to the criminal greed and murderous avarice of profit seekers. The possession of the dollar is exalted above the sacredness of human life.

Gates at Grade Crossings Are stingily Withheld

Let us examine one concrete example. It is not necessary to specify corporation or locality, for the simple reason that most communities know the lesson by heart. By familiar methods a steam or electric railway obtains a franchise permitting it to use certain streets and to cross others. The law limits the speed to a certain rate. It also makes mandatory the erection and maintenance of safety gates at such crossings. This requires the employment of operators for these gates.

The fixed policy of the company is to refrain from erecting and operating these gates. The division superintendent knows perfectly well that it is only a question of time when persons will be killed at these unprotected crossings, but he also knows that a recommendation from him to erect gates will not only be ignored, but that it may also cost him his position. Some official of the city knows that gates should be erected, and he makes the demand on the corporation. But it is cheaper to bribe the representative of the city than it is to erect the gates, in many an instance, and some authorized agent of the corporation bribes the guardian of the city's rights to prove false to his duty. As a rule, this is not a difficult matter.

Damages Cost less than Precautionary Devices

All this sounds brutally frank, but the time is at hand when murder and bribery will not be handled with gloves or described with tender and evasive sentences. Men, women, and children are killed at this unguarded crossing. The company maintains a department to settle with the survivors of these dead on the easiest possible terms. It is positively known that some will be killed each year,—the same law of average obtains as in everything else,—but it is the firm belief of certain corporations that it costs less to pay damages for the dead and maimed than it does to conform to the law which aims to compel the safeguarding of those who have an inalienable right to the use of the streets crossed by the railroad in question.

"Does it cost more to kill them than it does to protect them?" is the question which arises in the mind of the average "practical" railroad man when the abolition of grade crossings is under discussion.

The appalling slaughter of railway employees due to the retention of the old-fashioned freight car couplers so aroused public sentiment, years ago, that congress was forced into passing a law making obligatory the use of automatic devices. The railroad interests had figured it out, to their own satisfaction, that it was cheaper to keep on killing and maiming tens of thousands of their men than it was to buy new couplers. Every possible influence has been employed to delay and defeat the enforcement of this law, the aim of which was to check the wholesale murder of hard-working employees. The corporations declared that there were no practical coupling devices, so puerile a falsehood and so absurd on its face that even those who would have been willing to aid in the outrage declined to do so on this ground. The railroad companies fought the law in the courts and were beaten. It seemed incomprehensible to them that a corporation should be compelled to spend money for so vain and profitless a thing as the saving of human life.

They induced congress to give them an extension of time. That extension has long since expired, yet the statement is made and not denied that there are thousands of cars not provided with automatic brakes. The more progressive railroad managers now recognize that the change from the murderous old couplers to the new ones is a profitable one. No modern war has wrought so vast a devastation in human life and happiness as the retention of the antique couplers years after inventive genius had solved the problem.

A report recently issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that the total number of casualties to persons on railroads in the United States, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1904, was 55,130, comprising 2,787 killed and 51,343 injured. This shows a large increase over any other year. It is a large total, and, in comparison, may be said to be similar to the complete destruction of any one of such cities as Salt Lake City, Utah; San Antonio, Texas; Racine, Wisconsin; Topeka, Kansas; Waterbury, Connecticut; Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania; or Augusta, Georgia, neither of which has anything like fifty-three thousand inhabitants. In both the American and British armies, September 19, and October 7, 11, and 12, 1777, in the series of fights and movements around Saratoga, as included by E. S. Creasy, in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," there were less than twenty thousand men; while the highest total given by C. K. Adams, in Johnson's "Cyclopædia," of the killed, wounded, and missing on both sides at Waterloo, one of the greatest battles of all time, is 54,428 men,—not so many by seven hundred and two as last year's total of United States railroad casualties. The number of collisions and derailments during the past year was 11,291, involving $9,383,077 in damages to rolling stock and roadbeds. This gives the astounding increase of six hundred and forty-eight collisions and derailments over 1903,—astounding but for the reduction of employees, in 1904, by 75,000.

In Great Britain, Railway Travel Is much Safer

Nearly one thousand, two hundred passengers were killed and injured on American railroads

during the nine months ending October 1, and the roll call of the dead and injured reaches the unprecedented total of six thousand three hundred and eighty-two. In Great Britain the death list for 1903 was unusually high, but at that only thirty-four persons were killed on all the railroads of England, Ireland, and Scotland. While the mileage of these roads is small compared with that of the United States, the number of passengers carried was greater than in this country, and the consequent congested state of the traffic made accidents more difficult to avoid. In a recent year there was *not one passenger killed on an English railroad*, and yet, in the face of this exhibit, there are not lacking ignorant or influenced sponsors for the statement that travel on American roads is safer than in the United Kingdom.

Four Reasons Why British Roads Are Superior

After a careful study ot the British roads in comparison with our own I should class their points of superiority over ours in the matter of safety in the following order:—

1.—The lightness of their locomotives and cars, thereby entailing less strain on the rails and switches.

2.—The stability of their roadbeds, the rails being held in relative position by means and methods much superior to those employed on American railroads.

3.—The absolute abolition of grade crossings, and the consequent barring of cattle and other animals from the right of way.

4.—The general and compulsory adoption of the block system of safety signals.

The British cars are primitive in construction as compared with ours architecturally, and they lack the many comforts and conveniences with which we are familiar, but in every other particular the British system excels ours. But even at that they are far behind the pace set by practical invention. Before discussing that, let us consider the American locomotive.

I will make a statement which will be challenged, but which can not be disproved. The abnormally heavy locomotive, now the standard on American railroads, is the positive cause of a large percentage of railroad accidents, most of which are charged against other factors of equipment or service. The craze for powerful locomotives set in about 1878. Prior to that time the average locomotive weighed from twenty-five to fifty tons. Our roads were planned for engines of this type and weight. The rails, switches, bridges, viaducts, and other features were in conformity to the medium-weight locomotive. It was discovered that there was an economy in big freight engines, hauling a large number of cars, and thereby doing away with train men. It was also discovered that the greatest source of safety in case of the inevitable collisions was a car so solidly constructed that it would smash through weaker ones.

To haul these heavy cars at high speed required engines of increased size. The mechanical world was surprised when the seventy-ton locomotive was announced. Then it went to eighty, then to ninety, and there was much acclaim when the hundred-ton monster was turned out of the shops. A passenger locomotive which does not weigh one hundred tons is now considered out of date. To meet the terrific impact of these monsters, the size of the rails has been slightly increased, but we still hold them to the ties *by the primitive method of spiking them down*. What is the consequence? The rails spread on a curve, and sometimes on a straight piece of track, and a disastrous wreck ensues. Such accidents have increased at an alarming rate.

Our Tracks Are too Weak for the Locomotives

It is an open secret that hundreds of accidents are charged against misplaced switches when the cause should read "ripped-up switches." It seems impossible to construct interlocking switches which are safe against the well-nigh resistless impact of one hundred or more tons of metal hurled forward at a speed of seventy miles an hour. The tracks and switches are too weak for the locomotives. There is no doubt in the world about it. There is not a railroad man in the country who does not know that this statement is absolutely true. Thoughtful railway students sounded the warning against overgrown locomotives years ago. They noted a direct connection between increasing locomotive sizes and a swelling list of accidents. The movement started about twenty-five years ago. According to reliable statistics there were only seven hundred and forty railway accidents of all kinds in this country in 1878. In ten years the annual total had increased to more than two thousand. In 1893, the year of the Columbian Exposition, the craze for big engines was thought to be at its height, and in that year the railroad accidents mounted to nearly three thousand.

The freak locomotive on exhibition in Chicago, in 1893, was called "The Director General," and visitors were vastly impressed when informed that it was the largest ever constructed, and that it weighed one hundred and two tons. Conservative experts were of the opinion that it was too heavy to maintain high speed on a track of the American type of construction. Mark how we have progressed! The "Director General" of eleven years ago looks puny by the side of "The Saint Louis," recently on exhibition at the World's Fair. This bit of machinery weighs two hundred and forty tons, and is designed for regular service on an eastern railroad. The Santa Fé railroad company has eighty locomotives weighing two hundred and twenty tons each. The average weight of passenger locomotives at the Chicago Exposition was 128,558 pounds, while at Saint Louis the average had increased to 195,239 pounds.

Rails Have not Increased in Size and Strength

It may be stated, without fear of contradiction, that the rails on which these engines run show no comparative increase in size or strength over those used ten years ago. Neither have speeds shown any increase. There are those who claim that there has been an actual decrease in speeds. Where the old and small engines hauled from four to six cars, these leviathans drag behind them from ten to fifteen. They save in fuel and in the wages of train crews. When they collide with a train of ordinary construction, they grind it to powder. The occupants of emigrant or smoking cars meet sudden death, but those who ride in the heavy Pullmans or the yet heavier private cars are disturbed only by a slight jar. Two ordinary passenger cars, well filled with second-class passengers, make an excellent buffer for the private car of the president of the road or some influential stockholder. No inventive problems stand in the way of providing a perfect roadbed, of abolishing grade crossings, or of installing safety appliances which will make a railway accident a practical impossibility. It is simply a matter of diverting money paid in dividends to the making of these improvements, but there is no law to compel a corporation to thus safeguard its patrons. So long as, because of popular indifference, it is safe and cheap to kill passengers it will be done.

The Man behind the Throttle

The block system of signals is crude in comparison with devices which have been perfected, and which are in use in foreign countries where human life is esteemed a factor in railway science. But our transportation magnates decline to adopt even the block system except as it suits their whim. With them it is purely a question of dollars and cents. Where traffic is so heavy that deaths will cost more than the installation of signals, the investment is made.

The leading railway journals can not be accused of radicalism in such matters, but the startling increase in accidents and the stolid disregard of those responsible has aroused them to harsh comment. The "Railroad Gazette" observes that "the lack of the necessary money appropriation or the courage to introduce the block system appears to be the main element in any analysis that is made to discover why such disastrous collisions continue to occur." Referring to accidents from open switches, the "Railway Age" declares:—

"A simple semaphore attached to a switch-stand by the simplest of interlocking mechanism, and placed a matter of two thousand feet from the switch, is all that is necessary to do away with most disasters of this sort. The cost of this arrangement is so slight and the proof that it is effective is so tremendous that the human mind fails to comprehend why such elementary means of proved efficiency are ignored to so great an extent upon the railroads of this continent. So long as these disasters occur without any ameliorating circumstances, just so long will the public believe, whether true or not, that the safety of human life on the railways of the American continent is wholly subordinated to the capture of the almighty dollar."

New Inventions Should Eliminate All Accidents

It is now mechanically and practically possible for a train dispatcher in a central office to know the exact location and rate of speed of every train on his section, and also to communicate directly with the engineer of any particular engine. It is possible and practical for the dispatcher to stop that train without the aid of the engineer. Systems are in actual working operation by which the safety signals are displayed in the engine cab, directly before the eyes of the engineer, and not on poles hundreds of feet away. It is as easy to do this as it is to provide means by which a man in the hallway of an office building can indicate to the elevator guard that he shall stop at a certain floor,—but it costs money.

Invention has paved the way to the almost absolute impossibility of railway collisions, but the inventors have wasted their time and their talents. If a corporation which earns millions upon millions annually will not erect a hundred-dollar gate across a crowded boulevard in a park through which it has stolen a franchise, how can it be expected to listen to so wild a dream as preventing collisions by scientific methods? Ignoring the criminality of this niggardly and retroactive policy, what shall be said of it from the purely mercenary or "business" point of view? Does it pay? It does not. The steam railways are losing their passenger traffic to the electric roads. Every disaster restrains those who would like to take long journeys. The Park Avenue accident on the New York Central Railroad was reflected in a decided decrease in suburban business, and it undoubtedly affected the through traffic of the company.

The Speed of Automobiles Should be Indicated

The defiance of the law by owners of automobiles is a striking illustration of the growing indifference to the mandate, "Thou shalt not kill." The man who speeds a machine along a thoroughfare which is common property knows perfectly well that he risks the taking of human life. For the sake of gratifying a selfish passion, he is willing to take the chance. The driver of an automobile who kills a pedestrian while violating the plain and just laws of the road is guilty of manslaughter in the highest degree, and he should be punished accordingly.

The methods of positively detecting these criminal violations of the law are primitive. The driver of an automobile may honestly be mistaken in the rate at which he is traveling, though this excuse is seldom valid. None but an expert can accurately estimate the speed of one of these vehicles as it flies past him. The law compels the displaying of the official number of the automobile for purposes of identification. A maimed or endangered pedestrian wishes other information

than the identity of the speed criminal. He wishes positively to know how fast the machine was being driven. It is an easy matter to remove all doubt as to this.

One of the simplest of all mechanical devices is a speed register, consisting of a hand operating on the face of a dial. When the machine is stationary, the hand points to zero. As it gains speed the hand infallibly indicates the exact velocity, be it one mile or one hundred miles an hour. By means of clockwork, and a revolving tape such as is used in stock-exchange tickers and kindred practical devices, an absolute record of the speed attained can be recorded from the moment the automobile leaves the *garage* until it returns.

These dials should be placed at the front and at the rear of every automobile licensed to use the public thoroughfares. The dials tell the story of speed to spectator, officer, and driver. In case of doubt or dispute, an authorized inspector can refer to the tape. It will be found impossible to successfully tamper with such a device, and the owner should be held responsible for the good condition of the mechanism. These speed registers are no more complicated than a lamp, and the item of expense is a trifle compared with the cost of an automobile. There is no other method of positively determining an infraction of the speed laws, and the same principle of equity which compels the use of lamps will fortify the compulsory use of standard speed indicators, with dials of a specified size displayed fore and aft.

We have recently been treated to the exposure of a drug concern which has not hesitated to send out deadly poisons in the place of standard remedies. It has been ascertained that hundreds of retail druggists have purchased these poisons, knowing them to be death-dealing. This would seem to be the limit of criminal greed, but the only novel feature of this sensation is the wholesale character of the crime. There are scores of similar concerns in the country. The shelves of druggists are laden with adulterated concoctions, some of them known to be dangerous.

Despite the national and local laws the country is deluged with adulterated foods and liquors. Thousands upon thousands of persons are killed annually in consequence of their sale. There are innumerable saloons in all sections of the country where stuff is sold which actually poisons those who partake of it. There are alleged fruit jams and jellies so impregnated with dangerous acids that their inordinate use may produce death. The meat scandals during the Spanish-American War did not put an end to the "preservation" of meats by the use of poisonous chemicals. There is money in it for those who turn out these dangerous products, and inspectors are bribed to permit their sale. The man who sells fusel oil in place of whisky is guilty of murder if his victim dies.

Ten thousand editorials and exposures will have less salutary effect than the rigid enforcement and execution of the law which prescribes the death penalty for those who infringe the Mosaic mandate, "Thou shalt not kill." There is some excuse for an individual who, in a frenzy of rage, kills one who has wronged him, and yet the law exacts the penalty. What excuse is there for a man who constructs a death trap in the form of a theater or a steamboat, invites the patronage of the public, and seeks to amass wealth on the desperate chance that good luck will intervene to prevent a calamity which will snuff out hundreds of lives? He who gambles against death and loses should pay the stakes.

If no member or representative of a railway corporation is responsible for the criminal carelessness or indifference which slaughters its patrons, then the franchise of that corporation should terminate. The attitude assumed by railroads and other great corporations in the matter of protecting human life constitutes one of the strongest weapons in the hands of those who argue for the national ownership and operation of these vast public utilities.

Society must not content itself with standing on the defensive against those who seek money profit at the risk of sacrificing the lives of individuals. It must assume the aggressive. It must wage a war of extermination against all who are willing to dip their hands in blood while grasping for dollars.

MY CONQUEST OF THE AIR

T. S. BALDWIN

CAPTAIN T. S. BALDWIN

[Captain T. S. Baldwin, whose air ship, "The California Arrow," has attracted wide attention since its dirigibility was recently demonstrated in successful flights by A. Roy Knabenshue, at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, may claim the honor of being the first American to build and navigate a dirigible air ship. He is a native of Quincy, Illinois, and lives at San Francisco, California. He was a balloon-trapeze performer with circuses in his youth, and later became a daring aëronaut. In 1887 he invented a parachute. He has had charge of three thousand balloon ascensions, and has himself gone up eight hundred times. He made three flights with his air ship in California, before bringing it to St. Louis. His success is almost equal to that of Alberto Santos-Dumont, and his air ship is more practical.—THE EDITOR]

"The California Arrow" leaving the aëronautic concourse at St. Louis

THE "Arrow" has succeeded because of the simplicity of her mechanism and the fact that her motor was not used until it had been thoroughly tested. Other air ships have cost seven thousand or eight thousand dollars; the building of the "Arrow," not counting the value of my own time, cost only fifteen hundred dollars.

Much skill has been shown in the manufacture of the "Arrow's" screw propeller. This is eleven feet in diameter, set at an angle of twenty degrees to the horizon, with a twist in it that forms a parabolic curve. The propeller revolves at the rate of two hundred revolutions a minute, or about forty-seven miles an hour. The balloon is cigar-shaped, seventeen feet in diameter, built on the block-form system, and is fifty-two feet in length. It is covered with a cotton net, with meshes six inches square, of No. 60 seine twine. It has a capacity of eight thousand cubic feet, and the silk weighs one and one-tenth ounces to the square yard. It is a light Japanese silk, coated with linseed-oil varnish until it is impervious to gas, hydrogen being used. The frame or keel is forty feet in length. It is an equilateral triangle, three and a half feet at its greatest width, coming to points at each end, made of laminated spruce.

It has a two-cylinder gasoline motor, that revolves at the rate of two thousand revolutions per minute, and it is of seven horse power. The weight is sixty-six pounds. The weight of the frame is sixty pounds, and the entire weight, without ballast, is two hundred and twenty pounds, the net ascensive power of the gas being nearly five hundred pounds. It is ballasted within one or two pounds of the ascensive power.

The guiding is done by a fish-tailed rudder of forty-eight square feet of surface. The lowering or raising is controlled by the aëronaut, who shifts his position either backward or forward. He must stand, but he is usually out only for twenty or thirty minutes, and he can make himself pretty comfortable for that length of time.

The one who manages the air ship has a great deal of work to do. He must look after the motor, the gas bag, and the steering device. It requires three men to keep the ship in operation.

Simplicity of mechanism is the "Arrow's" strong point. Her propeller is put in the front, so that we have a pull instead of a push; her rudder is in the rear; the gasoline motor is twelve feet from the propeller, and the aëronaut is twenty-five feet in the rear from the motor. The motor is handled by rods going back to advance or retard the spark or to throttle the mixture through the carburetor. As we use a rod to throttle the mixture, the engine is directly connected, no clutch being used. The engine and propeller are connected with a chain drive with sprockets reduced from two thousand to two hundred revolutions per unit of time. The shaft has cup-ball bearings, and the loss of power in transmission is only about three per cent.

For the propeller I have made over five hundred dynamometer tests. It will work up within fifteen per cent. of the power exerted. So, taking all into account, there is a loss of eighteen per cent. In other words, we have about twenty-two pounds' pulling power to each horse power off of the fans.

The envelope, or gas bag, has a top valve, where gas can be liberated at any time in case of a rapid expansion, or if an immediate descent is desired. There is also an automatic safety valve in the under rear portion, forty feet from the engine. The frame and motive-power fans are coupled four feet below the main gas bag. A small amount of bamboo is used to brace and guy the frame, so that it is part and parcel of the gas envelope. The flexibility, combined with rigidity, is an important characteristic,—that is, the envelope is fastened so that it is flexible and is yet held on a rigid frame.

I have been experimenting with air ships for three years, and have been accumulating knowledge on the subject for nine years. I have made three successful flights with this air ship, the longest covering five miles, and had always worked it myself until I met A. Roy Knabenshue here in St. Louis. He is an exceptionally good man for the purpose.

Mr. Knabenshue possesses, also, the thorough knowledge of the profession which is so essential to success. It is not desperate daring, but a knowledge of the experimental work, that makes a man confident. With thorough knowledge and perfect equipment, the dangers of air navigation are reduced to far less than those of automobiling. I have never had the slighest accident, not even a skinned finger, in any of the ascensions which I have superintended, and these now number three thousand, in almost every country of the world.

I see now many improvements which may be made in the "Arrow,"—improvements which show only by practical testing, and which people who do not know her as I do could never see at all. We claim for her, above all other air ships, the maximum of strength, the minimum of weight, and the minimum of power lost. Every other machine of the sort is wrapped up in changes of gear, speeds forward, back-ups, turn-arounds, etc. There is no occasion for this. Up in the air we have no need of apparatus to make sharp turns to get out of the way of something else. There is plenty of sea room in the air. It is not like a steamboat going up a narrow river. The "Arrow," therefore, has only one speed-forward. Everything is done with the rudder.

THE PLUM TREE

The Confessions of a Politician

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

Synopsis of Preceding Parts

[In a frank, uncompromising manner, Harvey Sayler begins to lay bare his life story. His mother is left a widow when he is a mere child. By skillful management she is able to send him to college. For two years, after he has completed his studies, he is in the law office of Judge Granby. The judge gains all the clients and fees, while his young assistant does all the hard work, with but little remuneration. Mrs. Sayler finally confesses that their finances are at a dangerously low ebb. The young lawyer discovers that a childhood friendship for Elizabeth Crosby has blossomed into love. He receives an offer from "Bill" Dominick, a party boss, to put him in politics, and is not long in making up his mind in favor of a political career. He is elected a state representative, but the iron will of Dominick, an uncouth "grafter," holds him and his colleagues until, finally, all the finer, nobler instincts in him rebel, and, when an attempt is made to force through a bill which is a mass of fraud, he comes out boldly in opposition. Dominick then seeks to crush him, and this results in his political ruin. Sayler finds that he must begin all over again. He writes to Elizabeth, absolving her from her engagement. A reform movement against Dominick, the real cause of which is a disagreement with the corporations that back him because of his favoritism to the Roebuck Universal Gas and Electrical Company, results quite naturally in Sayler's being elected county prosecutor. For a time he is prosperous, but Dominick still controls the judges and the newspapers, and Sayler, when renominated, is defeated. He is about to move away, when he receives a visit from Edward Ramsay, a college chum, who has come to Pulaski with his mother and his sister, Carlotta, in the interest of the Roebuck Gas and Electrical Company. Sayler confides to him his circumstances, and his friend secures for him the legal business of the Power Trust. Sayler visits the Ramsays at Fredonia, where Hoskins, the senior United States senator from Sayler's state, lives. He aims to build a road between that city and Chicago which will seriously depreciate the Ramsay Company's interests. Sayler, by a strategic move, defeats Hoskins's scheme, and wins the confidence of Roebuck, who complains to him of the heavy expense borne by the corporations in paying political tribute through Hoskins. Sayler promises to crush Hoskins politically by forming a secret combine of a dozen big corporations, under the management of one man. This giant trust is formed and Sayler is placed at its head. He proposes for the hand of Carlotta and is accepted. Elizabeth, on hearing of his engagement, sends him a contemptuous letter. Sayler is married to Carlotta at his mother's deathbed. To help in the political destruction of Hoskins, Roebuck secures the services of "Doctor" Woodruff, a notorious character, and authorizes him to treat with Dominick to destroy Hoskins, intending to ruin Dominick later. Hoskins, unsuspecting, offers the party's state chairmanship to Sayler, to ward off a threatened split. Sayler, accepting, seemingly neglects the work while managing through Woodruff, refusing to indorse Hoskins's reëlection]

A lucid interval between paroxysms of insanity

PART FOUR*

IN the early autumn of that last year of his as governor, Burbank's wife died,—a grim and unexpected fulfillment of the pretended anxieties of six months before.

It was almost as great a loss to me as to him,—how great to us both I did not measure until several years had passed. She had developed into an invaluable help to him, and, therefore, to me in managing him. She was what I would call a typical American wife,—devoted to her husband, and jealously guarding his interests, yet as keen to see his shortcomings as she was to see her own. And how much more persistent and intelligent she was in correcting her faults than he was in correcting his! Like most men, he was vain,—that is, while he would probably have admitted, in a large, vague way, that he was n't perfect, when it came to details he would defend his worst fault against any and all criticism. Like most women, she, too, was vain,—but an intelligent woman's vanity, somehow, instead of making her self-complacent, spurs her on to hide her weak points and show her best points in the best light.

For example, Mrs. Burbank, a pretty woman and very proud of it, was yet conscious of her deficiencies in dress and in manners. It was interesting, and instructive, too, to watch her studying and cleverly copying, or, rather, adapting Carlotta,—for she took from Carlotta only that which could be fitted without a visible joint into her own pattern. Latterly, if I was urging upon Burbank a line of acting requiring courage or a sacrifice of some one of his many insidious forms of personal vanity, I always arranged for her to be present at our conferences. She would sit there, apparently absorbed in her sewing, but in reality she was seeing not only the surface reasons I gave him but also those underlying and more powerful reasons which we do not utter, sometimes because we like to play the hypocrite to ourselves, again because we must give the other person a chance to play the hypocrite before himself and us. Often, I left him reluctant and trying to muster courage to refuse or finesse to evade, only to find him the next day consenting, perhaps enthusiastic. Many 's the time she spared me the disagreeable necessity of being peremptory,—doubly disagreeable because an exhibition of authority is distasteful to me and because an order can never be so heartily executed as is an assimilated suggestion.

When I went to him, a month after her death, I expected he would still be crushed in spirit, as he was at the funeral. I listened with a feeling of revulsion to his stilted, and, as it seemed to me, perfunctory platitudes on his "irreparable loss,"—stale rhetoric about *her*, and to me, her and his most intimate friend! I had thought he would be imagining himself, in his grief, done with ambition forever. I feared his strongly religious nature would lead him to see a "judgment" upon him and her for having exaggerated her indisposition to gain a political point, and I had mapped out what I would say to induce him to go on. Instead, after a few of those stereotyped mortuary sentences, he eagerly changed the subject to politics and was presently showing me that her death had hardly interrupted his plannings for the presidential nomination. As for the "judgment," I had forgotten that, in his religion, his deity was always on his side, and his misfortunes were always of the Evil One.

It gave me a shock, this vivid reminder of the slavery of ambition,—ambition, the vice of vices, for it takes its victims' all,—moral, mental, and physical. While other vices rarely wreck any but small men and injure what is within their small circles of influence, ambition seizes only the superior and sets them on to use their superior powers to blast communities, states, nations, or continents. Yet it is called a virtue, and men who have sold themselves to it and for it to the last shred of manhood are esteemed, and, mystery of mysteries, esteem themselves!

I had gone to Burbank to manufacture him into a president. His wife and I had together produced an excellent raw material, and now I wished to make it up into the finished product.

He pointed to the filing cases that covered the west wall of his library from floor to ceiling, from the north window to the south. "I base my hope on those,—next to you, of course," said he. Then, with his "woeful widower's" pose, he added: "They were *her* suggestion."

I looked at the filing cases and waited for him to explain.

"When we were first married," he went on, presently, "she said, 'It seems to me, if I were a public man, I should keep everything relating to myself,—every speech, all that the newspapers said, a memorandum of every meeting and a list of the important people who were there, notes of all the people I ever met anywhere, and every letter or telegram or note I received. If you do, you may find, after a few years, that you have an enormous list of acquaintances,—you 'll have forgotten them because you will meet so many, but they won't have forgotten you, one of the principal figures at each meeting or reception.' That 's, in substance, what she said. And so we began and kept it up"—he paused in his deliberate manner, compressed his lips, and then added, "together."

I opened one of the filing cases, glanced at him for permission, and took out a slip of paper under the M-o's. It was covered with notes, in Mrs. Burbank's writing, of a reception given to him at the Manufacturers' Club, in St. Louis, three years before,—a lot of names, and after each some reminders of the standing and the personal appearance of the man. Another slip, taken at random from the same box, contained similar notes of a trip through Montana, eight years before.

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed, as the full value of these accumulations loomed in my mind. "I knew she was an extraordinary woman. Now I see that she had genius for politics."

His expression—a peering through that eternal pose of his,—made me revise my first judgment of his mourning, for I caught a glimpse of a real human being, one who had loved and lost, looking grief and pride and gratitude. "If she had left me two or three years earlier," he said, in that solemn, posing tone, "I doubt if I should have got one step further. As it is, I may be able to go on, though—I have lost—my staff!"

What fantastic envelopes does man, after he has been finished by Nature, wrap about himself in his efforts to improve her handiwork. Physically, even when most dressed, we are naked in comparison with the enswathings that hide our real selves from one another—and from ourselves.

My campaign was based on the contents of those filing cases. I learned all the places throughout the West—cities, towns, and centrally-located villages,—where he had been and had made an impression; and by simple and obvious means we were able to convert them into centers of "the Burbank boom." I could afterwards trace to those memorandums the direct getting of no less than one hundred and seven delegates to the national convention,—and that makes no account of the vaster indirect value of so much easily worked-up genuine, unpurchased and unpurchasable Burbank sentiment. The man of only local prominence whom Burbank remembered perfectly, after a chance meeting years before, could have no doubt who ought to be the party's nominee for president.

The national machine of our party was at that time in the custody, and supposedly in the control, of Senator Goodrich, of New Jersey. He had a reputation for Machiavelian dexterity, but I found that he was an accident rather than an actuality. The dominion of the great business interests over politics was the rapid growth of about twenty years,—the consolidations of business naturally producing concentrations of the business world's political power in the hands of the few controllers of the big railway, industrial, and financial combines. Goodrich had happened to be acquainted with some of the most influential of these business "kings" and they naturally made him their agent for the conveying of their wishes and their bribes of one kind and another to the national managers of both parties. They knew little of the details of practical politics,—knew only what they needed in their businesses; and, so long as they got that, it did not interest them what was done with the rest of the power their "campaign contributions" gave. With such resources any man of good intelligence and discretion could have got the same results as Goodrich's. He was simply a lackey,—strutting and cutting a figure in his master's clothes and under his master's name. He was pitifully vain of his reputation as a Machiavel and go-between. Vanity is sometimes a source of great strength; but vanity of that sort, and about a position in which secrecy was the prime requisite, could mean only weakness.

Throughout his eight years of control of our party it had had possession of all departments of the national administration,—except of the house of representatives during the past two years. This meant the uninterrupted and unchecked reign of the large interests. To consider the large interests, to placate them, and to give them privileges and immunities beyond what can be permitted to an ordinary citizen or corporation,—that is a course which, however offensive to abstract justice, still must be pursued so long as the masses of the voters are short-sighted, unreasoning, and in nose-rings to political machines. But, for the sake of a nation and for the upholding of civilization itself, these interests should never be given their head. Goodrich had neither the sagacity nor the patriotism—nor the will, for that matter,—to keep them within the limits of decency and safety. The result was the riot of reckless and shameless plunders and privileges which revolted me when I went to Washington and saw politics in the country-wide—yes, history-wide,—horizon of that view-point.

Probably I should not have been so rapid and so resolute in bringing my presidential plans to a focus had I not seen how great and how near was the peril of my party. I regarded that party as a most valuable instrument for holding the balances of order as even as may be between our country's two opposing elements of disorder,—the greedy plunderers and the rapidly infuriating plundered. I saw that no time was to be lost, if the party was not to be blown to fragments. The first mutterings of the storm were heard in our summary ejection from control of the

*This story was begun in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for October, 1904.

"Presently through the close-packed masses came an open carriage"

house in the midway election. If the party was not to be dismembered, I must oust Goodrich, must defeat his plans for nominating Cromwell, must nominate Burbank instead,—and, if I should succeed in electing him, I could through him carry out my policy of moderation and practical patriotism.

In Cromwell, Goodrich believed he had a candidate with sufficient hold upon the rank and file of the party to enable him to carry the election by the usual means,—a big campaign fund properly distributed in the doubtful states. I said to Senator Scarborough, of Indiana, soon after Cromwell's candidacy was announced, "What do you think of Goodrich's man?" Scarborough, though new to the senate then, had shown himself far and away the ablest of the opposition senators. He had as much intellect as any of them, and, in addition, what theorists usually lack, skill at the "grand tactics,"—the management of men in the mass.

"Cromwell's political sponsors," was his reply, "are two as shrewd bankers as there are in New York. I heard it said that a fitting sign for a bank would be: 'Here we do nothing for nothing for nobody.'"

This was an admirable summing up of Cromwell's candidacy. I knew that it would so appear to the country, and that, no matter how great a corruption fund Goodrich might throw into the campaign, we should be routed if Cromwell was our standard bearer,—so utterly that we could not possibly get ourselves together again for eight —perhaps twelve,—years.

I had accumulated a capital of five hundred thousand dollars for my "presidential flotation,"—half of it contributed by Roebuck in exchange for a promise that his son-in-law should have an ambassadorship if Burbank were elected; the other half set aside by me from the "reserve" I had formed out of the year-by-year contributions of my combine. By the judicious investment of that capital I purposed to get Burbank the nomination on the first ballot,—at least four hundred and sixty of the nine hundred and odd delegates.

In a national convention the delegates are, roughly speaking, about evenly divided among the three sections of the country,—three hundred from east of the Alleghanies, three hundred from the West, and three hundred from the South. It was hopeless for us to gun for delegates in the East, for that was the especial bailiwick of Senator Goodrich. The most we could do there would be to agitate him by quietly encouraging any anti-Cromwell sentiment,—and it existed a-plenty. Our real efforts were to be in the West and the South.

I organized, under Woodruff, a corps of about thirty traveling agents. Each man knew only his own duties, and knew nothing of the general plan, or even that there was a general plan. Each was a skilled politician, a personal retainer of ours. I gave them their instructions; Woodruff equipped them with the necessary cash. During the next five months they were incessantly on the go,—dealing with our party's western machines where they could; setting up rival machines in promising localities, where Goodrich controlled the regular machines; and using money freely here, diplomacy there, and both yonder.

Such was my department of secrecy. At the head of my department of publicity I put De Milt, a sort of cousin of Burbank's, a trained newspaper man. He attended to the subsidizing of news agencies that supplied thousands of country papers with "boiler-plate" matter to fill their inside pages. He also subsidized and otherwise won over many small town organs of the party. Further, he and three assistants wrote, each week, many columns of "boom" matter, all which was carefully revised by Burbank himself before it went out as syndicate letters. If Goodrich had n't been ignorant of conditions west of the Alleghanies and confident that his will was law, he would have scented out this department of publicity of mine and so would have seen into my "flotation." But he knew nothing beyond his routine. I once asked him how many country newspapers there were in the United States, and he said: "Oh, I do n't know,—perhaps three or four thousand." Even had I enlightened him to the extent of telling him that there were about five times that number, he would have learned nothing. If he had been able to see the bearing of such a fact upon capable political management, he would have learned it long before through years of use of the easiest avenue into the heart of the people.

He did not wake up to adequate action until the third of that group of states in which the delegations to our national conventions were habitually bought and sold broke its agreement with him and instructed its delegation for Burbank. By the time he had a corps of agents in those states, Doc. Woodruff had "acquired" more than a hundred delegates. Goodrich was working only through the regular machinery of the party, and was fighting against a feeling that Cromwell should n't, and probably could n't, be elected; we, on the other hand, were manufacturing public sentiment, and had a candidate who was popular with the people. Nor had Goodrich the advantage over us with the regular machines anywhere except in the East.

Just as I was congratulating myself that nothing could happen to prevent our triumph at the convention, Roebuck telegraphed me to go to Chicago. I found with him, in the sitting room of his suite at the Auditorium Annex, Partridge and Granby, next to him the most important members of my combine. These three alone had interests that extended into many states. It was after an uneasy silence that Granby, the uncouth one of the three, said: "Senator, we have brought you here to tell you that this Burbank nonsense has gone far enough."

It was all I could do not to show my astonishment and sudden fury. "I do n't understand," said I, in a tone which I somehow managed to keep down to tranquil inquiry. But I did understand. It instantly came to me that the three had been brought into line for Cromwell by their powerful business associates in Wall Street, probably by the great bankers who loaned them money. Swift upon the surge of anger I had suppressed before it flamed at the surface came a surge of triumph,—which I also suppressed. I had very often wished, perhaps as a matter of personal pride, just this opportunity, and here it was.

"Cromwell must be nominated," said Granby, in his insolent tone. He had but two tones,—the insolent and the cringing. "He's safe and sound. Burbank is n't trusted in the East, and we did n't like his conduct last year. He caters to the demagogues."

Roebuck, through his liking for me, I imagine, rather than through refined instinct, next began to speak, thinly disguising his orders as requests. I waited until he had talked himself out. I waited with the same air of calm attention until Partridge had given me his jerky variation. I waited, still apparently calm, until the silence must have been extremely uncomfortable to them. I waited until Granby said, sharply, "Then it is settled?"

"Yes," said I, keeping all emotion out of my face and voice, "it is settled. Ex-Governor Burbank is to be nominated. I am at a loss to account for this outbreak. However, I shall at once take measures to prevent its occurring again. Good day."

I was gone—straight to the train. I did not pause at Fredonia, but went on to the capital. The next morning I had the legislature and the attorney-general at work demolishing Granby's business in my state,—for I had selected him to make an example of, not merely because he had been so insulting to me but chiefly because he was about the greediest and most cruel "robber baron" in the West. The legislature was to revoke his charter; the attorney-general was to enforce upon him the laws I had put on the statute books for just such emergencies.

My three mutineers pursued me to the capital, just missed me, and were standing breathless at the door of my house near Fredonia on the morning of the third day. I refused to be seen until the afternoon of the fourth day, and then I forbade Granby to enter. But when I descended to the reception room he rushed at me and tried to take my hand, pouring out a stream of sickening apologies. I rang the bell. "Show this man the door," said I.

He turned white, and, after a long look into my face, said, in a broken voice, to Roebuck, "For God's sake, do n't go back on me, Mr. Roebuck. Do what you can for me."

As the curtain dropped behind him, I looked expectantly at Roebuck, sweating with fright for his imperiled millions. Probably his mental state can be fully appreciated only by a man who has also felt the dread of losing the wealth upon which he is wholly dependent for courage, respect, and self-respect.

"Do n't misunderstand me, Harvey," he said, forgetting that there was anybody else to save besides himself. "I did n't mean—"

"What did you mean?" I interrupted, my tone ominously quiet.

"We did n't intend," began Partridge.

"What did you intend?" I interrupted, as quietly as before.

They looked nervously each at the other, then at me.

"If you think Burbank's the man," Roebuck began again, "why, you may go ahead."

There burst in me such a storm of anger that I dared not speak until I could control and aim the explosion. Partridge saw how, and how seriously, Roebuck had blundered. He thrust him aside and faced me. "What's the use of beating around the bush?" he said, bluntly. "We've made fools of ourselves, senator. We thought we had the whip. We see that we have n't. We're mighty sorry we did n't do a little thinking before Roebuck sent that telegram. We hope you will let us off as easy as you can, and we promise not to meddle in your business again,—and you can bet your life we'll keep our promise."

"I think you will," said I.

"I am a man of my word," said he, "and so is Roebuck."

"Oh, I do n't mean that," said I. "I mean that, when the Granby object lesson, in the stupidity of premature ingratitude, is complete, you shan't be able to forget it."

They broke the silence of their unpleasant thoughts by each taking a turn at wringing my hand. I invited them up to my sitting room, where we smoked and talked amicably for a couple of hours. It would have amused the hundreds over whom these two lorded it arrogantly to have heard with what care they weighed their words, and to see how nervous they were lest they should give me fresh provocation. As they were leaving, Roebuck said, earnestly: "Is n't there anything I can do for you, Harvey?"

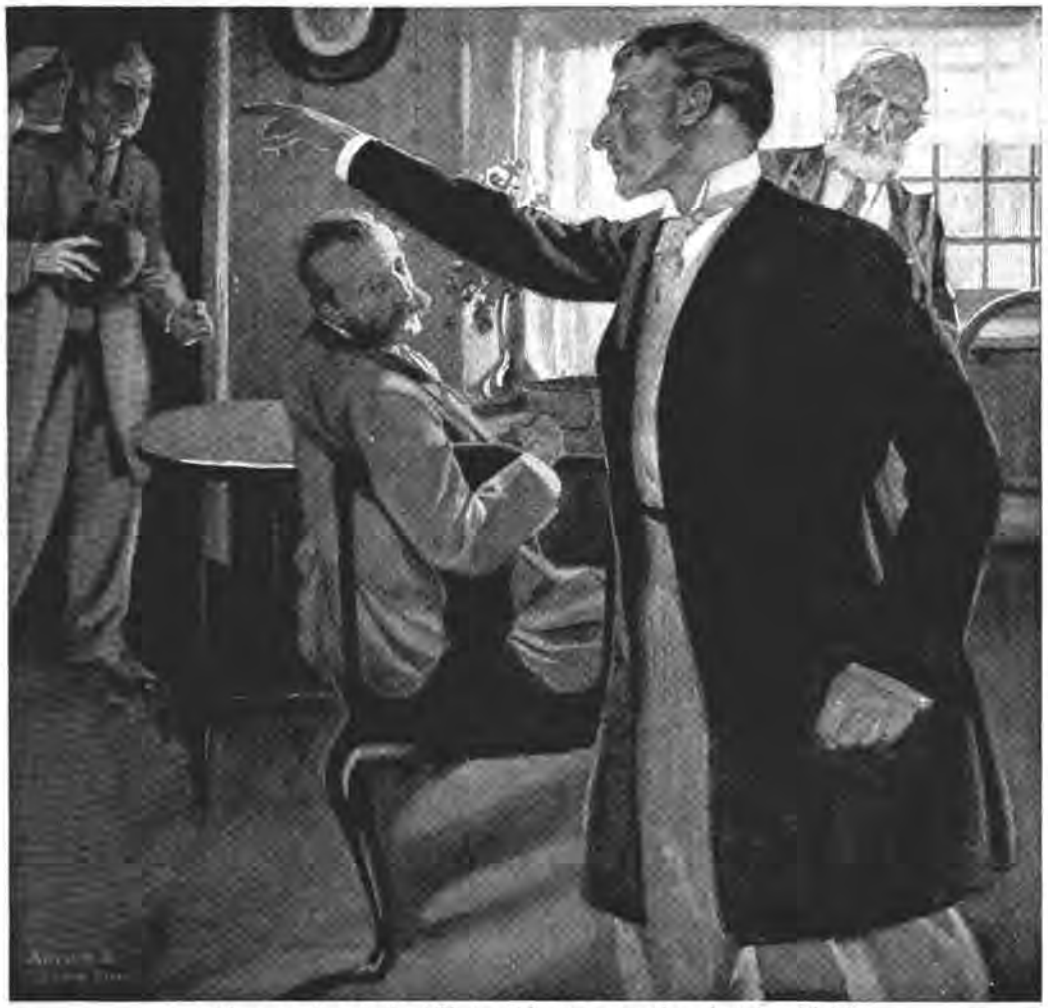
"Why, yes," said I; "give out a statement, next Sunday, in Chicago,—for the Monday morning papers,—endorsing Cromwell's candidacy. Say that you and all your associates are enthusiastic for it because his election would give the large enterprises that have been the object of demagogic attack a sense of security for at least four years more."

He thought I was joking him, being unable to believe me so lacking in judgment as to fail to realize what a profound impression in Cromwell's favor such a statement from the great Roebuck would produce. I mailed him an interview with himself the following day; he gave it out as I had requested. It got me Burbank delegations in Illinois, South Dakota, and Oregon, the same week, and after those eye-openers even the purblind Goodrich began to fear that the jig was up for his man.

I arrived at Chicago the day before the convention, and, going at once to our state headquarters in the Great Northern, shut myself in with Doc. Woodruff. My doorkeeper, the member of the legislature from Fredonia, ventured to interrupt with the announcement that a messenger had come from Senator Goodrich.

"Let him in," said I.

As the doorman disappeared Doc. Woodruff glanced at his watch, then said, with a smile: "You've been here just seven minutes and a half,—just time enough for a



"I rang the bell. 'Show this man to the door,' said I"

man on the lookout here to telephone to the Auditorium and for a man to drive from there here."

The messenger was Goodrich's handy man, Judge Dufour. I myself have always frowned on these exhibitions of the intimacy of judges in practical politics; but Goodrich had many small vanities,—he liked his judges to hold his coat and his governors to carry his satchel. One would say that such petty weaknesses would be the undoing of a man; but, fortunately for us all, we are not as weak as our weakness, but as strong as our strength. After Dufour had introduced himself and we had exchanged commonplaces, he said: "Senator, there's a little conference of some of the leaders, over at our headquarters, and it is n't complete without you. So, Senator Goodrich has sent me over to escort you."

"Thank you!—very courteous of you and of him," said I, without hesitation, for I knew what was coming as soon as his name had been brought in, and my course was laid out. "But, unfortunately, I can't leave just now. Please ask him if he won't come over,—any time within the next four hours."

This I said blandly, and without a sign that I was conscious of Dufour's stupefaction—his vanity made him believe that the god he knelt to must be the God of gods. There is no more important branch of the art of successful dealing with men than the etiquette of who shall call upon whom. Many a man, in his very hour of triumph, has ruined his cause with a blunder there,—by going to see some one whom he should have compelled to come to him, or by compelling some one to come to him when he should have made the concession of going. I had two reasons for thus humiliating Goodrich, neither of them the reason he doubtless attributed to me,—a desire to feed my vanity. My first reason was that I knew his temperament, and knew that his having to come to me would make him bow before me in spirit,—he was a tyrant, and tyrants are always cringers. My second reason was that I thought I was near enough to control of the convention to be able to win control by creating an atmosphere of impending success. There is always a lot of fellows who wait to see who is likely to win so that they may be on the side of the man in the plum tree; often there are enough of these to gain the victory for him who can lure them over at just the right moment.

As soon as Dufour had taken his huge body away I said to Woodruff: "Go out with your men and gather in the office downstairs as many delegates from doubtful delegations as you can, and keep them where they'll be bound to see Goodrich come in and go out."

He rushed away, and I waited,—working with the leaders of three of the Far-western States. At the end of two hours, I won them by the spectacle of the arriving Goodrich,—he came serene, smiling, and delighted to see me, with not an outward sign that he would like to have me tortured to death by some slow process then and there, before his eyes. Hypocritical preliminaries were not merely unnecessary, but even highly ridiculous: yet so great was his anger and confusion that he began with the "prospects for an old-time convention, with old-time enthusiasm and that generous rivalry which is the best sign of party health."

"I hope not, senator," said I, with a smile; "here, we think the fight is over, and won."

He lifted his eyebrows,—but I saw his maxillary muscles twitching. "We do n't figure it out just that way at headquarters," he replied, oilily. "But, there's no doubt about it, your man has developed strength in the West."

"And the South," said I, with the deliberate purpose of inflaming him, for I knew how he must feel about those delegates we had bought away from him.

There were teeth enough in his smile,—but there was little else. "I think Burbank and Cromwell will be about even on the first ballot," said he. "May the best man win! We're all working for the good of the party and the country. But—I came, rather, to get your ideas about the platform."

I opened a drawer in the table at which I was sitting and took out a paper. "We've embodied our ideas in this," said I, holding the paper toward him. "There's a complete platform, but we only insist on the five paragraphs immediately after the preamble."

He seemed to age as he read. "Impossible!" he finally exclaimed. "Preposterous! It would be difficult enough to get any money for Cromwell on such a platform, well as our conservative men know they can trust him; but for Burbank,—you could n't get a cent,—not a cent. 'A rickety candidate on a rickety platform,'—that's what they'd say."

I made no answer.

"May I ask," he presently went on,—"has ex-Governor Burbank seen this—this astonishing document?"

Burbank had written it. I confess, when he first showed it to me, it had affected me much as it was now affecting Goodrich; for, being a dealer with business men as well as with public sentiment, I had appreciated instantly the shock some of the phases would give the large interests. But Burbank had not talked to me five minutes before I saw he was, in the main, right. "Yes, Mr. Burbank has seen it," said I. "He approves it,—though, of course, it does not represent his personal views or his intentions."

"If Mr. Burbank approves this," exclaimed Goodrich, red and tossing the paper on the table, "then my gravest doubts about him are confirmed. He is an utterly unsafe man. He could not carry a single state in the East, where there are any large centerings of capital or of enterprise,—not even our own yellow-dog states."

"He can and will carry them all," said I. "They must go for him because, after the opposition has nominated, and has announced its platform, your people will regard him as, at any rate, much the less of two evils. We have decided on that platform because we wish to make it possible for him to carry the necessary western states. We can't hold our rank and file, out here, unless we have a popular platform. The people must have their way before election, senator, if the large interests are to continue to have *their* way after election."

"I'll never consent to that platform," said he, rising.

"Very well," said I, with a mild show of regret, rising also as if I had no wish to prolong the interview.

He brought his hand down violently on the paper. "This," he exclaimed, "is a timely uncovering of a most amazing plot,—a plot to turn our party over to

demagoguery!" He was becoming more and more agitated.

"To rescue it from the combination of demagoguery and plutagoguery that is wrecking it," said I, without heat, "and to make it again an instrument of at least sanity, perhaps of some patriotism."

"We control the platform committee," he went on, "and I can tell you now, Senator Sayler, that that there platform, or nothing like it, will never be reported." In his agitation he went back to the grammar of his youthful surroundings.

"I regret that you will force us to fight on the floor of the convention. It can't but make a bad impression on the country to see two factions in the party,—one for the people, the other against them. But, at least, such a fight will insure Burbank all the delegates except, perhaps, the two or three hundred you directly control. You are courageous, senator, to insist upon a count of noses on the issues we raise there."

He took up the platform again, and began to pick it to pieces, phrase by phrase. That was what I wanted. Some phrases I defended, some I conceded might be altered to advantage, and others I cheerfully agreed to discard altogether. Presently he was seated, pencil in hand, and was going over the crucial paragraphs, making interlineations. He grew more and more reasonable. At length I suggested that he would better take the platform away with him, make the changes agreed upon, and such others as he might think wise, and send it back for my criticism and suggestions. He assented, and we parted on excellent terms, —"harmony" in the convention was assured.

When the amended platform came back, late in the afternoon, I detained Goodrich's messenger, the faithful Dufour, again. I was agreeably surprised,—it was still the Burbank platform, with no changes we could not concede. I had a copy made and gave it to Dufour, saying: "Tell the senator I think this admirable, a great improvement. But I'll try to see him to-night and thank him."

I did not try to see him, however. I took no risk of lessening the effect of the excitement in Burbank's favor created by the Goodrich call. He had entered through groups of delegates from all parts of the country. He had passed out through a crowd, so well did my men employ the time his long call gave them.

Next day the platform was adopted. On the following day, amid inspiring enthusiasm in the packed galleries and not a little agitation among the delegates,— who, even to the "knowing ones," were as ignorant of what was really going on as private soldiers are of the general's plan of battle,—amid wavings of banners and flags and crash of band and shriek of crowd Burbank was nominated on the first ballot, and our press throughout the nation was hailing the nomination as a "splendid victory of the sober common sense and justice of the entire party over the ultra conservatism of a faction associated in the popular mind with segregated wealth and with undue enjoyment of the favors of laws and lawmakers."

The triumph had cost, first and last, six hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars.

Now came the problem,—to elect Burbank.

We hear much of many wonders of combination and concentration which the railway and the telegraph have wrought. But nothing is said about what seems to me the greatest wonder of them all,—how these forces have resulted in the concentration of the political power of upward of twelve millions of our fifteen million voters; how the few can impose their ideas and their will upon widening circles, out and out, until all are included. The people are scattered; the powers confer, man to man, day by day. The people are divided by partisan and other prejudices; the powers are bound together by self-interest. The people must accept such organizations as are provided for them; the powers pay for and their agents make and direct those organizations. The people are poor; the powers are rich. The people have not even offices to bestow; the powers have offices to give, and material and social advancement, all that the vanity and the appetite of men crave. The people punish but feebly,—usually the wrong persons,—and soon forget; the powers destroy those who oppose them, and forgive only after the offender has surrendered unconditionally, and they never forget.

Back in March, when Goodrich first suspected that I had outgeneraled him, he opened negotiations with the national machine of the opposition party. He decided that, if I should succeed in nominating Burbank, he would save his masters and himself by nominating as the opposition candidate a man under their and his control and by electing him with an enormous campaign fund.

Twining, the subtlest and most influential of the managers of the national machine of the opposition, submitted several names to him. He selected Henry J. Simpson, a justice of the supreme court of Ohio,—a slow, shy, ultra-conservative man, his brain spun full in every cell with the cobwebs of legal technicality. He was, in his way, almost as good a candidate for the Goodrich crowd as Cromwell would have been, for, while he was honest, of what value is honesty when combined with credulity and lack of knowledge of affairs? They knew what advisers he would select,—men trained in their service and taken from their legal staffs. They knew he would shrink from anything "radical" or "disturbing,"—that is, would not molest the two packs of wolves, the business and the political, at their feast upon the public. He came of a line of bigoted adherents of his party; he led a simple, retired life among sheep and cows and books asleep in the skins of sheep and cows. He wore old-fashioned rural whiskers, thickest at the throat, thinning toward the jawbone, scant about the lower lip, and absent from the upper. These endeared him to the masses.

As soon as those of the big organs of the opposition that were in the control of the powers began to talk of Simpson as an ideal candidate, I suspected what was in the wind, but I had my hands full. The most I could do was to supply my local left bower, Silliman, with funds, and set him to work for a candidate for his party more to my taste. It was fortunate for me that I had cured myself of the habit of worrying, for it was plain that, if Goodrich and Twining should succeed in having Simpson nominated by the opposition, I should have a hard fight to get the necessary campaign money. The large interests either would finance Simpson, or, convinced that Burbank was as good for their purposes as Simpson, would be indifferent which won.

I directed Silliman to work for Rundle, of Indiana, a thoroughly honest man, in deadly earnest about half a dozen deadly wrong things, and capable of anything in furthering them,—after the manner of fanatics. If he had not been in public life, he would have been a camp-meeting exhorter. Crowds liked to listen to him; the radicals and radically inclined throughout the West swore by him; he had had two terms in congress, had got over a hundred votes for the nomination for president at the last national convention of the opposition,—a splendid scarecrow for the Wall Street crowd, but difficult to nominate over Goodrich's man Simpson.

In May—it was the afternoon of the very day my mutineers got back into the harness,—Woodruff asked me if I would see a man he had picked up in a delegate-hunting trip into Indiana. "He's an old pal of mine," said he, "much the better for the twelve years' wear since I last saw him. He's a full-fledged graduate of the Indiana school of politics, and that's the best. It's almost all craft there,—they hate to give up money, and don't use it except as a last resort."

He brought in his man,—Merriweather, by name. I liked the first look at him,—keen, cynical, indifferent. He had evidently sat in so many games of chance of all kinds that play had for him only the ice-cold passion of a pure professional. "There's been nothing doing in our state for the last two or three years,—at least, nothing in my line,"—said he. "A rank outsider, Scarborough—"

I nodded. "Yes, I know him; he came into the senate from your state, two years ago."

"Well, he's built up a machine of his own and runs things to suit himself."

"I thought he was n't a politician," said I.

Merriweather's bony face showed a faint grin. "The best ever," said he. "He's put the professionals out of business, without its costing him a cent. I've got tired of waiting for him to blow over."

Tired,—and hungry,—I thought. After half an hour of "pumping" I sent him away, detaining Woodruff to tell him that he might use him to any extent and in any manner he saw fit for outside business of aiding the opposition to select a candidate who would be easy to beat.

"What does he think about Rundle?" I asked.

"Says he has n't the ghost of a chance,—that Scarborough 'll control the Indiana delegation, and that he has no more use for lunatics than for grafters."

This was not encouraging. I called Merriweather back. "Why do n't you people nominate Scarborough at St. Louis?" said I.

Behind his surface of attention, I saw his mind traveling at lightning speed in search of my hidden purpose along every avenue that my suggestion opened.

"Scarborough 'd be a dangerous man for you," he replied. "He 's got a nasty way of reaching across party lines for votes."

I kept my face a blank.

"You 've played politics either in your own state or against the eastern crowd, these last few years," he went on, as if in answer to my thoughts. "You do n't realize what a hold Scarborough 's got through the West. He has split your party and the machine of his own in our state, and they know all about him in the states to the west."

"A good many people call him a demagogue, do n't they?" said I.

"Yes,—and he is, in sort of a way," replied Merriweather. "But—well,—he 's got a knack of telling the truth so that it does n't scare folks, and he 's managed to convince them that he is n't looking out for number one. It can't be denied that he made a good governor. For instance, he got after the monopolies, and the cost of living is twenty per cent. lower in Indiana than just across the line in Ohio."

"Then I should say that all the large interests in the country would line up against him," said I.

"Every one," said Merriweather, and an expression of understanding flittered across his face. He went on: "But it ain't much use talking about him. He could n't get the nomination,—at least, it would n't be easy to get it for him."

"I suppose not," said I; "that 's a job for a first-class man,—and they 're rare." I shook hands with him as a signal for him to go.

About a week later he returned and tried to make a report to me. But I sent him away, treating him very formally. I appreciated that, being an experienced and capable man, he knew the wisdom of getting intimately in touch with his real employer; but, as I had my incomparable Woodruff, better far than I at the rough work of politics, there was no necessity for my entangling myself.

Merriweather went to Woodruff, and the latter reported to me. Scarborough's friends in Indianapolis all agreed that he did not want the nomination and would not have it. "We must force it on him," said I; "we must have Scarborough."

When our convention was over, with Burbank safely nominated, Goodrich concentrated upon nominating Judge Simpson. He had three weeks, and he worked hard and well. I think he overdid it in the editorials in our party organs in New York, Boston, and other eastern cities,—

never a day without laborious screeds on the melancholy outlook for Burbank if the other party should put up Simpson. But his Simpson editorials in big opposition papers undoubtedly produced an effect. I set for De Milt and his bureau of underground publicity the task of showing up Goodrich and his crowd and their machinations to secure the opposition nomination for a man of the same offensive type as Cromwell, and I told Woodruff to supply Silliman and Merriweather and that department of my bipartisan machine with all the money they wanted. "They can't spend much to advantage, at this late day, except for traveling expenses," said I. "Our last plan, anyhow, is good honest missionary work with the honest men of the other party who wish to see its best man nominated."

While Goodrich and Twining's agents were industriously arranging the eastern machinery of the opposite party for Simpson, Merriweather and Silliman's men were toiling in the West and the South to get Rundle delegates or uninstructed delegations: and, after our conversation, he was reinforced by Woodruff and such men of his staff as could be used without suspicion. Woodruff himself could permeate like an odorless gas; you only knew he was there by the results. Nothing could be done for Rundle, in his own state; but, the further away from his home our men got, the easier it was to induce the politicians of his party to think well of him,—this the more because they regarded Simpson as a "stuff" and a "stiff,"—and they were n't far wrong. "It may not be Scarborough, and it probably won't be Rundle," Woodruff said, in his final report to me, "but it certainly won't be Simpson. He's a dead one, no matter how well he does on the first ballot."

But I would not let him give me the details,—the story of shrewd flats, stratagems, and surprises. "I am worn out, mind and body," I said, in apology for my obvious weariness and indifference.

For six months I had been incessantly at work, carrying a double burden; for, while I was absorbed in getting delegates for Burbank, Ed. Ramsey had badly muddled the business. Nor had I, like Burbank and Woodruff, the power to empty my mind as soon as I got into bed, and so to get eight hours of unbroken rest each night. Woodruff began asking me for instructions, but my judgment was uncertain, and my imagination barren. "Do as you think best," said I; "I've reached my limit. I must rest a few days." I took train for my friend Sandys's country place near Cleveland, forbidding Woodruff or Burbank or my secretaries to communicate with me. Sandys had no interest in politics,—his fortune was in real estate, and, therefore, did not tempt to force him into relations with political machines.

Early in the morning after my arrival I slipped away from the others, and, with a stag hound that remembered me with favor from my last visit, struck into woods that had never been despoiled by man. As I tramped on and on, my mind seemed to revive, and I tried to take up the plots and schemes that had been all-important yesterday. But I could not. Instead, as a sensible man must when he and nature are alone and face to face, I fell to wondering that I could burn up myself, the best of me, the best years of my one life, in such a fever of folly and fraud as this political career of mine. I felt like one in a lucid interval between paroxysms of insanity. I reviewed the men and things of my world as one recalls the absurd and repellent visions of a nightmare. I shrank from passing from this mood of wakefulness and reason back into the unreal reality of what had for years been my all-in-all. I wandered hour after hour, sometimes imagining that I was flying from the life I loathed; and again that somewhere in those cool, green, golden-lighted mazes I should find—my lost youth, and her, for how could I think of *it* without thinking of *her* also? It had been lighted by her; it had gone with her; it lived in memory, illumined by her.

I did not return to the house until almost dinner time. "I have to go away to-morrow morning," I announced, after dinner.

"Why," protested Sandys, "you came to stay until we all start for St. Louis."

"I must go," I repeated. I did not care to invent an excuse; I could not give the reason. Had I followed my impulses, I should have gone at once, that night,—back to my insane asylum, back to my associates in lunatic ambitions.

By noon, the next day, I had again flung myself into the vexed political ocean whose incessant buffetings give the swimmers small chance to think of anything beyond the next oncoming wave. I was almost master of myself again when, a week later, I got aboard the car in which Carlotta and I were taking our friends to look on at the opposition convention at St. Louis. When we arrived, I went at once to confer with Merriweather in a room at the Southern Hotel, which no one knew he had. "Simpson has under rather than over five hundred delegates," was his first item of good news. "It takes six hundred and fifty to nominate. As his sort of boom always musters its greatest strength on the first ballot, I am putting my money two to one against him."

"And Scarborough?" I asked, amazed at my own indifference to this foreshadowing of triumph for me.

"My men talk him to every incoming delegation. It's well known that he does n't want the nomination and has forbidden his friends to vote for him and has pledged them to work against him. Then, too, the boys of the machines do n't like him,—to put it mildly. But I think we're making every one feel he's the only man they can put up, with a chance to beat Burbank."

My wife and our friends and I dined at the Southern that night. As we were about to leave, the streets began to fill. Presently, through the close-packed masses, came, at a walk, an open carriage,—the storm-center of a roar that almost drowned the music of the four or five bands. The electric lights made the scene almost as bright as day.

"Who is he?" asked the woman at my side,—Mrs. Sandys.

She was looking at the man in that carriage,—there were four, but there was no mistaking him. He was seated, and was giving not the slightest heed to the cheering throngs. His soft black hat was pulled well down over his brows; his handsome profile was stern, and his face pale. If that crowd had been hurling curses at him and preparing to tear him limb from limb, he would not have looked differently. He was smooth-shaven, which made him seem younger than I knew him to be.

"That," I replied to Mrs. Sandys, "is Senator Scarborough, of Indiana."

"What's he so stern about?"

"I'm sure I don't know,—perhaps to hide his joy," said I. But I did know. He had found out, several weeks before, what a strong undercurrent was running toward him. He was faced by a dilemma,—if he should not go to the convention, it would be said that he had stayed away deliberately, and so he would be nominated; if he should go, to try to prevent his nomination, the enthusiasm of his admirers and followers would give the excuse for forcing the nomination upon him. As he sat there, with that ominous tumult about him, he was realizing how hard his task was to be.

His companions pushed him a passage through the crowds on the sidewalk and in the lobby, and he shut himself away in the upper part of the hotel. When we left, half an hour later, the crowds were packed before that face of the hotel which displayed the banner of the Indiana delegation, were cheering Scarborough, and were clamoring—in vain,—for him to show himself.

"But won't he offend them?" asked my wife.

"A crowd loves like a woman," said I; "indifference only excites it."

"Oh, *I* never loved that way," protested Mrs. Sandys.

"Then," said my wife, rather sourly, I thought, "you and Mr. Sandys have something to live for."

So we talked no more politics. There may be American women who really like to talk politics, but I have never happened to know one with so little sense. It's a pity we men do not imitate our women more closely in one respect. In season and out of season, they never talk anything but business,—their business. When something else is the subject of conversation, they listen, or, rather, pretend to listen,—in reality their minds are still on their business and how they shall contrive to bring it back into the conversation with advantage to themselves.

Next day the convention adopted a wishy-washy platform much like Burbank's,—if anything, weaker. I saw Goodrich's blight upon it, but the victory cost him dear. That night the delegates realized what a blunder they had made,—or thought they realized it after Merriweather and his staff had circulated among them for a few hours. Few of them had been trusted with the secret that, with that platform and with Simpson as the nominee, their party would have the large interests behind it, and would almost certainly win. They only saw ahead a dull campaign, and no real issue between the parties, and their candidate, if he should be Simpson, much the less attractive personality of the two.

The following morning the voting began—and after seven ballots Simpson had thirty-nine votes less than on the first ballot. "It was like a funeral," was the verdict of my disappointed guests, that evening. A night of debate and gloom among the politicians and other delegates followed, and on the opening ballot, the next morning, Merriweather sprung his trap.

The first big doubtful state in the alphabetical list of states is Illinois. When the secretary of the convention called for Illinois's vote, it was cast solidly for Scarborough. There was straightway pandemonium. It was half an hour before anyone could get a hearing. Then Indiana was called, and Pierson, attorney-general of that state and chairman of its delegation, cast its vote, as in the other ballots, for Hitchens, its governor. From my box I was watching Scarborough and his immediate friends going from delegation to delegation, and I knew what he was about. When Iowa was called and cast its vote solidly for him I knew he had failed.

"How white he is!" exclaimed Mrs. Sandys, who was looking at him through opera glasses.

I borrowed them and saw that his gaze was fixed on a box on the other side of the huge auditorium, on a woman in that box,—I had only to look at her to see which woman. She was very beautiful, of that type of charm which the French express in the phrase, "the woman of thirty." I have heard crowds bellow too often to be moved by it,—though the twenty or thirty thousand gathered under that roof were outdoing the cannonade of any thunderstorm. But that woman's look in response to Scarborough's,—there was sympathy and understanding in it, and more, infinitely more. He had been crushed, for the moment,—and I understood enough of his situation to understand what a blow to all his plans this untimely apparent triumph was. She was showing that she, too, felt the blow, but she was also sending a message of courage to him,—one of those messages that transcend words, like music, like the perfumes of flowers and fields, or like the awe that fills us as we look straight up into the sky. I lowered the glasses and looked away,—I could not bear it.

I heard Carlotta asking a woman in the box next to ours the name of "the woman with the white plume in the big black hat in the seventh box on the other side," and the woman said, "Mrs. Scarborough,—the senator's wife."

"Oh, is that she?" exclaimed Mrs. Sandys, almost snatching her glasses from me in her eagerness. "You know who she was,—John Dumont's widow,—you remember him? She must be an unusual person to have attracted

two men of such commanding personality and intelligence."

But Scarborough was nominated now. He waved aside those who tried to take him up and bear him to the platform. He walked down the aisle alone, ascended, and, amid a curious silence, stood looking calmly out. His face had lost its whiteness of a few minutes before. As he stood there, big and silent and self-controlled, a sort of embodiment of fearlessness, I wondered—and I fancy many others were wondering,—whether he was about to refuse the nomination or not. But an instant's thought drove the wild notion from my mind. He could not strike that deadly blow at his party.

"Fellow delegates," said he,—a clearer, more musical voice than his I have never heard,—"I thank you for this honor. As you know, I opposed the platform you saw fit to adopt. I have nothing to retract. I do not like it. But, after all, a candidate must be his own platform, and I bring my public record as proof of my pledge—that—." He paused, and the silence was tremendous. He went on, each word distinct and by itself,—"If I am elected,"—a long pause,—"I shall obey the constitution,"—another long pause,—"and I shall enforce the laws."

He was descending to the aisle when the silence was broken,—a feeble, rippling applause, significant of disappointment at what seemed an anticlimax. He had merely repeated, in condensed form, the oath of office which a president takes at his inauguration. But somehow—no doubt it was the magic of his voice and his manner and superb presence,—those simple words kept on ringing; and all at once—full half a minute must have elapsed, a long time in such circumstances,—all at once the enormous meaning of the two phrases boomed into the brains of those thousands,—if this man is elected, there will be a president without fear or favor, and he will really obey the constitution, and really enforce the laws. That little speech, though only a repetition of an oath embodied in our century-old supreme law, was a firebrand to light the torch of revolution, of revolution back toward what the republic used to be before differences of wealth divided its people into upper, middle, and lower classes, with enthroned corporate combinations making a mockery of equality before the law!

As the multitude realized it, they—I doubt if many times in all history such a sight and sound has burst upon mortal eyes and ears. For the moment I was daunted,—it was impossible not to think that here was the whole people, and not to feel that Scarborough had been chosen president and was about to fulfill his pledge. Then I remembered, and said: "I can elect Burbank."

But where was the elation that thought would have set to swelling in the me of less than two weeks before?

[*To be continued in the February* SUCCESS]

Henry G. Davis's First Wages

SHORTLY before the death, about two years ago, of Theodore Emory, president of the Second National Bank, of Washington, D. C., he happened to be introduced to ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, one of the largest of American coal operators.

"I don't think we need an introduction, senator," said Mr. Emory. "I see you have forgotten me, but I once gave you a job."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Davis; "when, may I ask, was that?"

"Well, that was back in about '35. You were a red-headed boy, then, senator. One day you came down over the hill into a quarry, down in Maryland, and asked the foreman for something to do. I was the foreman. I remember that I gave you a job carrying water, and that you were the best boy we had had at the quarry, because you were always on hand with the pail when a man was thirsty."

"Well, now, this is mighty interesting," said Mr. Davis, slapping Mr. Emory on the back. "I recollect, now, and I want to tell you that the two dollars you paid me on Saturday night were the first wages I ever earned."

Mr. Davis is eighty-one years old, yet his step is so sprightly and his carriage so erect that acquaintances are often prompted to ask him for an explanation of his hold on youth. On a recent occasion, in New York, when the question was put to him, he smiled and replied:—

"When this matter is mentioned to me, I always think of the answer that William E. Gladstone made to the same inquiry. He was a very vigorous man long after he had passed the allotted span of three-score and ten. He said that once, when the road commissioners of London were making a special study of work horses, they discovered, among other things that the horses that daily drew market wagons to London over level roads became worn out sooner than those which had to climb hills on their trips to market. The road commissioners explained this odd fact on the ground that, while the work of the horses that traveled the level roads seemed the easier, the truth was that it was the more wearing, for the reason that all of their work was done by one set of muscles, whereas the horses that tugged up the hills and trotted on the levels could rest one set of muscles while using others, and thus had a more uniform development and were subjected to a less exhausting strain.

"'These natural laws hold good,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'when applied to the human mind. If a man is to long retain his mental freshness and power, he must have a diversity of interests; enjoyable work, even though hard, invigorates the brain, but monotonous work eventually kills it. During my life I have interested myself in many things, and to this I chiefly attribute the retention of my mental and even my physical powers.'

"I do not believe that I can improve on Gladstone's recipe for longevity. For many years I have had a considerable range of interests, and have been too busy to realize that I have been growing old. I might add that I have avoided the artificial stimulation of liquor and tobacco."

Faithful, dutiful work is the surest way to an honorable life.
GEORGE EVERARD.

How Steve Mackerley Got Even

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

[*Concluded from page 15*]

stand," he said, slowly, but with a new light shining in his eyes; "I understand it—now."

The coal strike, as everybody knows, was a long one and strong one, and it kept the Rescue Mission busy, and the strike customers, most of them, remained steady customers. It was well on into the following spring that matters settled down again into the routine order, and, when that spring arrived, Mackerley had something to show for it. He had money to show for it. He had a much cleaner river front to show for it. He had fought the dives tooth and nail. He had a respectable and self-respecting body of men,—and he had his *protégé* and himself.

One day the young fellow stepped into Steve's presence. The latter had watched him for some time, and he knew that something was in the wind.

"Steve," he said, "I want to tell you. I—I want to,—I want to go back—home."

Steve nodded. "I want to tell you this, lad," said he, "I did n't ask you who you were when you came. I do n't know now. I do n't want to know. I do n't know who your folks are, and I do n't want to know. But, whoever they are, I'm sure they want to see you. They've missed you; maybe they've looked for you. Maybe they've given you up. You certainly was lost, way down here in the crowd on the river front,—like a needle in a haystack. Go back,—and go back right away."

He pulled out a leather bag from a remote corner of his trunk, and opened it. From it he pulled a roll of bills.

"Go back," he continued, "and do n't tell your folks where you've been. Do n't tell 'em anything about it. Do n't tell 'em about me. Go back like a man who's gone West to make a fortune, and who's come back with something to show for it. Here. Catch hold."

The young fellow gasped. "W—what's this?" he demanded. Steve snorted. It's the divvy," he answered; "it ain't so much, but it's your share. You and me have kept together; we've been partners. We've made money. Here's the whack-up. That's all. Take it. Go. No, —wait. Come back, lad, and see me sometime, now and then." He held up his finger. "And do n't forget, sonny," he continued, "when you're away from me, that it's you has got to keep me straight."

The young man went. He made his way to the western portion of the city, and stood finally before a brownstone house. For an instant he hesitated, then stepped lightly up the steps and rang the bell. A servant answered, and, when she opened the door, the young man breathed a sigh of relief. She was a new one and did not know him. He asked for the master of the house and stepped into the hall.

A minute later an old gentleman descended the stairs and entered the parlor. He did not see the newcomer at first, but, when he did, he uttered a sharp exclamation. He and the young man stood and looked into each others' eyes for an instant. Then the old man darted back and left the room.

"Mother, mother," he cried, standing at the foot of the stairs and calling at the top of his voice, "mother,—come quick. Here's Jimmy, —Jimmy boy, come back to us again!"

The next morning Mackerley sat in the office of the Rescue Mission. He was lonely, and was alone. The door opened and a man entered. It was Deacon James J. Alderdice.

"Steve," said Deacon Alderdice, "I've come back,—back to apologize to you."

Mackerley waved his hand good-naturedly. "No apologies necessary, Mr. Alderdice," he responded; "I suppose you've been saying hard things about my mission, and I've been saying hard things about yours, but"—he winked slightly,—"it's all in the way of legitimate trade, you know,—it's good business, Mr. Alderdice."

"It's—it's not that," faltered Alderdice, "it's more. I misunderstood you,—I always misunderstood you,—until my son came back, and—"

"Your son," repeated Mackerley, "has he been down here? Has he? How did he like it?"

Alderdice held up his hand. "He has been

down here," he returned, "for a year or more. He owes his life to you, and much, much more—"

Mackerley leaped from his chair as if shot. "What!" gasped he, "was—that—your—son? Impossible!"

Alderdice drew nearer. "How did you do it, Mackerley?" he asked; "how did you do for him what you have done?"

Mackerley looked the old man in the face. "I dunno," he answered; "somehow or other I seemed to understand him,—that was all."

It was two days later that Alderdice and the First Church committee called on Mackerley.

"Mr. Mackerley," they said, "we've come to ask a favor. Somehow or other we can't run the Industrial Home. We thought we could. We can't. We're going to ask you to run it for us,—if you will."

"How's your mortgage getting on?" said Mackerley, with a smile. He crossed the room and rummaged in his trunk. "Gentlemen," he said, "money is a blamed good thing to have; but, when I had it, and spent it, I only spent it on one thing, and I've give up all that. I've made some money in this business,—that's what I call it, business,—but, when you come right down to it, I owe it all to you. I'm handing of it over, and I want you to cut a slice right off that mortgage with it. There!"

"How," inquired Alderdice, "do you owe it to us at all?"

Steve snorted. "*You* ask?" he inquired; "why, hang it all, man, it was *you* that gave the invitation that night that I was made a man."

When the committee's thanks were over, it resumed the burden of its song: "Will you come and run our mission for us?"

"I'll tell you," answered Steve,—"I'll do it, if young Jimmy Alderdice will help me out." He glanced wistfully out of the window. "Him and me has got to keep together, somehow!" he exclaimed.

Later, when he was alone, he laughed in glee. "I said I'd get even with that bunch," he told himself; "and, by George, I've been and gone—and done it!"

Can Negro Blood always Be Detected?

THAT an admixture of negro blood always shows itself by the appearance of one or more special race characteristics is a popular opinion, but, if we are to believe a Baltimore physician, Dr. Pearce Kintzing, it is an erroneous one. The sign most relied upon—the color of the finger nails,—he finds absent in numerous cases where negro descent is undoubted. After an examination of over five hundred separate cases, he has concluded that the nails of negroes and persons of mixed blood possess no distinct attributes by which their descent can be detected when general characteristics fail to show it. Similarly fallacious, he says, are other alleged signs, such as the shape of the nose and the stretch of the arms. In short, according to Dr. Kintzing, "there is no positive sign whereby a very attenuated strain of negro blood may be asserted, the prevalent idea to the contrary notwithstanding."

Does Surgery Thwart Nature's Designs?

THAT a skillful surgeon may, by saving the life of an individual, thwart the wider plans of nature, is suggested by a recent writer in "Science," Edwin G. Dexter. A disease or a malformation may be a benefit to the race, while it is fatal to the victim. Mr. Dexter instances appendicitis as a malady to which many persons have a hereditary predisposition. If left to itself, it would shortly remove all such persons, and its course would be self-limited. We are perpetuating the disease and strengthening its cause by transmission to succeeding generations. The excision of the appendix, while removing danger to the individual, does not lessen one whit the disastrous effects upon the race. The logical result of such views as these would be the abandonment of sufferers from certain surgical diseases to their fate; but apparently no one has gone so far as to recommend this.

Sea Water as a Vital Fluid

THAT the composition and temperature of the principal fluid of the animal organism closely approximate those of sea water, as it was when life first appeared in it, is asserted by Dr. René Quinton, of the College de France, in a recent work on "Sea Water as an Organic Medium." These similarities, according to this writer, are by no means accidental, but are closely related to the course of evolution. The usual view is that life had its origin in the sea. Its basis then, as now, is the cell, which is practically the same in the highest and the lowest creatures. The medium in which the primitive cell existed was sea water; and this medium has simply been perpetuated, as a cell fluid, according to Dr. Quinton, through the long series of organisms that lead from the first marine creature up to man. The closeness of the relationship is shown by the fact that, if the blood of a dog is replaced with sea water, at the proper temperature and dilution, the white blood-globules will live in the new medium. The principle underlying this idea has been utilized, for the past twenty years or more, in the "physiological salt water" of Julius Hensel, an eminent German chemist and physician, who claimed to have thus produced a drink of almost the identical composition of the serum of healthy human blood.

The Success Magazine Clubbing Offers

Suggestions for Making Selections and Ascertaining Prices

MANY of our readers may find "clubbing offers" somewhat puzzling and difficult to understand. It is impossible, of course, to give in any small space *all* the different combinations which can be made with the forty principal magazines below, but the following suggestions will be found useful to those who are selecting their magazines for the coming year:—

1. First examine "Our Magazine List," in the first column of this page, and choose the magazines of "Class A," "Class B," and "Special" that you wish to order.

2. If you choose several "A" and "B" magazines *only*, or one "Special Magazine" *only*, the combination price with SUCCESS will be readily found at top of second column.

3. If you choose several "Special" or "Class B" magazines, look for one of them (in black-faced type,) in the alphabetical list, and you will find there a set of offers which will *probably* (though not surely) include what you wish. Note that in any combination containing an "A" magazine you may substitute any other "A" magazine (chosen by you) at the same price; and, similarly, in any combination containing a "B" magazine you may substitute any other "B" magazine (if the combination price is not less than $3). The "Special Magazines," however, are not interchangeable.

4. If you do not readily find prices on the magazines which you wish by the above rules, *write to us for special quotations.*

Our Magazine List

	Regular Price
SUCCESS MAGAZINE,	$1.00
CLASS A	
The Cosmopolitan Magazine,	$1.00
Harper's Bazar,	1.00
Leslie's Monthly Magazine,	1.00
Good Housekeeping,	1.00
Pearson's Magazine,	1.00
The Twentieth Century Home,	1.00
The American Boy,	1.00
The American Inventor,	1.50
The Sunset,	1.00
The Technical World,	2.00
The Bookkeeper and Business Man's Magazine ($1.00), with "Business Short Cuts" ($1.00),*	2.00
The Ladies' World (50c.), with "Entertainments for All Seasons" ($1.00),†	1.50
The Holiday Magazine for Children (50c.), with "Home Games and Parties" (50c.),‡	1.00
CLASS B	
The Review of Reviews,	$2.50
The World's Work,	3.00
Outing,	3.00
The Booklovers Magazine,	3.00
The Independent,	2.00
SPECIAL MAGAZINES	
The Outlook, (*new sub.*)	$3.00
Country Life in America,	3.00
Harper's Magazine,	4.00
Harper's Weekly,	4.00
The International Studio,	5.00
North American Review, (*new sub.*)	5.00

SPECIAL BOOKS

* "Business Short Cuts" is a valuable handbook for the busy office man, either employer or employee; 157 pages, bound in heavy boards. It is offered in combination with "The Bookkeeper and Business Man's Magazine" as a member of Class A.

† "Entertainments for All Seasons" is a 224 page 12mo book, neatly bound in cloth and full of excellent hints and suggestions for home and church festivities. It is offered in combination with the "Ladies' World" as a member of Class A.

‡ "Home Games and Parties" is a beautiful little 188 page book, bound in cloth, especially adapted for the busy mother who has to provide amusement for her boys and girls. It is offered in combination with the "Holiday Magazine for Children" as a member of Class A.

Postage The above prices cover postage on magazines and books in the United States and American possessions throughout the world, and in Canada, Mexico, and Cuba. Foreign postage, $1.00 extra on SUCCESS; 50c. extra on "American Boy," "Bookkeeper," "Holiday Magazine," or "Ladies' World;" 75c. extra on "American Inventor," "Good Housekeeping," "Harper's Bazar," or "Twentieth Century Home;" $1.10 extra on "Cosmopolitan," "Country Life," "Harper's Magazine," "Leslie's Monthly," "North American Review," "Outing," "Pearson's Magazine," "Review of Reviews," "Technical World," or "World's Work;" and $1.75 extra on "Independent," "International Studio," or "Outlook."

OUR CLUB PRICES

For Annual Subscriptions in All Cases. New or Renewal—unless otherwise stated.

The Success Magazine

	Our Price
CLASS A	
with 1 of A,	$1.50
with 2 of A,	2.00
with 3 of A,	2.50
CLASS B	
with Review of Reviews,	$2.50
with Independent,	2.50
with World's Work,	*3.00
with Booklovers,	*3.00
with Outing,	*3.00
with 2 of B,	4.00
with 3 of B,	5.50
*By publishers' rules. See also next offer.	
CLASSES A AND B	
with 1 of A and 1 of B,	$3.00
with 1 of A and 2 of B,	4.50
with 2 of A and 1 of B,	3.50
with 2 of A and 2 of B,	5.00
SPECIAL MAGAZINES	
with Outlook, (new)	$3.00
with Country Life in America,	3.25
with Harper's Magazine,	4.25
with Harper's Weekly,	4.25
with International Studio,	4.50
with North American Review (new) and 1 of A	5.00

Booklovers Magazine

with SUCCESS *and* 1 of A,	$3.00
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of A,	3.50
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of B,	4.00
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of B,	5.50
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of A *and* 1 of B,	4.50
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of A *and* 2 of B,	7.00

Country Life in America

with SUCCESS,	$3.25
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of A,	3.75
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of A,	4.25
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of B,	4.75
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of B,	6.25
with SUCCESS *and* Outlook, (*new*)	5.25
with SUCCESS *and* Harper's Magazine *or* Weekly,	6.50
with SUCCESS *and* No. Am. Review (*new*) *or* Inter. Studio,	6.75

Harper's Magazine or Weekly

with SUCCESS,	$4.25
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of A,	4.75
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of A,	5.25
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of B,	5.75
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of B,	7.25
with SUCCESS *and* Outlook, (*new*)	6.25
with SUCCESS *and* No. Am. Review (*new*) *or* Inter. Studio,	7.75
with SUCCESS *and* Country Life,	6.50

Independent

with SUCCESS,	$2.50
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of A,	3.00
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of A,	3.50
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of B,	4.00
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of B,	5.50
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of A *and* 1 of B,	4.50
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of A *and* 2 of B,	7.00

International Studio

	Our Price
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of A,	$5.00
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of A,	5.50
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of B,	6.00
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of B,	7.50
with SUCCESS *and* Outlook, (*new*)	6.50
with SUCCESS *and* Harper's Magazine *or* Weekly,	7.75
with SUCCESS *and* Country Life,	6.75

North American Review

(New sub. If a renewal add 75c to club price.)

with SUCCESS *and* 1 of A,	$5.00
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of A,	5.50
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of B,	6.00
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of B,	7.50
with SUCCESS *and* Outlook, (*new*)	6.50
with SUCCESS *and* Harper's Magazine *or* Weekly,	7.75
with SUCCESS *and* Country Life,	6.75

Outing

with SUCCESS *and* 1 of A,	$3.00
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of A,	3.50
wish SUCCESS *and* 1 of B,	4.00
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of B,	5.50
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of A *and* 1 of B,	4.50
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of A *and* 2 of B,	7.00

Outlook

(New sub. If a renewal add $1.00 to club price.)

with SUCCESS,	$3.00
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of A,	3.50
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of A,	4.00
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of B,	4.50
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of B,	6.00
with SUCCESS *and* Harper's Magazine *or* Weekly,	6.25
with SUCCESS *and* Country Life,	5.25
with SUCCESS *and* No. Am. Review (*new*) *or* Inter. Studio,	6.50

Review of Reviews

with SUCCESS	$2.50
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of A,	3.00
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of A,	3.50
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of B,	4.00
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of B,	5.50
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of A *and* 1 of B,	4.50
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of A *and* 2 of B,	7.00

World's Work

with SUCCESS *and* 1 of A,	$3.00
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of A,	3.50
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of B,	4.00
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of B,	5.50
with SUCCESS *and* 1 of A *and* 1 of B,	4.50
with SUCCESS *and* 2 of A *and* 2 of B,	7.00

The Success Atlas and Gazetteer

This is a valuable Traveling Atlas of nearly 600 pages, exquisitely printed, bound in silk cloth, and containing a most unique and convenient reference index to the 40,000 towns mapped. Regular price, $1.00. It may be ordered with any of the SUCCESS combinations by adding only $.25 to the combination price.

Notice Magazines ordered by subscribers may be sent to the same or different addresses, as desired. Subscriptions will commence with issues requested whenever possible to furnish copies; otherwise, with issues of the month following that in which the subscription is received.

Address all Orders to Desk 74 **THE SUCCESS COMPANY, Washington Square New York**

A Holiday Present
from Success Magazine

On Christmas morning several thousand of our readers received through the mails or by express a Christmas present from SUCCESS. On New Year's morning several thousand more will receive a New Year's present.

These presents from SUCCESS are in the nature of a *surprise.* It is true that an intimation about them was given by advertisement in our December number,—but nothing more—and we know that the recipients cannot fail to be delighted with them or to regard our presents as among the best of those which they are receiving in this happy season. Our efforts to interest and please our subscribers have been so thoroughly successful that we are going to **continue giving Holiday Presents throughout January.**

Who are to get these Presents?

We receive every year, particularly in the Holiday Season, thousands of orders, reading in effect: "Please renew my subscription to SUCCESS and send SUCCESS also to my friend _____. I want him (or her) to have your valuable paper next year."

It is those of our kind friends, who help to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, that we intend to remember with a holiday present. To *you*—the reader of these words,—we will send such a present, if you will send us two or more subscriptions to SUCCESS, one of which may be your own renewal, though the other (or others) must be new. In order to be sure of receiving this present at the appointed time, you should not fail to note carefully the "Special Notice" below.

Special Notice

(1) To your letter containing the two or more subscriptions to SUCCESS, attach the coupon on this page, giving us information on which Mr. Higgins can base his selection of a gift to best please you.

(2) As soon as your order with coupon reaches us, we will immediately decide upon and send you a present, which should reach you within from ten to fifteen days Presents will be sent for all orders (containing coupons) received by us bearing January postmark; *i. e.*, if you mail us an order on January 31st, you will receive a present, although it may not reach you until February 10th to 15th.

(3) In order to receive a Present, you must either [*a*] send us $2.00 for two single subscriptions to SUCCESS, (or $3.00 for three, or $4.00 for four, etc.); or [*b*] send us at **full club prices** two or more Success Magazine or Book clubs (as advertised elsewhere), *each club to contain a subscription to "Success"*; or [*c*] send us one separate subscription to SUCCESS at $1.00, and full advertised price on one or more Success Magazine or Book Clubs, *each club to contain a subscription to "Success."*

(4) One of the SUCCESS subscriptions sent may be a renewal, but the other (or others) must be new.

(5) A more valuable Present will, of course, be given for three SUCCESS subscriptions than for two; for four than for three, etc.

(6) Although we prefer to send our Present to the friend who actually obtains and sends us the SUCCESS subscriptions, we will, if especially desired, send it to any other name or address which he or she may give us.

GUARANTEE

We absolutely guarantee to our readers full satisfaction with our Holiday Presents. If dissatisfied, the subscriber may return the Present to us, at our expense, and we will refund all money paid.

All orders should be addressed to EDWARD E. HIGGINS, General Manager, The Success Company, Washington Square, New York. Mr. Higgins will give his personal attention to the selection of gifts.

Holiday Present Coupon

EDWARD E. HIGGINS, General Manager,
SUCCESS COMPANY, Washington Square, New York.

DEAR SIR:—

I am sending you with this an order for _____ subscriptions to SUCCESS. Please send Holiday Present addressed as follows:

Name _____

Street and Number _____

City or Town _____

County and State _____

[The subscriber will please give the following information regarding the recipient of the present:]

Age _____ Male or Female _____

Living in City, Town or Country _____

The Democratic Defeat

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

[*Concluded from page 9*]

check the increasing appropriations for the navy. It is not likely to put an end to the colonial system by applying the Declaration of Independence to the Filipinos.

Having promised no reforms in the platform, it is not likely to inaugurate reforms after a victory which its leaders construe as a vindication of the party's inaction along these lines. On the contrary, its signal success is likely to encourage it to go even farther in the direction of plutocracy than it has gone. It is likely to make the financial laws more favorable to the financiers and more harsh for the country at large; it is likely to make the connection between Wall Street and the treasury department even more close and intimate than it is now.

If the large plurality which the President has received and the fact that he is not a candidate for reëlection,—if these things, taken together, make him more independent and lead him to throw the influence of the administration upon the side of the common people rather than upon the side of organized wealth, he will increase his own popularity, but he will cause a division in his party and bring on a contest between the two extremes. If, on the other hand, he considers the election an indorsement of all that the Republican Party has done, or failed to do, we can safely count upon a growing protest among thoughtful Republicans, who must sooner or later recognize the dangerous tendency of their party's policies.

If the Democratic Party so acts as to win the confidence of those outside of the Republican Party who desire reform, and the Republican Party so acts as to further discourage those reformers who are still within its lines, the next campaign will be fought under conditions more favorable to the triumph of the Democratic Party.

In the meantime, there is a possibility of a break in the industrial situation upon which the Republicans have relied as a vindication of their position. They have talked prosperity, and all criticism of their policies has been answered with the questions, "Isn't the country prosperous? Are not the people faring better than they did under the Cleveland administration?"

There is no Republican policy that can truly be said to promote prosperity. The present prosperity is not built upon a sound foundation. The people are being bled by the great combinations and dividends are being paid upon watered stock. The bleeding process will some day end from the exhaustion of the public, and then the water will be squeezed out of the stock of the corporations.

The conditions, this year, have been more favorable to Republican success than they are likely to be again, while the objections to Republican policies are likely to increase.

The question, "What of the night?" might therefore be answered,—"Dawn is near."

What Judge Parker Did with the Telegram

JUDGE PARKER is rather careless of his personal possessions. He has no interest in souvenirs, particularly of his own past deeds. After his nomination for the presidency, many newspapers and magazines were eager to obtain speeches of his that would give his views on general topics, but in this quest a surprising paucity of material was encountered. It was well known that Judge Parker had delivered numerous addresses. Few of them were available for the very simple reason that he had never kept drafts of even those utterances which were most carefully prepared.

On the day after he had sent his famous telegram to the convention at St. Louis, and the press had given evidence that the country had been electrified, the judge's son-in-law, Rev. Charles M. Hall, went down from his home in Kingston to Esopus. He asked for the original copy of the telegram, which the judge had written on a telegraphic blank and then turned over to his secretary to be typewritten, so that the operator would make no mistake.

"What do you want to do with the telegram?" inquired Judge Parker.

"Why, I want to preserve it," replied Dr. Hall.

"Oh, nonsense," laughed the judge. "I think it is in the waste basket, where it ought to be."

Dr. Hall found it, and it was through him that the reporters obtained it for reproduction in facsimile. He consented to give it to them only under the most implicit promises that it would be returned, and now it is one of the valued possessions of the Hall family.

In speaking of it to an acquaintance, Judge Parker remarked: "One can never tell how his personality or his actions impress others. The sending of that telegram seemed to me to be the simple and obvious thing to do. I was astonished when I learned from the newspapers what a stir it was making throughout the country."

The Wrath of the Diamond Syndicate

H. S. COOPER

[*Concluded from page 23*]

you, Tom,—and it maddened me so, the cold-blooded brutality of it, the awfulness, the horror, the suddenness,—all together drove me crazy for a second, and I cursed them, refused it, and tried to escape, and—here I am, and here I see you brought beside me! Oh, Tom, tell me what to do,—old fellow, tell me if it is some awful dream, some ghastly joke, or some fool thing of my imagination! You heard his words, and know what lies before me,—before me? Yes, old man, and before you, too, for you know too much, and you've heard too much,—and I've brought this all on you!"—and he laid his hand on my knee, and, before I knew it, we were both crying like babies.

We knew that it was no dream, for the men we dealt with, or who were dealing with us, rather, were in deadly earnest. We were in their power beyond any hope of aid, and our fate lay in their hands,—hands that, in handling millions, had become as careless of human lives and happiness, if they stood in their way, as of so much straw. We knew that there was no help for us except to accept their ultimatum, for the web had been too deftly woven, we had walked into it too blindly, and we were too well caught in it for us to hope to escape by struggling,—our only chance for life—for reason,—was that one offered us by them. So it seemed to us, as we grew calmer and could discuss the matter. My fate I did not know,—it could not be worse than Bob's; it could not be so bad,—for I had neither kith, kin, nor sweetheart, while Bob told me—for the first time,—of that which made his fate the worse,—his engagement to a girl he loved,—who loved him, and who was waiting only for his return from New York to marry him. That was the thought that made him desperate,—that she might never know his fate, might believe him false, and might marry another,—and the poor fellow groaned in bitterness of spirit!

We explained and discussed for a long time,—all to no purpose, for we could come to no conclusion beyond our first one, that to preserve our lives—or our reasons,—we must accept the terms offered us,—I say "us," as I had no reason to suppose that my fate would now be any different from his. So I finally called to the group of Russians at the door, and in a few minutes Rosenthal and the others came in. They came straight to us and Otis spoke first.

"Well, Mr. Allison, what is your decision?"

"I wish to ask three questions."

"And they are?"

"Is your ultimatum to me still positive,—can it not be avoided by any guarantee on my part?"

"Mr. Allison, it is no reflection on your honor to say that our 'ultimatum,' as you are pleased to call it, is still as was stated to you, and that no guarantee on your part could change it one iota,—we can not afford a single risk beyond what we are—I think,—unnecessarily taking. Your second question?"

"What are you going to do with Tom,—my friend here?"

"That we do not deem it wise to tell you, Mr. Allison. You will part from him here,—to see him no more!"

"That will not answer! I brought this on him,—it is my fault alone that he is in this trouble with me, and I will not give an answer until I know what you do with him! Are you devils, that you want to add this last touch of torture?—what harm will it do your fiendish plans for me to know this poor fellow's fate? Your plea for all this you are doing is 'necessity,'—is it a necessity that, to the torture of the living death you are giving me, you add the terror of my friend's unknown fate?"

Rosenthal stepped forward—although Otis tried to push him back,—and said:—

"The boy is right; he should know that much. I can see no harm in telling him! No! I will not be silent, Victor! I have some rights in this matter, and I say it shall be so. Mr. Allison, your friend Tom will live here in New York under strict surveillance, and holding his life as the price of his absolute silence. That much information is due you,—he will be safe and well cared for as long as that absolute silence is maintained; he will be warned if he willfully tries to break it; if he persists, his fate will be of his own making. That, Mr. Allison, will also be yours,—you shall live safely, freely,—luxuriously, if you desire it, and as long as you keep faith with us. Willful violation will subject you to a warning,—heed it! That is all I have to say,—you had a third question?"

"Can no intimation of my fate be given to *any* one?"

Victor answered this question,—his reply showed the almost superhuman knowledge and power of these men.

"No, Mr. Allison," he said; "not in the sense you mean. That matter was considered when the fact of your engagement was known to us, and it was not deemed wise to let any one know or suspect that you had disappeared in any extraordinary way. Neither could we allow any one—much less a woman,—to share your exile, for the risks would be too great—the responsibilities too large,—for us to assume. Understand, again, Mr. Allison, and you also, Mr. Macy, that we could have allowed you both to disappear—to die,—at any moment during the last few weeks, and no one would have been the wiser. I myself am frank to say that I was in favor of so doing; in view of the interests at stake I believe it to be the simplest way for us all,—I like no drawn-out bargains,—but my *confrères* have overruled me in that they allow you both to live, but beyond that I am firm, for I will have *no* complications! Now, Mr. Allison, time presses,—what is your decision?"

Poor Bob! He looked at the group around him, and there was something in his look that made the four draw back and made the three Russians close up toward him; it was only for a minute, however,—his glance fell on me, his face cleared, he held out his hand to me, and said, quietly, "Good-by, old friend," and I burst into tears. He never wavered, and I could feel him stroke my head as if he were a father or an older brother, as he said, quietly, "Don't, old man, don't! I've got all I can stand," so I straightened up after a bit and he shook my hand in farewell and turned to the others and said, "I am at your service, gentlemen," as coolly as if he were going to a pleasure party. Victor spoke some words to his men and then said to Bob:—

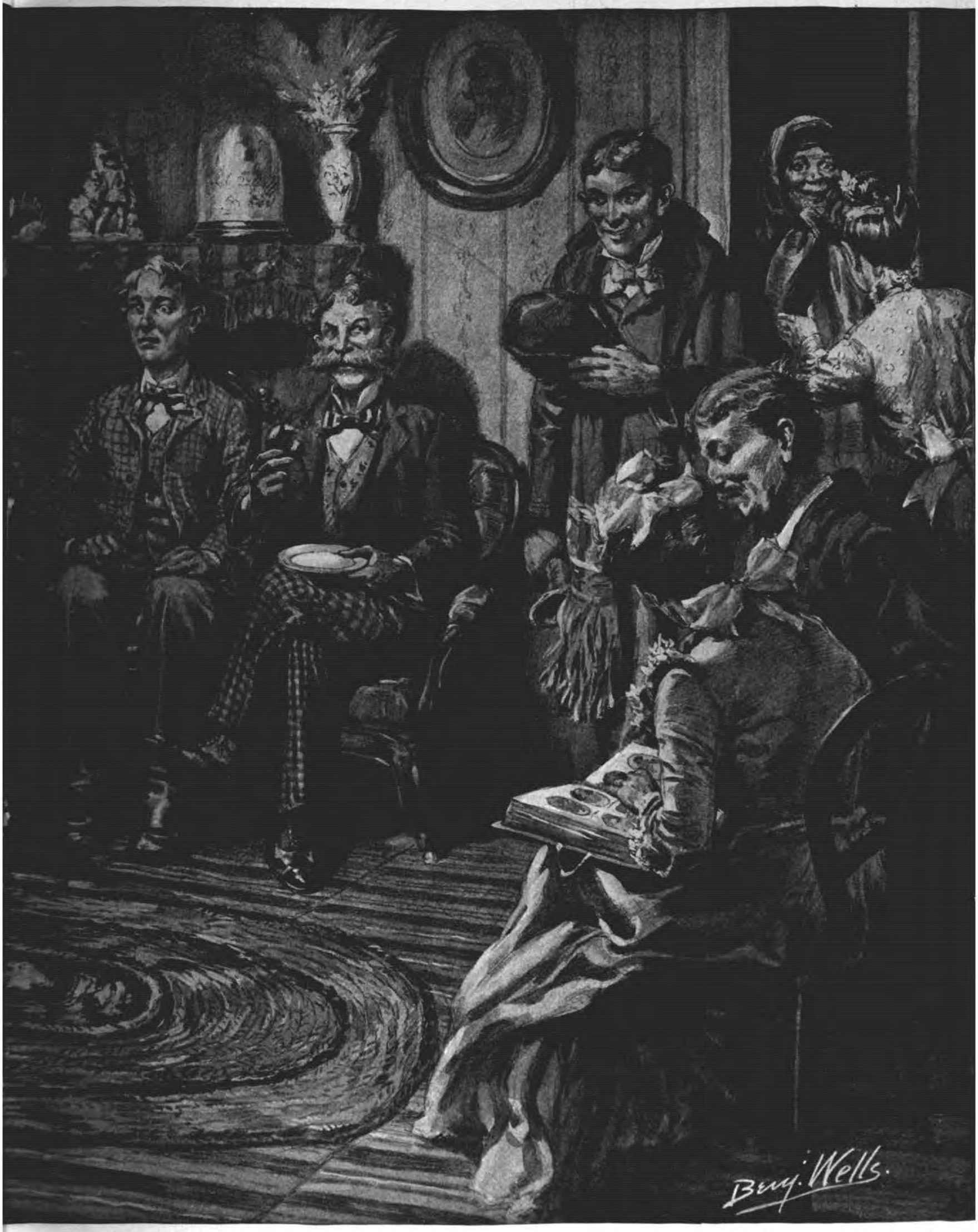
"Mr. Allison, these gentlemen will be your companions, and to them will come a fourth who speaks English. You will—as you value your life,—be guided implicitly by them in all matters!"

And so he went out with the three, and I never saw him again, and never heard directly of or from him. The only news that I think was in regard to him came to me recently, as I will tell later. Of his departure, the manner of it and whether there was any trouble in regard to it or any inquiry made as to his disappearance, I know nothing positively. When he left the room I fell in a dead faint which passed into an attack of brain fever which, kept me on my back for months. Then I was sent to the mountains to convalesce, which took many months more, and so the time passed, and it was a year before I saw New York again. I could find no mention, in any of the papers of that date, of the fact of his disappearance or of any search for him, the only clue that I could find being the sailing of Otis's steam yacht the morning after Bob left me. It was stated that "some friends of her owner were on a pleasure cruise around South America, and had only touched at New York for some necessary repairs to the yacht. The names of the friends could not be learned, as they were on a restful trip and desired to remain incognito."

Of *her* I heard no word until about five years after poor Bob went away, when I saw the notice of her marriage in a Southern paper. Poor Bob and poor girl! Five years is a long time when one is young!

And of myself? I am apparently free to do as I wish, and I have a salary that would keep me in luxury if I desired to spend it that way,—but I do not. I go to my desk at the office and attend to my duties, which have been made very light for me and never take me out of the city. Since Leon Rosenthal's death I have had little to do with any

New Year's Eve i



the Old Homestead

of the old members of the firm with the exception of Isidore Rosenthal, who knew—and I think still knows,—nothing of the transactions of that night. Leon tried always to be very friendly to me and I really felt sorry for the manner of his death: and, although I could never get at the rights of it, I have felt sure that the fate he aided in dealing out to us two was brought home to him, for I have learned that the last year of his life was a perpetual haunting fear of some terrible vengeance that was threatening him, and that his last hours were those of a desperate maniac.

I am allowed to make no intimate friends, and of late the desire for such friends seems to have passed from me. I have an acquaintance, a genial, jolly fellow who is in our office and has a desk next to mine, and bachelor apartments opposite mine. He takes me everywhere, and tries his best to amuse and interest me. He calls me "chum" and "old fellow" and tries to be intimate with me; but I hate him, for I know that he is my shadow and a spy. I have a valet, a quiet, respectful, and capable man, "recommended" by Leon Rosenthal; he never sleeps or tires, he seems to know my every wish, thought, or desire, and he is all that a servant ought to be, but I despise and loathe him, for I know that he is my jailer and a spy. Between them and others that I occasionally recognize, I know that there is no action—scarcely a thought,—of mine but is known to some one in authority at once, and, if it seems strange or suspicious, it is thwarted in ways that would seem supernatural did I not know the scope and power of the syndicate. Why they have put themselves to all the trouble that they have in regard to me, and why I have not been quietly made away with, is one of the things that I do not understand; perhaps they really feel compunction in regard to their course and think that in their forbearance toward me they are making up for it, or more likely it is that they are exactly keeping their part of the agreement, so that, if I do not keep mine, the blame of the consequences will not rest on them. I have not kept my part, for it is beyond human nature that I should do so,—and I have had my "warnings!"

The first one came to me the night after I had written *her*. I could not stand the thought of her eating her heart out in the hopeless sorrow of Bob's unknown fate, and so I secretly wrote and posted her a few lines,—so secretly and with such perfect care for all details that I felt sure that no one but the Omnipotent was cognizant of the act. The next morning I woke up heavy and dull and languid, and on the table beside my bed was my letter to her, and a note that said, "Better burn this at once!" I reached over to take it up, and found my right hand useless, as if paralyzed! I took up the letter with my left hand,—it was postmarked, and the seal of the envelope was intact, but under it was another note which said, "You had better learn to write with your left hand. This is the first warning!" It took me some time to follow their behest, and it was a year before I recovered the use of the hand.

For a couple of years after that I made no attempt to cross their wishes, although I missed no opportunity to do so, and at length the opportunity came. It is not necessary to tell of my plan for escape; I thought it perfect, and lay down one night with a prayer of thankfulness that at length I was free. I awoke the next morning in my own bed with the same feeling of languor and dullness, and realized at once that I had been trapped. I looked on my little table for my *billet*. It was there, and it said, "This is the second warning, and will give you a needed rest!" It did, for I was confined to my bed for weeks, and to my room for months; for, when I tried to rise that morning, I found that I had lost the use of myself from the waist down!

After that I determined that, so far as I myself was concerned, I would accept my fate; but, as time went on, there grew on me a desire to know something of the fate of Bob, and the desire grew until it became unbearable. So I spoke to Conrad Goetz, who, since Leon's death, had become the active American head of the firm, and asked him plainly for news of Allison. With an ugly glitter in his eyes he answered, quietly, "My dear Mr. Macy, neither you nor I ever knew any one of that name!" and I understood then that from them I was not to have any news of Bob. Some time afterwards chance—as I thought,—threw in my way a noted traveler in Siberia, who was again on his way to make an exhaustive and lengthy trip through that country. On the pretext of an interest in a political prisoner, and without in any way telling any of the real facts of the case, I interested him in an attempt to locate Bob, and obtained a promise to let me know of him. I heard nothing from him, but some weeks ago there came in my mail a foreign newspaper, and, when I unwrapped it, there fell from it a slip that said, "This is the third warning; there will be no more!" There was a paragraph in the paper that was marked, and, as the characters looked to be Russian, I took it to an old Russian rabbi that I knew, and got him to read it for me. It was from some little town in a part of Russian Siberia that I had never heard of, some place far away from railroads and any kind of civilization. The marked paragraph was a notice of the death of a Mr. "Perov," and it went on to say that he was "a gentleman well liked among us, notwithstanding his infirmity. He had been perfectly sane for a long time, but some few days ago he was taken with a violent attack while reading a foreign newspaper in the club, and, notwithstanding the instant administration of ether as usual, and the subsequent consequent exertions of his attendant physician, Dr. Karina, and the devoted care of his constant friend and companion, Dr. Smoloff, he grew rapidly worse and died the next day. The police made an examination of the case and of the property of the deceased, and have permitted burial in the 'strangers' corner,' and have also permitted Dr. Smoloff and Mr. Perov's devoted servants, Michael and John, to leave at once for Moscow and take Mr. Perov's personal belongings with them. Mr. Perov was liked by all who knew him; his kindness of heart, and his liberality to the sick, the poor, and the needy endeared him to all. Nothing is known as to his nationality or his people, for his invariable sad courtesy forbade all direct inquiry, as did the statements given out by his devoted friend and his servants,—that no personal inquiries must ever be addressed to him, as they tended to bring on dangerous paroxysms. All will miss him, especially the poor, to whom he was a 'little father.'"

Poor Bob! So you died alone in a strange land, watched and spied on by your "devoted friend and servants," and labeled as a harmless lunatic. I wondered then if you ever cursed the pitifully blind fool whose bungling brought you to this. And did that one item of news that could move you, the news of *her* married a few weeks before, reach you in some mysterious or devilish way and cause that "violent attack" and that "instantaneous administration of ether, *as usual?*" Had those fiends tired of their part of the agreement and taken advantage of that "attack?" Or had he had *his* "third warning?" I can not tell,—I can only surmise,—it would be like their devilishness! What *can* one do with such fiends! I feel often as if I must in despair take my own life or make some mad attempt at escape or disclosure that will bring the end! Perhaps this writing will do it,—if so, I only hope that it will only fall into hands that they can not buy, blind, or bribe. God help me!

We all sat silent for a minute or two,—the old man was the first to speak, and his voice was a bit husky.

"What do you know, Weston, in regard to this?"

"I know the man who wrote this, and he is—or, rather, was,—what he claims to be in this book!"

"H'm! And you, Dan?"

"I knew the man he calls 'Allison:' I remember when he disappeared; Mr. Weston put me on the case when I first came on, but called me off at once."

"Why, Weston?"

"The inquiry came to me from a friend in the South, and I put Dan on it, and he had only started on an inquiry among the police when orders came from headquarters" (our paper's proprietor,) "to drop it,—the matter was a private one, the man was safe, and nothing must be stirred up about it!"

"H'm! And you, Halsey?"

"I married *her!*"

"The devil! And you, Smith?"

For answer I handed him one of my items; it read as follows:—

"H. G. Willis, a salesman in the employ of Rosenthal and Company," (those were not the true names,) "diamond importers, was found dead in bed at his rooms, No. 1453 East Fifty-second Street, this morning. His physician, Dr. Helmuth, was called at once and pronounced it a case of heart failure. The doctor stated that Mr. Willis was subject to attacks of this kind and therefore kept a valet who slept in the adjoining room with an open door between. The valet had heard nothing unusual during the night, nor had he noticed anything unusual in Mr. Willis's appearance the night before. L. P. Stepniah, a fellow employee and personal friend of Mr. Willis, whose rooms are opposite and on the same floor, was in Mr. Willis's room until ten or eleven o'clock playing cards with him, and noticed nothing strange in Mr. Willis's appearance or actions. Upon the certificate of Dr. Helmuth the coroner decided not to hold an inquest or autopsy. So far as can be learned from Mr. Stepniah and from his employers, Mr. Willis has no relatives, and the public administrator was therefore notified and will take charge of his effects. Neither his friends nor his employers knew anything of Mr. Willis's birthplace or antecedents, he having always been very reticent concerning them."

The "old man" handed it back to me without a word, but with a curious set smile on his face; then he pulled a cablegram out of his pocket, and handed it to Weston, who read it and looked inquiringly at Hulbert, who nodded, and it was passed on to us. It was in a code unknown to us, but the translation was under it in blue pencil,—"Kill any notice Willis's death!"

We all looked at one another for a full minute,—we were all pale,—I felt that I was,—and then Mr. Hulbert reached over and took up the little book, and, saying, "Come along with me," led the way to the elevator, went down into the sub-basement, stopped before one of the steam boilers, opened the furnace door, flung the book into the hottest part of the fire, banged the door to, and said:—

"I've followed the first part of the advice,—burnt it,—let's all follow the second part,—'forget it,—forget it,—forget it!'" and he turned off and went up stairs, and we followed,—perfectly silent.

[THE END]

How Edwin Markham Suppressed a Book

RECENTLY a man called at the Staten Island home of Edwin Markham, author of "The Man with the Hoe," and introduced himself as the writer of a book on which, he said, he had spent twenty-five years of study and research. Mr. Markham, who is unusually kind in listening to and counseling amateur authors, immediately felt that one who has spent a quarter of a century on his product is rare, and he invited him to his study without delay.

"What is the nature of your work?" asked Mr. Markham.

"I have written the greatest book of the ages," began the new author; "I have solved the mystery of the world. I know all about it. I am prepared to prove my statements. I know just why the world was made, who really made it, and I have laid bare the mysteries of creation. I——"

"My good man," said Mr. Markham, interrupting him, "if you have came to me for advice, let me tell you to take your manuscript at once and burn it. If you have solved the mystery of this world, you are its greatest enemy. Why," continued the poet, "if you have solved the mystery of the world you have robbed men of their greatest joy. You have left us nothing to work for, you have destroyed our ambition, you have reduced us to mere animals. It is the mysteries of the world that have made it great, and I, for one, do n't want to have them solved."

Mr. Markham's visitor sat dumfounded for a moment. The vision of his twenty-five years of labor flitted before him as he said:—

"I guess you 're right,—I guess you 're right."

Disappointment in Stageland

A FRIEND who had an engagement with Henry W. Savage, the theatrical manager, called at his New York office, one day last summer, to keep the appointment, and was told that Mr. Savage was busy and that he would have to wait in the outer office a few minutes. While this gentleman was waiting he was astonished to notice the number of young women who came in seeking positions, and later he asked Mr. Savage if he knew about how many young women called every day looking for work.

"O, I do n't know," said Mr. Savage; "I suppose about a hundred or so."

"I think it is more than that number," said his friend. "Suppose you have them counted."

"All right," replied Mr. Savage, "I should like to know, too, and to-morrow, between my office hours,—ten and three,—I will place a clerk at the outer desk and ask him to keep record on a tally sheet of every young woman who calls for stage employment."

On the following afternoon, at three o'clock, Mr. Savage called his clerk. The tally sheet showed that the number of applicants was over five hundred!

Mr. Savage's is only one of a number of large offices in the metropolis. Many of the girls who call state that they have come from all parts of the country, and many, hoping for a chance in the "legitimate" field, have found it overcrowded and seek work of a lower grade in the burlesque companies. This year, New York has been filled with hundreds of disappointed stage-struck girls. Theatrical managers say that they have never known a time when there were so many looking for work. A recent advertisement for chorus girls, in a New York daily newspaper, brought over seven thousand replies.

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Just Fun (Arkell Co.)	1 yr.	1.00
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Ladies' World with book "Entertainments for all Seasons" ($1.00)	1 yr.	1.50
Leslie's Monthly Magazine	1 yr.	1.00
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	with St. Nicholas	3.50	4.00
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	with Current Literature	3.75	4.25
	with any two of Class A	3.25	3.75
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	with St. Nicholas	4.75	5.25
	with Scientific American	4.75	5.25
	with Leslie's Weekly	5.25	5.75
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	with Country Life	6.50	7.00
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	with Outlook (new sub.)	6.25	6.75
	with any two of Class A	5.00	5.50
	with Current Literature	5.75	6.25
	with Harper's Magazine or Weekly or Atlantic Monthly	7.00	7.90
Current Literature or Lippincott's	with Leslie's Monthly and Good Housekeeping	3.00	3.50
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	with Harper's Magazine or Weekly	5.50	6.00
	with any two of Class A	3.00	3.50
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	with Leslie's Weekly	5.25	5.75
	with St. Nicholas	4.75	5.25
	with Scientific American	4.75	5.25
	with Scribner's	5.10	5.60

		Our Price	Also with Any Additional Class A
Cosmopolitan Magazine or Twentieth Century Home	with any two of Class A	$2.00	$2.50
	with Review of Reviews and Success	3.00	3.50
	with World's Work and Twentieth Century Home	3.25	3.75
	with Current Literature	2.50	3.00
	with Atlantic Monthly	4.25	4.75
	with Century Magazine	4.50	5.00
	with Country Life in America	3.50	4.00
	with Harper's Magazine or Weekly or Leslie's Weekly	4.25	4.75
	with Outlook (new sub.)	3.25	3.75
	with St. Nicholas	3.50	4.00
	with Scientific American	3.75	4.25
	with Scribner's	3.85	4.35
Country Life in America or Craftsman or Theatre	with World's Work	4.50	5.00
	with Review of Reviews	4.50	5.00
	with Century Magazine	6.50	7.00
	with Harper's Magazine or Weekly	6.25	6.75
	with Judge	6.50	7.00
	with Leslie's Weekly	6.00	6.50
	with Outlook (new)	5.00	5.50
	with St. Nicholas	5.50	6.00
	with Scientific American	5.50	6.00
	with Scribner's	5.85	6.35
	with Success	3.25	3.75
	with any two of Class A	4.00	4.50
Good Housekeeping or Harper's Bazar	with American Boy or any Class A	1.50	2.00
	with Woman's Home Companion	1.60	2.10
	with any two of Class A	2.00	2.50
	with any three of Class A	2.50	3.00
	with World To-Day	1.60	2.10
	with Current Literature	2.50	3.00
	with Lippincott's	2.50	3.00
	with McCall's and Housekeeper	1.50	2.00
Harper's Magazine or Harper's Weekly above 2 for $6.70 or Atlantic Monthly	with Good Housekeeping and House Beautiful	4.75	5.25
	with any two of Class A	4.75	5.25
	with Outing	5.50	6.00
	with Atlantic Monthly	6.70	7.20
	with Century Magazine	7.00	7.50
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	with Current Literature	5.50	6.00
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	with St. Nicholas	6.00	6.85
	with Scientific American and one of A	7.00	7.50
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	with Pictorial Review and National Magazine	1.75	2.25
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	with Lippincott's	5.75	6.25
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	with any two of Class A	2.00	2.50
	with Woman's Home Com.	1.60	2.10
	with World To Day	1.60	2.10
	with Lippincott's	2.50	3.00
	with Country Life in America	3.50	4.00
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Leslie's Weekly	with National Magazine and Pearson's	4.75	5.25
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	with Century Magazine	7.00	7.50
	with Judge	7.25	7.75
	with Country Life in America	6.00	6.50
	with Scientific American	6.10	6.60
	with World To Day	4.35	4.85
Little Folks (new subs. only) (Best for Children 3 to 8) or Any Class A	with Good Housekeeping or any Class A	1.50	2.00
	with Harper's Bazar and House Beautiful	2.00	2.50
	with any two of Class A	2.00	2.50
	with Woman's Home Companion or World To-Day	1.60	2.10
	with Lippincott's	2.50	3.00
	with Country Life in America	3.50	4.00
	with St. Nicholas	3.50	4.00
	with Scribner's Magazine	3.85	4.35

		Our Price	Also with Any Additional Class A
National Magazine or Any Class A	with Cosmopolitan and Leslie's	$2.00	$2.50
	with any two of Class A	2.00	2.50
	with World's Work and one of A	3.25	3.75
	with Review of Reviews and one of A	3.25	3.75
	with Leslie's Weekly	4.25	4.75
	with Outlook (new sub.)	3.25	3.75
	with St. Nicholas	3.50	4.00
Outlook (new subs.) or Churchm'n (new subs.)	with any one of Class A	3.25	3.75
	with Good Housekeeping and House Beautiful	3.75	3.25
	with Century Magazine	6.25	6.75
	with Country Life in America	5.00	5.50
	with Harper's Magazine or Weekly	6.00	6.50
	with St. Nicholas	5.25	5.75
	with Scientific American	5.25	5.75
	with Scribner's Magazine	5.60	6.10
Pearson's or Physical Culture or Any Class A	with American Boy or any Class A	$1.50	$2.00
	with Good Housekeeping and Pictorial Review	2.00	2.50
	with Nat'l Mag. and Leslie's	2.00	2.50
	with Pearson's and House Beautiful	2.00	2.50
	with Cosmopolitan and Leslie's	2.00	2.50
	with any two of Class A	2.00	2.50
	with Lippincott's	2.50	3.00
Review of Reviews or Smart Set or Any Class B	with Success and Leslie's	3.00	3.50
	with House Beautiful and National Magazine	3.25	3.75
	with Good Housekeeping and Pictorial Review	3.25	3.75
	with Booklovers Magazine	3.75	4.25
	with Century Magazine	5.75	6.25
	with Harper's Monthly or Weekly	5.50	6.00
	with Outlook (new sub.)	4.25	4.75
	with Scientific American	4.75	5.25
	with International Studio	5.75	6.25
Saint Nicholas or Scientific American	with Cosmopolitan and Leslie's	4.25	4.75
	with Outing	4.75	5.25
	with Country Life in America	5.50	6.00
	with Etude	4.15	4.65
	with Judge	6.75	7.25
	with Leslie's Weekly	6.10	6.60
	with Outlook (new sub.)	5.25	5.75
Scribner's Magazine	with any two of Class A	4.35	4.85
	with Booklovers	5.10	5.60
	with Country Life in America	5.85	6.35
	with Judge	7.00	7.50
	with Leslie's Weekly	6.35	6.85
	with Outlook (new sub.)	5.60	6.10
	with St. Nicholas	5.65	6.35
Success	with House Beautiful and National Magazine	2.00	2.50
	with Little Folks (new sub.) and Leslie's Monthly	2.00	2.50
	with Pearson's and Physical Culture	2.00	2.50
	with Review of Reviews	2.50	3.00
	with Current Literature and any Class A	3.00	3.50
	with Judge	4.75	5.25
	with Leslie's Weekly	4.25	4.75
	with Outlook (new sub.)	3.00	3.50
	with Scientific American	3.75	4.25
	with Scribner's Magazine	3.85	4.35
Table Talk or Any Class A	with Good Housekeeping and House Beautiful	2.00	2.50
	with Harper's Bazar and Leslie's Magazine	2.00	2.50
	with Pictorial Review and American Inventor	2.00	2.50
	with any two of Class A	2.00	2.50
	with Woman's Home Companion	1.60	2.10
Woman's Home Companion or World To Day	with American Boy or any Class A	1.60	2.10
	with Good Housekeeping and House Beautiful	2.10	2.60
	with Little Folks (new sub.) and Pearson's	2.10	2.60
	with any two of Class A	2.10	2.60
	with any three of Class A	2.60	3.10
	with Lippincott's Magazine	2.60	3.10
	with Atlantic Monthly	4.35	4.85
	with Century Magazine	4.60	5.10
	with Country Life in America	3.60	4.10
	with Etude (for music lovers)	2.10	2.60
	with Judge	4.85	5.35
	with Leslie's Weekly	4.35	4.85
	with St. Nicholas	3.60	4.10
	with Scientific American	3.85	4.35
	with Scribner's Magazine	3.85	4.35
World's Work or Burr McIntosh Monthly	with any two of Class A	3.25	3.75
	with Woman's Home Companion and Housekeeper	3.10	3.60
	with Century Magazine	5.75	6.25
	with Country Life in America	4.50	5.00
	with Harper's Magazine or Weekly	5.50	6.00
	with Judge	5.75	6.25
	with Leslie's Weekly	5.25	5.75
	with Outlook (new sub.)	4.25	4.75
	with St. Nicholas	4.75	5.25
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Popular Science for the Home

Conducted by GARRETT P. SERVISS

The Demand for Water Power

How Waterfalls Enable the World, while Increasing Its Machinery, to Spare Its Coal Supplies

EVERY day sees more and more of the wasted power of waterfalls, which lies at man's disposal in every hilly or mountainous country, turned to use in furnishing electric energy. The power of waterfalls is driving the greatest of all tunnels, the double Simplon bore, through the Alps; it is sending another tunnel, by devious ways, behind precipices and under glaciers, to the summit of the snowy Jungfrau; and a plan is now being perfected for constructing, once more with the aid of waterfalls, and to be run by them, when finished, a rival to the Simplon road, which shall cross the Alps between Turin and Martigny.

Everybody knows what Niagara is doing, and how the waterfalls of California, and of other mountainous states, are being harnessed.

A. A. Campbell Swinton, at the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, presented accurate statistics, which he had personally collected, showing that no less than one million, five hundred thousand horse power derived from waterfalls is now being utilized in various parts of the world for the development of electric energy. Of this great total, which he believed did not represent the full truth, for he thought it probable that the real aggregate is two million horse power, nearly one third must be credited to the United States.

There is one feature of this utilization of water power in place of steam power, which Mr. Swinton brought out, and which is seldom thought of, and that is the saving of coal which it effects. On the basis of two million horse power derived from waterfalls, this saving amounts to nearly twelve million tons of coal per year.

But the maximum amount of water power that is available has not yet begun to be approached in actual utilization, so that the annual saving of coal must become larger and larger every year. This, in view of the increasing difficulty of working many coal mines, owing to the great depths to which they have penetrated, and in view of the approaching exhaustion of some of the most famous fields, becomes a highly important consideration. Every little while the world is reminded, more or less sensationally, of a coming coal famine. The fact is that coal, of the better grades, possesses so many advantages and conveniences as a fuel that the earth's supplies of it should be conserved for human use as long as possible. Men of science have more than once sounded a warning against the waste of coal, for coal is the gift of a geologic age which can not be renewed. Thus waterfalls, by enabling us to spare coal, are performing an indirect service only less important than their direct service in supplying electric power. But for them the growing use of electricity would soon make a drain upon the coal mines of the most serious character.

The era of waterfalls seems certainly to have dawned. Every great cataract will become a focus of industry, just as every great river valley has always been a center of population, and Professor Brigham's prediction, that Niagara is to be the industrial center of America, may be fulfilled within a generation.

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Temperatures of Other Worlds

Recent Calculations Relating to the State of Things in Mars, Venus, and Mercury

A CALCULATION which throws a very illuminating side light upon the problem of the habitability of the other planets has recently been made by Professor J. H. Poynting, in England.

It is evident, at a glance, that one of the first requirements which must be met by any world, in order that it may nourish inhabitants having physical characteristics resembling those of the inhabitants of the earth, is a sufficient, but not too great supply of heat from the sun. Our experience shows that a very delicate balance must be preserved in this respect. The limits of temperature between which life is possible to us are narrow. The average temperature of the earth's surface, derived from the heat of the sun, is about sixty degrees above zero, Fahrenheit. If it were one hundred degrees above, or ten degrees below zero, the globe would be practically uninhabitable for beings organized as we are, while there are many contemporary forms of life on the earth which could not endure even so slight an alteration as that.

Evidently, then, one of the first problems to be solved, in discussing the question of the habitability, say, of such a planet as Mars, is that of its average temperature. This is not so easy as it may seem at first glance. Everybody learned, in his school days, that the light and heat of the sun vary in proportion to the distance. If we know how intense its radiation is at any one distance, then we can tell at once how intense it is at any other given distance. The law, in brief, is that the radiant energy of the sun varies inversely as the square of the distance. This is easily illustrated thus:—

Suppose a planet is situated twice as far from the sun as the earth is; then, according to our rule, the radiation it receives will be, to that received by the earth, as one to the square of two, which is four. In other words, the heat received from the sun at the distance of the supposed planet would be one quarter as great as at the distance of the earth. If, on the other hand, we suppose the planet to be twice as near the sun as the earth is, then the heat it receives will be four times as great as that received by the earth.

Now, this law has sometimes been thought to give a

true representation of the temperatures prevailing on the various planets, but it does not do so, and the fact that it does not is of great importance when we come to consider the habitability of other worlds. What we need to know, in discussing that problem, is the actual temperature to which the surface of the planet is raised by the heat from the sun falling upon it, and it has been found that this temperature varies not inversely as the square, but inversely as the *square root* of the distance. This makes a very great difference in the results, and a difference which, as far as it goes, favors the habitability of certain planets which, judged by the law of inverse squares, would have to be incontinently thrown out of the list.

For instance, take again a planet twice as far from the sun as the earth is. It receives only one quarter as much heat as the earth gets, but its surface temperature will be to that of the earth as 1 to 1.42, because the square root of two is represented by the decimal 1.42 very nearly. If the supposed planet is twice as near the sun as the earth is, then its temperature will be not four times as great as the earth's but only a little more than forty per cent. greater.

With these facts in mind let us examine some of the calculations of Professor Poynting. It should be remarked that a slight variation in the numerical results derived from the application of the law of temperature arises from the fact that the earth and the other planets reflect some of the radiation which falls upon them. Making allowance for this, Professor Poynting shows that the temperature on the surface of the planet Mercury must be, on the average, about three hundred and eighty-five degrees above zero! As we have already seen, such a terrific temperature would be utterly inconsistent with the existence of living beings like those we know on the earth. It is far above the boiling point of water, so that oceans upon that planet are apparently impossible, since they would be turned into steam. At the same time it is not so great a degree of heat that it is impossible to imagine that living beings *might* be so constituted as to be able to endure it, though they would have to differ widely from us. If the law of inverse squares represented the heat on Mercury we should find the temperature to be about one thousand seven hundred degrees above zero!

For Venus, which receives nearly twice as much solar radiation as the earth gets, Professor Poynting calculates an average surface temperature of about one hundred and seventy-four degrees above zero. This would be too hot for us, but yet it is not difficult to think that physical life may be adjusted to such a temperature. A comparatively slight modification of the atmosphere on Venus—and all observations indicate that her atmosphere does differ from ours,—might even render Venus an agreeable abode for man.

When we come to the earth the average temperature of its surface as actually observed agrees so closely with that calculated from the law of temperature above described, that this fact may be taken as a test of the accuracy of the law.

Finally we reach Mars, the planet of the "canals" and other wonderful appearances. Its temperature, according to Professor Poynting, must be about thirty-four degrees below zero. This seems very frigid, indeed. It is difficult to understand how ice and snow can ever melt on that planet, and yet, if they do not melt, what can be the meaning of the annual disappearance of the broad white caps which the telescope shows surrounding the poles of Mars? Again, it is evident, we must invoke the influence of atmospheric differences, or some other peculiarity in the constitution of Mars, in order to reconcile the observed appearances with the calculated facts.

To the objection that such calculations, after all, do not result in certain conclusions about the habitability of other planets, it may be replied that, at least, they give us some ground to go upon, and they may lead to others more decisive. Certainly the problems with which they are concerned will never cease to fascinate the imagination.

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Are Blondes to Disappear?

Statistics Which Show that City Life Encourages a Brunette Population

THE somewhat startling statement has been made that the blue-eyed, golden-haired, and light-complexioned variety of the human race is in the course of extinction, and that, within a few more generations, blondes are likely to become so rare in the world's population that they may be looked upon as curiosities, somewhat as albinos are today. The blonde type has been so often chosen by artists and poets to represent their noblest conceptions of human beauty that no one can regard even the bare suggestion of its extinction without dismay. Moreover, some of the world's greatest races and many of its most masterful personalities have belonged to this type, and its admirers have sometimes gone so far as to aver that light complexions, and in particular light-colored eyes, are the favored livery of the highest genius.

This is undoubtedly an extreme and untenable claim, yet it can not be denied that history shows an extraordinary number of men and women of the first rank in all the higher fields of intellect who possessed the characteristic marks of the blonde, and this not only in countries where the light type prevails, but also in lands like Italy, where the general complexion of the population is dark.

To be told, then, upon the alleged authority of science, that this golden race of mankind, so highly favored and so universally admired, gives indications of vanishing from our planet is indeed a cause for astonishment and discomposure. Every one immediately demands: "Is it true?"—"What basis is there for such an assertion?"

During the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Cambridge, this matter of the relative disappearance of blondes was most interestingly discussed in the Section of Anthropology, under the presidency of Henry Balfour, and a very strong feeling of regret, partly sentimental, was exhibited over the outlook.

It was shown, for instance, by Dr. F. C. Shrubsall, from a comparison of the physical characteristics of hospital patients, that blondes suffer more than brunettes from certain diseases, especially those of a rheumatic character. But far more important was his statement that blondes are more subject than are their rivals to the diseases of childhood. To this fact evidently must be attributed their alleged gradual disappearance. It is children's diseases that most swell the death roll everywhere, and any class

of the population specially subject to such diseases must necessarily fall off in numbers in comparison with another, or rival, class which is comparatively immune to the same disorders.

It was shown that this particular liability to disease in childhood so far overbalances the advantage which blondes have in being less subject than brunettes to *tuberculosis* and nervous disorders that in cities—where childhood's diseases are most fatal, on account of overcrowding and unsanitary conditions,—the relative number of blondes is certainly decreasing, and that of brunettes increasing.

After the age of twenty or twenty-five, there is a tendency to redress the balance, because then *tuberculosis* and nervous troubles begin to reduce the number of brunettes, but this is not sufficient, by any means, to restore the relative numerical rank of the blondes, on account of the greater fatality of the children's diseases which have decimated them at the beginning.

The president, Mr. Balfour, pointed out that the necessary consequence of all this is that *town life encourages a brunette population*, and is altering the inherited characteristics of the English people at the expense of the traits which they owe to their blonde ancestry. Moreover, the constant influx of the country population to the cities tends to swell, in the end, the numerical superiority of the brunettes.

Something of a similar kind has been noted on the continent of Europe. In fact, if the asserted special tendency of blondes to rheumatic and children's diseases is inherent in their constitution, the result must be the same everywhere and can not be confined to the British Isles.

As to what the precise defects in the blonde constitution are which render people of that complexion more subject than brunettes to children's disorders, the evidence is not clear. Assuming that the defects exist, it may be recalled that the most fatal and characteristic of childhood's diseases are those now recognized as of germ origin, from which it might be inferred that the blood corpuscles of blondes are less able to resist the attacks of micro-organisms than are those of their hardier dark-skinned rivals. Some physicians have averred that blondes are constitutionally anæmic, and possess less stamina than brunettes, but all would probably not agree in this view. As the matter stands, it would appear, as Mr. Balfour has intimated, that crowded city life is the chief foe of the blonde. It is in the cities that the change in the average color of the population toward a darker hue has most clearly manifested itself; and with regard to this it is to be remembered that one of the most marked sociological phenomena of our time is the resistless tendency of population to gather in large cities. They are magnets whose power of attraction increases in a high ratio with their growth.

In addition to this it may be said that the amalgamation of races now going on so gigantically in our country tends toward the relative extinction of the blonde element. Not only are we now receiving vast accessions of population from countries characterized by the brunette type, but there also appears to be something in the American soil and climate which makes for the prevalence of that type, so that the children of light-complexioned emigrants, at least in the Eastern States, often are darker than their parents, and even individuals in the course of their lifetime show a change in the same direction.

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The New Conception of the Ether

MODERN science rests to a very large degree upon an unexplained mystery. Nobody knows what the so-called ether, which is supposed to pervade all space, and to permeate everything, consists of. Nobody has ever seen it, felt it, tasted it, experimented with it, or identified it, as a thing in and by itself. It is only known through phenomena believed to arise from it, and to depend upon it. Thus, every man of science agrees in ascribing to the ether all light, heat, and electricity. It has been imagined as "an imponderable elastic fluid." It has been described as interpenetrating all matter, and yet rigid as steel; as absolutely frictionless and perfectly elastic, and yet possessing no weight. In short, the definitions are contradictory and confusing. Yet science can not get along without the theory of the ether.

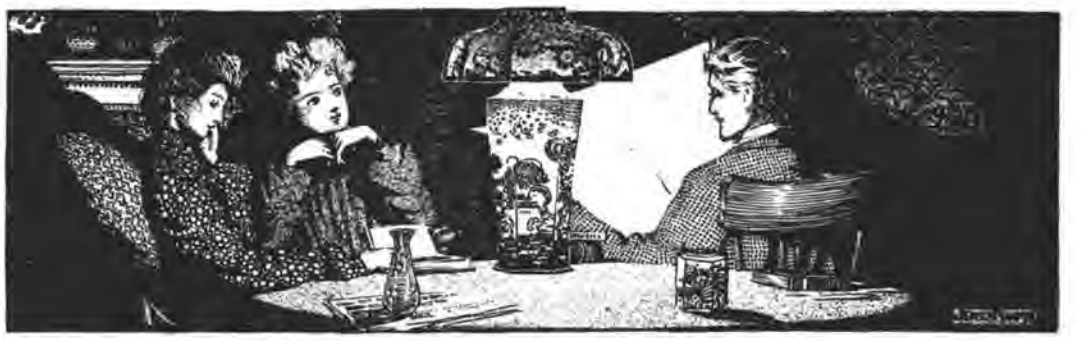
Recently the great Russian chemist, Mendeléeff, has suggested a new explanation, or a new conception, of the ether, and the scientific world is now discussing it with the keenest interest. Many regard it as a very bold speculation, which may have notable results.

Mendeléeff's idea, in brief, is that the ether is simply the lightest of all gases. In other words, it is a chemical element, standing at the bottom of the series as far as atomic weight is concerned. Hydrogen is the lightest known element, at present. But in the corona of the sun there has been detected, by spectroscopic means, an element not present on the earth, which is lighter than hydrogen. This element has been called coronium. May there not be yet another element even lighter than coronium? Mendeléeff thinks there may. He finds reason from the "periodic law" of the chemical elements to infer the existence of two elements lighter than hydrogen. The heavier of these, which he calls *Y*, may be identical with coronium. The lighter, which he calls *X*, may be the ether itself.

On computing the atomic weight and the velocity of vibration of the molecules of the gas *X*, on the supposition of its identity with the ether, Mendeléeff finds that it is about a million times lighter than hydrogen, and that its molecular velocity is not less than one thousand, four hundred miles per second. Such a gas, he holds, would permeate all space, and would escape condensation in the immediate neighborhood of powerful attracting bodies like the sun. Even suns hundreds of times more massive than ours would be unable to prevent this rare gas from spreading throughout the universe.

Still, there would be some accumulation around strong centers of attraction. The ether would be somewhat denser around such centers than elsewhere. It would accumulate in this manner, not only about the sun and the stars, but also about the atoms of the heavier elements. Thus an explanation is found for the strange property of radio-activity. The light atoms of the ether are drawn toward the heavy atoms of such substances as radium, and circle about them, some escaping, while others fall into the space of attraction, as comets are drawn into the solar system of the attraction of the sun.

THE SUCCESSFUL HOME



Conducted by CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

MRS. HERRICK

SUCCESS has been called a magazine for men.

So it is; but it is also a magazine for women. It aims to appeal to every branch of the household, and to be a publication that no home can afford to be without.

In order to carry out this design even more fully in the future than in the past, this department, "The Successful Home," has been established. I am nominally in charge of it, but I wish it to be a joint-stock production, and I beg you, my friends the housekeepers far and wide, to help me in this. You have been very good to me for a number of years. I believe that I have many friends among you, although I have never seen the faces of most of you. But we have learned to know each other pretty well, and I hope you will feel a measure of the gladness that stirs me at the thought that we are to have another chance to know each other better.

Some of you have been good enough to say that I have helped you. You have written and asked me for information and for counsel. Now it is I who write and ask you for both.

My desire—and I trust it is your desire, too,—is to make this department a benefit to all of us. Won't you tell me how you think we ought to do it? You can see for yourselves the subjects that will be treated. Have you no suggestions you would like to make? Are there not some other topics you think should come within the field of the home? If so, will you not write to me and suggest them? I should like to hear from everyone who has anything to say that she thinks will benefit the department and be of use to other housekeepers.

We are going to pay a good deal of attention to correspondents. We plan to print as many of your letters as we have space for, and when you write and ask personal questions we mean to reply to them as promptly as we can. Of course, it is taken for granted that you will send your real names and addresses, although not for publication, and that, if you wish a personal reply, you will send a stamped and self-addressed envelope. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to say this, but it does no harm to emphasize it.

Let us look for a moment at the subjects we intend to handle,—housekeeping interests, the care and training of children, home gardening, indoors and out, needlework, money saving, house furnishing, home decoration, novelties in cookery, and girls' problems. All of these except the last appeal more or less directly to the housekeeper, and the last will touch her, too, if she happens to have growing daughters of her own. Have not nearly all of you some question you would care to ask about one or more of these topics, or is there not some special division of them on which you would like to have particular attention bestowed? Then write to me about it and let us see if we can not give you what you want.

One feature has been planned which will, I think, be peculiarly helpful and attractive. This is a department to be called "Answers by Experts," and it is to be conducted for the purpose of having inquiries on any domestic topic answered authoritatively by persons who know what they are talking about If you send a query on home sanitation, on cookery, on the care of infants, or on the best time to pot certain plants,—to take but a few themes at random from the many that present themselves,—you may be sure, when the reply to that query appears in this department, that it is furnished by some one who speaks whereof he—or she,—knows, and who is fitted to answer with authority. There is to be no guesswork.

Won't you all please write soon and give me suggestions that may be put into early action? I wish there could be so many and such good letters that we would have to open a department especially for them and could publish the ideas and comment upon them. Of course the department would go on without these! But then it would be *my* department, and I wish it to be *our* department. It will be much better if we can all put a bit of ourselves into it.

Each of you, I am sure, from month to month, can make some practical suggestion in regard to the management and betterment of the home, which will prove helpful to someone else. Do not think that anything, no matter how small it may be, that has helped you to make your home brighter, happier, or more comfortable, will fail to interest your sister home-makers.

If it is a new idea in cookery, a scheme by which work may be facilitated in any department of the home, or a hint as to how money may be saved send it along. Let us begin 1905 with practical good will toward one another, and with a resolution to do all we can to help one another in this quarter as well as elsewhere. Happy New Year and good luck to all of you!

Girls' Problems

DO YOU girls ever feel that you don't have half a chance in the magazines? Here and there you have a department that belongs to you, but as a rule you have to squeeze into the housekeepers' columns if you wish to have your voices heard. You are let in on sufferance, so to speak, and allowed to remain on good behavior,—if you are not crowded out.

Well, you won't have that trouble here, for this especial corner of "The Successful Home" belongs to you, and I hope you will write and ask me about anything in which you think I can be of help to you. There is no use in saying that girls don't have problems. We who are girls—even though some of us are pretty old girls,—know better. We haven't forgotton how it used to be with us once upon a time.

I am fortunate enough to number many girls among my friends. In fact, I have one department in a great newspaper in which I speak to them in print, every week, and they "talk back" and tell me about themselves and ask me questions concerning things that trouble them and matters they would like to be advised upon. The people who say girls have no problems ought to read some of those letters. The subjects they write upon are almost as many as the letters themselves.

One girl wishes instruction as to how to make money or to fit herself to earn her own living. A girl who has "old folks at home" asks if she is justified in leaving them in order to learn a trade or business by which to support herself when they are gone. A number of girls have troubles with their complexions, and this seems as important to them as the question of self-support. This one is alone in a big city and would like to know how she can make friends. That one has bothers with her love affairs. (There are a great many of this sort of girls!) Still another writes to ask what I think about church-going for a girl who has to work all the week and has no chance to do anything for herself at home except on Sunday.

I haven't done more than begin to mention the subjects on which I receive letters, but you can see from this that I am asked about almost everything that comes along. I hope you girls will do the same thing. My advice may not be worth very much,—but I love girls and am interested in them, and we can at least discuss the points that bother you. That leads me to something else. I am going to try to have some subject taken up and talked about every month, and I wish you girls to help do the talking. This first month I would like to have you tell me what you think of the problem of the last girl whom I quoted. How do you manage about going to church?

I am not talking now to only one sort of girls. There are girls who live at home in their fathers' houses, who do not have to go out into the world to take care of themselves. There is no reason why they should not attend church regularly. But there are other girls—and many more of them than of the sheltered home-keeping variety,—

Made with narrow ribbons

who go to their work six days in the week. Some of them leave the house at seven or even earlier, and do not get into it again until twelve hours or more later. When Sunday comes, their one idea is to make it a day of absolute physical rest, to lie abed and get "slept out." They look forward to that from Monday morning until Saturday night. I wish to hear from them even more than from the other girls,—to learn how they conduct their church-going,—or don't they go to church at all?

Rosettes for the tops of sash ends

Won't you write to me, girls? Won't you be friends? If you wish it anything like as much as I do I shall be snowed under with letters. I hope I may be, and that the flakes will begin falling soon.

How to Make Ribbon Flower Decorations

MAY W. MOUNT

THE Pompadour Rose is one of the prettiest of decorations this season and adds a touch of charm to both gown and coiffure. It is easily made and can be formed of bits of taffeta, ribbon, chiffon, or *mousseline de soie*. For different purposes the flower is made differently, both as to size and shape.

Besides the rose generally called the Pompadour Rose because it was so favored by Madame de Pompadour as an adornment to her gowns and person, there are other sorts of ribbon decorations in the effect of flowers, although, purposely they do not imitate the actual petals of the blossoms. These decorations are made in clusters of loops which are tied in tiny bowknots or in single knots at the top of loops. They come in garland, rosette, and shower effects, and may be of any size.

To make the rosette for the hair, slipper, or dress, cut short ends of ribbon and tie a knot loosely in the middle of each piece. Gather all the rough ends together and sew them tightly, allowing the loops to fall apart in a full bunch. To the bottom of this, long loops of irregular lengths may be added to form a shower.

Roses for the hair

The bunches of violets and other small flowers are made in the same fashion, only the loops are reversed, the small bows, with either single or double ends, being set at each end of the loop, and the middles doubled and sewed together. It takes from ten to thirty yards of baby ribbon to make a large rosette of this sort, the smaller rosettes being arranged in garland effects with a cluster of loops between to edge a corsage or a flounce, while the large bunches of bows and bunches of loops are meant as corsage decorations and for tops to sash ends.

Wider ribbon may be used in smaller quantities, and it is very pretty to mingle satin flowers with gauze ribbon loops and ends.

When making a rose of satin ribbon the end of the ribbon is twisted into a point over the end of a lead pencil or on the finger, and the bottom of this puffy point is twisted around with thread or fine wire. Petals are folded around the central point by looping the ribbon in short loops and crushing it into the shape of rose petals, gathering the rough edges tightly at the bottom. Over these a small green rose cup is passed or a bit of green silk may be used, and a stem of rubber, chenille, or ribbon is added. Large, flat roses have the edge of one petal underlying that of the next so that the bottom of the rose lies flat upon the material to be decorated. Even little chiffon roses are often treated in this manner when used as dress trimmings.

A dainty corsage decoration

Little chiffon buds and roses are made by first doubling an end of a long fold of chiffon and fastening it with a needle. The fold is then wound loosely around this central point, with a spreading of the upper edge of the fold and a drawing in of the lower edge. When a roll has been formed from half or three quarters of a yard of double chiffon cut in a narrow strip, sew the bottom together and press out the top edges of the chiffon with the fingers. The folds will turn out in the shape of a dainty rose. Large chiffon roses are less easily manufactured. The folds are wider and longer, but they must be so loose that the bottom edges need to be slightly gathered. This permits the drawing down and fastening of the folds at regular intervals, this drawing down making the fold take on the shape of rose petals. After one rose has been formed it is a simple thing to make any sort, ease being acquired after half a dozen blossoms have been finished.

The garlands of flowers of this sort used upon the smart gowns this season are so charming that it is well worth while to make them. Bands of shirred and puffed chiffon, crêpe, and satin are trimmed at regular intervals, upon skirts, sleeves, and bodices, by a single large flower or rosette, or by a spray of small ones, and single blossoms are scattered over dresses in a careless beauty that is very fetching.

Rosettes or flowers for the hair are formed to match those upon the gown, and slippers, too, must have their floral decorations.

Velvet roses are among the season's novelties, and a charming effect is produced by setting a row of velvet or satin roses down the sides of a bodice and skirt front, or of a teagown whose front carries out the same suggestion of lace or chiffon arranged in a panel.

January Window Gardens

MARY ROGERS MILLER

[*Photographs copyrighted by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York*]

I SHOULD like to follow the thousands of Christmas plants that have just gone into the homes of SUCCESS MAGAZINE readers with some suggestions as to how to keep these Christmas gifts healthy and beautiful. Living, blossoming plants are not like cut roses and violets. They are intended to be a perennial source of pleasure. With reasonable care they may become so.

WHAT PLANTS NEED.—Plants require fresh air, water, and a moderate and even temperature. If these can be supplied, and dust and insect enemies avoided, almost any hardy house plant will be thrifty. Dust and insects are largely amenable to soap and water, but in our gas-lighted, furnace-heated houses the three most important requirements for plant life are hard to secure.

The largest window in the house is likely to supply the best and coolest air and the most light. It is, therefore, the place for plants. As it is also likely to be the best place for the family, the question of precedence must first be settled. Often both can be accommodated comfortably. Draughts and sudden changes of temperature are bad for plants. I knew an azalea in full bloom to be ruined by standing a few minutes in an open window on a zero day.

On very cold nights newspapers should be placed between the plants and the glass. Ordinary plants can endure a temperature of fifty degrees at night without injury.

WATERING.—General rules for watering house plants are useless. Although this is the most important item in their care, an understanding of it can be learned only by experience. If I had an unfamiliar plant to take care of,

A cattleya orchid

I should go straight to a florist, before any mistakes were made, and ask him for directions.

House plants should be kept free from dust. Wiping each leaf with a dry cloth is better than nothing, but a good bath in the kitchen sink or the tub should be given as often as conditions require. It is wonderful how newly created a plant looks after such an experience. Thorough washing rids the plant not only of the dust which hinders respiration, but of most insect enemies as well.

THE RUBBER PLANT.—This is one of the most docile of house plants. It will not wither and die even in the hot, dry, impure air of a dark city flat. It will, however, improve wonderfully with ordinary care and better conditions. If it bids fair to grow too high in a single stalk, it may be induced to branch by cutting off its top. A better way is to keep the plant dry and cool for two or three months in spring, until it is thoroughly rested, and then plant in highly fertilized soil and water freely. This brings out many branches and makes a symmetrical, tree-shaped form.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF A PALM.—A palm does not require much more care than a rubber plant. It thrives in a temperature ranging from sixty degrees to seventy degrees and can endure ten degrees lower. Palms can not endure wet feet, therefore the soil should not be kept saturated with water; neither should it ever be allowed to get dust-dry. The soil should not be sprinkled, but thoroughly soaked. Well-drained, porous pots will soon get rid of the extra wetness. Palms should be washed often. Dust not only detracts from their beauty, but also injures them.

In summer, palms should be taken outdoors. The whole pot should be buried in the soil in a shaded and protected place. A palm well cared for should flourish for five or six years in a home, and, if too large then, may be exchanged for smaller ones.

BLOOMING BULBS.—Bulbs grown in water or soil, and ready to burst into bloom on Christmas morning, are easy to care for. They need only to be kept at a medium temperature, and to be well supplied with water. When well-grown, paper-white narcissuses, Chinese sacred lilies, hyacinths, *freesiæ*, jonquils, and crocuses should give a succession of bloom from December to May. After blooming, bulbs may be allowed to mature their foliage and may then be planted in the garden border.

PRIMROSES AND THE LIKE.—Begonias thrive with ordinary care, the only caution being that drops of water should not be left standing on the leaves in the hot sunshine. The wonderful Gloire de Lorraine begonia has not many leaves to look out for, but its wealth of bright blossoms makes it a most acceptable plant in the home.

Cinerariæ and *primulæ* prefer a much cooler temperature than many other house plants, and do best if put with the crocuses in the coldest corner of the window. Forty-five degrees keeps them in blossoms much longer than sixty-five.

No plant has more charming colors or more captivating

A thriving winter flower

A window garden

manners than the cyclamen. A well-drained pot,—the florist has already attended to that, if he has produced a fine plant,—a great deal of light, a temperature of fifty degrees at night, and of sixty-five degrees in the daytime, is ideal for these plants. Cyclamens are grown from seeds planted outdoors and blossom about fifteen months from planting. The plants should be potted before frost comes. I have known one plant with very ordinary care to produce five dozen perfect flowers.

The *poinsettia* requires about the same care as the cyclamen while in blossom. After the flowers are shed the *poinsettiæ* need a period of rest in a dry, light place, without water. In a month or two they should be pruned severely and repotted. They may be grown outdoors in midsummer and taken indoors before frost appears.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF HEATHS.—These require more care than any other house plants, but, as they are so likely to be given as Christmas presents, a word about them must be said. It is not that they demand any new kind of care, or any special food or medicine, but they will not tolerate neglect. One drying out would likely ruin every bud. They must have air, sunlight, and a low temperature. In London nearly half a million potted heaths are bought at Christmas. They are becoming more and more popular here and are a wonderfully attractive addition to our Christmas plants.

ORCHIDS WITHOUT A GREENHOUSE.—A few of the most splendid orchids can be grown in the window of a dwelling house. The best white-flowered orchid (*Cœlogyne cristata,*) will even grow in a temperature as low as forty degrees. The most popular ladyslipper (*Cypripedium insigne,*) is as easy to grow as any other house plant. The beautiful *cattleya* here illustrated was bought, already potted and budded, of an orchid dealer, for one dollar or one dollar and a half, and flowered a month later. The flowers lasted about a month and were worth the price, even if the bulbs never flower again, although they will probably do so next year.

What You Owe the World

A YOUNG girl who writes to SUCCESS for advice says that she regards her life as a huge joke, and that she will continue to do so, since she was not consulted as to her birth or environment. Under these circumstances, she does not see what she has to be grateful for, or why she should exert herself to give anything to the world.

My dear friend, you are looking out on the world from a wrong angle; you see it from a narrow, selfish, microscopic viewpoint. To a large-minded, optimistic soul, life alone is an unspeakable privilege. To be born in this, the greatest of countries, is an inestimable opportunity. I think it was Emerson who said that he never quite recovered from his joy and surprise at being born at the most interesting moment in all history and in the most advantageous part of the world. Last year we celebrated Emerson's centenary. Think of the progress that has been made in "the mighty hundred years" since he was born! Think, my young friend, what it means to awake to the consciousness of the fact that you were born in the most desirable spot in the world, and at the most opportune moment; that you enjoy all the amenities of life and all the advantages of the world's invention and discovery!

Is it a joke to enjoy, without stint, all the accumulation of the world's knowledge in science, in art, and in literature, and to have free access to great libraries, filled with the crystallization of the noblest minds that have lived? Is it a joke to be supplied, without any effort of your own, with all the comforts and luxuries that science has put at your command? Is it a joke to be privileged to enjoy, almost "without money and without price," the best and most beautiful things that the world has produced? Is it a joke to be born at a time when it is possible for the poorest boy in a log cabin, on a farm, or in a workshop to educate himself and climb to the highest places for which he can fit himself?

Ask yourself if it is honest, just, or characteristic of a high-minded, earnest woman to take this attitude toward the world, which has done so much for her. If you think about the matter at all, you will be compelled to answer in the negative. You owe it to the world to spend your life in pushing civilization along a little further for posterity. You owe this in payment for all you found here and are enjoying. Every breath you draw should be one of self-congratulation that you were born just in the nick of time, and on the very best spot in the world.

The Unhealth of Our Domestic Workers

MARION HARLAND

THE rosy-cheeked milkmaid, up and abroad at five o'clock in the morning, caroling with the full strength of healthy lungs, as she balances her full pail upon her head,—is a pleasing figure in song and "chromo."

So is the ideal woman who makes her daily bread by the labor of her hands and the sweat of her brow depicted by an eminent writer upon the physical health of American women, after descanting with sorrowful indignation upon the uselessness to her generation of the "delicate, weak-backed girl, brought up in the lap of luxury." The woman of the future, according to our theorist, is she who is obliged to wash, iron, sweep, and cook for a living, either in her own house or in an employer's. There is not a flaw in his theory. The milkmaid should sing out of the exuberance of her joy in living; the laborer's wife should develop muscle and strengthen bone by compulsory exercise. Sweeping should broaden the chest, and stooping over a tub makes spines supple. Your housemaid—or mine,—ought to be more healthy than her mistress. She has the labor that, according to Dr. ——, agrees with all women,—housework; she has a clean room, a good bed, the same fare that you and your well, strong children eat, and absolutely no responsibility. Housewives are often wearied and dragged by the thought that the weight of management of meals and all domestic arrangements rests upon their shoulders,—a weight that no one else can bear. With our maid, there is not this drain upon heart and mind. We do the thinking for her; her bread and water (not to mention tea and coffee,) are sure.

Before looking our subject more squarely in the face, I would enter a protest in defense of the weak-backed nursling of luxury aforementioned. The day has gone by when to be thus dandled satisfies her soul. Milky complexion, flaccid muscles and no appetite-to-speak-of have gone clean out of fashion. The girl of the period is alive, through and through. While she may not make beds and sweep floors, she does take healthful gymnastic exercise, rides on horseback, out-golfs her brothers, and in common-sense shoes walks for hours in the clear out-door air, which would weary her maid in her thin, narrow-toed boots.

Let me add a word or two anent that same maid. The American climate has its faults,—and not a few,—but it is not wholly responsible for the physical deterioration of immigrants who settle among us.

"She won't kape it long!" sighed one who "has been in the counthry" six years, when I remarked upon the clear bloom of her just-landed sister. "It's the too hot summers an' the too cold winters, an' the suddint changes as takes it out of 'em,—poor dears!"

"The greenhorn" comes to us from Ireland or Germany, where she has lived from hand to mouth, gone barefoot, had meat sometimes as often as once a week, and worn just what she could get. By the time she has been in this land of the free a month, she has adopted tight corsets, thin, high-heeled shoes, a cheap, flashy wrap, and a tawdry hat. She eats meat whenever it is set before her, and sometimes when it is not. Pastry, puddings, cakes, confectionery, pickles, and fried food, washed down with illimitable cups of tea and coffee, form the staple of her diet. The teapot simmers at one side of the range from morning until night, and the herby, bitter contents are swigged many a time between meals. She sleeps in a furnace-heated room, with the register wide open, the window shut, and generally with the gas turned up full height, burning all night. She revels in medicines, and to "call in the doctor," whenever she is ailing,—although she hardly knew one by sight in the Old Country,—is a distinction to be mentioned in her next letter home.

Our farmers' wives and daughters violate health laws as shamelessly, albeit under different conditions. From the upper windows of my country cottage I can see, at any hour of the night, twinkling points of light in a dozen farmhouse windows. They mean kerosene lamps, each a miniature, evil-smelling stove,—burning from sunset to sunrise in as many bedrooms. It makes nineteen out of twenty country women "nervous" to sleep in the dark. One shudders and sickens in speculating as to the result of a chemical analysis of the air they and their children breathe by night and by day, in houses that are purposely ill-ventilated. Odors of cooked fat, onions, cabbage, and calcined sweets cling to the walls and are absorbed by clothing and carpets,—for carpets are a vital need in the poorest hut, and hold their place tenaciously to the last grimy thread. The wife of a well-to-do farmer took me roundly to task, last summer, for what she called being "overly careful" of my health. She lives near me, and

her summary of my habits showed she had made diligent use of her eyes and ears during the season.

"Folks talk a good deal about how particular you are to keep well," she said, as I halted at her door on my way home from a tramp over the hills,—"and you that look so strong, too! Don't seem worth while to go to so much trouble. You never lift heavy loads; you always put on a wrap when you go out of the house; you never keep your wet shoes on; you don't eat hot pork, much pastry, and such things as some folks calls unhealthy. You feel obliged to go out of doors for a walk every day, and bathe oftener than me and all the children together. I think looking after health in that way is a sort o' slavery. I would rather do as I do and get some comfort out of life!"

I gazed long and thoughtfully at my censor. She was barely forty. Her thin hair was strewn with hundreds of gray strands, her forehead was a mass of wrinkles, her hollowed cheeks resembled creased parchment, the eyes were sunken, and there were many gaps in teeth that may, in infancy, have been sound. Her shoulders were rounded and her form was bent, while her finger-joints were swollen with the rheumatism that "comes on regular with the cold weather." If I should reach the fourscore years allotted to mortals, I should consider life but labor and sorrow did I look as worn and jaded as this woman who should now, at half that age, be in her prime.

A few minutes' conversation brought out the truth—stated with honest glory in her infirmities,—that she is a "turrible bad" dyspeptic, "suffers fearful" with "the neuralgy," has "a misery" in her back, and takes for her numerous ailments patent medicines by the quart.

Hers is not an exceptional case. Prematurely old women are legion in the class to which she belongs. Even children have the wizened faces that seem to be the inheritance of the imprudent poor.

It is from these misguided creatures that the patent-nostrum maker draws most of his income. Their cupboards bulge with bottles and boxes and papers of draughts, pills, and powders, supplemented by domestic remedies (save the mark!) the mention of which makes one's hair rise and flesh creep. One otherwise sensible woman tells me that she takes, every day, a half glass of vinegar and baking soda "for the dyspepsy." A neighbor told her it was a sure cure. She wonders why she experiences such excruciating pain after eating the simplest food, in spite of the daily dose. Had I hinted to her that the coating of her stomach was ruined by the corroding acid and alkaline draught, she would have sniffed superior knowledge and pity for my ignorance.

Where is it all to end? How are we to instill into the minds of the ignorant the great truth that health is a virtue, a heaven-sent blessing, for which they should be grateful?—and that sickness which can not be avoided is a sorrow, while all unnecessary disease is *sin?*

A Queen Who Has Engaged in Business

'T IS an old story that the kings of Bavaria have long derived a very considerable profit from their breweries in Munich, and now, from a neighboring corner of Europe, come the details of another instance of royalty in business. Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland, is making money by selling milk and butter.

As a child Wilhelmina "kept chickens." She loved them dearly, had pet names for most of them, fed them to the queen's taste, (literally,) and, quite incidentally, made pocket money out of them. With her accession to the throne the barnyard was forgotten, but perhaps the royal state has become a matter "of course," allowing the queenly thoughts to travel back to the more prosaic pleasures of other days.

Whatever the reason, not long ago Prince Henry bought for his royal wife several cows, which are placed on the rich land adjoining the palace at Loo. These prospered so well, and their milk and butter added so much to the delights of the palace table, that the queen decided to engage in the business of dairying. The manager of her estates has since visited all of the famous stock farms of the country, and has purchased thirty-four of the best cows to be had in all Holland. These have joined their fellows who led the way in the experiment, and dairy products are now on sale under the palace auspices, for the "venture" has proved far more than self-supporting.

Dark Pictures of Disease Destroy Life

A YOUNG girl, delicate and sensitive to cold, has been told from her early childhood that she must exercise the greatest possible care, because she has surely inherited a consumptive tendency from her mother, who died of consumption. This black picture of consumption and its fearful ravages on the system stamps itself indelibly upon the young life, and prevents healthful, buoyant growth or prompt physical reaction.

Dwelling upon these conditions ruins the appetite, disturbs digestion, cuts off the assimilation of food, and emaciation sets in, at length, as a result, and, as if this were not enough to discourage and dishearten the victim, everybody has to tell her how bad she looks, and how she is growing thinner and thinner every day! Very often they say, "Now be careful, for you know your mother went just by taking cold, or by exposure to a draft." They give her cod-liver oil and tonics, but these are sorry compensations for the resisting power of the mind, of which they have cruelly robbed her, and poor substitutes for the God-given power of self-protection, granted to every human being. They have disturbed the child's beautiful natural feeling that it is protected by the Almighty Arm, that it is made in God's image, and, hence, is God-defended, and that nothing can injure its reality. Many a beautiful life has been stifled by such inculcated fears and depressing influences.

Good humor is the health of the soul; sadness is poison.
L. STANISLAUS.

The Latest Winter Fashions

MARTHA DEAN

4629

6236

4633

IN the old days there was very little change in the fashion of fur garments from year to year, but the furs that are being shown under the encouragement of cold weather display originality in style and cut. Furs are no longer just furs: they are garments of fashion, and it would seem that, in furs, as in all other departments of woman's wear, every age and epoch are represented. In this luxurious age every animal of forest, field, and water takes its turn in giving up its pelt for Dame Fashion's latest whims. Judging from fur history nothing is safe from the ravages of commercial enterprise, for the mole, the squirrel, the grebe duck, and the Russian pony have all contributed to the fashionable woman's wardrobe. This season Yeta or calfskin finds a use never before hit upon by man,—that of neck pieces and muffs. While the brown-colored and cream-white markings are pretty, yet one regrets that the soft-eyed pet of the farm must be sacrificed for such purposes. The most costly fur in use is the Russian sable,—although, from a standpoint of durability, once the price is paid it is the most economical, as it serves generation after generation. Brought up from the cold depths of Siberia, at the expense of great risk and toil, and intended for imperial gifts to royalty, very few of the best skins creep into our democratic market. Owing to their great cost Russian sables must be confined to the very wealthy who can afford to carry the price of a hundred acre farm or a city house on their shoulders and not feel the weight oppressive. Hudson Bay sable is a very good substitute and other furs that are always in style are ermine, chinchilla, mink, and Persian lamb. Sealskin will be more worn this winter than it has been for several seasons. One might safely say that all kinds of furs are fashionable. By the addition of such garnitures as fringe, chenille, gold or silver buttons, furs of by-gone generations take on a decidedly new appearance. Stoles and fur cravats are very much worn,—although an abomination in the eyes of many physicians. They are of medium length, quite flat, and with pointed or fan-shaped ends, ornamented with tails or chenille fringe. The pillow muff has become a very large flat affair, perfectly plain except for very elaborate use. Fur toques are always smart in sable, ermine, chinchilla, or squirrel. These hats are trimmed with flowers, feathers, or perhaps the head and tails of an entirely different fur.

I might mention here an easy way of cleansing furs. First the furs should be pinned to an upholstered chair, outdoors in the air, and then, with a rattan beater or a bunch of twigs, given a thorough beating, with care not to tear or rip the skin. If the fur be light colored, heat white corn meal and rub it in thoroughly; then shake this out and repeat the process until the meal ceases to appear discolored. For dark furs use either hot sand, mahogany sawdust or that of cedar, the latter being more easily procurable.

Under these furry shoulder coverings all sorts of dainty waists are worn. Instead of the formerly fashionable pouched fronts and sleeves, breadth has been taken on at the shoulders by the use of the leg o' mutton sleeve. This is but the natural attendant of the full skirt, for it serves to keep blouse and skirt in better proportion. Some of the more dressy waists show exaggerated styles, but it is well to be careful about following these modes. Many changes are being made and we may yet arrive at a happy medium which will be more becoming. The shirt-waist sleeve has returned to a shape approaching its former style, with full upper portion, and very little fullness at the cuff, which is fastened with buttons or links. There is a strong liking for iridescent effects and metallic gleams. Buckles, pins, and neck chains are made of beetles' wings, and not only the tones, but also the peacock feather, adorns the fur and beaver hats. Ill luck no longer attaches to the plumage of this bird, and superstition must take its flight at Dame Fashion's decree, who, scorning tradition, bids her fair followers gracefully acquiesce to her caprices.

6237-6238

4633.—Girl's One-Piece Frock. For girls from 5 to 12 years.

4632.—Child's French Dress. For children from 2 to 9 years.

4629.—Girl's Apron. For girls from 4 to 12 years.

6239.—Ladies' Shirt-Waist. For ladies from 32 to 44 inches, bust measure.

6237.—Ladies' Blouse. For ladies from 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6238.—Ladies' Skirt, made with front gore and circular portion, with or without yoke, for ladies from 20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

6236.—Ladies' Japanese Kimona. The pattern is in three sizes,—small, medium, and large.

6240.—Ladies' Negligee. For ladies from 32 to 44 inches, bust measure.

NOTICE

[For the convenience of our readers, we will undertake to receive and forward to the manufacturers orders for patterns of any of the designs on pages 52 and 53 which may be desired. A uniform price of ten cents a pattern will be charged by the pattern manufacturers. In ordering, be careful to give the number of the pattern, and the size, or age, desired, together with your full name and address.

Address: Fashion Department, The Success Company, Washington Square, New York City.]

Since 1900, the number of automobiles in France has increased 1,089 per cent., and they pay three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, in taxes, to the government.

6239

The shirt-waist here illustrated is appropriate for development in either silk or woolen material. The diagonal tucks which distinguish the mode produce becoming lines.

4632

An attractive little dress for school wear is here pictured, made of Scotch plaid, showing an intermixture of red and white, with red silk for the collar and strap portions.

6240

Pale-blue cashmere was the material selected for the development of this comfortable negligee, and bands of Persian embroidery supply the simple and effective decoration.

Homemade Cakes for Afternoon Tea

THE afternoon tea has come to stay. It is too convenient a function to be dispensed with. There is no pleasanter or easier way of paying off a mass of social obligations than by having a tea. To this end elaborate afternoon receptions, still called "teas," are given, and at these crowded affairs one is served with salads, sandwiches, *frappés*, and cakes of all kinds, while the beverages range from tea and coffee to punches.

It is not, however, of such a function that the housewife in moderate means thinks when she would entertain her friends. With little expense she may have a "day" or a series of "days" during the winter, without calling to her aid a caterer or an army of servants. She and her one maid can make all necessary preparations, and furnish the simple refreshments required.

As the rooms would have to be lighted for the early winter twilight, it is well to draw down the shades at first and have the apartment illuminated with shaded lamps and candles. There is nothing prettier or more becoming than this subdued and shaded effulgence. On the tea table may stand a tall candelabrum, while its mate has its place upon the top of the upright piano. A dainty little lamp—what we used to call a "fairy lamp," when such ones were first in vogue,—is on one end of the chimney-shelf. A larger lamp with a soft pink globe is on a table near the door. One may have as many of such lights as she wishes, and yet there will be no glare to try the eyes and call into evidence unbecoming wrinkles, as do the merciless electric lights.

Cakes in a variety of shapes

Upon the tea table presided over by a friend of the hostess are the teapot and the canister, the spirit lamp and plates of dainty sandwiches cut in various shapes, and fancy cakes of all sorts. Here, too, may be served coffee. With the cups of the smoking beverages will be passed sugar, cream, and thin slices of lemon. The sandwiches may be of brown bread and white, with delicious fillings, and the fancy cakes simple or elaborate, as the hostess may decree.

To the woman who will make herself mistress of the art of preparing homemade fancy cakes, the afternoon tea has few terrors so far as expense is concerned. At first she may find it a little hard to manufacture these toothsome dainties, but she will soon become accustomed to the work, and will be surprised to find how many varieties she can "turn out." The essentials are suitable materials and an abundance of patience. A novice must not be discouraged if, at first, her boiled icing becomes granulated or sugary, and if the cake is sometimes

Almond macaroons

too crumbly to cut into just the desired shapes. After several trials she will learn when the correct point in boiling the syrup is reached, and just how stiff the batter must be. She must always have on hand a supply of vegetable colorings,—especially pink and green and violet,—and such nuts as almonds and English walnuts, with a plentiful stock of currants and raisins. Citron, also, may play an important part in the decoration of the cakes. Almond paste can be bought already prepared for the macaroons.

Before giving the following recipes for fancy cakes of various sorts, it may be well to tell just how the boiled icing, essential to a well-frosted fancy cake, must be prepared:

BOILED ICING.—Into a perfectly clean, porcelain-lined saucepan put a pound of granulated sugar and a teacupful of water. Bring to the boiling point, but do not stir. At the end of fifteen minutes begin to test the sirup by dipping into it the tip of a fork. When the drops run from the fork slowly, leaving after the last one a blunt end, the correct point is nearly reached, and the sirup must be watched carefully. As soon as there floats from this blunt bit what appears to be a very fine hair, the sirup must be removed immediately from the fire. Set in a cool place until a little more than blood warm, and then

Marshmallow cakes

beat the mixture to a white mass. When too stiff to stir it may be worked with the hands. This is the foundation icing for the cakes When it is to be used, the vessel containing it is set in an outer vessel of boiling water. The *fondant* icing is then beaten until it is again a soft white mass. This may be flavored and colored to suit the taste. A few drops of spinach or other green vegetable coloring will make a delicate shade of pale green, a little cochineal will give an exquisite pink shade, while melted chocolate may be added until you have the desired brown. Spread quickly on the cakes with a knife dipped in boiling water. Small cakes that are to be iced all over are thrust through with a long-pronged pickle-fork and plunged into the *fondant*, then quickly withdrawn and set on platters to dry. A quantity of *fondant* may be prepared at a time and set away in jelly glasses covered with paper, until needed. A little may be softened over boiling water and used as it is wanted. Each time it is heated, the hardening process is quickened. Use it briskly after making it hot.

SQUARE CHOCOLATE CAKES.—Rub to a cream a half cup of butter and a teacupful of sugar, add four well-whipped eggs and seven tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate dissolved in a half cup of scalding milk. Flavor with

Nut cakes

vanilla and stir in lightly a pint of flour sifted with a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a square biscuit-pan. When done, and almost cool, cut the cake in halves. Spread the lower half with a chocolate filling, or with chocolate icing. Lay the other half on top of it, and, with a sharp knife, cut into squares of a uniform size. Cover each of these smoothly with chocolate icing.

NUT CAKES.—Cream a half cup of butter with one cup of sugar, add three well-beaten egg yolks, a gill of cold water, and enough flour to make a rather thin batter alternately with the stiffened whites of the eggs. Last of all, stir in lightly a cup of chopped hickory-nut kernels, plentifully dredged with flour. Bake in small round tins. When cold, ice, and place half of a nut on the top of each cake while the icing is still soft.

MARSHMALLOW CAKES.—Cream a cup of butter with two cups of powdered sugar, add a small cup of sweet milk and the stiffened whites of five eggs alternately with a scant quart of prepared flour. Bake in a large square card, as directed in the recipe for chocolate cakes. When cold, cut the cake into squares. Spread half of them with a marshmallow filling and put the other squares on top of these. Press the upper and lower halves closely together,

then dip into the *fondant*. To make chocolate marshmallow cakes, add melted chocolate to both filling and *fondant*.

MARSHMALLOW FILLING.—Dissolve six tablespoonfuls of gum arabic in a generous half cup of cold water, and when you have a sticky mass add a large half cup of powdered sugar, turn into a saucepan, and cook until a little dropped into cold water forms a soft ball between the thumb and finger. Pour this gradually, beating steadily, upon the stiffened white of an egg. Add a few drops of lemon juice, and pour upon the cake, spreading it quickly with a knife dipped in hot water. Press a whole marshmallow on top of each little cake as soon as it is iced.

ALMOND MACAROONS.—Rub two cups of almond paste smooth and beat it into the well-whipped whites of two eggs. Beat very light and drop even teaspoonfuls of the mixture upon greased paper. Bake slowly, taking care that the macaroons do not scorch.

COCOANUT MACAROONS.—Add to a cup of grated cocoanut three quarters of a cup of powdered sugar and just enough cream to moisten the mixture. Beat the white of an egg stiff and stir it into the cocoanut and sugar, and drop in even quantities upon greased paper. Bake in a steady oven.

JUMBLES.—In making macaroons, the yolks of the eggs may be saved for dainty jumbles. To make these, cream three quarters of a pound of butter with a scant cup-and-a-half of sugar, beat in the well-whipped yolks of six eggs, and a pint of flour, or enough to make a tender dough. Flavor with lemon juice. Break off bits of the dough and roll them into balls of uniform size, lay on greased paper, and *pat* flat. In the center of some of these stick bits of citron, on others seeded raisins, and press halved walnuts upon others. Bake in a very steady oven and watch carefully, as the jumbles scorch easily. They should brown very slightly. This recipe makes a large quantity, but the jumbles are popular and will keep in a dry place for days.

FANCY CAKES.—For fancy cakes of various shapes one may use the recipe given below, and pour the batter into several large pans of the same size. When the cakes are turned out, one may be laid upon the other, thus making a two-layer cake. Any kinds of filling may then be put between the layers, and the cakes cut into the shapes desired, after which the various diamonds, squares, rounds, or strips may be dipped into the *fondant* icing. Upon the pale-green cakes place bits of citron, on the pink ones crystallized cherries, and, on those covered with violet-colored icing, press candied violets.

The ingenious housewife will soon invent for herself new and pretty designs for these cakes, and will acquire a knack in making them.

The following batter is an excellent foundation for the different fancy cakes:—

CAKE BATTER.—Weigh flour, eggs, and sugar, using a pound of each, and three quarters of a pound of butter. Into a half pound of the flour rub the butter, then the egg yolks beaten light with the sugar, a small glass of sherry or brandy, the whipped whites, and the other half pound of flour. Beat long and hard if you would have this cake good. A half hour is essential to the closeness of the grain. Bake in an even oven, covering with paper for the first fifteen minutes. Do not take from the pans until almost cool.

A Chapter on Lamp and Candle Shades

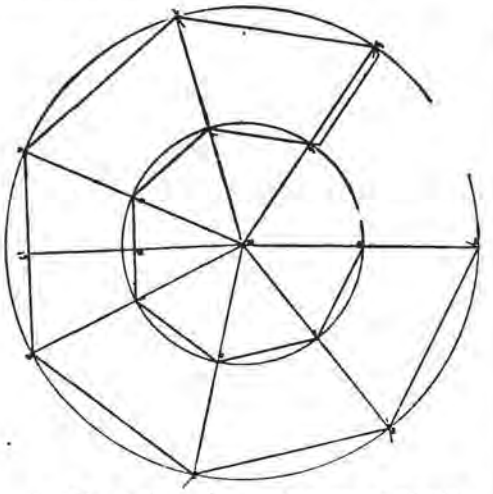
JANE MURRAY HUNT

A LIGHT always brings to mind the story of Cinderella. Without a shade it is harsh, cruel, and pitiless,—pointing out and intensifying all the defects and shabbiness of our homes and persons. Cover it with a suitable shade and it becomes the veritable godmother of the fairy tale. Defects and ugliness, softened and toned down, become as a background to bring out every good point and all the beauty about us.

The kind, size, shape and color of shades are infinite, their construction is simple, and the materials used are comparatively cheap. But, if they are bought in the shops, the prices range from twenty-five cents for the simplest and smallest candle shade to thrice that number of dollars for a banquet or standing-lamp shade. A woman of taste and deftness, for a small outlay, can not only make her own shades, but she can also give to them something which money can not buy,—the stamp of individuality.

The first step is to decide upon the size and shape required, the most popular ones having the general form of a cone, a square, or a hexagonal pyramid.

Whichever shape is selected, it is absolutely necessary to have a pattern which is mathematically constructed.

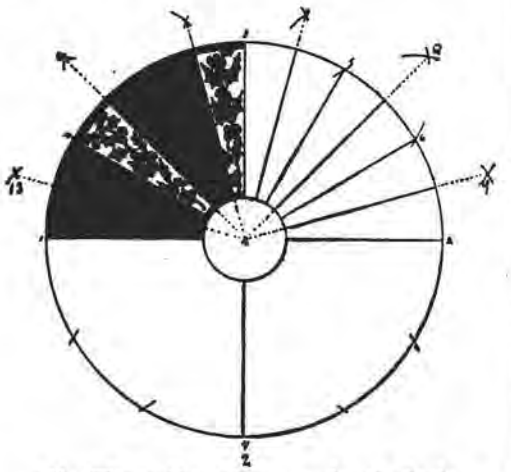


II. The pattern for an hexagonal shade

Illustration I. explains the construction of the cone-shaped pattern.

Draw a horizontal line, 1–2, equal to the bottom diameter, and erect a perpendicular, 3-c, on which lay off the height of the shade. Through its upper point, A, draw a horizontal line equal to the top diameter, and bisect it by a perpendicular. Draw straight lines through the ends of the two diameters. Where these lines cut the perpendicular is the center of all arcs to be drawn.

With the point C as a center, describe two arcs passing through the ends of the diameters. Measure three times the bottom diameter on the larger arc, and on one side add one eighth of an inch for every inch in the diameter, as 6–7. From points 7 and 8 draw lines to C. The lines 8–9 and 10–7 form the straight edges of the shade, while the arcs form the upper and lower edges. When a fabric is used as a foundation for any of the shades described, it is stretched and firmly sewed to a wire foundation before being decorated.



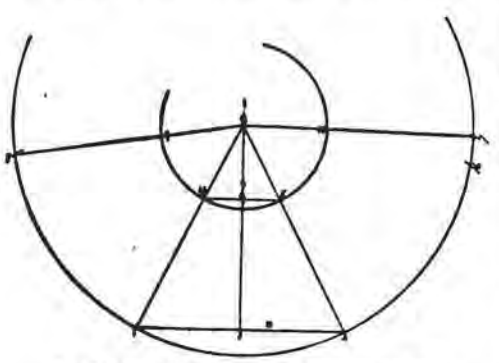
V. The pattern for a sunburst shade

To do this, make a paper pattern the exact size and shape of the wire frame. Lay it on the material and carefully trace around it with a soft lead pencil. Remove the pattern and cut, allowing a margin of about three eighths of an inch along the upper and lower edges, for turning under and sewing to the frame. If paper is used as a basis, the pattern may be drawn directly on it. But, in either case, the greatest care must be taken, as any inaccuracy in form or size will spoil the whole effect.

Paper shades are not attached to wire frames in any way, and, excepting when raised work is used, are decorated before being shaped.

Little brass-headed tacks fasten the outer edges of the cone-shaped ones together, while shades of four, five, or six sides are cut with a flap attached to one of the outer edges, which is glued to the under side of the opposite edge. The wire frames come in all sizes, and range in price from fifteen to seventy-five cents apiece.

For a banquet lamp nothing can be more effective or



I.—The pattern for a circular shade

easier to make than a hexagonal shade with either straight or curved lower edges. Illustration II. shows the construction of the pattern, which is worked out in the same way as the cone-shaped one just described,—the lines A-B and 8-9 representing the width of the upper and lower edges of one side of the shade. The foundation may be water-color paper, parchment, soft silk, a coarse but firm canvas, or unbleached cotton cloth. As a *motif* for decoration, use some large flower which will lend itself to a simple but decorative treatment, as the wild rose, the dogwood, or the poppy.

If paper is used, the design is painted in flat washes with water colors, care being taken to keep the coloring clear and strong. If a fabric, thin oil paints with benzine and use in exactly the same way as water colors. Each panel is bordered and the whole design is outlined with raised work, which, when firm and dry, is gilded with water-color gold.

For the raised work make a paste of common glue water and plaster of Paris. The dish containing this mixture must be kept in another of warm water, as the plaster hardens if allowed to become cold. Illustration III. will suggest a mode of treatment for this kind of shade.

VI. Design for a sunburst shade

Illustration IV. is a conventional design of the Virginia creeper for a candle shade. The foundation is egg-shell paper or parchment tinted a deep orange at the base and gradually fading into pale yellows towards the top.

The design is done in gold raised work. The lower edge is finished with a bead fringe of rich yellows. Another shade which is most simple in construction is also based on the cone. The material used is egg-shell paper tinted any desired color, the upper edge being finished with a

IV. A Virginia creeper design

narrow band of gold lace, and the lower with a wider band of the same lace. A set of bedroom candle shades made after this model were tinted a coral pink and finished with a two-inch fringe of beads the color of the shade. Odd-shaped coral colored beads decorated the lower band of lace.

Illustration V. is an Egyptian design. When done in solid black on a red background, it is very effective.

It may also be painted in Egyptian reds, blues, and yellows, on a white background, the whole design being outlined in raised gold.

A novelty, a very pretty one, is a sunburst shade. This may be made in all sizes, from the tiny ones for candles to large ones for banquet and standing lamps. Heavy paper is the material always used in their construction, and illustration VI. explains the making of the pattern. The upper

III. Suggestions for raised work

left quadrant suggests a simple but pleasing *motif* of decoration for a box-plaited effect. The two panels between the decorated ones are painted red of the same tone as the berries, and the upper and lower edges are finished with narrow bands of gold. To the lower edge may be added a fringe of red beads.

To make a medium-sized shade for a princess lamp the outer circle should measure eleven and the inner one two inches. Cut on the curved lines and crease on the straight ones.

▲ ▲

How Two Theories Work

KATE UPSON CLARK

THE difference in the point of view was never more amusingly illustrated than in the case of the Brandons and the Bracketts.

The Brandons have one spoiled darling of a boy, who has arrived at the mature age of twelve. Master Julius Brandon has been the victim of the modern craze for method. His mother has read all of the literature which she could lay hands on regarding the management of children. She has selected, from this heterogeneous mass, just the part which appeals most strongly to her own indulgent and rather indolent nature. As about half of the directions publicly given, on any special subject, differ diametrically from the other half, Mrs. Brandon has been able to find a fairly full assortment after her own heart.

Among the suggestions which have particularly struck her fancy are these:—

Never give a command to a child until you have fully explained the nature of it and the reasons why he should obey.

Encourage the child to ask as many questions as possible. Thus mental activity is stimulated.

Talk freely with and about the child, discussing his doings and his qualities with your friends. Thus, in accordance with the motto of the great Greek philosopher, Thales, he will come to "know himself."

The Bracketts have two children, a boy and a girl. Out of a much smaller and choicer collection of books and articles upon child-culture than that which Mrs. Brandon has accumulated, Mrs. Brackett has selected an entirely different sort for her guidance. For example, upon the very same subjects which Mrs. Brandon has studied, and from which she has derived the aphorisms quoted, Mrs. Brackett has educed the following rules:—

Secure the child's love and respect. Then he will never question your authority, and his obedience will be instant. After the act has been performed, especially if it has been hard, explain your reasons, but make as few demands for obedience as possible.

Answer every sensible question of the child clearly. If he repeats the question, or asks silly ones, as many children do, ignore them entirely; and, when others ask such questions, show him the folly of them.

Talk as little of your child, to your friends, as possible. Talk seldom of him to himself. Get his perspective true, as far as possible. Then he will see that he is but a molehill upon the landscape of life. Most children see themselves as Mont Blancs. Never talk of him with others when he is present, unless some wise special purpose is to be subserved.

Mr. Brandon is fond of his wife, and devoted to his boy, but he has common sense, of which Mrs. Brandon is deficient. The following conversation between them illustrates that difference.

They went to call upon the Bracketts, one evening. Tom and Mabel Brackett sat reading until they were reminded by their mother that their hour for retiring had arrived, and they had disappeared.

"I should be afraid that those Brackett children would never have any spirit," observed Mrs. Brandon, as she and her husband wended their way homeward. "Did you see how quickly they got up and departed when their mother spoke?"

"Yes, they mind. I liked it. They can't be so old as Julius, but, I must say, they mind better."

"Oh, but it looks so tame, somehow! Tom was in the middle of an exciting story. He just said, 'I wish I might finish this story, mother.' She looked at it, and said, 'Too bad,—but there is too much to read. You must have known, when you began, that you could n't finish it,' —and off he had to go. I call that cruel."

"But, if he had been allowed to stay up one night, he would have tried the same game another night. Don't you know how Julius does?"

"Yes,—but the poor boys! They can never have but one childhood," sighed Mrs. Brandon, sentimentally. "We ought to make it as happy as we can."

"The Brackett children seem to be as happy as Julius."

"Yes,—but their mother never explains to them why she makes them mind. Now, I should have told them fully, to-night, just why it was right for them to have a set hour to go to bed,—and all that."

"Oh, yes,—you would have talked for twenty minutes," laughed her husband. "Don't you know that Julius often gets you to talking so that he can sit up later,—or get you off the point,—or something. Maybe it is n't wise to explain too much,—especially when you have already explained fully,—and, besides, we were there."

"That 's another thing. The Bracketts take the children out of the room when they talk to them. It might have impressed them *more* if it had been said before us."

"It would n't have been especially interesting to *us*."

"Well," pursued Mrs. Brandon, "I think it is a good plan to discuss the children with others before them. Then they see how you love them and how you are thinking of them all the time."

"They say that animal trainers never let the animals see how much power they have. As soon as unintelligent beings know their power, they generally abuse it."

"Well,—but,—" concluded Mrs. Brandon, "I should hate to have Julius mind so unquestioningly as those Brackett children do. I should feel as though I were a tyrant, and as though I were making a slave of him."

Why Providence gives children to women like Mrs. Brandon is one of the eternal mysteries Julius Brandon is known as an impertinent, untruthful boy. His conceit is monumental. He pours forth a stream of ingeniously silly questions on every conceivable subject. No one suggests that he is "tame," or that he minds "too quickly." A wise old man who knows him well says that he is "going to the bad."

This is the result of having a mother who actually questions the value of absolute and prompt obedience.

Mrs. Kingsland's Talks

Formal and Informal Dances

OUR "excuse for being" is that in our little corner of the world we shall do what we may to make it better and happier. Many of us can do the former,—if we try. All can do the latter, from the little child who scatters its smiles broadcast or the friend who is ever ready and willing to "lend a hand," through all the cheer-giving people to the woman of means and kindly, social instinct who makes "good times" for others.

One of the easiest and most certain ways of giving expression to this pleasant philanthropy is to invite the young men and maidens of one's acquaintance to a dance. A certain outlay for music that may be depended upon for correct time and accent, the insurance of a smooth floor and a reasonably good supper or light refreshments are necessary, but beyond this the hostess has little responsibility, for the guests entertain each other.

The invitations for an evening reception are sent in the names of the host and the hostess, but for balls and dances immemorial custom prescribes that the name of the hostess alone appears on the invitation, (or with that of the daughter to be introduced to society,) except in the case of a widower entertaining for his daughters.

They are sent about a fortnight before the date named for the dance. The word "ball" is never used in a private invitation. "Dancing" or "Cotillion" in one corner of the large card indicates the object of the entertainment.

The most elegant form of invitation is a large card, engraved, on which a blank is left for the guest's name, to be written in by hand:—

> MRS. BRUCE TALBOT
> requests the pleasure of
> _____
> company on Thursday evening,
> November the tenth, at ten o'clock.
> Dancing. Five, Fifth Avenue.

For an informal dance a friendly note may bid one's guests. Originality is not looked for. This stereotyped form is best:—

> MY DEAR MISS TOWNSEND:—
> Will you give us the pleasure of your company at an informal little dance on Thursday evening, January the tenth, at nine o'clock? The cotillion will begin at ten. Hoping that nothing may disappoint us of seeing you, I am
> Yours very cordially,
> (Date and address.) HELEN TALBOT.

A parodied proverb says, "Too many girls spoil the ball," so, to insure greater pleasure to the young women, it is customary to invite about ten per cent. more of the masculine sex. The rooms should be thoroughly aired and not too warm, well lighted, and the walls lined with seats, if space permits. All other furniture is removed as much as possible. A small stringed orchestra is usually screened behind palms and plants, which may also decorate the rooms elsewhere as the taste or means of the hosts may suggest. At small dances a piano, a violin, (or two,) or harp, or a 'cello will furnish the music.

Linen crash is stretched tightly over the floors, unless they are of hard wood.

At fashionable dances, an awning and carpet extend from the house door to the curb, where a man is stationed to open the doors of carriages and tell the guests at what hour they may be ordered to return, giving duplicate checks to the guests and the coachmen.

At small dances, all these may be dispensed with, but the person opening the door should be instructed to answer questions about what time the carriages may be ordered, if interrogated.

The entrance door is promptly opened by a man, or by a maid at small dances, who directs the ladies to a dressing room where another maid—or maids,—in attendance will help to divest them of their wraps. The men are shown to another room where they will usually find cigars, cigarettes, and effervescent waters, unless a smoking room is set apart for them, which, in fine houses, is often done. Where there are many guests at formal dances, servants number the wraps, coats, and hats, giving duplicate checks to their owners. If there are dance programmes, they are found in the dressing rooms or on a tray at the foot of the staircase.

At large dances, the names of the guests are announced at the drawing-room door to the hostess, who stands just within it, ready to welcome every one with gracious cordiality; though, at informal affairs, she may be depended upon to recognize all who come, and call each by name. The host does not generally receive with his wife, but he, like the sons of the family, mingles with the guests, speaking to all, as opportunity offers, and making himself useful.

Especially when a young woman arrives alone, should she be taken in charge promptly and some one presented

to her. If the hostess has daughters, they are her assistants, not the object of her concern that they shall enjoy themselves. One or more may receive with her. Subscription dances are given in some large assembly room, and are organized by a number of ladies and gentlemen, who divide the expenses among themselves.

The patronesses stand in line to greet the guests, who say a few words to their personal friends, make a courteous bow inclusive of all the others, and pass on.

When a dance is given to introduce a daughter, the *débutante* stands at her mother's left and is presented to all who are unknown to her.

Etiquette requires that she be presented to the women guests, not they to her, whereas to the young men the hostess says, "Mr.—— may I present you to my daughter?" or "Gladys, this is Mr. ——."

Though she need not refuse invitations, she returns, between dances, to her mother's side until after all the guests shall have presumably arrived.

If the hostess is young, or has no daughters, she generally asks two or three friends to receive with her.

When the dance is under way, the hostess and her assistants look carefully to see what girls may be overlooked or what men are partnerless because unacquainted with the young women present. It is their part to present them to each other.

A hostess should be entirely self-forgetful, and oblivious of her own pleasure until assured that her guests are enjoying themselves as far as she can insure it.

Supper is generally served at eleven, announced by the playing of a march, and the withdrawal of the *portières* before the dining-room door. Those nearest lead the way and the rest follow.

There is usually a large table decorated with flowers, lights, and dainties, from which the men serve their partners and themselves, assisted by the waiters. The ladies sit or stand about the rooms and the men bring their own supper to eat in their company.

If the repast be served at small tables they are rolled into and distributed about the rooms, each with its "covers" and decorations. Friends make up parties to sit together and are served in courses.

The usual ball supper consists of bouillon, oysters creamed or fried, preparations of lobster or chicken, croquettes, *patés* or *timbales*, lobster or chicken salad, sandwiches, ices, cakes, and *bonbons*. Champagne—or, sometimes light Rhine wine,—a "cup" of one or two kinds, mineral waters, and black coffee in tiny cups are served, while lemonade and punch are accessible all through the evening at a small table in charge of a servant.

For the supper, at a small dance, a dish of salad, with plates and forks conveniently near, may be placed at each end of the table, and a form of ice cream on either side,—near which, also, there should be plates and small silver table articles. Scattered about the table, but placed with orderly regularity and flanking a centerpiece of flowers or growing ferns, (or of fruit, if economy is a necessity,) there should be plates of thin bread-and-butter sandwiches and small cakes. These, with lemonade or fruit punch, (very cold,) and aërated waters, will make an ample provision. In Europe,—or on the Continent,—at the smartest dances, little more is offered. Some one should see to it that all soiled dishes are removed and others supplied when necessary. There is no need of other service. A few small napkins and iced water should not be forgotten.

If there be a cotillion, it begins after supper, unless that dance gives the title rôle to the entertainment, when the supper is served at its close.

Chairs are ranged against the walls, attached in pairs, marked with numbered cards, duplicates of which are given to the masculine guests by the leader of the cotillion.

The hostess should try to secure a leader, who is a man of tact, experience, and executive ability, and then leave the matter entirely in his hands.

It is customary to have about three "favor" figures.

The pretty trifles, (many of tissue paper,) are arranged upon the tables at the end of the room, or they are sent to the room as they are needed under competent direction. They are given out by the hostess and two or three friends.

When dances are given at public halls or hotels, hostesses regardful of the proprieties invite the mothers with their daughters, or the girls themselves invite a chaperon, or a father or a brother may escort them.

In provincial circles, it is customary for young men who are well known to the families of the girls to offer their escort, or they are invited to accompany them. In the latter case the carriage is provided by the young lady's parents; in the former, the young man assumes the responsibility of the conveyance.

Women meet their escorts at the head or foot of the staircase and enter the drawing-room together, but not arm in arm,—the woman a step in advance.

Do not refuse to dance with one man under some pretext, and then dance with another, though you may walk and talk with him. One may always plead fatigue when truth warrants it. Accept invitations to dance with a gracious smile and bow, rising at once, if the dance be in progress or about to begin; if for a future number, say, "Thank you, I shall be happy to," in a tone of conventional cordiality, not effusive. Each inscribes the name on the other's dance card,—opposite the dance selected. A girl does not dance oftener than three times with the same man, unless willing to make her preference public.

At public balls, a young woman should return to her chaperon after every dance. At private dances, she has more latitude and may accept an invitation to walk or seek some cooler spot, provided the place is not a secluded one or on the stairway, if she is not engaged for the next dance and has assured herself that her partner is under no obligations to another.

[PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "SUCCESS MAGAZINE" OCTOBER 8, 1904, BY JAMES RICALTON]

Japanese balloons in the field, about four miles north of Port Arthur. General Nogi uses these for reconnoissance over the country. Shells from the big Russian siege guns have been fired at them, but the range is too long for accurate aim. The Japanese claim that these balloons have proved very useful

Why Japan Must Win : HOSMER WHITFIELD

[*Concluded from page 8*]

case. In times of peace, he customarily rises at half past six, and, shortly after, takes a walk in the garden, often with the empress, who is also an early riser. At half past seven breakfast is ready. Eight o'clock is the time for him to begin official work, and usually he keeps up till noon without showing any sign of weariness. His mental strength is marvelous. He does not read the newspapers until after his luncheon. From two to four o'clock he again attends to affairs of state. After four o'clock he always takes horseback exercise. His beloved horse is "Kinkazan." The emperor is one of the best riders of Japan. If he did not bend forward, his figure on his horse would be perfect. Besides riding, he is fond of fencing and wrestling. He used to wrestle with the court officials, who were only too glad to be defeated by the emperor. He once, some years ago, called up to his presence the late Tesshu Yamaoka, the hero of the Restoration time, and asked him to contest in wrestling. Yamaoka threw the mikado pitifully on the ground some twenty feet away. The emperor, far from being angry, gave him a costly present. He disfavored the others who fell before him purposely just to win his favor.

He has a liberal mind. He hates nothing more than falsehood and hypocrisy. He used to be a great student of literature, in his Kyoto days, and his poems were universally praised. He was obliged to stop poem-writing, since his soul and heart entirely became occupied with more serious affairs. In the evening the emperor and the empress spend a quiet hour in chatting and laughing.

* * * * * * *

On the eve of the war Japan's was the smallest of the seven leading navies of the world. The fleet of Russia, at that time, was inferior only to that of great Britain and of France. During 1903, Russia spent on her fleet over fifty-five million dollars, while Japan for the whole of her navy expended only about eleven million dollars. Consequently Russia laid out in naval equipment nearly five times as much as Japan, whose naval fighting strength, at the beginning of hostilities, was only half that of Italy. Alexieff said, "The fleet of the island kingdom is only an exotic which we will cripple at the onset." In the anxiety to impress Asia with her might, Russia sent ponderous-looking men-of-war to the Far East with too few mechanical ratings, and with seamen who, in a confession made to me by a Russian officer, were only "agricultural laborers," not only unused to sea life, but also unversed in even the simplest mechanical knowledge. It was in this condition that Japan found its enemy when it opened its attack.

On the other hand, how did Japan prepare for war? Admiral Togo took in hand, personally, the important work of putting the finishing polish on the war-training of his force. It was not the "spit and polish" method of olden times. Target practice became the continual occupation of the ships, even while the negotiations were in progress. At the same time the admirals commanding the imperial dockyards were engaged in mobilizing the reserve fleet. The operation was carried out so quietly that nothing more than hints as to what was going forward appeared in the press of Japan. If these preparations had been made by Great Britain or the United States, every detail would have been chronicled from day to day, and probably exaggerated, and the government would have been bombarded with questions by irresponsible members of parliament or members of congress, who would have pointed out that such action was provocative of war. Japan has

MARQUIS OYAMA

ADMIRAL ALEXIEFF

a constitution infinitely better suited to the waging of successful war than that of Great Britain or the United States, with the result that she was able to put on her armor without the rest of the world gaining knowledge of her action. For instance, at the end of October, Admiral Togo became commander in chief of the squadron, and put to sea, "for an unknown destination." Even at that date Japan was preparing that advanced temporary base in the Elliot Islands, which has been, in some measure, the secret of the success of her operations in the Bay of Korea and the Yellow Sea. While the negotiations were being dragged on, from week to week, Admiral Togo was engaged in preparing the groundwork of his campaign, and day by day was receiving further accessions of strength from the dockyards.

Had Japan been a thoroughly modern democratic country like, say, the United States, or even Great Britain, in which every man criticises the plans of those who have made naval science their lifelong study, Admiral Togo would have received many suggestions, complaints, and, possibly, even threats. On the eve of the outbreak of hostilities he had concentrated the whole of the fleet of Japan in or about the naval dockyard at Saseho. He had left the whole coast line of the islands of Japan, which is about the same as that of the British Isles, unprotected, and he had not even dispatched a squadron to guard Formosa. The whole littoral of the empire, with the exception of Saseho and its vicinity, was without any local naval defense.

The Japanese have revealed to the world the wide range of usefulness of even the smallest torpedo boat. Possessing only nineteen torpedo-boat destroyers, good seaworthy craft, they decided to form flotillas of boats of quite small size, and these have been successfully used off Port Arthur in the middle of winter, five hundred miles or more from a permanent base. The secret of this lies in the early seizure of a harbor in the Elliot Islands, which have served as a base for all the torpedo craft, and in the presence there of "mother ships." Ten years ago the Japanese realized the need of "mother ships" for torpedo craft.

This Constitutes the Secret of Japan's Success

The whole secret of the Japanese success may be said to lie in the fact that the problem of the present war was studied in detail, instruments acquired fitted for the end in view, and, lastly, in the war-readiness of the fleet. As soon as the government of Japan had decided to throw down the gage, the fleet, held on the slenderest leash, was ready to spring forward and deal that first crushing blow which altered the whole aspect of the campaign afloat. The events of the past three months have emphasized the fact that a fleet is not maintained in order to show the flag on foreign coasts, to provide local defense to distant coast towns, or to cruise ship by ship in a silly isolation, but must be concentrated to meet the strategic needs of any probable war.

By the masterly strokes which Admiral Togo dealt at Russian naval power, and by the subsequent blocking of the Port Arthur channel, he freed the Yellow Sea and the Gulf of Pe-chi-li to the transports carrying the Japanese armies. He did more, even, than this. By "sealing up" Port Arthur, he robbed Russia of a base which the much-talked-of reënforcements from the Baltic hoped to gain with the assistance of the squadron within, disabled though it were, and he gave a singularly vivid illustration of the truth that the mere possession of ships with crews inadequate in numbers and unskilled in warlike duties is not equivalent to naval strength. Behind the fleet, even if well manned, and under a leader of courage, great strategical and tactical ability, and personal magnetism, must be a well-thought-out organization, and dockyards well equipped and with ample supplies of labor for repairs. Japan has supplied the world with object lessons in warfare and in the influence of the command of the sea, but, above all else, she has illustrated the effect of intelligent, careful organization, and the meaning of being ready for war. She has humbled a power against which even Napoleon could not prevail.

Her manner of treating the war correspondents was a revelation to other nations. With a gentle firmness she promptly denied us the same free privileges that were granted during the Spanish-American and the Boer War. Old-time journalists who meet one another only when some great battle is in progress say that they never before saw such polite severity or such rigid censorship. It was a complete surprise. The Japanese claim that they can not afford to let the rest of the world gain even a remote idea of their plans, that it is a war in which they are fighting against heavy odds, and that they must fight it as their generals see fit. Several newspapers have facetiously remarked that the war will be fought over again in the magazines. I simply want to say that my observations have enhanced the belief that there are a myriad interesting and important matters connected with this war which the world knows little or nothing about and will know little or nothing about until after peace has been declared.

Japan Held the Seventh Rank in Naval Power

The advance of the Japanese has impressed China, and has demonstrated to all the world the superiority of brains over brute force. The army that fights with the head wins every time, when opposed to the army that fights only with its muscles. Especially is this the case when the latter is endeavoring to do two things at the same time. Why are the Japanese able to do this? Firstly, because they think out every move of the game in every detail; and, secondly, because they are not satisfied with anything short of perfection in their army. This perfection can not be imitation, for it is something infinitely superior to this. To discern what is the best of the development of every nation, and to combine it into a perfect and distinct whole, is what the Japanese have aimed to do. Their army does not resemble any other army. It is superior because, besides the *morale* of the men, it is scientifically constructed, without damaging traditions. All the traditions which make the soldiers fight and die for their country are still in existence stronger than ever before, but there is an absence of the petty traditions of straps and furbelows. The Japanese rifle is an excellent instrument, and so are the quick-firing guns of Arisaka. In smokeless powder and high explosives the Japanese excel their European instructors. Those who cry out in horror at the sight of Asiatics beating so-called Europeans, and say that the days of the Crusades must return, may gain some support for their theory from the fact that, just as the Saracens made better sword blades than did the Crusaders, so the Japanese have better *matériel de guerre* than have their Russian adversaries.

Japan stands alone in Asia, and, possibly, in the world also, as a nation which knows when others think, and acts when others theorize. The ability both to think out problems and to act upon them is not given to China, to India, or to Siam. These countries may try to imitate Japan, but they can not hope to emulate her. Therefore the vision of all Asia revivified and Japanicized need not obtrude itself before our eyes. The demonstration by Japan that an Asiatic race, with equal weapons, can meet a European race and beat it proves nothing for the other Asiatic nations. These will have to prove themselves for themselves. As for Japan, she has already proved her equality with other nations in commerce and industries, far more severe tests than war. The one great good which may result from the revelation of Japan in the present war is that it may not now be taken so inevitably for granted that everybody outside of Asia must be superior to any Asiatic. This an expedition into Tibet against leather guns could never have accomplished, but General Kuroki, with his Arisaka

The only photograph of the mikado ever taken

quick-fires, has blown such a hole through the haze of popular delusion that the people of Europe can almost see clearly that intellectuality and superiority are not settled by the color of a skin or the location of a country on a map.

Before all other things it must be borne in mind that Japan is not a warlike nation. Although the feudal times are only some forty years back, she has no desire to fight for fighting's sake. Her future depends upon her commerce and her industries, and she is well aware of the fact. War never kept a country great; there are grave doubts whether it ever made one great. The first sign to Japan that progress is not to be sought by warlike means was her inability to maintain the "closed door" in her own country against foreign nations. Gradually, from despising her merchants, she came to honor them above all others. While immensely proud of her army and navy, and determined to keep them up to the necessary high-water mark demanded by Western civilization, she regards them more as means to an end than as the end itself. Were Japan a business firm, the army and navy would take the place of excellent commercial travelers to open up new markets for trade. It is much more to her to have her credit high and her word respected than for her to win victories. She seeks the substance, not the shadow, of empire.

BOOKS WORTH READING

THE WORLD'S BEST POETRY, Bliss Carman, editor in chief. John D. Morris and Company, Philadelphia, publishers.

IF the busy world has an idea that poetry is naught else than a pastime, it should look into the new anthology published by John D. Morris and Company, Philadelphia, and edited by Bliss Carman and a corps of assistants whose names are sufficiently familiar with the literature of this country to warrant the importance of any publication. As it comprises ten large volumes, the editors have been given plenty of space in which to present their selections, and, as a result, the work contains many poems of value which have never before appeared in a general collection, and most of these are of excellent quality. The work is not intended wholly for persons whose taste for poetry is already cultivated, and who know genuine poetry when they see it, but the selections are so made that one wishing to become acquainted with poetry, to learn and understand its beauty and significance, may climb from the simpler fields to the ranges of the great. On the other hand, the classics—the poems that every man and woman of culture know, and which should be known intimately by all men and women,—are quite numerous, and have been selected with good judgment. To go into the list of authors is hardly necessary. Selections have been made from so many that one can turn to the splendid index in volume ten and find the name of most any poet with whom he is familiar. The editors collected the books of all the greatest verse-makers and culled their very best. Each volume is prefaced by an essay by such writers as John Vance Cheney, Francis Hovey Stoddard, Richard Le Gallienne, Francis Barton Gummere, and Charles Francis Richardson. It is plentifully illustrated with fine likenesses of the poets whose works have been selected, and with colored prints of famous scenes.

Had to Keep His Eyes Open

THERE is an ancient mendicant, long known to those who go through Vesey Street to the North River ferries, New York City, who has lately laid away his "Pity the Blind" sign and his wheezy little organ, and now helps paste waste paper and fruit skins in the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, Jersey City. He excuse is convincing. "You see," he says, "times got so hard I just had to keep my eyes open to do any business at all."

The Well-dressed Man

ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN
[Editor of "The Haberdasher"]

For morning wear

WHO does not recall the time when jibing at fashion had attained the dignity almost of a cult, and when every "penny-a-liner" waxed waggish at the expense of the high collar, the stiff shirt, and the trousers with explosive checks? Humor was somewhat primitive in those days, and humorists must have been hard pressed to keep the attic pot boiling. I am free to admit, though, that there was some ground for scoffing then.

The typical man of fashion of two decades ago, measured by the standards of to-day, was half *poseur*, half snob, and complete coxcomb. He lived to dress, and dressed in a way that must have made living very uncomfortable.

The tendencies in clothes have changed with the times. The well-dressed man of to-day is not only no "dandy," in the old meaning of the word, but to be a dandy has come to be the mark of the vulgarian. Queerness in dress and acceptance of every fresh fad, irrespective of whether it is becoming or not to the individual, proclaims the very young man or the very ignorant one.

The be-all and end-all of correct dress are comfort and appropriateness. We are a nation of workers, and we must have comfortable clothes to work in. The fever and fret of business drain our powers, and easy dress is absolutely necessary to our physical well-being.

When I hear a man speaking contemptuously of dress and covertly sneering at those who pay intelligent attention to it, I put him down as a chagrined person who would like to, but does n't know how to dress correctly. Is a man less of a man because he wears a collar that suits his face, or a coat that fits, or a cravat that is knotted gracefully?

If careful regard for the niceties of personal appearance denotes weakness of character, we might as well slight our finger nails, neglect our hair, and let our boots get down at the heel. I mention this merely because there is a proneness in some quarters to confound the fashions with the fads, and to fancy that dressing correctly means obsequious submission to the pronouncements of some self-constituted authority.

As a matter of fact there is no arbiter of men's dress except good taste. Fashion means fitness, first, last, and always. Trousers are loose, because tight ones look unsightly. Evening dress is limited to black and white because black and white express the truest elegance. We wear knickers for the sports, because knickers give freedom in moving about and do not get in our way. Boots are thick-soled, because thick soles are best adapted to walking. In summer we slip off our waistcoat, turn up our trousers, and put on a belt, because we want to be cool and comfortable. Does all this look as if fashion were a taskmaster, bent upon enforcing a cruel discipline?

The accompanying sketch pictures a modish waistcoat, for morning wear, and the proper collar and cravat that go with it. The waistcoat is made of flannel, and a distinguishing feature of it is the two-flap pockets at the bottom, which fasten with buttons. The upper pockets are slit, and the garment is collarless. The cravat is a broad, striped four-in-hand, of soft *crêpe* silk. In inserting the pin, both the head and part of the gold stem are left visible. The collar is of the high "wing" type, with wide-stitched edges.

Metal clasps on gloves are not in good form, and are generally the badge of the low-class article. All gloves for street wear are worn full and loose, for convenient slipping on and off. Dress gloves, however, should fit snugly, and I recommend, for formal afternoon and evening wear, a glove one quarter of an inch smaller than the walking glove.

Knit wool gloves are much favored for nipping weather, and they are uncommon enough to be distinctive. Scotch plaids, heather mixtures, chocolate, olive, mode, and Oxford gray shades are approved. Knit gloves are also worn over the white evening gloves to save them from soiling. Upon arriving at the host's or hostess's house, the wool gloves are slipped into the overcoat pocket.

THE EDITOR'S CHAT

The Sweetness of the Other Fellow's Grass

We laugh at the mule which imagines that the grass in his neighbor's pasture, though it is a part of the same field, is so much sweeter than that in his own. Yet we find the same trait, which prompts the lower animal to trespass, just as strongly marked in the higher animal—man. Children exhibit it without restraint. They get tired of their own toys, their own surroundings, and think if they could only have what belongs to their companions how much happier they would be. How quickly a baby will drop whatever he is playing with to seize that which he sees another child has.

We men and women are only grown-up children. A tendency to undervalue what we have and to magnify what others have seems to be an element of our nature. Most of us look at our own possessions, our own surroundings, and our own condition through the big end of the telescope. They look small and mean compared with those of our neighbors, which we look at through the other end of the glass. The grass in the adjoining pasture is so tempting; it looks so lucious and juicy, so much sweeter and tenderer than that in our own, and we look over the fence with longing, discontented eyes.

Everywhere we find people who are dissatisfied with their lot, who think they would be happy if they could only get somewhere else, into some other occupation. They see only the thorns in their own vocations, the roses in those of others. The shopgirl would be an actress; the cook would change places with her mistress; the butler with his master. The lawyer would be a doctor; the doctor, a lawyer. The farmer bemoans his hard lot, and longs to exchange his life of drudgery for the career of the merchant or the manufacturer. The country boy leans on his plow-handle and looks toward the city with hungry eyes. If he could only be free from the slavery of the farm, he thinks, wear good clothes, get hold of a yardstick and stand behind a counter! Happiness, opportunity, fortune—everything,—lies yonder. Around him misery, toil, poverty,—nothing desirable. The city youth, behind a counter, or sitting on a high office stool, rails at fate for confining him to the limits of brick walls and the dreary details of merchandise,—buying and selling,—or of figuring up accounts Oh, if he could only go to sea and travel to distant countries, become a captain in the navy, or skipper or owner of a merchant vessel! Life would be worth something then. But now——

How much energy has been lost; how many lives have been spoiled by this fruitless longing for other fields, other opportunities out of reach. What is the use of sighing, or dreaming of what you would do if you were in somebody else's place? What is the use of trying to reach into your neighbor's pasture when you do not know what bitterness may lie at the root of it, hidden from your sight; when you have never tried to develop or to call out the sweetness and juiciness which reside in your own?

Do not try to be somebody else. Do not dream of great far-away opportunities; do the best you can where you are. Open your petals of power and beauty and fling out the fragrance of your life in the place that has been assigned to you. If you find yourself bound within a narrow sphere by aged parents or crippled, dependent brothers or sisters, or weighed down by a mortgage on the home, do not say, "What is the use of wasting my life in this limited environment?" Some of the grandest characters in all history have blossomed and borne magnificent fruit in just such limited fields as you now think yourself in. The potency, the virtue of the opportunity is in the man who can see and use it.

Tear off the Mask

If you have been trying sharp, scheming, cunning methods in your business or profession during the past year, if you have been using underhanded methods and have found them unsatisfactory, and if you find your self-respect lessening and your character being undermined, why not turn about face with the commencement of this year and try the simple, straightforward, honest way of doing things?

Why not come out and show yourself this year? Tear off your mask. Stand for something. You have, perhaps, noticed that you do not carry much weight in your community; that, while people are courteous to you, they distrust you,—that they do not have absolute confidence in you, that they are afraid of you. People are always afraid of a man who wears a mask, who does not show himself as he is, who works in the dark and is always covering up his tracks. They like a man who is frank. This is why people admire President Roosevelt so much. They overlook his faults because he does not hide them. He has nothing to cover up, nothing to conceal. He has no apologies to make. Everybody knows what he is, and no one is afraid of hidden faults in him. Mr. Roosevelt told me that a straightforward way of doing things, a reputation for square dealing and integrity will do more for a young man than any amount of scheming, sharp dealing, underhanded methods, or even capital without reliability. It has been proved thousands of times that a clean, transparent, simple, straightforward, open manner of doing business is not only infinitely more satisfactory, but also more profitable from a business standpoint alone.

However, suppose you should make a little more money by questionable means, will it pay you to have exchanged your manhood for it, to have swapped your character for a little more cash? The question for you to ask about any transaction is, "Will this strengthen and buttress my character? Will it add to my reputation? Will it make me a stronger man? Will it make people believe in me more? Shall I be more of a man on account of it?" The little cash you get out of it is insignificant in comparison with the effect upon yourself. If you are more of a sneak, if it only adds to your reputation as a cunning, underhanded schemer, if it only makes people more afraid that you will cheat them, can you afford the price for what you get out of it? No matter how poor you are, or how great the stress, or how tempting the reward, you can not afford to part with or to tarnish your integrity. Nothing will pay you for this. The man who does this is but a burlesque of the man God intended. A man who has parted with his integrity is like a woman who has lost her virtue,—he has nothing left. All the millions of money and all the luxuries he can pile around him only serve to accentuate his irreparable loss, his fatal mistake.

A youth should resolve, at the very outset of life, that he will hold his honor too dear for purchase, beyond all barter, priceless, and if he retains this he will always be rich, though he has nothing else,—yea, though he live in a poorhouse. Millions look contemptible by the side of character. Money is everything with character; nothing without it. When the soul has lost its most precious jewel, the pearl beyond price, all merely material riches are but empty mockery. It is vain to expect happiness or true contentment, while one juggles with honor and honesty. As well might a man expect to walk through mire unspoiled, as to retain his dignity and self-respect, to enjoy his wealth and the position he has won through unscrupulous means, while all the time he stands condemned before the bar of his own conscience. Where honor is concerned there is no middle course. There can be no temporizing, no compromises.

Perhaps you have felt that something has gone out of your life this last year, that while you have increased your wealth, your character has not grown,—your manhood has shrunk. Perhaps you have not been entirely conscious of this shrinking, this gradual loss of character. You may not think as much of yourself as you did a year ago, and, though you do not know why, you half suspect that the loss of self-respect has some connection with your way of doing business. In either case you will be surprised to see how quickly you will regain your self-respect if you change your methods of doing business. There is an indefinable but powerful tonic in doing right, as there is a strong, indefinable depressant in doing wrong. You may have found it very easy to pacify your conscience in doing questionable things on the ground that you were getting a start, promising yourself that as soon as you got a little more money you would be more particular about your methods, more scrupulous, and more conscientious. This is one of the delusive arguments of the tempter. Every time you do a wrong thing it becomes easier, and the more certain it is that you will do it again and again, and the less probable that you will ever change. How

many men have drifted unconsciously into dishonesty by these insidious methods! It is a dangerous thing to tamper with conscience. You may think that you will indulge in the questionable thing only once, and you may feel certain that just as soon as you get a little more independent you will change your methods, but you won't.

How pitiable it is to see thousands of men of ability who started out with honest purposes, now with character gone, integrity lacerated through the slow, insidious habit of doing questionable things! The spider's web of the first wrong act has been doubled and twisted and trebled and multiplied until it has become a habit cable, which they can not break, and they are the prisoners of these repeated acts. If they had only realized the increasing power of an act to get itself repeated and the greater facility which comes from repetition, how they would have shuddered at the first departure from integrity!

How you have hated yourself during the past year for doing the mean, contemptible, questionable thing! Yet you have tried to console yourself with the great good you could do with the money you made by it. It is astonishing how men will play with the poison of dishonesty, which is so insidious at first, which intoxicates and stimulates one, but paralyzes and kills later. If every youth were only taught that to be successful a man must be greater than his occupation; that his character must not be for sale at any price; that he will always be rich so long as he retains it, and just in proportion to its strength and integrity, and weak and unhappy and a failure no matter how much money he may have, just in proportion to the weakness of his character; if he only started out with the conviction that only one real failure is possible, and that is the loss of self-respect, the barter of one's character, either for pleasure or for money; if the youth were only taught that he can not afford to deceive even a little bit in the quality of goods he is selling, or in the quality of the service he is giving, what a revolution would come to our civilization!

How They Lost Their Home

Through the gambling instinct.

They let their insurance run out.

They bought things they did not need because they were cheap.

They did not use good judgment or right proportion in their expenditures.

They subscribed for everything they could pay for on the installment plan.

Money enough went down in drink and up in smoke to have saved the home.

The father always intended to get his life insured, but died without doing so.

They did not realize how easy it is to get into debt and how hard it is to get out.

They tried to do what others expected of them rather than what they could afford.

They thought it small to insist on having an agreement or understanding put in writing.

They could not say "No," and could not afford to tell their friends, "I can not afford it."

The sons thought they must "sow their wild oats" as well as other "fellows of their set."

The daughters thought it beneath them to work for a living, but were bound to dress well.

They drew their money out of the savings bank to put it into some "wild-cat" scheme, and lost it.

They did not do business in a business way because they were dealing with relatives or friends.

The doctrine, "Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost," was, in effect, the family creed.

They never formed the habit of putting in the savings bank money which they did not immediately need.

They did not know that giving full power of attorney to an agent or lawyer put their property at his mercy.

They put off payments on everything possible because it would be so much easier to pay to-morrow than to-day.

They signed important papers without reading them or knowing their contents, just because they were asked to do so.

The extravagance of children who had not been trained to economize or to take care of their pennies, swamped the home.

Through lack of honest ambition and a disposition to interpret too literally the text, "Take no thought for the morrow."

The mania to make an appearance beyond their means caused them to mortgage their property and ended in bankruptcy.

They feared that the people with whom they had dealings would think them suspicious if they asked them for a receipt for money.

When the shoe began to pinch, they "really did not see where they could retrench." Habit had made luxuries seem necessaries.

They ran accounts at the stores instead of paying cash, did not realize how rapidly bills were running up and never knew how they stood.

They entertained too expensively and a great deal more than they could afford because they wanted people to think they were in good circumstances.

The father thought that to go on a "spree" now and then was his prerogative as head of the family. After a while he availed himself of his "prerogative" once too often.

They let money enough slip through their fingers to pay the mortgage several times over, but because the date of payment was so far away, they thought there was no danger of losing their home.

Their efforts to force their daughters into the society of those above them, in the hope that they might make "brilliant matches," involved them hopelessly in debt.

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AS OUR readers well know, we have always been strong advocates of good literature and the *purchase* of good literature in the home. Public libraries are excellent institutions in their way, but you can't get half the real enjoyment out of a book *unless you own it yourself* and learn to love every dog-eared page of it for some bright vision it has given you of a world outside your own.

It is with peculiar satisfaction, therefore, that we announce OUR GREAT HOME LIBRARY OFFER for the coming season, and most strongly advise its acceptance by *every single one of our readers*. We have brought together into one "Library" a collection of stories which we can absolutely recommend to SUCCESS MAGAZINE readers as the representative work of the best American writers. In doing this we have purchased, from leading publishers and owners of special copyrighted stories, the right of compiling and manufacturing this exquisitely beautiful set of ten volumes, which we have named the

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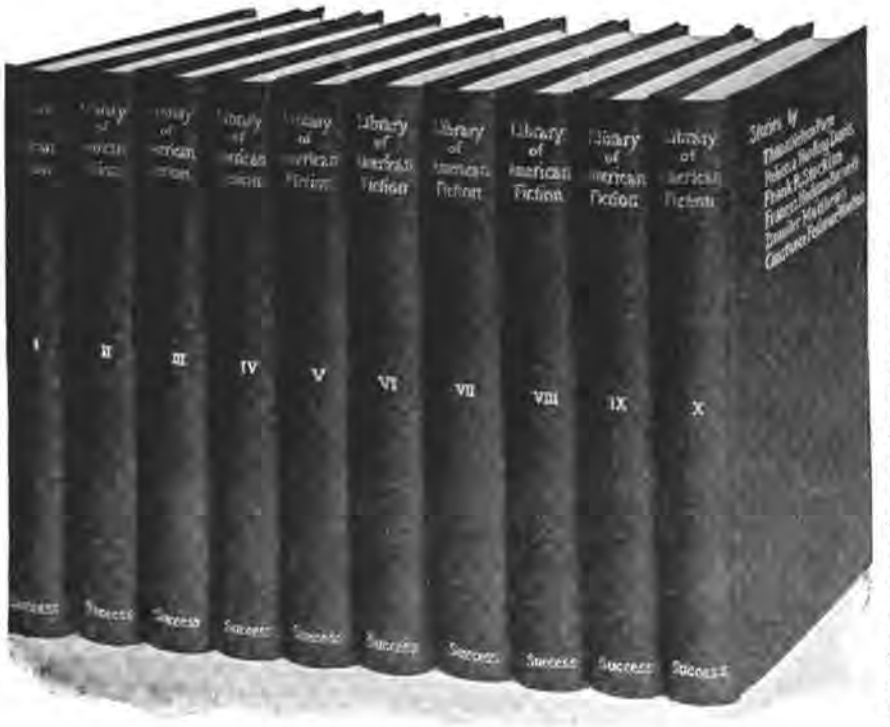

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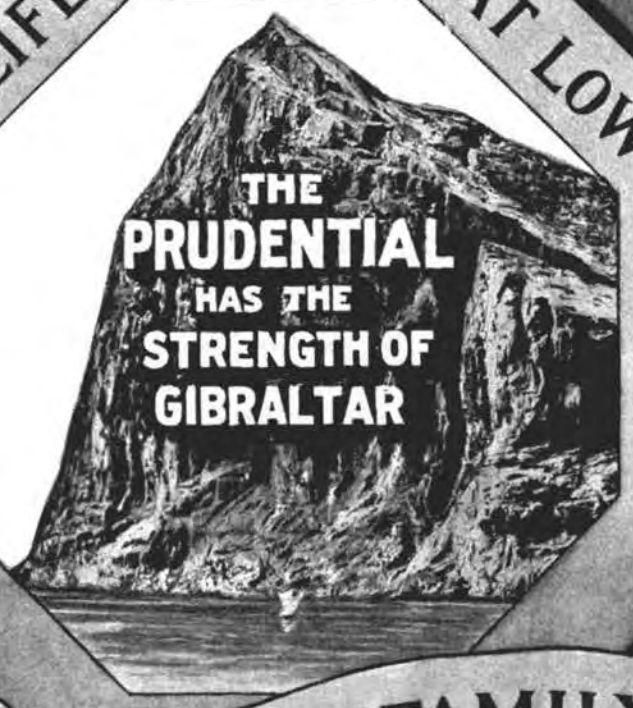

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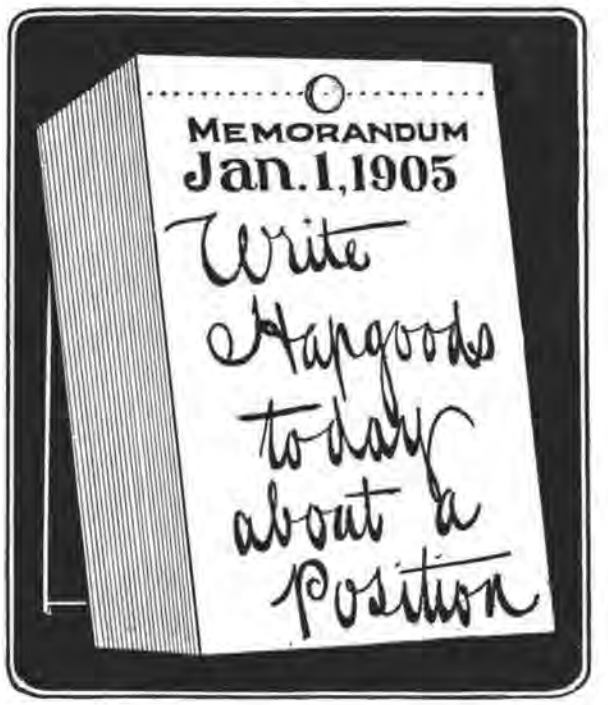

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ABU-11210.—Large department store, very strong financially, requires a thoroughly experienced cloak buyer. Man must have references of highest character and be familiar with buying for high grade trade. Location, New England. Salary, $2,000.

AM-12424.—Experienced office manager familiar with credit reporting work. Must be capable of getting up form letters and taking full charge of advertising matters. Excellent opportunity for advancement. Location, New Jersey. Salary, $1,500.

THOUSANDS of high-grade Salesmen, Executive, Clerical and Technical men are wanted to fill responsible positions paying from $1000–$5000 a year. The number of positions now on our lists breaks all records, and our organization of 12 offices and 350 people is taxed to its utmost to meet the demand for men created by the New Year's changes. Somewhere among all these opportunities there is one calling for exactly the ability and experience *you* have, and we offer the best means of finding it. Our booklets contain convincing proof of the broad scope of our business and the value of our service to ambitious men. By sending for them to-day you may profit by the changes which the New Year brings. If you will write us, stating fully your experience and what work you are competent to do, we will tell you frankly what possibilities there are of quickly placing you in a satisfactory position.

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Make Money in Bananas

There are greater money-making possibilities in the scientific growing of bananas than in any other field of investment before the public to-day.

By a system of co-operative management we offer you an opportunity to make an investment of $200, payable in easy installments, net you $8.50 per month for all time.

We know this sounds too good to be true, but we assume that you will be interested in profits too good to be true, provided they are true.

We don't ask any one to accept our mere statement that it can be done. We want you to give us the opportunity to furnish overwhelming proof—a hundred and one kinds of it—that our every claim is based on absolute fact.

Very few people realize the vast possibilities that banana culture presents, but the few who do are making their knowledge pay them wonderful returns.

We know the banana business from A to Z—have been engaged in it for years—and have formed the Co-operative Tropical Fruit Association in order that we may engage in it in a larger way.

We have purchased an immense tract of the very best banana land in the world, and will develop it rapidly and profitably under a splendid system of co-operative management.

We will dispose of 1,000 of these choice acres to a few people who are wise enough to investigate carefully and thoroughly our enterprise, before deciding that it is too good to be true.

We Share and Share Alike

We sell you these acres—as many as you like if you apply at once—make you a member of our Association, plant your land, develop it, market your crop, charge you only the actual cost for its management, and allow you to participate in the general profits of the entire plantation.

We expect to make at least 50 per cent. from our investment, and you will make just as much as we do.

Our Conservative Estimate

The British Foreign Government Report No. 385 (and government reports are always conservative) gives the average income per acre from banana raising, as $250. This, based upon our price for an improved acre, $200, is nearly 125 per cent profit. We want to be more than conservative, and so that we may be absolutely safe in our estimate, we cut this more than in half and figure only on the low average profit of $100 per acre.

BASED ON THIS ESTIMATE:'

$10 a month for 20 months should net you at least $8.50 per month for life.
$20 a month for 20 months should net you at least $17.00 per month for life.
$50 a month for 20 months should net you at least $42.50 per month for life.
$100 a month for 20 months should net you at least $85.00 per month for life.

How to Buy Shares

$10 will start you.

For each acre you desire, you send $10 in any convenient form. The remaining $190 per acre is paid at the rate of $10 per month until the full $200 has been paid.

Don't Delay

Remember we have only 1,000 acres to sell. We have been selling these for a number of months, and several hundred of the acres already are gone. Our proposition is unusual, and is being grasped rapidly by a great many far-seeing investors. You must act quickly, for you may never again have such an opportunity to make so safe and profitable an investment.

Send for Our Free Book

We want you to read our free book. It tells all about the banana business in general and our plantation in particular. It gives you absolute proofs of the wonderful profits that you can make in this business. It quotes letters received from other people who have invested, gives their names and addresses, and if you are at all interested in any investment that will enable you to make money rapidly and surely, with no risk and with no effort on your part, you certainly will want to read it.

The Best Plan

To be absolutely sure of securing acreage, send us $10 to-day. Get our book, read it carefully, and then decide what you want to *do*. If, after reading it, you do not care to invest, we will return your $10 on your request at any time within two weeks from the date of its receipt. This is fair in every way, and absolutely protects you and protects us.

To-day—this minute—is your opportunity. Write to us now.

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937 REAL ESTATE BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

The Food Value of a Soda Cracker

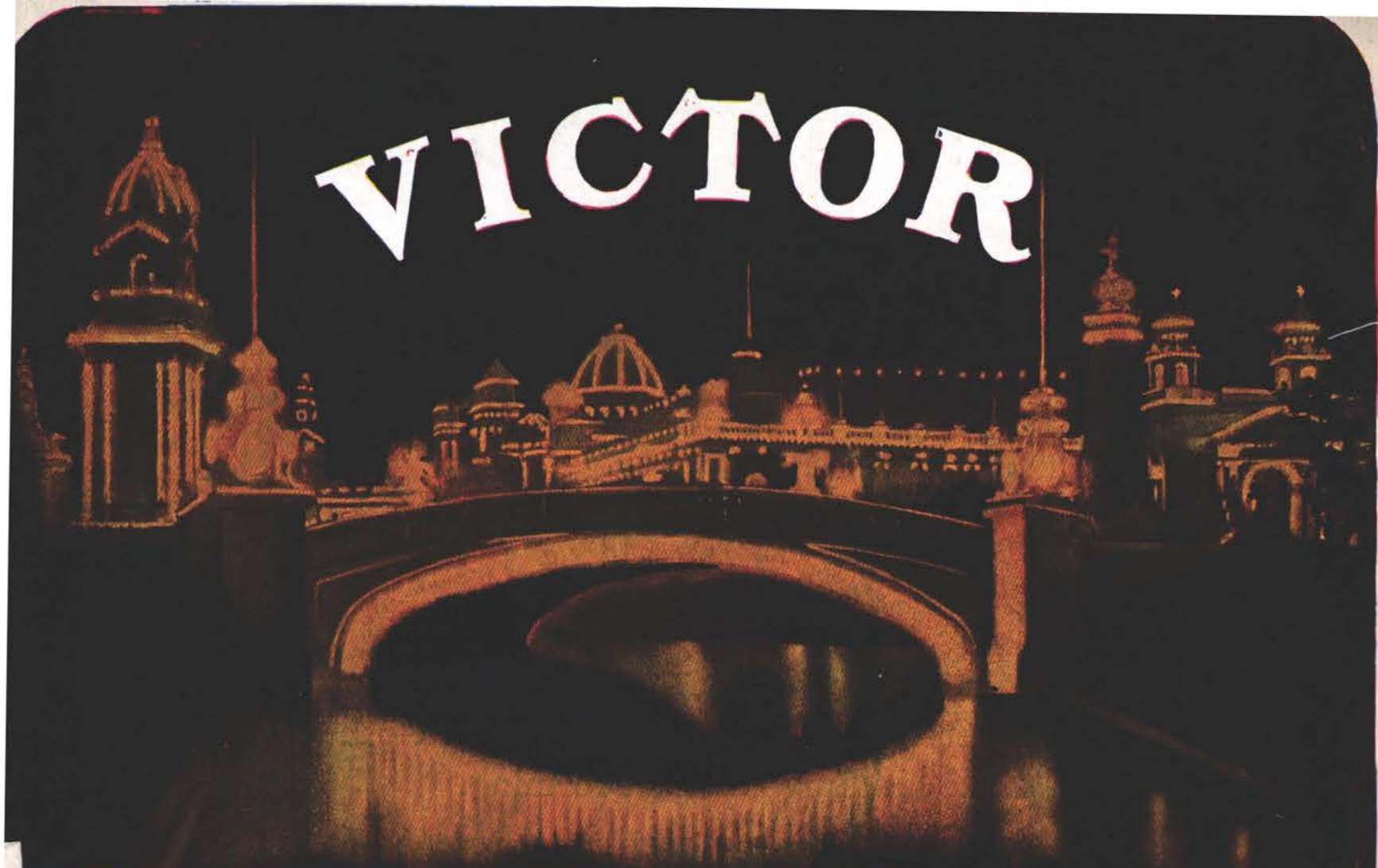
You have heard that some foods furnish fat, other foods make muscle, and still others are tissue building and heat forming.

You know that most foods have one or more of these elements, but do you know that no food contains them all in such properly balanced proportions as a good soda cracker?

The United States Government report shows that soda crackers contain less water, are richer in the muscle and fat elements, and have a much higher per cent of the tissue building and heat forming properties than any article of food made from flour.

That is why **Uneeda Biscuit** should form an important part of every meal. They represent the superlative of the soda cracker, all their goodness and nourishment being brought from the oven to you in a package that is proof against air, moisture and dust—the price being too small to mention.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



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The *Victor* was awarded the GRAND PRIZE over all other talking machines at the St. Louis Exposition.

This is the first prize and the highest award given.

The *Victor* was also awarded the first prize at Buffalo in 1901.

This proves that the *Victor* is the best talking machine. It is also the greatest musical instrument in the world.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Original makers of the Gram-O-Phone **Philadelphia**