The Shameful Misuse of Wealth—The Story of Newport

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY
1905

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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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The Shameful Misuse of Wealth

I.—The Most Extravagant City in the World

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

BEFORE coming to the serious part of this investigation which must, of course, take place in New York, it is well enough to glance good-naturedly at Newport, that brilliant fragment of the greater city where we may find the same conditions of wealth and extravagance that prevail in Manhattan only on a smaller scale and therefore easier to handle. In the present article I shall simply put down without much comment certain random facts in the summer routine of our affluent and conspicuous families, trusting that these facts will speak for themselves to thoughtful people and create a preliminary impression that may assist my purpose to presently contrast these glittering lives with the lives of our tortured and miserable poor as we find them to-day in the great cities of America.

And, as I wish above all things to be fair and avoid exaggeration, I would dwell at the start on one point, often overlooked, that Newport is a very beautiful and interesting place, quite independent of its spectacular social life. It is a charming old New England town, highly favored in climate and surroundings, clearly intended, as our grandfathers knew, to be the most attractive summer resort on the coast. The air is cool and deliciously restful, the bathing is ideal, there are

lovely drives among fragrant groves and gardens, and there are no mosquitos.

Nor is it entirely a place of wealth and fashion, for quite one half of Newport is made up of plain country streets and plain wooden houses, where anyone may come and live, as the winter population *do* live, without extravagance or ostentation. And even among the summer dwellers, rich people for the most part, there are many who enjoy Newport in a quiet unpretentious way and look with indifference or regret (even when sharing them) on the vanities and prodigalities of a relatively small number supposed, by newspaper legend, to represent society.

"Why do you write over and over again about these same people, the ones you call fashionable?" I inquired of a society correspondent.

"Because," said he, "they're the only ones worth writing about."

"But," I protested, "Newport is full of cultured people, many of them rich, whose names you never mention.

"They're not interesting," he insisted. "The American woman wants to read about the smart set and I give her what she wants."

Assuming this to be true, I have wondered if the American woman would not like to know the *cost* of this brilliant Newport life that she reads about so eagerly, the cost in money and other things, to those who battle every summer for social recognition or supremacy in a round of expensive and sensational pleasures.

Suppose we begin then with the money cost, which is perhaps the smallest part; we shall see at once that our fashionable friends have set such a pace of money spending in Newport, as makes it impossible for any but the very rich or very reckless to follow them. You get a first hint of this in the high prices paid for various little things by people who either do not know the actual values or do not care about them, five cents for a New York paper that sells elsewhere for two; one dollar for a box of So and So's candy that brings eighty cents (standard price,) in other cities; two dollars and a half for a sirloin steak; fifteen dollars for bed and breakfast, say for yourself and wife at a modest enough family hotel on Bellevue Avenue. And when it comes to cabs,—this is a splemn subject,—it's two dollars down to Bailey's Beach and back, it's three dollars for a dinner call, it's five dollars to Gooseberry Island for a cup of tea at the club, and you're taking cabs all the time, you *must* take cabs, since trolleys may not roll their unsanctified wheels in the fashionable precincts where anyone who *is* anyone has his coachman or his automobile.

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"Newport is the most expensive city in the world; it's twice as expensive as New York," declares a friend of mine who pays eight thousand dollars a season for the rent of his cottage. To be sure this "cottage" is a handsome stone house in attractive grounds, perhaps the costliest of those that are rented regularly, but it certainly may be said that a rental varying from three thousand to seven thousand dollars for the three or four months is an ordinary affair in Newport and occasionally when one of the millionaire villas is to let, one of those splendid places by the sea with stables and greenhouses and the glamor of imposive names, "We've taken 'Granite Point,' my dear, from the Edgar J's.,"—*then* the price is twelve thousand or fifteen thousand dollars from June to September. And people glad to pay it! As a matter of fact fifteen thousand dollars is a small enough sum to pay when one considers what the owner has already paid for the land, the house, and the grounds. I suppose no summer city in the world can show such lavish expenditure in so small an area, for fashionable Newport, or the heart of it is comprised within two or three square miles at one corner of a little island.

Over all the rest of this island, you may pick up land for a song, but here, on this south-western point, you will pay, roughly speaking, one dollar a square foot which means forty-three thousand dollars an acre and none of these show places occupy less than one acre, while most of them have four or five and a few have ten or twelve. So the unimproved land alone represents a small fortune (it was farm land thirty years ago in the Ochre Point region now worth millions,) and the cottages themselves have cost half a million or a quarter of a million each and some a full million, real palaces with another million inside in furniture and objects of art. The simple stone wall around one of these million dollar places cost one hundred thousand dollars; its gates and carvings kept the stone cutters busy for a year. Significant, is it not, one hundred thousand dollars for a stone wall!

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And here I may point out the extraordinary way in which bare lawns have been transformed into shaded parks with rows of ancestral beeches and cedars, one would say, all grown to order over night by the fiat of "Money wills it." Here, for instance, is a fine horse chestnut, its branches spread sixty feet and your extended arms scarcely compass its girth. Surely, you say, this tree has stood here for generations. Not at all, it has stood here for two or three months and the same is true of those maples down the driveway and of that rare old tulip tree by the hedge and of yonder group of sturdy red cedars. One year ago the maples were growing twenty miles away, the horse chestnut thirty miles away, and the tulip tree fifty miles away. Then the order came that these trees must shade and beautify this lawn and frame a picture of the sea for the piazza people. So two gangs of Italians were sent forth with picks and shovels and under each chosen tree they dug two tunnels leaving the roots in a great ball of solid earth. Then they skidded it up on heavy timbers and moved it on rollers and made it fast on a special truck and hitched on thirty horses, for the weight was thirty tons, and thus mile after mile they dragged it here and planted it and the time consumed was six weeks and the cost was *nine hundred dollars for that one tree!*

Of course it costs less to move smaller trees, three or four hundred dollars apiece will give you a modest grove but even so with acres to cover it is clear that your bill for shade may run far into the thousands. And there are forty places in Newport (I have it from the leading florist,) where the running expenses of gardens, greenhouses, trees, lawns, hedges, etc., amounts to ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year, and there are several places where these expenses are much more than that; one place in particular, where half a million has been spent on the grounds and where twenty men are required for the mere details of landscape gardening.

One might think that with extensive greenhouses to draw upon, the mistress of one of these handsome places would have flowers in abundance for all occasions, but such is not the case. The greenhouses merely supply the family's daily needs and a florist is called upon for elaborate dinner, balls and *fetes*. So that a fashionable family will easily spend a thousand dollars a month in the season simply on flowers for small dinners such as give, say once a week. A thousand dollars does not go far when your guests sit under canopies of American beauty roses spreading over the table like apple trees in full bloom and when the tables themselves are beds of lilies and gardenias. Nor does this amount include the flowers for balls.

"The flowers for a single ball sometimes cost two thousand dollars," said my friend the florist.

"How is that possible?" I asked.

He smiled. "How is it possible? Suppose you are giving floral favors in the cotillion at ten dollars each? You think ten dollars is too much? I can show you on my books where Mrs. H., at her ball, paid me *fifteen dollars each* for one hundred and twenty floral favors. That made one thousand, eight hundred dollars, without even starting the decorations."

Then he described another famous ball where the walls were festooned with laurel wreaths and at each loop of the wreaths hung an enormous gilt basket filled with exquisite pink roses among which sparkled dozens of tiny electric lights. That item alone cost a thousand dollars.

And this brings us to the lavish *fetes* that take place every year in Newport, those famous entertainments that are described and discussed all over the country. It is easy to exaggerate the cost of these, the newspapers assure us that Mrs. O's. "White Ball" cost twenty-five thousand dollars, which is *not* true, although it doubtless did cost fifteen thousand dollars. The sober fact seems to be that ten thousand dollars or twelve thousand dollars is no unusual price to pay for one of these remarkable affairs. The dinner say for two hundred guests at the caterer's charge of ten dollars each, comes to two thousand dollars, without wines or cigars. Besides this there is a first supper at midnight after the special entertainment provided and a second supper at five or six in the morning, after the dancing; which easily brings the total for eating and drinking up to three thousand dollars. Add another thousand dollars for flowers and music. Add two thousand more for cotillion favors, watches, fans and articles of gold and silver. Then add two thousand more for a theater built especially for the occasion on the lawn and torn down the next morning, a spacious theater be it said and handsomely decorated. Add several thousand more for a complete vaudeville entertainment with singers and dancers, acrobats, jugglers, everything brought on expressly from New York, or perhaps (as happened once,) the entire company of a New York theater sent down and the theater closed. When you have counted all that and various minor things, say five hundred dollars for electric lighting effects on the grounds, you will see clearly enough what becomes of ten or twelve or even fifteen thousand dollars on such an occasion. And Newport may have two or three entertainments like this in a single week!

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One important item in connection with these elaborate fetes, is the cost of several hundred ball dresses or dinner dresses made for the occasion, for no woman feels like accepting such generous

hospitality in an old gown. And this brings me to an interesting talk that I had with a man at the head of one of the largest dressmaking establishments in the world with branches in London, Paris, New York and, naturally, Newport. We were standing near the Casino at the fashionable hour. It was the height of the season, and beautifully gowned women were arriving every moment for the music and tennis. There they were before us in gay and conspicuous groups, the much talked of and envied society leaders, dressed to be looked at and admired. And admiring, as befitted, we proceeded to discuss them, my companion speaking with the authority of a creator and dispenser of styles.

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"Taken collectively," he said, "they are the smartest gowned women in the world."

"But not individually?" I asked.

"Individually they sometimes lack distinction and the note of personal taste. They dress too much alike."

"That's your affair, isn't it?" I suggested.

"Well," he said, "we do the best we can. Of course what you lack in this country is a court, with court functions, court dinners and court balls. You never find the best dressed women in a republic."

I pondered this awhile, and then, becoming practical, asked what it costs one of these ladies whose duty it is to shine in Newport for her gowns.

"Ten thousand dollars a year," he answered promptly. We have clients who spend twelve thousand a year, but ten is enough. We have many who spend seven thousand a year. If a woman spends only five thousand a year, we do not take her very seriously."

"You mean five thousand for gowns alone?"

"Of course." And I was left to imagine what might be the ladies bill for hats, boots, *lingerie*, etc., not to forget the sinuous automobile veils that were fluttering all about us.

"How many new gowns does a smart woman need for the Newport season?" I inquired.

He thought a moment. "Counting everything; about twenty."

"And how much will they cost apiece?"

"That depends on the number of handsome ones. You can't get a really first class gown *from us* for less than five hundred dollars."

I protested that I had heard of first class gowns for less than that, but he shook his head.

"We sell gowns for two hundred and fifty dollars and make more profit on them than on those that cost five hundred, but no ambitious society woman would think of appearing, say at an important dinner in a two hundred and fifty dollar gown. It would injure her prestige."

Then he gave me some interesting details in the making of a five-hundred-dollar gown. It appears that a single yard of the trimming used for such a gown, may take five or six skillful girls (French or Swiss,) an entire week in the making. The pattern, say leaves or flowers, must first be embroidered in silk with the finest stitches. Then it must be gone over again in tiny transparent beads of different colors, perhaps in rhinestones and finally the veins and stems of the leaves must be added one by one in colored threads. All this for a yard of trimming!

How often would the lady wear such a gown?" I asked.

"Three or four times."

"And then what becomes of it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "She gives it away or sells it. There is one very rich woman who has all her old gowns burned. She can't bear the idea that anyone else should wear them."

This last statement implied such a spirit of wanton waste and selfishness that I pressed my informant for further details. Was he quite *sure* the rich lady burned her discarded gowns? Well, he had never seen them burned, but he had always understood they were and he himself believed the story.

Houses, flowers, *fetes*, dresses, we have scarcely begun the list of opportunities that Newport offers for extravagance and show. Think of the horses, the automobiles, the yachts! Think of the train of servants! And the children! And the follies! The gambling! The scandals! Ah, it's a long list!

Take the horses for instance. You see them every morning on the Avenue, every afternoon on the Drive, beautiful glossy creatures, proudly stepping, flashing in silver harness, with victorias, broughams, gigs, phaetons, spiders, carts, *caleches* and coaches rolling behind in dignified procession, while the ladies nod briskly, and the men on the box sit stiff in impressive liveries.

Here comes a smart road wagon, with a pair of greys. They draw up at the Casino, near a victoria waiting with a pair of blacks. Down spring the footmen and assist a lady and a pale faced man to change from the road wagon to the victoria. The idlers along the owl fence opposite stare with freshened interest for they know that this pale faced man has one of the greatest fortunes in the world. It is Alfred Vanderbilt who has just driven in from his country place some miles out of Newport where he has a famous stud farm with seventy or eighty horses. The victoria and pair come from his Newport stables where he keeps a dozen other horses with six men and the necessary traps for just such relay work as this. There might be a little dust on the harness or panels so a fresh carriage and pair are necessary.

It may be noted that Mr. Vanderbilt has another stable in the Adirondacks with other horses and other men in readiness for his visit there in September. Altogether he owns at least, a hundred horses and it would be idle to estimate their value.

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Nor is his the only important stable in Newport. There is at least one other, O. H. P. Belmont's, more perfect in its appointments, a marvel of luxury, with such carriages, road horses, harness, liveries and general elaborateness as can not be equalled in this country, perhaps in the world. Here the stable forms the ground floor of the owner's villa and is so wide and long that a coach and four horses can drive in and turn and drive out again. The walls are covered with rare old prints, and blue ribbons (first prizes,) souvenirs of triumphs at the horse show. And there is an ingenious arrangement of smooth sliding doors by which, when the master or mistress drives up, the horses disappear as by magic at one side, the carriage at another, while on the third side is the entrance to the private apartments with powdered flunkies standing in solemn attendance.

Passing from carriages to automobiles, it is worthy of note that the increasing vogue of self propelling vehicles has not made the rich and fashionable give up their horses, as once seemed likely, but has simply increased their expenses by the cost of this new luxury. They have kept their horses and purchased automobiles besides. And a little investigation shows that the equipment and maintenance of a smart automobile stable in Newport is no slight affair.

What is a smart automobile stable and what does it cost? Here we find wide extremes, for many families have only one or two automobiles, while some have eight or nine and John Jacob Astor has had as many as seventeen at one time. I am told that four automobiles is considered a satisfactory number, a gasolene brougham for runs into the country, an electric victoria for the Avenue, a little roundabout for errands and an imported racing car, the total cost being about thirty thousand dollars. To operate and care for these four machines, two *chaffeurs*, and a helper are required, and with their wages and the garage charges and the outlay for gasolene, repairs, etc., the running expenses, I am assured by an expert, reach seven hundred dollars a month. Add to this the cost of shipping these automobiles from point to point, from Newport to Lenox to Aiken to Tuxedo to Palm Beach and it becomes clear that this exhilerating pastime is not precisely inexpensive.

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It is a trifle however, compared with what is spent on one of the many steam yachts that gather in Newport harbor every summer. In addition to the original cost of such a yacht, anything from half a million down, the running expenses will vary from three thousand dollars a month for one of moderate size up to twenty thousand dollars a month for a big three-hundred-footer like J. Pierpont Morgan's "Corsair" and John Jacob Astor's "Nourmahal." These are practically ocean steamships with all the luxuries of a Fifth Avenue mansion, delicious cooking, elaborate service, exquisite decorations. I saw one of them, recently purchased by a western multi-millionaire from the king of Portugal who no doubt regarded his boat as perfect in all her appointments. Not so the westerner, who proceeded to strip her down to the bare steel hull and then refit and refurnish her in a way that would have made the king stare. The saloon has been made a perfect gem, with Louis Quinze furnishings to grace a palace. The walls are panelled in satinwood and inlaid walnut, under foot are velvet carpets twelve feet wide and woven without seam. Electric lights shine everywhere like great opals through shades of costly glass. Closets open mysteriously out of the walls at the touch of a button and are lighted automatically, an electric piano plays at the touch of a button, and out from under handsome brass beds, roll wide bureau drawers on ball bearings, also at the touch of a button. The owner's private bed room, one of the wonders aboard, occupies the full width of the vessel (twenty-eight feet,) and opens on a roman bath of white marble.

In the height of the season lavish entertainments are given on these yachts, with flowers brought out by the boat-load and dinner served on deck for a hundred or so, say at ten dollars each, and, finally, with dancing and expensive favors. A single yacht *fete* of this kind may easily cost three or four thousand dollars.

Thus far we have considered chiefly what is spent in Newport on luxuries and superfluities, but of course there are also the necessities of life, and it is interesting to see how much the fashionable rich manage to spend on such homely things as meat and groceries. There is an old French cook, now the keeper of a quiet hotel on Bellevue Avenue, who has lived in Newport for over thirty years and who points with pride on his register

to the best names in our money aristocracy the Astors, Vanderbilts, etc. He has known them all in and out of season; he has known their *chefs* and the details of their food supply, and he assures me that eight hundred dollars a month is not an exaggerated estimate of the *meat bill* for a rich family during their stay in Newport. This includes meat, chicken, fish and vegetables for the regular household routine, but *not* for special entertaining. Some families, he says, spend much more than this, thus the meat bill of old Cornelius Vanderbilt used to reach one thousand, six hundred dollars a month. And he tells of one very rich South American, afterwards ruined, whose monthly meat bill came to two thousand dollars. The bill for groceries is about one third of that for meat. It goes without saying that there is enormous waste in such households, and wholesale plundering by the *chefs*, butlers, housekeepers, etc., who all receive large commissions from the tradespeople.

A general impression of the cost and complexity of a quiet Newport establishment may be obtained by glancing over the following specimen pay roll:—

OCCUPATION	YEARLY SALARY
Special *chef* from Paris	$5,000
Second *chef*	1,200
Private secretary to the lady	3,000
Private tutor	2,000
Governess	1,000
Two nurses	1,000
Housekeeper	1,000
Five maids	1,200
Head coachman	1,200
Second and third coachmen	1,200
Chauffeur	1,000
Butler	900
Second butler	600
Head gardener	1,000
Four helpers	2,500
Total	$23,800

Nearly twenty-five thousand dollars a year for help alone, and I am not speaking now of the richest families, whose pay roll would be much larger. Some famous *chef*, for instance, like "Joseph" whom the Vanderbilts brought over, would receive ten thousand dollars a year. And we know what a steam yacht costs! And a stud farm! So summing up the year for one of our multi-millionaires we may set down the main items, thus:—

	YEARLY ESTIMATE
Running expenses of house in Newport and New York with wages and salaries to, say, twenty-five people, with food, wines, etc., but no special entertaining	$30,000
Expenses of entertaining, brilliant balls, dinners, *fêtes*, flowers, etc.	50,000
Steam yacht	50,000
Expenses of stable and stud farm, with wages of, say, thirty men	40,000
Grounds, greenhouses, gardens, with wages of, say, twenty men	20,000
Expenses of two other places, say at Palm Beach and in the Adirondacks	20,000
Clothes for husband and wife, daughters, and younger children	20,000
Pocket money for husband and wife, daughters, and younger children	50,000
Automobiles	10,000
Traveling expenses with private cars, special suites on steamers, at hotels, etc.,	10,000
Total	$300,000

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Three hundred thousand dollars a year, without counting gifts and charities, doctors and trained nurses, new horses and automobiles, new furniture and jewelry, pet dogs with fur-trimmed coats, talking dolls in lace dresses at one hundred dollars each, and numberless other things, not to omit various follies, possibly gambling with thousands of dollars risked by the ladies at "bridge" and tens of thousands by the men at faro, roulette and baccarat.

After such a statement, we begin to understand the attitude of a well-known Newport couple, he with an income of fifty thousand dollars and she with an income of three hundred and twenty thousand dollars, who recently admitted that they could scarcely make both ends meet on a thousand dollars a day, and were so desperately driven to pay their bills that they actually issued a statement last summer in the newspapers, to appease the clamoring shopkeepers. Indeed it is a matter of common knowledge that some of the richest and most lavish families of Newport are far from punctilious in paying what they owe. How can they pay what they owe, when they are constantly spending more than their incomes! No doubt ambitious people with only a thousand dollars a day to spend feel poor when they see rivals spending two or three thousand dollars a day, for such there are, and some who *might* spend ten thousand dollars a day and keep within their incomes! Perhaps they, too, will soon be complaining that it is impossible to live properly on ten thousand dollars a day!

I have not space to consider here the harmful effects of this extravagance and ostentation both on those who practice it and on others all over the country who are influenced by it. I shall do this later on, for it is not to gratify an idle curiosity that I have brought together these facts, but to consider them in their bearing in our national and municipal life. For the moment I will simply say that there are several reasons why the rich in America have a special responsibility to the people: first, because their wealth is greater than the wealth of corresponding classes in other countries, (there is no such money aristocracy in the world as we have,) and, secondly, because their example for good or ill is in the highest degree compelling, owing to the extraordinary conspicuousness, I may say, notoriety, given them in our sensational and widely read newspapers. They almost hypnotize the masses. Finally, they have a heavier moral responsibility because America, despite its supposed prosperity, is the country in all the world which presents the most appalling depths of misery and degradation. Robert Hunter in his able work on "Poverty," estimates that there are ten million people in the United States who are either in actual distress or very near it. And it is certain that no modern city, not even London, can show such pitiful contrasts of poverty and riches, of suffering and prodigality, as are found in New York to-day.

It is on some of these contrasts that I propose to dwell in the present series and, in concluding this preliminary word, I will borrow from my second article on "Children of the Rich and Poor," and call attention to one startling contrast presented in the last report (1904,) of the New York Lying-in Hospital. This institution is under the immediate patronage of the richest and most conspicuous families in New York. It numbers among its benefactors the Astors, Vanderbilts, Morgans, Goulds, etc., and among its hundreds of women subscribers are the very ones whose lavish *fêtes* give Newport its great eclat. Most fortunate they are, one reflects, these destitute New York mothers to have such rich and powerful friends!

Then one turns to the report of cases in the out-door department, that is, of poor mothers delivered at their homes and visited there by persons of the Ladies' Auxiliary. Such homes! In the past year there were twenty-seven hundred of these cases among which I have chosen a dozen or so, not specially selected, in order to give a fair idea of the distress and want that this hospital endeavors to relieve:—

No. 23 Downing Street.—Third child. Man a laborer out of work. Family living in one miserable dark room in basement, swarming with rats.

No. 124 Sheriff Street.—Third child. Miserably poor family of Polish Christians, living in damp, dark, back basement. Lamp lit day and night. Buried two children two weeks previous who had died in the rooms from diphtheria.

No. 166 Norfolk Street.—First child. Three couples living in one furnished room. Only one bed. Could not explain sleeping accommodations. Said they "just managed."

No. 240 Rivington Street.—First child. Man a factory worker. Family of twelve people (nine boarders,) living in two small rooms. Only one bedstead in place. Lodgers sleep on floor.

No. 112 Second Street.—Fourteenth child. Eight living children; oldest one employed, bringing in weekly two dollars in addition to meager income of family. Man has a small newsstand; says he earns from forty to eighty cents per day.

No. 105 Essex Street.—Fifth child. Man a baker, earning small wages; children all young and unable to add to income. Woman had made pathetic efforts to prepare for approaching illness. Had sewn together coarse flour bags covered with red and blue letters to use for sheets, and had also made garments for infant, of same material.

No. 60 Hester Street.—Second baby. Man a consumptive, now in Philadelphia. Woman destitute, went to live with mother, who earns a living by peddling. Stock of potatoes under patient's bed, many of them decayed.

No. 674 Water Street.—First child. Two families, consisting of seven persons, living in two small rooms. Men of both families intemperate longshoremen. Only one bed in rooms.

No. 135 Goerck Street.—Second child. Bohemian family. Man deserted five months ago. Room in filthy condition, coal and wood gathered on docks, filling space under the only bed. Oldest child absolutely without clothing.

No. 441 West Seventeenth Street.—Sixth child. Man a stableman, intemperate and abusive. Woman's face and eyes discolored from effect of beating given by husband.

No. 508 First Avenue.—Fourth child. Man a shipbuilder suffering from cancer. Patient up and washing on fifth day.

No. 184 Madison Street.—Sixth child. Man a fruit peddler. Rooms in filthy condition, piles of various decaying fruit lying in corners of room. Space under patient's bed filled with coal and wood and soiled clothes, probably accumulation of months. Children and patient infected with vermin, and rooms swarming with water bugs.

No. 121 Roosevelt Street.—Third child. Man a driver, intemperate and out of employment. Family living in filthy furnished room in garret, no windows, only light from small skylight. Destitute of everything. No sheets on bed. Agent called on housekeeper on ground floor to learn reason, and was told "sheets are always taken off if week's room rent is not paid."

These are only thirteen cases among twenty-seven hundred, thirteen average cases that represent conditions not in the dark ages nor in Asiatic Turkey, but in New York to-day,—in "prosperous" and enlightened New York. And we may suppose that the rich and brilliant ladies of this city understand the situation, since their names and donations are printed in the report; they must know that this lying-in hospital during the past year turned away over six hundred wretched women about to become mothers *although it had in its wards one hundred and twenty-four beds that were idle and empty*, this because there was no money to employ the necessary nurses and attendants. They must also know that during the past year *over twenty-seven thousand children were born in New York City* without proper medical care, that is, their mothers were attended by midwives, and "the midwifery system in New York is not regulated nor controlled in any way; nor does it show that any midwife who has ob-

[Concluded on page 112]

ROBERT HOE

The Life-story of Robert Hoe

EARL MAYO

In Europe it is nothing unusual to find businesses which have been identified with certain families for a century or more and have become almost as firmly rooted national establishments as the institutions of state themselves. The successive heads of these families would no sooner think of leaving their traditional occupations than would the heirs to the various thrones of going into any other than the business of ruling.

In the United States the comparative youth of the nation and the rapid industrial changes involved in its swift growth have tended to prevent any such continuity. The son of a manufacturer engages in banking, the farmer's or laborer's boy becomes a lawyer or the head of a great manufactory, and the banker's son is trained in railroading. There are few business establishments that can look back on a century of existence, and of these there are still fewer that have remained under the direction of a single family throughout their history.

In my own experience I know of only one such. It occupies a series of big red brick buildings that cover a space of five acres on the east side, New York City. It is a sober and substantial group of buildings sheltering some two thousand or more workmen. The bronze tablets beside the entrance to the largest of these buildings bear the name, "R. Hoe & Co.," a name that does not need an explanatory legend to indicate that it has been associated with the development of printing presses for a century past.

Mr. Hoe Says that Concentration Is the Secret of His Firm's Success

It was in 1805 that Robert Hoe, in connection with his brothers-in-law, Matthew and Peter Smith, established this house for the manufacture of printing presses, so that the firm has just completed one hundred years of existence. During all this time the firm name has remained the same, and Robert Hoe is still its head, only now it is the third Robert, grandson of the founder. During all this time, too, the business of the firm has not changed except to expand and grow steadily greater. It is still, as in the beginning, "R. Hoe & Co., Printing Press, Machinery and Saw Manufacturers." Whether or not the firm makes very good saws, I do not know. What I do know is that the services of three generations of the house of Hoe, in helping to make possible our modern newspapers of immense circulation, our popular novels, and our handsomely printed magazines, have been, at least, as great as those of the writers, the editors, or the publishers.

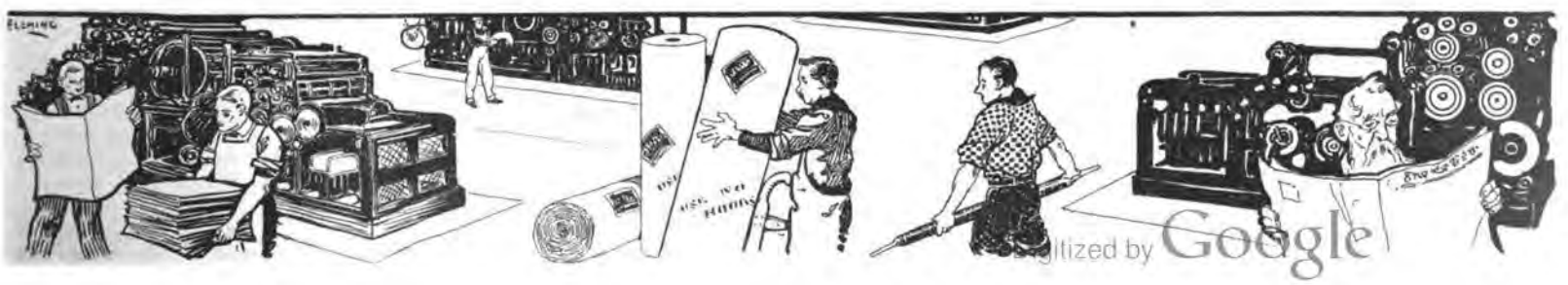
"Concentration," says Mr. Hoe, "is the secret of it all. Rome was not built in a day, nor did the octuple press, with its tens of thousands of parts and its power of turning out hundreds of completed newspapers every minute, spring, full fledged, from the brain of any man. It is the result of slow growth,—of adding part to part and process to process,—and it stands, to-day, as, perhaps, the most wonderful example of mechanical ingenuity ever devised."

It has been by concentrating, and by not attempting to bridge great chasms in the path of progress, but by keeping attention firmly fixed on the immediate task in hand, and by studying out the particular problem needing solution, in order to make possible greater speed or better work, that the name of Hoe has been kept in the forefront in the growth of the art of printing. Concentration is the watchword expressed in every department of the great works over which Mr. Hoe presides, where, along with the regular work of construction, goes constant study of possible improvements in press mechanism.

He Is a Man Who Has very little to Say, but He Accomplishes much

Another favorite maxim of Mr. Hoe is that it is better to get behind a thing and push it along than to put yourself in front and drag it after you. In other words, it is the work, not the man, that is important and deserves attention. In this expression of the innate reserve of the man we find the explanation of the fact that Mr. Hoe is never quoted in the newspapers that he has helped to make possible, and the further fact that, while there are thousands of men who can tell you about the Hoe presses, there are very few who can tell you of the master craftsman who directs their production.

Mr. Hoe is what we designate a silent man; that is, he speaks little, but very much to the point. He has an air of elegant leisure, but works harder than any of his employees. His action, in the hundreds of matters that claim his attention daily, is deliberate but decisive. Not a detail of his vast business escapes him, whether it relates to the thousands of workmen and hundreds of kinds of machines working in the production of presses in his two big establishments in New York and London or to the probable effect of improvements in the manufacture of paper or ink or plates upon his own particular branch of the printing business. Although of means and disposition that might naturally incline him to rest his oars



and take his ease, he is to be found regularly at his office, studying, planning, and executing. In other words, he is the embodiment of his own cherished maxims of concentration and thoroughness.

You need not talk long to Mr. Hoe to know that he is a shrewd business man, but at the same time you realize that he is devoted less to money-getting than to a desire to make his institution of the greatest possible usefulness in the printing art. Every year since he has been in control of the business he has recorded some advance in printing presses and added some improvement to them. He does such things quietly and as a matter of course, because it has become his habit to take up and solve the problems presented by the ever-widening field of the "art preservative of all arts."

In his daily management Mr. Hoe works as smoothly and with as perfect registry as an octuple perfecting press. There is speed without haste. He attacks the pile of papers that loads his desk, every morning, with an air of utmost deliberation, and yet it dwindles with astonishing rapidity. He reads each paper carefully, but when he takes one up he seldom puts it down without disposing of it finally, whether it be a plan for a new press, a report requiring his recommendation, an offer of a rare book, or a request for employment. He is without enthusiasm; at least, he does not display it. At first acquaintance one would be likely to call him a cold man. *Self-contained* really would be a more accurate term. When any proposal is laid before him, his habit of concentration makes him consider, not its surface indications merely, but also its probable results. This suggests another evidence of his devotion to thoroughness. The printing press of to-day is not only a marvelous piece of mechanism in itself, but in the production of its complex parts a vast array of highly specialized automatic machinery is employed. Just as Mr. Hoe believes in the economy of employing the best-educated workmen, so he is a firm believer in the use of the highest grade of automatic machinery, and his shops are in constant process of re-equipment, existing machines giving place to others a little more highly specialized or more perfect in operation.

He Refuses to Be Dominated by the Many Details of His Business

As he sits in the private office of his great establishment, before a big desk piled high with letters, plans, and reports, Robert Hoe appears as a man of about sixty,—as a matter of fact, he was born in 1839,—with the alert air and decisive speech of one accustomed to decide important matters quickly. His face shows his English descent, and he would appear quite as much at home in the office of the big Hoe establishment in London as in New York. There is that, too, about his speech and manner, that suggests the connoisseur of art or literature, and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Hoe is the possessor of one of the finest private libraries in the world. It contains some of the most valuable of the earliest English examples of the art of printing: many Caxtons, a first edition of Chaucer, of which there are only eight other copies in existence, a famous copy of the "Polychronicon," one of the most valuable books of its kind in the world, and other treasures of print which only one knowing what it required in laborious art to produce them could appreciate to the full. It is extremely interesting to find an American business man who can hold the lead in his particular line of manufacture without being absolutely dominated by the details of his business.

"Certainly; you are welcome to look about and see our work here," said Mr. Hoe, when I first approached him on the subject of this article. "Ask as many questions as you like. We shall be glad to give you all the information we can on the development of the art of printing, as exemplified in the printing press,—only avoid personalities. We don't want you to blow our trumpet."

The Hoe Establishment Is more like an Industrial City than a Factory

I realize that I may have transgressed this final injunction a little, in the preceding paragraphs, but my defense is that, to know a man's work, you must know the man, and, when work so interesting as that involved in the production of the modern printing press is found, there is pretty certain to be an interesting man behind it. As to the invitation to "look around," it resulted in a journey of observation that multiplied into hours and extended into days and led through miles of shops where lathes and forges and drills and every other cunning tool conceivable are employed in turning out the thousands of intricate parts that enter into the construction of the huge presses of to-day, through schoolrooms where apprentices are trained into thorough workmen, through assembling rooms where the uninstructive parts are brought together into wonderfully instructive machines, through business offices which deal with every country in the world, and through experimental workshops where new ideas are constantly being tried.

The big establishment presided over by the self-contained gentleman in the private office seems more like an industrial city than a single business, yet it is matched by another, equally complete, though not so large, in London, which is said to contain the most perfect machine shop in Great Britain. A trip through these great rooms is really a personally conducted tour of the mind through the history of the printing press. Side by side one may see, in process of construction, the latest marvel of multiple newspaper production and the Washington hand press with which the firm established its reputation in the early years of its career, together with all the principal types that have marked the transition from the one to the other. Mr. Hoe himself is a mine of information on the subject, and has the whole story of the press at his tongue's end. His knowledge of the subject is not merely historical and theoretical. He was trained in the practical side of the work, in accordance with the Hoe custom, and, if need should arise, he could go into the shops and superintend the erection of his most complicated productions.

While printing from movable types is an art between four and five centuries old, the real development of the branch of it in which there has been the greatest progress has nearly all taken place within the past century, since the first Robert Hoe opened his modest shop in New York, and during this march of improvement America has consistently maintained the lead. To use Mr. Hoe's illustration, a fifteenth-century printer, if brought back to his case to-day, would feel no great unfamiliarity with the type now in use, but he would be helpless and bewildered before the complex machinery for handling that type and transferring its messages to print.

"About the year 1450," said Mr. Hoe, "Gutenberg was engaged in printing his first book from movable types. His printing press consisted of two upright timbers, with cross pieces of wood to stay them together at the top and the bottom. There were also intermediate timbers, one of which supported the flat 'bed' upon which this type was placed, and through another a wooden screw passed, its lower end resting on the center of a wooden 'platen,' which was thus screwed down upon the type. After inking the form with a ball of leather stuffed with wool, the printer spread the paper over it, laying a piece of blanket upon the paper to soften the impression of the platen and remove inequalities. The mechanical principle embodied in the machine was found in the old cheese and linen presses ordinarily seen in the houses of mediæval times.

"Were Gutenberg called upon to print his Bible to-day, he would find virtually the same type ready for his purpose as that made by him, no change having taken place in its general conformation; but he would be bewildered in the maze of printing machinery at the beginning of the twentieth century.

"Crude as this press seems to us, to-day, it continued in use for about one hundred and fifty years, without any material change. The first recorded improvements were made by Blaeu, an Amsterdam printer, about 1620. They consisted in passing the spindle of the screw through a square block which was guided in the wooden frame, and from this block the platen was suspended by wires or cords, the block, or box, preventing any twist in the platen and insuring a more equal motion of the screw. Blaeu also placed a device upon the press for rolling in and out the bed, and added a new form of iron hand lever for turning the screw. This improved machine came into general use, and it was upon a press of substantially this form that Benjamin Franklin worked as a journeyman printer, in London, in the early part of the eighteenth century.

The History of the Printing Press Has Been a Record of Progress

"Little further improvement was made before the year 1798, when the Earl of Stanhope caused a press to be made in which the wooden frame was replaced by one of cast iron. In 1816, George Clymer, of Philadelphia, substituted levers in place of screws, and in 1822 Peter Smith [who, it will be remembered, was one of the original Hoe firm,] "made a further improvement by the introduction of a toggle joint in place of the lever and screw. Five years later, Samuel Rust, of New York, made a still further improvement, and his machine, known as the Washington press, represented the farthest advance of hand printing, for it has never been surpassed by any other hand machine. Over six thousand of these presses were made and sold by our company, being sent all over the world. Large numbers of these are still in use, and we are still manufacturing them, chiefly for taking fine proofs. The universal adoption of cylinder presses has almost entirely superseded them for other printing.

"From the time of the perfection of the Washington press down to the present, the history of the printing press has been the history of power printing, which has developed with remarkable rapidity in comparison with the slow progress of the hand press through nearly four centuries.

"The first power or steam press operating upon the bed or platen system was made by Daniel Treadwell, of Boston, in 1822. The principle embodied in it was improved upon by two other Boston inventors, and these presses came into very general use. The inauguration of the system of printing from type placed upon a flat bed moving backward and forward beneath a cylinder, however, began a new era in the history of the press. The idea was not a new one, having been employed by the printers of copper-plate engravings in the fifteenth century, but their machines were crude in form and furnished little beyond the principle embodied in the cylinder machine. The first of these presses to be devoted to ordinary printing was built in London, about 1812, by Friedrich König, and in 1814 two cylinder machines were erected in the office of the London 'Times,' which printed, on one side of the paper only, at the rate of eight hundred sheets an hour.

The London "Times" Said the Cylinder Press Would never Be Practical

"Passing over the many improvements introduced in connection with this press, the next revolutionary change in the production of newspapers was that embodied in the Hoe type-revolving machine, patented by Richard M. Hoe, in which the type was carried on a central cylinder, surrounding which were from four to ten impression cylinders, according to the output required. The first one of these machines was set up in the office of the Philadelphia 'Ledger,' in 1846. Perhaps the greatest triumph of this American invention came ten years later, when orders were received for two ten-cylinder presses from the London 'Times,' which had stated, in 1848, that 'no art of packing can make type adhere to a cylinder

There are 28,385 newspapers and periodicals now issued regularly in the United States. In 1886, only 35,000 such publications were printed in the whole world

revolving around a horizontal axis, and thereby aggravating the centrifugal impulse by the intrinsic weight of the metal.' Eventually orders for these presses were received from almost all the leading newspapers in Great Britain and Ireland.

"The perfection of the system of casting curved stereotype plates from type, which brought in the use of flexible paper matrices, made possible the duplication of any form of type as many times as necessary, and led naturally to the multiple system of printing now in vogue in all large newspaper offices. It is along this line that the manufacture of printing presses has developed, especially during the past twenty-five years. The system of printing from a web or continuous roll of paper, fixing the impression on both sides in one operation, and the addition of automatic folding and counting devices have made possible wonderful increases in the speed of printing, but these have been improvements in detail introduced, one after another, to keep pace with the demand for more and more rapid methods of production created by the growth of newspapers and magazines of very large circulation."

In this brief outline of the growth of "civilization's greatest power," Mr. Hoe has obscured or passed lightly over the services of his own family to the cause of modern printing. As he indicates, however, the greatest advance in the art, through three centuries and a half, down to the time of the founding of his house, consisted in making the primitive press less cumbersome and in the substitution of levers for the original screw. The first Robert Hoe, with his partners, was closely identified with the perfection of the hand press, which was brought to a form which has not been improved upon to the present day. His sons introduced the type-bearing cylinder, the greatest advance in the whole history of cylinder printing. The present head of the firm has carried the art of multiple printing to a point beyond which it seems impossible that it should further progress, though he would be a bold man, indeed, who would make that prediction in the light of what has been accomplished in the past.

How great is the progress that has been recorded in this comparatively brief time may best be appreciated by comparing the early Adams power press, of which many hundreds were built by the first Robert Hoe, with the latest and most up-to-date of the multiple machines turned out by the Hoe works. This embraces a period of less than fifty years.

One Hundred and Fifty Miles of Paper Run through a Press hourly

The larger sizes of the Adams press, at maximum speed, could turn out a thousand sheets an hour. These, of course, were printed on one side only. The whole form containing the type moved up and down by means of a cam to give the impression.

As compared with this, which was considered a wonder-worker in its time, the Hoe works recently shipped to England, for use in the offices of one of the great London dailies, seven large presses which represent the most up-to-date product of printing press manufacturers' skill. These large machines are known as "double-octuple perfecting presses," an impressive name, but it is not half so impressive as the mechanism itself. To a printer the long name is merely suggestive of the fact that the machine prints continuously from eight rolls of paper, on both sides, cutting, folding, counting, and delivering the newspaper in readiness for its readers. To printer and layman alike, however, the astounding fact is that these presses, automatically, without the touch of a single hand, are capable of turning out finished newspapers of eight pages each at the almost inconceivable speed of two hundred thousand an hour, or fifty-five papers at every tick of your watch. Eight hundred thirty-two-page papers, printed, pasted, cut, and folded, can be produced by it every minute. To illustrate in another way, the white paper that the press consumes in sixty minutes, if drawn out in a single sheet of the width of an ordinary newspaper, would be one hundred and fifty miles long. In twenty-four hours of continuous operation, it would use up such a strip of paper extending from Los Angeles, California,

AN EVENING CLASS OF APPRENTICES AT THE HOE FOUNDRY

to Portland, Maine. Each of these presses weighs upward of one hundred and twenty-five tons, contains over fifty thousand separate parts, costs something like one hundred thousand dollars, and occupied two years in construction.

This is the result of concentration, the keynote of Robert Hoe, of moving steadily forward from one seemingly small achievement to another, and of keeping one's whole effort centered on the immediate problem in hand.

Thoroughness is as much a watchword with Mr. Hoe as is concentration, and perhaps no better indication of the way in which he puts this into practical effect can be given than in his method of securing thoroughly trained employees. There are two thousand of these employees in the New York works, where a hundred presses are in process of construction at once, and five hundred others in the London establishments. These are all skilled mechanics, and so large a force is not to be recruited effectively by ordinary means. To secure better work by having better educated workmen, a technical school has been established in connection with the Hoe factory, giving instruction in the various subjects useful to the men in their work.

The apprentice system is maintained in the Hoe establishment, and the number of apprentices regularly employed in the New York factory is about four hundred. The term of apprenticeship is five years, and the boys are taken between the ages of sixteen and eighteen,—not younger, because they are not mature enough to do mechanical work; nor older, because they do not learn so readily and are less likely to complete their apprenticeship term than are those within these age-limits.

Each of these hundreds of boys not only learns a trade under the foremen of the various shops, but also spends a part of each day in a school maintained by Mr. Hoe for the purpose of giving his young charges an efficient trade education.

Each boy, when he applies for admission, is required to pass a simple mental examination under the direction of Head Master Pringle, of the school. He also undergoes a physical examination, and, if he passes both, is accepted for a month, on trial. During this period he is closely watched, and, if he appears to be capable of becoming a competent mechanic, he is regularly enrolled as an apprentice, and is paid from the commencement of his service, beginning at three and one half dollars a week and gradually increasing to one and one half dollars a day at the end of the apprentice period.

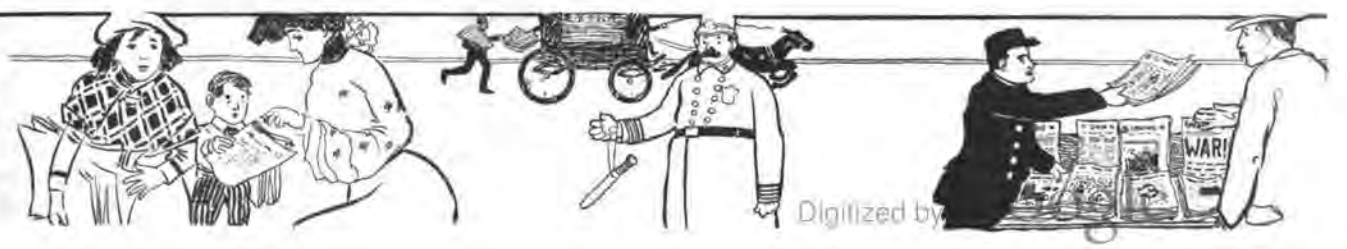
The day's work in the shops ends at five o'clock, and then the apprentice boys hasten to wash up and rush to the supper room, where a light meal is served to them by the firm. At twenty minutes past five they appear in the schoolrooms, which are located in one of the buildings of the establishment, and for the next hour and a half they are kept busily at work. The instruction is graded, as in a public school, and none of the boys attends more than three evenings a week.

Their Diplomas Are fully Honored in Every American Machine Shop

They are drilled very thoroughly in arithmetic, until they are able to handle fractions and decimals with ease. Writing and grammar receive attention, and geometry also is taught to them. They learn something of physics and chemistry, largely through illustrated lectures. Drawing is a subject that receives special attention, the aim being to teach each boy how to make a sketch of a plan or a piece of mechanism and to reduce it to working form. Lectures on various other subjects are given at intervals. The course extends over the greater part of the apprenticeship period, and at its conclusion the boys receive diplomas, which are accepted as certificates of fitness in every machine shop in the country. Each boy who makes a record of ninety-five per cent. or more in his work is allowed two weeks' vacation by the firm, or he may deduct this two weeks from the term of his apprenticeship.

Meanwhile, the boys are being taught the different branches of the various trades in the shops of the company. Each foreman makes frequent

There are now more than four thousand paper mills, scattered all over the world, that produce an annual output of nearly three billion pounds of standard white paper



reports on the work of the boys under him, and they are given special training in the branches of the work for which they show particular aptitude. The result of this enlightened business philanthropy is the training of a fine body of workmen, most of whom remain with the company, and it also results in cultivating an *esprit de corps* which is exceedingly valuable in a business where such large numbers of men are employed. The school has been in successful operation for many years, and a majority of the best workmen and the heads of departments in the big establishments are graduates of it, while others are foremen in other large shops. Among the boys now in the school is the son of a Texas manufacturer, who sent the boy there as the best means of giving him the practical instruction necessary to fit him to take charge of his own concern.

Mr. Hoe firmly believes that the most intelligent and efficient labor is a chief factor in maintaining the lead which the mechanical ingenuity of Americans has given us in the production of printing machinery. This, doubtless, is one of the chief reasons for the painstaking attention which he gives to the training of his apprentices.

"The supremacy of the American printing press," he says, "is maintained, in a large measure, by the simplicity, accuracy, and perfection of its mechanism. Foreign presses, made by the cheap labor of Europe, have been repeatedly brought to this country and introduced into printing offices. They have never lasted long, however, most of them having perished in the using or been found unprofitable."

Of the future of the printing press Mr. Hoe wisely refrains from prophesying. It would seem that the limit of desirable speed must be nearly reached

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FIRST PRESS MADE BY R. HOE AND COMPANY

with machines that will produce two hundred thousand newspapers an hour. It is his opinion that some of the most noteworthy advances of the near future are likely to be in the printing of magazines, a branch of the business now increasing tremendously in importance, and in the production of fine color work on rotary presses.

"The capacity for printing fine half-tone illustrations on a rotary press having been demonstrated," he says, "the next step will evidently be the production of colored half-tones, and the time is undoubtedly near at hand when monthly magazines, as well as weekly periodicals, will appear, instead of in black half-tones, now so popular, with these same illustrations printed in the most delicate colors and all delivered in perfection from rotary presses, folded in entirety or ready for the binder."

Whatever other achievements may be accomplished by Mr. Hoe, however, what he has already done in his extremely busy career proves that he is a worthy successor to the name and business made famous by the two generations preceding him. The title, "captain of industry," has been so much abused that one hesitates to employ it, but it certainly is no misnomer for one who has built up a business of world-wide importance and in so doing has helped to make possible the cheap and rapid production of our popular literature.

It is interesting to know that the name and business of the great Hoe firm are likely to be carried on as they have been in the past,—through still another generation, at least. Mr. Hoe's son, the fourth Robert Hoe, is now employed in the New York works, acquiring practical knowledge of the various departments, in accordance with the common-sense Hoe custom.

The Soul of a Woman

MABEL MARTIN

THEY were walking slowly along the beach,—very slowly, for Hackett was lame and they had started upon a long jaunt. Algeria had long ago accustomed her active step to the disproportionate gait of her betrothed, just as her restless nature had learned to adjust itself to his unvarying calm. Her brilliant being, displaying a hundred wayward phases in a day, was admirably balanced by his even and rational temperament.

Her father, in her childhood, was a representative to that country whose name she had borrowed, and the alien atmosphere of earlier associations still clung about her. It was even surreptitiously whispered that her mother, of whom she had not even a memory, had been a princess of the bey's household,—but there was nothing outwardly about the girl to countenance this, unless, perhaps, the somewhat unusual order of her beauty.

Hackett was altogether original when he triumphantly declared that Algeria was not like others of her sex; but the width of that difference was never made entirely apparent to him, who was loved with a deep and passionate devotion which had the flavor of medieval times, for the real significance of what transpired on this day Algeria hid behind the impenetrable veil of her suffering soul, as other women do the things that deeply affect them.

He was in every way deserving of this affection that had lasted unbrokenly over many years, and earnestly reciprocated it.

"The water is magnificently rough, to-day!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms out in a joyous gesture toward it. "I love to see it so, writhing and rolling, for then it is not trying to deceive you, but roars frankly into your ears the terrible yet entrancing tales of what it has done. I like to think, too, Hackett, that we could sail always and never, never reach its end."

She gazed wistfully over the sea at a patch of sunshine that seemed for a moment to reflect the gold-sanded surface of a far-away country.

He watched her intently for some moments. What a picturesque puzzle she was,—and beautiful, too, with the bright light in her eyes and the wind sweeping the wild color into her cheeks! She interpreted his look quickly.

"Ah, I know what you were thinking!" she laughed at him.

"What?" he challenged.

"How pretty I am!" she composedly rejoined,—"and of course I am very pretty, but not beautiful, as you are. Strange, is n't it," she mused, gravely, "the contradictions of nature? Now I, who am the idealist and builder of phantasms, have this vivid, sparkling countenance, and you, who are untroubled, and just kind and good, have the face of an angel, spiritually refined and dreamy."

Hackett flushed slowly,—all his life, and even now in college, his companions tormented him with seraphic appellations. The compact and gigantic full-back, Kelly, was to him an object of secret and passionate envy. Hackett was really only a boy, though he had attained the years of manhood. He never divulged this envy to Algeria; he was thoroughly familiar with that æsthetic maiden's predilections.

There appeared to be no one on the beach, but Algeria's quick eyes soon discerned a boat, with a single oarsman, pushing off into the water a little distance back of them.

"Is that Arthur Gibbons?" she inquired.

Hackett was watching the flight of some sea birds. He turned reluctantly, and a flash of displeasure came with the recognition of his classmate.

"Yes," he shortly answered, looking sharply away.

The two had been boyhood friends, but Hackett had grown out of his regard for Gibbons, disapproving of the tenor of his ways; and Gibbons, bitterly resentful of this desertion, fastened the blame, unjustly enough, upon Algeria, from whom he strove to separate Hackett. Algeria had not been told of these efforts; it seemed wisest not to enlighten her.

"Poor boy!" she half pityingly exclaimed, "he seems to be trying to ruin his life out of a sort of desperate bravado. He has been worth little since you gave him up two years ago, Hackett. It always seems to me that he watches you hungrily out of those frank gray eyes of his. What is it, I wonder," she added, looking at him curiously, "that makes people care for you so strongly?"

"You imagine that," Hackett quickly retorted, with a show of annoyance.

"You 're cross, now," Algeria pouted; "I am sure you 'd not like me to say that I do not care for you; and, as for Arthur,—"

"Let 's not talk about him, Algeria," Hackett interrupted, his tone a mixture of pleading and impatience.

"Oh, very well," she lightly replied, but regarding him peculiarly, "if you object to him, of course I do, too."

It was not difficult to find a more agreeable topic,—the day was bright, the water was unusually attractive, and the shell mounds afforded food for scientific speculation,—then there was their own companionship, beside which these others were as nothing.

They had proceeded some distance on their way when something seemed to catch at Algeria's heart: she became suddenly alive to a sense of danger. She felt that something dreadful was happening near her, and looked nervously backward; but, terrified by what she saw, she turned instantly from it.

That one swift glance comprehended the horror of the spectacle. A monster wave, that had stealthily gained unexpected proportions, leaped over the unskillfully managed boat, sweeping its unfortunate occupant out of it. The endangered life sent its mysterious, swift appeal over the waters,—but from the girl came no answer.

Hackett was lame,—Gibbons was his first friend; if she should speak, he would hasten to a certain death,—she knew him. She could not swim a stroke herself; and him, oh, she could not risk his life in this awful venture!

It seemed, as she dragged herself along beside him, that she moved in whirlwinds. Remorse entered into the powerful combat within her, and she was beside herself beneath this tumult of wildly contending emotions. Then there was the fear that he might still turn, and rush over to that horrible spot. Oh, why had she seen it?

"Hackett," she said, striving to let the words pass naturally through her parched lips, "there in front of us is that specimen of seaweed that I want for the lecture in natural history,—go get it."

She could have screamed with relief when he started unsuspectingly ahead,—away from danger.

Then, in a flash, came the realization of what she had done, and she expected to be struck dead, where she stood, for her wickedness.

The boat was overturned, and the man was struggling on the crest of a wave. She ran madly along the beach toward him, shrieking in agony at every roll of the pitching body; and, reaching there, plunged into the tossing swirl. She could not save him,—no, but she must expiate. A life for a life! Is not that the law of all humanity?

Hackett heard the frenzied cries that rang over the roar of the water, and, with this awful panorama goading him onward, raced to cast himself into the conflict.

The lameness of a lifetime was forgotten, and the one athletic accomplishment of boyhood should make up to him now all of life that he had lost.

Hackett was an exceptional swimmer; but he had two lives for which to struggle.

But who shall tell what happened in that little time before alarmed assistance, reaching the beach, found three limp figures stretched upon the sand?

Gibbons was the first to respond to the heroic efforts of the rescuers, and watched apprehensively for a sign of life in the body of his boyhood friend.

Algeria, recovering consciousness, was hysterical with fear and the memory of what had happened. Gibbons strove gently to comfort her, but she crawled feebly up to the still body, and, when they put her back, buried her head in the sand in a misery of grief that wrung the hearts of the beholders.

As she watched them work upon Hackett, and waited for that slightest move that would mean her salvation, the unhappy girl suffered an expiation that the tortures of no inferno were capable of inflicting.

At length a slight quiver passed through Hackett,—he gasped and opened his eyes. Algeria gave a cry that stilled even the waters, and sank unconscious upon her knees, while Gibbons stood protectingly over them, a reverence in his face that was reflected in all those around.

Laughter

EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Laugh at your own troubles, never at others';
Troubles will be strangers to you, men be brothers.

THE Avenging Angel

HOWARD FIELDING

Part One

RETURNING from a business journey of two months' duration, James Kennard alighted, steaming and begrimed, in the Grand Central Station, New York, shortly before one o'clock of a hot Friday in June. It was his intention to remain only a few hours in town, and then to go out to his summer home on the Connecticut shore. Therefore it was desirable to check his hand-baggage in the main waiting-room; and, with this design, he crossed the carriageway and entered the "concourse" where departing travelers tread upon one another's heels. In the midst of the throng he beheld with amazement the very man whom he would soon have sought in the lower regions of the city,—his associate in the most important of his many enterprises.

"Arthur!" he called; but his voice, hoarse with soot, was lost in the surrounding pandemonium. Arthur Loring did not hear: he passed through one of the gates in the iron barrier, and Kennard did not attempt a hasty pursuit. Instead, he stepped back, and watched his friend's straw hat moving along above the stream of passengers beside the Boston Express which was presently to start.

The incident was easily explicable. Kennard assumed that his telegram to Loring had miscarried, and that his arrival at so early an hour had not been expected. Beyond a doubt Loring was going out to New Haven by the "1:03 train," and thence to his sister's country residence, which was not far from Kennard's. It had been the original plan that the two men should meet in the evening at Kennard's house, upon the supposition that the owner would reach New York late in the afternoon.

Leisurely, as befitted a fat man on a hot day, Kennard squeezed himself through the crowd at the gate, hoisted his bulk aboard the train, and bumped along from end to end of it, amidst the disorder of overheated and hasty passengers scrambling for seats; but he failed to see Loring, so he struggled back again to the rear car, arriving there just as the wheels began to turn. His friend was not on the train, and he sank down, panting and perplexed, in the first vacant parlor-car chair that offered itself.

Arthur Loring was commonly called the brains of the Loring Construction Company: Kennard, in the beginning of the enterprise, had been its pocketbook. When, upon the occasion now under consideration, the pocketbook failed to find the brains, it was much mystified, and one mystery naturally suggested another of which the tangible part was a letter which Kennard had received from Loring. When the train had bored its way through the tunnel, Kennard drew forth the letter, and read these two sentences, which were scribbled after the signature, in his friend's incomparably illegible hand:—

"You will meet the Avenging Angel (mentioned in mine of June 16,) at my sister's house. She will surprise you."

Upon receipt of this, Kennard had telegraphed to his partner:—

"Yours of June 16 not received. Who is 'Avenging Angel?'"

Loring's reply by wire had been as follows:—

"Letter of June 16 unimportant now. As for 'Angel,' wait and see."

By a complicated process of reasoning, Kennard had reached the conclusion that the letter in question—which must have missed him because of unexpected changes in his route,—had contained an account of a somewhat sensational occurrence in the offices of the Loring Construction Company. In several subsequent communications it seemed to be taken for granted that Kennard knew the details of this affair, whereas he had been informed only of the main fact, which was that a traitorous revelation of the company's most momentous secrets had been traced to its author, a young man named Curtis Bond, recently employed in a position of considerable importance. Bond had been detected, and had confessed his guilt by flight to parts unknown; and Kennard was able to gather, from his partner's enigmatical references to the matter, that the detection had been very cleverly managed. Presumably it had been accomplished by the "Avenging Angel;" but who was she? And why should a personage so formidable have transferred her activities to a spot so peaceful as the country home of Mrs. Harold Caverly, Loring's sister?

Whoever she might be, and wherever he should meet her, Kennard would surely express to her his most hearty congratulations and sincerest thanks. The iniquity which she had unveiled might well have brought the direst disaster to the projects of the Loring Construction Company. Kennard remembered, with a shiver,—despite the present temperature,—a day, nearly a month before, when he had learned that the substance of a long and confidential letter from Loring had been telegraphed, in advance of his own receipt of the information, to a certain gentleman in Pittsburg from whom it was especially desirable that the company's plans should be concealed. On succeeding days, and in other cities, he had encountered similar unpleasant surprises, and the conditions were such as to prove beyond question that the leak was in the New York office. The method had remained a mystery to Kennard, nor could he guess how Curtis Bond had been able to secure the information which he had furnished—for a tempting price, no doubt,—to the Loring Company's most dangerous adversary. These mysteries must have been explained in the missing letter of June 16, together with the facts about the "Avenging Angel."

Speculation upon these points was needless, since they all would be made clear in a few hours; nevertheless, Kennard was unable to keep the subject out of his mind. When he arrived at New Haven he called up the main office of the company by long-distance telephone, and learned that Loring had not been there since eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Kennard's telegram had been received a few minutes later, but no one had known how to forward its contents to Loring. As to what had become of him in the Grand Central Station, Kennard could invent no more plausible explanation than that his friend had intended to take the "1:03 train," but had changed his mind at the last moment.

An automobile, which had been lying unused in New Haven during his absence, conveyed Kennard to his country seat near Sachem's Head, but upon arriving there he found the house deserted, except for the servants, from one of whom he learned that Mrs. Kennard had gone out driving and had intended to stop at the Caverly place. Upon an impulse he boarded his motor car again and set out for the Caverlys', running more slowly than usual because of the possibility of meeting his own horses. This exercise of old-fashioned prudence enabled him to view men and things along the road, not in a whirling maze, but in an ordinary procession. For instance, he saw an individual dressed like a fisherman of that region, in whose figure and gait there seemed to be something familiar. On overtaking this man at a bend in the road where the car's pace was not much faster than the pedestrian's, Kennard was startled by an indefinable suggestion. Where and when had he seen and known this lean, strong fellow with the high shoulders; and why did the sight of him excite a vague feeling of enmity?

The man turned just as the car passed, and Kennard experienced two distinct sensations in a small fraction of a second. One was surprise that the man should be bearded and bronzed, for, in approaching him, Kennard had noted only the figure, while his unconscious memory had called up a face clean-shaven and pale. Instantly following this shock of difference there came the alternate stroke of similarity,—of identity, indeed. The peculiar, yellowish-brown eyes, slow, calculating, and intent,—the eyes of a lion,—answered his expectations precisely, and conscious recognition came like a flash.

"Curtis Bond!"

"Beg pardon, sir?" said the chauffeur.

"I did n't say anything, rejoined Kennard, serenely; "you probably heard me thinking."

In these days the machinery of disguise seems unreal, a property of romantic fiction, despite one's knowledge that it still serves the needs of plotters and counter plotters all over the world. Surely Kennard would have been inconsistent had he thought of Bond's visit to Sachem's Head as a fantastic and futile masquerade, at the same moment that he himself was enthusiastically thanking his lucky stars for having granted him a knowledge of this peril.

The secret of the Loring Construction Company was this: Kennard and Loring knew that one of the greatest independent iron and steel companies in the country was on the brink of complete wreck, although this fact was unsuspected even by so-called "insiders." It was a case of one-man management, the man in question being Reginald Todd. He was a ruthless, secretive, and stubborn creature, born to wealth and authority, and unable to perceive his own inadequacy; but the strain upon him was approaching the breaking-point. Loring had learned of this man's position, and had been laboring with him for two months, trying to persuade him to do the right thing, not only for his own interests, but also for those of the stockholders of his company. He had loaded himself with enormous contracts which he could never fulfill, and his only way of salvation lay in the transference of those which he was least able to handle, for a cash payment which would relieve the necessities of the corporation that he controlled. Loring and Kennard were prepared to make that payment, and to assume the contracts. Kennard's journey had had for its object the increase of facilities in anticipation of this important stroke. But if a knowledge of Todd's embarrassment and of the plans of the Loring Company should leak out, the rush of creditors and competitors in one great scramble would inevitably swamp Todd beyond rescue, wreck his corporation, defeat the plans of Loring and Kennard, and disastrously unsettle the business in general. Yet there were men who, for their own selfish interests, would have welcomed this catastrophe,—men who knew that something was in the wind, but could not tell what it was. They were Curtis Bond's "customers," and by a very narrow chance they had missed getting the critical information.

For deliverance from disaster Kennard supposed that gratitude must be due to that mysterious creature known to him as the "Avenging Angel." No wonder that she had been sent to Sachem's Head, if Loring had caught a hint of Bond's intended visit. It was the storm center of danger, at that moment, for Reginald Todd's

summer residence was one of the Thimble Islands, which lie off the coast at this point; and doubtless the decisive interviews with Todd would be held somewhere in this region.

It was late in the afternoon when Kennard came to the Caverly estate. The two rugged rocks which stand by the western entrance of the grounds and give the place its name—the "Bowlders,"—cast their shadows all across the lawn, but the day was still bright upon the little eminence where the house stood. As Kennard's car rolled up the driveway, he observed Mrs. Caverly's two children, and an older girl,—clothed all in black, and crowned with a mass of golden hair that glittered in the sun,—standing near the veranda, to which they retreated as he advanced.

The children had not seen him since the previous summer, and it was obvious that they did not recognize him in his yellow coat, his "blinders," and his visored cap. They showed signs of alarm when he rose from his seat clothed in this panoply; but the blue-eyed girl with the golden hair came forward to the steps and pronounced his name, in a singularly sweet voice:—

"Mr. Kennard?"

The gentleman removed his goggles and his cap, and viewed the young lady—for he perceived that she was old enough to be so designated,—as intently as civility would permit. He had never seen her before.

"I am he, surely," said he, smiling; "but how did you know?"

"I have to thank Mr. Loring for that," she replied; and Kennard reddened, for no fat man ever likes to be recognized by description, well knowing that his rotundity is always the first item mentioned. "Mrs. Kennard and Mrs. Caverly are making a call, and are coming right back. If you will wait, I will offer you some tea."

Decidedly he would wait. He would even drink tea, which he had never learned to like. His character was not marred by the smallest trace of indiscriminate gallantry, but he had a reverential delight in youth and beauty, especially when there was a touch of quaint, old-time simplicity therewith, to give the true flavor.

"You are very kind," said he; "these bad children had no welcome for me;"—and he extended a plump hand to each of the youngsters.

"I am Elsa Carroll," said the blue-eyed girl; "I think Mr. Loring may have mentioned me in one of his letters, mailed to you from New York."

Kennard could not remember such an occurrence, but he was not the man to betray a bachelor friend in the gentle sin of fibbing to a pretty girl. If Mr. Loring had taken the pains to say to Miss Carroll that he had spoken of her in a letter to his friend, Mr. Kennard, there must have been some reason for it.

"Why, yes,—certainly," said he; "Arthur wrote that you were—er,—visiting here, but I—that is, of course he could n't describe you,—not adequately. That's hardly possible, really, if you'll permit me to say so."

Miss Carroll did not seem to mind it in the least. A violet by the wayside could not have received the homage of a passer-by with a more charming absence of affectation.

"I've been here only a few days," said she,—"since Tuesday, in fact."

"Mr. Loring has been down, during the week, of course?" ventured Kennard, cautiously.

"No," she replied, with a little shake of the head that scattered the spray of sunbeams from her hair, "I have n't seen him since I left the office."

"The office,—yes, of course," said Kennard, in a maze; "I'm sorry I was n't there. Our dull den of business is rarely brightened by feminine presence."

"I'm the first that was ever employed there," responded Miss Carroll, smiling, "but it's not necessary for me to tell you that. You're well aware of Mr. Loring's views on that subject. He does n't believe in women in the business world. He says they should have a sufficient salary merely for existing,—a chivalrous sort of socialism, so far as I can understand his real meaning."

She paused, and met his glance, her eyes as bright as a bird's. Kennard's aspect was that of a man in a trance.

"I really do n't believe you know who I am," she said, childishly amused.

"Not—not the 'Avenging Angel?'" he stammered.

A shade of sadness passed over her face. She bowed her head.

"Is it possible," he murmured; "is it even thinkable that you—you brought that clever rascal to confusion?"

"Mr. Loring told me that he had written you about it," said she; "but perhaps you did n't get the letter."

Kennard explained the situation as briefly as possible. "And now," said he, "will you please tell me all about it? Remember that I am in total ignorance. I do n't know even how you came to be there at all."

"I wrote to Mr. Loring. It must have been just about the time you went away. Have you ever heard him speak of Professor Carroll, of—"

"You are his daughter? Yes, indeed. He is principal of the academy in ———, I forget the name,—on the Maine coast. Arthur used to go there on vacations. He has sung your father's praises to me many a time,—'the wisest and best of men,' he used to say."

"My father died in February," said she, her voice trembling a little. "I was alone, and—and there was no money. I'm afraid there are debts still unpaid, though I gave up everything. Of course I had to go to work," she proceeded, conquering sad thoughts with such a fine exaltation of spirit that Kennard felt himself trivial, and a blot upon the scene. "I had learned stenography and typewriting, in order to help my father, and was really quite expert, but there was no place for me down there. So I wrote to several people, without success, and finally to Mr. Loring, who replied very, very kindly. I shall never forget it,—and by telegraph, too,—the longest message I had ever seen, and it frightened me to think how much he must have paid for it. Well, I came to New York, with fear and trembling, and began to make dreadful blunders right away; but Mr. Loring did n't scold me."

"I'd like to see him do it," said Kennard; "I'd dissolve the company, on that issue."

"I was really of no use at all," she continued, "for of course my ignorance of business forms was pathetic; and, besides, there was a very faithful and competent young man who could do all that was necessary. I was very much discouraged, at first, and used to go home and cry on the shoulder of a dear old lady to whose house Mr. Loring sent me to board. Presently, however, I began to learn. Mr. Loring was very patient with me, and Mr. Bond helped me a great deal. He was so kind that I can't believe he was altogether selfish,—that he was merely *trying* to find out things from me. Do you think so?"

If Kennard could have got his hands upon Bond, at that moment, he would have throttled him. Obviously, the rascal had assumed the rôle of a sympathetic friend and helpful adviser to this innocent child with the deliberate purpose of deluding her into betraying the secrets of her employer; and, moreover, he had played the part so skillfully that she still thought of him gratefully, and of his fault with pity.

"A man with eyes like Bond's is capable of any crime, from murder down," said Kennard.

"Oh, how can you say so!" she exclaimed. "Really, I am surprised. I think his eyes are remarkably fine,—just like a lion's,—and I've always admired a lion's eyes. I can stand for an hour looking at them, in a menagerie, they are so calm and noble. I watch them and I dream of a king's spirit, punished for some splendid sin, and doubly captive in the dumb brute and the cage."

"Bond is a brute, all right," declared Kennard, "and he ought to be caged."

"Is n't it sad?" she said, with a sigh. "I can't help thinking that he should have been so different. I was so shocked, when I learned how base and dreadful he had been, that it made me ill. I did n't sleep a wink all night; and the next morning, when I went to the office, Mr. Loring sent me home in a cab."

"I do n't wonder," said Kennard. "Too bad, too bad!"

"Yes, is n't it?" said she, as if Kennard's regret had been evoked by Bond's fall from grace. "Mr. Loring was very much shocked. He had n't the smallest suspicion of it. He thought that it was his stenographer, Mr. Blaisdell, who had betrayed his secrets; and, really, it seemed quite certain. When you sent word that the contents of a letter had been telegraphed to somebody in Pittsburg, and Mr. Loring knew that only himself and Mr. Blaisdell had had any chance to see it, why, what was he to think? He investigated, as carefully as possible, and satisfied himself that there was no other explanation, and at length he discharged Mr. Blaisdell, but he took him back, of course, when I found out the truth."

"When you found out the truth?" murmured Kennard. "How in the world did you do it?"

"Mr. Loring had to have a secretary," said she, "and there was n't anybody at hand except me. So he called me into his room and told me what had happened. That was necessary, of course, so that I should be very careful. He directed me to destroy my notes, immediately after transcribing them, and to be certain that nobody should see the letters until they were put into his hands. Whatever he wrote to you he always mailed himself; so, you see, the responsibility was all on poor Mr. Blaisdell, and, when I found that I was to have it laid upon my shoulders, I nearly died of fright."

"KENNARD'S RELIEF OF MIND FOUND EXPRESSION IN LAUGHTER"

She paused, with a little shuddering laugh, and Kennard could not help thinking that he himself would have shaken with cold fear had he known that his most important secrets were being intrusted to this guileless innocent.

"Still," she continued, "when I came to reflect upon it calmly, I could n't fail to see that it was really very simple. You know how careful Mr. Loring is, in such matters. Well, Mr. Blaisdell was equally so, and a very faithful and good young man. Nobody could overhear the dictation; nobody could see the letters. What was the natural inference?"

"I do n't know," said Kennard, and Miss Carroll was as pleased as a child with a new puzzle. She could not resist the temptation to play with it a little longer, and before this wise man of business.

"This is what I did," she said. "I resolved to test everybody; absolutely everybody, without the slightest partiality. Mr. Loring gave me a very important letter, that morning,—about Mr. Todd and the Erie bridge contract,—the letter you received in Chicago."

"THE PECULIAR, YELLOWISH-BROWN EYES, SLOW, CALCULATING, AND INTENT, ANSWERED KENNARD'S EXPECTATIONS PRECISELY"

Kennard closed his eyes, and whistled softly.

"About half past twelve o'clock," she continued, "when I was just finishing my transcription on the typewriter, Mr. Bond came to my room, as he often did, about the luncheon hour, to talk with me about my work. Is n't it terrible? He used to be so sympathetic and helpful. Yet it is true that he had sometimes asked me questions which I could n't help recalling to mind after Mr. Loring had told me what had happened. So I made Mr. Bond stand by the door, until I had finished the letter and put it and the others into their envelopes."

The frankness of this revelation to Bond that the correspondence of that day was especially worth stealing made Kennard feel chilly, but he preserved a placid countenance.

"Then I tore up my notes, and dropped them into my wastebasket," she proceeded. "They all fell into the fold of a newspaper. I was so excited that I could scarcely breathe. I excused myself to Mr. Bond, and took my letters into Mr. Loring's office. When I came back, Mr. Bond talked to me about my work precisely as he had always done; and, just as I was on the point of going mad, he was called away. Then I took the bits of paper from the fold of the newspaper, and they were not the same! They were blank pieces, put there so that I might n't notice what he 'd done. Mr. Bond had stolen my notes, as he formerly had stolen Mr. Blaisdell's. You see, there could n't be any other explanation. It was n't the letters; it must be the notes. With patience they could be pieced together, and read."

The last words had a most harrowing effect upon Kennard, and chilled his admiration for the cleverness displayed in the detection of Bond. It was a great piece of work, but the price was too high.

"Brilliant," he said, "brilliant! wonderfully well done! Of course it's a pity that Bond secured a copy of that letter, but—"

"How funny!" she cried. "That's just what Mr. Loring said, and he positively turned pale. It seems so odd that you should both make the same mistake! Of course it was n't *the* letter that I let Mr. Bond get. It was one that Mr. Loring wrote to Willie Caverly about the pair of spotted donkeys that he was going to give him."

Kennard's sudden relief of mind found expression in a convulsion of laughter.

"That makes two pairs," he declared, when he could command his voice; "a four-in-hand, counting Loring and me."

Miss Carroll smiled sadly.

"It was very hard for me to tell Mr. Loring," she said. "Such a dreadful accusation! I was so nervous that I cried; and, in the midst of that scene, Mr. Bond knocked at Mr. Loring's door and opened it. He must be very shrewd, for he understood everything at a glance. He closed the door, and ran out of the office; and that's the last that we have seen of him. No one knows where he is."

"No one knows where he is!" repeated Kennard, under his breath.

He was looking across the lawn to the low stone wall bordering the road that runs toward the Head and as far as the bridge by which one crosses to the yacht club's house on the end of the rocks. Beyond the wall Kennard saw a man walking slowly, the same man whom he had met upon the highway. The figure passed out of sight behind a thick growth of stunted trees, but returned, and, after momentary hesitation, made off down a path that led toward the shore.

While Kennard was wondering what this might mean, a tall man strode into view from beyond the trees, and his appearance furnished a complete explanation. Bond had narrowly escaped meeting Arthur Loring face to face.

Upon the far end of the veranda the two little girls were already hailing their uncle's advent, and were climbing over the railing at the risk of their necks.

"Shall we join the committee of reception?" said Kennard, and they walked down the path together.

Loring greeted Miss Carroll with a really solicitous inquiry as to her health, not in the slightest degree justified by any visible cause of anxiety. Her beauty was not of the more robust type, but the vital flame was warm in her cheeks and bright in her eyes.

"No evil threatens me except idleness," she said; "you promised me some work."

"Dictation, this evening, from seven-thirty to nine o'clock," he responded, "and it will be at the rate of two hundred words a minute. Then, with the black bird of care upon my shoulder, I shall betake myself to the happy home of Mr. James Kennard, and occupy myself with the disruption of that gentleman's tranquillity until about the hour of eleven, if not ejected earlier."

"It's more likely to be two o'clock than eleven," said Kennard, as Miss Carroll led the children on ahead. "By the way, how did you get here?"

"I rode out to New Haven with Todd, and he brought me over in his yacht. Now he's gone out to his island to think things over. I've been laboring with him all the afternoon. Caught him on the '1:03 train,' just before it started, and dragged him down town again. He was going out to New Haven to do something foolish. Don't know what it was; but a lawyer had advised it, so it could n't have been wise. There'll be more money for the lawyers if he becomes bankrupt, as he certainly will unless we save him. We had a talk, and then caught the three o'clock train. By jingo, there was a minute, this afternoon, when I thought that everything was all right. I had the money for him in my pocket."

"Is it there now?" asked Kennard, in a low voice.

"A hundred thousand in cash," replied Loring, "and an assortment of certified checks to meet all emergencies."

"Give it to me," said Kennard; "I've got a real safe in my house, and it's better than the tin bread box to which your sister entrusts her valuables."

"What's the matter with my pocket?"

"Curtis Bond is the matter! Don't jump! You passed within thirty yards of him, not ten minutes ago. He may be after information, and he may have got wind of the cash. Oh, yes, I know. You're six feet, two, and I'm five feet, seven; but you haven't my diameter, Arthur. This may be a case of a knife in the dark, and your vitals are much nearer the surface than mine are. So hand over that money; but don't be conspicuous about it. Bond may be watching us over the top of the wall."

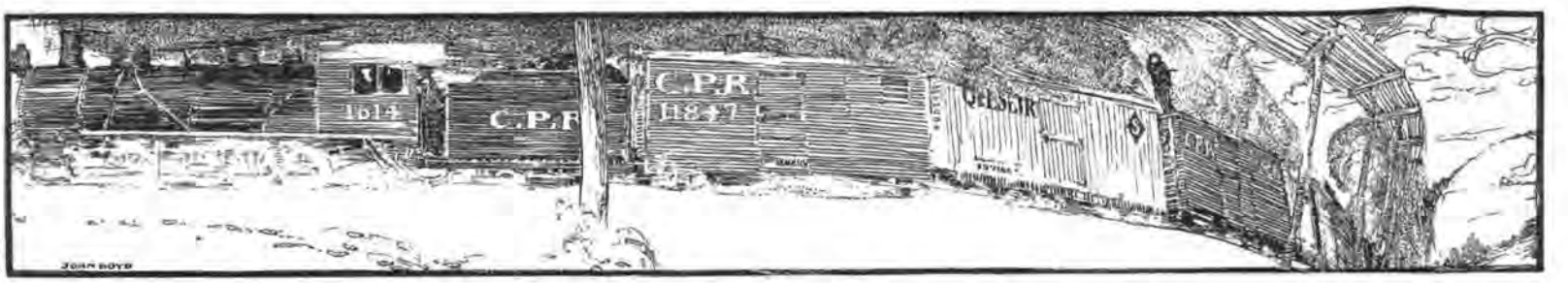
"Does Miss Carroll know?" demanded Loring, gripping his friend by the arm. "No? Then she must not. Hang the money! You may have it, if you want it, or I'll carry it around in my hand; but, if that fellow attempts to annoy or frighten her, I'll hunt him down with dog and gun."

"Let him run," said Kennard, as he pocketed the envelope containing the money and checks; "we can't afford to arrest him just now. He might talk too much. We'll discuss this later."

As they approached the veranda, Kennard's carriage came into view, but Mrs. Kennard had alighted at her own house and had sent her friend home alone. Upon learning this, Kennard boarded his automobile and proceeded to violate the laws of Connecticut relating to the speed of vehicles upon the public roads.

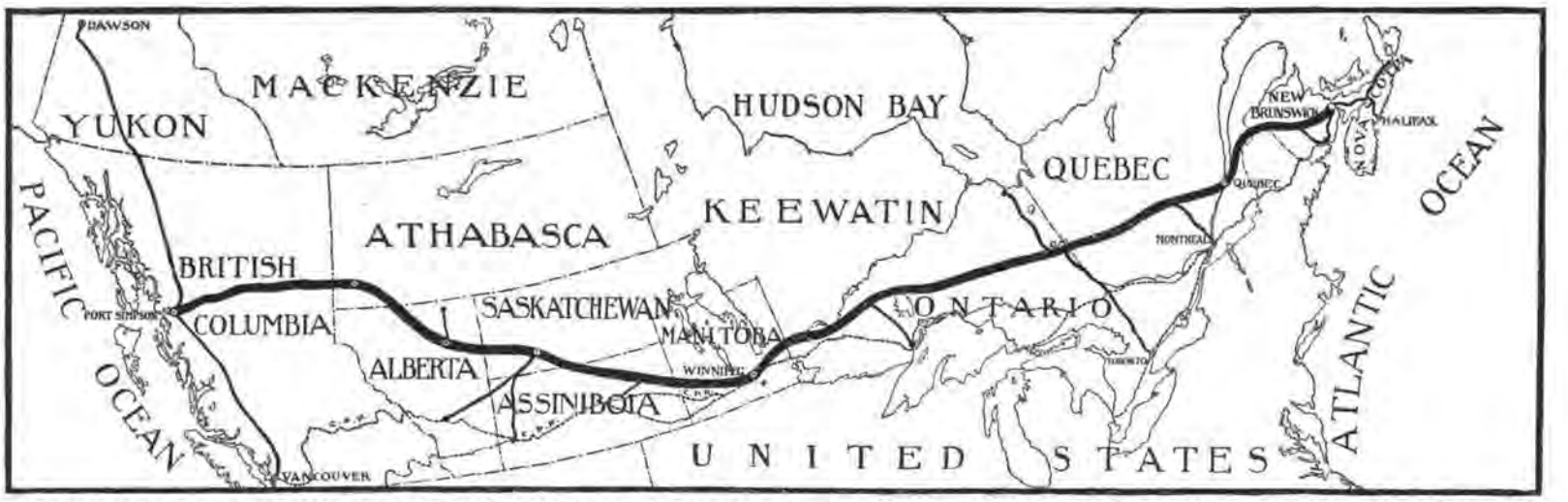
It was growing dark. The sun had sunk behind a low and level rampart of black clouds, and the waves upon the sound became glassy as the south wind declined. In the lighted dining room the heat was oppressive and a foe to appetite; but the conditions were somewhat better in the library, whither Loring and Miss Carroll withdrew after the meal. There were windows upon both sides of this room, which occupied an addition to the main structure, upon the eastern side. No wind had yet come out of the black cloud, though it

[*Continued on page 133*]



Canada's Second Transcontinental Railroad

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE



THE HEAVY LINE ON THE MAP SHOWS THE ROUTE OF THE NEW ROAD. BRANCHES WILL EXTEND BOTH TO DAWSON AND VANCOUVER

THE provision of transportation has always been recognized in Canada as one of the first duties of the federal government, and public funds have been given with no niggardly hand for that purpose. With the improvement of natural waterways in the Dominion, the government has expended nearly ninety million dollars; while the expenditure in the form of subsidies and other aid to railways, irrespective of the cost of the national railway, the Intercolonial, has reached the enormous total of two hundred and forty million dollars, and even this does not take into account the value of land grants in the form of subsidies, which, in the case of the Canadian Pacific Railway, amounted to twenty-five million acres. Fortunately, a more enlightened conception of the value of public lands now prevails in Canada, and the country would no longer tolerate the alienation of these lands, even for so laudable a purpose as the encouragement of new railways.

Geographical conditions in Canada, even more than in the United States, demand great transcontinental railways. Nothing else could hold together a group of communities, with no very common interests, scattered across several thousand miles of territory. For this reason, one of the very first problems attacked by the legislators of the newly-formed confederation, in 1867, was that of connecting by railways the several provinces of the Dominion. For this purpose the Intercolonial Railway was constructed, bringing the maritime provinces in close touch with Quebec and Ontario; and for the same purpose the Canadian Pacific was pushed through an unpeopled wilderness to Manitoba, and thence over the prairies and across the Rocky Mountains to British Columbia and the Pacific. Many wiseacres of twenty years ago held up hands of horror at what they termed the extravagant madness of the government, and prophesied that the Canadian Pacific Railroad would never earn enough to pay for greasing its axles. To-day the Canadian Pacific Railway is recognized to be one of the safest and soundest business enterprises on the continent, and, as one of the leading financial papers of the United States pointed out, the other day, "the cash subsidy of twenty-five million dollars granted to the Canadian Pacific has been paid back, probably, a hundred times, to the people of Canada, in increasing the wealth of the people and in the maintenance of fares at a low rate."

Inaccessible Northern Prairies Will soon Be Crossed by Railways

A contract has been entered into between the Canadian government and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company for the construction of a railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This new road, broadly speaking, will run parallel with the Canadian Pacific, but several hundred miles farther north. Throughout almost its entire length it will open up new country,—wheat, timber, and mineral lands of incalculable value. The eastern section, from Moncton, New Brunswick, to Winnipeg, is to be built by the government, and leased to the Grand Trunk Pacific, while the company itself will build the western section, from Winnipeg to the Pacific.

A glance at the map will make clear the importance of this new route across Canada. The road starts, nominally, at Moncton, but for all practical purposes its Atlantic termini will be St. John, Halifax, and, perhaps, Sydney,—all three ports being what are called open ports; that is, open all the year round, winter as well as summer. The Intercolonial already connects Moncton with these three Atlantic ports.

From Moncton the new road will run northwest through the heart of New Brunswick, cutting close around the extreme corner of the Maine boundary, and thence up the south bank of the St. Lawrence to Levis, where it will cross the river, by the great bridge now under construction, into the ancient capital of Canada, Quebec. From Quebec the railway will strike boldly up into the north country, passing through northern Quebec and New Ontario, through the center of the immense clay belt that lies south of James Bay, and then on to Winnipeg. From Winnipeg it will work north again, traversing the prairie country, and the Saskatchewan Valley, to Edmonton. From Edmonton it will strike through the Peace River country, traverse the Peace or Pine River passes, the easiest throughout the entire length of the Rockies, and reach the Pacific, probably, at Port Simpson.

The Road Will Cost One Hundred and Twenty-five Million Dollars

The length of the main line, from Moncton to Port Simpson, is estimated at three thousand, five hundred miles. It is expected to cost in the neighborhood of one hundred and twenty-five million dollars, of which sixty-five millions are for the eastern section, to be built by the government, and sixty millions for the western section, to be built by the railway company.

In addition to the main line, there are several projected branches, some to connect with the principal towns and cities to the south of the railway, and others to open up new districts still farther north. Nothing here has been definitely decided, but it is practically certain that, in the east, branches will connect the new transcontinental railway with Montreal, Toronto, Sault Ste. Marie, and Fort William; while, in the west, branches will be built to Regina, Calgary, Prince Albert, and other important centers in the wheat and ranching districts. In British Columbia, connection will probably be made with a line running north from Vancouver, and a branch line will run north to Dawson City. A possible development of the future may be a branch, from some point on the eastern section, extending northward to Hudson Bay. Railways to Hudson Bay have been projected and chartered, time and again, during the past ten or fifteen years, but have always fallen through because of the immense expense involved, and the uncertainty as to the forthcoming of profits for many years after completion. With the new transcontinental road opening up so much of northern Canada, the cost of a branch to Hudson Bay would be very materially reduced, and its commercial success correspondingly increased.

The advantages of the new route are threefold. It will open up a vast extent of country which is known to be rich in agricultural, timber, and mineral resources, and which is only waiting for railway communication to be settled. It will provide an additional and much needed outlet for the shipment of western Canadian grain to the Atlantic, and also to the Pacific, seaboard, as well as for the shipment of the manufactured products of Ontario, Quebec, and the maritime provinces to western Canada. Finally, it will furnish a route shorter, by several hundred miles, than any now existing, between England and Japan and China; and, in this connection, it may be mentioned that it is the intention of the Grand Trunk Pacific to

place a line of steamers on the Atlantic, and another on the Pacific, to be operated in connection with the transcontinental railway. The Canadian Pacific Railway, consequently, will have to face the competition of its new Canadian rival, not merely from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but also from Liverpool to Yokohama and Hongkong.

Another advantage claimed for the new route is that it will be, every foot of it, on Canadian territory. Great stress was laid upon this point by members of the government, when the matter was under discussion in parliament. It was pointed out that the Canadian Pacific Railway runs through the state of Maine on its way from Montreal to St. John; also that the Canadian Northern (which may some day become the third transcontinental railway of Canada,) cuts through a corner of Minnesota. The vital point is not the mere fact that these roads run for a few miles through alien territory, but that, by so doing, they place themselves at the mercy of the government of the United States, which might, any day, cripple them seriously by merely withdrawing the bonding privilege. In the case of the Grand Trunk Pacific, such a contingency could never arise.

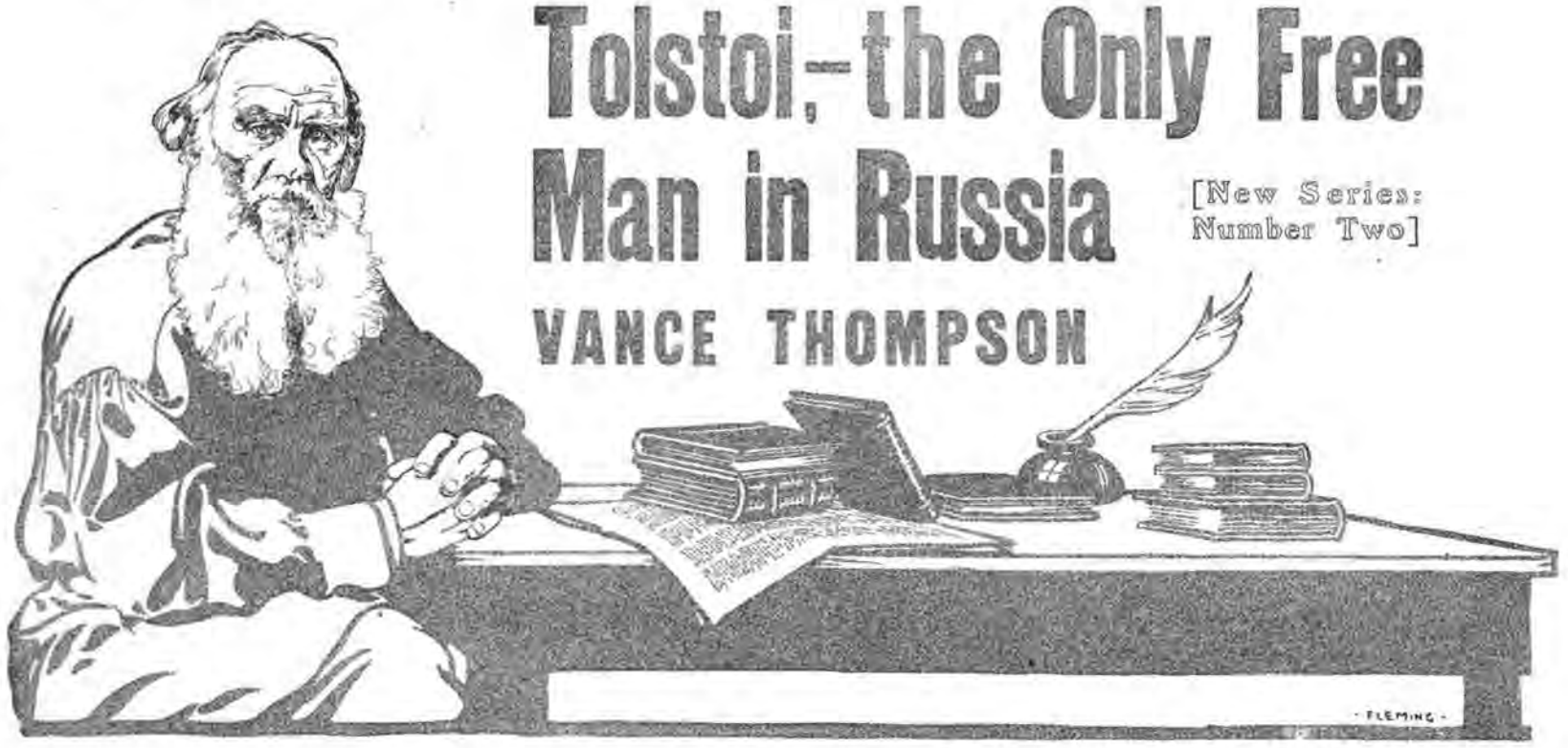
A few words must also be said as to the character of the country through which the new transcontinental road is to run, especially from Quebec to Winnipeg, and from Winnipeg to Edmonton. This is the more important as, until very recently, practically nothing was known publicly as to the nature of these portions of the Dominion. Surveyors and scientific experts of the government had traversed this northern country in every direction, and their reports were on record in the departmental records at Ottawa; but the public knew nothing of this, and the general impression, both in Canada and abroad, was that the immense stretch of country in northern Quebec and Ontario, between the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the shores of James Bay and Hudson Bay, was a barren wilderness, where the soil was too thin and poor for agriculture, and where, even if the soil was favorable, the climate would make the ripening of grain or vegetables a practical impossibility.

When the construction of the new transcontinental railway began to be seriously discussed, the officials of the geological survey and of the interior department were called upon for reliable information, and the reply was a mass of material which startled even the leaders of the government. When this data had been digested and brought into convenient form, it became apparent that the popular conception of northern Canada was a gross libel, and that, far from being a barren wilderness, fit only to be classed in the arid belt, it contains some of the richest land in the country, and is almost everywhere susceptible of profitable cultivation. It was also proved, beyond question, that the climate is by no means so severe as had been supposed, the average temperature, both in summer and winter, being about the same as in Manitoba,—where millions of bushels of "No. 1 Hard" are ripened every summer. If tangible proof were needed, the scientific officers of the government produced samples of wheat and other grains, as well as various vegetables, grown at the posts of the Hudson Bay Company, not merely as far north as the route of the proposed transcontinental railway, but even around the shores of James Bay.

As to the country traversed by the western section of the road, it must not be forgotten that, only a very few years ago, not merely Americans, but also Canadians themselves supposed the great Saskatchewan Valley to be practically useless for grain-growing purposes. Even after a railway had been built from Regina up through the heart of this country, the company begged the government to take back the land grant that had been given it along the line of its railway, and give it lands elsewhere in the territories which would be "fairly fit for settlement."

To-day the Saskatchewan Valley is recognized to be one of the very richest portions of western Canada. The railway built by the doubting Thomases has been leased by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and, if you travel up as far as Prince Albert, in harvest time, you will gain a clearer knowledge of what western Canada can do, in the way of wheat-raising, than could be explained to you in a dozen articles. There you will find Englishmen, Germans, Scandinavians, Doukhobors, and, above all others, western Americans, all raising wheat, and all exceedingly prosperous.

Diplomatic Mysteries



Tolstoi,—the Only Free Man in Russia

[New Series: Number Two]

VANCE THOMPSON

At Yasnaia Poliana, Tolstoi's patriarchal home, in Central Russia, there is an old, old woman named Agatha. There she was born a serf; there she has lived a hundred years. Seventy-six years ago she held Tolstoi in her arms. To-day, as then, she watches over him. She loves to talk of his boyhood.

"He was a good child," she will tell you, "but feeble in character."

But when you speak to her of some new fantasy of her master,—some new project for benefiting humanity, or some new ideal,—she makes no answer; only she smiles in an enigmatic way. This smile of the old nurse —at once kindly and skeptical,—represents and symbolizes the attitude of Russia toward the novelist and prophet of Yasnaia Poliana. Before his anathemas and the thunders of his prophecy old Russia smiles, skeptical, but not unkindly.

I.—The Prophet and the Czar

Tolstoi is the freest man in Russia. Not the great Muscovite czar himself is so free in will and deed. Of all the fifteen thousand laws of the land not one weighs upon him. He says what he pleases, writes what he pleases, and does what he pleases. From czar to tax collector, no official perturbs him. Not even the cares of property or the burden of a family rests upon him. In that white land where nothing is free,—where the czar is cabined among his councilors and even thought is chained,—Tolstoi's liberty is absolutely untrammeled. He realizes the paradox of being—under a *régime* in which the will of one man is the law supreme,—freer than his master. There, where everything is done in the dark, and where a cloud of suspicion and mystery hangs over every house, he lives in a fiercer light than that which beats on any throne. At Yasnaia Poliana he keeps open house. The very laws relating to passports relax a little in favor of those who enter Russia speaking his name. Visitors in an endless pilgrimage pass to his home,—writers, statesmen, financiers, farmers, senators, brigands, students, soldiers, and correspondents of newspapers of all lands, —not a day passes but some pilgrim goes down the Dolgo-Khamovnitcheskaia, seeking an interview with this great Russian writer, who turned prophet in his old age. They make a steady stream of respectful guests,—young men and old, Russians, French, and Americans; Dutch, Polish, and English adventurers; the penitent bandit, Tchourkine, or a Brahmin of the Indies; Paul Déroulède, or—at four in the morning, and greatly to the prophet's astonishment,—William Jennings Bryan,—and many others. It is as if he lived in a glass house; everyone has seen him,—or may see him easily. Had the Tolstoian legend been born in mediæval days, it would have attained the proportions of that which embalms the life of Saint Francis of Assisi, who was the first Tolstoist; but too keen a light beats on him. Of Tolstoi one may know the best and the worst. Indeed, it is his pride that he is franker than others are.

"I have nothing to conceal from men; let all see what I do," he said,

adding, coolly, in his grim way, "I undress in public."

He has his opinion on the miracle that leaves him free,—that makes of Yasnaia Poliana an oasis of liberty in Russia.

Reflecting, he said, slowly: "Yes, I know, I have complete freedom, but the very liberty they leave me binds me. I feel less free than I would if they should begin to move against me—to do something,—to attack me. I am like a passenger on a ship which is drifting in on the rocks,—the only one, as it were, who is permitted to use a speaking trumpet. I must use it wisely, and not say foolish things,—and that is not always easy."

No, it is not easy to be a prophet when no one objects to your being one; but when, on the contrary, you are given a speaking trumpet and bidden to prophesy, a little opposition—a faint shadow of a martyr's halo,—helps wonderfully a reformer on his way. Perhaps this lack of persecution is the one thorn in Tolstoi's content; and his feeling, in that respect, is peculiarly Russian. As an artist and master of fiction, he has conquered all human glory; but the divine glory, which consists in being persecuted by men and Cæsar, he has not attained. In his old age this is his consuming care,—his one thought and regret.

If the freedom allotted to him were a settled policy on the part of Russia, adopted merely to render him harmless, none wiser could have been chosen. Something of this sort I said once to a great Muscovite ambassador; he was obese, polite, and mysterious,—the wrinkles in his round face were as mysterious as the lines in a human hand. He made no answer, but on his fat lips was the enigmatic smile of old Agatha, the nurse.

Tolstoi owes his miraculous freedom not to state policy; he owes it to the czar.

Nicholas II., whose realm runs over forty degrees of latitude, and who is considered the sole representative to his subjects of God upon earth, is himself a Tolstoist. The czar is a kindly, overworked, unhappy man; he writes vague, melancholy verses, rides a bicycle, and takes amateur photographs,—his amusements are few; Tolstoi's books appealed to the Slavic mysticism in him, accorded with his dreamy love of humanity, and woke in him aspirations for peace on earth and the fulfillment of the early Christians' dreams of fraternity and equality in love. He reads Tolstoi; he talks Tolstoi,—as Edward VII. reads the racing guide and talks horses, and as William II. reads everything and talks everything. Between the czar, imprisoned in absolute sovereignty, and the free old man of Yasnaia Poliana, there is a strange bond of sympathy, both mental and spiritual.

An earlier czar, Paul, had a similar feeling for Tolstoi, when he was still little more than a lad. The young Leo N. Tolstoi was at Sevastopol, shut up in the famous and terrible "Bastion H." To the general-in-chief of his armies in the Crimea, Czar Paul wrote, with his own hand: "Bear in mind this young officer. No disaster must be allowed to happen to this young man, who does so much honor to Russia." Yet in those days he had not written much; but the Tolstois had always been favorites of the crown,—from that early ancestor who was a boon companion of Peter the Great down to his father and Leo N. Tolstoi himself. Every official, every functionary in Russia, knows that to touch Tolstoi is to touch the czar. Though they have never met, his friendship for Tolstoi is almost a cult. Not all his ministers, and not the mighty band of archdukes can change his mind in this matter, should they care to do so; and that the government, as distinct from the czar, has its own reasons for leaving Tolstoi all this "liberty which binds him," as he says, will also be made clear in this writing.

It was not long ago that the czar gave a notable sign of his friendship. The holy synod of all the Russias, I daresay you remember, excluded Tolstoi from the orthodox church. It was an archaic and rather needless proceeding, though churches English and American have been known to do as much for notable heretics. Anyway, Tolstoi having denied the church, the church, in turn, denied him. It was one little boy saying, "I won't play in your yard!" and the other little boy retorting, fiercely, "I forbid you to play in my yard!" But the act of the synod raised a storm; gloomy, excitable Russia was swept by agitation. The radicals, socialists, anti-churchmen, and atheists were bitter in their denunciation of the church. One bold reformer was excited to the point of dynamiting a chapel; another tried to assassinate Pobedonostev. Why they wanted Tolstoi to be recognized by a church in which neither he nor they believed is a mystery.

THE TOLSTOI OF TO-DAY

Tolstoi's wife wrote a fierce, womanly letter, which added to the ferment. With loving, feminine logic, she argued that Tolstoi's place was in the church, because his life was pure; but in the new religion he has founded he denies the existence of God, ["Comprehension of life takes the place of God."] the divinity of Christ, and a future life. So reason was on the side of the synod.

Here it was the czar intervened. He summoned the head of the holy synod, Pobedonostev, and demanded an explanation. It was easy to show him that the church could not have acted otherwise without abnegating its creed.

"That may be true," said the czar, angrily, "but such a measure should not have been taken without consulting Count Tolstoi. He is not a *muzhik!*"

Thereupon there was a correspondence in which Tolstoi, with his usual eloquence, urged the czar to abolish all laws which punish as crimes attacks upon the state religion. This was the end of it; but, had the czar known in time, he would have protected Tolstoi against the church and saved him from the penalty—not very severe for an unbeliever,—of excommunication. Thanks to the czar, Tolstoi is free as the air; he walks abroad untouched of any law. But the czar, unlike the poor, is not with him always.

Once, in Moscow, near the Borovitchskaia gate, he saw a persistent beggar, asking alms, who exclaimed: "A little penny, brother, in the name of Christ!"

A police officer approached; he was young, martial, and wrapped in the regulation sheepskin. At sight of him the beggar fled, hobbling away in fright and haste.

"Is it possible," said Tolstoi to himself, "that people are forbidden to ask charity, in Christ's name,—in a Christian land!"

"Brother," he said to the policeman, "can you read?"

"Yes," said the officer, politely, for Tolstoi has a grand air.

"Have you read the Bible?"

"Yes."

"And do you remember Christ's orders to feed the hungry?"—and he cited the words. The policeman was evidently troubled; he turned to his questioner, and asked:—

"And you, sir,—you can read?"

"Yes, brother."

"And have you read the police regulations?"

"Yes, brother."

"And do you remember that begging in the main streets is forbidden?"

The prophet found no answer ready.

II.—Honey-cakes and Scourges

In order to understand clearly Tolstoi's free position in that sad, immobile land, where none other is free, you must know a little of the man and his surroundings. Thus only can you see him with the eyes of a Russian functionary—an obese, polite, great Muscovite, for example,—and a Russian statesman, and understand, withal, why neither discerns any menace to the state in those thunders, as from Sinai, which Tolstoi launches so ceaselessly. After all, what is he,—this rich man who has put on the rags of Lazarus,—this great writer who condemns all the great books he has written,—this old soldier who assails war? For some he is a Christian hero; for others, a blasphemer: for some he is a fanatic; for others, a sage, visited by the spiritual light that illumined Socrates, Buddha, and Confucius, and which makes of him, as of them, the founder of a new religion. In his youth he wrote these words, as prophetic, it may be, as any he ever penned: "I am certain that, if I should live to be very old, and if I should then describe exactly what I should be, my narration would show me—at seventy years of age,—given up to the same childish fancies as to-day." Let us look in for a moment on the boy who lived sixty years ago in the old family house where now the old man dreams. He was fifteen years old, the idle son of a rich noble. Wandering in the great park he brooded on the destiny of man, the future life, and the immortality of the soul. It seemed to him then (he will tell you,) "an easy task" to reform humanity and abolish sin and suffering. He drew up a daily schedule of duties,—his hourly obligations to himself, to his neighbors,

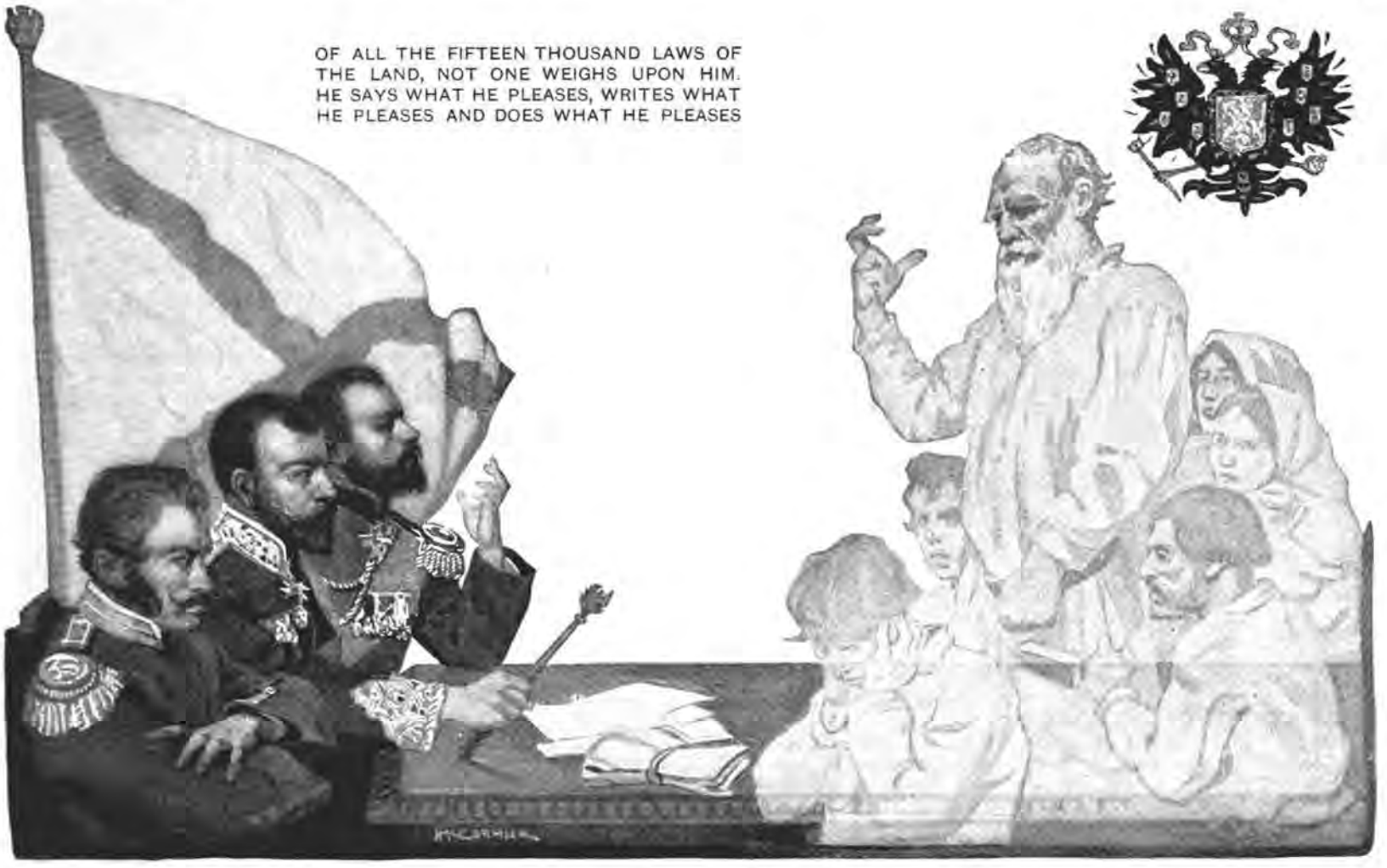
TOLSTOI AT VARIOUS TIMES IN HIS LIFE

AT TWENTY-SIX

AT TWENTY-NINE

AT FORTY

AT FORTY-EIGHT



and to God. The days passed, profound and morbid. Once he took up a huge dictionary, and, to accustom himself to suffering, held it at arm's length, for five minutes, with horrible pain and effort. Another time he went up to a garret, stripped himself bare to the waist, and flogged himself with a knotted cord until he wept. The next day,—

"What's the use of it all?" he asked; "every hour, every minute brings a little of death with it! Why study? Why do anything?"

For three days thereafter he lay on his bed, reading novels and eating honey-cakes.

An apostolic child, you say; what is notable in a lad so young is the strange interest in self, the sleepless self-consciousness, and the feeling that his ego—whether he was proud of it or disgusted with it,—was still immensely important and destined "to reform humanity,—an easy task." Before he came again to that way of thought he was to travel a long road. He went up to the university; he left the schools for the society of St. Petersburg,—the life was brilliant. He gambled heavily, like the others; one night he lost a very large sum of money; the next day he went away to a little Cossack village in the Caucasus and lived on five roubles—two dollars and a half,—for a month, until he had saved enough to pay his debts. He went back to Yasnaia Poliana to his farms and his peasants; suddenly he was tempted by dreams of military glory and took service in an artillery regiment, under orders for the Crimea. He had the rank of ensign. His ambition was then to become aid-de-camp to the czar. Passionately, too, he longed for the cross of St. George,—and he merited it after three days in that death-raked fourth bastion of Sevastopol.

"Is it my fault," he wrote, "if I love but two things,—glory and the love of men? Dear as father, brother and sister are to me, I would sacrifice them all for an instant of glory and triumph over the men whose love I should gain."

The ill will of a superior officer prevented him from getting the cross; that changed his ideas of courage, and he sought another glory, that of a writer. He went to St. Petersburg; he traveled abroad. At thirty-four he married and settled down at Yasnaia Poliana. He wrote his great books, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina;" the glory he loved came to him; his wife—his blithe companion, secretary, and friend,—bore him thirteen children. Money poured in on him; he grew rich, and he was happy.

Sollohoub, the old gray count, said, in these days, to Tolstoi:—

"You are a happy man, my friend! Fate has given you all man can desire,—a delicious family, a charming wife, who loves you, glory, and health,—everything."

"True," said Tolstoi; "if a fairy should give me a wish, I should n't know what to ask for."

Here, at the summit of his prosperity, on the edge of old age, he discovered, like Solomon, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." His despair was so great that he was tempted to kill himself. He had to discard the cord of his dressing gown, lest he should yield to temptation to hang himself.

"The only way I can live at all," he said, "is to live for humanity."

He went to Moscow and organized a committee of charity; he made speeches in the town hall; the people wondered a little, but out of respect for the great writer they subscribed freely. He established a soup kitchen and other charities. Of the fund he had left thirty-seven roubles. He tried to give it away, but in all Moscow, he said, he could not discover any one at once poor enough and good enough to merit the gift. So he returned it to the rich. He donned a blouse, and went down among the workingmen. One Saturday evening he was sawing wood with a poor sawyer, named Semene. An old beggar came by and Semene gave him a piece of three kopecks,—a cent and a half. A moment's arithmetical reflection served to convince Tolstoi that private charity is absurd. Semene, he reasoned, had only six roubles and fifty kopecks in the world. To give as much as he, in proportion, Tolstoi, whose fortune was then six hundred thousand roubles, would have to give thousands of roubles. So he determined to obey Christ's precept literally and sell all he had and give it to the poor. He did not, however, carry out his theory to any injurious extent. The fortune which he did not think it was right he should keep he put in his wife's name. Conscience was saved, and the fortune. Life at Yasnaia Poliana went on as of old,—ample, rich, and baronial. Tolstoi, however, made his own bed. He wore, too, the rough fur coat, or the blouse, of a peasant; but, as of old, he loved perfumes, and his fine linen underneath was scented with the perfume of Cyprus or the odor of Parma violets.

Other ideas came to him. Although happily married, he denounced marriage, and, on the rim of the grave, he began to long for the liberty of a bachelor. He had been married thirty-seven years to a brave woman who lived only in him and for him,—seven times the good soul copied out with her own hand that monstrous book, "Anna Karenina!" To a casual stranger, the other day, he said: "It is among men I shall look for a friend. No woman can replace a friend. Why do we lie to our wives in telling them that we look upon them as our friends? It is not true." After thirty-seven years of such friendship! He took up vegetarianism; in a pamphlet to the world he announced: "Virtue is incompatible with beefsteak."

At all this old Agatha, who knew the boy and the man, smiles her strange smile, skeptical, but not unkindly.

He finds a boyish pleasure in the livery of poverty, as he did in his gay uniform of an artillery officer, and Agatha remembers. He preaches poverty, while his fortune grows; his very pamphlets against wealth bring golden royalties from the publishers of all lands, for his wife is a marvelous business agent. While he reposes after his game of tennis, his ride, or his work in the fields, she passes sleepless nights, correcting proofs and conducting the business which has already amassed over a million dollars for the family. As you see, Tolstoism is not injurious to the family, or to the state. While he denounces war, his sons are fighting for their country in Manchuria. The balance is never disturbed. Personally, he never has a copper in his pocket. To the beggars who throng to him he says: "I have given away all I had,—I have nothing." One beggar was insistent, and barred Tolstoi's way in his walk. He was a peasant, holding by the hand a little scrofulous boy.

"What do you want?" the great author asked, pausing.

The peasant pushed the scrofulous boy forward; and this one, whining, hesitating, and drawling, said:—

"A li-li,-little chicken!"

"A little chicken? What nonsense! I have n't a little chicken."

"Oh, yes," cried the peasant, putting himself forward, "there is one,—there is one!"

"I do n't know anything about it," said Tolstoi; "go your way!"

[*Concluded on pages 134 to 135*]

The Editor's Chat

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Make Every Occasion a Great Occasion

I KNOW a man whose accomplishments have been the marvel of all who know him, who in his boyhood made this resolution, "Let every occasion be a great occasion, for you can not tell when fate may be taking your measure for a larger place."

He was a poor boy, without friends, in a strange city, but this motto always stared him in the face: "Make every occasion a great occasion." If he was doing an errand, these words kept running in his mind,—"I must get out of this errand all there is in it. I must extract every possibility from it, for there may be an opportunity in it for something higher. Somebody may be watching me and may say to himself: 'I will keep my eye on that boy. I like the way he does things. He is prompt, manly, polite, courteous, obliging, accurate. There is the making of a man in that boy.'"

If he was at school, he kept thinking, "I must not skip the hard problems, for they may rise up in my manhood and testify against my faithfulness as a boy, and may defeat me. I must see an opportunity in every lesson to cultivate a habit of conquering, a habit of thoroughness, faithfulness, and accuracy. My teacher may be watching me, and, when I start on my career, the teacher or scholars may tell others about my record at school."

When he attended the meeting of a debating society, this motto kept running in his head: "Make this occasion a great occasion." He had read how Lincoln and Vice President Wilson had made the debating society a stepping-stone to something higher. He said to himself, "It is a great thing to learn to think on my feet, and to be able to express myself before an audience, and no matter if I am bashful, and people do laugh at me,—what if I should break down?—I shall get experience which will help me in my career."

So, through life, whatever he undertook, and wherever he was, this motto was ever prodding him on to do his best. If he was at a reception, or a dinner, in a parlor, or a guest in a home, he must make that occasion a marked occasion by being as bright and brilliant as possible, by keeping his eyes open and his ears open, and learning everything he could and expressing himself, at every opportunity, with ease and elegance. He must use the best language possible; otherwise he would form slipshod habits, which might betray him at some fatal moment when he was trying to make a good impression.

When he traveled, this motto inspired him to drink in every bit of knowledge possible, to let no object of interest pass, and to permit no experience to go by without extracting from it everything it had for him.

The result was that, although his early education was sadly neglected, he became a strong and interesting character, broad, widely read,—a man of rich experiences and well-rounded, complete manhood.

Don't Let Your Ambition Cool

THE idea seems to be pretty general that ambition is born in us, that we have little or nothing to do with its acquisition or cultivation and that we can not modify, enlarge, stimulate, or improve it to any great extent. A study of life does not confirm this idea, that the ambition is a cultivatable quality, capable of being molded or destroyed according as we will, is demonstrated, every day, in the lives of those about us. We see people in whom the spark of ambition is kindled suddenly by the reading of a book, the hearing of a lecture or the speaking of a kindly word by a friend or teacher, and, on the other hand, we see those who allow their ambition slowly to die out for want of fuel.

The death of ambition is one of the tragedies of life. When a young man feels his ambition begin to fade there is trouble somewhere. Either he is in the wrong environment and his faculties protest against what he is trying to do, or some vicious habit is draining his energy, or his health is poor, or he is being led into dissipation by bad companions. A youth whose ambition begins to wane is not in a normal condition. When he is not stimulated by a noble purpose, and filled with a desire to become a strong man among men, there is something wrong somewhere.

How often we see young people, fresh from school or college, full of hope, full of optimism, and with lofty ambitions and bright ideals, who give promise of great things, but, after a few years, gradually drop their standards and lower their ideals until they become the empty shadows of what they promised to be. They take no notice when their ambition begins to cool; they do not try to find out the cause; they simply allow themselves to drop down until failure stares them in the face.

Many things cool youthful ambition. Chief among them are lack of energy to carry out one's plans, discouragement, poor health, dissipation, bad companions, and vicious reading. The last two—bad companions and vicious reading,—are the most insidious foes of ambition. I have known boys who, at the start, were anxious to get on and up in the world, but whose ambitions were utterly demoralized by unwholesome literature. Every little while we read in the newspapers of young criminals, whose downfall was brought about by reading dime novels of the blood-and-thunder type. Beware of the book or article which does not leave the mind in a more healthy condition than when you began. Beware of the reading which does not make you feel more determined to do a little better and to try a little harder to be a noble man or a noble woman. If it leaves you with a demoralized feeling, in an uncertain, discontented state of mind, and if it makes you dissatisfied with life and anxious to get a living without paying the legitimate price of honest endeavor, be sure that it is vitiating your whole nature. Drop it! It is more dangerous than the sting of an adder.

We all know young men and young women who started out as boys and girls with bright ambitions and clean-cut purposes, who have been so demoralized by vicious associates that they have never amounted to anything.

Association with people of low ideals and demoralizing habits, or with those who have no uplifting aims in life, even though they are not actually vicious, will impair the ambition, will take the edge off of it, and will drag you down almost in spite of yourself. We are largely the creatures of our environment and associations. Every person we come in contact with influences us for good or ill, and leaves an impression of his own character upon us.

Beware of anything which lowers the ideals or makes you satisfied with anything less than your level best,—with anything but excellence,—or which tries to make you believe that mediocrity is good enough, or that the ordinary will do. It is the mind which will be satisfied with nothing but the best, and which will have nothing to do with anything less than excellence, that achieves that which is worth while.

Are You a Mixer?

THREE political prisoners recently released by the czar of Russia, after twelve years of solitary confinement, are mental wrecks, though they possessed brilliant intellects when sent to prison.

No man really lives by himself alone. He is a branch of the great human vine, from which the lifeblood from the heart of humanity is pumped into him. The moment he separates himself from the parent vine he begins to wither and shrivel. No matter how hard he may try as a separate unit to keep growing, he will be a comparative failure. His growth will be artificial, unnatural. It is from the great heart throbs of humanity, the parent stem, that his power comes. The sweetness and succulence, the beauty of form and flavor, come to the luscious cluster of grapes from the parent stem. The branch can not thrive by itself. The moment it is cut off, there is strangulation, shrinkage, death.

Man is omnivorous mentally as well as physically. He requires a variety of mental food, which he can obtain only by mixing with a great variety of people. The moment a human being is separated from his kind, he begins to deteriorate. Children who have been imprisoned and kept many years from all communication with other human beings have deteriorated to idiocy.

A man is strong in proportion to the quantity, the quality, and the variety of forces which he absorbs from others. He is a power in proportion to the extent of his contact, socially, mentally, and morally, with his kind, and a weakling just in proportion as he cuts himself off from others.

Some religious organizations have tried to evolve moral giants by separating the individuals in monasteries or cloisters, by cutting off all communication with the outside world and practically also, with one another. But their method has proven a failure, as have all plans which interfere with the Creator's own great plan of human solidarity.

There is a mighty telepathic force, playing between brain and brain, between soul and soul, which we do not yet know how to measure, but it is powerful to stimulate, mighty to build up or to tear down. There are scores of avenues which carry nutriment to the human mind, and to close up any of them must result in dwarfing the faculties, in shutting off power. The five senses are only a small number of the vehicles which carry impressions and information to the inner man. There are other, intangible, unknown soul senses, which illuminate the mind. We grow largely upon the nutriment which the soul absorbs from everywhere, but which the crude senses can not weigh or measure. We drink in power through the eye and ear which does not come through the optic or auditory nerves. The greatest thing which comes from a master painting is not in the tints or the shades or forms on the canvas, but is back of all that in the artist,—a mighty force which inheres in his personality, is made up of the sum of all he has inherited and all he has experienced. Who can ever measure the suggestive force which reaches the inner consciousness through the imagination?

Who has not felt his power multiplied many times, his intellect sharpened, and a keener edge put on all of his faculties, when coming into contact with a strong personality which has seemed to unlock hidden powers which he never before dreamed he possessed, so that he could say things and do things impossible to him when alone? The power of the orator, which he flings back to his listeners, he first draws from his audience, but he could never get it from the separate individuals any more than the chemist could get the full power from chemicals standing in separate bottles in his laboratory. It is in contact and combination only that new creations, new forces, are developed.

We little realize what a large part of our achievement is due to others working through us, to their sharpening our faculties, radiating hope, encouragement, and helpfulness into our lives, and sustaining and inspiring us mentally.

We are apt to overestimate the value of an education gotten from books alone. A large part of the value of a college education comes from the social intercourse of the students, the reënforcement, the buttressing of character by association. Their faculties are sharpened and polished by the attrition of mind with mind, and the pitting of brain against brain, which stimulate ambition, brighten the ideals, and open up new hopes and possibilities. Book knowledge is valuable, but the knowledge which comes from mind intercourse is invaluable.

Two substances totally unlike, but having a chemical affinity for each other, may produce a third infinitely stronger than either, or even both of those which unite. Two people with a strong affinity often call into activity in each other a power which neither dreamed he possessed before. Many an

[Concluded on page 162]

A SCENE FROM HENRY W. SAVAGE'S PRESENTATION, IN ENGLISH, OF "PARSIFAL"

OTIS SKINNER, IN THE SECOND ACT OF JEAN RICHEPIN'S NEW PASTORAL PLAY, "THE HARVESTER"

With the Players

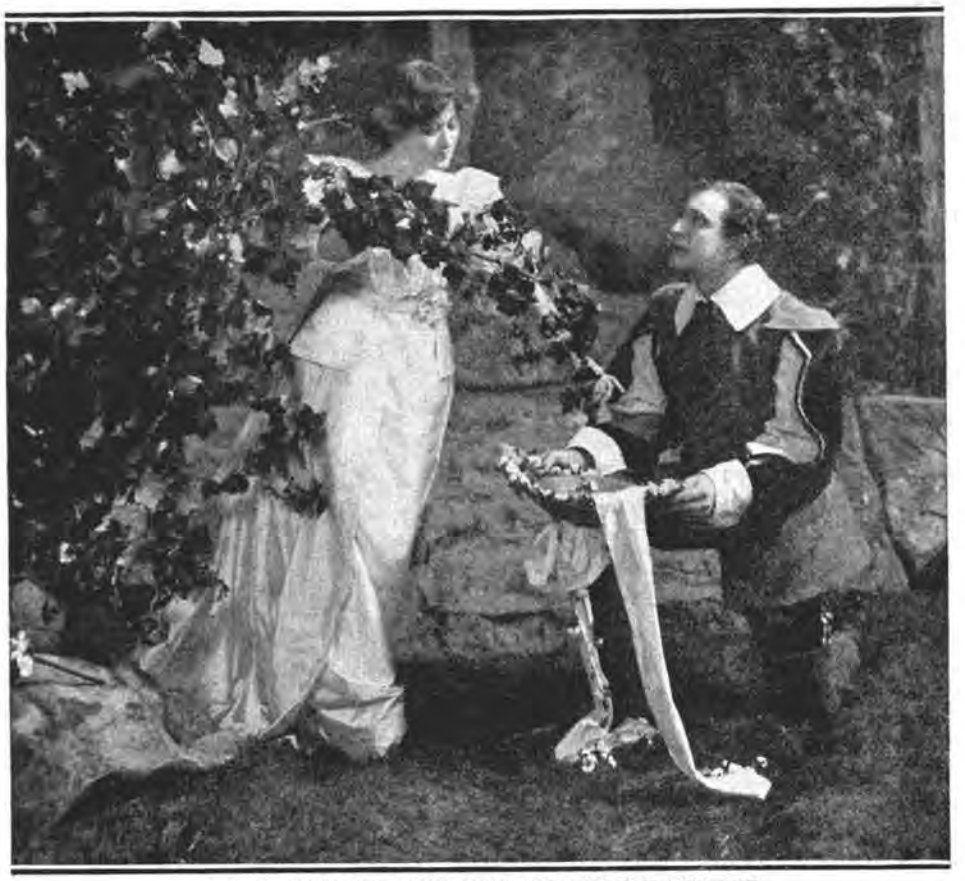
MONTROSE J. MOSES

AMERICA has produced great actors, but as yet no distinctive American dramatist has revealed himself. America has a theater-going public, but as yet no American theme has been presented large or strong enough to impress its national significance upon us. Revolution in thought and feeling has affected the drama of other countries; but, though we are as human as other people, though we love and hate and dream as they do, and though the Puritan spirit of "The Scarlet Letter" and the radical struggle of "The Reign of Law" represent somewhat our religious periods, American playwrights have contented themselves with giving us our external history in war dramas, our external artificialities in society dramas, and our varied external peculiarities in dramas of locality.

Therefore, in default of a true American drama, we turn elsewhere for our plays. The old theme of the Revolution has become monotonous in its mixture of stereotyped love and adventure; "Hearts Courageous," "Major André," and "Captain Barrington,"—none of them showed intent or character. So, too, with "Shenandoah," popular though it be, "The Cavalier," and "The Crisis;" the exception of "Secret Service," in a long list of such plays, is due to a spontaneous telling of an interesting story, and to a particular care for atmospheric realism.

The old romance of our Davy Crockett years finds imitation in such pieces as "John Ermine of the Yellowstone" and "The Virginian," both with elements of promise in them, but in them the dramatic value of scenic coherence is lost in the desire to paint impressive pictures. We have had our western man in "The Spenders," and again Miss Ethel Barrymore, in "Sunday," presents another phase of the West,—a girl brought up by rugged men who practice rugged justice and have tender hearts. Yet superficial treatment and inconsistencies of character all but ruin the story; only Miss Barrymore's personal appeal makes the play. We have had our West Point hero in "Ranson's Folly," and our Broadway chat in "The Other Girl;" furthermore, there has been given us "The Pit," touching superficially the strain of speculation upon the flesh rather than upon the spirit, and in no way reaching the core—the important significance,—as does "Business is Business."

In other words, wherever an American is dealt with, he is an active man,—a roughhewn hero. Our dramatists more often look upon us as Dickens did; in his "Martin Chuzzlewit," and either burlesque us in the manner of "The Yankee Consul" and the amusing "Dictator," or cartoon our local traits as in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Glad of It." It is because the foreign dramatists deal with something more than the momentary interests of external situations that their work means more to their nation and to us. They at least give us, when they write of love and hate and jealousy, the passion that shakes character but not the fist. The



JAMES K. HACKETT AND MISS CHARLOTTE WALKER,
IN "THE FORTUNES OF THE KING"

MARGARET ANGLIN AND ROBERT DROUET,
IN "THE ETERNAL FEMININE"

MISS DOROTHY TENNANT
"JANE WITHERSPOON," IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOW"

FREDERICK BURTON AND STEPHEN MALEY
"BUB" AND "HON. ELAM," IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOW"

MISS MABEL TALIAFERRO
"LOVEY MARY,"—"MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"

incongruous element lies in the fact that our standards of morality may not be theirs, and our society and national life are certainly not theirs. Once let a revolution of thought and feeling grapple with the people of America, and there needs must be a change of drama.

Last year the dramatic season was mostly experimental. We started poorly with an American revolutionary influx, and at odd performances we were given Henrik Ibsen, William Butler Yeats, and Sydney Grundy. Ben Greet, with his Shakespearean *répertoire*, the combination of Miss Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner, and Henry Irving in revivals,—these were the important achievements. This year the beginning has bid fair for us to expect better and more permanent results. One of our poets, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, has shown us a play, in "Judith of Bethulia," that, while not so striking in construction or development of human interest as Maurice Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna,"—or even as clear-cut in spiritual meaning,—exhibits beautiful expression and sincere intent. The combination of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in a *répertoire* of "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Hamlet" emphasizes the value of reënforcement and the excellence of excellent plays. Our magazines and papers

AMELIA BINGHAM,
IN "THE CLIMBERS"

devote space to discussion and criticism, and, though our tastes and temperaments have not been inductively classified by the critics, our attention has been called to the influence of the stage for good or for evil. Finally, this growing interest on the part of the public is being extended to the libraries, where records point to the fact that plays are being read to a great extent,—in itself a test and a healthy sign.

There are extremes in every sphere; it almost seems that Charles Wagner coined the phrase, "simple life," to offset President Roosevelt's "strenuous life." So, in drama, the public stands midway between farce, light opera, and spectacular, on the one hand, and problem drama, on the other. One is the lightness of hearing and feeling; the other is the effort of thought. Amusement for its own sake is legitimate, and a country torn with industrial stress and commercial strain needs imagination quickened and hearts lightened. Theatrical appliances have made possible whatever picture man proposes: Ulysses or Dante in hell, the poppy field in Oz, or the storm in "Babes in Toyland,"—it matters little;—the butterfly breaks its chrysalis and floats in air. But, to quote Henry Arthur Jones, "how do you obtain the pleasure? By becoming a child, by the

WILLIAM NORRIS AND MISS BLANCH DEYO,
IN "THE CINGALEE"

N. C. GOODWIN AND MISS MAY SARGENT,
IN "THE USURPER"

MADGE CARR COOK AND WILLIAM T. HODGE,
IN "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"

WILLIAM C. WEEDON AND CHRISTIE MAC DONALD,
IN "THE SHO-GUN"

absence of all thought and inquiry, and by the absence of all intelligent effort." True it is that the highest drama should influence and modify and dominate our ways of doing.

In the midst of drizzles of romanticism and sudden squalls of realism, Shakespeare is like a shower of life-giving air. Through "Romeo and Juliet" he breathes the most exquisite sentiment. With him, it is not so much the story, or the situation, as it is the vitalizing human touch that is warm and quick and active of itself. When he gives us tragedy, it contains the universal import of the universal soul, yet it has its personal appeal. Hamlet is as much an abstraction as he is an individual; he is dual in the manner of *Everyman*,—typical of one whose task is too large for him. So it is with Shakespeare's comedy,—it is full of exuberance due to character. Benedick and Beatrice, in "Much Ado," Sir Toby in "Twelfth Night," and Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet,"—here we have the fun of life, with its permanent bearing, the spirit and wit of men and women rather than the cartoon semblance. Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern have played with the zest of intellectual enjoyment; there has been a gratification even in their shortcomings, to watch the keen pleasure of bringing subtlety to bear in lines that contain food for thought. On

ALICE FISCHER,
IN "PIFF, PAFF, POUFF"

the stage, we see Shakespeare as he was,—a most significant playwright, and, withal, most rare poet. However he comes to us, it is well to see him played, whether in the Italian of Novelli, whose "Lear," "Hamlet" and "Othello" are world-renowned; or as portrayed by Robert Mantell, in his revival of "Richard III.," Viola Allen, in "A Winter's Tale," or Nance O'Neil, in "Macbeth,"—all are indicative of healthy ambition.

Compare with the Shakespearean comedies the American exuberance of spirit, typified in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch;"—in the book we found the optimistic parent of Europe, Asia, and Australia, entertaining and quaint; terseness was at one time a literary fad. But on the stage a dialogue of epigrams is like remnant ribbons on a bargain counter, all gathered together in a gaudy, incongruous bow. Our American humor is not that of the red handkerchief kind, any more than is our true American spirit exemplified in a district political boss.

It has been said that, in our dependence upon Europe for dramatic material, we must discount somewhat the Continental standards of morality. This is strikingly shown in the instance of Mme. Gabrielle Réjane, who has brought to

[*Concluded on page 112-D*]

People We Read About

AUGUST BELMONT,

President of the National Civic Federation

As a large employer of labor, Mr. Belmont was obviously on the eligible list to lead the Civic Federation in place of the late Marcus A. Hanna. The federation is an important body and has much work to perform. Frank conferences between laborers, their leaders, employers, and prominent business men will bring about much good in abolishing labor disputes.

MARIE SKLODOWSKA CURIE,

The Discoverer of Radium

This recent photograph of Madame Curie is presented for the first time in America. Sir William Ramsay recently said of her, "She is the most important woman in the world, to-day, and among the most brilliant. Her work has added largely to human advancement. I consider radium the most wonderful discovery that the scientific world will know for many years."

MARTIN A. KNAPP,

Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission

Mr. Knapp, as chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, is earnestly supporting the President in his plan to abolish the rebate evil on traffic systems and to give federal authorities more power over railroads. This promises to be one of the most important steps ever taken in this country in the direction of government ownership of transportation facilities.

CONSTANTINI P. POBEDONOSTEV,

The Head of the Church in Russia

With the czar and Sergius de Witte, president of the committee of ministers, Mr. Pobedonostev constitutes what is known as "the holy trinity" in Russian political and church matters. His recent work against the *zemstvo*—the only organization working for progress in Russia,—was upset by the czar's recent ukase granting certain rights to the peasants.

BEEKMAN WINTHROP,

Governor of Porto Rico

Beekman Winthrop, who succeeded William H. Hunt as governor of Porto Rico, is a Harvard graduate, twenty-nine years old,—a personal friend of President Roosevelt. He went to the Philippines, several years ago, as assistant executive secretary to the Philippine Commission. During that time he also served as secretary to Secretary William H. Taft.

ROBERT J. WYNNE,

The New Postmaster-general

Among the many Washington correspondents who have stood close to the government, Mr. Wynne is the first to be honored with a cabinet position. His work as a newspaper man placed him in possession of information in regard to certain irregularities in the post-office department, which he is now using to good advantage in much-needed reform.

People We Read About

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JOHN COIT SPOONER,
Senior United States Senator from Wisconsin

Senator Spooner was the author of the Isthmian Canal bill. He is considered one of the ablest debaters and hardest workers in the body. Although he is supposed to be one of the spokesmen of the administration, he is very conservative and independent. He is opposed to the ship subsidy bill and favors reciprocity and a readjustment of the tariff.

WILLIAM M. STEWART,
Senior United States Senator from Nevada

Senator Stewart's bill to raise the salary of the President of the United States from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars a year, and that of members of the house of representatives in proportion, is receiving more serious attention than any previous measure in that direction. Our government has been too parsimonious in paying its servants.

WILLIAM A. CLARK,
Senior United States Senator from Montana

This snap shot of Senator Clark was taken recently, as he was entering the capitol at Washington. The colored boy from whom he is purchasing a newspaper boasts of the largest clientele of distinguished customers in Washington. Senator Clark intends to take an active interest in advancing the legislation recently begun against adulterated foods and drugs.

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ROBERT SCOTT LOVETT,
Counsel for the Harriman System of Railroads

Mr. Lovett rose from an obscure and struggling lawyer, in an equally obscure and struggling Texas town, to the principal legal authority for such roads as the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, with headquarters in New York City. He was born forty years ago on a farm in Texas, and in early life saw the possibility of specializing in railway litigation.

THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK,
Formerly Miss Daisy Leiter, of Chicago

The countess of Suffolk is the third daughter of the late Levi Z. Leiter to marry a Britisher. Her elder sister is the wife of Lord Curzon, the viceroy of India, and her second sister is the wife of Major Colin Campbell, of the British army. The wedding took place recently, in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Leiter intends to live in London with her daughters.

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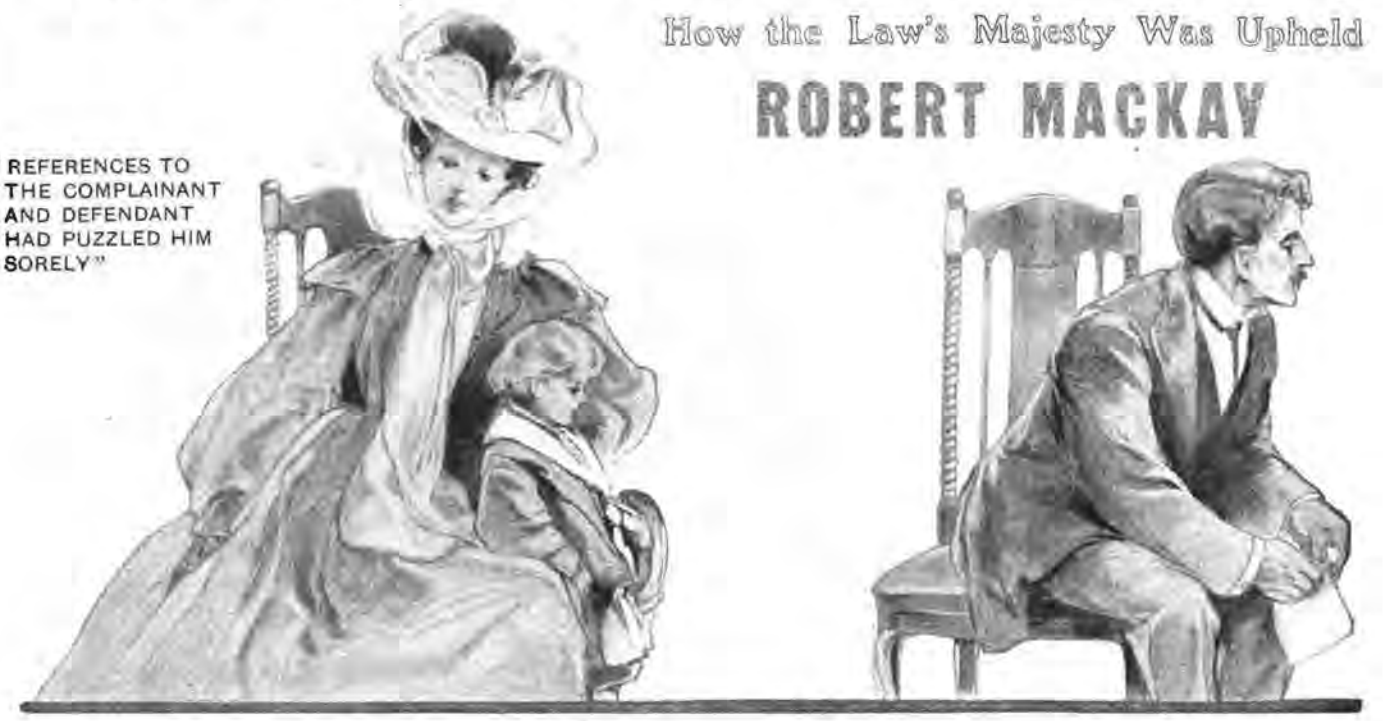
CHARLES W. RAYMOND,
Justice, United States Court, Indian Territory

Twenty-five years ago, Judge Raymond was a factory hand at Onarga, Illinois, earning ninety cents a day. He decided to study law, and has won by sheer merit and nothing else. He has made a specialty of litigation regarding the Indians, which has resulted largely in diminishing the gross frauds that have been practiced of late on helpless red men.

The Case of Brinslay vs. Brinslay

How the Law's Majesty Was Upheld

ROBERT MACKAY



"REFERENCES TO THE COMPLAINANT AND DEFENDANT HAD PUZZLED HIM SORELY"

LITTLE PETE sat and wondered with a wonder through which ran threads of fear and doubt. For some time he had been conscious of something that was constraining his young life and was many degrees removed from the delightful surroundings of his earliest recollections. Just what it was he could not say, and just how it had come about he did not know,—being too blessedly young,—but the influence remained. His mental nose scented trouble, so to speak.

There are some scientists of the psychological sort who aver that children and wild animals have an intuitive or sixth sense, that becomes blunted when, as far as quadrupeds are concerned, the security of domesticity renders it needless, and, in the case of bipeds, it is replaced by the powers of adult reason. This same sense is the one that causes coming events to "cast their shadows before," as we who grudgingly recognize the remnants of its existence within us are accustomed to say. "A touch of liver," explains the family practitioner, when you tell him of your forebodings. "Swear off!" suggests your nearest friend, when you relate your belief that "something is going to happen." "Just nerves!" you say to your wife, when she tells you that she has a sense of impending misfortune. In the meantime there comes a Black Friday in the mercantile world, and then, maybe, you vaguely recall the hints given you by your mysterious and prophetic monitor.

Somehow little Pete felt that the big room in which he and his mother sat—a room with a far distant ceiling, vast windows dimmed by dusty yellow shades and filled with the faces of strange men,—had considerable to do with the uneasy and restless feelings that had been his for months, due wholly to his unknowing and unblunted intuitions. He dumbly understood that the things with which those feelings had to do were about to be brought to an end—or, perchance, a beginning, —in that very room. Feeling, too, that his mother was as much awed and perplexed as he was, he waited until he thought nobody was looking, and cuddled up close to her boa and kissed her ear tip. Mrs. Brinslay squeezed him very hard indeed, and her eyes brightened with sudden tears, which she tried to wink into dryness but could n't.

Little Pete would probably have been more affected by the sight of the tears if he had n't, poor little chap! become more or less accustomed to them. For six months—æons to him,—he had seen them in her eyes almost daily. One morning his father woke him, kissed him many, many times, told him to always love his mother, cried a little, and then left,—not to return. Peter, thereafter, noticed that his beautiful mother was always sad, and that her eyes were more often wet than dry. Likewise, she did n't play with him nearly so much as usual, but she wrote scores of letters and sometimes took him to a building that seemed to touch the clouds, where, at the end of a dizzy trip in an elevator, they entered a room and his mother talked and talked to a big man with a pointed beard. Although Peter knew, in his unknowing way, that his father was mixed up with these talks, and although he also heard the big man use such words as "action," "separation," "alimony," and "neglect," he necessarily did not understand what they meant.

In the meantime he missed his father. He plied his mother with questions as to where his father had gone, and why he did n't return, and she replied mostly with hugs and sobs and tears,—unsatisfactory and disturbing elements to be used in filling, with the "dawn's advancing fires," a baby's brain.

Little Pete saw that the big room was filling with yet more strange faces. To his right was a row of queer-looking boxed-in seats, in front of which stood a fierce giant, uniformed, glittering with buttons, black-whiskered, and loud-voiced. These seats were presently taken by a lot of men who stared at Pete and his mother in a way which the little fellow thought was rather rude. Next came the big man with the pointed beard, who shook hands with the mother and patted the boy reassuringly on the head. With him came another man whom Peter remembered having also seen in the sky-cleaving building. He also shook hands with the mother, but ignored her son, whereat the latter felt aggrieved.

The room continued to fill, and little Pete noted that most of the other people in it were outside of a long railing, inside of which he and his mother and the big man were sitting. He saw, also, at a long table, a number of men who were armed with pencils and large pads of white paper. Two or three of them stared hard at Peter and his mother, and then turned to their pencils and paper and made marks, and again looked up and stared. Peter's mother dropped her veil softly, and told him to look at the people in the back of the room.

Then came more uniformed giants, one of whom commanded silence and the removal of hats. Little Pete nudged his mother, who did not seem to have heard the order. There was silence, indeed,—silence that sent a thrill of awe through little Pete, a chill of awe that turned to genuine fear when a tall, serious man, with a heavy, white mustache, entered from a side door and took his seat under a great red canopy. Before him was a high desk, over which the judge, as the man proved to be, could just be seen by little Pete if he cautiously slid off his chair and tiptoed just a little bit. Pete got one look, and slid back again. He rubbed his little hands together and placed them between his knees. He hunched his back once or twice, and tried to look pleasant, but the foreboding of awful mystery weighed heavily on him. What was this great, thundering, all-important man going to do to him, —to his mother? What was this awful silence? Why did those grim, strong-chested giants glare at every one save the thundering man, as if even to smile or to breathe were a crime?

Little Pete squirmed and swallowed an awful lump. Then he turned his face up to his mother's, just in time to see her give vent to a little gasp, while her hand, which had rested on his arm, tightened, so that he nearly cried out with pain. Chancing, at that moment, to look toward the boxed-in seats, to his great joy and amazement he saw, sitting near them and inside the railing, his long lost and much missed father.

The whirl of joy and excitement that surged through him, as he made the discovery, prevented him from taking instant action. By the time that he had recovered himself somewhat, and had softly,—oh, so softly, for fear that he might disturb that mighty legal silence!—whispered the news to his mother, preparatory to making an instant loving dash at his father, something happened that stayed his purpose. There uprose before him one of the giants, who looked directly at him and bellowed out:—

"Silence in court! No talking!"

The stern-faced judge also joined the interruption by rapping on his desk with a wooden mallet,—rapping directly at Peter, so the boy thought. Under the circumstances he thought that the best thing to do was to restrain his desire to throw his arms around his father's neck until the giant and the judge should cease their personalities. Evidently his mother thought likewise, for she whispered to him to keep quiet and to remain close to her. Yet, while he obeyed, he was none the less puzzled by the incomprehensible situation. True, his father was smiling at him, and he dared to smile back, but—Peter gulped,—the idea of only giving him smiles when hugs and loving words and scores of questions about being a good boy and what he had been doing were clearly due after such a long separation! Even that smile of his father was somewhat peculiar. It did n't set little Pete to giggling in anticipation of the fun that should have followed, or send his blood spinning gleefully through his young veins, as usual. On the contrary, it made him feel much as he did when "Rags," his Skye terrier, came home dangling a broken and bloody leg, the result of an attempt to nip a passing trolley car.

Little Pete was about to confide his mixed emotions to his mother, when again came the sharp "rap-rap-rap" of the little mallet, and the judge said something about a calendar. Then there came a confused period in which men crowded toward the judge's desk, shutting Peter's father from the son's sight, while somebody somewhere droned out coupled names to which came snapping monosyllabic replies. Suddenly Peter heard the unseen call out his own name.

"Brinslay *versus* Brinslay," chanted the voice.

The big man with the pointed beard jumped to his feet and shouted:—

"Ready!"

From somewhere in the direction of his father, Peter heard, like a muffled echo:—

"Ready!"

Then the men with the pencils, at the long table, glanced curiously at Peter's mother. Two of them rose and approached the man with the pointed beard.

"Will you go on with the case to-day?" one asked.

"Yes."

"Thanks! May we speak to Mrs. Brinslay?"

"No," said the big man, decidedly; "can't you see that I have all that I can do to keep her up to concert pitch? Drop into my office after court. I may have something to say."

Little Pete, with the sharp ears of childhood, had overheard these words, but remained unenlightened. The cloud of uneasy mystery that hung over his world seemed to thicken and choke him. The reporters retired, the crowd in front of the judicial bench gradually thinned, the drone of the clerk grew slower, and at length ceased, and little Pete once more caught sight of his sadly smiling father.

"Silence in the court!"

There was a hushing of the vocal hum, a sound of people settling themselves comfortably and expectantly, a rustling of papers, a subdued slam of distant doors, and then—that awful legal silence.

Little Pete's heart began to beat thick and quick, as his sixth sense warned him of the imminency of some great event. There was a pause while the judge looked over and signed some documents. The big man looked at the man who was sitting beside Peter's father, and motioned him to a corner. There they began to talk earnestly, but in whispers. Peter looked at his father. Mr. Brinslay was staring hard at a spot of spring sunlight that had managed to evade the grime of the windows and the barring of the dusty shades and was dancing joyously over the judge's head.

Little Pete looked at his mother, who, still veiled, was sitting motionless, apparently looking at the floor; and he saw through the veil great, piteous tears rolling slowly and unheeded down her cheeks.

"Brinslay *versus* Brinslay," again intoned the clerk.

"Ready!" returned the big man with the beard and the other man in unison. The judge's gavel gave a pistol-like crack, and Peter heard his mother give a little distressful cry. The two lawyers turned, and, prior to opening the case, began a hasty low-toned conference with the judge.

Then little Pete glanced at his mother, and, seeing her still crying softly, forgot all,—forgot the big room, the stern white-whiskered man whom everybody seemed to fear, the fierce faces and imposing uniforms of the giants, and the crowd of strange faces,—and knew only that she, his beloved mother, was hurt or frightened, that he, Peter Brinslay, did not seem able to help her, and that evidently his father did n't know anything about the matter, or he would—well, he would do just as he used to do before he went away. He would put one arm around mother's waist and lift up her face and call her "dear" and "sweetheart," and kiss her first on one cheek and then on the other. Obviously it was Peter's duty to acquaint his father with his mother's distress.

The lawyers had just finished their talk with the judge, and were in the act of returning to their respective clients, when little Pete's clear, bird-like voice broke the monotony.

"Papa!"

No power on earth could have made him keep back that word. He just had to say it, and, had he been possessed of a prideful nature, he would have been very much gratified by the sensation that he had created. The judge's gavel went up instinctively, but remained poised in the air. "Silence!" roared the giant, but he failed to complete his warning. The lawyers, lacking precedent, acted not, but stood still, eying each other resolutely.

But little Pete had lost all regard for court decorum, and naught did he care because the wheels of a mighty metropolitan mill of justice had been clogged by his tears and sobs. Again and insistent—as it was to be fateful,—came the little fellow's voice:—

"Papa! Mamma wants you, papa. She's crying."

He had got quickly down from his seat and was struggling blindly in the direction of his father. A great tremor shook the frame of the man as he rose to help his little boy. Pete stumbled over a chair, and a stalwart officer whose own dear ones were more to him than life or law picked the little fellow up and placed him in his father's arms. Mr. Brinslay kissed the boy warmly, and dried away his tears with consoling whispers. Mrs. Brinslay sank back quietly in her chair and as quietly fainted.

Mr. Brinslay bade his son return to his mother, who was being attended by her lawyer and a couple of sympathetic but curious women of the audience. As Mr. Brinslay saw this he instinctively rose, but was restrained by his legal adviser.

"She's in good hands," he said, "and will be all right, presently; we must not forget the purpose for which we are here."

So little Pete's father, with a sigh of relief, resumed his seat, and the wheels of justice began to revolve again. Then the mother regained consciousness, but it was evident that it would be some time before she could take the witness stand. Her lawyer asked for a brief adjournment, which, the other side consenting, was granted. Mother and son retired to the anteroom.

Mr. Brinslay remained in court, looking white and haggard. His lawyer suggested a walk through the courthouse corridors, but he would have none of it. When, at the end of an hour, the lawyer with the pointed beard reported that his client was still in a state of collapse, and unable to testify, Peter's father looked a little paler, and sent a polite message to the invalid to the effect that Mr. Brinslay regretted to hear of the indisposition of Mrs. Brinslay, and trusted that she would soon recover. And Peter's mother sent a reply to Peter's father,—that she thanked him, and felt better.

The time for adjournment of the court for luncheon drew near, and still the Brinslay *versus* Brinslay suit for separation had not been opened. There came a lull in the business of the bench, and the court gazed long and thoughtfully at the waiting defendant. The exigencies of his office had molded his features into austere rigidity, yet in his eyes were still the traces of human kindness, and beneath the sterner lines of the mask were others that bespoke a knowledge of and a sympathy for human weaknesses. As he looked at Peter's father, this higher and tenderer side of his nature seemed to be made more manifest.

Finally the judge sent a court officer to the lawyer for the defense, and yet another to the lawyer for the complainant. With them he talked earnestly. When the court, at length, did adjourn, the case was still in abeyance, and the principals to it, including little Pete, accepted an invitation to meet the judge in his chambers. Little Pete, still bewildered, but somewhat pleasantly conscious of a near-at-hand rift in the fog of unhappiness, gravely kissed his father, and as gravely shook the proffered hand of the judge. The great fear-brooding man seemed to have lost his thunder and had turned into something of a child himself. Little Pete took a position between the chairs of his parents, but rather nearer his mother than his father,—and waited.

He did not have to wait long. The judge, in a fatherly sort of fashion, sitting behind his desk, began to talk directly to the principals in the case. He said, among other things, that an officer of the law is bound by his oath to discourage litigation, provided the majesty of the law is not offended by such discouragement. After his conversation with counsel, he felt that the pending case was one on which he could legitimately endeavor to prevent an appeal to the courts. His experience told him that many similar actions arise from mutual misunderstandings rather than from any intent of either of the parties to forswear his or her vows made at the altar. A person charged with wrongdoing would, if innocent and of a proud and sensitive disposition, be very likely to accept the stigma rather than attempt to prove his probity. That is human nature. Such a silence would naturally be construed into an admission of guilt. Without the interposition—wise interposition,—of others, a situation of affairs such as described might and probably would lead to the permanent wreck of otherwise useful and happy lives. It seemed to him that this situation was indicated in the case of Brinslay *versus* Brinslay. The neglect charged, so it would appear, might readily be explained away, or, at all events, the defendant to the suit might be brought to acknowledge that actions not of an intentionally neglectful nature are, nevertheless, unjustifiable and uncalled-for, when viewed from the complainant's standpoint. The cruelty of the court was admittedly of a technical nature, and need not be considered in this connection.

Here the court spoke of the need of young married people learning to bear and forbear, especially in the beginning of those years when life shared with another is commencing in earnest, when little ones begin to add to the joys and burdens of the household, and when existence in general is undergoing a season of reconstruction. Lastly, he asked them to consider their own future and the future of their child, if the action should be begun and completed.

Little Pete had listened intently to his honor's remarks. True, he understood none of them, for only a faint gleam of the admonition that was being meted out to two intelligent adults found its way to his little brain. The references to the complainant and the defendant had puzzled him sorely. He did n't know any people with those names. Yet he gathered, in a sort of way, that his father and mother were the objects of the talk, and he did n't like the court any better because every now and then his mother put her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbed quietly. Once or twice he would have liked to cuddle close to her and fall asleep, he was so tired of exerting his mind to grasp even the tiniest thread of the motive of that mystery. He was tired of that long but eminently dignified verbiage of legal majesty. Once or twice he thought of "Rags," and once or twice hunger touched him. Again, in the midst of it all, wearying of the strain, he forgot all but his mother's distress and his father's presence. Once more he slid off his chair, and, walking close to his father, said:—

"Papa, mamma's crying and wants you."

Mr. Brinslay rose to his feet and looked at his wife. After an instant's hesitation she extended her hand to him. Little Pete took his father by one hand and then grasped the outstretched hand of his mother.

The big man with the pointed beard arose from the corner where he had been sitting. There was an unmistakable tremor in his voice as he thus addressed the court:—

"Your honor, the complainant moves that the case be dismissed."

The judge simply nodded his head.

Ode to a Crumb

BURGES JOHNSON

I will seek you through the room with my broom,
Little crumb.
Ha! Have at thee! To thy doom,
Now succumb!
You were meant for something greater,—
You'd a nobler *raison d'être*
Than the curses of the waiter,
Little crumb.

For in realms of literature you endure,
Little crumb;
And to social status sure
You have come.
Table cloth and silver tray,
Scraper, brush and napkin gay
Toil for you three times a day,
Little crumb.

But you were my childhood's foe, long ago,
Little crumb;
My betrayer, even though
You were dumb,—
And in bed, when I dared eat,
You would creep around the sheet
And all night annoy my feet,
Little crumb.

Insignificant and small, as you fall,
Little crumb,
And of no account at all
Unto some;
I am sure Goliath was
Half your size, for, dear me, Suz!
Mighty is as mighty does,
Little crumb.

"A MAN DARTED FROM THE ROADSIDE, FLUNG UP HIS ARMS, AND BEGAN TO SHRIEK OUT"

The Plum Tree

The Confessions of a Politician

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

PART FIVE*

FROM St. Louis I went directly to Burbank.

His heart had been set upon a grand speech-making tour. He was fond of wandering about, showing himself to cheering crowds, and he had a deep, and by no means unwarranted, confidence in his platform magnetism. At first I had been inclined to give him his way, but, the more I considered the matter, the stronger seemed to become the force of the objections,—it takes a far bigger man than was Burbank not to be cheapened by "steeple-chasing for votes;" also, the coming of the candidate causes jealousies and heartburnings over matters of precedence, reception, and entertainment among the local celebrities, and so he often leaves the party lukewarm where he found it enthusiastic. Further, it uses up the local campaign money that ought to be spent at the polls. I decided against the tour and for the highly expensive but always admirable and profitable "pilgrimage plan."

Burbank's own home was at Rivington, and I should have had him visited there had it not been on a single-track branch railway which could not handle without danger and discomfort the scores of thousands we were planning to carry to and from him almost daily. So, it was given out that he purposed, as far as possible, to withdraw from the strife of the campaign and to await the result in the dignified calm in which he wished the voters to determine it. He took—after Woodruff had carefully selected it,—a "retired" house "in the country."

It was in the open country. A farm garden adjoined it on one side, a wheat field on the other, with a large orchard to the rear. The broad meadow in front gave plenty of room for delegations visiting the "standard bearer of the party of patriotism" in his "rural seclusion" to hear his simple, spontaneous words of welcome. But, for all the remote aspect of the place, it was only five minutes' drive and ten minutes' walk from a station through which four big railways passed. One of the outbuildings was changed into a telegraph office from which accounts of the enthusiasm of the delegations and of his speeches could be sent to the whole country. On Burbank's desk, in his little private reception room, stood a telephone that, without danger of leakage, put him into direct communication either with my study at Fredonia or with Doc. Woodruff's private room in the party national headquarters at Chicago. Thus, our candidate, though he seemed to be aloof, was in the very thick of the fray; and the tens of thousands of his fellow citizens, though they seemed to come almost on their own initiative, inspired by uncontrollable enthusiasm for the great statesman, were, in fact, —free excursionists,—and a very troublesome, critical, and expensive lot they were. But—the public was impressed,—it sits in the seat and ignores or forgets that there is a behind-the-scenes.

The party distributed, from various centers, tons of "literature." In addition to meetings arranged by state and local committees, huge demonstrations were held in the cities of the doubtful states. Besides the party's regular speakers, we hired as many "independent" orators as we could. But all these other branches of the public side of the campaign were subsidiary to the work at the "retreat." It might be called the headquarters of the rank and file of the party,—those millions of "principle" voters and workers who were for Burbank because he was the standard bearer of their party. No money or bribes of patronage have to be given to them, but it costs several millions to raise that mass to the pitch of hot enthusiasm which will make each individual in it certain to go to the polls on election day and take his neighbor, instead of staying at home and hoping the party won't lose.

Burbank's work was, therefore, highly important. But the seat of the real campaign was Woodruff's private room in the Chicago headquarters, for there were laid and put in a way of execution the plans for acquiring those elements that, in the doubtful states, have the balance of power between the two opposing and about evenly matched masses of "principle" voters. I just now recalled a talk I had with my wife about that time. She took no interest in politics, rarely spoke of political matters,—and both of us discouraged political talk before the children. One day she said to me: "This campaign of yours and Mr. Burbank's must be costing an awful lot of money."

"A good deal," said I.

"Several millions?"

"This is a big country, and you can't stir it up politically for nothing. Why do you ask?"

"Who gives the money?" she persisted.

"The rich men—the corporations,—give most of it."

"Why?"

"Patriotism," said I,—"to save the nation from our wicked opponents."

"How do Mr. Burbank and the others get it back?" she pursued, ignoring my pleasantry.

"Get what back?"

"Why, the money they advance. They are n't the men to *give* anything."

I answered with a smile only.

She lapsed into thoughtfulness. When I was assuming that her mind had wandered off to something, she said: "The people must be very stupid,—not to suspect."

"Or, the rich men and the corporations are very stupid to give," I suggested.

"Do you mean that they do n't get it back?" she demanded.

"Of course," said I, "their patriotism must be rewarded. We can not expect them to save the country year after year for nothing."

"I should think not!" she said, adding, disgustedly, "I think politics is very silly, and men get excited about it,—but *I* never listen."

When I arrived at the "retreat" from St. Louis, I found Burbank much perturbed because Scarborough had been nominated. He did not say so,—on the contrary, he expressed in sonorous phrases his satisfaction that there was to be "a real test of strength between conservatism and radicalism." He never dropped his pose, even with me, —I suspect not even with himself.

"I confess I do n't share your cheerfulness," said I. "If Scarborough were a wild man, we 'd have a walkover. But he is n't, and I fear he 'll be more and more attractive to the wavering voters and to lots of our own people. Party loyalty has been overworked in the last few presidential campaigns. He 'll go vote-hunting in the doubtful states, but it won't seem undignified. He 's one of those men whose dignity comes from the inside and can't be lost."

Burbank was unable to conceal his annoyance,—he never could bear praise of another man of his own rank in public life. Also, he showed surprise. "Why, I understood—I had been led to believe,—that you—favored his nomination," was his guarded way of telling me he had heard I had a hand in bringing it about.

"So I did," replied I; "he was your only chance. He won't be able to get a campaign fund of so much as a quarter of a million, and the best workers of his party will at heart be against him. Simpson would have had—well, Goodrich could and would have got him enough to elect him."

Burbank's eyes twitched. "I think you 're prejudiced against Senator Goodrich, Harvey," said he, in his gentlest tone; "he is, first of all, a loyal party man."

"Loyal fiddlesticks!" replied I, "he is agent of the 'Wall Street crowd,'—that 's his party. He 's just the ordinary machine politician, with no more party feeling than—than,"—I smiled,—"than any other man behind the scenes."

Burbank dodged this by taking it as a jest,—he always shed my frank speeches as humor. "Prejudice, prejudice, Harvey!" he said, in mild reproof; "we need Goodrich, and—"

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "we do not need him. On the contrary, we must put him out of the party councils. If we do n't he may try to help Scarborough. The senate 's safe, no matter who 's elected president; and Goodrich will rely on it to save his crowd. He 's a mountain of vanity, and the two defeats we 've given him have made every atom of that vanity quiver with hatred of us."

"I wish you could have been here when he called," said Burbank; "I am sure you would have changed your mind."

"When does he resign the chairmanship of the national committee?" I asked. "He agreed to plead bad health and resign within two weeks after the convention."

Burbank gave an embarrassed cough. "Don't you think, Harvey," said he, "that, to soothe his vanity, it might be well for us—for you,—to let him stay on there, —nominally, of course? I know you care nothing for titles."

Instead of being angered by this attempt to cozen me, —by this exhibition of treachery,—I felt only disgust and pity,—how nauseating and how hopeless to try to build up one so blind to his own interests, and so easily fright-

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

"'ELIZABETH, YOU WERE RIGHT WHEN YOU WROTE THAT I WAS A COWARD'"

ened into surrender to his worst enemies! But I spoke quietly to him. "The reason you want me to be chairman—for it is you that wants and needs it, not I.—the reason I *must* be chairman is because the machine throughout the country must know that Goodrich is out and that your friends are in. In what other way can this be accomplished?"

He did not dare try to reply.

I went on: "If he stays at the head of the national committee, Scarborough is elected."

"You are prejudiced, Harvey,—"

"Please do n't say that again, governor," I interrupted, coldly. "I repeat, Goodrich must give place to me, or Scarborough is elected."

"You do n't mean that you would turn against me?" came from him in a queer voice, after a long pause.

"While I was in St. Louis, working to make you president," said I, "you were plotting behind my back,—plotting against me and yourself."

"You were at St. Louis aiding in the nomination of the strongest candidate," he retorted, his bitterness distinct, though guarded.

"Strongest,—yes, but strongest with whom?"

"With the people," he replied.

"Precisely," said I, "but the people are not going to decide this election. The party lines are to be so closely drawn that money will have the deciding votes. The men who organize and direct industry and enterprise,—*they* are going to decide it, and, in spite of Goodrich's efforts, the opposition has put up the man who can't get a penny from them."

He sat folding a sheet of paper again and again. I let him think it out. Finally he said: "I see your point, Harvey, but I practically promised Goodrich—practically asked him to remain."

I waited.

"For the sake of the cause," he went on, when he saw he was to get no help from me, "any and all personal sacrifices must be made. If you insist on having Goodrich's head, I will break my promise, and—"

"Pardon me again," I interrupted. My mood would not tolerate twaddle about "the cause" and "promises" from Burbank,—Burbank, whose "cause," as he had just shown afresh, was himself alone, and who promised everything to everybody and kept only the most advantageous promises after he had made absolutely sure how his advantage lay. "It's all a matter of indifference to me. If you wish to retain Goodrich, do so. He must not be dismissed as a personal favor to me. The favor is to you."

Burbank seemed deeply moved. He came up to me and took my hand. "It is not like my friend Sayler to use the word 'indifference' in connection with me," he said. Then I realized how completely the nomination had turned his head, for his tone was that of a great man addressing his henchman.

I did not keep my amusement out of my eyes. "James," said I, "*indifference* is precisely the word. I should welcome a chance to withdraw from this campaign. I have been ambitious for power, while you want place. If you think the time has come to dissolve our partnership, say the word—and trade yourself off to Goodrich."

He was angry through and through, not so much at my bluntness as at my having seen into his plot to help himself at my expense,—for not even when I showed it to him could he see that it was to his interest to destroy Goodrich. Moral coward that he was, the course of conciliation always appealed to him, whether it was wise or not, and the course of courage always frightened him. He bit his lip and dissembled his anger. Presently he began to pace up and down the room, his head bent, and his hands clasped behind him. After perhaps five minutes he paused to say: "You insist on taking the place yourself, Harvey?"

I stood before him and looked down at him. "Your suspicion is well founded, James," said I. "I have a personal reason, too. I would n't put myself in a position where I should have to ask as a favor what I now get as a right. If I help you to the presidency, I must be master of the national machine of the party, and able to use it with all its power and against *anyone*"—here I looked him straight in the eye,—"who tries to build himself up at the expense of the party—whose welfare it is my province to guard. Personally, we are friends, and it has been a pleasure to me to help elevate a man I like. But there is no friendship in affairs, except where friendship and interest point the same way. It is strange that a man of your experience should expect friendship from me at a time when you are showing that you have n't for me even the friendship of enlightened self-interest."

"Your practice is better than your theory, Harvey," said he, putting on an injured, forgiving look, and using his chest tones. "A better friend never lived than you, and I know no other man who gets the absolute loyalty you get." He looked at me earnestly. "What has changed you?" he asked. "Why are you so bitter and so—so unlike your even-tempered self?"

I waived his question aside. "I am careful to select my friends from among those who can serve me and whom I can therefore serve," I said. "That is the sentimentalism

of the wise. I wish us to remain friends,—therefore, I must be able to be as useful to you as you can be useful to me."

"Goodrich shall go," was the upshot of his thinking. "I'll telephone him this afternoon. Is my old friend satisfied?"

"You have done what was best for yourself," said I, with wholly good-humored raillery, and we shook hands and I went. I was glad to be alone where I could give way to my weariness and disgust, for I had lost all the joy of the combat. The arena of ambition had become to me a ring where men are devoured by the beast-in-man after hideous battles. I turned from it, heartsick. "If only I had less intelligence and less insight," I thought, "so that I could cheat myself as Burbank cheats himself; or, if I had the relentlessness, or the supreme egotism, or whatever else it is that enables great men to trample without a qualm, to destroy without pity, and to enjoy without remorse!"

It became imperative for me to take a brief rest, for my nerves had begun to feel as if some one were gently sliding his fingers along their bared length,—not a pain, but something as fear-inspiring as the sound of the stealthy creep of an assassin moving up behind to strike a sudden and mortal blow. I dismissed business and politics and went away cruising on the lakes with the restful, non-political Sandys. After we had been knocking about perhaps a week, we landed, one noon, at the private pier of the Liscombes, to lunch with them. As Sandys and I strolled toward the front of the house, several people, also guests for lunch, were just descending from a four-seated buckboard. At sight of one of them I stopped short inside, though I mechanically continued to walk toward her. I recognized her instantly,—I think it was the curve of her shoulders, the poise of her head, and her waving jet black hair to confirm. Without the slightest warning there came tumbling and roaring up from some unsuspected depth in me a torrent of longings and regrets, and I suddenly had a clear understanding of my absorption in this wretched game I had been playing year in and year out, with hardly a glance up from the table.

She seemed calm enough as she faced me. Indeed, I could not be sure when she had first caught sight of me, or whether she had recognized me or not until Mrs. Liscombe began to introduce us. "Oh, yes," she interrupted, then, "I remember Senator Saylor very well. We used to live in the same town. We went to the same school." With a friendly smile, she gave me her hand.

What did I say? I do not know, but I am sure I gave no sign of the clamor within. I had not cultivated surface calm all those years in vain. I talked, and she talked,—but I saw only her face, a splendid fulfillment of the promise of girlhood; I hardly heard her words, so greatly was her voice moving me. It was an unusually deep voice for a woman,—sweet, and with a curious carrying quality that made it seem stronger than it was. In figure she was delicate, but radiant of life and health,—aglow, not ablaze. She was neither tall nor short, and was dressed simply, but in the fashion,—I heard the other women discussing her clothes, after she left. She still had the mannerism that was most fascinating to me,—she kept her eyes down while she was talking or listening, and raised them, now and then, with a full, slow look at one.

When Mrs. Liscombe asked her to come to dinner the next evening with the people she was visiting, she said: "Unfortunately, I must start for Washington in the morning. I am overhauling my school and building an addition."

It had not occurred to me to think where she had come from, of how she happened to be there, or of anything in the years since I was last with her. The reminder that she had a school came as a shock,—she was so utterly unlike my notion of the head of a school. I think she saw or felt what was in my mind, for she went on, to me: "I've had it six years, now,—the next will be the seventh."

"Do you like it?" I asked.

"Don't I look like a happy woman?"

"You do," I said, after our eyes had met; "you are."

"There were sixty girls, last year,—sixty-three," she went on. "Next year there will be more,—about a hundred. It's like a garden, and I'm the gardener, busy from morning till night, with no time to think of anything but my plants and flowers."

She had conjured a picture that made my heart ache. I suddenly felt old and sad and lonely,—a forlorn failure. "I, too, am a gardener," I said, "but it's a sorry lot of weeds and thistles that keeps me occupied, and in the midst of the garden is a plum tree—that bears Dead Sea fruit."

She was silent.

"You don't care for politics?" said I.

"No," she replied, and lifted and lowered her eyes in a glance that made me wish I had not asked. "It is, I think, gardening with weeds and thistles, as you say." Then, after a pause, she added: "Do you like it?"

"Don't ask me," I said, with a bitterness that made us both silent thereafter.

That evening I made Fred land me at the nearest town, and in the morning I took an express train for the East. I just missed the train she must have been on. On arriving at Washington I drove straight to Elizabeth Crosby's school. I saw a high iron fence, not obstructing the view from the country road; a long drive under arching maples and beeches; a rambling, fascinating old house upon the crest of a hill; many windows, a pillared porch, and a low, very wide doorway. It seemed like her in its dark, cool, odorous beauty.

She herself was in the front hall, directing some workmen. "Why, Senator Sayler, this *is* a surprise," she said, advancing to greet me. But there was no suggestion of surprise in her tone or her look,—only a friendly welcome to a casual acquaintance whom she had accidentally met.

She led the way into the drawing-room to the left. The furniture and pictures were in ghostly draperies; everything was in confusion. We went on to a side veranda and seated ourselves. She looked inquiringly at me.

"I do not know why," was my answer. "I only know—I had to come."

She studied me calmly. I remember her look, everything about her,—the embroidery on the sleeves and bosom of her blouse and the buckles on her white shoes. I remember, also, that there was a breeze, and how good it felt to my hot face and to my eyes burning from lack of sleep. At length she said: "Well,—what do you think of my little kingdom?"

"It is yours—entirely?"

"House, gardens,—everything. I paid the last of my debts in June."

"I'm contrasting it with my own," I said.

"But that is n't fair," she protested, with a smile. "You must remember, I 'm only a woman."

"With my own," I went on, as if she had not interrupted. "Yours is—yours, honestly got. It makes you proud and happy. Mine"— I did not finish.

She must have seen or felt how profoundly I was moved, for I presently saw her looking at me with an expression I might have resented for its pity from any other than her. "Why do you tell *me* this?" she asked.

"There is always, for every one," was my answer, "some person to whom he shows himself as he is. You are that person for me because—I 'm surrounded by people who care for me for what I can give. Even my children care to a great extent for that reason. It's the penalty for having the power to give the material things all human beings crave. Only two persons ever cared—cared much,—for me just because I was myself. They were my mother—and you."

She laughed in quiet raillery. "Two have cared for you, but you have cared for only one. And what devotion you have given him!"

"I have cared for my mother,—for my children,—"

"Yes,—your children," she admitted; "I forgot them."

"And—for you."

She made what I thought a movement of impatience.

"For you," I repeated. "Elizabeth, you were right when you wrote that I was a coward."

She rose and stood—near enough to me for me to catch her faint, elusive perfume,—and gazed out into the distance.

"In St. Louis, the other day," I went on, "I saw a man who has risen to power greater than I can ever hope to have, and he got it by marching erect in the open."

"Yet you have everything you used to want," she said, dreamily.

"Yes,—everything, but only to learn how worthless what I wanted was; and for this trash, this dirt, I have given—all I had that was of value."

"All?"

"All," I replied,—"your love and my own self-respect." I looked at her across the gulf between us.

"Why do you think you 've not been brave?" she said, after a while.

"Because I 've won by fraud. Because I 've played on the weaknesses and fears of men, which my own weaknesses and fears enabled me to understand."

"But now that you see," she said, earnestly, "you will—you will not go on?"

"I do n't know. Is there such a thing as remorse without regret?" Then my self-control went and I let her see what I had commanded myself to keep hid. "I only know clearly one thing, Elizabeth,—only one thing matters,—*you* are the whole world to me. You and I could have—What could we not do together!"

Her color slowly rose, and slowly vanished. The look that stopped me was calm and cold. "Was *that* what you came to tell me?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, not flinching.

"*That* is the climax of your moralizings?"

"Yes," I answered, "and of my cowardice."

A little icy smile just changed the curve of her lips. "When I was a girl you won my love,—or took it when I gave it to you, if you prefer, and then—you threw it away. For an ambition you were n't brave enough to pursue honorably, you broke my heart."

"Yes," I answered, "but—I loved you."

"And now," she went on, "after your years of self-indulgence, and of getting what you wanted, no matter about the cost, you see me again. You find I have mended my heart and have coaxed a few flowers of happiness to bloom again. You find there was something you did not destroy, something you think it will make you happier to destroy."

"Yes," I answered, "I came to try to make you as unhappy as I am, for I love you."

She drew a long breath. "Well," she said, evenly, "for the first time in your life you are to be defeated. I learned the lesson you so thoroughly taught me, and I built the wall round my garden high and strong. You—" she smiled a little in raillery, a little in scorn,—"you can't break in, Harvey,—or slip in."

"No need," I said, "for I *am* in.—I 've always been in."

Her bosom rose and fell quickly, and her eyes shifted, but that was for an instant only. "If you were as brave as you are bold!" she scoffed.

"If I were as brave without you as I should be with you!" I replied. Then I added: "But you love as a woman loves,—herself first, the man afterwards."

"Harvey Sayler, denouncing selfishness!" she mocked.

"Do not scoff," I said, "for—I love you as a man loves."

I saw her tremble, and then she was once more straight and strong and calm.

"You have come. You have tried. You have failed," she went on, after a long pause,—and, in spite of her ef-

forts, that deep voice of hers was gentle and wonderfully sweet. "Now—you will return to your work, I to mine." She moved toward the entrance to the drawing-room, I following her. We stood in silence at the front doorway, waiting for my carriage to come up. I watched her,—maddeningly mistress of herself. "How can you be so cold!" I exclaimed. "Do n't you see, do n't you feel, how I, who love you, suffer?"

Without a word she stretched out her beautiful, white hands, long and narrow and strong. In each of the up-turned palms were four deep and bloody prints where her nails had been crushing into them.

Before I could look into her face she turned and was rejoining her workmen. As I stood uncertain, dazed, she glanced at me with a bright smile. "Good-by again," she called; "a pleasant journey!"

"Thank you," I replied; "good-by!"

While driving toward the outer gates, I looked at the house many times, from window to window,—everywhere. Not a glimpse of her did I get until I was almost at the road again. Then I saw her back,—the graceful white dress, the knot of blue-black hair, the big white hat, and her directing her workmen with her closed white parasol.

* * * * * * *

I found confusion and gloom at our headquarters in New York City. Senator Goodrich had subtly given the impression, not only to the workers but also to the newspaper men, who had given it to the public, that with his resignation the Burbank campaign would fall to pieces. "I fear you 'll have some difficulty in getting any money at all down town," said Revell, the senior senator from New York State, who envied and hated Goodrich, and was, therefore, if not for personal reasons, amiably disposed toward me. "They do n't like our candidate."

"Naturally," said I; "that 's why he 's running, and that 's why he may win."

"Of course, he 'll carry everything here in the East. The only doubt was in this state, but I had no difficulty in making a deal with the opposition machine as soon as they had sounded Scarborough and had found that, if he should win, there 'd be nothing in it for them,—nothing but trouble. I judged he must have thrown them down hard, from their being so sore. How do things look out West?"

"Bad," said I. "Our people have had lots of idle time these last four years. They 've done too much thinking."

"You need money?" asked Revell, lengthening his sly, smug old face.

"We must have four millions, at least, and we must get it from those people down town."

He shook his head.

"I think not," was my careless reply. "When they wake up to the danger to business in Scarborough 's election,—that is, to them,—they 'll give me twice four millions, if I ask it."

"What do you wish *us* to do?"

"Nothing except to look after these Eastern States. We 'll take care of the West and of raising the money here for our October campaign out there."

"Can I be of any service to you in introducing you down town?" he asked.

"No, thank you," said I. "I have a few acquaintances there. I 'm not going to fry any fat, this trip, for my fire is 'nt hot enough yet."

I did not. I only called on two of the big bankers and four heads of industrial combinations and one controller of an ocean-to-ocean railway system. I stayed a very few minutes with each, just long enough to set him thinking and inquiring what the election of Scarborough would mean to him and to his class generally. "If you 'll read his speeches," said I to each, "you 'll see he intends to destroy your kind of business, and that he regards it as brigandage. He 's honest, afraid of nothing, and an able lawyer, and he can't be fooled or fooled with. If he 's elected, he 'll carry out his programme, senate or no senate, —and no matter what happens in the stock market."

I returned to Fredonia and sent Woodruff East to direct a campaign of calamity-howling in the eastern press, for the benefit of the New York, Boston, and Philadelphia "captains of industry." At the end of ten days I recalled him, and sent Roebuck to Wall Street to confirm the fears and alarms Woodruff 's campaign had roused. Meanwhile, in the West, I was spending the money I had been able to collect from the leading men of Minnesota, Illinois, Ohio, and Western Pennsylvania,—except a quarter of a million from Howard, of New York, to whom we gave the vice-presidential nomination for that sum, and about half a million more given by several eastern men to whom we promised cabinet offices and posts abroad. I put all this money—not far from two millions,—into our "campaign of education" and those inpourings of delegations upon Burbank at his "rural retreat." To attempt to combat Scarborough 's popularity with the rank and file of his own party was hopeless. I contented myself with restoring order and arousing enthusiasm in the wavering ranks of the main body of our partisans in the doubtful and uneasy states. Even at that comparatively simple task we should not have succeeded but for the fortunate fact that most partisans refuse to hear anything from the other side,—they regard reasoning as disloyalty,—which, curiously enough, it often is. Then, too, few newspapers in the doubtful states printed the truth about what Scarborough and his supporters were saying and doing. The cost of this to us—direct money cost, I mean—was very little. The big papers and news associations were big properties, and their rich proprietors were interested in enterprises to which Scarborough 's election would bring disaster; and many of the smaller papers, normally of the opposition, were dependent upon those same enterprises for the advertising that kept them alive.

Perhaps the most far-sighted—certainly, as the event showed, the most fortunate,—single stroke of my campaign was delivered in Illinois. That state was vital to our success, and it was also the one of the doubtful states where, next to his own Indiana, Scarborough 's chances were best. I felt that we must put a heavy handicap on his popularity there. I had noticed that in Illinois the violently radical wing of the opposition was very strong. So I sent Merriweather to strengthen it still further. I hoped he could make its members strong enough to put through their party 's state convention a platform that would be a scarecrow to timid voters in Illinois and throughout the West, and I wished for a "wild man" as the candidate for governor, but I did n't hope it, though I told Merriweather one must be nominated. Curiously enough, my calculations of the probabilities were just reversed. The radicals were beaten on the choice of a platform, but, thanks to a desperate effort of Merriweather 's in "coaxing" rural delegates, a frothing, wild-eyed political dreamer got the nomination,—and never opened his mouth in the campaign that he did n't drive voters away from his party ticket.

When Roebeck and I descended upon Wall Street, on October 16, three weeks before the election, I had everything in readiness for my final and real campaign.

Throughout the doubtful states, Woodruff was in touch with local machine leaders of Scarborough 's party, with corruptible labor and fraternal order leaders, and with every other element that, for a cash price, would deliver a body of voters on election day. Also, he had arranged in those states for the right sort of election officers at upward of five hundred polling places, at least half of them places where several hundred votes could be shifted without danger or suspicion. Also, Burbank and our corps of "spellbinders" had succeeded beyond my hopes in rousing partisan passion, but here, again, part of the credit belongs to Woodruff. Never before had there been so many free barbecues, distributions of free uniforms, and arrangings of those expensive parades in which the average citizen delights. The wise Woodruff spent nearly one third of my "education" money in this way.

One morning I found him laughing over the bill for a grand state rally at Indianapolis,—about thirty-five thousand dollars, as I remember the figures. "What amuses you?" said I.

"I was thinking what fools the people are, never to ask themselves where all the money for these free shows comes from, and why those who give are willing to give so much, and how they get it back. What an ass the public is, especially when it imagines it has thought out something and lets fly with its heels!"

The other part of the work of preparation—getting the Wall Street whales in condition for the "fat-frying,"—was also finished. The Wall Street Roebuck and I adventured was in a state of quake from fear of the election of "the scourge of God," as our subsidized socialist and extreme radical papers had dubbed Scarborough,—and what invaluable campaign material their praise of him did make for us!

We went from office to office, among the great men of commerce, industry, and finance. We were received with politeness, deferential politeness, everywhere, but not a penny could we get. Everywhere came the same answer: "We can not see our way clear to contributing just yet. But, if you will call early next week,—say, Monday or Tuesday,"—four or five days away—"we 'll let you know what we can do." We found the most ardent eagerness to placate us and to keep us in good humor, but not a cent—until Monday or Tuesday!

When I heard "Monday or Tuesday" for the third time, my suspicions were rising. When I heard it for the fifth time, I understood. Wall Street was negotiating with the other side, and would know the result by Monday, or, at the latest, Tuesday,—what other explanation could there be for delay in such a crisis?

I did not dare communicate my suspicions to my "dear friend," Roebuck. As it was, with each refusal I had seen his confidence in me sink; if he should get an inkling how near to utter disaster I and my candidate were, he would be upon me like a tiger upon his trainer when he slips. I reasoned out my course while we were descending from the fifth "king's" office to our cab,—if the negotiations with the opposition should be successful, I would not get a cent; if they should fail, Wall Street would be frantic to get its contributions into my hand; therefore, the only sane thing to do was to go West, and make such preparations as I could against the worst.

"Let 's go back to the Holland," said I to Roebuck, in a weary, bored tone. "These people are a waste of time. I 'll start home to-night, and, when they see in the morning papers that I 've left for good, they may come to their senses. But they 'll have to hunt me out. I 'll not go near them again. And, when they come dragging themselves to you, do n't forget how they 've treated us to-day."

Roebuck was silent, glancing furtively at me now and then, but not knowing what to think. "How is it possible to win without them?" he finally said. "This demagogue Scarborough has set the people crazy. I can't imagine what possesses these men of property with interests throughout the country. They are inviting ruin."

I smiled. "My dear Roebuck," I replied, "do you suppose I 'm the man to put all my eggs into one basket,—and that basket Wall Street 's?" I refused to talk politics any more with him. We dined together, I calm and in the best of spirits; we went to a musical farce, and he watched me glumly as I showed my lightness of heart. Then I went alone, at midnight, to the Chicago Express sleeper,—to lie awake all night staring at the phantoms of ruin that moved in dire panorama before me. In every great affair, there is a crisis at which one must stake all upon a single throw. I had staked all upon Wall Street.

Without its contributions, Woodruff's arrangements could not be carried out.

When I descended at the Fredonia Station, I found De Milt waiting for me. He had news that was, indeed, news. I shall give it here more consecutively than my impatience for the event permitted him to give it to me.

About ten days before, a paragraph in one of Burbank's "pilgrimage" speeches had been twisted by the reporter so that it seemed a personal attack upon Scarborough. As Burbank was a stickler for the etiquette of campaigning, he not only sent out a denial and a correction, but also directed De Milt to go to Scarborough's home at Saint X, Indiana, and convey the explanation in a personal message. De Milt arrived at Saint X at eight in the evening. As he was leaving the parlor car he saw a man emerge from its drawing-room, make a hasty descent to the platform, hurriedly engage a station hack, and drive away. De Milt had an amazing memory for identities,—something far rarer than memory merely for faces. He was convinced that he knew the man; and, being shrewd and quick of thought, he jumped into a hack and told the driver to follow the hack which was just disappearing. After a few minutes' driving he saw it turn in at a gateway. "Whose place is that?" he asked.

"The old Gardiner Homestead," was the answer. "President Scarborough lives there."

De Milt did not discuss this rather premature entitling of Senator Scarborough. He said: "Oh,—I've made a mistake!" descended, and sent his hack away. Scarborough's house was quiet, with not a soul about, and lights in only a few windows. De Milt strolled in at the open gates, and, keeping out of view, made a detour of the gardens, the lay of which he could see by the starlight. He was soon in line with the front door,—his man was parleying with a servant. "Evidently he's not expected," thought my chief of publicity.

Soon his man entered. De Milt, keeping in the shadows, moved round the house until he was close under open windows from which came light and men's voices. Peering through a bush he saw at a table-desk a man whom he recognized as Senator Scarborough. Seated opposite him, with a very uneasy, deprecating expression on his face, was John Thwing, president of the Atlantic and Western System and Senator Goodrich's right-hand man and brother-in-law.

De Milt could not hear what Thwing was saying, so careful was that experienced voice to reach only the ears for whom its insinuating subtleties were intended. But he saw a puzzled look come into Scarborough's face, and heard him say: "I do n't think I understand you, John."

Thwing unconsciously raised his voice in his reply, and De Milt caught—"satisfactory assurances from you that these alarming views and intentions attributed to you are false, and they 'll be glad to exert themselves to elect you."

Scarborough smiled. "Impossible!" he said; "very few of them would support *me* in any circumstances."

"You are mistaken, Hampden," was Thwing's answer. "On the contrary, I assure you they will—"

Scarborough interrupted with an impatient motion of his head. "Impossible!" he repeated; "but, in any case, why should they send you to me? My speeches speak for themselves. Surely no intelligent man could fancy that my election would mean harm to any legitimate business, great or small, east or west. You 've known me for twenty years, Thwing. You need n't come to me for permission to reassure your friends,—such of them as you can honestly reassure."

"Still you do n't quite follow me," was Thwing's reply. "You 've said some very disquieting things against some of my friends,—of course, they understood that the exigencies of campaigning, the necessity of rousing the party spirit, the—"

Thwing stopped short; De Milt held his breath. Scarborough was leaning forward, and was holding Thwing's eyes with one of those looks that grip. "Do you mean," he said, "that, if I 'll assure these friends of yours that I do n't mean what I said, they 'll buy me the presidency?"

"My dear Hampden," expostulated Thwing, "nothing of the sort, but simply that the campaign fund which Burbank must get to be elected won't go to him, but will be at the disposal of your national committee. My friends, naturally, won't support their enemies."

De Milt, watching Scarborough, saw him lower his head, his face flushing deeply.

"Believe me, Hampden," continued Thwing, "without our support Burbank is beaten, and you are triumphantly elected,—not otherwise. But you know politics; I need n't tell you."

Scarborough stood, and, without lifting his eyes, said, in a voice very different from his strong, clear tones of a few minutes before: "I suppose, in this day, no one is beyond the reach of insult. I have thought I was. I see I have been mistaken, and it is a man who has known me twenty years and has called me *friend* who has taught me the deep meaning of the word 'shame.' The servant will show you the door." He left Thwing alone in the room.

I had made De Milt give me the point of his story as soon as I saw its drift. While he was going over it in detail, I was thinking out all the bearings of Scarborough's refusal upon my plans.

"Has Senator Goodrich seen Governor Burbank yet?" I asked De Milt, in a casual tone, when he had told how he had escaped unobserved in Thwing's wake and had delivered Burbank's message the next morning.

"I believe he's to see him, by appointment, to-morrow," replied De Milt.

So my suspicion was well founded. Goodrich was posting to make peace on whatever terms he could honeyfugle out of my conciliation-mad candidate.

A few minutes later I shut myself in with the long-distance telephone and roused Burbank from bed and from sleep. "I am coming by the first train to-morrow," I said. "I thought you 'd be glad to know that I 've made satisfactory arrangements in New York,—unexpectedly satisfactory."

"That 's good,—excellent," came the reply. I noted an instant change of tone which told me that Burbank had got, by some underground route, news of my failure in New York, and had been preparing to give Goodrich a cordial reception.

"If Goodrich comes, James," I went on, "do n't see him till I 've seen you."

There was a pause, and then he said, in a strained voice: "But I 've made an appointment with him, for nine to-morrow."

"Put him off till noon. I 'll be there at eleven. It 's—imperative."

After another pause he answered: "Very well, Harvey, but we must be careful about him. De Milt has told you how dangerous he is, has n't he?"

"Yes,—how dangerous he tried to be." I was about to add that Goodrich was a fool to permit any one to go to such a man as Scarborough with such a proposition, when I bethought me of Burbank's acute moral sensitiveness and of how it would be rasped by the implication of his opponent's moral superiority. "We 're past the last danger, James. That 's all. Sleep sound. Good night!"

"Good night, old man," was his affectionate reply, in his pose's tone for affection. I could imagine the anger against me snapping in his eyes.

On the train, the next morning, De Milt, who had evidently been doing a little thinking, said, "I hope you won't let it out to Cousin James that I told you Goodrich was coming to see him."

"Certainly not," I replied, not losing the opportunity to win over to myself one so near to my political ward. "I 'm deeply obliged to you for telling me." Presently I went on: "By the way, has anything been done for you for your brilliant work at Saint X?"

"Oh, that 's all right," he said, "I guess Cousin James 'll look after me,—unless he forgets about it." "Cousin James" had always had the habit of taking favors for granted unless reward was pressed for; and, since he had become a presidential candidate, he was looking on a favor done him as a high privilege which was its own reward.

I made no immediate reply to De Milt, but just before we reached the capital I gave him a check for five thousand dollars. "A little expression of gratitude from the party," said I; "your reward will come later." From that hour he was mine, for he had found by personal experience that "the boys" were right in calling me appreciative. I have always held that it is better to ignore a service than to pay with mere words.

Burbank had grown like a fungus, in his own esteem. The adulation of the free excursionists I had poured in upon him, the eulogies in the newspapers, and the flatteries of those about him, eager to make themselves "solid" with the man who might soon have the shaking of the presidential boughs of the plum tree,—this combination of assaults upon sanity was too strong for a man with the vanity of a traitor within. He had convinced his last doubt that he was a "child of destiny." He was resentful lest I might possibly think myself more important than he to the success of the campaign, and his resentment was deepened by the probably incessant reminders of his common sense that all this vast machine, public and secret, could have been set in motion just as effectively for any one of a score of "statesmen" conspicuous in the party.

I saw through his labored cordiality, and it depressed me again,—started me down to those depths of self-condemnation from which I had been held up for a few days by the excitement of the swiftly thronging events and by the necessity of putting my whole mind upon moves for my game.

"I am heartily glad you were successful," he began, when we were alone; "that takes a weight off my mind."

"You misunderstood me, I see," said I; "I have n't got anything from those people in New York—yet. But within a week they 'll be begging me to take whatever I need. Thwing's report will put them in a panic."

His face fell. "Then I must be especially courteous to Goodrich," he said, after thinking intently; "your hopes might be disappointed."

"Not the slightest danger," was my prompt assurance; "and, if you take my advice, you will ask Goodrich how his agent found Senator Scarborough's health, and then order him out. Why harbor a deadly snake that can be of no use to you?"

"But you seem to forget, Harvey, that he is the master of at least the eastern wing of the party, and you see now that he will stop at nothing, unless he is pacified."

"He is the fetch-and-carry of an impudent and cowardly crowd in Wall Street," I retorted. "That is all. When they find he can no longer do their errands, they 'll throw him out. We can have them on our own terms."

We argued, with growing irritation on both sides, and, after an hour or so, I saw that he was hopelessly under the spell of his pettiness and his moral cowardice. He had convinced himself that I was jealous of Goodrich and would sacrifice anything to gratify my hate, and Goodrich's sending an agent to Scarborough had only made him more formidable in his eyes. As I looked in upon his mind and watched its weak, foolish little workings, my irritation rapidly subsided. "Do as you think best," said I, wearily; "but, when he presents the mortgage you are going to give him on your presidency, remember my warning."

He laughed this off, feeling my point only in his vanity, not at all in his judgment. "And how will *you* receive

him, Harvey? He will be sure to come to you next,—must, as you are in charge of my campaign."

"I'll tell him straight out that I'll have nothing to do with him," said I, blandly. "The Wall Street submission to the party must be brought to me by some other ambassador. I'll not help him to fool his masters and to hide it from them that he has lost control."

I could have insisted, and could have destroyed Goodrich,—for Burbank would not have dared disobey me; but the campaign, politics in general, and life itself, filled me with disgust. "What's the use?" I said to myself. "Let Burbank keep his adder. Let it sting him. If it so much as shoots a fang at me, I can crush it." So Burbank lifted up Goodrich and gave hostages to him; and Goodrich, warned that I would not deal with him, made some excuse or other to his masters for sending Senator Revell to me. "See Woodruff," said I to Revell, for I was in no mood for such business; "he knows best what we need."

"They give up too cheerfully," Woodruff said to me, when I saw him, a week or ten days later, and he gave me an account of the negotiations; "I suspect they've paid more before."

"They have," said I, "in two campaigns where they had to elect against hard times."

"But I've a notion our candidate has promised them something privately."

"No doubt," I replied, as indifferently as I felt.

I had intended to make some speeches,—I had always kept the public side of my career in the foreground, and in this campaign my enforced prominence as director of the machine was causing the public to dwell too much on the real nature of my political activity. But I could not bring myself to it. Instead, I set out for home—to spend the time with my children and to do by telephone, as I easily could, such directing of Woodruff as might be necessary.

My daughter Frances was driving me from Fredonia Station. A man darted from the roadside, flung up his arms, and began to shriek out curses at me. If she had not been a skillful driver, we should both have been thrown from the cart. As it was, the horses ran several miles before she got them under control, I sitting inactive because I knew how it would hurt her pride if I should interfere.

When the horses were quiet, she gave me an impetuous kiss that more than repaid me for the strain on my nerves. "You are the dearest papa that ever was," she said, then added: "Who was he? He looked like a crazy man."

"No doubt he is," was my reply, and I began complimenting her on her skill with horses, chiefly to prevent her pressing me about the man. I had heard, and had done, so much lying that I had a horror of it, and tried to make my children absolutely truthful,—my boy Ed. used to think up and do mischief just for the pleasure of pleasing me by confessing. To make my example effective, I was always strictly truthful with them. I did not wish to tell her who the man was, but I instantly recognized, through the disguise of drunken dishevelment, my mutineer, Granby,—less than a year before one of the magnates of the state. My orders about him had been swiftly and literally obeyed. Deserted by his associates, blacklisted at the banks, beset by his creditors, harassed by the attorney-general, his assets chained with injunctions, and his liabilities given triple fangs, he became bankrupt, took to drink, and degenerated into a sot and barroom lounger. His dominant passion was hatred of me; he discharged the rambling and frantic story of his wrongs upon any one who would listen,—and there he was in Fredonia.

I had one of my secretaries telephone the police to look after him; they reported that he had disappeared. The next morning but one my daughter and I went for an early walk. At the turn in the main drive, just beyond view from the lodge, she exclaimed, "Oh, father, *oh!*" and clung to me. Something—like a scarecrow, but not a scarecrow,—was swinging from a limb overhanging the drive. The face was distorted and swollen; the arms and legs were drawn up in sickening crookedness. Before I saw, I knew it was Granby.

I took Frances home, then returned, passing the swaying horror far on the other side of the road. I got the lodgekeeper and he and I went back together. I had them telephone from the lodge for the coroner, and personally saw to it that the corpse should be reported as found in the open woods a long distance from my place. But Granby had left this message" to the public" in his room at the hotel: "Senator Sayler ruined me and drove me to death. I have gone to hang myself in his park. Down with monopoly!" In spite of my efforts this was published throughout the country,—though not in Fredonia. Such of the big opposition papers as were not under our control sent reporters and raked out the whole story, and it was blown up hugely and told everywhere. Our organs retold it, giving the true color and perspective, but my blundering attempt to avoid publicity had put me in too bad a light.

It was the irony of fate,—my power so ludicrously thwarted by a triviality. Within twenty-four hours I realized the danger to our campaign. I sent Woodruff posthaste to the widow. He gave her convincing assurances that she and her children were to be lifted from the slough of poverty into which Granby's drunkenness had thrust them. In return she wrote, at his dictation, and issued an apparently uninspired public statement, exonerating me from all blame for her husband's reverses, and saying that he had been acting strangely for over a year, and had been insane for several months. In brief, I did everything suggested by sincere regret and such skill at influencing public opinion as I had and commanded. But not until my reports began to show the good effects of the

million dollars Woodruff put into the last week of the campaign did I begin to hope again.

It was after midnight of election day before we knew the result, so close were the two most important doubtful states.

Scarborough had swept the rural districts and the small towns. But we had beaten him in the cities, where the machines and other purchasable organizations were powerful. His own state gave him forty-two thousand plurality; Burbank carried our state by less than ten thousand,—and in twenty-four years our majority there in presidential campaigns had never before been less than forty thousand.

By half past one, all in the capital city knew that Burbank had won, and they flocked and swarmed out on the road to his modest "retreat," until perhaps thirty thousand people were shouting, blowing horns, singing, sending up rockets and Roman candles, burning red fire, and lighting bonfires in and near the grounds. I had come down from Fredonia to be in instant touch with Burbank and the whole national machine, should there arise, at the last minute, necessity for bold and swift planning and action. When Burbank finally yielded to the clamors of the mob and showed himself on his porch with us of his immediate associates about him, I for the first time unreservedly admired him, for the man inside seemed at last to swell until the presidential pose he had so long worn prematurely was filled to a perfect fit. In what he said, as well as in the way he said it, there was an unexpected dignity and breadth and force. "I have made him president," I thought, "and it looks as if the presidency has made him a man."

After he finished, Croffut spoke, and Senator Berwick, of Illinois. Then rose a few calls for me. They were drowned in a chorus of hoots, toots, and hisses. Burbank cast a quick glance of apprehension at me,—and again appeared that hidden conviction of my vanity, this time shown in dread lest it should goad me into hating him. I smiled reassuringly at him,—and I can say, in all honesty, that the smile came from the bottom of my heart. An hour later, as I bade him good night, I said:—

"I believe the man and the opportunity have met, Mr. President. God bless you!"

Perhaps it was the unusualness of my speaking with feeling that caused the tears to start in his eyes. "Thank you, Harvey," he replied, clasping my hand in both of his. "I realize now the awful responsibility. I need the help of every friend,—the *true* help of every *true* friend,—and I know what I owe to you just as clearly as if *she* were here to remind me."

I was too much moved to venture a reply. Woodruff and I drove to the hotel together,—the crowd hissing me wherever it recognized me. Woodruff looked first on one side, then on the other, muttering at the people. "The fools," he said to me, with his abrupt, cool laugh,—"just like them, is n't it?—cheering the puppet, but hissing its proprietor!"

I made no answer,—what did it matter? Not for Burbank's position and opportunity, as in that hour of emotion they appeared even to us who knew politics from behind the scenes, and not for the reality of what the sounding title of president seems to mean, would I have changed with him, or would I have paid the degrading price he had paid. I preferred my own position,—if I had bowed the knee, at least it was not to men. As for the hisses, I saw in them a certain instinctive tribute to my power. The mob cheers its servant, but hisses its master.

"Doc.," said I, "do you want to go to the senate instead of Croffut?"

By the flames on the torches on either side I saw his amazement. "Me?" he exclaimed; "why, you forget I've got a past."

"I do," said I, "and so does everyone else; but I know you've got a future."

He drew in his breath hard and leaned back into the corner, where the shadow hid him. At length he said, in a quiet, earnest voice: "You've given me self-respect, senator. I can only say,—I'll see that you never will regret it."

I was hissed roundly at the hotel entrance, between cheers for Croffut and Berwick, and even for Woodruff. But I went to bed in the most cheerful, hopeful humor I had known since the day Scarborough was nominated. "At any rate,"—so I was thinking,—"my president, with my help, will be a man."

[*To be concluded in* SUCCESS MAGAZINE *for March*]

It Was the Privilege of a Friend

AN eminent army officer has a manservant who has been with him a number of years, and who occasionally speaks his mind with a candor that, as he imagines, is warranted by his long service. A friend of the officer, who overheard the servitor's frankness, asked why such familiarity was permitted.

"Well," said the officer, "I hardly look upon James as a valet, but rather as a friend; and, as you know, it is a friend's privilege to tell you things about yourself that you hardly like to think about yourself."

Every Day Is Celebrated as Sunday

FEW people know that other days of the week than the first are being observed as Sunday by some nation or other. The Greeks observe Monday; the Persians, Tuesday; the Assyrians, Wednesday; the Egyptians, Thursday; the Turks, Friday; the Jews, Saturday; and the Christians, Sunday. Thus a perpetual sabbath is being celebrated on earth.

A failure to appreciate his own limitations has enabled many a man to succeed in life.

SUCCESS

A Monthly Home Journal of Inspiration, Progress, and Self-Help

ORISON SWETT MARDEN, *Editor and Founder*

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BOOKS RECEIVED

THE EDUCATION OF THE WAGE-EARNERS, by Thomas Davidson. Ginn and Company, Boston. $1.50.

ELLEN AND MR. MANN, by Gouverneur Morris. The Century Company, New York. $1.25.

THE ART CRAFTS FOR BEGINNERS, by Frank G. Sanford, director of the arts and crafts department of Chautauqua. The Century Company, New York. $1.20, net.

MARY'S GARDEN AND HOW IT GREW, by Frances Duncan. The Century Company, New York. $1.25.

THE RIVER'S CHILDREN, by Ruth McEnery Stuart. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

SONNY, by Ruth McEnery Stuart. The Century Company New York. $1.50.

THE STAYING GUEST, by Carolyn Wells. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

THE SECRET OF POPULARITY, or HOW TO ACHIEVE SOCIAL SUCCESS, by Emily Holt. McClure, Phillips and Company, New York. $1.50.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION BY MUSCULAR EXERCISE, by Luther Halsey Gulics. P. Blakiston's Son and Company, Philadelphia.

JOY PHILOSOPHY, by Elizabeth Towne. Published by the author, Holyoke, Massachusetts. $1.

LITTLE PETER, by Captain Marryat. Dana, Estes and Company, Boston. $1.

DEFENDING THE ISLAND, by James Otis. Dana, Estes and Company, Boston. $1.

THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON, by S. Weir Mitchell. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

PRESIDENTIAL PROBLEMS, by Grover Cleveland. The Century Company, New York. $1.80, net.

A SHORT CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, by Francis Newton Thorne. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. $1.75.

SUSAN CLEGG AND HER FRIEND, MRS. LATHROP, by Anne Warner. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. $1.

LADY SPIDER, by Harriet A. Cheever. Dana, Estes and Company, Boston. 50 cents.

BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK, by George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead and Company, New York. $1.50.

SELF-PROPELLED VEHICLES, by James E. Homans, Thomas Audel and Company, New York. $2.

THE BOSS, by Alfred Henry Lewis. A. S. Barnes and Company, New York. $1.50.

A MANUAL OF PERSONAL HYGIENE, edited by Dr. Walter C. Pyle. $1.50.

MR. KRIS KRINGLE, by S. Weir Mitchell. George W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia.

THE HOMEBUILDERS, by Karl E. Harriman. George W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia,

THE CASTAWAY, by Hallie Erminie Rives. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $1.

DR. BARNARDO, THE FOSTER FATHER OF "NOBODY'S CHILDREN," by Rev. J. H. Scott. S. W. Partridge and Company, London.

PATHS TO POWER, by Floyd B. Wilson. R. F. Fenno and Company, New York.

OLD GORGON GRAHAM, by George Horace Lorimer. Doubleday, Page and Company, New York. $1.50.

SCIENCE OF THE NEW THOUGHT, by E. Whitford Hopkins. The New Thought Book Concern, Bristol, Connecticut. $1.75.

HOW THE KING CAME, by George Hodges. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston. $1.25.

THE MAJESTY OF CALMNESS, by William G. Jordan. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 35 cents.

THE DOINGS OF NANCY, by Evelyn Raymond. Dana, Estes and Company, Boston.

TALES FROM LONGFELLOW, TALES FROM TENNYSON, FATHER TUCK'S ANNUAL. Richard Tuck and Sons, London and New York.

An English writer says:—"The time may come when physicians shall prescribe to a torpid patient so many peals of laughter to be undergone at such and such a time."

The Shameful Misuse of Wealth

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

[*Concluded from page 84*]

tained a license is competent. Many of the most flagrant instances of malpractice and ignorance brought to the attention of the society are the cases of women who have first been treated by midwives."

All this is known to J. Pierpont Morgan, chairman of the executive committee, to W. K. Vanderbilt, to William Waldorf Astor, and to John Jacob Astor, who are mentioned among the benefactors and who are well aware that the hospital accounts show a deficit for the past year of over eighty thousand dollars, (the cost of a few gala dinners given by these four gentlemen whose combined income must be about three hundred thousand dollars a week,) and they know that the very existence of this noble work stands in jeopardy unless help is forthcoming.

No doubt these very rich people have many calls upon their generosity, no doubt they give to many charities, but making due allowance for that, is it not absurd to read over the subscription list for 1904 and find that the largest amount given by any one of the immensely rich women in New York is *twenty dollars?* A Southern woman whose costly *fêtes* and reckless extravagance have made a sensation even in Newport is put down for ten dollars! And the lady whose Newport palace is surrounded by the hundred-thousand-dollar stone wall above mentioned subscribes ten dollars! And *the total amount given by all these rich women* in the sacred name of motherhood is *less than twenty-three hundred dollars!* A sum that any one of them would spend as a detail in her afternoon shopping, say on a new fur coat that she did n't need!

As I said at the start, I wish above all things to be fair in what I am writing, and to avoid exaggeration. I know that nothing is gained by unkind words, whereas much may be done with good-natured though serious appeal. I hope in these articles to make the thoughtful and kind-hearted women of America open their eyes to conditions about them and contrast their own lives with the lives of the poor. I want them to realize what sums are wasted in fashionable mansions, what needs are suffered in the slums. And I say to them: "Come, we will run the whole astounding gamut from palace to sweat-shop from fashionable church to cheap saloon, we will watch the two swarms buzzing, the rich and the poor, and when we know the facts, or some of them, we will use our imagination and think what can be done about it. We will think *for ourselves* and not accept the stale opinions of cold theorists or professional philanthropists. We will think for ourselves, and then—"

Well, it all depends upon the ladies, whether anything is done. Will they, the forceful women of America, interest themselves in these things that vitally concern every American? Will they help in the precious work of forming public opinion? That is what I chiefly hope for, that some of them will give their kind coöperation (if only by pointing out mistakes,) when they realize that this is an honest effort to face and, if may be, to fight certain evils that are growing huge and menacing in our great cities, evils of waste and human sacrifice due to wicked extravagance on the one hand and to degrading wretchedness on the other. And, let me repeat, it all depends upon the women whether anything shall be done about it, for the men are too busy with barter and gain to give heed or care.

[The next article in this series will be entitled, "Children of the Rich and Poor, and the Real Race Suicide."]

So Long As We Look Up We Grow

"THE giraffe once had a short neck,—that was all he had expressed of himself,—but his pasture ran short and he began to reach up for the palm leaves. He reached and looked, and reached again. This exercise stretched his neck, until it is now long enough to reach the palm tops, so it has ceased to grow longer. As long as he kept reaching out his neck kept growing."

As long as we aspire, look up and not down, as long as we keep stretching our minds over great problems, we shall continue to grow.

When Patti was asked why she sang "Annie Laurie," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Home, Sweet Home," and the other old songs rather than anything new, she said: "The people demand the old songs. They prefer them to anything that is to be found in the grand operas. They reach the heart. That is the secret."

For Those Who Laugh

BROKER:—No more margin to put up? Why, when the account was opened you told me you were well off.

LAMBLEIGH:—So I was, but I did n't know it.—"Town Topics."

▲ ▲

"I stand squarely upon my record," said the political candidate. "Well," yelled the little man at the rear end of the hall, "you can hardly be blamed for wantin' to keep the blamed thing from bobbin' up."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

▲ ▲

Mrs. Barron was one of the new "summer folks" and not acquainted with the vernacular. Consequently she was somewhat surprised, upon sending an order for a roast of lamb to the nearest butcher, to receive the following note in reply:—

"Dear Madam:—I am sorry I have not killed myself this week, but I can get you a leg off my brother [The butcher at the farther end of the town.] He 's full up of what you want. I seen him last night with five legs. Yours respectful. George Gunton."—"Youth's Companion."

▲ ▲

"Papa, what is the national bird?"

"It used to be the eagle, my son: but since Roosevelt came in, it 's the stork."—Exchange.

▲ ▲

"The evening wore on," continued the man who was telling the story.

"Excuse me," interrupted the would-be wit; "but can you tell us what the evening wore on that occasion?"

"I do n't know that it is important," replied the story-teller. "But if you must know, I believe that it was the close of a summer day."—Cincinnati "Commercial-Tribune."

▲ ▲

"Johnny," said his mother, severely, "someone has taken a big piece of ginger cake out of the pantry." Johnny blushed guiltily. "Oh, Johnny," she exclaimed, "I did n't think it was in you!"

"It ain't all," replied Johnny; "part of it 's in Elsie."—Exchange.

▲ ▲

"The difference between an old maid and a married woman," says Caustic, "is that one makes some man happy for life and the other does n't." Now guess which is which.—Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

▲ ▲

TEACHER:—Who discovered America?

SMALL BOY:—Dunno.

TEACHER:—Why, I supposed every boy in school knew that.

SMALL BOY:—I did n't know that it was lost.—Detroit "News."

▲ ▲

"Here, sir!" shouted Popley at his seven-year-old, "take that cigar stump out of your mouth. How dare you?"

"Why, when you throwed it away I thought you was done with it," replied the youngster with a surprised air. —Philadelphia "Press."

▲ ▲

FIRST LITTLE GIRL:—Has your sister begun takin' music lessons yet?

SECOND LITTLE GIRL:—She 's takin' somefin' on th' piano, but I can't tell yet whether it 's music or typewritin'.—Exchange.

▲ ▲

An Irishman was painting his barn, and was hurrying his work with all his strength and speed. "What are you in such a hurry for, Murphy?" asked a spectator. "Shure, I want to get through before me paint runs out," was the reply.—Selected.

▲ ▲

SHE (sentimentally):—Would you dare anything for me, dear?

HE (passionately):—Anything, dear.

SHE (rapturously):—Oh, what, for instance?

He hesitated a moment and then—kissed her!

SHE (angrily):—How dared you!—Brooklyn "Life."

▲ ▲

"I 'm afraid, Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher, rather sadly, "that I shall never meet you in the better land."

"Why? What have you been doin' now?"—"Pick-Me-Up."

▲ ▲

"Have you ever had any experience in canvassing for subscription books?" asked the man at the desk.

"No, sir," said the applicant for a job, "but I can put up a good talk."

"Well, take a copy of this work and go and see if you can get an order. I 'll give you half a day to make the trial."

The applicant went away.

In an hour or two he returned.

"What luck?" inquired the man at the desk.

"I 've got an order for this book in full morocco from your wife, sir."

"You 'll do, young man."—Chicago "Tribune."

▲ ▲

FOREIGNER:—What is the significance of the eagle that is stamped on American money?

UNITED STATES CITIZEN:—It is the emblem of its swift flight.—Detroit "Free Press."

▲ ▲

"It is strange," said the minor poet, with an important air, "but there are days that I can not write at all."

"Me, too," replied the plain person, "and Wednesday's the worst of all. I 'most generally write the 'n' before the 'd.'"—"Leslie's Weekly."

The Human Side of Lincoln

FERDINAND COWLE IGLEHART

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S intellect was like a mountain losing its summit in the blue sky. His affections were like the deep, boundless sea. His will, though not impetuous like the storm, was unconquerable as the arm of God. His character was pure as the whiteness of a snowflake. In body, mind, and soul, he was one of the most colossal figures that ever appeared on the stage of time. He was success personified in every particular to the highest degree, in the formation of his individual character and in the rulership of the people. In the midst of tragedies great as were ever enacted in the nation, in the midst of the most complex civilization the world had ever known, he lived an absolutely simple life, ideal in its loyalty and devotion.

Coming out of the White House recently, after a pleasant interview with the President, I asked if there was a man in the building who had been related in any way officially to Mr. Lincoln. A polite newspaper reporter took me to a room and introduced me to Colonel William H. Crook, disbursing officer at the White House, who related some facts illustrating Lincoln's deep affection, and threw new light on the simple life of the great man.

"Colonel," I said, "the world is anxious to hear new incidents about Lincoln. Would you object to telling me some of the things you heard him say and saw him do, that have not made their way into print?"

"Nothing," he replied, "would give me more pleasure than to talk about the man I loved so well."

"How long have you been employed at the White House?" I asked.

"Continuously for forty years."

"What were your relations with President Lincoln?'

"When a young man in Maryland, before the Civil War," he said, "I joined a military company which selected a new flag. Every member but myself went into the Southern Confederacy. The old flag was good enough for me, and I came to Washington and enlisted in the District Volunteers in which regiment I served for three months. In 1863, I was put on the police force of the capital, and two years after I was appointed a special bodyguard to President Lincoln. I kept my eye on him at the White House during my watch, and accompanied him wherever he went. Sometimes we took his son, 'Tad,' along, and we three were great company whether we went out by day or by night. I was with him till half-past seven o'clock in the evening of the fatal day. He left me to go to the theater where he was shot."

I suggested to Colonel Crook that he say something about Mr. Lincoln and his son, "Tad," as history has recorded such pathetic affection upon the part of the father for this boy. He responded:—

"There never was such devotion as Mr. Lincoln manifested for this boy. He was the apple of his eye. Everything the child did he thought was right, and everything he said he thought was cute. What grand old times the two had together! It was hard to tell which was the younger, each was so full of play. They would race and romp and play hide-and-go-seek. The favorite game was 'horse.' Sometimes the father would hold the strings, as the driver, and the boy would be the horse; then the boy would drive, and the father would be the horse. Then Mr. Lincoln would say, 'Taddy, you are tired and want to ride horseback,' and would toss him up till he sat upon his tall shoulders, with his little legs hanging down and close about his father's neck. Then the horse would walk and trot and gallop about the rooms and halls. The little fellow would laugh and fairly shout with joy, and his father would be just as happy.

He Set the Prisoner Free for Little "Tad"

"A poor woman came to the White House one day to see the President about her husband, who was in trouble. The President was absent, but 'Tad' was at home. The woman called the boy to her and said, 'My husband is in prison. We have boys and girls at home who are cold and hungry. Your papa can unlock the door of the prison and let our children's papa come home and care for us. Won't you ask your father to let him come home?'

"'Tad' could not talk or think about anything else but that poor, distressed family, and of his pledge to try and bring relief. When the President returned, 'Tad' was at him at once about the case of distress. Mr. Lincoln had other things on his mind, and did not pay much attention to the child till he clung to his father's legs and begged him to sit down and let him tell the sad story. The father told him that the woman would be back the next day, and he would then know what he would do. That did not satisfy the son, who climbed on his father's lap, threw his arms about his neck and said, 'Papa-day, (meaning 'papa dear,') won't you promise me now to let the man out?' It was too much for the great man, who said, 'Taddie, my pet, I will let him out because you ask me to.' I never saw a more beautiful picture nor two happier persons than Lincoln and 'Tad.'

"Mr. Lincoln used to say many funny things. He kept me laughing at his stories. I remember one evening, just before the close of the Civil War, that he had some visitors at the White House, among them some senators and members of congress. One of the guests asked the President what he would do with Jefferson Davis if he were captured. Crossing his legs, and looking at his friends with that peculiar twinkle in his eyes, he said, 'Gentlemen, that reminds me of an incident of my home in Illinois. One morning, when I was on my way to the office, I saw a small boy standing on a street corner crying as if his heart would break. I asked him what was the cause of his sor-

row. He said, "Mister do n't you see that coon?" pointing to a poor little beast that he had tied to a string. "Well, that animal has given me a heap of trouble all the way along, and now he has nearly gnawed the string in two. I wish to goodness he would gnaw it in two and get away so I could go home and tell my folks he had escaped from me." Gentlemen, this homely story carries its own lesson and answers your question.'

"Everybody knew that Mr. Lincoln had no feeling of bitterness against the people of the South, and that he always advised tenderness and leniency in dealing with those who surrendered to the Union cause.

"Mrs. Lincoln and the President had an engagement to take a drive one afternoon. At the appointed hour Mrs. Lincoln drove up to the steps and asked me to tell the President that she was ready for the drive. He had some unexpected business of importance which delayed him. I returned and told her that the President would be down soon. In a few moments she became impatient, and, in rather sharp language, ordered me to bring her husband to the carriage. I went back and informed the President of the condition of his wife's temper, and in the softest voice he said, 'She sometimes gets a little excited, but it does her so much good and me so little harm that I would not object to it for the world.' And he came down the steps with me and had what he afterwards told me was a most delightful drive.

"No unkind word ever fell to me from Lincoln's lips. Many were his expressions of commendation. I know he was pleased with my services, for he told me so, and how proud I was then, and am now, for his favor. I was drafted into the army, and he would not let me go, saying that he needed me at the White House. When his son, Robert, was secretary of war, he showed me a card to Secretary Stanton, written by President Lincoln at the time I was drafted, saying: 'I can not spare my bodyguard. Fix it up,' and I staid at my post. What an honor it is to have been so near to so good and great a man!"

An Unlooked-for Love Affair

WARWICK JAMES PRICE

"'FOR TWENTY NIGHTS YOUR VOICE HAS CHARMED ME'"

WHEN Madam Ella Russell, the English *prima donna*, was recently in Madrid, she received every day at her hotel a neat little parcel of cakes. They were good cakes, but not out of the ordinary, and never once was there a line or word about the packages to give a clue as to the sender. This continued up to the last night she was to sing, and then came the *dénouement*.

As she left the concert hall she was accosted by a small but haughty man, who swung off his great soft hat with a flourish worthy of an ancient Castilian hidalgo.

"Think not, gracious lady," he announced, while Madam Russell stood silent in very surprise, "that I have failed to see and honor your notice of unworthy me. For twenty nights your voice has charmed me. For twenty nights you have not failed to seek me with those wondrous eyes, in the topmost gallery. For twenty nights I have not slept for the thought of thee. My mother has a bakery here in Madrid. I am my mother's only son. And"—here he knelt in the street, his hand upon his heart,—"my life and fortune are at your feet."

"Yet I went home," said the songstress.

He Could Start with Water

NOT long ago, a prisoner was haled before Recorder John W. Goff of New York City, charged with highway robbery. The recorder recognized him as a man whom, some years ago, he had sentenced to a short term in prison for a similiar offense. Nevertheless, counsel for the accused put up such a strong defense, charging police hounding, that the court remanded the case, and set on foot a personal investigation of the matter, with the result that, when the prisoner was again called to the bar, he was discharged. Incidentally, his honor intimated that the assertions of counsel had been pretty well vindicated. The prisoner, who was very much "down on his luck," and exceedingly grimy withal, was grateful, nevertheless, and hung around the Criminal Court Building until the recorder emerged therefrom. Then he rushed up to his honor, and expressed his thanks for the latter's consideration and mercy, emphasizing his words by grasping the recorder's wrist in an exceedingly dirty hand.

"Judge, yer honor," he said, finally, "I'd go through fire an' water for yer. Dat's straight!"

"All right, my friend," replied his honor, eying the much-soiled fingers of the speaker, "but, suppose you begin by going through water." With that he slipped some money into the man's hand, hinting that the city provided free baths for the unwashed.

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
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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
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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

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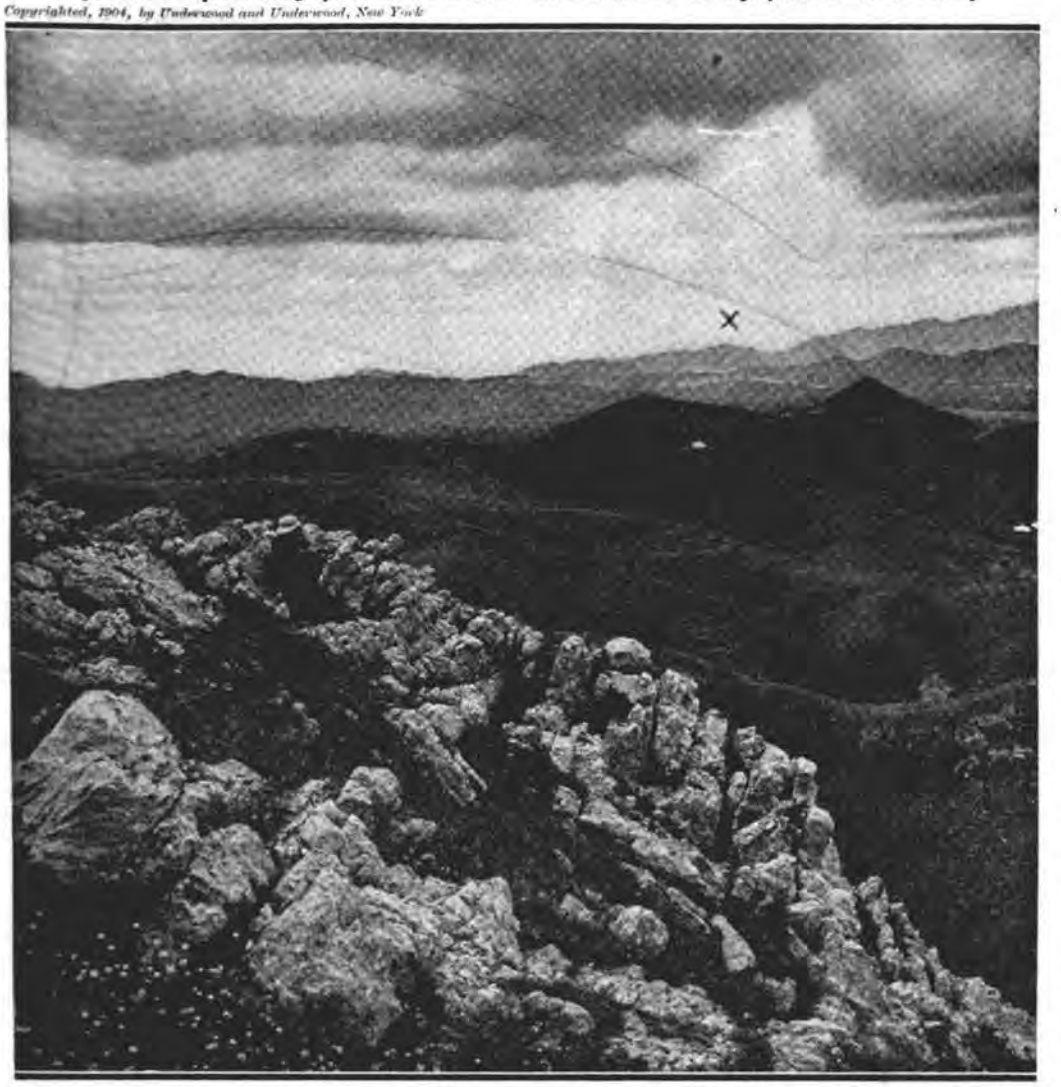
Late Photographs from the War

[Taken specially for SUCCESS MAGAZINE by James Ricalton]



Looking southwest from Hoozan Hill, eight hundred feet above the sea level, to the scene of Japan's recent brilliant victory. "Two-hundred-and-three-meter" Hill is the high peak on the horizon just under "X." To the left of it may be seen the level line of forts crowning Golden Hill. From these two points of advantage the Japanese look down on the inside forts of Port Arthur. The white spots are Japanese tents, and the breastworks thrown up in their march may be easily seen. A correspondent is standing behind the cleft of rocks, looking directly at "Two-hundred-and-three-meter" Hill.

This photograph shows a number of correspondents, representing American newspapers, out with a Japanese officer on an observation tour over the mountains four miles north of Port Arthur. The white lines are trails used by the Japanese in crossing the mountains. In the right-hand corner of the picture, may be seen the water in Port Arthur Harbor.

With the Players

MONTROSE J. MOSES

[*Concluded from page 99*]

America a series of plays as thoroughly foreign to ourselves as is French to English. One may be able to separate content from execution; if so, there is naught to gainsay Mme. Réjane's delicate, observant, and carefully tinted acting,—but, at the core, her plays are vicious. If, however, we are not attuned to unadulterated French, our dramatists adapt. As in the case of most translations, there is a loss of vivacity and of atmospheric truth. Miss Russell's play, last year,—"The Younger Mrs. Parling,"—became heavy in English; Miss Marie Tempest's "The Marriage of Kitty," on the other hand, exhibited a refreshing *naïveté* that "*La Passerelle*," the French original, utterly lacked.

Adaptations have been many, the past year. Mr. Skinner went to Jean Richepin for "The Harvester," and his rôle gives him opportunity for some pastoral feeling and gypsy humanity, even though the play carries a somewhat slow-moving plot. Clyde Fitch acknowledged his indebtedness to the French for "Granny," in which Mrs. G. H. Gilbert said farewell to the stage and to life itself; *Les Affaires Sont Affaires*, ("Business Is Business,") translated "for the English stage," is a worthy vehicle for William H. Crane to portray a type of man ruled heart and soul by the accumulation of dollars and cents,—a topic as American as it is Gallic. The French are fortunate in technique; the temper of their plays is readily shifted, sometimes successfully, as in "The Secret of Polichinelle," but sometimes most inanely, as in the case of Miss Annie Russell's latest attempt, "Brother Jacques."

Our dramatic dependence upon England is still more marked. Whatever comedies, fancies, or problems in our own tongue we witness are mostly the invention of English playwrights. Henry Arthur Jones, Arthur Wing Pinero, Sydney Grundy, R. C. Carton, Capt. Robert Marshall, James M. Barrie, and Israel Zangwill are as familiar here as in London. English managers encourage originality at home; they are willing to experiment. American managers profit by the foreign successes, and it must be said for them that, as yet, American material has not justified their large encouragement.

Pinero's "Letty," Jones's "Joseph Entangled," Marshall's "The Duke of Killicrankie," Zangwill's "The Serio-comic Governess," Carton's "The Rich Mrs. Repton," which was such a signal failure, and Pinero's "The Woman without a Smile,"—these are examples of but part of our indebtedness. George Bernard Shaw's "Candida" still holds the faddists by its undeniable brilliancy. The English playwrights are not alone imitative; they are also creative. They are realistic enough to picture society as it is; their sense of humor is strong enough to take society at its face value; they are literary enough to write dialogues that sparkle and contain originality; so, too, have they come to understand the art of dramatic construction. Take Marshall's play that John Drew presents,—"The Duke of Killicrankie;"—it depends almost entirely upon smart dialogue and quick situation; the amusement is in the embellishment of the trite plot, in which the duke kidnaps his sweetheart to gain her love. Turn to A. W. Pinero's "Letty," played by William Faversham and Carlotta Nillson; in it the dramatist delights in dissecting a soul, and the heroine is tempted and is at the last saved; it is the treatment of "Iris" with a different end. Between these two stands Jones,—more organic, more logical, and by far more healthy in idea.

The drama in America, so far as practice is concerned, shows activity only in two directions,—the theater as a business and the art of acting. The names of our most familiar writers are Bronson Howard, Augustus Thomas, George Ade, W. Clyde Fitch, and William Gillette, but our stage is mostly supplied from abroad.

Nançe O'Neil is encouraging the literary drama by presenting Aldrich; but her best qualities, rough and untrained though they seem, are exhibited in Hermann Sudermann's "Magda," and "The Fires of St. John." She is to be encouraged for her power, and applauded for her ambitious *répertoire*. Mrs. M. M. Fiske, ever intent on raising the standards of taste, and opening a way for young playwrights, has produced a drama by C. M. S. McClellan, an American, entitled "Leah Kleschna," a most ambitious production from the standpoint of both actors and author.

The Latest Steps in Science

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

A New Kind of Glass for Photography

ORDINARY glass, though transparent to light rays, is almost entirely opaque to the invisible short waves that act so powerfully on sensitive photographic plates. In the ordinary camera, the lens thus shuts out the part of the radiation that would do its work most effectively. The glass-makers of Jena, however, are now making a new kind of glass that will allow a large proportion of these highly actinic rays to pass. It is expected that lenses made of this will not only increase the rapidity of ordinary photography, but will also lead to important astronomical discoveries. In a recent experiment tried by Dr. Villiger, of Jena, six hundred and nineteen stars were registered on a photographic plate by a combination lens of the new glass, whereas in the same time a lens of the finest glass hitherto made, registered only three hundred and fifty-one stars.

Shall We Have a Serum-treatment for Fat People?

THAT it is possible to relieve fat people of their surplus tissue by the injection of an appropriate serum is the belief of a French physiologist, M. Ramond. He bases his belief on his own experiments with guinea pigs. Olive oil injected into one of these animals in sufficient quantity finally disappears by absorption, and, if serum from such an animal be injected into another, this second guinea pig acquires at once ability to dispose of olive oil in the same way, although the reaction toward other fats remains normal. M. Ramond infers that, if the oil injected into the first animal were from the human organism, its serum, injected into the veins of a man, would give him the power of disposing of his own fat, to some extent, by absorption. Apparently, however, the experiment in this form has not been tried, and M. Ramond's inference may not be justified.

What Makes the Sky Blue?

THE sky has long been a puzzle to physicists. There are two mysteries to explain about it,—its reflection of light and its color. The old view was that the blue of the sky was due simply to atmospheric oxygen. Oxygen has a faint blue tint, and the idea was that several miles of the gas, even when diluted as it is in the air, would have a bright blue color. But this did not account for the intense illumination of the sky, and of recent years Tyndall's "dust theory," or some modification of it, has been generally accepted. This regards the blue color as an optical effect, like the color of very thin smoke, due to excessively fine particles floating in the air, which would also account for the large proportion of reflected light from the sky. Recent calculations by Professor Spring, of Liége, Belgium, however, indicate that the dust in the air is not sufficient in amount, nor finely enough divided, to support this explanation, and he rejects it for this and other reasons. He has gone back to the old blue-oxygen theory, and accounts for the general illumination of the sky on the hypothesis, first advanced by Hagenbach, that intermingled layers of different density in the atmosphere give it the power of reflecting light.

Houses on Turntable

A METHOD of erecting dwellings upon rotating platforms, so that they may be turned always toward the sun, has been devised by two Frenchmen, Dr. Pellegrin and M. E. Petit, a Paris architect. The necessary plumbing is carried up through the axle, around which there is also a stairway. This scheme, which, at first sight, would seem rather chimerical, if not absurd, is commended by no less an authority than the London "Lancet," which pronounces it "worthy of the attention of British architects." Experience, says this journal, teaches us to choose a southern aspect for our houses, but the fixity of the structure prevents our regulating the supply of sunlight in different rooms as we may wish. This the new French rotating house enables us to do. The power to turn the platform is furnished by a gas engine or a naptha motor.

The Orator's Shower of Microbes

RECENT experiments in England recall the fairy tale of the princess whose words turned into toads as they dropped from her mouth. It now seems certain that a public speaker projects from his mouth with his every utterance a shower of bacteria, and with sufficient force to scatter them plentifully over the room in which he speaks. Dr. Mervyn Gordon has shown that a loud speaker distributes minute drops of his saliva to a distance of forty feet. The presence of these drops may be tested by means of the specific microbes that they contain. Dr. Gordon uses this test as a guage of air-contamination which he regards as more trustworthy than chemical methods for the detection of carbonic acid. In addition, one can not keep speculating on the possibility that a diseased orator might thus sow infection broadcast among his auditors.

How Dead Leaves Are Turned into Soil

THAT the process of decay by which the rich forest mold is formed from fallen leaves is brought about by the vegetable action of certain fungi has been demonstrated recently by C. J. Koning, a Dutch botanist. He has studied especially the action of two species. One begins its work even before the leaves have fallen, appearing on them when they are still attached to the trees. It then grows actively, hastening the process of decay, and by so doing produces the well-known odor of fresh earth, which has been attributed by various investigators to other

substances. When cold weather comes on, however, this fungus ceases its work, which is taken up by another species that flourishes only in the soil itself and never attacks the living leaf. It is probable that other fungi cooperate with these in soil-formation, and that various species of bacteria also play their part.

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Rainbow Colors for Everyone

THE privilege of wearing rainbow hues has hitherto been limited chiefly to birds and insects. These are the so-called "interference-colors," due not to a pigment, but to the structure of the colored surface. Light striking on very thin transparent plates or on a series of minute parallel lines or ridges will always show such colors. Efforts to transfer them to solid substances or fabrics have failed hitherto. Now, however, a Parisian scientific man, M. Henry, believes that he has solved the problem. Everyone must have noticed the colors of thin films of oil floating on water. By choosing a resistant hydrocarbon, such as bitumen with a suitable solvent, he has been able to produce colored films on water that may be floated off on a solid surface or a fabric and fixed there by coating it with an insoluble gelatine. The gorgeous colors are said to be perfectly preserved, producing "effects that are absolutely remarkable." The colors may be applied to glass or leather also with excellent results.

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A Lamp-wick Motor

CAN the force that draws oil up into a lamp-wick be utilized as a source of power? A French inventor thinks it can, and he has produced what he calls a "capillarity-motor,"—a small toy which he believes capable of enlargement and industrial use. His motor is really only a device for utilizing the sun's heat through evaporation, although capillarity is an essential part of its working,—a link in the transmission-chain, as it were. In the toy, water rises by capillary force through small slabs of porous stone and passes thence into one side of a wheel from which project slips of blotting paper. That side becomes the heavier, and the wheel turns slowly, the moisture being disposed of by evaporation as the paper passes over to the other side. This evaporation is evidently an essential factor in the motion, for without it the two sides of the wheel would be equally heavy, and the whole would balance.

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Fatigue the Cause of Accidents

THAT a tired man is much more apt to meet with an accident than one in full possession of his strength, physical and mental, is strikingly shown by an analysis of some statistics of accidents in various trades and occupations, made recently in France. This shows that in all cases accidents occur infrequently in the early hours of the working day. They increase in number as the day advances, drop suddenly just after the mid-day rest, and then increase again as the afternoon passes, until, at the end of the whole day, they are much more numerous than at the end of the morning. It can scarcely be doubted that these facts mean that liability to accident in the course of one's daily work is directly related to the degree of fatigue. Hence it is important for employers and employed alike to see that the workers do not become over-tired.

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Imitations of Tidal Action in Great Lakes

THE actual tides of a lake are excessively small. Nevertheless, noticeable alterations of level often occur, which were long regarded as mysterious. Recent observations in Switzerland make it certain that these oscillations are due to differences in air pressure at different points on the lake. If the lake is large enough for the barometer to be high at one end while there is still a low-pressure area over the other, water will be forced toward the place where the pressure is lower, and an oscillation of level will result.

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May Raw Meat Have a Quieting Influence?

CONTRARY to all received ideas regarding the effects of raw meat as a diet are the results of some experiments on fowls, carried out by Mr. Houssay, a French scientist, during several years past. Instead of rendering the birds wild, energetic, or ferocious, the meat seems to have tamed them, making them more sociable, more willing to be handled, and less combative, even roosters living together peacefully in the same yard. These facts, which are unexplained, are reported in a French scientific journal of high repute, and are apparently undoubted, notwithstanding their variance with all other experience.

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Government Control of Wireless Telegraphy

A REPORT advocating government control of wireless telegraphy has been made by a board appointed to investigate the subject. If the legislation advised by this board is obtained, the government use of wireless telegraphy will be divided between the war, navy, and agricultural departments, and all private stations will be supervised and licensed by the new department of commerce. These proposals have been strenuously attacked, some of the technical journals wrongly supposing that it is intended to put them in force at once, and without action by congress. It is noteworthy that the secretary of war dissents from the findings of the board, believing that safety in time of war, which is the object of the proposed regulations, would be amply served by simple government registry of wireless stations, with power to purchase them in case of hostilities.

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"Are you the trained nurse mama said was coming?"
"Yes, dear; I 'm the trained nurse."
"Let's see some of your tricks."—"Punch."

▲ ▲

"'Deed, Mistah Fommeh!" cried 'Rastus Johnsing, caught with the goods on in Mr. Fommeh's turkey coop; "'deed, suh, I is n' a-stealin' dis yah bird,—I 's a-takin' it in self-defense. Hones' I is."
"Self-defense? What kind of a lie are you trying to tell me?"
"Please, suh, mah wife she say ef I doan' fotch home a tukkey she gwine ter break ebery bone in mah body. An' so I jes' 'bleeged ter pertect mahse'f."—"Judge."

Beveridge's Method of Defense

I. NEWTON GREENE

"'THE CASE IS DISMISSED,' SAID THE COURT"

SOME years ago, long before he thought of turning his attention to politics, Senator Albert J. Beveridge was one of the many struggling young lawyers who were glad to receive an occasional fee for defending unimportant cases in the justice courts of Indianapolis. One day, as the briefless young attorney was studying the statutes of Indiana, in his small and sparsely furnished office, he was aroused from the interesting case over which he was pouring by a gentle and somewhat hesitating tap upon the outer door.

He sprang to his feet with alacrity, opened the door, and ushered into his book-lined law chamber a neatly though soberly dressed young woman, whose demeanor bespoke embarrassment and anxiety. She was a schoolteacher, she said, and had been summoned to a justice's court by the parents of an incorrigible boy, whom she had chastised for a breach of school rules. Beveridge questioned her closely, learning every detail which led up to the punishment, and carefully sifted the evidence which could be used in her defense. Then he told his client he would meet her in court the following morning.

The first case on the docket was "John and Mary ——, as guardians for the minor plaintiff, Henry ——, *vs.* Marguerite ——," in which the defendant was charged with assault and battery. Beveridge was there to defend his shrinking client, and another and more seasoned attorney appeared to prosecute the charge against the schoolteacher. The plaintiff's counsel gave the court a harrowing description of the "brutal" punishment administered by Marguerite —— upon the person of her scholar, Henry ——, ending his argument by exposing the boy's shoulders and showing the court in evidence several welts caused by the whipping.

Young Beveridge did not enter upon a lengthy defense. He cited many instances where "Marguerite ——" had admonished "Henry ——" to cease breaking the rule for which he had later been punished; directed the court's attention to the prevailing custom of corporal punishment in public schools, and told the court that, if necessary, he could produce witnesses to substantiate his statements regarding the boy's incorrigibility.

"Your honor," began the future senator, in summing up his case, "the allegation of brutality introduced by counsel for the plaintiff, and upon which the result of this action hinges, is preposterous, and I intend convincing your honor to your honor's entire satisfaction that such welts as those appearing upon the back of the plaintiff—and which we do not deny having administered,—may be produced by a few light taps with a switch or whip."

Beveridge fumbled in his pocket and brought forth a small coiled whip with which he struck himself several smart blows about the calves. Then he rolled up his trousers, dropped his socks, drew up his under garment and exposed to the court's surprised view a collection of welts as pronounced as those upon the plaintiff's shoulders.

"The case is dismissed," said the court.

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Coquelin's Wit Won the Day

WARWICK JAMES PRICE

ONE of the most famous of the Quartier Latin clubs in Paris is the one which is called "The Sub Rosa," and the most famous of its members is the great actor Coquelin, *père*, but the story of his election has not yet been told in print.

He was present, one night, at the club's late supper, a weekly feast, and, having heard that there was a vacancy in the roll, applied for membership. Now the only rules of the "Sub Rosa" men are: "Think much. Write little. Be as silent as you can." The presiding officer, with this last rule in mind, answered the applicant by placing before him a tumbler filled so full of water that another drop would have caused it to run over. Coquelin understood. He had evidently been misinformed about a vacancy, the club membership was obviously full.

Over the table was suspended a rose, the club emblem. While the glass still stood before him Coquelin broke a petal from the flower, and laid it so gently on the water that not a single drop escaped. A silent man could join and make no trouble.

Around the table ran a ripple of smiles and little handclaps and nods of approval, and then, as if of one accord, all began making bread-balls. Then a cup was passed from hand to hand, and each deposited his "ballot" in it,—and all were found to be round; not one had been pressed flat in sign of disapproval. So Coquelin joined the Sub Rosa Club.

Clothes for Winter Sports

ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

[Editor of "The Haberdasher"]

THE "COLLEGE" SWEATER

CLOTHES for the winter sports, with which this article primarily deals, are not governed by any hard-and-fast rules, and, within bounds, a man may follow his fancy. As I have already said, he who is uncomfortably dressed is ill dressed, for comfort and "fashion," in the best meaning of the term, go hand in hand. This may be hard to believe by those whose conception of the mode is borrowed from fashion plates, so here let me prick another bubble,—the average fashion plate is a pictoral absurdity. If a well-dressed man looked in the flesh like the simpering popinjay that the fashion plate depicts him, he would be a caricature and a target for the jibes of his friends.

To be truly well dressed a man must, above all else, appear manly and put aside everything suggestive of stiffness and effeminacy. He must study himself with a view of choosing the colors which are becoming to him, irrespective of the freshest whim of the mode. He must have ideas of his own and must see to it that those ideas be carried out by his tailor. The best-dressed man of my acquaintance never changes the shape of his hat. He has found a shape which suits his cast of features and he sticks to it. That I call good taste and good sense; following every twist and turn of fashion is the mark of the very young man or the very ignorant one.

KNITTED GLOVES

I know another man of undoubted social position who favors the same cut of boot from year to year, because it looks well on him. A third never wears a certain form of collar as it is unsuited to his neck and, to quote his own words, "It makes a guy of me." I mention all this merely to show that there is a thing superior to "fashion" as it is popularly understood, and that is good taste. Men differ widely in stature, poise, color of hair, and cast of features, and, while there is one broad scheme of dress for all, there must be deviations in the details, and the regulating of these deviations rests with the individual.

For the cold-weather sports, such as skating, hockey, tobogganing and the like, the so-called "college" sweater is much approved. That pictured here is made of Australian lamb's wool, fits the body snugly, has a low V-shaped opening in front and ribbed cuffs. The advantage of this sweater is that it allows the wearing of a collar and cravat. The "college" sweater is also largely used for golfing, and, indeed, any game or sport on nipping days. Skating demands a toque, which I illustrate, or a Tam O'Shanter, the prettiest and most picturesque of all head coverings, in addition to "knickers," long wool stockings, and calfskin shoes with supporting straps over the instep.

Knitted waistcoats are much in use for all outdoor occasions in winter, and they are usually made of Shetland wool, sleeveless or with silk sleeves. Knitted gloves, plain black or white or in mixed shades, accompany them. Knitted "four-in-hands" (cravats) are rather an oddity than a fashion and, aside from being uncommon, have little to recommend them. Hockey gloves are made of tan leather with padded fingers, and there are a host of special articles for this exhilarating sport, including shin guards, ribbed stockings, and the like. Fingerless chamois gloves, with perforated backs and reënforced palms, are favorites with men who are so bitten with the golf fever that even wind and frost can not daunt them.

A SKATING TOQUE

I am often asked if it is true that men's fashions have their birth in England, and

at the risk of ruffling the sensibilities of some of my readers, I must answer "Yes." We dress to-day according to the English standard which makes "hang" rather than "fit" the cardinal feature of clothes. I don't mean that we slavishly adopt foreign ideas just because they bear the brand, "Made in London," but it is beyond dispute that the present general tendencies in men's dress are founded upon English ideas. And let me say in passing that the English idea is a pretty sound idea, for the English are a hardy, athletic race which scorns "dandyism" in every form.

Differences of climate and customs and fundamental racial differences prevent us from dressing precisely as our English cousins dress, though there is always a marked kinship between the mode of New York and London. The chief fault of clothes cut after the English manner is that they are loose to the verge of being sack-like. On the other hand, the American tailor follows the figure more closely and obtains, I think, a trimmer and more becoming effect.

A feature of dress which does not get the attention it deserves is the matching of the shades in cravat, shirt, and waistcoat so as to achieve an harmonious whole. It is safe to say that the average man chooses his cravat in the morning without the least reference to the suit or shirt he wears, and the violent clashing of colors frequently produces chaos.

Determination Defeated Discouragement

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON tells a striking story of how courage and determination can rise above discouragement and difficult conditions. One of the pupils of the Tuskegee Institute, Anna Davis, found, after hard work at the institute that, because of a misunderstanding about her studies, she could not be graduated. This was a bitter disappointment to her, but she told Mr. Washington that she intended to do the best she could at teaching, without her diploma. She went into the "black belt" of Alabama, and began work in a wretched community in which the negroes lived in a manner little better than that of their ancestors in Africa. She opened a school in a tumble-down log cabin, and began the task of lifting those about her to a higher plane. She first won the interest of the children, and, through them, induced the parents to gather regularly at the schoolhouse for discussions.

They were in the habit of spending recklessly the little money they received from their crops, and then mortgaging their next crops soon after they were planted to carry them over the interval in which otherwise they would have been destitute. The schoolteacher undertook to open their eyes to the folly of this practice, and to instruct them in better methods of looking after their farms and themselves. All this she had learned at Tuskegee, even if she had not received a diploma. Her work and influence brought about a complete transformation of the community. The mortgages were paid off, small frame cottages took the place of wretched hovels, the crops increased, the attendance at the school became much greater and more regular and, as a special reward for her successful efforts at making life more worth while for them, the people replaced the old log cabin with a very neat and comfortable frame schoolhouse. The new house was built with money obtained chiefly from small contributions of eggs and chickens. Behind it is a piece of ground which the children cultivate after school hours. On it, every year, they raise two bales of cotton, the proceeds from which help to maintain the school. When Mr. Washington visited the community, which he had known of old, he was astonished at the improvement.

"It is an impressive illustration," he said, "of what can be accomplished by a combination of the right spirit and the right training among colored people. You may be sure that Anna Davis now has her diploma."

Admiral Dewey and the Small Musician

ONE of the chief characteristics of Admiral George Dewey is a fondness for children. During a stay of two months at Palm Beach, Florida, he formed friendships with all the small boys and girls in the hotel, and, when he appeared in the rotunda, on a veranda, or on the beach, he was usually surrounded by an enthusiastic group of young admirers. He knew the first names of all of them. Many children have cherished memories of the admiral, but to one little girl his visit to Palm Beach has meant much more than memories.

One night the band from West Palm Beach, the village across the lake from the fashionable resort, came over to serenade the famous sailor. One of the musicians was a girl of twelve, the daughter of the leader. She played a cornet lustily, and, though half hidden by the men around her, she attracted much attention. Among those who noticed her particularly was the admiral. After the serenade, as he was shaking hands with the members of the band, he paused with special cordiality before the diminutive cornetist, and insisted, rather against her will, for she was bashful, that she should go up to the veranda to meet Mrs. Dewey. In the group to which she was introduced was Charles Bingham, who is a well-known capitalist of Buffalo. She was made to feel at home at once, and, after a pleasant little conversation, she joined her father and went back to West Palm Beach.

Two days afterwards a musician who is prominent in New York knocked at the door of the West Palm Beach cottage. He had been sent by Mr. Bingham to find out whether the little girl possessed enough talent to warrant a musical education. Somewhat to his surprise, he discovered that she had, and he so reported. The next visit at the cottage was from a young woman who taught piano playing. An arrangement was made for lessons. A fine piano was moved in, and placed where the small, old-fashioned organ had been. After that, during the winter, when the youthful musician was not practicing on the piano, she was at the hotel in the company of Admiral and Mrs. Dewey and Mr. and Mrs. Bingham. Under the care of the latter couple, who lost a little daughter of the same age, she is in the North now, with her musical education well under way, surrounded by all the advantages that culture and wealth can give.

The reputation for straightforwardness has given many a poor youth capital with which to start in business for himself.

The Successful Home

Conducted by Christine Terhune Herrick

The Expense Question

UPON the housekeeper it devolves to keep expenses down. Certain fixed sums must be allowed for,—the rent first among these,—after that the amount spent upon service, if a maid is kept, the fuel bill, and possibly life and fire insurance. These items the housewife may not be able to compress except by some heroic measure, like moving into a house with a lower rent or doing without a servant. All other cost of living is more or less in her charge.

How many women appreciate the dignity of the position, I wonder? Nearly all of them recognize its disadvantages. They bemoan themselves that they have to keep so keen a lookout for stray pennies, but they do not always think that their work is as important in its saving as that of the man of the house is in its making. I think women would have greater enjoyment in the necessary economies of life if they tried to make more of a science of it. There is nothing so unsatisfactory as hit-or-miss spending. To know that one has received a sum of money at the beginning of the month, to find it gone on or before the end of the month, and to have no clearer idea of it than that it has gone for necessities, is disheartening, and robs one of ambition.

I do not mean to prescribe to every one a strict system of keeping accounts. Many a woman who has attempted it feels more shrinking from the thought of the futile effort she must make daily or weekly to balance the conflicting statements of her debit and credit pages than she does from the prospect of spring or fall house cleaning. The latter task she can fall upon bodily, with might and main, and conquer. But to sit down before two columns of figures that refuse to come out even, or to set one's memory to voyaging wildly over the events of the day to find where the missing dime or quarter or nickel has been dropped,—this way madness lies! No wonder that a woman gives up the whole business and reverts to the simpler method of spending the money until it is all gone, without bothering to make a note of where it goes!

To a woman who has known the anguish of a vain effort to balance her accounts, I would say, "Give it up!" Keep a note of what you spend, but don't try to balance it with what you receive. The world will not come to an end for the inability to corral a missing shilling. At the same time, the record of your expenditures will provide you with an approximate memorandum of your outlay.

But you should do more than that. You should have a standard of expenditure and endeavor to bring your expenses to that. Nearly all housekeeping expenses are more or less elastic in their nature; that is to say, the items vary, even though the main figures may remain practically the same. It is this elasticity which gives housekeeping a part of its charm.

To illustrate this, consider the food supply of the household. When there is entertaining to be done the woman with small means at her disposal knows that what goes in this way must be made up in another. If she appreciates the possibilities of her craft she will not scrimp her family to pay for the party,—or, if she does, no one but herself will suspect it. Cheap cuts of meat and inexpensive vegetables will be served in ways that will make them as pleasing as more costly articles. A housekeeper with an enthusiasm for her calling will feel the same pride in this that she does in making an old gown over to look like new.

Every housekeeper has her own ways of doing this. Nearly every one has a pretty distinct idea of what it costs to feed her household. Will not those who have this clear in their own minds put it into words for the benefit of the others? Will not they write to The Successful Home Department of SUCCESS MAGAZINE and say what they think it should cost to feed each member of a family per week, and how it is to be done?

The communications should not exceed two hundred words in length, and should be written upon one side only of the paper. They should be in hand by the twenty-fifth of February, in order to appear in the May number.

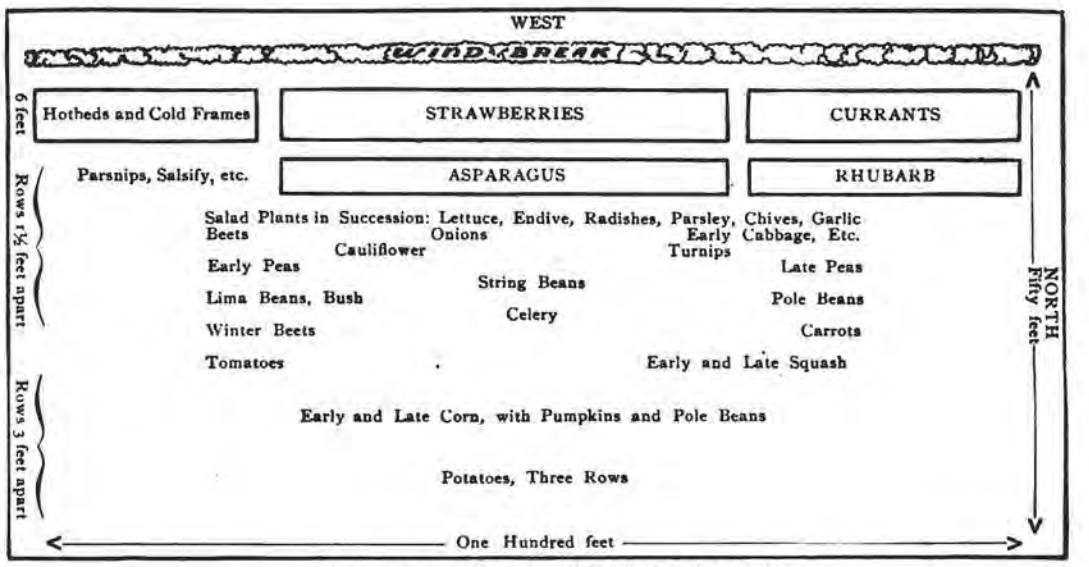
A cash prize of five dollars will be given for the best of these articles, and it will be printed in this department. Other communications of special merit will be published so far as space permits.

Planning the Kitchen Garden

How to Get Early Vegetables and Avoid the Rush and Worry at Planting Time

MARY ROGERS MILLER

"WELL, I declare," exclaimed a suburbanite, last June; "the Tompkinses have had green peas, new potatoes, and onions from their garden already, to say nothing of radishes and lettuce from their hotbed; their corn is nearly ready to tassel, and they expect to have string beans before strawberries are gone! Do you know where they buy their seeds? I wonder what kind of fertilizer they use. I'm sure I worried and hurried over our little patch of garden more than they did over their whole place, cold frames, hotbeds, mushroom cave and all. Yet none of our 'stuff' is ready to eat, except a few stringy radishes



PLAN FOR A FAMILY KITCHEN GARDEN

that nobody wants. That Tompkins place must have better soil than ours."

It was neither the soil, the fertilizer, nor the seeds that made the Tompkinses' garden better than their neighbors'. It was the fact that the Tompkinses knew that when spring comes it comes with a rush. It takes forethought to avoid being "swamped." Accordingly, they sat by the fire in February, working at the garden. The secret of their early vegetables lies in those glass-topped hotbeds and cold frames that look so formidable, but are really very simple after a little experience, and more than pay for themselves the first season.

HOW COLD FRAMES ARE SET OUT

THE GARDEN PLAN.—The first thing the Tompkinses do is to draw a plan of their garden and mark out just how much space is to be given to everything, from pumpkins to parsley. When this is finally completed, they know just what they want, how much, and when and where it is to be planted. Whatever the garden is to be,—a kitchen garden in the country, with fruits and vegetables enough to supply the family the year round, or a tiny, city back-yard flower garden,—the first important step toward success is to make a plan on paper. This includes a good deal of thinking, some study of catalogues, periodicals, or books, and some figuring, but it saves time and money in the end. The shape of the garden is first indicated roughly, and the dimensions noted. The details are worked out carefully and added to the plan. Infinite modifications are possible in such a scheme.

AN UP-TO-DATE VEGETABLE GARDEN.—Time is too precious, nowadays, to waste in "hilling up" beds for vegetables. These require hand cultivation, and cause loss of moisture. The plan should call for long rows of vegetables that can be cultivated with wheel tools. The twentieth-century "man with the hoe" does not break both his back and his spirit by constantly bending over an old-fashioned hoe. He pushes the tool before him. A wheel hoe is a sort of symbol of emancipation. It does the work better and about ten times as fast as the old kind. But a wheel hoe would be out of place in a garden bed. It works best in long rows, making them seem short. I often plant several kinds of plants in the same row,—a little parsley, a garlic or two, a few chives, perhaps, and finish it out with some left-over, to avoid short rows and hoeing.

PERENNIAL VEGETABLES, SMALL FRUITS, AND THE LIKE.—Where the garden is already old and established, one naturally accepts, for a year or two, some features of the former plan, rather than revolutionize. Yet, if I found the rhubarb in one corner, the horse-radish and strawberries in another, and the asparagus off at one side, I should take radical measures. The perennial vegetables and small fruits should occupy adjacent rows, at one side of the garden, where they will receive their share of attention but need not be interfered with when the rest of the garden is being worked.

The plan sketch should be large enough for the location of the various vegetables to be shown upon it. For a family of four, we start with two rows twenty-five feet long of peas, string beans, lima beans, beets, onions, celery, lettuce, tomatoes, and cabbage, with from four to eight rows of sweet corn and early potatoes. As fast as one crop is gathered we plant another, a little to one side of the original row, and never fail to make room for some of the less commonly grown things like okra, endive, kohl-rabi, vegetable marrow, Brussels sprouts, and cauliflower. A few nasturtiums, zinnias, or balsams are not out of place, and they make the garden more interesting.

ORDERING SEEDS.—When the garden plan is made it is time to begin to pore over catalogues and make lists of seeds and plants to order. I always mark first all the things I should like to own, if I could, and spend many a happy hour in the dream gardens I build, tending all the wonderful plants that grow just like those in the catalogues. Then I take a blue pencil and mark those that we can't get on without. From my plan and my previous consideration of the tastes of the family, I know whether to order a pint or a packet of seeds. The first year we had a garden I ordered the list suggested in the catalogue and got good vegetables but less fun. Now I send early for a half dozen of the most fascinating catalogues and sometimes order from several. It astonished me, at first, to find what complete instructions for planting and cultivating these catalogues contain. They are written by experts, too. But when I consider how important it is to the seedsman that his seeds shall give satisfaction, I can appreciate his desire to have them properly grown,—hence the mines of information. A list of what to plant each month appears in one catalogue and proves of great service as a reminder.

There are ordinarily enough seeds in a packet of onion, lettuce, radish, cabbage, tomato, pumpkin, cucumber, squash, beet, celery, turnip, and many other small seeds to supply a small family through the season, while a pint of peas, string and lima beans, and corn will furnish a succession in a small garden. It is well to order enough early peas so that a planting may be made in August. The early varieties mature in a shorter time than the others.

Order seeds in February. It is none too early and prevents delay at the seedsman's end. Tools should be ordered early or disappointment may follow.

HOTBEDS AND COLD FRAMES.—"I don't think I can live through another year without some cold frames and a hotbed," declared an enthusiastic commuter, after a visit to the Tompkins place. "You not only get the vegetables quick, and lots of them, but you get the fun, too, and that's what a garden is for."

Hotbeds and cold frames look just alike. The big difference is that the hotbed has a high temperature, usually furnished by a deep layer of fermenting stable manure under the surface soil. Window sashes three feet by six are generally used for covering the frames, which should have a southern exposure and protection from prevailing winds. A home-made frame, twelve inches high at the north side and six inches at the south, costs next to nothing. The initial cost of the glazed sashes is more,—about three dollars each,—but it only has to be paid for once. Frames for hotbeds and cold frames are made six feet from north to south, and to fit the sashes, and as many feet east and west as one has dollars to spend. It pays to have just one sash, but three or four sashes will give greater satisfaction per dollar. The Tompkinses have six now; there are violets blooming in February in one, lettuce—great solid heads,—in another, and they have had fresh spinach of

A VEGETABLE GARDEN AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS SEASON

SHAMROCK COVER FOR A SHAVING-PAPER CASE OR A NEEDLEBOOK

extra fine quality and practically no bother all winter. One of their sashes is being transformed now into a hotbed for "earliest of all" vegetables; others will be used in the same way as fast as they are emptied. By beginning in February, long before danger of frost is past, big, healthy plants are ready to set in the garden as soon as it is ready to work. No wonder that the Tompkinses have vegetables before any of their neighbors!

Dainty Gifts for Saint Valentine's Day

MARY LE MONT

HEARTS are regnant upon the feast day of good Saint Valentine and one sees them fluttering about the most prosaic avenues of life, attached to fragrant offerings of flowers, trinkets, sweetmeats, and such other dainty gifts as meet the approval of the patron saint of lovers.

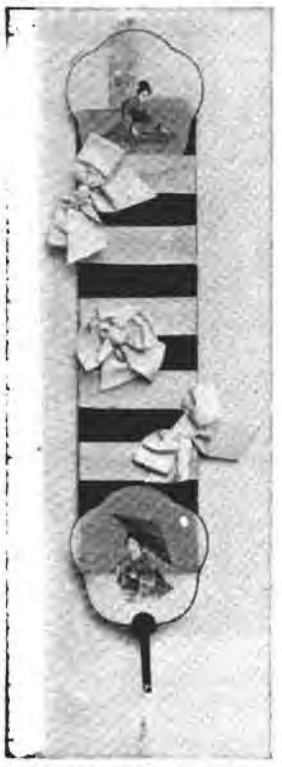
For a time there was an effort upon the part of foolish people to drown the sweet sentiment of the day in silly jokes and undignified gifts. At this the old saint rebelled, so now the day of Saint Valentine is observed with due respect and costly offerings.

Every man is not able to order from a florist a heart four feet in width, made of the most expensive flowers; nor is every woman able to purchase some choice trifle and send it to a masculine friend with a card of sentiment and beauty. Such men and women are glad to make their gifts at home, or have them made by some deft-fingered sister or mother.

A woman who can work in ribbon embroidery is fortunate, for she may adorn a large piece of watered blue silk or plain satin with a large heartshaped design of forget-me-nots and rosebuds, with bowknots and loops between, and then stretch this over the top of a big flat box, shaped like a heart and lined inside with wadded satin. The box serves to hold handkerchiefs, neckwear or gloves, or else it is fitted up as a workbox, with compartments for scissors, spools, and thimble, and little cushions for needles and pins. Such a heart may be made in any size or color, but favorite Saint Valentine colors are pink, light blue, and red.

A pretty and useful gift to send to some charming coquette is a crescent moon, signifying fickleness, covered with wadding and shirred silk and tipped with a butterfly or a cupid. The half-moon serves as a cushion for all sorts of pins, and stands upon the dressing table. It is made of a wooden coat hanger, such as sells at five cents or even less, and the hook is bent and fastened to the rod of a desk file, which forms a support for it. The hook of the hanger may be removed and the point of the desk file

A CRESCENT-MOON PINCUSHION



DESIGN FOR A WEEKLY CALENDAR

inserted in its place, if this method is preferred. The wooden curve is deepened at the lower part by basting two curved pieces of pasteboard below the wood and wrapping wadding thickly around all. The silk or satin cover is then shirred on with a top frill, and, if preferred, a bottom one, too. A bow of ribbon or a bunch of silk flowers is sewed at the top of the rod support, which is wrapped with ribbon, and the bottom of the rod, where the metal stand is, has a covering of wadding or silk, and a large bow. It is not wadded unless it is desired to have a cushion there. Men, too, are not averse to such pretty cushions for their dressing tables.

Another suitable gift for either a man or a woman is an article which serves equally well the purposes of a trousers or a skirt hanger. The hanger is of wood and springs, and its cost ranges from two and a half cents to twenty-five cents, according to the value of the materials. It is first wrapped in ribbon and then a bow is attached to each end, concealing the clamps and springs but not interfering with them. When made for a woman, small *sachet* hearts or bags can be hung in the middle or on the ends of the hangers to impart fragrance to the garments which they support.

Neither a college girl nor a college boy will look askance upon a dainty heartshaped box, edged with Cupid's little bowknots, and fastened at the back to two small college fans. These are set in the position of wings, as if the heart were winging its way to some particular college, or, more especially, to some college boy or girl. In a case like this

A SKIRT HANGER

the college fans would represent the *alma mater* of the boy as well as of the girl. The heart may simply be filled with candy, or it may be lined with satin and contain a little set for mending tiny rents in clothes and putting on buttons; or it may contain a jewel, or a small embroidery outfit.

Clover leaves are favorites of Saint Valentine's, or it might be better to call them shamrock leaves. Some very pretty blotters and needlecases and *sachet* pads may be formed in this attractive shape, but a most useful gift for a man is a shaving-paper case with a four-leaf shamrock for a cover. A stiff cardboard shamrock is covered with green silk and then embroidered or painted with leaf veins and shadings. A hand-painted paper cover will do just as well. In the center a small round frame is made by cutting out the center of the outer cardboard and fastening the two pieces together around all but the top of the frame. This is encircled with small ribbon rosettes, that look like tiny pink roses, and a photograph is slipped inside. A back is made of cardboard, cut to fit the shamrock-leaf front, and covered with pink or green silk. A bunch of pink or green

A COLLEGE-FAN PINCUSHION

ribbon is attached to a loop at the top. Between the back and the front of the shamrock is set a wad of shaving paper. If such a valentine is sent to a girl, the center should contain pinked pieces of flannel for needles or pins, or else sheets of blotting paper.

A valentine gift always presupposes something especially dainty and not too practical, although people now give articles of more practical value than embossed and paper-laced valentines with sentimental poems inclosed. These pretty confections of the day are invariably sent with a box of candy or bunches or sentimental designs of rare flowers.

A cushion for a sofa or divan is the sort of gift suitable at any season, and is always acceptable. Small garlands and hearts are quite the proper things to embroider upon such a cushion, if one can embroider, and if an easy design is sought something very effective may be achieved by outlining a design in what is known as "cross-stitch" braid, upon a cover of satin or heavy sateen or art linen. The inner portion of the design is then loosely filled in with crossed threads of coarse silk or linen. A heavy cord finishes the edges of the cushion.

A pretty revival of old-time customs is the giving of valentine bouquets with the meaning of the flowers always indicated, and another pretty fad is to present a woman or a man with a scarf pin in the shape of his natal flower. Each month has its special flower, and whoever may be born during the month claims that flower as his. Where it is not possible to present a scarf pin or hat pin in the shape of an enameled flower, it becomes very easy to make a glove box or dressing-table ornament, or table cover or mat, embroidered with the natal flower of the person to whom the little gift will be sent.

Saint Valentine's Day, however, was made for wooing, and the old saint smiles his brightest when he sees a heart-shaped gift accompanying a bunch of roses, with the world-sweet sentiment, "Here's roses, for love."

A St. Valentine Party

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

FOR a Valentine Night entertainment, the game that is most appropriate is that of "Hearts." Moreover, it is such a well-known and easy game that little instruction is necessary, as nearly all people understand it and those

A DAINTY VALENTINE FAVOR

who do not have no difficulty in learning. One may make the game progressive, and tiny paper hearts, instead of the usual stars, may be pasted on the score cards. These cards themselves may also be heartshaped.

The first prize for the ladies should be a silver heart *bonbon* box or dish, while the corresponding one for the men should be a scarf pin in the same design. The second prize for the fair sex may be a little silver heart pocket pincushion, and the second one for the man a heart-shaped shaving-pad. An appropriate booby prize would be a small box of flat heart candies, bearing, in red letters, sentimental mottoes.

The refreshments may be served in the dining room, the company being seated at the table. A good way to assign certain men to certain women as supper partners is to have pairs of hearts of various sizes cut out of silver cardboard. One of each pair is then put in a box and the ladies "draw" first. Then the other pairs are put in the box and the men "draw." The man and woman whose hearts match in size go out to supper together.

The color scheme of the table decoration may be yellow and white, with a touch of pale green here and there, as in the ropes of smilax depending from the chandelier and caught at the four corners of the board. Place a bowl of yellow daffodils or of yellow and white tulips in the middle of the table. At one end stand a heartshaped mold of tomato jelly, at the other an iced cake in the center of which poise a little cupid in honor of the festival. Heartshaped sandwiches and cakes—the last iced with white and with yellow frosting,—may be on plates at the sides of the table. Any confectioner can furnish individual molds of ice-cream hearts. These may be of vanilla and of very yellow orange ice. At each plate place a box of *bonbons*, the boxes made in the shape of hearts. Such boxes can be purchased at a toy store or a stationer's.

The *menu* may include tongue or ham and jellied chicken; celery sandwiches, and what are known as Boston sandwiches, made of Boston brown bread and beans, cheese straws, tomato jelly and lettuce, or tomato salad with mayonnaise, ice cream, cakes, and coffee.

If there is any time after supper to spend in playing games, much fun may be had by writing a round-robin valentine, after the manner of the old game of "Consequences." Each person writes on the top of a sheet of paper a line, then folds that line over and passes the paper on to his next neighbor, giving him only the last word of

AN ICE-CREAM HEART, WITH CUPID

what he has written, as the last word of the second line must rhyme with the last word of the first. When this second line is written, the paper is again folded over, and passed on for the third person to write a new line to be rhymed by the fourth person. When the papers have gone the round of all the company they are gathered in and read aloud by one of the guests, who will give proper emphasis to the absurd nonsense.

If one has tomato jelly with lettuce the jellied chicken may not be desired, in which case cold roast chicken or duck may take its place. If, however, tomato salad is served, it will be found a delicious accompaniment to the jellied chicken.

To prepare this, a fowl must be boiled until tender, then allowed to get cold in the liquor. Remove all bits of skin from the chicken, and cut the meat into dice of uniform size. Boil three eggs hard and cut them up. Remove the pits from a dozen olives and cut these into small bits. Mix the chicken, olives and eggs together, and season to your taste.

For the jelly, soak a half cup of gelatine for a half hour in cold water. Skim a pint of the chicken liquor, bring to a boil, clear with the white of an egg, then season with salt and white pepper. Stir in the gelatine, bring to a boil, and strain through a flannel bag. Add enough lemon juice to give it a slightly tart flavor. Set away until cold. Into a buttered mold put a layer of the chicken mixture, pour in the cool jelly, add more chicken and more jelly, and proceed in this way until the mold is full. Set in the ice until very cold and firm. Turn out upon a chilled platter. Garnish with parsley and slices of hard-boiled eggs.

For celery sandwiches, boil three eggs hard, throw them into cold water, and remove the shells. Rub the yolks through a sieve, and work to a paste with a little butter. Chop a cup of cut-up celery very, very fine, and work this into the egg-paste. Season with salt and a little white pepper. Spread on very thin slices of buttered white bread, from which all crusts have been removed.

To make the Boston sandwiches, soak a cup of beans over night in cold water. In the morning cover with hot water, and boil until soft and ready to break. Drain and rub through a colander, then mash with the back of a spoon, adding salt and pepper to taste. Chop slices of fat fried bacon as fine as possible and work this into the bean-mixture. Spread this on slices of Boston brown bread, generously buttered. Sandwiches made thus are very good if not allowed to get dry. Keep in the ice box, or covered with a damp cloth, until wanted.

For the cheese straws make a good puff paste, roll it out, sprinkle thickly with Parmesan cheese, fold, and roll out again. Sprinkle once more with cheese, and fold again. Roll out very thin, sprinkle with salt and a very little cayenne, sift a little Parmesan cheese over them, and bake in a steady oven to a golden brown.

For the tomato jelly, soak a half box of gelatine in cold water for an hour. Stew a pint of tomato liquor from canned tomatoes, or of juice from the fresh vegetables, with a bay leaf and a little parsley. Boil for ten minutes, add a teaspoonful of onion juice, stir in the soaked gelatine, season to your taste, and, as soon as the gelatine is dissolved, strain through a flannel jelly bag. Pour into a heartshaped mold, wet with cold water, and set in the ice to form.

The Girl Who Comes to New York Alone

MRS. DIMIES DENISON

[Ex-President General Federation of Women's Clubs and of Sorosis]

THE girl who comes to New York alone! How the phrase stirs the heart of every at-home girl who looks toward New York and longs! How it thrills, too, the very soul of the girl who has ceased to dream, and is really domiciled in the siren city itself!

Whether they dream of coming or have really come, the girls to whom New York is a Mecca are of one sort,—

the girls who can do things. There is a line in the girl-world, as sharply drawn as caste itself, and it lies between the girls in homes and schools, who look out from shelter upon the other great company of girls who have left home and school behind and are amateurs or professionals at the arts and crafts.

To the latter class, of course, belongs the girl who comes to New York alone. She usually comes from a little town; she has usually dreamed of coming for years before she could shape things to her purpose; and, when she does come, the town seems to her a fairy city with hands filled with fairy gifts.

"I know of nothing more pathetic," said a woman to me, lately, "than the one face one is sure to find at every boarding house in New York,—the face of the girl who has just come to conquer the city. To me such faces are more tragic than an army with banners. Why does n't she go home?"

Now, why should she go home,—the girl who has just come to conquer the city? The women who are at the heads of their professions did not go home, and they are not going to keep their places always. Who will take their places if that army of eager, confident young women at the boarding-house tables of New York should suddenly go home?

There came a girl to New York, three years ago, who went to see one of the successful women in her profession.

"My dear young friend," said the successful woman, "go home. I have an average of ten girls a day who come to me as you have come. I know girls of refinement—college-bred and clever.—who can not earn five dollars a week in this town. Go home and stay there."

"But you did n't go home," suggested the girl.

"That was because I did n't know what I was daring," replied the successful woman.

The girl did not go home, however. She stayed, and now she is earning a salary almost equal to that of the successful woman,—for New York is indeed a fairy city if one knows a little magic oneself.

To every girl who has come here to make her way I should like to say two things:—

First, know yourself; that bit of advice has never yet been equaled.

Second, if it is not your pride, nor your desire, nor your discontent at home, but your sober judgment of your own ability and perseverence that leads you to believe honestly that you can win,—then stay.

Given health, and with no pressing call of duty at home, any girl who understands her own personality, and who stays in the belief I have just mentioned, holds her future in her own hands. In her own hands! There, alas, is the rub; for upon the way she juggles the future with her own clever hands everything depends, far more than on the intervention of fate.

When I consider this I confess that my heart sometimes stands still for the sake of the girl whose future is her own.

It is not the stupid girl for whom I fear, nor the girl without pluck or perseverence; they can fail honorably and go quietly home. But it is for the girl with cleverness and talent and even with genius that I fear most, and to her my heart goes out.

I do not mean that I fear for her in the way that comes first to the mind of those who do not know the full strength of the twentieth-century young woman who comes to New York. After all, to a girl of breeding, temptation in the ordinary sense comes no more quickly because she is making her way alone. The mothers at home, I believe with all my heart, need not fear one half so much for their daughters in New York the temptations, which their knowledge of the world makes them dread, as they need fear the girl herself.

Not outside influence, not the contact with undesirable people, not the companionship of the unscrupulous, not any of the more obvious forms of moral failure need these mothers fear at all. But, however carefully she has been trained, they may indeed fear the girl herself.

Day and night, of her own spirit, the girl who comes to New York alone ought to be asking five questions. Unless she can answer them all with no tremor of doubt, it would be far better for her and for the world, whatever her ability, if she had never left her own home.

I wish every one of the great company of girls at home this year, waiting for their chance, or spending their first discouraged or buoyant days in New York City, might write these questions on the tablet of her heart, and answer them with honesty, and thereby know her exact equipment to enter into a struggle of which she knows nothing, and which consists of so much more than the daily bread. These are the questions:—

Is my repulsion for any form of the *risqué* a real feeling and instinct with me, or is it the result of breeding?

Are my reserve and my self-respect sufficient to win for me the unpresuming and chivalrous manner which I have always been shown by men in my mother's drawing-room?

Is what I call my tolerance the result of sober judgment and a broad look at life, or am I so proud of being tolerant that some of my attitudes toward what others do, and believe, border on looseness of vision?

Have I the judgment and poise to recognize ugliness as ugliness when I see it, and not to let myself be taught that some ugliness is beauty in alien guise?

Is it easy for me to tell a lie? It may be that I do not lie often, but is it easy for me to lie when it is convenient?

The pity is that a young woman usually does not know that these questions exist until experience has revealed each one to her. The pity of it is that when the wise one who has been through it all and knows the truth,—when such a one tries to tell her how vital these questions are, there spring to the would-be teacher's lips only the old cant phrases which the girl has heard from her childhood.

Morality is as old as vice, and vice is as old as morality, and the terms for the truth about both are as old as the world. The girl whose mental and spiritual growth have kept pace with her years is pitifully likely to grow impatient of the formulas which she thinks she has digested long ago. Usually, if she be alert and have capacity for great growth, her whole outlook at life undergoes a change about the end of her college career. She begins to see all the great questions of the world anew, to answer them from a different point of view, and, most of all, to bring them into relation with one another. The danger is that, instead of seeing that the new world she has created is made of the old world in various wonderful combinations, she may feel that she has discarded all the old elements, and that she may be impatient of the wiser people whose vision shows them the old, always folded in the new.

So, when these questions I have mentioned are put to her, a young woman who thinks for herself is likely to translate them a little disdainfully to mean:—

Do I really dislike what is vulgar and common, or do I just pretend to?

Can I make men respect me?

Am I loose in my views of life?

Can I distinguish evil when I am brought in contact with it?

Do I speak the truth?

Put like this, what girl of moral training in seven kingdoms can not answer those five questions, offhand, in a fashion to bring credit to all her teachers?

Ah, but that is not the point! It is the subtlety, the very elusiveness of the aspects of these questions she will meet that will find her off her guard. It is strange, indeed, but she will find, for instance, that hardly one of the questions touching matters in which she has been grounded in her youth will she ever have to meet flatly and squarely, and answer with a straight "yes" or "no." Life is so terribly, so pitifully complex that one hardly ever has a chance, nowadays, to tell a direct lie. Instead, the temptation to tell a lie is held out so carefully wrapped in mitigating circumstances of other people's feelings and one's own right to one's affairs that it is entirely unrecognizable as a lie. Truth, dignity, due tolerance, poise, and beauty itself, so strangely lend their raiment to their exact opposites that it takes a clear head and a clean hand to distinguish. The girl who is working out her own future is seldom made to ask herself: "Now, in this matter, shall I do right or shall I do wrong?" Instead, she finds herself asking, over and over: "Now, in this matter, is not what seems wrong really the right for me?"

Just there is the pitfall. Just there the girl who knows her own danger beforehand is the one who is most likely to be able to meet it. But even then—especially if she be of the artistic temperament that sees beauty and good in everything,—she is likely to see beauty and good where neither exists,—and so to fail.

When all is said and done, the question of the success or failure of the girl who comes to New York alone is, given her ability, solely and simply a question of her moral character.

Looked at with the eyes of youth, that is the veriest commonplace.

Looked at with eyes that are old as the world, it is the light from a silver lamp hung among the stars.

* * *

The Bad Manners of Good Children

VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

THE fact that the children are good does not prevent their manners from being very bad. It is a pity that it does not, for then the offspring of respectable parents would behave themselves.

In this paper I have not to do with unruly children, or with those who are selfish and insubordinate. Such ones do not belong to the class of good children. The protest is against the sons and daughters of conscientious parents who, through mistaken kindness on the part of the fathers or the mothers, are allowed to have the manners that inclination, not education, gives them.

No one can bring up a child and not be convinced that the natural man is a beast, and that good manners are made, not born, in the small species of the human race. If there is one trait paramount in our kind it is selfishness, or the love of self-indulgence, and until a child is taught to consider the comfort of others beyond his own he will eat like a pig, speak as he pleases, and make a nuisance of himself generally.

There is much twaddle talked and written nowadays about allowing a child to follow the inclinations of his own nature, about not trammeling him by rules and regulations, and about allowing him to develop his own individu-

ality. The specimens produced by the practice of this theory are not such as to inspire on-lookers with admiration. A young colt is trained to the harness or the saddle; a puppy must be house-broken,—yet neither of these, when untrained, is any more disagreeable than is a small boy following his own way. In fact, one rather prefers the horse or the dog,—for one can walk away and leave the colt alone in his pasture, and can kick the dog out of the path if he is offensive. But small children, like the poor, we have always with us,—always supposing that the parents have not enough altruism to remember the much-abused, time-worn adage,—which yet has good in it,—"Children should be seen and not heard." There are times when their manners are such that one almost wishes that they might be unseen as well as unheard.

All this sounds very severe, but it is not meant to be so. Our Creator never made a lovelier, sweeter creature than a well-mannered child, and the children are not to blame when their manners are bad. To use a twentieth-century slang expression, "It is up to the parents."

The old-time suppression of the young has given way before a laxity of rule that is to be deprecated. A mother who would have her child beloved by others should not allow him to do unlovable things. She may care so much for him as to be blind to his defects, but hers should be a love that longs for the perfection of the beloved object. Her very affection should sharpen her sight and make her note the defects which mar the ideal perfection she desires.

The truest love is that which teaches the little one, from the beginning, lessons of self-control and of consideration for others, so that they will become second nature. It is much more merciful to the sapling to train it in the right way when it is a twig than to wait until the bark has begun to harden and then to twist and wrench it into a shape contrary to that in which it has grown. So the truest kindness is to train a child from infancy to eat properly, to speak politely, and to pay heed to the dozen trifles that mark a thoroughbred man or woman. Thus there is no great and painful revolution needed to bring about the desired result.

In one family of lovely children the table manners have been so neglected that it is painful to the observer of delicate appetite to eat at the same table with the small boys and girls. There is a smacking of lips that reminds one disagreeably of certain country abodes devoted to small-eyed, curly-tailed, pink creatures who know no language save a grunt, and whose approbation of the food set before them is evidenced by expressive smacks.

At another board the young master of the house seizes a chicken bone in both hands and, with elbows on the table, proceeds to grapple with it with his teeth. To him it may be an interesting contest, for he always wins, but not until he is plentifully besmeared with the grease of his victim. The educated father and mother sit by, apparently unconscious of the struggle; or, perhaps, they are so glad to see "Henry" prove what a good appetite he has that they are oblivious to the manner in which he gratifies it.

This is not kindness, for, as the boy is born into polite society, he will sometime awake to the mortifying fact that he does not eat like his kind. Then he will have the shameful truth borne in upon him that he has never learned to behave like a gentleman. May a kind Providence hasten that much-to-be-longed-for day,—for the sake of humanity and human stomachs!

Another thought which should arouse parents to their duty toward their children is the appreciation that the manners learned after one is grown are never as natural nor as graceful as those which have become a part of the owner. A boy who, from infancy, has been taught to take off his hat at the proper times, to rise when a woman enters the room, to handle his knife and fork properly, and to eat quietly, will never be ill at ease in a well-bred company, and will never have to "think of his manners." A girl who has been taught to manifest gentleness of speech and bearing, to show reverence to age, as age, irrespective of any relationship she bears the aged person, and to talk modestly, with unselfish thought of others, to all with whom she is brought in contact, is the one who, later, will grace any society, and will make a perfect hostess or an ideal guest.

For their own sakes, then, and for the comfort of the would-be-child-lovers-if-they-could with whom our children come in contact, let us make ladies and gentlemen of our boys and girls while they *are* yet boys and girls.

▲ ▲

Girls' Problems

THE days seem to have gone by completely when the young girl took it for granted that after she left school there would come a few years at home and then marriage and a home of her own. The girl of to-day looks forward to a life of self-support. Just how she is to compass it she does not always know. Sometimes she has a clear and definite idea in her mind and is able to plan out just what she would like to do. At other times she is hazy in her forecast and knows only that she means to do something and go somewhere to do it. If she lives in the country or in a small town, that somewhere is usually a big city, and more often than not the city is New York.

The article in this issue by Mrs. Dimies Denison is the first of several that will deal with the girl and her problems. Mrs. Denison knows whereof she speaks. Her home is in New York, and her position as a prominent club woman has brought her in touch with women of all ages and from every part of the country. The conclusions she draws are well worth consideration and study.

Will not you girls who read it write and comment upon it? I would like to know if your experience bears out hers, or if you have seen and heard that which makes you

differ from her. In either case write about it to me and give me a chance to put your expressions of opinion in this department where others may see them. You know this corner of the paper is shared by all the girls who read it.

The Chippendale Chair

ESTHER SINGLETON

WHAT is a Chippendale chair?

This question is often answered by the dealer in "antiques" in such a singular manner as to draw from the credulous purchaser a fancy price for a style that was

A COMPLETED CHAIR

even unknown to the period when Chippendale was at work in his London shop.

It is best not to put too much faith in a dealer's "genuine Chippendale piece," for, of the furniture actually made by Chippendale himself, very little exists. Moreover, the cabinetmakers of colonial days (previous, of course, to 1776,) bought all the newly published London books on cabinetmaking and followed the styles that were fashionable abroad, so that a great deal of the so-called "Chippendale furniture" in American homes never saw the other side of the Atlantic. However, this does not lessen its value; and, if any one is fortunate enough to procure, or inherit, an old piece of colonial make, he may consider himself very lucky.

But, in buying, let him beware. Very little is known

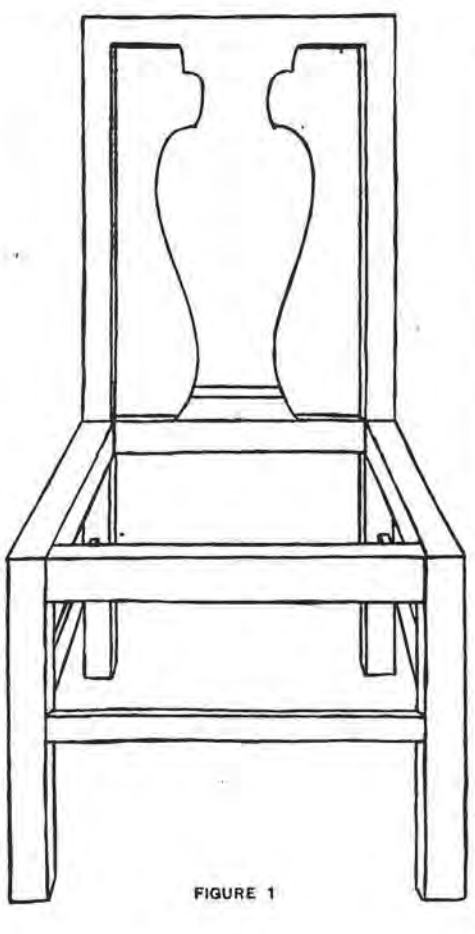


FIGURE 1

FIGURE 2

about Thomas Chippendale, except that he was a cabinetmaker, and worked in London in the eighteenth century. In 1754, he published his book of designs, of which a third edition appeared in 1762. Every article represented in these books he offers to make himself; yet, in studying his plates, in connection with the plates of the contemporary French designers, one must come to the conclusion that he was not the inventor of a style. His vogue was due to his carving, for he was a carver, far more than a cabinetmaker. He cared little about the form; but the things he did love were exuberant ornamentation, bright color, and plenty of gilding. He made chairs in all the fashions of his day,—"French chairs," with stuffed backs and seats, chairs with arms, "Gothic chairs," "Chinese chairs," hall chairs, and chairs for garden pavilions and ladies' *boudoirs*; and, as these are all carefully drawn in his book with explicit directions for their dimensions and

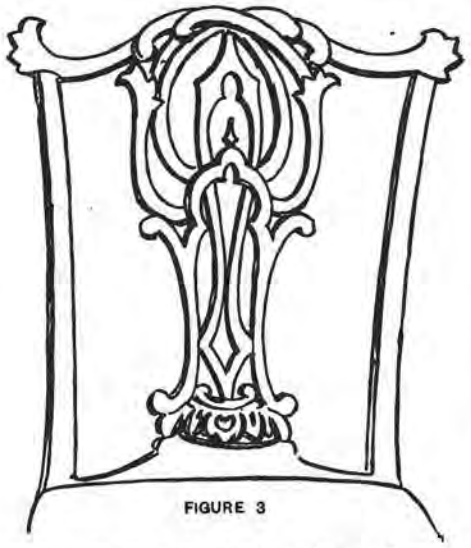


FIGURE 3

upholstery, anyone who wishes to buy a Chippendale chair can measure it for himself and have it correctly covered, without being dependent upon a dealer's word or an upholsterer's taste.

The dimensions Chippendale gives for his beautiful "ribband-back chairs" are as follows: front leg, nineteen inches high; the back, from seat to top rail, twenty-two or twenty-three inches; and the seat, eighteen inches square. In other examples, he mentions that "the height of the back seldom exceeds twenty-two inches above the seat." In the chairs which he calls "French," whose backs are stuffed and covered, the seats are twenty-seven inches wide in front, twenty-three inches wide behind, and twenty-two inches from the front to the back; the back is twenty-five inches high, and the height of the seat fourteen and one half inches, including casters. Other chairs are

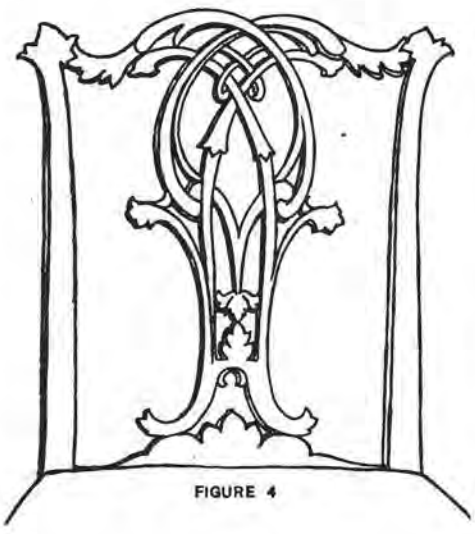


FIGURE 4

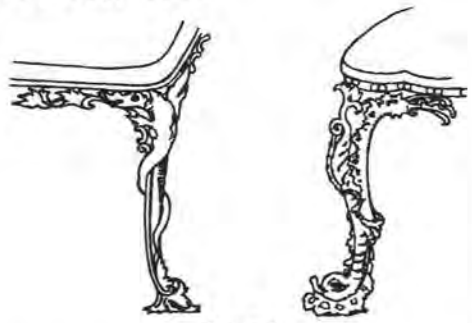


FIGURE 5

one foot, ten inches in the front; one foot, five and one half inches behind: and one foot, five inches from the front of the back foot to the front rail; the back, one foot, ten and one half inches high; and the seat, one foot, five inches high. .

Regarding the upholstery of Chippendale chairs, one need not think that dreary black horsehair covering was pleasing to this fashionable decorator. What does he recommend in his book? In the first place, he makes a plea for red morocco fastened to the rail with small brass nails touching one another; silks and satins of bright hues, stamped in the Watteau style; and again, he permits cane bottoms and loose cushions covered with the same material as the window curtains,—damask, silk tapestry, etc.

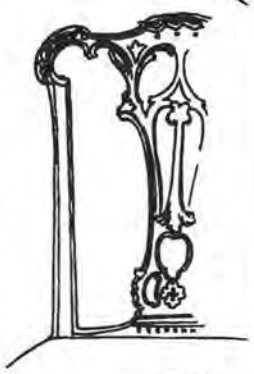
Indeed, it is noticeable, in the description of his plates, how seldom he recommends the use of mahogany or walnut. His taste was much too gay and fantastic for dark woods. He far preferred soft woods, japanned, or painted and brightened with gold ornaments. He was also fond of rosewood, but he required everything made in this wood to be heavily ornamented with gilt.

Therefore it must not be imagined that a Chippendale chair is always made of heavy walnut, or mahogany; for a richly carved and gilded chair, one painted and gilded and a japanned and varnished chair ornamented with gilt work are fully typical of the Chippendale school.

Toward the middle of the eighteenth century, the chair represented above was the favorite type, and this is the chair, generally speaking, that is recognized as a typical Chippendale.

Is it really a Chippendale?

Undoubtedly this artistic workman made many chairs in this style for his patrons; but, if we want to know what he himself gave as models, it is very clear that we must turn to his book of designs, where, strange to say, this chair, so often called by his name to-day, never occurs.



The following illustrations are taken from his book. Fig. 1 represents what he gives as the ordinary chair of the period. It has a square and open back, with a jar-shaped splat running up to the square top rail. Now what did he do with it?

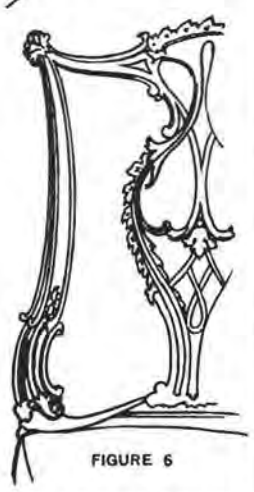


FIGURE 6

Being a carver, he pierced and carved the splat, allowing the light to fall through after the fashion of the tracery in a Gothic window; yet, it will be noticed, by comparing the next designs, (Figs. 2, 3, and 4,) that the outline of the jar-shaped splat is still retained. He also waved the top rail and uses the trefoil, the quarter-foil, the leaf, and, particularly, the broken curve, so characteristic of the Louis XV. style.

It is strange that we find no such leg as is shown in our first illustration in all Chippendale's book. The only ball-and-claw is that of a lion (not a bird,) holding a very flat ball, and the nearest approach to it, in general outline, occurs on a "French chair," and, as shown above, (Fig. 5,) represents a dolphin whose tail gracefully rests upon the curve while his head is used for the foot. This fanciful leg and foot are intended to be gilded. In another chair the dolphin is turned the other way, his tail being used for the foot.

The three last examples (Fig. 6,) of richly carved chair backs exhibit the peculiar ornate mixture of Louis XV., Gothic and Chinese ornamentation which is, indeed, the true signature of Chippendale.


6257


6255—6256


6259—6260

Suggestions for the Home Dressmaker

MARTHA DEAN

FEBRUARY occupies the same position in the winter calendar of fashion that August does in the summer calendar, for it is the month when the well-dressed woman settles down to the enjoyment of her wardrobe. Then, too, February is obsessed by the Lenten season when there are no obligations to one's clothes; at least one contemplates few additions to the cold weather wardrobe, and the ideas one harbors relate in a measure to spring. However, the well-dressed woman aims to keep just a little in advance of the season, and she is already planning what she will include in her spring wardrobe. What she decides upon is always a matter of interest to her less fortunate friends. Some one has said that good clothes afford our sex a greater amount of comfort than even religion, and certainly to be as well dressed as one's neighbors is a consummation devoutly to be wished. The well-dressed woman is not always the woman who has the well-filled purse; indeed, sometimes she is quite the contrary,—and certainly the woman who has a fortune at her disposal owes a debt to the community, in the fact that it is not her prerogative to make herself grotesque with wrong combinations of color and unbecoming fabrics, simply because they are costly and within her reach. On the other hand a sensible woman will never betray by her dress such a devotion to her toilet as to lead people to imagine that it is the sole occupation of her mind. The most ardent devotee of fashion would not allow that this was her only title to be considered a reasonable being. Above all, do not affect the extreme mode; it is the most certain index of a little mind. Let elegance and simplicity and all things pertaining thereto be the prominent characteristics of your dress. This rule applies particularly to those who are ignorant of the subtle art of good dressing.

There are so many little things nowadays that go toward making a woman's wardrobe complete that one can not afford to overlook them. There are also many little things practiced by dressmakers in the fashioning of a gown that entirely change its general effect, and the home dressmaker should know of these convenient little makeshifts which enable one to give one's gown an up-to-date appearance. The woman who does not have the proper form cuts a sad figure, no matter how fine the fabrics with which she is clothed; and so it becomes necessary to help out nature's deficiencies. A hollow-chested woman should make for herself pretty little extenders, such as will add a note of daintiness to her toilet instead of detracting from it. To make these take a band of lawn three inches deep, and the length across one's chest.

To the upper edge sew a ruffle six inches deep, and to the lower another about eight inches deep. The extender may be pinned in the armholes with small shield pins, or it may be finished by ribbon ties to be slipped on over the arms. For wash waists it may be made of lawn and edged with "val" lace, or white silk with pinked edges is pretty. Very few women's hips are the same, and a good pad is made by cutting several thicknesses of crinoline, the sizes varying according to where the padding is most needed. These layers should be slightly circular in shape, so as to fit smoothly over the hips. A good pattern to follow is the upper edge of a circular skirt or yoke. Many good dressmakers sew a shaped ruffle to the lining in the back of a skirt, (with narrow end at the front,) about three inches below the waist-line, and extending from hip to hip. To prevent a light-colored skirt from soiling, finish it on the inside, at the lower edge, with a lace-edged Swiss ruffle, which may be removed and cleaned or replaced by a new one when soiled.

One can not imagine how effective this is, and it is a certain guarantee against cleaners' bills. If your full skirt is of very light weight material the hem should be lined with flannel. This will hold it in position without any appearance of stiffness. Every woman finds real delight in the odor of the *sachet* bags hidden among her garments, and a clever way of gratifying this desire is to use little *sachets* of silk the same as the lining of the dress. Make them the size of a half dollar and keep them rather flat when filling, making enough to give out a faint odor. Fasten them among the ruffles of the extender or along the edge, in pendant form.

The making of woman's clothes is becoming more and more a difficult task. Styles have changed so much that, although gowns may have the appearance of being simple, it does not follow that they are simple in the making or cut, unless one understands the use of patterns. It is for those who are, by choice or by necessity, home dressmakers, and also at the request of several readers, that I offer the following by way of suggestion and the designs as well as examples. In cutting your bodice be sure to lay the pieces marked with three small perforations, on the thread of the material. If parts have no such mark, then the straight edge is always on the thread of the goods. After cutting the bodice, match the waist-line carefully, and baste the seams from the top down, except in the case of the darts, which should be basted the other way. The shoulder seams should then be sewn, holding the front just a little tight, for it is always just a little shorter than the back. This allows a better fit over the shaping of the shoulders.

In trying on the bodice always fit the right side of the figure, for it is usually the larger. If you wish to tighten the bodice across the chest, take it in at the under-arm seams, or, if it is too loose, make the alterations in the same seams. Never touch the front line of the bodice as it will throw the darts out of place. If the neck is too large use the shoulder seams, drawing the front down toward the armholes, but always keep the front seam straight. If there is too much length in the front, take up a horizontal dart just across the bust. The same method is used when the armhole is too large in front. A little dart of perhaps one-fourth inch at the armhole edge and


Cap, 4331

Coat, 4429


4639


4641

6258

sloping towards the front dart gives a good easy fit. The length of the waist is regulated by the shoulder seams, and by laying a tiny tuck about three inches above the waist-line.

In placing the sleeve in the bodice, the center of the sleeve, that is, the back center, should be in line with the shoulder seam; the front sleeve seam should be placed in the armhole, on a horizontal line with the top of the bust line, the seam being in a straight line with the thumb when the arm falls straight. It is always better to cut the skirt first, for often the blouse portions may be cut out of some of the pieces, but of this I will speak next time.

A great deal of the neatness and style of one's appearance depends upon the care that is taken of one's clothes when not in actual use. A little extra time given to the care of one's wardrobe is time well and economically spent. Too much stress can not be laid upon the importance of airing bodices when they are removed. Never put a waist away until it has been well aired and the perspiration and body warmth have evaporated. After shaking and brushing, stuff the sleeves and body with tissue or newspaper, and either hang the waist on a hanger, or, if any folds are necessary, place a roll of paper between and lay in a drawer.

4639.—Girls' Apron. Sizes:—3 to 10 years.

4429.—Boys' Reefer. Sizes:—4, 6, 8, 10 years.

4331.—Boys' Cap. Sizes:—4, 6, 8, 10 years.

4641.—Girls' Frock. Sizes:—4 to 12 years.

6254.—Ladies' Blouse, in plain or surplice style. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6255.—Ladies' Coat, in short or three-quarter length. Sizes:—32 to 44 inches, bust measure.

6256.—Ladies' Seven-gore Flare Skirt. Sizes:—20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

6257.—Ladies' One-piece Apron. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6258.—Ladies' Blouse. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6259.—Ladies' Blouse. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6260.—Ladies' Four-gore Skirt. Sizes:—20 to 30 inches, waist 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 128 and 129 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.]

6254

Women's Dress for All Occasions

MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

No American woman requires to be told that dress is a valuable adjunct in the art of pleasing, but the conviction is often forced upon one that, as in all other arts, there are many who fail. The exaggeration of a fashion lays one open to that reproach.

A girl who flaunts a hat that soars aloft, bobbing at every step she takes, secure in her complacent belief that her headgear is fashionable and "stylish," does not see the covert smiles of others, or know that she appears a caricature.

To be a well-dressed woman there are two fundamental rules to be observed. Her appearance must suggest absolute neatness, and her dress must be appropriate to the place and the occasion.

To insure a "well-tubbed, well-groomed" look,—to express the fashion of the day, in its current slang,—the hair must be frequently arranged, the hands well kept, and all garments must be fresh and free from speck, dust, or stain.

That "a lady is known by her gloves and her boots" has passed into a proverb, so any carelessness or untidiness in these important details will place her "beyond the pale."

Whether she has a maid or is her own tire-woman, no neglect in the case of the small belongings of dress is tolerated. Particularly are daintiness and freshness expected in a young girl's attire.

Next in importance is the observance of the conventions in the matter of appropriateness. "All is fine that is fit."

In the street, it is an unwritten law among gentlewomen that dress should be inconspicuous.

In the morning, for shopping, charity meetings, classes, etc., a dark cloth costume of rough or smooth goods, made short in the skirt, a becoming hat not too large, preferably without plumes, stout boots and loose dogskin or castor gloves make up the fashionable attire for winter.

For afternoon wear, the cloth may be of a lighter shade, or its model of greater elegance, or may, perhaps, be but a newer gown. The jacket may conceal a dressy bodice, and the hat be more elaborate than that of the morning, and adorned with feathers when fashion sanctions them. With this, patent-leather shoes, white gloves, and a bunch of violets add a last touch of elegance.

So dressed, a woman may call upon her friends, attend a matinée, or concert, or luncheon party, or reception. With the jacket's removal, the pretty bodice is seen, which, with the dressy hat, makes a costume sufficiently elaborate. Those who attend these functions dressed in velvets, in pale shades of cloth, or the lighter fabrics, that a passing fashion now permits, must not go on foot or in the street cars.

In her carriage, a woman may dress with the degree of elegance that pleases her, but in a public vehicle finery attracts the kind of attention that a well-bred woman would deprecate.

At receptions and teas, the hostess and her assistants wear high-necked and long-sleeved gowns of silk, lace, velvet, *crêpe de Chine*, or white or pale-hued cloths, made with trains. The jewels may be according to the means of the wearer, but should have some ostensible use beyond their mere display, although a bit of ostentation is permissible with a ball toilet.

They wear no hats, of course, and so are distinguished from the guests, who arrive in visiting costume. All wear dress shoes and white, or very light gloves, except the hostess, who welcomes her friends with ungloved hands.

For their "days at home" young hostesses wear light silks, China *crêpes*, cloths of delicate shades, or lace, chiffon, or light silk bodices, with dark skirts. The elder women wear gowns of black lace, jetted or spangled net, velvet, gray *crêpe de Chine*, or veiling, and now, by a caprice of fashion, white gowns are permitted to gray-haired dowagers, though effective combinations of black and white are much more flattering to their appearance.

Those women who stay at home one day in each week to receive their friends dress very simply. Young married women sometimes wear elaborate tea gowns, but such semi-loose *negligeé* is only appropriate when the occasion is very informal. The proper time for their use is when, after the street gown has been removed and before dressing for dinner, one meets the family and intimate guests around the afternoon tea table.

A girl, at her *début*, usually wears a white gown of lace, chiffon, *crêpe de Chine*, French embroidered muslin, or a simple organdie, while the friends who receive with her dress in pale shades of thin materials. All the gowns have high-necked bodices with long sleeves. They wear gloves, but the young hostess may not.

At church weddings women wear their newest and prettiest frocks, provided that their smartest hats may be worn with them harmoniously, but those to whom the affair is not a dress parade may wear church or visiting costumes and know that they are appropriately garbed. White or very light gloves will constitute such attire a "wedding garment."

No woman may attend a church ceremony with uncovered head, whether as a guest or as a member of the bridal party. So said St. Paul, and his words are yet in force, although we know that, in the times in which he wrote,

modest women were never seen in public assemblies without a veil or head-covering.

At house weddings, hats may be worn or not, according to pleasure, though in the evening they are rarely seen. If a reception follows a church ceremony in the evening, the guests dress as for an afternoon wedding.

We have translated the French "*en toilette*" into "full dress," but we still lack some equivalent for their expressive phrase, "*demi-toilette*." "Full dress" for a woman means merely a gown, made with low neck and short sleeves, and it is worn at balls, dinners, dances, at the opera, and at any entertainment after six o'clock given at private houses.

It is a growing fashion, copied from the English, to wear full dress every evening.

The "half-toilet"—to borrow the French phrase,—consists of a gown cut low, but filled in at the neck with lace, chiffon, or other gauzy material, or a fichu or collar of lace covers the neck above a low-cut bodice. The sleeves are so made that the arms are half concealed and half revealed. This costume is worn at little dinners and informal evening gatherings. At large dinners and dances, married women wear silks, satins, spangled laces, embroidered crapes, etc., but the girls who know best how to make themselves attractive wear the diaphanous chiffons, or sheer, filmy muslin.

For Business, Church, and the Theater

A tied bow of ribbon or wreath of tiny flowers for the hair is more in harmony with their youth than jewels, ostrich tips, aigrettes, gauzy-winged butterflies, etc., worn by their elders. Simplicity has a charm and artistic value of which young girls have little appreciation, and yet they would understand the lack of taste of one who would pass by rosebuds and gather only full-blown roses.

The question of mock jewelry may be disposed of in a sentence. If it is intended to deceive, it is not in the best taste to wear it. Rhinestones and mock gems have always been worn in the hair, without criticism. At the opera, the women in the boxes appear in full ball costume with hair elaborately arranged and wearing all their jewels.

One would sometimes draw a veil over the too frank exhibition of some who thus betray their lack of womanly refinement. In less sheltered parts of the house, it is usual to wear a becoming arrangement of lace or chiffon over neck and arms, or high-necked bodices. These last are always worn at theater or concert, though the materials composing them may be so light in shade and texture as to be very dressy. White gloves are now worn with every toilet except with morning dress.

The crusade against hats at the theater has even shamed inconsiderate folks into removing them before the rising of the curtain. Those who come in carriages wear none, except in the boxes, where they are still accepted.

Correct dress for church is inconspicuous, according to the means of the wearer, extremely neat and not too evidently the result of much thought. A woman gaily dressed advertises the fact that she has but one "best gown." In France, they wear black or dark colors, by preference. If one does not go to worship, it were well to "assume a virtue if you have it not."

The dress of a business woman, to be in good taste, should be characterized by extreme neatness and tasteful simplicity.

The material should be of good quality, that she may appear to be successful in her vocation, but dressy clothes and fancy finery mark her as one of the "foolish virgins" whose work is to her but a makeshift until she can win some man to support her, to whose home-problems she will bring the same untrained, slipshod methods that her dress would indicate to belong to her.

The woman whose work entitles her to a place of honor and dignity in the world also shows it in her dress.

A short, dark skirt and jacket of serge, cloth, or mixed wool, or a well-fitting black cloth jacket with black hat and skirt of any dark color, a plain well-made shirt waist, neat, moderately thick shoes, with low heels, and kid or lisle thread gloves make an appropriate street costume.

Correct Dress for Those in Mourning

At funerals, it is an evidence of sympathy with the bereaved family to dress in black or dark colors.

Mourning dress should be severely plain and exquisitely neat. Dressy mourning lacks dignity and betrays the wearer's interest in her clothes.

A widow, during her first year of mourning, wears only woolen fabrics trimmed with crape, or with folds of the material, and, for the street, a jacket or wrap of cloth, a crape bonnet with tiny white ruche, if desired, a very long crape veil, *suède* gloves, and black furs, in winter. In the house many wear collars and deep cuffs, of white organdie, with broad hems.

Only immediately after a bereavement, when the control of the emotions is uncertain, is it now customary to wear a long veil over the face. A face veil of net edged with crape is worn and the long veil thrown back. Silk veiling sometimes replaces crape.

The widow's cap is left off after the first year, and the veil shortened. At the end of two years, the veil is discarded and lusterless silks are worn. Much is left to the option of the wearer.

Two years is the usual period of mourning for parents, adult children, brothers and sisters. Close mourning, with the veil, is worn for a year, for parents and children, while for brothers and sisters it is usual to wear it but half that time. In all cases the mourning is lightened at intervals of six months. For a young child, the mother wears plain black for a year,—and soon lightens it for the sake of her other little ones. Young girls rarely wear veils, but crape toques, or hats trimmed with crape, and cloth or woolen gowns, with a touch of white at neck and wrists. Children under twelve wear mourning only for a parent, when white or gray frocks and coats are worn,—with all black hats.

For relatives, not of the immediate family, black is worn for six months,—and for relations-in-law convention prescribes the same degree of mourning as for one's own people, but circumstances alter cases.

A bride lightens her mourning after her marriage, and at the wedding, bride, bridesmaids, and all others concerned discard it for the occasion. It is in good taste to make the transitions from mourning to colors very gradual.

In summer, the "outdoor woman" sets the fashions; but, as Kipling says, "that is another story."

The Editor's Chat

[*Concluded from page 96*]

author owes his greatest book, his cleverest saying to a friend who has aroused in him latent powers which otherwise might have remained dormant. Artists have been touched by the power of inspiration through a masterpiece, or by some one they happened to meet who saw in them what no one else had ever seen,—the power to do an immortal thing.

The man who mixes with his fellows is ever on a voyage of discovery, finding new islands of power in himself which would have remained forever hidden but for association with others. Everybody he meets has some secret for him, if he can only extract it, something which he never knew before, something which will help him on his way, something which will enrich his life. No man finds himself alone. Others are his discoverers.

The Joy of Overcoming

THERE is something in the very consciousness that we are master of the situation that confronts us, especially if it is difficult, that is a wonderful tonic. The sense of mastery, of victory in what we undertake, is a perpetual uplift to the life. It is a powerful tonic to ambition, a perpetual stimulus to endeavor.

A man feels larger every time he surmounts an obstacle which, perhaps, seemed insurmountable. There is a sense of added power in every victory, a feeling of enlargement at the very thought of overcoming.

A feeling of exultation thrills through the whole system when we have conquered, when we have proved ourselves master of the situation. There is an exhilaration which accompanies the sense of victory that makes us long to undertake even harder things.

Achievement is not only a mental, but also a physical tonic. Thousands of semi-invalids and people who have been ailing for years have suddenly blossomed into health and vigor after some great success or good fortune has come to them which has changed an iron to a velvet environment. The feeling that the wolf has been banished forever from the door by some great effort of ours is a wonderful stimulant to the physical being.

After a man has struggled years and years, perhaps, on some invention, and has been balancing 'twixt hope and despair, suffering defeats and discouragements,—barely able to keep his family from starving while he has been struggling to supply the missing link in his device,—when the consciousness first dawns upon him that he has found the secret, that he has solved the mystery, and that henceforth all that has troubled and perplexed him is destined to be wiped away, that in place of the detraction, scorn, and contempt which have been poured upon him as a crank, there will be admiration, praise, and fame, the change wrought both in the physical and the mental man is almost miraculous. The rebound makes a complete revolution in his life. Hope takes the place of despair, confidence of doubt, assurance of uncertainty.

Are You Sound?

YOU MAY be smart, sharp, shrewd, cunning, long-headed, you may be a good scholar, very clever—even brilliant,—but are you sound? That is the question everybody who has any dealings with you will ask. Are you substantial, solid? Have you a level head?

Everywhere we see men who are very brilliant out of work, plenty of sharp men who wonder why they do not get responsible positions. But people are afraid of these one-sided, poorly-balanced men. Nobody feels safe in their hands. People want to feel that a man in a responsible position can keep a clear brain and level head no matter what comes, that he can not be shaken from his center no matter how much influence is brought to bear upon him. They want to be sure that he is self-centered, that he is sound to the very core. Most people overestimate the value of education, of brilliance, sharpness, shrewdness, which they think can be substituted for a level head and sound judgment.

The great prizes of life do not fall to the most brilliant, to the cleverest, to the shrewdest, to the most long-headed, or to the best educated, but to the most level-headed men, to the men of soundest judgment. When a man is wanted for a responsible position, his shrewdness is not considered so important as his sound judgment. Reliability is what is wanted. Can a man stand without being tripped; and, if he is thrown, can he land upon his feet? Can he be depended upon, relied upon under all circumstances to do the right thing, the sensible thing? Has the man a level head? Has he good horse sense? Is he liable to fly off on a tangent or to "go off half-cocked?" Is he "faddy?" Has he "wheels in his head?" Does he lose his temper easily, or can he control himself? If he can keep a level head under all circumstances, if he can not be thrown off his balance, and is honest, he is the man wanted.

Where Avarice Crowded out Love

THE case of a man whose friendship I prized in early life is typical of those of hundreds who are deceiving themselves with the fiction that they are really sacrificing themselves to the interests of their families. This man married an amiable and attractive young woman, whose whole heart was given to him. All went well for the first few years after their marriage; but gradually the husband began to stay a little longer and yet longer in his office, and, when he came home late in the evening, he was apt to be a little more silent, a little more self-absorbed than had been his wont. He was not so much interested in his wife's confidences, or so responsive to her efforts to draw his mind away from business cares. The prattle of the little baby girl whose coming had brought additional sunshine to the home had no power to divert him from the planning and scheming to enlarge his business, and to make more money, with which he had become continually occupied. As the years went on he grew more and more away from youthful ideals and more and more wrapped up in his business. His home and wife and child held but the second place in his heart, in spite of his efforts to make himself believe the contrary. "I shall see more of them later," he said to himself. "It is all for their good. It is for them that I want more money, more power, and more influence. I must put this deal through before I relax, or all my plans will be overturned." He continued to deceive himself with these sophistries, until now he finds himself, in middle life, almost a stranger to his family. Their interests, tastes, and ideals are not of his world. He is unable to comprehend them. They have grown away from him into a world which he can not enter, while he has fallen into a rut from which it seems impossible for him to extricate himself. Books and music and social pleasures have no meaning for him. The state of the market, the rise and fall of stocks, the fluctuations of trade, the conditions of the money market,—these are the only things that appeal to him, the only things he understands. At times he is shaken by a fear of physical and mental collapse. The constant strain on his nerves is beginning to tell on him. His mind is not so keen and alert as it once was, he is not so calm or self-controlled, and his luxurious home affords no cessation of care to this slave of Mammon. Delving in the same rut continually has made him a mere machine, and for want of lubrication it is wearing out prematurely.

Riches That Are Worth While

"HAD I but two loaves," said Mohammed, "I would sell one and buy hyacinths to feed my soul,"—a sentiment we must all approve, but which, unfortunately, all do not realize in practice.

What is more common than to see men and women starve the soul, and paralyze the growth and expansion of the finer sentiments, which alone make life worth living, for the sake of the coarser pleasures of the senses, or in order to pile up material wealth, the effect of which is, as a rule, to draw us farther and farther away from the life of the spirit?

There are hundreds of wealthy homes in this country in which one will not find a single inspiring book, picture, or statue, or any work of art of spiritual significance,—anything, in short, that elevates the thoughts of its inhabitants or touches their lives to finer issues. There is a great display of vulgar wealth, rich carpets and tapestries, and costly furniture,—a fortune in decorations,—but nothing whatever to appeal to the spiritual qualities.

In many a home of poverty we find more that inspires to noble living, that lifts life above the commonplace and the sordid, and that stirs the soul to higher flights, than in the mansions of some of our millionaires. There are no costly paintings or tapestries, it is true, no priceless bric-a-brac, or crowding of useless ornaments,—perhaps not even carpets on the floors; but one sees a few well-worn volumes whose character reveals that of the owners, feels a sense of real refinement, and breathes in a spiritual atmosphere and an outflow of love and helpfulness that invests the humble dwelling with a beauty and charm mere money-wealth can not command.

Beauty of soul, goodness of heart and a cultivated spiritual nature are the furnishings that transform a hovel into a palace, and without which the most luxurious mansion is poor and tawdry and desolate.

It is not the possession of money that constitutes wealth, that gives the highest satisfaction, and awakens the consciousness of noble achievement, the assurance that one is fulfilling his mission, and that he is reading aright the sealed message which the Creator placed in his hand at birth.

Only soul-wealth, generous disinterestedness, the love that seeks not its own, and hands that help and hearts that sympathize constitute true riches and fill the possessor with the joy of one who knows that he is fulfilling the real purpose of his life.

There Will Be No Chances This Year For—

The idler.
The leaner.
The coward.
The wobbler.
The ignorant.
The weakling.
The smatterer.
The indifferent.
The unprepared.
The educated fool.
The impractical theorist.
Those who watch the clock.
The slipshod and the careless.
The young man who lacks backbone.
The person who is afraid of obstacles.
The man who has no iron in his blood.
The person who tries to save on foundations.
The boy who slips rotten hours into his schooling.
The man who is always running to catch up with his business.
The man who can do a little of everything and not much of anything.
The man who wants to succeed, but who is not willing to pay the price.
The one who tries to pick only the flowers out of his occupation, avoiding the thorns.

It is the man who goes straight to his goal, obstacle or no obstacle, that commands our respect, gets our confidence and gets to the front. He is the man who is sought in an emergency, not the man who is afraid of obstacles, who magnifies difficulties.

The Avenging Angel

HOWARD FIELDING

[*Continued from page 91*]

had overspread more than half the sky, and was seamed with tremulous, faint lightnings.

The dictation had but just begun when Loring was summoned to the telephone. He returned about ten minutes later.

"Something has happened," said he, briskly, —two things, in fact, for Mr. Kennard's telephone has broken down—"

"That happened days ago."

"So 'central' informs me. I'll have to send him a note which I will now dictate to you, and then you'll know all about the more important occurrence of the evening. Are you ready?—

"DEAR JIM: Todd has just telephoned to me. He must have heard bad news. He is ready to do the sensible thing, and is now on his way here, in his yacht. Send the money by Warren, who will give you this, and don't appear personally upon the scene until I've had half an hour alone with Todd. He is afraid of you, but he knows that I am honest. Pardon the pleasantry. I am feeling very good about this. Don't tell Warren what it is that you give him. A sum of that size would frighten him to death.

"That's the note. Now, if you'll give me a sheet of paper, I'll scratch my signature,—so. Now write the note over it. I'll go down to the lodge, myself, and send Warren to you here. He's the only man around the place that I'll trust with this. Tell him to take it to Mr. Kennard, and to follow his instructions."

He departed in haste, and Miss Carroll prepared to transcribe the note. She had put the signed sheet into the clutch of the typewriter, and had estimated the space which the note would fill, when the electric lights were suddenly extinguished, and she was immersed in total darkness.

The effect was startling. It was as if the girl had been stricken blind. Though the curtains were not drawn, at either side of the room, not a gleam of light came from the black night. There were no lighted windows upon the rear of the house, and all the exterior illumination was upon the driveway and lawn to the westward.

She arose, and slowly began to grope toward the door. Confused in the unfamiliar room, she was astray when a faint glow of lightning made the windows visible and served to guide her. She took half a dozen steps with confidence, and knew that she was very near the door. Then, suddenly, she became the prey of that peculiar terror which arises out of a vague perception of another presence, whether heard, or seen, or known through some delicate and nameless sense.

She opened her lips to cry out, which would have been most wise, but she was ashamed to be detected in childish fear of the dark. She tried to breathe steadily and to hold herself boldly erect. There could be no danger. An accident had stopped the electric current in the house, or perhaps the switch controlling the lights in the room had slipped out of place. It was beside the door; another step would bring her within reach of it. She tottered forward, with extended hand, which met another hand, hard, cold, and firm. At the same moment something soft was pressed against her face.

The precaution was entirely unnecessary. She could not have uttered a cry loud enough to be heard on the other side of the door. It seemed to her that she did just what one does when he screams, but no voice resulted.

The cushion which had been held against her face fell to the floor, and the sound of it was a relief in the silence. A hand was laid upon her throat, not roughly, but with a mechanical precision more terrifying than violence would have been. A voice said:—

"Who is Warren? Where is the lodge?"

Her ability to reply amazed her.

"Warren is a boatman,—an old servant. The lodge is a little house on the end of the pier."

"That is why Loring did not wait to have the note written out," said the voice, but not as if addressing her. "He could save time by going down there and sending Warren back. Ten minutes; perhaps twenty,—it's enough."

"You are Curtis Bond!" she gasped.

There was no sign that this recognition surprised or disquieted him. His grasp neither relaxed nor tightened. His voice, when he spoke again, was unchanged in tone. She had thought it disguised: in fact, it was the voice natural to the man at his worst,—a revelation, not a disguise.

[*To be concluded in* SUCCESS MAGAZINE *for March*]

Diplomatic Mysteries

VANCE THOMPSON

[*Concluded from page 95*]

With surprising agility for a man over seventy, he leaped across the ditch that separated the road from his garden, thus escaping the imbecile peasant. It was not dignified; it was not prophet-like; but, really, there are many, many little chickens at Yasnaia Poliana.

As a matter of fact, Tolstoi is always in contradiction with himself. Not even he has been able to live a Tolstoian life in the world. Then, too, he has old hereditary instincts of aristocratism. With the fine frankness which is part of him, he recognizes it himself. In the Dreyfus affair, which was in reality a democratic outburst against militarism, he was not with the people.

"Who can tell me," he cried, "why the whole world is interested in knowing if a Jewish officer did or did not betray his country? There are hundreds of unjust convictions yearly, in every land,—even in England and the United States. Why ignore them? Since they are ignored, why should this particular case—of little importance in France, and of no importance to the rest of the world,—raise such a turmoil?"

Clearly enough, Tolstoi wishes to be of the people; but merely to wish is not to be. No more than did he really put away his property, has he discarded his old aristocratic habit of thought. "I have completely liberated myself from patriotism," he said, and the next day he rode thirty miles for early news of the war. In spite of his apostolate, he is still a merry old man. He is still the boy who lay abed, read novels, and stuffed himself with honey-cake. In the great baronial home he romps as he did of old, playing with those of his sixty-five descendants who happen to be there, grandchildren or great-grandchildren. One of his favorite games he has named "The Numidian Cavalry." When the children are gathered, he will start suddenly from his chair and rush, shouting, from the room. The children, big and little, scamper after him; and up stairs and down, from room to room and hall to hall, the Numidian cavalry chases the joyous old man,—novelist and prophet. He was always hearty, strong, and full of wild, abundant vitality,—full of courage, too; at Sevastopol he took a keen joy in the whistling bullets; in the forest of Piatigorsk he tracked a bear, and the brute turned on him and tore his scalp so that "the rags of flesh hung over his eyes and the snow was red for yards around;" and his first question, when aid came, was: "Where's the bear? Which way did he go?" Even in old age it is hard for him to be a Tolstoist. The sword he carried in the Crimea hangs just above his writing table. The old soldier wears a blouse, eats only vegetables, makes his own bed, and refuses to sleep on feathers; he is still the aristocrat, hating the verbose socialist and the insane anarchist, but loving the violets of Parma and a good saddle horse,—always the Count Leo Nikolaïevitch Tolstoi of Yasnaia Poliana.

What has the state to fear from him?

His ideals are so high that he himself can not attain them,—nor can the czar himself; he is a Saint Francis of Assisi come too late into too skeptical and materialistic a world.

This saintly ending of a tumultuous, glorious, and long life is quite in the Russian character. That great Romanoff, Alexander I., did not die the day all Russia mourned for him. An empty coffin was put away in the royal vault, and his successor reigned in his stead. He, in the garb of a monk, went quietly from the palace and forth on a pilgrimage to the holy places of Russia, wandering thus, for his soul's sake, in poverty and humility. Not for many years did he die. Then the poor pilgrim's body was laid away in the vaults of the Romanoffs. He, too, was a Tolstoist, this great czar who saved his soul in poverty and prayer.

The free man,—the only free man in Russia,—why should he not be free?

The charge of his Numidian cavalry will never overturn the throne; his pale and beautiful idealism will never menace any power, or caste, or privilege,—it is harmless as the perfume of Cyprus he sprinkles on his shirts.

But let us see.—

III.—"By Order of the Czar"

No country—England not more than Italy,—hesitates to violate the correspondence intrusted to the public post; but in Russia the censorship

over written and printed matter is absolute. The chief of state is no freer from this surveillance than the frantic little conspirator mad for democracy. When so great a chief as De Witte was minister of finance, he found, more than once, on his private letters, the telltale marks of the *cabinet noir;* and the foreign journals and magazines came often, even to him, blacked over by the vigilant censor. Now, by order of the czar, the correspondence of Tolstoi passes free of the law. No man lays a hand on it; none spies into it; letters go to him ("mountains of letters," as he says,) from all parts of the world, but not a seal is broken. He sends through the mails the fiery manuscripts—full of inspiration and fury,—which, printed, will spread through the world his attacks on his country and its laws, and on humanity and its habitudes; no one stays them,—"by order of the czar."

"Tolstoi is one of our national glories," the czar said, recently; like the Kremlin, he bulks above the law; he is a monument.

Moreover, Russia is preëminently the land of spies. Democratic and socialistic France has raised the spy-system to a state function, but in Russia it is the very soul of the state. In Moscow, in the streets, agents of the police are stationed every five hundred yards; in addition, secret agents watch the houses day and night,—one being allotted to every four houses; and in every house is another spy, the porter. Go where you will, you are never out of the watchful eye of the police. You brush against spies in your hotel, as in the theaters; in a restaurant, as in the drawing-room of a friend. It is ridiculously easy to recognize those you meet in the fashionable resorts. They have evidently been instructed to disguise themselves as gentlemen, and for one of them the livery of a gentleman is a frock coat, a silk hat, and, always,—by rain or sunlight,—an umbrella. The famous third police! A stranger might fancy that, in an open cab,—talking French or English to his friend,—he would at least be safe from surveillance; but his friend will touch him significantly and speak of the weather. The fat cabby on the box, somnolent, with white hair and good paternal eyes, may be a spy, more skilled in the languages than the traveling stranger; and, if the cabman has been found loitering near the great clubs, the hotels, or the embassies, the chances are strong that he is. A subtler police than that of the third section—the *akrana*, which has its ramifications in every capital in Europe and America,—completes this great system of *espionnage*. Its mesh is over every man in Russia; no one goes unwatched,—save only old Count Tolstoi. No spies lurk in the pine avenue that leads to Yasnaia Poliana; no agents prowl round the low, spacious white house; suspicion does not haunt the great park. Free to think as he will, to live in his own guise, and to act as he pleases, Count Leo Nikolaiëvitch Tolstoi is the only free man in Russia. This freedom, which is thus accorded him, is extended to his broad ancestral manor; Yasnaia Poliana is an oasis of liberty in the white imperial land,—"by order of the czar," for by what other power could it be given him?

What are the thoughts and ideas that Tolstoi sends abroad from this free and peaceful country home?—Is there any menace in them that the czar's advisers may fear?

In the first place, he is the declared enemy of all modern inventions, which only "serve to perpetuate slavery." In his sweeping way he condemns every wheel that turns, save only those of a peasant's cart. The telephone and the telegraph are evil things; the railway is an abomination,—"Plato did not travel in a railway car." Science, too, is a "sickly curiosity," and arbitration is sophistry, for "salvation can not come out of political and diplomatic combinations;" and art is a crime, because it is not among the natural needs of mankind, and the only tolerable art is—not that of Dante and Shakespeare, or of Beethoven and Wagner,—but "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which served humanity. Marriage is an iniquitous institution. The state is a system of organized violence, made to protect a few against the envy and rancor of the many. Society has no right to protect itself against criminals. The one law of life is not to resist evil and to do no violence,—not even against violence,—not even against crime. No man has a right to judge another; so judges and magistrates have no authority over any one. To take the life of man or beast is the greatest crime; war is the *résumé* of all crimes. So, sweeping away all that man has built up in

MADAME TOLSTOI

the ages,—the state, the family, art, and organized well-being,—Tolstoi would have men live in love, going down into the great serene republic of the animals. There, banishing violence, they will live in untrammeled liberty. All the conflicts that divide men will be settled by reason. Without individual property, and without laws, men will live simply, dining on grain and herbs, and drinking of the brook, reasonable and happy. 'T is an old, old theory; a Utopia that has tempted many gray-haired or boyish thinkers.

Tolstoi's ideal is not one the state need fear; his religion is only the moral law of Christ, and the states have heard it many times; and always Cæsar lives, and some men dwell in palaces and some men sleep in the rain, and the armies march.

From his serene republic Tolstoi banishes the crazed anarchists and the subtle socialists,—the two poles of the menace to modern civilization; and in this he thinks and acts like the czar. He does not revolt against the ignorance of the peasant, or against his poverty; both ignorance and poverty he considers good; he has written parables for his peasants and opened a school in Toula, but he has too much contempt for physical well-being (in theory,) and for scientific knowledge to believe that good can come from these sources; and again his theory accords with the autocratic theory of the Russian state. He would let the peasant develop his soul in his own way. "The only bad peasant," he says, "is a rich peasant." In a word, the social and economic question is, for him, a moral question,—and only that. So far as any actual danger to the state is concerned, he is as harmless a reformer as his early prototype, Saint Francis, preaching to the birds that fluttered round his mystic head.

"Wealth and civilization are the sources of depravity,—banish violence from the world,—love one another."

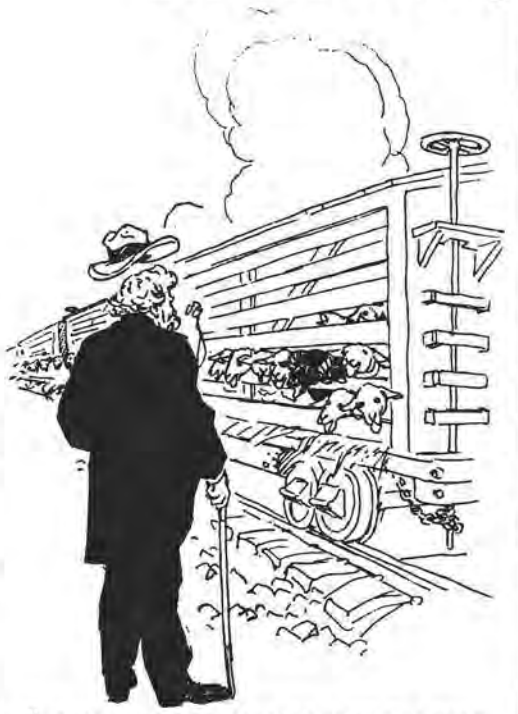
The birds flying about the head of the saint heard his words; men heard them, too, but the world went on just the same, violent and loveless, getting wealth and civilization.

Clothed in a gray blouse,—open at the neck to display the soft, white linen, perfumed with the violets of Parma,—slippered, and at ease, stroking his great white beard of an old aristocrat, Count Leo Nikolaiëvitch Tolstoi sits in his simple study, looking out into his ancestral park, where, to-day, white feathers of the snow go whirling. Over his head hangs the sword he used so well in the Crimea. Behind him stretch, row upon stately row, the books he has written,—a monument more imperishable than brass. He has known all the glories. He has had military glory, he has had literary glory, and now he knows a little of the glory of Saint Francis,—of the Buddha who preached love and abnegation; it is almost as if he felt the glory of a saint, an aureole of mystic light, descending upon his head; dreaming, he—

* * * * * * *

There is a knock at the door; Agatha, his nurse,—wrinkled and incredibly old,—brings in the *samovar*. There is an enigmatic smile on her lips, skeptical, but not unkindly.

A Blunder That Cost Something



"MR. SEABOLD CAME DOWN TO MEET THE DOG"

"THE funniest blunder I ever heard of a telegraph man making," said a station agent, "was one that a young smarty perpetrated when I was up at Milwaukee. F. T. Seabold, a sheep-raiser on a large scale, was in the city at the time. I learned, later, that he had come on to make a sheep sale, and had arranged with his foreman to send east, in a hurry, as many animals as he might telegraph him he wanted.

"Well, Mr. Seabold did n't make terms to suit him, and the deal was called off, but he got an invitation to go shooting and decided to accept. It seems that he owned a splendid hunting dog, named 'Shep,' and thought that the dog would enjoy the trip and should go along. So he wired the foreman:—

"'Send on Shep at once.'

"Then the operator got busy. He knew, of course, that the ranchman must mean 'sheep,' and that he had just left out an 'e' in the telegram. The operator told the waiting foreman to send on the sheep,—and the foreman did.

"In proper time Mr. Seabold came down to meet the dog. About eighteen carloads of bleating sheep were awaiting him. What did he do? He sued the telegraph company and got enough for that operator's smartness to more than cover the profits of the sheep deal."

▲ ▲

Seven Million Savings-bank Accounts

THE number of depositors in the savings banks of the United States has doubled in the last seventeen years. The total amount of their deposits has increased from $1,235,247,371, in 1887, to $2,935,204,845, during the year 1903. The official statistics, for 1903, show 7,305,228 individual depositors.

About one half of the amount deposited represents the savings of the wage-earning class. The figures here given not only show an increasing prosperity among those of small incomes, but they also indicate an increasing frugality.

Of the total deposits of the entire country not less than 38.5 per cent. are in the state of New York.

The part of this grand total of deposits which is credited to the wage-earning class does not represent all of the savings of that group. The building and loan associations, with total assets of more than five hundred million dollars, are a favorite form of investment for many. Then personal hoarding, life insurance, and even modest investment in stocks and bonds, are other means of accumulation. Many wage earners in country towns and small cities own their homes. All this shows that the wage earners of the United States have a large share in our national prosperity.

▲ ▲

The Industrial Progress of the United States

THE United States has made so great progress in all lines of industry since 1880 that no one will be surprised by the statement, made on the authority of the Bureau of statistics of the department of commerce, that this country has shown a larger and quicker growth in manufacturing than has any country in Europe. It is certainly interesting to learn that, in the consumption of coal, iron, and cotton, the United States has surpassed all the greatest manufacturing countries of Europe combined in the past quarter of a century. In the coal consumption the United States shows a gain of three hundred and sixty-four per cent., against eighty-two per cent. of the four leading European countries; namely, Great Britain, Germany, France, and Russia; in the making of iron products the gain of this country is four hundred and thirty-seven per cent., against one hundred and two per cent. gain in Europe; and in the manufacture of cotton the American increase is one hundred and seven per cent., against forty-six per cent. in Great Britain, Germany, and France. While the figures here given deal with only three items of manufacturing consumption, the three selected are so important and so widely used that they may well be regarded as clearly indicative of the general movement along all lines of manufacture in the different countries during the past twenty-three years.

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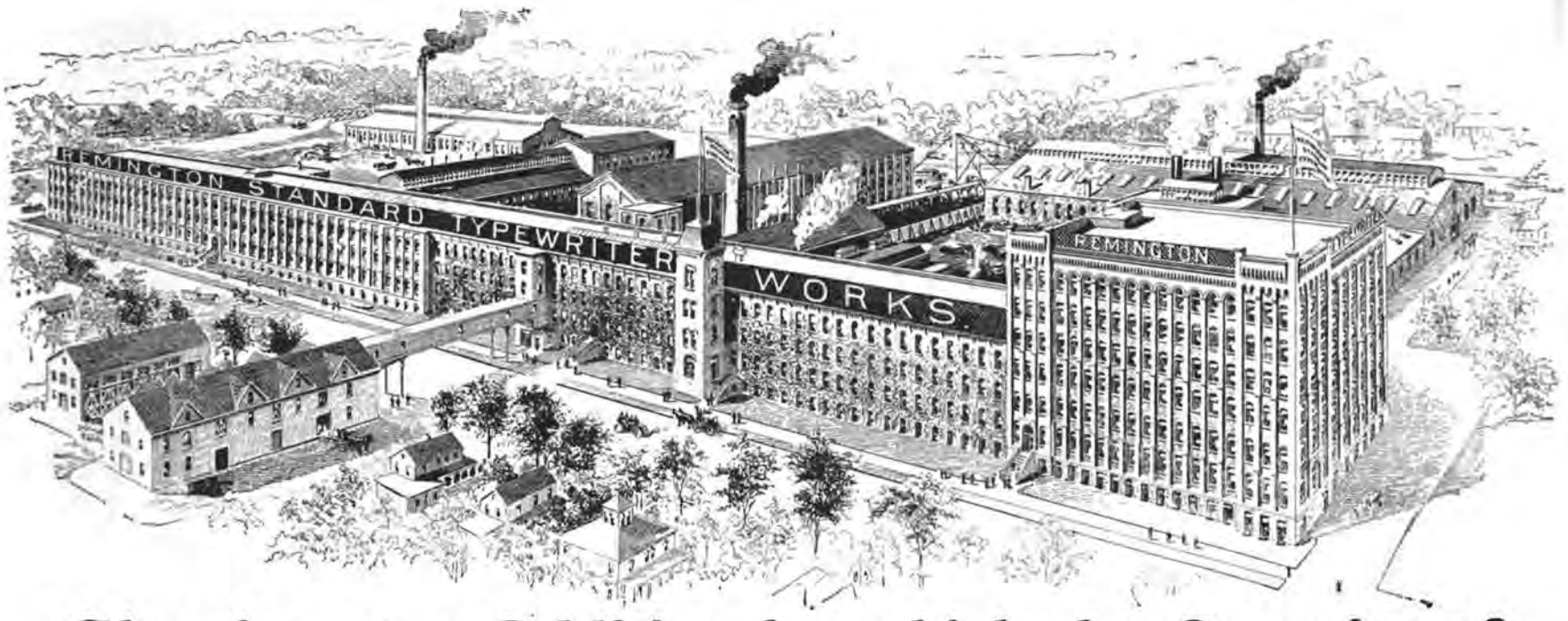

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	with Leslie's Weekly	7.00	7.50
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	with Harper's Magazine or Weekly or Atlantic Monthly	7.00	7.85
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EXPLANATION OF CLUB OFFERS

The first column of prices below gives my Club price for the publication named in large type on the left and any of those bracketed with same. **The second column gives the price with an additional Class A included** (your choice from Class A the first column of this advertisement.)

EXAMPLE:—My price as given below for Cosmopolitan with American Boy is $1.50, or if another Class A is added, as offered in heading of second column of figures (which may be Pearson's,) making the list Cosmopolitan, American Boy and Pearson's, the price is $2.00. **No further additions to these Clubs can be made.**

In this way thousands of different combinations may be made up. **List of Class A in the column at left of this.**

		Our Price	Also with Any Additional Class A
Cosmopolitan Magazine or **Twentieth Century Home**	with American Boy	$1.50	$2.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	3.00	3.50
	with World's Work and Woman's Home Companion	3.35	3.85
	with Current Literature	2.50	3.00
	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	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 Success 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	
	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 Success	4.75	5.25
	with Woman's Home Companion	4.35	4.85
	with Outing	5.50	6.00
	with Atlantic Monthly	6.70	7.60
	with Century Magazine	7.00	7.85
	with Country Life in America	6.25	6.75
	with Current Literature	5.50	6.00
	with International Studio	7.00	7.50
	with Judge	7.50	8.00
	with Leslie's Weekly	6.70	7.20
	with Scribner's Magazine	6.35	7.10
	with St. Nicholas	6.00	6.85
	with Scientific American and one of Class A	7.00	7.50
Housekeeper or **Ladies' World** or **McCall's**	with Holiday Magazine	1.00	1.50
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	with any one of class A	1.25	1.75
	with Success and Woman's Home Companion	1.85	2.35
	with Etude	1.75	2.25
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Leslie's Weekly	with Woman's Home Companion and Success	4.85	5.35
	with any two of Class A	4.75	5.25
	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 Success	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 Woman's Home Companion	$2.10	$2.60
	with any two of Class A	2.00	2.50
	with World's Work and Success	3.00	3.50
	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 Success and Woman's Home Companion	3.60	4.10
	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 Woman's Home Companion	2.10	2.60
	with Success 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 Woman's Home Companion	3.85	3.85
	with Booklovers Magazine	3.75	4.25
	with Century Magazine	5.75	6.25
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	with Scientific American	4.75	5.25
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Saint Nicholas or **Scientific American**	with Success and Leslie's Monthly	4.25	4.75
	with Outing	4.75	5.25
	with Country Life in America	5.50	6.00
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	with Judge	6.75	7.25
	with Leslie's Weekly	6.10	6.60
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Scribner's Magazine	with any two of Class A	4.35	4.85
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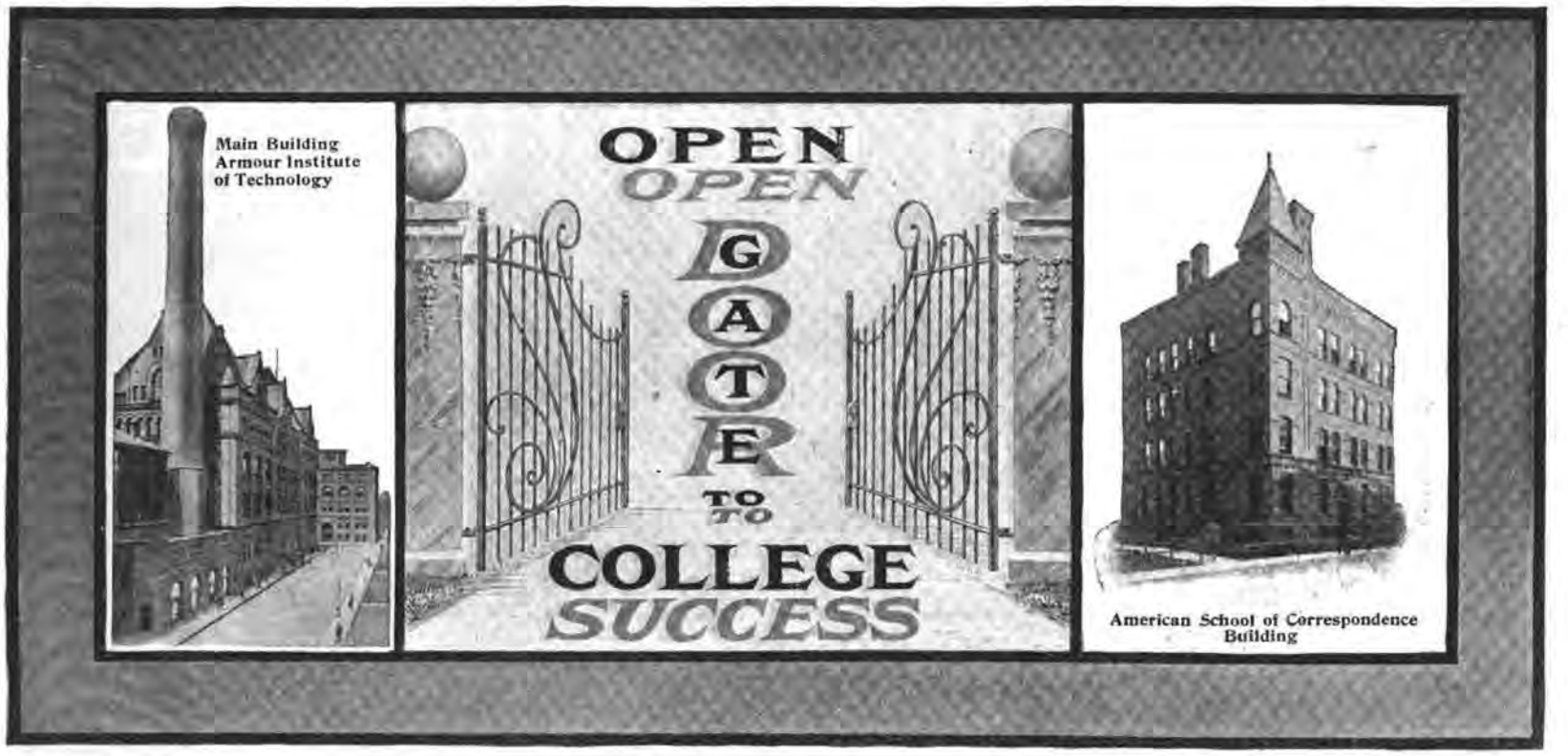
	with Pearson's and Woman's Home Companion	2.10	2.60
	with Review of Reviews	2.50	3.00
	with Current Literature and any Class A	3.00	3.50
	with Judge	4.75	5.25
	with Leslie's Weekly	4.25	4.75
	with Outlook (new sub.)	3.00	3.50
	with Scientific American	3.75	4.25
	with Scribner's Magazine	3.85	4.35
Table Talk or **Any Class A**	with Good Housekeeping and Woman's Home Companion	2.10	2.60
	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	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 Success	2.10	2.60
	with any two of Class A	2.10	2.60
	with any three of Class A	2.60	
	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 Success	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
	with Scientific American	4.75	5.25
	with Scribner's Magazine	5.10	5.60

Address all orders to **W. H. MOORE, No. 47 Moore Bldg., BROCKPORT, N. Y.**



THE great modern movement of giving instruction by mail has become a fixed part of our present day educational progress. The "College gates are open" to every ambitious, earnest man who **will study,** through the courses by the Correspondence School.

There was a time, not so very long since, when this method of getting really valuable knowledge—the kind that was formerly only to be obtained by going to College—was looked upon as most other new methods are at first viewed; that the personal association of the class-room, recitation room, laboratories, or shops were necessary for the fullest acquirement of the various subjects that make up the usual curricula of colleges and technical institutes.

But the place of the correspondence school in popular education is now generally recognized. After years of experience, the true founder of correspondence teaching in America, President Harper, of the University of Chicago, goes so far as to say: "The work done by correspondence is even better than that done in the class-room. Students who come to us after a year of such work are better prepared than those who have taken it with us in the class-room. The correspondence student does all the work himself; he does it in writing, and does twenty times as much reciting as he would in a class of twenty people. He works out the difficulties by himself and the results stay by him."

The Story of Work at Home

The story of work at home used to be one of constant disappointment and obstacles overcome only by a positive determination to succeed. This condition has been changed greatly through the instruction by correspondence school methods. The work has been made easy. The text-books have been written to

Corner Instruction Department, American School of Correspondence

meet the needs of men who are studying by themselves. The method of study has been planned to help them overcome their own difficulties. Instructors who are familiar with this kind of teaching are prepared to give as much thought and attention to the student in far away South Africa and New Zealand as they do to the man in the same city whose daily employment makes it necessary for him to study in this manner.

Study at home is working out the salvation of thousands of earnest young men who had given up the idea of obtaining further training. Study at home means a chance for boys with mechanical inclinations, men who have shown an aptitude and liking for mechanical work, to make something of this latent ability. Many young men say: "If I only had the opportunity to do this or that kind of work I know I could make a success of it." For such men the American School of Correspondence has found

The Opportunity

The American School of Correspondence places within the reach of men seeking instruction along engineering lines, an opportunity to study the **best** correspondence text-books (books used by Columbia University, the United States Government, the Westinghouse Company), written by technical authorities, college professors, and eminent engineers, and give the student in addition, the help of college professors.

Machinery Hall, Armour Institute of Technology

Members of the Faculty of Armour Institute of Technology constitute the directing Faculty of the American School of Correspondence. The correspondence student thus works under the supervision of the very men who preside over the laboratories and teach the regular classes of Armour Institute of Technology. **This means correspondence instruction in its best sense.**

The World Seeking Capable Men

Employers are always willing to pay for an education. They may not be willing to pay in advance for an employee's correspondence course, but when they see what the course has done for him they will be willing to pay **him** a good round salary—in proportion as he is **capable** of doing **better work,** and in a **better way,** which the course **prepares** him to do. This is more to the point for his future, than if some one actually paid for his course of study.

There never have been enough mechanical and electrical engineers to go around—men **educated** to **devise, plan** and **construct new work.** There are plenty of dollar-a-day men—plenty of men who can do what they are **told** to do—but never enough men who can **tell what to do and how it must be done.**

The man who took the Correspondence course a year ago is the man who is foreman or superintendent **now.** The man who spent his winter evenings in study, three years ago, is **now** an Engineer, capable of constructing a railroad bridge or tunnel—drawing a salary of $1,800 or $2,500; may be, even more.

The Open Door to Success

The work is not the equivalent of a college education, but it is the nearest approach to it that any man may hope to get without going to college. For thousands of ambitious men whose present needs demand their working hours in profitable employment, this course offers a clear solution of a very difficult and important problem. Here is an opportunity to **secure the advantages** of a **good** school, a school of educational standing, without leaving home or giving up a day's work. Here is a chance to get the best of technical knowledge for the least expense of effort, time and money—to become **prepared** for the time when Opportunity shall knock at your door. Each student is in **his own class.** His progress depends on his willingness to learn—the lessons are clear and the teachers ever ready and able to assist him when anything seems to be obscure. He is helped to make the **most** and **best** use of his time.

For parents who are reluctant to send their boys away to school, the correspondence school is the ideal substitute. By such a course their children can study at home under their own guidance and encouragement. And it is especially convenient as well as economical for young boys who are preparing for college, as they receive at home, the same training given at many preparatory schools.

Courses of Instruction

The correspondence curriculum includes these full courses in Engineering:

Electrical, Mechanical, Stationary, Marine, Locomotive, Civil; Architecture, Textile Manufacturing, Heating, Ventilating, Plumbing, Mechanical Drawing,

Machine Shop, Armour Institute of Technology

Perspective Drawing, Telephony, Telegraphy, Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting, Tool Making, Surveying, Structural Drafting, Navigation, Refrigeration, College Preparatory and some forty Short Courses for General Students.

The conclusion of the whole matter is clear and emphatic: Correspondence School work pays the ambitious and energetic who are determined to improve their position, to increase their efficiency, to expand their earnings. It is within the reach of the humblest and poorest wage-earner who cannot quit his place on the pay-roll to follow his educational impulses. It gives the high-school graduate who has not the means to enter a "resident" school a chance to begin a technical education while he is earning the money that will enable him later to take his degree in the "resident" school.

Further information, an Illustrated Bulletin giving complete synopsis of courses, tuition fees, and full particulars may be had by addressing Mr. J. F. Miller, Director, 3323 Armour Avenue, Chicago.

"A PIECE OF GOOD FORTUNE"

HAND SAPOLIO

"You have just come into a piece of good fortune, Miss, and you will hereafter get more out of life. You will have better health, a fair soft skin, and will be welcome among the best people."

HAND SAPOLIO IS A PERFECT TOILET ARTICLE.
ITS USE IMPARTS AN AIR OF DAINTINESS AND GOOD BREEDING.
A TOILET NECESSITY. A BATH DELIGHT.

NOWADAYS, when billions of dollars' worth of business is transacted by mail, the ability to write a strong, original convincing letter is an *imperative* business requirement. No man can hope to reach the highest place in business if he is unable to express himself clearly and forcefully. The language you use in correspondence—or even in speech—must help you sell goods, win customers, collect debts, even secure the positions you hold, but it cannot do these things if weak, clumsy and half intelligible. The success of an idea or plan—often of a business itself—depends upon the way it is presented.

How is Your English?

Are slips of speech habitual with you? Are your letters dry and poorly worded? Do they lack the snap, the tone of words that win? Get out of this rut—master the principles of smooth, easy fluent expression—of crisp, powerful, straight-from-the-shoulder business English. Tighten your grasp on the English language—it pays.

The man who will help you is Sherwin Cody. He has an international reputation as an expert on English for business men, and now has put his private lessons into four handy little volumes (time saving size)—seven complete courses, Word Study, Grammar, Punctuation, Composition, Business Letter Writing, Story Writing, Creative Composition hitherto sold in typewritten form for $15 to $25 for each separate course. These books contain everything that will help you, nothing that is mere lumber. Better than a dictionary.

Several large business concerns have introduced these books to their clerks, from the merest stenographer to the most experienced correspondent. Heads of big businesses like Marshall Field & Company, Lyon, Healy & Company, Tobey Furniture Company, Montgomery Ward & Company have personally indorsed them. No stronger testimony could be given.

This Set *of* Four Books

Containing seven complete home-study courses is sold regularly at $3.00 per set. We offer it to you at the wholesale price of $2.00 if you mention February "Success" in sending order—$3.00 if "Success" is not mentioned.

The SYSTEM CO., Thomas Church Bldg., Chicago

18 Years Learning How to BEST Make Filing Systems

No guess work, no experimenting. Tell us what you want to file and we will tell you how. Very simple. No "expertizing." Merely common sense.

Simple, *sensible* ways of filing letters, documents, reports, card and loose leaf records. *Confusionless* ways of keeping accounts. *Detail-less* ways of running an office or a factory. Ways *you* ought to know about. And to find out simply write for the three booklets, "Don't Blame the Clerk," "Why Think Out Problems We Have Already Solved?" and "No More Night Work," or call at one of our

39 RETAIL STORES

TACOMA, WASH.
E. H. Hoover & Co.
MOBILE, ALA.
A. L. Gould
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
Roberts & Son
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.
Arkansas Democrat Co.
DENVER, COLO.
Merchants Pub. Co.
NORWICH, CONN.
W. P. and C. P. Potter
SAVANNAH, GA.
M. S. and D. A. Byck
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Levey Bros. & Co.
SIOUX CITY, IA.
Perkins Bros. Co.
DES MOINES, IA.
Koch Bros. Printing Co.
BALTIMORE, MD.
Wm. J. C. Dulany Co.
ST. PAUL, MINN.
McGill-Warner Co.
DULUTH, MINN.
J. S. Ray & Co.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
Scotford Stamp & Sta. Co.
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F. W. Caughlan Printing Co.
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Gregory, Mayer & Thom Co.
OMAHA, NEB.
Klopp & Bartlett Co.
FARGO, N. D.
W. O. Olsen Furniture Co.
NEW YORK CITY.
Derby Desk Co.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
Whiting Stationery Co.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
Levy & White.
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
F. G. and A. Howald.
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.
J. H. Luke.
PITTSBURG, PA.
The Eichbaum Company.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Jos. L. Schoemaker & Co.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS.
Texas Printing Co.
EL PASO, TEXAS.
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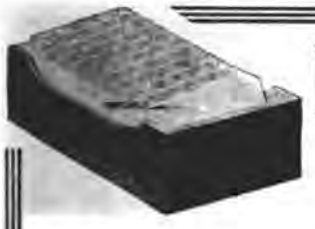
RICHMOND, VA.
Southern Stamp & Stationery Co.
SEATTLE, WASH.
J. R. Justice.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Hendee-Bamford-Crandall Co.
MADISON, WIS.
The Democrat Printing Co.
MONTREAL, QUEBEC.
Canada Office Furniture Co.
WINNIPEG, MAN.
Richardson & Bishop Co.
TORONTO, CAN.
O. B. Stanton & Co.
COPENHAGEN, DENMARK.
Victor Holmes.
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.
John Sands.
WELLINGTON, N. Z.
C. M. Banks, Ltd.
JOHANNESBURG, S. A.
The Transvaal Leader.
CAPE TOWN, S. A.
Cape Times, Ltd.

ROCKWELL-WABASH Co., Chicago
ST. LOUIS, Security Building
NEW ORLEANS, Hibernia Bank Building



Don't Burden Your Mind with Business Detail

Unshoulder that mass of time-consuming clerk-work. Don't be hampered. Put all the work on Multi-Cabinet SYSTEMS

Then your mind will be free to work out the important business matters—the matters requiring keen judgment—the matters that need your counsel as an executive.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR EVERY DEPARTMENT IS DOING. Multi-Cabinet card systems will index—condense—avoid repetition—eliminate details—systematize all the valuable information you ask for every day in the business year: Collections—Accounts—Orders (filled or unfilled)—Factory Costs—Tools and other equipment—Selling Costs—Advertising Cost and Results—Salesmen Records—Freight Claims. Multi-Cabinet Systems will supply all this, quickly, accurately.

WRITE NOW FOR A MULTI-CABINET CATALOG. This book is full of valuable suggestions—sensible, economical business ideas for any department of your office or factory. A postal card addressed to the nearest Multi-Cabinet agent will bring the book, and any further information you may desire.

Alabama
Montgomery, Brown Printing Co.
Arkansas
Little Rock, Allsopp & Chapple
California
Los Angeles, Barker Bros.
San Francisco, Geo. H. Fuller Desk Co.
Colorado
Colorado Springs, Miller Printing Co.
Connecticut
Bridgeport, Horace H. Jackson
Meriden, The Horton Printing Co.
Middletown, Lucius R. Hazen
New Haven, Valentine Stamp Co.
Waterbury, Waterbury Blank Book Co.
Delaware
Wilmington, Mercantile Printing Co.
Florida
Tampa, Owen Typewriter Co.
Georgia
Atlanta, Fielder & Allen
Illinois
Chicago, Marshall-Jackson Co.
Galesburg, Goldsmith & Temple
Decatur, L. Chodat.
Peoria, J. W. Franks & Sons
Indiana
Fort Wayne, W. C. Raade.
Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Muncie, Central Printing Co.
Iowa
Burlington, Acres, Blackmar & Co.
Cedar Rapids, A. C. Elliott
Davenport, W. S. Holbrook
Des Moines, Geo. A. Miller, Printing Co.
Keokuk, The Keokuk Book Co.
Kansas
Topeka, M. L. Zercher Book & Sta. Co.
Wichita, Moore Printing Co.
Louisiana
New Orleans, Dameron-Pierson Co.
Maryland
Baltimore, Young & Selden Co.
Massachusetts
Boston, Stearns & Henderson
Haverhill, William E. How
Taunton, Henry A. Dickerman & Son
Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mack & Company
Detroit, James Fitzsimons & Co.
Saginaw, Unique Office Supply Co.
Minnesota
Duluth, Duluth Paper & Sta. Co.
Minneapolis, Edwin R. Williams
St. Paul, McClain & Gray
Winona, Elmer & Wanzer
Missouri
Columbia, Columbia Typewriter Exch'ge
Kansas City, The Schooley Stationery Co.
St. Louis, Georgia-Stimson Furniture & Carpet Co.
Springfield, Gardner Bros.
Nebraska
Omaha, Omaha Printing Co.
New York
Albany, F. D. Sargent
Johnston, Penn. Traffic Co.
New York City, William Mann Co.
Syracuse, W. W. Crossett
Troy, T. L. Griffin & Co.
North Carolina
Charlotte, Queen City Paper Co.
Ohio
Akron, National Blank Book Co.
Cleveland, Office Supply Co.
Cincinnati, Gibson & Perin Co.
Columbus, Elmer S. Caylor
Dayton, United Brethren Pub. Co.
Lima, Emerson W. Price
Toledo, The Newton Rotherick Mfg. Co.
Youngstown, The Well & Hartzell Co.
Oklahoma
Oklahoma City, J. J. Rackley
Pennsylvania
Altoona, H. & W. H. Slep Co.
Harrisburg, William S. Turvis
Pittsburg, Pitts'g Office Equipment Co.
Philadelphia, William Mann Co.
Scranton, R. E. Pendergast
Wilkesbarre, Raeder Blank Book & Litho. Co.
South Carolina
Columbia, J. Wilson Gibbes
Tennessee
Memphis, E. H. Clarke & Bro.
Nashville, The Myers Company
Texas
Fort Worth, Keystone Printing Co.
Houston, J. J. Pastoriza Printing & Litho. Co.
Utah
Salt Lake City, The Deseret News Co.
Virginia
Richmond, Sydnor & Hundley Co.
Washington
Seattle, Forris Safe & Lock Co.
Spokane, Shaw & Borden Co.
Tocoma, Central News Co.
West Virginia
Charleston, The Art Shop
Wisconsin
La Crosse, Hoeschler Bros.
Madison, University Co-Operative Co.
Milwaukee, The H. H. West Co.

$1,200 a Year for Life

Secured by Small Monthly Payments

The scientific cultivation of crude rubber is the most profitable enterprise of modern times. Because the price of rubber doubled in a decade and the total extinction of the virgin rubber trees of the world became a certainty for the near future, the greatest horticulturists in America and Europe have given their attention to the cultivation on scientific principles of this great necessity of present day civilization. The semi-tropical regions of Mexico were selected for the purpose. There the virgin rubber trees have been ruthlessly destroyed by the improvident natives, and the white men who employed them saw no necessity of preserving the trees for annual tapping, as their number seemed inexhaustible. In that climate the rubber tree can be cultivated just as simply and just as surely as the sugar maple can be grown in Vermont, and can be tapped year after year at an immense profit. The destruction of the virgin tree still goes on in the South American jungles, where the natives are now forced to seek them at an added outlay of time and money, and where no white man can live to restrain them. The present inadequate supply of crude rubber comes almost entirely from this precarious source. It is inconceivable that the production of one of the great necessities of mankind can longer remain in such ignorant hands.

There is nothing speculative about Crude Rubber. It can be sold every day in the year, in every market in the world, and at a stable price that has been steadily advancing for many years. For a quarter of a century the world's supply has always been spoken for, months before it has reached a civilized market

The Mutual Rubber Production Company was one of the first to engage in this new and immensely profitable industry on a large scale. Years ago our managers purchased from the Mexican Government over 6,000 acres of land in the heart of Chiapas, the most tropical and fertile State of Mexico. No similar tract is available to-day for less than five times what we paid for ours. Thus the remarkable opportunity is now open to you to secure an interest, upon the most favorable terms, in an enterprise that is destined to revolutionize the production of one of the world's greatest staples. No industry ever underwent so radical a development as this in which we are now engaged without making immensely wealthy all those who were interested in the change.

This splendid domain is now fast becoming a great commercial rubber orchard, conducted on the most scientific principles of modern forestry and under Anglo-Saxon supervision. There are 6,000 shares, each share representing an undivided interest equivalent to an acre of land, planted to rubber trees and brought into bearing, and the price of these shares is $288 each. No large cash-down payment is required to secure them, however, as the shares are paid for in small monthly instalments just as the work of development progresses. Thus the man or woman who wishes to secure a safe and certain income for future years and who is able to save now a few dollars each month, is on the same footing in rubber cultivation as the mightiest captalist, for wealth alone cannot force the soil.

Here is an industry new enough to be immensely profitable, yet old enough to have lost the element of uncertainty.

For example, suppose you buy five shares (equivalent to 5 acres). You pay $20 a month for twelve months, then $15 a month for twelve more months, then $10 a month for a limited period until you have paid the full price for your five shares, $1,440—or $288 per share.

Crude Rubber is to-day worth twice as much as it was a few years ago, and for twenty-five years the supply has not equaled the demand. Every industry, every branch of science is daily finding new uses for which it is adapted. You cannot imagine a substitute for it.

But, meantime, by planting 600 trees to the acre, and "tapping to death" 400 of them before maturity, we secure for you early dividends during the development period. We extract every ounce of the rubber milk from these 400 acres, and we believe that there will be enough produced to greatly reduce the cost of the shares to you. There will then be left standing upon each acre at maturity, 200 rubber trees, the normal number for permanent yield, and each ready for annual tapping. These trees should each yield at least two pounds of rubber every year, and if this can be sold at a net profit of 60 cents per pound, as it undoubtedly can, it would mean a profit of $240 a year on each acre, or $1,200 on your five shares, for more years than you can possibly live. These figures are not "paper estimates," and they are not ours. They can be found in the Government Reports of the United States and Great Britain (the most reliable and disinterested sources of information in the world), and are based upon results now being actually produced in rubber culture. Of course, if you buy 10 shares, your income on the same basis, should be $2,400 a year—or better still, 25 shares would yield you $6,000 annually.

This investment opens the door for you, not to immediate wealth, but to what is far better —a competency for future years, when, perhaps, you will not be able to earn it.

Every possible safeguard surrounds this investment. The State Street Trust Co. of Boston, holds the title to our property in Mexico as trustee. We agree to deposit with them the money paid in for shares, and we file with them sworn statements as to the development of the property. This company also acts as registrar of our stock. You are fully protected from loss in case of death or in case of lapse in payments, and we grant you a suspension of payments for 90 days any time you may wish. Furthermore, we agree to loan you money on your shares.

Our booklet will prove to you that five shares in this safe and permanent investment, paid for in small monthly instalments, will not only bring you a large return during the period of payments, but will then bring you $100 a month for more than a lifetime. Send us at once $20 as the first monthly payment to secure 5 shares, $40 for 10 shares, $100 for 25 shares —$4 per share for as many shares as you wish to secure. This money will be returned to you at once if you do not wish to join us. Our literature explains our plan fully and concisely, and proves every statement. It will be sent to you immediately upon request.

Mutual Rubber Production Company

93 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

A WHOLE YEAR FOR 10 CENTS

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE, of St. Louis, is now the greatest Magazine in the world, having **One Million Five Hundred Thousand** (1,500,000) subscribers, almost double the number of subscribers any other magazine or newspaper in the world has. Each issue is filled with splendid stories, beautiful engravings, special departments of Floriculture, Fancy-work, Fashions, Household, Health and Beauty, Poultry, Garden, etc.

There is a reason why THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE has more than double the number of subscribers that any other publication in the world has; if a reader of THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE wishes to know anything about the latest styles, THAT month's issue gives them; if some bug is destroying her plants, THAT month's issue tells her what it is and how to get rid of it; if fruits are to be preserved, THAT month's issue tells all about them. THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE **always** tells its readers what they want to know at the **right time.** From 96 to 138 columns each issue of splendid pictures, interesting stories, useful information: Flowers, the Garden, Lace Making, Embroidery (with new and beautiful patterns each month that **any** woman can make), Cooking Recipes, Fashions, Poultry, Pets, Household Decoration, Pyrography, Curious Facts, Health and Beauty columns; each issue supplies reading for the whole family.

Tens of thousands of our readers visited our great building this year.

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE never permits misleading advertisements to appear in its columns and absolutely protects its readers so that they are not defrauded by catch-penny schemes. No whiskey or nasty medical ads. are ever seen in the columns of THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE. It is clean, wholesome and bright. A single issue is worth more than the whole year's subscription. We wish every home in America to receive THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE and in order that it may go into your home, **we will send you THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE**

A WHOLE YEAR FOR 10 CENTS

and if you do not like it after you have received it for three months, we will return your 10 cents and stop sending it. You will have had it three months for nothing. This shows very plainly that we know you will be pleased with THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE. You will never be willing to discontinue it. In fact, we know you will be so delighted you will also get your friends to subscribe. No other magazine gives as much for five times the price we ask you.

Do not confuse THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE of St. Louis with the cheap, poorly printed and trashy story papers. **THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE is printed on fine paper, carefully edited and beautifully illustrated** and is better than most magazines sold for ten times the price at which we offer it to you. Our offer to refund your money if you do not like it after three month's trial is a guarantee that no other magazine ever dared to make.

Tens of thousands of women visited our great building this year. It is the most beautiful building in this country and the finest publishing plant in the world, and was built for cash at a cost of over a half a million dollars, exclusively for the publication of

The Woman's Magazine

During the World's Fair, tens of thousands of our readers were taken care of by THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE, in the great tent city "Camp Lewis," erected for our readers at a cost of over $30,000. The readers of THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE know that every month they can expect some new and interesting feature. It is telling them now about the great MAIL BANK which will be the most powerful and prosperous bank in the country and belongs to our readers.

The readers of THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE always know how to do things; their gardens and houses are the wonder of their neighbors, because it contains plain, easily understood articles, telling more good things about Flowers and the Garden than regular Floral Papers and always seasonable. More good things about Fancy Work and Embroidery, with illustrated patterns, than Fashion Papers. More good things about Poultry and the Garden, and how to make money with them, than Poultry Papers. More good things about the Kitchen and Household than Household Papers.

Always Seasonable. Always Correct. Always Easily Understood.

This is the greatest opportunity you will ever get to secure one of the finest monthly magazines published, **for a whole year for 10 cents,** the price usually charged for a single copy of such a paper. **Do not delay,** but send 10 cents for a year's subscription, stating that you are a reader of "Success." **NOTICE:**—If you wish to take advantage of this opportunity for your friends, you can send 10c. each for as many subscriptions as you wish. You could not make a nicer present to your friends than one which will remind them each month, of you, so pleasantly. Address

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE,

107 MAGAZINE BUILDING, - - - - ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

No one can look upon the marvelous work done by the Page-Davis School, and not become enthusiastic. Such a list of employed students is prima-facie evidence of the opportunity for the man who will study advertising.

C. N. GILLETT, First National Bank of Chicago.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Don't tie up your brains in a napkin

THAT ETERNAL SOMETHING which separates the successful man from the unsuccessful one is advertising. Two young men start out equally endowed with common sense and ambition. The one has business training, the other has not; the one pushes surely and rapidly to the front; the other remains all his life where he started.

The man without an advertising education cannot successfully compete with the man who is qualified.

If you would be chosen for advancement, prepare for it. Step out from the masses and qualify—be ready. The man who is prepared to answer the first call to go higher up is the man who possesses "that eternal something" which separates him from the ordinary. He is the man who forges invincibly ahead. He is the man who realizes the value of this important factor. He is the man who says "I am a Page-Davis man." He is the man who is enjoying a large salary, from $25 to $100 per week.

A class of Page-Davis Students are earning over $1,000,000.00 a year, and you should be counted among this class of million-dollar men.

A Record No Other Correspondence School Has Equaled

In the Year 1897 the founders of the Page-Davis School originated the system of advertisement writing—taught the first class ever formed—and placed the profession on a legitimate basis, proving that it could be successfully taught, just as law and medicine are taught. *(Read page 9 in our prospectus for full details.)*

In the Year 1902 the students of the Page-Davis School signified their entire approval of the course of instruction by giving Edward T. Page, their instructor, a banquet in New York City. *(Read page 29 in our handsome prospectus for full details.)*

Early in the Year 1903 the students gave the Page-Davis Company a beautiful loving cup as a mark of their appreciation, not only of the instruction received, but of the continued interest manifested in their welfare by the Page-Davis Company long after their graduation. *(Read page 30 in our handsome prospectus for full details.)*

Later in the Year 1903 the United States Attorney called Edward T. Page into the United States Court to appear on the stand as expert, and give his opinion as to the instruction necessary to qualify a man for advertisement writing. *(Read page 5 in our beautiful prospectus sent free giving full details of the report.)*

When you have completed this course, you will be a better man to fill your present position, stronger in your own knowledge and stronger in the opinion of your employer, because you will know the best business on earth, which pays from $25 to $100 per week. We guarantee to teach it to you. This substantial institution has the support of all conservative men. Write for our beautiful advertising prospectus which gives the history of the Page-Davis School, and the most remarkable list of employed students ever shown. This information will be sent free upon request.

Page-Davis Company

Address Either Office: **Dept. 221, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago, or Dept. 221, 150 Nassau St., N. Y.**

If You Want Cash

FOR YOUR

Farm, Home or Business

I Can Get It

No Matter Where Your Property is Located or What it is Worth

If I did not have the ability and facilities to sell your property, I certainly could not afford to pay for this advertisement. This "ad." (like all my other "ads.") is practically sure to place on my list a number of new properties, and I am just as sure to sell these properties, and make enough money in commissions to pay for the cost of the "ad." and make a good profit besides. That is why I have the largest real estate business in the world to-day.

Why not put your property among the number that will be sold as a result of this "ad."?

I will not only be able to sell it---some time---but will be able to sell it quickly; I am a specialist in quick sales. I have the most complete and up-to-date equipment in the world. I have branch offices throughout the country, and a field force of over 3,000 men to find buyers.

I do not handle any of the lines usually carried by the ordinary real estate agent. I do not make any money through renting, conveyancing, mortgage, insurance, etc. I MUST SELL real estate, and lots of it---or go out of business. I can assure you I am not going out of business. On the contrary, I expect to find, at the close of the year 1905, that I have sold twice as many properties as I did in 1904, but it will first be necessary for me to "list" more properties. I want to list YOURS and SELL it. It does n't matter whether you have a farm,a home without any land,or a business; it does n't matter what it is worth,or where it is located.

FREE OF CHARGE

If you will fill out the blank letter of inquiry below and mail it to me to-day, I will tell you how and why I can quickly convert the property into cash, and I will give you my complete plan (free) and terms for handling it. The information I will give you will be of great value to you, even if you should decide not to sell. You had better write to-day before you forget it.

If you want to buy any kind of Farm, Home or Business, in any part of the country, tell me of your requirements. I will guarantee to fill them promptly and satisfactorily.

W. M. OSTRANDER, 391 North American Building, Philadelphia

If You Want to BUY, Fill In, Cut Out, and Mail this Coupon to me To-Day

.....1904

W. M. OSTRANDER, 391 North American Bldg., Philadelphia.

With a view of buying, I desire information about properties which correspond approximately with the following specifications:

Kind of property.....

Size.....*State*.....

City, County or part of State preferred.....

The price must be between $.....*and $*.....

I will pay.....*down, and the balance*.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

If You Want to SELL, Fill In, Cut Out, and Mail this Coupon to me To-Day

.....1904

W. M. OSTRANDER, 391 North American Bldg., Philadelphia.

Please send, without cost to me, a plan for finding a cash buyer for my property which consists of.....

.....

in the town or city of.....

County of.....*and State of*.....

and which I desire to sell for $.....

Following is a brief description of the property:

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

A Question for "Success" Readers

What is Your Favorite Flower?

WEAR IT, or give it to your mother, sister, friend or sweetheart. Help us to plant the country with seeds, plants and bulbs of beautiful flowers. Beautiful plants and flowers bring brightness to homes, happiness to lives and love to hearts. Let us have more flowers everywhere, in country, town and cities. To encourage the growth of flowers we will give a set of three beautiful floral buttons (three of the same kind on a beautiful card, or three different, not on a card) with each 50 cent purchase of flower seeds, bulbs or plants this season. The selection may be made from this condensed list, or from our large catalogue which will be sent FREE.

The following list contains many old-fashioned favorites that are so popular. Our flower seeds are as good as any, the price is as low as any, while you get a beautiful gift with each purchase. Where will you buy? We want to sell some flower seeds to every SUCCESS reader. May we?

If you leave the selection of variety to us we will please you. Say how many packets of a kind you want. We pay all postage.

Variety.	Pkt.
Ageratum	4c
Agrostema	4c
Alysaum, Sweet White	3c
Alysaum, Little Gem	3c
Abronia Umbellata	4c
Adonis, Flos Adonis	4c
Amaranthus	4c
Antirrhinum (Snapdragon)	4c
Aqueligia (Columbine)	3c
Asperula	5c
Asters (Fall Roses)	10c
Balloon Vine	4c
Balsams (Lady Slippers)	5c
Bartonia	4c
Begonias	20c
Browallia Rozelia	4c
Cacalia (Tassel Flower)	4c
Calceolaria	20c
Calendula	4c
Calliopsis	4c
Campanula	4c
Canary Bird Flower	5c
Candytuft, White	4c
Candytuft, Crimson	4c
Carnations	10c
Canvas, Seed	5c
Castor Beans	5c
Centaurea (Dusty Miller)	10c
Celosia (Cockscomb)	5c
Chrysanthemums	15c
Cineraria Hybrida	15c
Clarkia	5c
Clematis	10c
Cobæ	5c
Coleus	10c
Collinsia	5c
Cypress Vine	5c
Daisy, Double (Bellis)	5c
Eschscholtzia	5c
Forget-Me-Not (Myosotus)	5c
Four O'Clock (Marvel of Peru)	5c
Fox Glove (Digitalis)	5c
Gaillardia	4c
Geraniums	15c
Gilia	5c
Gloxinia	20c
Globe Amaranth (Bachelor Buttons)	4c
Godetia	5c
Gourds	5c
Gypsophilia	5c
Heliotrope	4c
Hibiscus	10c
Hollyhock	10c
Ipomea (Moon Flower)	5c
Lantana	5c
Linum (Scarlet Flax)	5c
Lupinus	4c
Larkspur (Delphinium)	5c
Marigold	5c
Maurandia	5c
Mignonette	5c
Mimulus, Mochalus (Musk Plant)	5c
Mina	10c
Momordica (Balsam Apple)	5c
Morning Glories, Dwarf	4c
Morning Glories, Tall	4c
Nasturtium, Tall	4c
Nasturtium, Dwarf	3c
Nigella (Love in a Mist)	5c
Ornamental Grasses	5c
Oxalis, Rosea	10c
Pansies	5c
Petunias	10c
Phlox Drummondii	5c
Pinks (Dianthus)	5c
Poppies	5c
Portulacca (Rose Moss)	4c
Primula (Chinese Primrose)	15c
Pyrethrum Roseum	5c
Ricinus (Castor Oil Bean)	5c
Salpiglossis	4c
Salvia	5c
Scabiosa	5c
Stocks	10c
Sunflower	4c
Sweet Peas	5c
Verbenas	10c
Vinca	5c
Wild Cucumber	5c
Zinnia	4c

FLOWER PLANTS AND VINES

Clematis	15c
Ampelopsis Veitchii	15c
Honeysuckles	15c
Bleeding Heart	15c
Lily of the Valley, Dozen	50c
Asparagus Sprengerii	25c
Madeira Vines	5c
Roses, Many Varities	15c
Carnations, Many Varities	10c
Chrysanthemums, Many Varities	10c
Caladiums	15c
Cannas	15c
Gladiolus	5c
Tuberoses, Dozen	35c

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

FLOWERS can talk to us. There is a language of flowers. Through flowers and these floral buttons we can express sentiment of friendship, esteem and love stronger than by words. We have printed a pretty book, "The Language of Flowers." Do you want one? We will give one FREE with each set of floral buttons.

Ideal Hand-Painted China Effect

Shirt-Waist Sets OR FLORAL BUTTONS

1. VIOLETS 2. NASTURTIUMS

We know you will be delighted with a set of these beautiful Floral Shirt-Waist Sets. The flowers are popular, the painting artistic. Mrs. Wm. Jennings Bryan, of Lincoln, Nebraska, writes: "They will doubtless give much pleasure to your patrons." Mrs. C. O. Barnard, Zion City, Illinois, writes: "They are very pretty. I am sure all ladies and flower-lovers will appreciate your great liberality in giving such beautiful gifts."

Young men, nothing will please your lady friends more than a set of these floral buttons and the book "Language of Flowers."

3. VIOLETS

Ten styles to select from. When you see how beautiful they are you will want more. Miss Mayme Deal, Indianapolis, writes: "Your Floral Shirt-Waist Sets are equal to the China painter's highest art. I have bought numerous Shirt-Waist Sets for out-of-town people, but none of them excel in design and execution your magnificent floral buttons."

4. FORGET-ME-NOT 5. DAISIES

RED ROSE—LOVE

6. LILY OF THE VALLEY 7. WILD ROSES

Set the style in your town or community by wearing the beautiful, new floral buttons. Encourage the growth of flowers by giving them to your friends. Miss Ida Howe, Indianapolis, writes: "Sister and I will fight to see who shall wear the beautiful Shirt-Waist Set. We will love to have the book, 'Language of Flowers.' There is nothing more beautiful than flowers."

Many ladies and young men wear single buttons on all occasions. They take the place of portrait buttons.

We will bring out other flowers also, so you can match any shirt waist or custom. Get your name on our list of customers.

10. ROSE

Floral Buttons will be all the vogue this year. Everybody who is up-to-date will wear them. Mrs. Julia Turner Williams says: "I wore a set of your floral buttons to a prettily arranged reception and they were greatly admired. I am sure the ladies who appreciate dainty toilets will make your success unbounded."

9. PANSIES 8. PANSY

OUR OFFER With each 50 cts. worth of flower seeds, flower plants or bulbs we will give one set of three (3) floral buttons on a beautiful card; or three (3) buttons (different) not on a card. We will also send "The Language of Flowers" booklet FREE and 160-page seed catalogue if you want it.

FIVE (5) COLLECTIONS AND SETS FOR $2.00.

PLEASE NOTE You don't need to select your seeds from this advertisement. You may wait until you get the catalogue if you prefer. But be sure to send for the catalogue, so you can order all your seeds from us this year. The catalogue is FREE.

THE BEST WAY We believe every person will want the beautiful floral buttons as soon as they can be gotten. Therefore send 50 cents (or more if you want more than one set) and your selection of buttons. We will send them at once with "The Language of Flowers" and 160-page catalogue and a DUE BILL for seeds, etc., to the FULL value of your remittance. You can then send the due bill in any time and get the seeds. You will also probably want to send for some vegetable seeds, etc., selected from the catalogue, and all can go together.

☞ We ask each reader who sees this offer in "Success" to show it to their friends and get them to send also. REMEMBER, we want to sell seeds to all readers of "Success," and all the seeds they need. Please address as below.

J. A. EVERITT, Seedsman, (Dept. Success) Indianapolis, Ind.